THE

WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

WITH A LIFE.

BY REV. JOHN MITFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE LIFE OF DRYDEN.

BY

THE REVEREND JOHN MITFORD.

The biography of Dryden was not composed by any of his contemporaries, nor were any materials collected by them which could throw light on his opinions and sentiments, which could inform us of his personal habits, or afford familiar sketches of his private and domestic character. The little that is to be found in the narratives of his life has been gleaned from occasional notices in party pamphlets, and satirical libels, or from what has incidentally been mentioned by himself. Doctor Johnson, who composed the first authentic life of our poet, complained that nothing could be known of Dryden beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition supplied. Since that time many mistakes have been rectified, and omissions supplied, by the diligent researches of Malone; and we are now probably in possession of all the information which it is possible to produce. Sir Walter Scott has justly founded his narrative on the facts recorded in Malone's biography; while he has taken a more comprehensive view of the genius and writings of the poet, and the influence which he exercised on the literature of the age. When we therefore consider the fairness and felicity of Johnson's critical disquisitions; the truth elicited, or errors rectified by Malone's diligence; and the lively, interesting, and instructive narrative of Scott, we may justly consider that Dryden has been fortunate in his biographers. It is to be hoped, that in the present more compendious memoir, the facts are stated with accuracy, and that the opinions on the different productions of the poet are formed with the care, and delivered with the temperance and respect which are due to the reputation of so great a writer.

John Dryden, the poet, was the eldest son of Erasmus Draden, and Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering. It is supposed that he was born on the 9th of August, 1631, but no diligence of inquiry has hitherto been able to discover with exactness the place or date of his birth. He has himself told us, that he was born in a village belonging to the Earl of Exeter, and A. Wood has added, that the village mentioned by Dryden was Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, not far from Oundle. His age is best ascertained from a passage in the preface to his fables, where, speaking of a gentleman of eighty-eight years of age, he observes that, by the mercy of God, he had already come within twenty years of that number. This preface was probably written in November, 1699, thus placing his birth in the latter end of the year 1631. The family was originally settled in Cumberland—a marriage of John Dryden, of Staffhill, with the daughter of Sir John Cope, in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, brought them into possession of Canons-Ashby, in Northamptonshire; and, subsequently, in the reign of Charles the First, they were proprietors of the Chesterton estate in Huntingdon. John Dryden, the poet's cousin-german, frequently represented that county in parliament, between 1670, and 1707.

Dryden received the earlier part of his education at the small school of Tichmarsh. He was afterwards removed to Westminster, and admitted a king's scholar, but at what period is not exactly known. He remained some years under the tuition of the venerable patriarch of schoolmasters, old Busby, was then elected to one of the scholarships of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was admitted under the Rev. Mr. Temple, and was matriculated on the 8th of July following.

During the time he was at Westminster, he

* David Draden, or Dryden, married the daughter of William Nicholison, of Staffhill, and was the great great grandfather of our poet.

* A. Wood says, that John Dryden was a schoolmaster, and that the great Erasmus stood godfather for one of his sons. He appears to have been a puritan; in his will, he bequeathed his soul to his Creator, with this singular expression,—'The Holy Ghost assuring my spirit that I am the elect of God.' These puritanical principles descended to his family.
translated the third Satire of Persius, a task imposed upon him by Busby, it is said, from a conviction that Dryden possessed talents equal to the difficulty of the subject. In 1649, he joined some other poets in a volume called 'Tears of the Muses, or the death of Henry, Lord Hastings.' His lines are unco, and rugged in their measure; they have the forced conceit, unnatural thoughts, and false wit of the time, which Donne and Cowley had borrowed from Jonson and rendered fashionable;—but they are not wanting in sense or cleverness; and are curious in their early display of the native bent and disposition of Dryden's mind. He could not restrain himself from argument and satire, on a subject that would have induced most youthful poets to luxuriate in elegiac complaints, and to indulge themselves in florid descriptions of departed excellence; more especially to enlarge upon that incident which gave a romantic interest to the death of Hastings; its taking place a day previous to that which had been designed for his marriage: the names of Marvell, Denham, and Cotton are found in the list of contributors, and R. Brown was, I believe, the collector of the volume.

Some commendatory verses were prefixed by Dryden to the poems of John Hoddesden, in 1650, which Malone has inserted in his life. The four lines which I now extract, give no promise of the correct ear, or command of language, that was hereafter to give such harmony and variety to the English couplet, as no succeeding poets have ever excelled, and even Pope himself scarcely hoped to rival:

And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the sun of Richnessness I th' east face.
What may we hope, if thou givest on thus fast,
Scriptures at first, enthusiasm at last.

During his residence at college, nothing concerning him has been recorded, but that he suffered a temporary disgrace for disobedience and contumacy. His name does not appear in the list of the contributors to the verses which the university composed upon public occasions; he obtained no fellowship, but he took his bachelor's degree at the regular time in January, 1653, and was M. A., by dispensation, in 1657. Malone accounts for his not contributing to the Oliver Pecius, in 1654, from his being absent from college, to attend his father in his illness. Owing to some cause of dislike, with which we are not acquainted, he never in after life mentioned his university with affection or respect. In one of his late prologues, a contrast unfavourable to Cambridge is thus strongly portrayed:

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother university: Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his ripen age

That this compliment to Oxford was as sincere as it was elegant, has been doubted or denied by Dryden's contemporaries; and he is accused of having ridiculed, among the wits in town, that learning which, on the Banks of Isis, he had mentioned with reverence and esteem; but the charge, I believe, is unfounded; amid the poetical and political squabbles, petty intrigues, libels, lampoons, and satires of the time, it is not safe to take assertion for truth.

By the death of his father, our poet succeeded to an estate in Blakelby, in Northamptonshire. Two thirds of the whole were devised to him, worth about 60l. a year, and one third to the widow for the term of her life. Ten sisters, and his three brothers, were provided from a separate bequest of about 1800l. The old gentleman is supposed to have been a zealous and severe presbyterian;—some of Dryden's political adversaries asserted that his family were anabaptists, but it is reasonably supposed that the accusation was one incapable of proof, and that the term of 'bristled baptist' was a calumny, invented by those whose enmity was too bitter to be always accompanied by truth.

Dryden had now nearly attained his twenty-fourth year, and was in possession of his patrimony; yet he appears without reluctance to have retired to the restraint and seclusion of an academic life. He had a cousin, Honor Draden, who was a rich and celebrated beauty. The youthful poet was attracted by these combined charms, and paid, though unsuccessfully, his addresses to her. She sent him a present of a silver inkstand, which he received from her fair hand, and which called forth, in 1656, the next slight specimen of his poetical powers.

Here he runs a parallel between the excellences

* * * * *

* In Malone's note on the date of this letter, is a highly amusing instance of his persevering and minute exactness. The lady had erased the two latter figures, 16(54), lest they should discover her age, but Malone, by viewing them through a microscope, rendered her caution vain, and convicted her of being 18. Dryden's Prose W. H. p. 4.
LIFE OF DRYDEN.

... of his 'fair Valentine,' and the properties of sealing wax:

You fail of nigh a sphere wax. Oh! say you be
As well in softness as in purity,
Till fate and your own happy choice reveal
When you so far shall bless to make your seal.

Having now resided seven years at Cambridge, he removed to London about the middle of the year 1657. That he was obliged to quit the university, from having traduced the son of a nobleman in a libel, is supposed to be nothing more than the calumnious assertion of a mean and enraged antagonist. He had resided for three years beyond the usual period, and we should rather inquire what could have induced him to remain so long: at any rate, it is an unsupported charge, coming from a very suspicious quarter.

He at last settled in London under the protection of his kinsman Sir Gilbert Pickering, a stanch republican, who was nominated one of the king's judges in 1649, and was one of the thirty-eight councillors of state named by the Rump parliaments to supply the place of the executive power after the king's death. Our Poet is said to have been clerk or secretary to his kinsman—that he was a member of one of the committees—a sequestrator or committee-man, does not, I think, clearly appear; for the words from which Malone draws his inference seem to me to bear a different interpretation, and to refer rather to his protector, than himself. He is said to have favoured the sects of anabaptists and Independents, whose religious opinions some of his relations had zealously adopted. In 1659, he published his heroic stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell, which were subsequently joined to those of Waller and Sprat. They consist of thirty-seven stanzas, written in the measure, and somewhat in the manner of Gondibert. The flow of his versification was improved, and his command of poetical language more extended, but he still confined his ambition to subtleties of thought, quaint allusions, and unexpected combinations of remote images. His ideas are laboured, and his inventions curious. No marks are yet discovered of the luxuriants of early genius, or the overflow of a mind full of poetry: nor are there any traces in his language from which we may collect that his curiosity had been directed to the study of the great poets who flourished in the preceding age. His poetry was in the general style of the times in which he lived; it did not partake of any individual character, nor was it controlled by any presiding genius. It shows rather a vigorous understanding, and quick discernment, than a rich imagination, or a fancy lavish of its youthful stores. How little does it resemble the early poems of Milton, which were published but a few years previous to this time.

Some of the stanzas, as the xxvith, are false in taste, and forced in analogy: others display a purer system of thought, a greater strength and solidity of versification, and language more appropriate to the subject. Waller and Sprat both employed their genius on the same argument. Sprat wrote in Cowley's long Pindarick Strophes, and In Cowley's style of ingenious conceits and quaint unnatural flights. Waller's was a poem of a different kind, the most manly and nervous of all productions. It is no disgrace to the youthful poet to assert, that the prize of writing has been adjudged to the veteran bard, yet the victorious poem has little in it worthy of being envied. 'It is singular,' says Scott, that of those distinguished poets who solemnized by Elegy the death of the Protector, Dryden and Waller should have hailed the restoration of the Stuart line, and Sprat have favoured their most arbitrary aggressions upon liberty.

When the restoration took place, his kinsman retired without much loss, to his native county, and Dryden, now left on his own resources, hastened, in conjunction with his brother poets, to efface all memory of his former delinquency,

..."
by publishing his Astræa Redux in 1660. His Elegy on the Protector was never owned by him in the collection of his works, though not forgotten by his enemies. This poem is written in the same feeling and style of the former, one line

A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence, as we tremble, fear.

has been much ridiculed for the incorrectness and supposed absurdity of the thought; but I think it successfully vindicated by the reasoning of Johnson. Silence is a privilege; and yet the poets give it an active influence and power over the minds—Simul ipse silentia terrer—are the words of one whose exquisite propriety of expression and correctness of thought are yet unrivalled. Some of the similes, says Scott, are brought out with singular ingenuity;—one of the defects of Dryden’s early versification is in the frequent use of the verb ‘do’ in its different tenses: it occurs in a very displeasing manner in this poem; and indeed was never fully said, (for it requires some ingenuity to avoid, and some courage to resist its insertion) before it fell beneath the corrector taste, and more fastidious ear of Pope.

Captain Radcliff has ridiculed this line in his News from Hell.
Laurel, who was both learned and florid,
Was damned long since for silence horrid.
For had there been such chatter made,
But that his silence did invade:
Invade, and so it might, that’s clear,
But what did it invade?
And for some other things, ‘tis true
‘We follow fate, that does pursue.’

The term ‘invading the ear;’ Dryden has used in Theoc. and Horatia.

‘With more distinguished notes invades his ear.’

Dryden was habitually careless in some of the provinces of his versification, the following incorrect rhyme occurs in this poem:

Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.

In one of his prologues,
Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is slight
Though not for food are yet preserved for pickle.

And in that to Albumazar,
Here he was fashion’d, and we may suppose
He liked the fashion well, and wore the clothes.

In Byth and Innshe,
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself confessing to the blues.

In the cock and the fox,
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted blues.

Joy in the body,
The greedy gosling when she’s set a goy,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob.

Dunham rhymes ‘transform’d’ to ‘return’d,’ and
‘Sprung’ to ‘rome.’

At this time, Dryden is supposed to have lived at the house of Herringham, in the New Exchange, then the principal publisher of poetry and plays. A friendship, for some time, had been formed between him and Sir Robert Howard, who (he says) had been always careful of his fortune and reputation, and whose sister, Lady Elizabeth, he subsequently married.

In 1661, he addressed some lines to the King, on his coronation, and on New Years Day wrote a poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde. In the following year, he prefixed some verses to Dr. Charlton’s account of Stonehenge; in this latter poem, the ruggedness of his former versification had been softened into elegance and harmony; his rustic allusions and elaborate conceits had disappeared, and many of the lines are pleasing both in thought and expression,

And happy men, who danced away their time
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime;
And the nightly visions of the Danish race
Seem to open, for the first time, into the regions of the imaginative and the picturesque.

The poem to the Lord Chancellor approaches more closely to the metaphysical style of Cowley and his contemporaries, than any other of Dryden’s compositions. Scott ingeniously conjectures that Dryden professedly wrote after the manner of those poets with whose works the Chancellor had formerly been acquainted; in fact, that he strove to please, by bringing again before the eyes of the aged statesman that glitter of sentiment which had delighted him in his youth. Johnson says Dryden never after strove

‘There is an animation of language and an energy of style; it is said, in this poem, yet unified with the conceits of his preceding productions. The following couplet could not be easily surpassed in the works of Flecknoe and Shadwell: A Queen near whose chants wane, ordain’d by fate,

The soul of kings unform’d for bodies wait.

‘If, says Sir Walter Scott, the souls of all unform’d monarchs waited for bodies from Queen Caterina, they waited long in vain;’ perhaps it was not her fault, for, as the same writer sensibly observes, ‘for a woman to bear children, it is necessary that some one should take the trouble of getting them’ See State Poems, vol. iii. p. 14.

‘To taste the frictheur of the purer air,’ is an affected and unnecessary gallicism. Dryden also uses vellard, palluant; and, in Pal. and Arcite, that concise form, from the French ‘Laume,’ he has ‘Semigres,’ for affected contortions in the story of Actis. In his Life of Villain, he has ‘forces’ of the services, for proud of the services, ‘fer des services,’ &c., but in revenge, ‘en revanche.’ The poet who flourished in the scene is damned in the Arcite, &c.

The following fine couplet is in this poem

Envy that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin’d pride.
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to bring on the anvil such stubborn and unmanageable thoughts.

In all the poems which Dryden had hitherto published, there are marks of carelessness and inaccuracy in the versification, too frequent a repetition of the same rhymes, and, as I before observed, a most offensive and frequent recurrence of the expulsive ‘do? perhaps they derive their chief value from the proofs which they afford of the alteration in poetic feeling that had commenced, and of a purer taste and manlier style superseding the false wit and glittering conceits that had charmed so long; he was shaking off the encumbering earth, and 'pawing to get free.'

The metaphysical productions (to use the common phrase) of Cowley and Donne, their wild unlicensed flights and strange inharmonious lines, once so admired as to eclipse even Milton’s fame, now found but few imitators. Waller, and especially Denham, had looked back on Fairfax and our elder poets with advantage, and had shown that a simpler and easier style, a more melodious and smoother system of verse might be attained without much difficulty. The light and sprightly manner ofucking in his ballads and smaller poems was much admired. In Marvell true poetry might be found; nor must some of Wither’s earlier notes be forgotten, though lost too soon by him. They were full of the simplest melody, the sweetest music. It was the gentle voice of his captivity, wild pastoral songs that beguiled his imprisoned hours, and then were heard no more. Dryden had evidently looked with somewhat of admiration or affection to the poetry of Davenant, and notwithstanding the ridicules of the wits, and with the confession of much that is absurd, and more that is tedious, Gondibert is the work of a man of powerful intellect, and fine genius; it is full of fanciful images, ingenuous reflections, and majestic sentiments: Hobbes has praised its vigour and beauty of expression. Davenant indeed, in all his poetry, throws out gleams of loftier and brighter creations, pathetic touches, sweet passive meditations, imaginative and visionary fancies, and lines that run along the keen edge of curious thoughts, such as commanded the attention of Dryden beyond any other poet of the age, and such as long after Pope was not too proud to transplant into the most impassioned, and the most imaginative of all his productions. This early style of Dryden, or Davenant, is chiefly faulty, because the authors have not the courage, or inclination to reject an ingenuous allusion, however remote, or a brilliant thought, however superfluous. Hence the surface of their poetry glitters with similes, is crowded with learned analogies, and surrounded with unnecessary illustrations; whatever is subtle, laboured, and unusual, is forced into the subject. The interest of the story is encumbered with imagery, and the progress of the narrative impeded by reflection. Davenant himself confesses, that 'Poetical excellence consists in the laborious and lucky relations of thought, having towards its excellence as well a happiness as care, and not only the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world like a sun with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys.'

The restoration of the monarchy now opened the gates of the theatre, the latest echo of whose walls had been called forth by Shirley’s muse: and which the narrow prejudices, and dark religion of the Puritans, considered as one of the practices offensive to God, and not to be endured by a serious and godly people, Dryden soonavailed himself ofthis new channel to profit and fame. ‘The first play (he says) I undertook, was the Duke of Guise, as the fairest way which the act of indemnity had then left us of setting forth the rise of the late rebellion, and of exposing the villanies of it upon the stage, to precaution posterity against the like errors. His friends, however, considered his first essay as not wrought with sufficient art to ensure success, and it was in consequence laid aside for some years.

Dryden’s first attempt at dramatic poetry, or


* Now here she must make a simile, where’s the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes! Because she’s surprised. That is a general rule, you must ever make a simile when you are surprised, ‘tis a neat way of writing. Rehearsal, act i. sc. 2.
rather his first play that was exhibited, was the
Wild Gallant.
It was probably produced on
the stage the 6th February, 1682-3. The
want of success was, perhaps, compensated by the
favourable influence of the celebrated Countess
of Castlemaine, afterwards the Duchess of
Cleveland. More than once, Charles com-
manded it to be performed before him; it was
more distinguished for the smartness of its rep-
partee than for the skillfulness of the plot, and
its 'prize fights of wit' have been ridiculed in the
Rehearsal. There is in the Wild Gallant
a strange improbability of incident, and a bus-
ing intrigue taken from the Spanish drama.
The character of Isabella is immodest and
loose. The absurdity of the gross deceit at-
ttempted to be passed on Lord Noringh proba-
bly turned the fate of the play. Seven years
afterwards, when it was corrected and revised,
that this part was not omitted nor remodelled
is surprising. Constance's marriage, under
the character of Fortune, has been properly
reprehended as unnatural and grotesque.
The second prologue is very indecent, and the loose-
ess of the dialogue offensive; but this is a fault
pervading most of Dryden's plays. It has been
vanily attempted to turn the blame from the
poet to the audience, though it has been urged
by his critics and by himself — that those who
live to please, must please to live. I wish that
so heavy a charge had met with a better ex-
culpation.

Having failed in his first attempts at comedy,
which he discovered was the most difficult
part of dramatic poetry, Dryden's next per-
formance was a tragi-comedy, called the Rival
Ladies, which was publicly exhibited in the
winter of 1683. The magic scenes of the play
are written in rhyme, while the lighter are for-
med into blank verse. Dryden has earnestly
defended his practice with arguments, rather
ingenious than convincing; for, if admitted,
they would cease to be commendable not only some
of the finest passages in our old Couthern
scenes; but the system on which their poetry
was founded, and the end which it aspired to,
attain; but in truth, our heroic verse in rhyme
is most adverse to the exhibition of dramatic
passion, or powerful and changing emotion. It
leads the poet into long unbroken declamation,
and totally precludes the abrupt transitions
and bold rapid movements, by which true and
strong feeling is declared. Nothing is left for
the genius of the actor, in look, in gesture, in
the eloquence of silence to supply; or for the
imagination of the audience to assist; nothing to
strike on the chords of association in our mind;
nothing imperfect and halfrawn that calls upon
the fancy to fill up the unfinished picture, and
gives it a share in the creation of the poet.
Here surely lies much of the fascination of
poetry. At the first breath heard from the en-
chanted horn, when touched by the lips of ge-
nius, all becomes inspiration and illusion; the
scence and shadows of ordinary life disappear;
strained to the earth glitters over

The verse was written as a burlesque of the
sentence, 'Ladies are always the victims of
male folly,' and is said to have been
written in a night's time. The play is
very long and very tedious, and
acheives no marked success.

His sense so little filled, that by one line
You give the other earl so divine!
— 'And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me.'—

There's jestious poetry, you'd swear was prose
So little on the sense the rhymes impose.

In Mustapha, p. 105, Solyman says,

(Sc.) Forgive her, Heaven!—here—take my
handkercher, Dispatch.— why do you pause?—
(Kas.)—Forgive her, Sir,

The play of the Black Prince was spoken by the
people of the Society, the Duke of Kent,
and a sword to the other. Lines similar to the follow-
ing often occur:

You know, when to the wars of France I went,
I made a friendship with the Duke of Kent.

Hered says to Solomus,

This storm which thou hast raiid, dost thou not
dread?

Look on me—look—here I not spared thee dead?—
Tamur. Permit me first, Madam, to dress
your wound.

Queen. It's a scratch, and is already bound.

In this moving manner the noble anchor goes
through a folla volume, and receives the highest
commendations from Mr. N. Tate. In his Comedy
of Mr. Anthony, there was a duel between Mr.
Nokes and Mr. Angel; one came armed with a
hand-gaunt, and the other with a lance and arrow.

The dedication to Lord Orrery is composed in a
strain of laboured and ingenious flattery; there are
two mistakes in it, one relating to Gorhoduc, the
other, that Shakespeare forsook blank verse. He
praises Waller, Denham, and Davenant, and defends
rhyming verse.
the new creation; every power of nature starts from its repose, and the feelings of the mind wake from their slumber, to hasten into the magic circle in which they are invoked. The key that opens the paradise of poetic creation is placed in our hands: language itself changes its ordinary form, and kindles into impassioned eloquence, and then showered from the urn of phantasy appear.

The thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

In these plays rhyme was not simply an additional ornament, that, like fringe upon a garment, might be removed without injury; it did not constitute merely a casual part of the vehicle in which the sentiments were conveyed, but it was intimately connected with the structure of the drama, for it removed the dramatic imitation farther from nature, and thus rendered the extravagant sentiments and improbable incidents less offensive; like a harmonious glazing to a picture, it served to keep all the poetic colours in tone. With the dictate of rhyme, an alteration took place in the other constituents of the drama, in the sentiments, the figures, the language, the incidents, and the general principle. I am not aware that Dryden, and the other poets of the heroic school, availed themselves of the power which they possessed of breaking up their verse into irregular pauses, thus giving a greater variety to its intonation, and a bolder and less monotonous character. This has been adopted with success by the actors on the French stage, where the verse with difficulty admits it, and when such an alteration in the manner of delivery was not anticipated or provided for by the author.

In this play is to be found the bustle, the intrigue, and the disguise of the Spanish plot. The scene between Hippolyto and Amelius (act iv. sc. 3.) is ludicrous and absurd. Pervervities arise without any reasonable cause; and difficulties are solved without any probability of circumstances. The plot is concluded, not by a skilful combination of events gradually closing and conducting to the development, but by an unnatural transfer of a scene in the heroines of the drama, suddenly huddled up in the concluding scene. The jealously and partialities of love at once subsided; which had been sustained under perplexity of adventure, afflicts of disguise, and variety of situation. Dryden has taken advantage of every form of ornament and every vehicle of expression which our language could afford; for the play is composed of prose, blank verse, the rhyming heroic couplet, and the quatrain.

He now assisted his friend Sir Robert Howard, * in the Indian Queen. What proportion of the play was written by Dryden cannot be ascertained with exactness; but as the versification is superior to that of Sir Robert's other dramas, it is probable that Dryden heightened and improved whatever was most weak and defective by touches of his vigorous and flowing style. He is accused of copying his Almazon from the character of Montezuma. This play was acted with great applause, and Evelyn has mentioned that the scenes were the richest ever seen in England, or perhaps on any public stage.

After the Restoration, the theatres were limited to two in number. One was placed under the direction of Sir W. Davenant, and called the Duke's theatre. portrait and other characters of much merit belonged to it: at the head of the other was placed Killigrew; his performers constituted the king's company, and with this latter theatre Dryden was particularly connected.

Sir R. Howard's play suggested to our Poet the subject of his next, The Indian Emperor, which, though not printed till October, 1667, had probably been acted early in the winter of 1664. There was not much connexion between the plot of this play, and that of his predecessor. All, it is said, that Dryden borrowed were three ghosts, the sole sad survivors, if such they can be called, of the personae dramatici of the Indian Queen, with the exception of Montezuma. This play was dedicated to his earliest patroness, Anne, Duchess of Mornemouth: its own merits, assisted by her influence, ensured its success, and placed Dryden without a rival on the throne of dramatic fame.

Dryden has prefixed some lines to a volume of Sir R. Howard's Poems; they have but little reference to the subject to which they are addressed, and a person would in vain search the poems of the author to discover sufficient materials for so splendid a eulogy. The observation which Dryden makes on the Achilles of Statius, and of the additional beauties conferred by the translator, show either that he was ignorant of the poem (one of the most beautiful and elegant fragments of antiquity, with golden lights from Virgil's brighter day still hanging on it) or that in his anxiety to praise, he was careless of the truth. Few poems are more spirited and interesting than the original: none more utterly worthless than the translation.

To the second edition of the Indian Emperor in 1689, was prefixed Dryden's Defence of an Essay on Dramatic Poetry. It was directed against the remarks which Sir R. Howard prefixed to his Duke of Lorna. Scott says it is worthy of preservation, as it would be difficult to find contempt and irony couched under language so tempestive, cold, and outwardly respectful.

* Chinner mentions that Sanford, the actor, used to throw the cadence on different parts of the line, in order to avoid surfeiting the audience by a continual recurrence of rhyme. Scott's Life, p. 34.
Sir W. Scott has remarked that the charm of the poetry and the ingenuity of the dialogue, but the praise cannot be extended to any skillfulness of design, or variety of character. The Indians and Spaniards are all indiscriminately cast in the same heroic mould. A succession of scenes carries on the plot without unfolding it, and the voluntary death of many of the characters terminates without interest, what the ingenuity of the poet should have conducted to a more skilful issue. Love misplaced, and affections entangled in an unfortunate choice, provide an intricacy of situation that gives room for the invention of the poet; but no attempt is made to move our affections, which the subject would so easily admit, nor is advantage taken of the striking contrast which the different characters and countries would so easily have afforded. The metaphysical reasoning between the priest and Montezuma, while the latter was on the rack, shows how on Dryden's system, ingenuity of thought and well expressed argument was to compensate for the violation of all probability, and to excuse an infringement even on the laws of nature.

* Sir W. Scott justly says, that he has little doubt but that the heroic tragedies were the legitimate offspring of the French romances of Scudéry and Calprenède. The absolute dominion of Louis XIV. extended over the field of poetry and literature, as well as that of arms; nothing of passion, of emotion, of nature was allowed to be exhibited, lest it should break through the feelings of the audience, and impair the dignity of the monarch, whose system it was that he was the sole and single object of attraction. Everything was to be formed on an ideal and gigantic scale, every sentiment was to be lofty and striking; to the honour of the hero restless, and the beauty of the heroine unvisited. Thus Louis lived, and ruled a world of his own creation. This our stage adopted, and Charles approved. See some sensible observations on this subject by a clever entertaining writer, Mons. De Mayer, in the Preface to his Genevieve de Cornouailles, 1664, p. xvi. xx. * * If leurs personnalités évoquent des giaunes, c'est que Louis XIV. avait imprimé un grand caractère à son siècle. Louis XIV. que Frézier a nommé le grand magicien, parce qu'il a prêté les idées de ses sujets, n'aimait que ce qui portait l'emprunte de la grandeur. * * Les héros Grecs et Romains avaient les deux qualités, l'émphase et les grandes canons, Oronèse et Palamède saisissent, moururent à Parnasse, et se promenèrent, leurs escarponiers de St. Germain à Marly. C'est ainsi que ce qui portait l'emprunte de la grandeur, n'aimait que ce qui portait l'emprunte de la grandeur.

* In Shakespeare and in the tragedies of the elder dramatists, the difficulties arise from the progress of unrestrained passions, and the indulgence of criminal desires, involving the possessors in the fatal consequences of guilt, and burying them under the ruins of the unhallowed structure which they reared. Thus Othello perishes through jealousy, Macbeth by ambition, Richard by perfidy and cruelty, and Anthony the indolent, the voluptuous, and the brave, was dishonoured and dethroned by her, whose smile could melt the sternest bosoms into love, and at whose feet of beauty the rival sceptres of the earth were laid.

In Dryden, such is the difference in the structure of his dramas, the characters are, from the outset, surrounded with elaborate contrivances of perplexity. Affections are dissembled, perverted, or misplaced; the calls of duty and the feelings of desire are placed in opposition to each other; the difficulties do not grow out of the progress of the plot, or arise from the natural development of individual character and the conflict or combinations of the varied passions and affections, but are gratuitously formed, and, at length, when ingenuity has been exhausted, and the arts of evasion baffled by the stubbornness of the materials, a conclusion is obtained by an unnatural and rapid removal of part of the characters, or by an unexpected and unaccountable alteration of their sentiments.

In consequence of the plague, which broke out with such alarming violence this year, and the terrific conflagration on the following, which laid the most populous and wealthy part of London in ashes, no plays were allowed to be exhibited. The prohibition extended from May 1665 to Christmas 1666. During this interval Dryden is supposed, with circumstances, says Johnson, according to the satire imputed to Lord Somers, not honourable to either party, to have married the Lady Elizabeth Howard.

* I kill'd a double man; the one half lay. Upon the ground, the other ran away. The former couplet is quoted in Timon, a Satire, in the Duke of Buckingham's Works, p. 164.

* * * who but he darest presume To make th' old world a new withdrawing room, When of another world she's brought to bed, Her husband's wife is a laurel's head. * * She is called the Lady Elizabeth. See Wilson's Life of Congreve's poet, and Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 396. I am not at all anxious to promote quarrels between man and wife; or to disturb the virtuous repose of the Lady Elizabeth; but I must say, that I have stumbled on a very exquised letter from her, unnoticed by her biographers, and which, considering the noted gallantry of the person to whom it was addressed, wants, my dear Lady Skype, some little explanation on your part.
and to have resided in the house of his father-in-law, the Earl of Berkshire, at Chariton in Wiltshire. His leisure was amused in writing his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, which he dedicated to Lord Buckhurst, and published in the year 1687.

Dryden's marriage either interrupted, or terminated some intrigues into which his connexion with the stage, his youth and attractive appearance perhaps contributed to draw him; and which the gallantry of the age permitted without a frown. An amour with a beautiful actress, Madame Reever, ended by the lady retiring from the stage to the seclusion of a cloister. There is an allusion too, I am afraid, to something like an intrigue* in another quarter; for the authors of the Rehearsal would let no weakness of our poet escape. The blessings of fame and greatness must be attended with their shadows and inconveniences; thus we are made acquainted with the disfigured person of Davenant, the libelled reputation of Dryden, and the pictured shape of Pope. Our poet, however, received no lasting injury from the imputation of weaknesses in which most shared; and the reputation of conquests which perhaps all envied. His latest biographer says of him at this time, that his manners were amiable, his reputation high, and his moral character unexceptionable.1

The alliance between a dependent poet, and the daughter of an earl was too unequal, to hold out much reasonable prospect of happiness, after the first bloom of affection and desire had passed away. The lady was violent and capricious in temper, and weak in understanding, she brought but little fortune to compensate for her deficiencies in the qualities expected in a wife. Dislike was aggravated by poverty. She did not share in the general admiration of her husband's genius, nor lighten the toils by which it was supported. She seems to have possessed neither sweetness of disposition, generosity of mind, nor attraction of person. A man of genius, of all others, can hope for happiness only when united to a woman of sense. What can be expected from narrowness of understanding, prejudice of views, and sullenness of temper, but conflicts, alienation, and misery? Dryden never lost an opportunity of venting such bitter sarcasms against the matrimonial state, as too plainly bore evidence to his domestic misery. Indeed he never wanted a subject for satire, when marriage was to be decided, or the clergy ridiculed.

The great object of Dryden's essay, mentioned above, was 'to vindicate the honour of the English poets from the censure of those who unjustly preferred the French before them,'—the admiration of Jonson's talents among Dryden's contemporaries had eclipsed, or lowered disadvantageously the greater genius of Shakespeare. Dryden felt the error of the decision, and he developed the merits, and exhibited the excellence of Shakespeare's genius in so masterly a manner as to call forth the highest encomiums from Dr. Johnson, at the time he was directing his attention to the same

1 I dont quite understand the allusion in the pamphlet, the reason of Mr. Bayes changing his religion Second Part, 1696, p. ii. 'You poets ought to be excused for being witty now and then upon those who are got into the coil of matrimony: for either you are plagued with an odd sort of Latitudinarian creatures at home, (which they say is your own misfortune, Mr. Bayes, as well as Mr. Shadwell's), and then you have all the reason in the world to vent your indignation upon that settlement called a wife, or else you are humbly consent to pick a little natural philosophy out of some Fleet-street strutter,' &c.

2 See Watton's Hist. Engl. Poetry, I. p. 998, where his alteration of Chaucer's images is noticed to justify his spleen against the church. I possess a poem in quarto, called 'Whip for the Fool's Back; who styles Honourable Marriage a cursed Condemnament, in his prose poem of Abasam and Achtophel.'
subject. It will not be easy to find (he says) in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of enthusiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus on the assemblage of the heroes of Marathon, by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or referred, nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased the epistle of excellence; of having changed Dryden's gold for base metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk.

The essay is written in the form of a dialogue, the persons of the speakers are concealed under fictitious names, but it has been ascertained that through the disguises assumed, the real characters of Lord Buckhurst, Sir C. Siddly, Sir Robert Howard, and Dryden himself appear. The subject of the dialogue is first, the improved system of versification, a comparison of the ancient and classic models with the more irregular system of the French and English drama; the most interesting parts of the whole is that in which the respective merits of Shakspeare and Jonson are examined. It ends with a dissertation on the advantages of rhyme in dramatic composition, in which Dryden takes the affirmative part, against the opinions of Sir Robert Howard. The manner in which this last argument is handled occasioned a discussion between Dryden and his brother-in-law. Sir Robert answered him in the preface to the Duke of Lorne; Dryden retorted in the defence of dramatic poetry, which he prefixed to the second edition of the Indian Emperor. That sensible men and brothers should be at enmity with each other for years, on a disputed point of criticism, shows that the imputation of irritability thrown out against the poetic tribe was not ascertained without reason; many years after when the subject was forgotten, and so complete a reconciliation had taken place, that Dryden borrowed money from his old enemy, the defence was cancelled, and an original edition of it is said now to be extremely rare.

In 1667, the Annsus Mirabilis was published, and the Maiden Queen was acted in the winter of 1668. Charles was not only the patron of this play, but even suggested the plot, and rescued it from the severity of its enemies.

With regard to the Annsus Mirabilis, Scott agrees with Dr. Aikin in confessing the disadvantages of the four line stanza† in which this poem is written, from the necessity of comprising the thought within the limits of the stanza. I hardly acknowledge the force of this objection, for it would apply to the versification of Pope which seldom runs beyond the narrow boundary of the couplet; nor do I see why the Poet might not if he pleased advance on a bolder wing, and extend without impediment the sense beyond the limits of the quatrains: if I rightly recollect, it is in this manner, that Mr. Roscoe has translated the Greek poem of Musæus, and Gray printed his Elegy in continuous stanzas. The use of the stanza itself no doubt Dryden adopted from Davenant, who himself probably derived it from Sir John Davies's immortality of the Soul—for its introduction into our poetry we are indebted, I believe, to Surrey.

Scott says that Dryden seldom suffers his poem to languish, every stanza presents some strong thought or vivid description, but that the structure of the verse has laid him under the odd and unpleasing necessity of filling up his stanza, by coupling a simile, or a moral expressed in the two last lines along with the fact which had been expressed in the first. The plan of this poem is very inartificial, and the union of two distinct events, the naval fight and the fire of London, is unskillfully adopted. Its defects resemble those of the former. There are lofty allusions connected with mean and minute descriptions more adapted to a gazette than a poem. The sense alternately swells into the bombastic, or descends to the low, and wanders into false allusions, and unnatural conceits. There is an exaggeration in the colouring, and an extravagance in the language, a want of keeping or harmony of style and imagery—elegant similes, and noble sentiments being

* The title of Annsus Mirabilis, did not originate with Dryden, a prose tract so entitled, being published in 1607, see Malone's Pr. works of Dryden, vol. iii.

† Bymer, in his preface to Rapin's Reflections on Annsus Mirabilis, had found fault with the quatrains; and Davenant defended it in his pref. to Cogdibert. The Earl of Sterne had used it in his four Monarchic Tragedies
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scene, has attempted to unite with the former, by making Celidon assist Philocles; but there is no real unity in the fable. It was necessary, I suppose, to enliven the grave and pathetic part of the plot with descriptions of a gay airy libertine and a clever self-confident girl, under the characters of a courtier and maid of honour.

The ignorance of Philocles of the queen's attachment is perhaps out of nature; but it must be viewed with regard to the artificial system on which these plays are founded. Dryden has observed, that the good taste of Charles discovered a blemish in the last scene, which, indeed, arose, from what I observed before, an attempt, too late, to bring the two actions together, when they had previously no links of connexion. Dryden, I believe, was well acquainted with the Spanish drama, and he borrowed from it its unnatural pomp of language, its unpleasing intricacy of incident, and the artificial and improbable extraction of the story.

Confident in the resources of his genius, and having successfully tried his dramatic powers, Dryden now entered into an agreement with the King's Theatre, to supply it with three plays in a year, for one share and a quarter out of twelve shares and three quarters, into which the theatrical stock was divided, and which produced him better than three or four hundred a year, the total profits of the theatre being about four thousand pounds per annum.

An author, who could enter into such an engagement, must, undoubtedly, have great reliance on the fertility of his invention and the copiousness of his resources; but constant practice quickens the power of the intellect, awakens the slumbering associations of the fancy, gives to the taste and judgment an instantaneous selection, and to the hand a surprising facility of execution. Dryden had thought much on the subjects of the drama, had treasured up materials, at least in his imagination, if not assor ted them in books. Shakespeare is suppos ed to have

The writers for the Duke's House were, Etheridge, Lord Orrery, Otway, Shadwell, Ravenscroft, Crowne, Settle, Behn, Tate; for the King's, Dry den, Sir Robert Howard, Wycherley, Dury, James Howard, Lacy, Duffett, and Lee, to the year 1678, Edward Howard, Sidney, and Bankes, gave their plays sometimes to one theatre, sometimes to another.

Jacob says, 'I think, the single consideration of Mr. Dryden having produced six dramatic performances in one year is sufficient to stone for inconsiderable thefts and trivial irregularities. Lives, p. 62. But this is a mistake, see Reed's note, in Johnson's Life of Dryden, p. 248. Langbaine's authority led Johnson into the same error. Dryden did not produce more than half the plays for which he contracted; see the Memorial to the Lord Chamberlain, by Killigrew, Hart, &c. Malone's Life, p. 78.
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ed to have written two plays each year, for several years, and in the compass of ten years the copious and vigorous invention of Fletcher enriched the theatre with more than thirty dramas.

On the death of Sir W. Davenant, in 1666, the poetical laurel which he had worn for thirty years, and which had descended to him at the death of Jonson, was now given to our author, after an interval of two years. The office of historiographer-royal was attached to it, which had become vacant by Howell's death: the salary was two hundred a year; the butt of Canary was not withheld, and the patent bore retrospect to the time when the office was vacated. The grant was honourably and elegantly bestowed. To John Dryden, Master of Arts, in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his majesty, and from an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill, and elegant style, both in verse and prose.

Between the reopening of the theatres, in the beginning of 1667, and the middle of 1670, Dryden produced five original plays, and two in which he was assisted.

The Maiden Queen, which I have already noticed, was, without doubt, acted in 1668, and entered in the Stationers' register in 1667.

The Tempest was acted in 1667, as appears from the epilogue, though not printed till 1669.

Sir W. Scott has justly expressed his sense of the injury which the Tempest has received in passing from the pure, the beautiful, and imaginative creations of Shakespeare, to the gross and tasteless alterations of Dryden and Davenant: so has the delicacy of Raphael's Farnesian gallery, and the bloom of Psyche's beauty vanished beneath the coarser varnish of C. Marat. How foolish and ill placed is the duel between Ferdinand and Hippolyto! how unseasonable and out of character the quarrell between the two sisters! how low and coarse the allusion in the speech of Prospero to Dorinda, and how puerile the conceit in the dialogue between Hippolyto and Dorinda! Not one additional beauty has been inserted, not one solicitude that improved; but the profound skill and knowledge of nature, for which the original has been justly praised, has been lost sight of by the improvers, who have stripped the spiritual creation of Shakespeare of its sky-tinted robes, and stiiffed the wild harmony of its notes in order that they might deck it in the artificial finery, and bestow on it the conventional manners of their grosser times, and their degraded theatre.

Sir Martin Marall was originally a translation from the French, by the Duke of Newcastle; it was presented to Dryden, and by him adapted to the stage. None of our author's pieces was more successful; for it was acted thirty times at the theatre at Lincoln's Inn, and four times at court, in the course of two years; and when the new theatre was opened in Dorset Gardens, in 1671, the same comedy drew considerable audiences for three nights: Nokes's acting in Marall was a source of great attraction. This play is imitated from the French of Molière's L'Eteurd, which itself is an imitation of the Inavertito of Beltrami; it was published in Dryden's name in 1667, and all that is diverting and clever in it belongs, it is supposed, rather to the poet than the peer. The success of the play would much depend, I think, on the cleverness of the actors, and the adaptation of their talents to the parts assigned them. Its defects seem to consist in the overloaded character of Sir Martin, which probably was so strongly coloured for the purpose of displaying Nokes's peculiar vein of drollery. Molière's character of Lelie is more thoughtless than foolish, more true to nature, and finished with a delicate and finer hand; the stupidity, in Dryden's comedy, has been exaggerated, and the humour of the play rendered more broad and coarse. The consequence of making Sir Martin despicable for his conceit and stupidity, prevented Mrs. Millicent's marrying him without shocking probability, yet her marriage with Warner is very inconsistent and unsatisfactory. This the greater skill and judgment of Molière has avoided. The character of the familiar, intriguing valet, unknown to English customs, proves its foreign origin. L'Amant Indecisret of Quinault has been used for that portion of the plot, which occasioned its being called the 'Feigned Innocence,' and which of course is not part of Molière's play. If the indecency could be expunged, an agreeable farce might now

* Scott says, it was performed by the Duke of York's servants, probably at the desire of the Duke of Newcastle, as Dryden was engaged to write for the other house. It seems to have been acted in 1667, and was published, but without the author's name, in 1669.
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...form from the materials, no; would a successor to Nokes's humour be sought in vain.

The Mock Astrologer was registered in November, 1668. This play is founded on the Feint Astrologue of the younger Corneille, which he imitated from the Astrologo Fingido of Calderon. The quarrelling scene between Wildblood and Jacinth is copied from the scene in the Deit Amoros De Molière. Sir W. Scott says, that the play is more lively than most of Dryden's comedies; Wildblood and Jacinth are far more pleasant than their prototypes, Celadon and Florimel, and the Spanish bustle of the plot is well calculated to fix the attention. The catastrophe, however, is too forcibly induced, and the improbabilities in the last scene are such as to require all the indulgence and good humour of the audience. To this play a very interesting preface on the merits of the older dramatists is attached: and the remarks on their respective excellencies are made with knowledge and judgment.

The next play which the readiness and vigour of his genius threw out, was Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr. It was written in seven weeks, and the entry was made in the stationers' books, July, 1669.

This has been with justice considered as one of Dryden's characteristic plays, exhibiting the chief features of the heroic system. The personalities of the drama are placed in trying perplexities of situation, and amid extraordinary combinations of events; while the movement of the passions, and the progressive action of the story, are superseded by declaration, or entangled in argument. Sentiments are expressed in language bombastic and extravagant.

Project amplius at assutupedalia verba.

Evelyn mentions this play a foolish plot, and very profane; it affected one to see how much the stage was degenerated and polluted by these licentious times. Memoirs, 16th June, 1669.

In this preface Dryden has defended himself against the charge of plagiarism brought against him. On this point he quotes the words of Charles II. who had only desired, that they, who accused Dryden of theft, would steal him such plays as Dryden's. Langbaine, it is well known, is very severe on this head, against our poets, but his bitterest accusing only come to this, that like all his predecessors he took his plots from Novels, Romances, Chronicles, and Histories, as he could best find them, and that he was occasionally indebted to the foreign stage.

Drayton has fixed the first act of this play to the end of 1666, or beginning of 1669. It was printed in 1670, and a revised edition came forth in 1672. § Maximin, in his dying moments says, Briton me Porphyrius and my Empress dead, I would brave heaven, in myself and hand a head. Again,

Look to it, God! for you the aggressors are,
Keep you your rain and sunshine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice.

yet the versification is melodious, the language poetical, the thoughts ingenious, and flashes of purer and nobler feeling occasionally appear; the tender description, it has been remarked, given by Felicia of her attachment to her children in infancy, is exquisitely beautiful.

In the autumn of 1669, and the spring of the next, Dryden produced the two parts of the Conquest of Granada, though they were not published till 1678. The play was received with unbounded applause, and raised the poet it is said to a higher point in public esteem, than he reached thirty years after by his translation of Virgil and his fables; in fact the system itself was a favourite with the public, and he was acknowledged as its chief. With regard to the structure of this play, I shall observe, that the changes of fortune are too rapid and indecisive to be of interest. That the character and matchless prowess of Almanzor, is so soon ascertained, that we feel assured that victory will pass from side to side with a constancy, which could only be commanded by an imaginary and invincible hero. The character of Boabdil is contemptible, that of Lyndaraxa odious. The vacillations of Almanzor, between his ambition and his love, are almost ludicrous; while his extravagance of sentiment, and his prodigious

Your trade of heaven will soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

The dialogue of the spirits is ridiculed in the Rehearsal.

* On a couplet in this play.

For as old Sellin was not moved by thee,
Neither will I by Sellin's daughter be.


A py a pudding a pudding a py,
A py for me and a pudding for thee;
A pudding for me and a py for thee.

A pudding for thee and me.

The character of Almanzor is the original of Dracuncius in the Rehearsal, into whose mouth parodies of Dryden's most extravagant flights have been put. Shadwell's attempts to trace the applause bestowed on this play to what he calls the correspondence and relation between our royal theatre and popular circus, or bear garden. Misc. Reflections, M. 2.

I As act iii. sc. 1.

Alm. Thou shalt not wish her thine. Thou shalt not dare
To be so impudent as to despair.

Hamer. Your slitting Zulians, this very hour,
Will take ten thousand subjects from your power.

Alm. What are ten thousand subjects such as they; If I am scorn'd—I'll take myself away.

In act v. sc. 2.

Alm. Thou darest not marry her whilst I'm in sight.
With a bent brow thy priest and thee I'll fright.

And in that scene,

Which all thy hopes and wishes should content
The thought of me shall make them impotent.
egotism; place him at the head of all the heroes of romance. In this heroic kind of drama, the characters pass before us like moving pictures; we no more sympathize with them, than with the allegorical figures of Rubens. Their misfortunes draw no pity, their virtues claim no admiration, their feelings are often scarcely intelligible to us; they move, and think, and act, in a world of their own. Love, with them, is exalted to adoration; argument is sharpened into logic; passion becomes insanity; and valour is placed above the caprice of fortune, or the possibility of defeat. Macbeth, and Othello, and Lear, meet us with passions that we recognize in the mirror of life, with reflections of the forms of man, and echoes of the shades of nature; their tears are drawn from the same fountain as our own, their smiles come from feelings familiar to us, the wildness of their passion, and the majesty of their sorrow is all ours; but the character of Almanzor* is altogether an artificial creation: he is a pastyboard hero of the opera stage, a being exorbitating or flying out from the common sphere of humanity, soaring in a region of his own, and never seen beyond the circle of romance. When such a character as this is introduced on the stage, one cannot help reflecting how small a scope is given to fiction in dramatic poetry; because the characters are measured to us, and defined by visible representation; not shaped from ideal models in our own mind, nor elevated by our imaginations in proportion to the magnitude of their actions. In such characters as Achilles and Alexander, no power of the poet or the actor could keep pace with the demands of the spectator's imagination, or hope to ascend to the level of our habitual associations. A learned and ingenious writer has expressed the impression which the sight of Achilles on the French stage made on him: a more farcical or ludicrous figure could scarcely present itself to the mind, than a pert, smart, dapper Frenchman, well rouged, curled, and powdered, with the gait of a dancing master, and the accent of a milliner, attempting to personate that tremendous warrior, the nodding of whose crest disdained armies, and the sound of whose voice made even the war-horse tremble.†

* Sir Walter Scott's observations on this play may be read with advantage, his critical opinions, and his acute observations, are accompanied in his review of the different works of Dryden, with the utmost fairness and generosity, nor does he ever lose an opportunity to praise, where praise can be bestowed with propriety, vol. IV. p. 6. &c. In his multifarious criticisms, and acute observations in his edition of Dryden, he has been but once, and to one writer, unjust. Why was that one, Samuel Johnson 1

† See P. Knight or Taste, p. 306.

Dryden's great success and growing reputation now called out the latent jealousy of his rivals into an open attack upon his fame; but Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, certainly took a higher ground, when he brought out his celebrated farce of the Rehearsal, in order to correct the public taste by holding up the rhyming tragedies to ridicule. This, however, was a task to which Buckingham's unassisted talents were not equal; he therefore called in Butler, a keen and willing adversary, Spratt, M. Clifford and others of lower fame, as contributors to his work. Johnson observes, that Waller is supposed to have added his assistance to that of Cowley, in the original draft of the Rehearsal. No less a period, it is said, than seven years, were employed by them in collecting their stores of ridicule, and pointing their shafts of wit.

With transcribing of these, and translating those,
With thinking of rhyme, and transversing prose,
He clad in cheer'd up his face with other men's clothes.‡

The original hero was Davenant, satirized under the name of Bilbos; it is said that at one time he was changed for Sir Robert Howard; but although Dryden's greater reputation and genius placed him at length on the pedestal designed for others, the change of the hero marred nothing.

Scott numbers at this time among Dryden's friends, independently of Charles, the Duke of Ormond, Thomas Lord Clifford, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Buckhurst, Sir C. Sedley, Earl of Rochester; in short all the great and gay who wished to maintain some character for literary taste; he enjoyed the affection and esteem of Cowley, Waller, Shenam, Davenant (as subtle as Cowley, and more harmonious than Denham, who with a happier model would probably have excelled both.) Of all the men of genius at this period, whose immortality our age has admitted, Butler alone seems to have been the adversary of our author's reputation. Life, p. 112.

Of this want of talent, says Scott, the reader may find sufficient proof in the extracts from his Grace's reflections upon Absalom and Achitophel, vol. I. p. 373.

Leigh and Clifford, and other scribblers of less note, wrote notes and remarks on Dryden's Plays and Poems. Buckingham had early distinguished himself as an opponent of the rhyming plays, and had an active share in denouncing the 'Caledonian Doms' of the Hon. Ed. Howard.

§ State Poems, vol. II. p. 316.

I come to his farce, which must needs well be done, For Troy was no longer before it was won, Since it is more than ten years since the war was begun.¶

As the brown-paper patch on the nose, introduced in ridicule of poor Davenant's misfortune, with a black-eyed wench at Westminster, was retained, when the character was transferred to Dryden; Scott thinks that the Poet of the Rehearsal may be considered, in some degree, as a Knight of the shire, representing all the authors of the day, and uniting in his person their several abstemious peculiarities.
red the consistency of the satire, as it afterwards did that of the Dunciad: for the authors were unwilling to lose the strokes more successfully levelled against Davenant, while the poignancy of the satire was lost by diffusion, or rendered harmless by misapplication to its object. This farce was performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and published in the following year. It owed its success as much to the clever mimicry of the actors as to the author's wit. Dryden's dress, manner, and usual expressions, were all copied; and Lacey, the original Bayes, was instructed to speak after the manner of Dryden's recitation. The play met with a stormy reception at first. Lord Orrery, Sir R. Howard, and all the noble authors of heroic sentiments and sounding lines, were furious in their opposition: but the application of its satire, the humour of its burlesque, and the wit of its parody prevailed; and when once received, the success of the Rehearsal was unbounded. Dryden's 'Play of Marriages-a-la-Mode,' was alluded to, though not acted nor printed till the subsequent year, but it probably had been shown about, as was the custom, in manuscript. In the distress of P. Pretzianus, Leoniades alluded to, as the author of the Key to the Rehearsal points out a parallel between them.

To this attack Dryden made no reply; indeed it is difficult to repel wit but with its own keen weapons. He owned, however, the cleverness and ability displayed in it. In the dedication to Juvénal, he says, 'I answered not the Rehearsal, because I know that the author sets himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce: because, also, I knew that my better is more concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about town.' Dryden might have added, that under this appearance of indifference he veiled his resentment for a time; but that at length the character of Zimri in Absalom and Achitophel fully avenged his injured reputation, and he who had begun the jest, was laughed at in his turn. These lines, as Dr. Warter observed, were intended as a payment in full for the bitter satire acted nine years before.

Although this clever attack did not effectually banish heroic nonsense in rhyme from the stage, it gave it a very powerful blow;* Dryden was not, perhaps, reluctant to turn from a situation which it was difficult for him to retain; and to avoid either giving way to the clamour of his enemies, or persisting against the opinion of the public, he judiciously directed his attention to Comedy. In 1677, he produced his Marriages-a-la-Mode, and the Assiduation, or Love in a Nunnery. The former was successful; Sir W. Scott says it is a Tragi-Comedy,† or rather a Tragedy and Comedy, the plot and scenes of which are intermingled, for they have no natural connexion with each other. The state intrigue bears evident marks of hurry and inattention, and it is at least possible that Dryden originally intended it for the subject of a proper heroic play, but startled at the effect of Buckingham's satire, hastily added to it some comic scenes, either by him or composed on purpose. The higher, or tragic, plot, is not only grossly artificial and improbable, but its incidents are so perplexed and obscure, that it would have required much more action to detail them intelligibly; even the language has an abridged appearance, and favours the idea that the tragic intrigue was to have been extended into an heroic play, instead of occupying a spare corner in a comedy. But to make amends, the comic scenes are executed with spirit, and in a

* The authors whose works were ridiculed were Sir William Barcham, Davenant, Sir William Killigrew, Sir R. Stapleton, James and Henry Howard, T. Porter, and Mrs. A. Behn.
† See Scott's 'Life of Dryden,' p. 143; and vol. iv p. 323, this play was first acted in 1678, in an old theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, occupied by the king's company, after that in Drury Lane had been burned, and during its rebuilding.
‡ I am the innocent editor of the Epistolary Curiosities of the Herbert Family (1818) aware that the has made a slight mistake in giving the character of Zimri to Milgrave, Duke of Buckingham instead of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham! vol. ii, p. 283.
LIFE OF DRYDEN.

They contain much witty and fashionable rai-

cery, and the character of Melantha, is pro-

ounced by Cibber to exhibit the most complete

ystem of female folly that possibly could be

rowded into the tortured form of a fine lady.

It was admirably acted by Mrs. Montfort, af-

erwards Mrs. Vanbrugh.

Our author was not so successful in the other

iece, 'Love in a Nunnery,' which, by his own

ession, was condemned. Ravenscroft, in his

logue to the Careless Lovers, alludes to the

fortunate fate of this play,

Ah! how severe your malice was that day,

to damn at once the poet and the play.

Scott considers that the causes of this failure

are not readily to be assigned, and that it is

eedless to investigate the dislike of an audience

who could give no reason for their capricious

domination. Perhaps the absurd scene in

which the prince prides a fit of the colic had

ome share in the fate of the play. To this I

ould add, that though in the two first acts there

uch smart repartee, sparkling wit, and ingen-

ious dialogue, yet there is no variety of inci-

tent, change of situation, or progress of action.

The love of a father and a son for the same ob-

ect, must also produce an unplesasing effect

upon the mind.

In the following year, (1678) he produced the

"Cibber combined the comic scenes of these two

ays into a Comedy called 'The Comical Lovers.'

'See Cibber's Apology, p. 99: from a copy of

verses in the Gent. Mag. vol. xvi. p. 99, the excellence of the various performers may be learnt, by whom the piece was presented.

'What from her lips fanatical Montfort caught,

And almost mov'd the thing the poet thought.

Or thou, omnious Woffington disdain,

What Dryden's skill with pleasure might survey,

he before whose visionary eyes

Melantha rub'd in eve varying dyes,

Gey fungy's work appears, acts unknown,

Like Roscius with theatre incurs'd crown'd.

Cibber will smile ample, and think again

Of Hare and Mohun, and all the female train,

Coxe, Marshall, Dryden's niece, Bet Silice, and

Charles's reliev.'

This was justly satirized in the revised edition of the Rehearsal, where Bayes says, 'I remember in a play of mine I set off a scene, I say, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat and the belly-

ache.' Smith, 'Aye, but Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the belly-ache.' Etc.

Dryden attacked a miserable writing plagiarist, called Edward Ravenscroft. In the prologue to this play, as he has less directly done in that of the Marriage à la Mode. Hence the exquisite pleasure which Ravenscroft reconcile at its failure, as appears in the prologue to his 'Careless Lovers.' Of this gentleman's taste, Scott says, it may be held a satisfactory instance, that he deemed the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus a mild and tame, and added some more murders, rapes, and poisoners, to make it fit for representation. He says,

tragedy of Ambystra, which was planned and

written in a month. It is in prose and blank

verse, and was composed, the author says, to

inflame the nation against the Dutch, with whom we were then at war. Even the most impartial and generous of critics has pronounced this play

beneath criticism, and the very worst that our poets have ever written.

In his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, and in his eulogy to the Conquest of Granada, Dryden had pointed out the faults of the elder dramatists with less gentleness and reverence than was esteemed due to their great and established reputation. He also claimed the superiority of the plays of his own age, and of the heroic drama over those of all the times of Elizabeth and James. He censures the antiquated language, the de-

ective plots, the irregular action of Shakespeare and Fletcher; and points his strongest argu-

ments against the inelegant language and the low characters of Jonson. These he disadvantageous contrasts with the productions of a theatre revived under the auspices of a gallant monarch and a fashionable court, where the soli-

lity of English sense is united to the sportive rai-

ery, the lightness, the ease, and the gayety of the French Drama. Scott thinks that

Like other poets, he'll not proudly scorn

To own, but that he won't Shakespeare's corn;

So far was he from robbing him of treasure,

That he did add his own, to make full measure.

This bold eulogium savs much offence, on ac-

count of the censure which it threw on the fathers of the stage. Rochester, among others, severely assailed it. Scott has observed how much the character and style of Shakespeare's and Dryden's dramas were influenced by the manners of the re-

pectable class from which they lived, and the different audiences to whom they were addressed. The poor small theatres in which Shakespeare's and Jonson's plays were represented were filled with spectators, 'who though of the middle rank were proba-

bly worse educated than our vulgar;' but they came provided with a tribute of tears, and laughter to burst of passion or effusions of wit, though in capable of estimating the beauties derived from the gradual development of a story, well maintained characters, well arranged incidents, and the minute beauties of language. Dryden, on the other hand, wrote what was to pass before the judgment of a monarch and his courtiers, professors judges of dra-

mic criticism, and a formidable band of town critics, art therefore was not only a requisite qua-

lication, but the principal attribute of the drama-

tic poet. An exhibition of nature, in the strength of her wildest energies, as in Lear and Othello; deep emotion, or sweet and simple pathos, would have found no correspondent feeling in the bosoms of the selfish, the witty, the affected, and the criti-

cal audience. Who preferred the ingenious, roman-

tic, and polished. Scott questions whether the age of Charles II. would have borne the introduction of Othello and Falstaff. The editor of Corneille boasts that the French poet, with all the genius of Shakes-

peare, had a more refined and gentlemanly feel-

ing—Ce n'est un Seigneur que à l'égard d'un homme de peuple.

Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 180
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Dryden, perhaps from the rigour of a puritanical education, had not studied the old dramatic models in his youth, and had only begun to read them with attention when it was his object rather to depreciate than to emulate them; but the time came when he did due homage to their genius.

Those who hated Dryden's talents, and envied his success, the old critics and the rival playwrights, took this opportunity, under pretence of advocating the injured cause of the ancients, of attacking the productions of Dryden's muse; and as the style of controversy in that age was virulent and rude, they passed from a criticism on his writings to reflections on his character. Literary contest, as his biographer observes, 'was embittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace or degradation of an opponent.'

Matthew Clifford, one of the contributors to the Rehearsal, printed his Notes on Dryden's poems in four letters, together with some reflections on the Hind and Panther by T. Brown, in 1667. It is probable that for some years previously they had been circulated in clubs and literary coffee-houses by numerous transcripts. They chiefly consist of a rude clumsy banter mixed up with minute and verbal criticism. Another pamphlet that appeared was 'the censure of the Rota on Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada,' printed at Oxford 1673. This was followed by a Description of the academy of Athenian Virtues, with a discourse held there in vindication of Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada against the author of the 'censure of the Rota,' and a third, called 'A Friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden from the author of the censure of the Rota,' this was printed at Cambridge. The two former were written by Richard Leigh, of Queen's College, Oxford, afterwards a player in the Duke's company: but not the celebrated comedian of that name. The third is written in the same taste, but by a different hand. Dryden is accused, probably without truth, of exhibiting in his dramatic characters the portraits of living persons. In Charles Blount, our poet found an admirer of his genius and vindicator of his fame; and in his own address to Sedley, he notices these attacks with the contempt which they deserved. Edward Ravenscroft, who constructed a slender and temporary reputation by altering the plays of Shakespeare, and imitating those of Molière, threw out some sneers against the heroic drama, and particularly the Conquest of Granada.

* Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 158.

Dryden retorted in a prologue to the Assemination, and an epilogue to the Marriage à la Mode, and the degrading controversy closed by some lines which his antagonist wrote on the bad success of the 'Assemination.'

In 1674, Dryden published his State of Innocence, a play adapted from Milton's Paradise Lost, but not intended for stage exhibition. Aubrey has told us but too briefly some circumstances attending it, which have been copied into most of the biographies of the poet: and yet familiar as the anecdote is, the meeting between two of our greatest poets, the one in the calm serenity and satisfaction of declining life, the other full of youthful hopes, and high in fame, is too interesting to be altogether omitted.

Dryden, it appears, waited on the blind bard, with whom, it need hardly be presumed, he was on friendly terms, and previous to entering on his task, asked his permission to put his great poem into rhyme.—'Ay,' said Milton, 'you may tag my verses if you will.' Dennis says, that Dryden at that time knew not half the extent of Milton's excellence, as more than twenty years after he confessed to him, and is pretty plain from his writing 'The State of Innocence.'† We may add that Milton also was imperfectly acquainted with Dryden's powers, and could little have anticipated the future splendour of his fame.

As Scott observes, that the costume of our first parents must have rendered this play unfit for the stage, it is not easy to conjecture the motives which led Dryden to form the epic of Milton into a drama. At the same time it must be observed, that the stage directions are minute and particular, more so than would be at all necessary in a poem intended for perusal. I can only escape from the difficulty of this dilemma, by supposing that accuracy and propriety of dress was no more required by the audi

* Langbaine remarks on the dedication of this play to the Duchess of York, that the author has not been guilty of the highest flattery, for I leave to the reader's judgment, but I may presume to say there are some expressions in it that seem strained, and a note beyond: 'Elia,' as for instance, 'your person is so admirable that it can scarce receive addition, when it shall be glorified: and your soul, which shines throughout, finds it of a substance so near her own, that she will be pleased to pass an age within it, and be confined to such a place.'—Dram. Poets, p. 172. This is high-flown nonsense certainly, but it was addressed to the most dazzling and radiant beauty that ever sat on the British throne, and Dryden had so long been accustomed to extravagant expressions, that he was not aware of their real force.

† Mr. Dennis's Letters moral and critical, vol. i., p. 73, Svo. 1721.

‡ In a French play, 'The Mort d'Abel de Languedoc,' partly taken from Gesner, which was often acted, Adam and Eve appeared on the stage dressed as...
The life of Dryden

sage, or attended to by the players at that time, an absolute consistency of language and character was maintained by the poet; and that without shocking probability, Adam might have sat in the primeval bower, formed of cut yew trees and rosemary, in a Steinkirk cravat and Chadreux periuk; while Eve conversed with the serpent (himself perhaps dressed in a herald’s coat) with a hoop petticost, a furbell, and a fan.

Of the execution of this performance, I know not what to say, but that all who can estimate the greatness of Milton’s images, the simplicity, the majesty, the richness of his language, the exquisite power of his thoughts, the fine ideality of his characters, Dryden’s distorted reflection of it must appear very grotesque and ridiculous; in many parts puerile and weak; in all, losing sight of the exalted strains of poetry, and the noble conception of the original. That great creation of Milton’s genius, the character of Satan, the angel of sorrow is in all his petticoats. All that is picturesque and lines disappears; the eye of pride, the lordly brow of wrath, the greatness of his scorn, the conscious dignity of his demeanour, the feelings of one who had stood before the throne of light, himself the morning star of heaven all are destroyed; while only the impish cunning, the wicked, malignant, fiendish joy of the sly and the demon is left. The simplicity of Eve is impaired, and even her purity and innocence stained; according to the most exact imitation of that state in which they may be supposed to have lived, when they left the bowers of Eden.

Act II. Sc. 2. ‘Scenes Paradise.’ Trees cast out on each side, with several fruits upon them, a fountain in the midst; at the far end, the prospect terminates in a walk. Eve enters and utters the following lines among others.

Like myself, I see nothing: from each tree, The feather’d kind peep down to look on me, And beats with upcast eyes forsake their shade; And gaze, as if I were to obey.
Sure I am somewhat which they wish to be, And cannot, I myself am proud of me.

Dryden has most truly represented the character of Satan in Milton, with the grotesque figure drawn by Dante, with his three heads and lathern wings. This is not, he says, the figure of an archangel fallen. The Satan in the Davidisko speaks German. Dryden’s Dryden, II. p. 586. Tasso has followed the grossest conceptions of the elder Italian poets; I have thought that they both drew from their source, perhaps, even from Aesop. In this respect was not in advance of his brethren, though he brought to painting the sensibilities and powers of a poet.

In a pamphlet I have quoted before, ‘Reason of Mr. Bayes for changing his Religion; there is much amusing banter on the subject of Eve in Dryden’s play, discounting of flames, dart, transports, the performances of lovers, and the facility of matrimony.’ For Adam, I made him as well acquainted with all the arguments of the supralapsarians, as a jester with all the lye traders in his master’s dominions. So that when the archangel

while the behaviour of Adam to his angel guest, and his pernicious arguments or the doctrines of liberty and necessity, which it took two angels with the assistance of old Hobbes to answer, is in strong and humiliating contrast with the exquisite truth, the delicacy, and propriety of Milton’s picture. A great want of taste is also discovered, in uniting the ornamented and figurative diction of Milton, with his own meaning and more colloquial language, and even sometimes in making it the vehicle of political satire. One of his critics told him, that he ‘had heard of anchories dissolved in sauce, but never of angels dissolved in Halliglaua.’

Michael came to pay him a visit at his summer-house; he presently engages him before the second course is removed in the controversy about Proe- vill: professes mediums, silences objections, tells his guest that his major was open enough to let a whole shoal of Arminians in at the breaches; that his minor would not hold water; &c.

‘Act III. Sc. 1. Eve says to Adam,
A doubtful trembling seized me first all o’er,
Then wishes and a warmth unknown before;
What followed was all ecstasy and trance,
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes
did dance.
And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumultuous brow,
I thought my breath and my new being lost.

Upon hearing which, Lucifer says,
Why have not I, like these, a body too,
Formed for the same delights which they pursue;
If I could so variously my passions move,
Enjoy, and bliss her in the act of love.

In the same scene, Eve is supposed, in a dream, to see the future temptation. It is thus described—

Anged. Behold what a change a sudden is here,
How glorious in beauty, how bright they appear,
From spirits deformed they are deities made;
Their pinions at pleasure, the clouds can invade,
Till equal in honour they rise
With who commands in the skies,
Then taste without fear, and be happy and wise.

Woman. Oh! now I believe! such pleasure I find
As enlightens my eyes, and enlivens my mind;
I only wait for
I desire my content.

Anged. Now wiser experience has taught you to prove,
What a folly it is,
Out of fear to shun bliss,
To the joy that’s forbidden we eagerly move, &c.

In act v. the following speeches occur:

Eve. The unhappiest of creation is a wife,
Made lowest in the highest rank of life,
Her fellow’s slave! to know and not to choose,
Curst with that reason she must never use.

Adam. Add, that she’s proud, fantastic, apt
to change;
Restless at home, and ever prone to range;
With snows delighted, and so vain is she,
She’ll meet the devil, rather than not see.
Our wise Creator, for his choir divine,
Peopled his heaven with souls all meek and mild, &c.

Shade of John Milton! ye verses have been
sagged indec.
Dryden had now the leisure of two years for the composition of A rengzebe, his last tragedy, which was exhibited in the spring of 1675. It was his last heroic tragedy. He confessed that he had grown weary of his old mistress rhyme, and he discovered at length that nature and passion were not so to be constrained.

Passions too fierce to be in farrers bound,
And nature flies her like enchanted ground.

The manuscript was perused by Charles, before it received the author's last hand, and (oh! courteously confession!) the most considerable event in it was modelled by his 'royal pleasure.' Elegy is something better than his 'royal taste.'

Should this play be considered as a model of the heroic style, the character, sentiments, and language of the Queen Nourmahal will be sufficient to place it on a very low level in point of delicacy of taste and soundness of judgment. The last speech of the queen is probably the most detached specimen of absurdity, hyperbole, and extravagance, that was ever conceived. Could Dryden intend it as a satire on his own style, and ungraciously ridicule the antiquated beauty whom he had so long worshipped, but whose faded and too familiar charms he was going to desert? In it is his last farewell to his once admired model, the rhyming heroic tragedy, and in this speech the character was well preserved to the last.

I must now for a moment divert the current of the dramatic narrative, shortly to detail the ungrateful subject of the controversy with Settle.

Eliakah Settle had the misfortune to be raised by the intrigue of a court party and a state faction to a temporary rivalry with Dryden. Rochester hated Dryden, from the latter's intimacy with his victorious opponent, Mulgrave, and he envied the immense superiority of his talents; he therefore made use of so mean and contemptible a person as Settle, whom in his heart he must have despised, in order to distract the public opinion from Dryden's merits, and, at the least, to divide the Sickle judgment of the town. In 1671, Settle's play of Cambyses, King of Persia, was acted six nights successively; his second, The Empress of Morocco, was performed with immense applause for a month together. Prologues were written by Rochester, and even by Mulgrave, the friend of Dryden; and they were delivered by the lips of beauty, in the person of the Lady Elizabeth Howard. Settle was giddy with his unlocked-for success; and an arrogant dedication to the Earl of Norwich was levelled against our Poet. The play was decorated with engravings; the price of it was advanced to two shillings; and Settle assumed the title which belonged by right to Dryden, of Servant to his Majesty.

Dryden could not patiently digest this triumph of a fool; he ought to have held in his spleen, and waited for the passions of the town to cool; but his anger and provocation were great, and in conjunction with Shadwell and Crowne, he printed his remarks on the Empress of Morocco. Settle answered it, and left his antagonist covered with the dust and dirt of a degrading and injudicious controversy.

No sooner had Rochester placed Settle on the pedestal of fame, than he was anxious to dethrone him; to effect this he persuaded Crowne to write the mask of Calisto, which was acted in 1675 by the ladies at court, who were most distinguished for their rank and beauty.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, that in assuming for his subject a living prince Dryden incurred some risk, as should Aurengzebe have learnt and resented our freedom, and that he was figuring on the heads of Dryn Lane, our Indians, to be exposed to the consequences of his displeasure; fortunately was not verified. Sir W. Scott considers that the last descendant of Timor, the Emperor of India, the Ornament of the throne, might not hear of his degradation; or if he did, whether he would have cared about it.

The beauties of Aurengzebe, says Scott, will be found to consist in strains of didactic morality or solemn meditation. The passage descriptive of life has been praised by all the critics down to Dr. Johnson. There is much less of ornate structure and emphatic swell than occurs in the speeches of Almazar and Maximilian. It is amusing to see the anxiety with which Dryden justifies the hazardous experiment of sacrificing to emperors and princes the language of nature and passion. Davies, in his Dryden's Miscellanies says, that Dryden's last and most perfect rhyming tragedy was Aurengzebe. In this play, the passions are strongly depicted, the characters well discriminated, and the diction more familiar and dramatic than in any of his preceding pieces. Vol. 1, p. 157. I must observe that all observations on the advantage or defects of rhymes are confined strictly to the English language. There is no reason from the Italian or the French to the English about rhyme or blank verse. One language, says Johnson, cannot convey all its rules to another.

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beauty. It had a run of thirty nights; was of course got up with all becoming splendour of decoration, and Dryden suffered a further mortification in having his epilogue to it refused, which was intended to have been spoken by the Lady Henrietta Wentworth; then young, and beautiful, and innocent—afterwards the adored, the unfortunate, alas! the guilty mistress of the Duke of Monmouth. Cowne's reign of glory, however, was as short as that of his predecessor, and Rochester now recommended Otway to the royal protection. Don Carlos appeared in 1676; in his preface he owned his obligations to Rochester, who soon after lumpsomed him; and he spoke disparagingly of Dryden, who really saw, and more than once confessed in what the strength of Otway's genius consisted.

In an anonymous satire, which appeared in 1678, called 'An Allusion to the tenth Satire of Horace,' Rochester again assailed Dryden's reputation. Dryden alludes to it in the Preface to his All for Love. To account for this bitter system of persecution, it is necessary to recollect that Mulgrave's 'Essay on Satire' was submitted to Dryden's correction. Though written in 1675, it was not made public till 1678. It was peculiarly severe on Rochester, accused him of cowardice, and openly denounced the profanity of his life. Rochester thought, or pretended to think, that Dryden was the author, and he meditated a species of revenge more ferocious than the pen could give. On the night of the 18th of December, 1679, Dryden was way-laid by hired ruffians and severely beaten, as he passed through Rose Street, Covent Garden, on his return from Will's Coffee House to Gerrard Street; a reward of 50l. and a promise of pardon was in vain offered in the London Gazette and other papers, for the discovery of the perpetrators; but Rochester and the Duchess of Portsmouth were universally considered as the secret promoters of the outrage. This Rose-alley ambuscade became, it appears, proverbial, under the name of 'a Dryden Salutation.'

In 1678, the tragedy of All for Love and the Comedy of Love and Honour were printed. With regard to the former play, Dryden said 'It was the only one which he wrote for himself, the rest were given to the people.' This play was founded on the Antony and Cleopatra of Shakespeare; but the plays of our great bard, after the restoration, were not popular. Jonson stood unrivalled in public estimation; and, it is said, that we are mainly indebted to Dryden for bringing the public to a better and higher taste. In his preface he speaks of Shakespeare in such language of praise as could scarcely be heightened. As one who, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that, in a manner, he left no praise for any who came after him. He speaks of the pleasure he would have had, had opportunity been convenient, of drawing a parallel between him and Fletcher, and how far they were to be imitated; and, at length, he says, 'I hope I may afford, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excelled myself in this play, and particularly that I prefer the scene between Antony and Ventidius to any thing which I have written of this kind.

When Dryden had broken loose from the bondage of his artificial drama, if he did not spring


Attendant nymphs—Countess of Pembroke, Lady Catharine Herbert, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fraser.

† 'A certain writer that shall be nameless (but you may guess at what follows) being asked his opinion of this play, very gravely cocked and cried, Ignat, he knew not a line in it he would be author of; but he, a malicious person, as my friend Sir Formal has it, to be even with him, I know a comedy of his that has not so much as a quibble in it, which I would be author of.' Pref. to Don Carlos. Don Carlos went off with great applause, while The Orphan, a somewhat better performance, and what is yet more strange, Venice Preserv'd, met with a very cold reception. See Armstrong's Miscellan. 1. p. 107.

† Though praise'd and punish'd for another's rhymes, His own deserve as much applause sometimes.

This extravagantly impudent effusion applied by Sheffield to Dryden, Pope erased; and no doubt with due indignantย I shall here mention that the Art of Poetry, by Sir William Soame, is published in Dryden's Works, on the authority of J. Tonson; and that Scott says, 'a great part of the poem bears marks of Dryden's polishing hand, and some entire passages show at once his taste in criticisms, principles, and prejudices.'

† In a letter of Rochester to H. Saville, 20th of Nov. 1692. 'You write me word that I am out of favour with a certain post, whom I have admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a boy that could diddle, or a singing owl. If he pulls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the report to Mock Will with a cudge.' In the country, Lord Rochester lived a blameless life, but he used to say, 'When he came to Brentford, Well entered into him, and never left him till he returned to the country.'

† According to the opinion of Walter Harte, who had studied Dryden's works with great diligence, he settled his principles of versification in 1676, when he produced the play of Aurengzebe; and, according to his own account, of the short time in which he wrote Tyrannicide, and the State of Innocence he soon obtained the full
LIFE OF DRYDEN.

at once into the arms of nature and of poetry, he
moved towards them. What a striking con-
trast does this play afford to the last! How rich
in imagination, how true in feeling! how pow-
eful in interest! the eloquence of the tongue
interpreting the dialect of the heart. What
variety of incidents, what contrast of character,
what pathos of sentiment, what melody and lux-
turians of language. Everything were want-
ing to assure us of the genius of Shakespeare,
we have only to contemplate what Dryden re-
effects of diligence, and added facility to exact-
ness. Johnson's Life.

The reign of rhyming tragedies lasted about
fifteen years, from 1662 to 1678: a few heroic
plays were afterward produced, but they were not
long-lived. A French critic has so acutely and
sensibly expressed his sentiments on the genius
of Corneille, and so much of what he has re-
marked on that particular writer, applies to the
styles adopted partly from him and to the pecu-
liarities of Dryden's mind, that I should make no
apology for extracting a small portion of it, as I
transcribe it from an early volume of the Corre-
pondez d'Edimbourg, par Grimm. In much of
what Grimm remarks, the name of Dryden might
be substituted for that of the French poet. Pierre
Cornelle avait reçu de la nature, du génie, de
l'éducation, une âme grande et force. Si avec
toutes ses grandes qualités, il se fut trouvé doué
du sentiment, d'un âme tendre, flexible, et mo-
bile, c'était sans doute le Poète du génie le
plus rare qu'il eût jamais vu. C'est le cœur qui
rend véritablement éloquent, c'est lui qui dans
les siècles les plus lointains, et dans les pays
lointains donne le caractère touchant qui rend
les poètes immortels. Le Cœur de Corneille fut
aride, les ressources qu'il n'y trouvait pas, il
fallait les chercher dans sa âme, et la raconne-
ment petite partout la place du sentiment. . . .
Le goût de la Littérature Espagnole qui avait in-
floqué une grande part de l'Euphorie et de la
corrépondance de Corneille. Ce poète, plein de
chaleur et de force, établit sur la scène Française
l'influence Espagnole, la déclamation, et la fausse
éloquence, au lieu de l'Éloquence, et de la grandeur.
Si Corneille avec ses grands talents, avec cet art
de raconner, qu'il possédait si éminemment, se
fût tourné de côté barreau, c'était sans doute,
le plus grand avocat qu'on eût jamais eu,
mais la poésie dramatique, qui était alors à créer
en France, exigeait autre chose. Ses situations
sont ordinairement sublime, la première concep-
tion de ses idées, grande et merveilleuse; mais
Jesuiste dira que leur extension satisfait rare-
ment un esprit cultive, un homme de goût. Ses
personnages manquent toujours du naturel; dans
les moments les plus beaux c'es presque toujours
le poète qui est grand, et qui vous distraint de
ses acteurs. Le génie de ses hommes d'état consiste
décevoir avec les maximes politiques dont ses livres
dogmatiques sont pleins, mais avec lesquelles on
n'a jamais brûlé aucune affaire. Ses tyrans et
ses méchants ont aussi leurs sentiments, et débordant
nullement des principes qui ont souvent dans
leur cœur, mais que bien loin d'avoir dans la
bouche, ils en se sont jamais bien avoués à eux
mêmes. Ses tableaux de sensibles et tendres,
meurent le raisonnement, souvent fatigantes,
toujours froid, à la place du sentiment qui ex-
casioné le moment de fousser le sentimental
models of the French stage, and followed Shakes-
peare, though at a distance, into the sanctuary
of nature. To institute a comparison between
the two plays, it would be necessary to keep in
mind, that the one is modelled on the other,
that it has borrowed from it some of its boldest
flights, its picturesque descriptions, and its
touching appeal for the more tender feelings.
The comparatively purer and more suggestive
of the later poet are displayed in the closer con-
xion of the plot, in the disposition of the inci-
dents, in the greater uniformity of the whole,
plain, la passion, et particulièrement l'amour, il
faut d'être un suite des développements des mouve-
ments les plus secrets de notre âme, sont devenus
dans ses poètes, en résultat de raisonnement, et
de lieux communs.

Again, in another place he says:—

Notre tragédie a un code particulier de lois, les
evénements s'y passent et se succèdent diffé-
ment que dans le monde moral. Les personnages
agissent sur d'autres motifs que ceux qui déter-
minent les actions des hommes, leurs discours ne
semblent point à ceux que l'intérêt, la passion,
la vérité de la situation inspirant, tout le système
de la tragédie moderne est un système de conven-
tion et de fantaisie qui n'a point de modèle dans
la nature. Si un homme sent vous raconter
vraisemblablement qu'il s'est passé en tel lieu de l'Eu-
rop a un événement important de la manière dont
il se passent dans les tragédies les mieux in-
trigues, cet homme vous ferait pleur avec son conte.
Si un ministre, un homme d'État discutait une
grand' affaire dans le goût de la fameuse scène
de Serovius qu'on entend crier sans cesse comme
un chef-d'œuvre de poétique, vous le croiriez
menacé de tomber en enfance. Si les discours
d'un homme en drames ou en prologue à la passion
terrible, ressemblaient le moins du monde à une
trame tragique, au lieu de vous inspirer, ils
vous ferait rire. See also Scott's Life of Dry-
den, p. 70.

Shakespeare has diffused the action of his piece
over Egypt, Italy, and Greece; Dryden has con-
centrated and confined his plot to the city of Alexan-
dria: he has also discarded many uninteresting
characters. Dryden contented himself with the
con-
soling scene of Antony's History, instead of in-
roducing many previous circumstances that dis-
tract the attention from the points of main interest.
Thus a unity of time and place has been hapha-
edly attained; but though Dryden has shown superior
address in managing the story, his biographer
justly says, in other respects he is inferior to his
great prototype. Antony, the principal character,
is incomparably grander in Shakespeare. Dryden
has made love the sole ingredient, but it has not
the deep and mingled passion of the dishonoured
soldier and the disdained emperor. The awful
ruin of grandeur, undermined by passion, and to-
tering to its fall, is far more striking in Shakes-
peare. In the Cleopatra of Dryden there is greatly
less spirit and ingenuity than in Shakespeare's.
The preparation of the latter for death has a gran-
deur which puts to shame the same scene in Dry-
den's, and serves to support the interest during
the whole fifth act. In the character of Octavius,
Dryden has filled up with ability the rude sketches
which Shakespeare has thrown off in those of Scypio
and Encius. Davies says, that even in his time, this
play had gradually sunk into forgottenness.
and in the rejection of much that was extraneous to the movement of the action. In the description of Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus, Dryden gives us little more than a selection from Shakespeare, but that selection is made with admirable judgment. Something of the exuberant fancy, of the gorgeous and lavish magnificence of the elder poet is lost, but nothing is borrowed that is not of sterling worth.

On the whole, the conduct of the plot is better arranged in Dryden; the unities more strictly preserved, the interest more concentrated. Those parts that do not advance the action are omitted, some characters are more fully developed, but that of Antony, Scott considers to be weakened, and that of Octavia rendered less amiable. Dryden's tragedy does honour to his poetical powers, yet in the original play, every page is filled with some touches of invention, some poetical conceptions, some master strokes of wisdom or of wit, that leave all comparison far behind, and prove the inexhaustible and unapproachable excellence of Shakespeare's genius. I cannot help remarking that the character of Cleopatra would be one of the most difficult in all Shakespeare as a trial to the talents of an actress; such is the variety of passion, the change of feeling, the scornful, the festive, the ironical, the impetuous; in the gayety of her humour and in the depth of its pathos, it would require a flexibility, as well as force of talent, such as perhaps were seldom united.

The subject of this play is one so brilliant and captivating, as to have called forth the emulation of other and considerable poets; as Sir Walter Scott says that he never met with the drama on this subject by May and by Daniel, I shall be excused in saying, that Daniel's is dedicated, in some elegant stanzas, to the Countess of Pembroke. It is written in the quatrains, a species of verse sufficient of itself to destroy the spirit of the drama, but Daniel's genius was not dramatic; the poetical language is excellent, the moral reflections and sentiments engaging; the choral songs are composed in the spirit of the old tragedies, but the scenes of fiction bear more resemblance to Seneca than Shakespeare.

The Cleopatra of May is very inferior in dejection of character, variety of dialogue, knowledge of nature, fertility of fancy, and general dramatic effect. There is a coldness of colouring when compared with the glowing descriptions of Shakespeare and Dryden. The plot is composed of accidents, adventures, and surprises, and is wanting in distinctness of character and forcible representation of manner. Cleopatra is lowered and degraded by dulcify, the meanness of Antony is coarse and beyond nature; but little attempt is made to move the passions, and narration usurps too much on the place of action; notwithstanding these defects, the tragedy is the work of a poet and a scholar. The versification is masculine and good, the language elevated and poetical, and the action uniform. I observe from some marks of imitation that Milton had read this play.

The fate and failure of Limberham is curious. It expired on the third night, (says the author,) from having expressed too much of the vices it decries. Langbaine explains this as meaning that it was condemned for exposing the keeping part of the town: not that the wit was too loose, but that the satire was too personal, and that the condemnation of Limberham was the vengeance of the faction returned. Malone thinks he has somewhere read, that Dryden had Shaftesbury in view in the character of Limberham; others, I believe, have pointed out Lauderdale. The play was much altered, and that which was offensive on the stage was omitted in print; it is still, however, supposed to be extant in its original state, for Malone once saw a copy which Bollingbroke had found among the sweepings of Pope's study, (what gold dust was there!) in which a pen had been drawn across several exceptionable passages, that do not appear in the printed play.

The contract between Dryden and the King's Company now closed; the cause of disagreement is not known, and his three following dramas were exhibited at the theatre of their opponents, in Dorset Gardens.

Edipus was written in conjunction with N. Lee, and published in 1672. The outline of...

*The stage for introducing Limberham, the Dutchess of Norfolk, in Dorset Gardens, was judiciously chosen, as it was a satire upon a court vice, it was deemed peculiarly calculated for that playhouse. The concourse of citizens thereto is alluded to in the prologue to Marriage à-la-Mode; yet it was ill received and withdrawn. Printed in 1672.

Scott says that the character of Limberham has been supposed to represent Lauderdale, whose age and smooth figure rendered ridiculous his unguily affectation of fashionable vices. Langbaine considers this as the best of Dryden's comedies; he traces a few of the incidents to the novels of Cynthil Girald, and some obscure French authors. Scott has observed, that this play has preserved some traces of the genuine manners of the age, as regards the promiscuous intercourse that took place between women of character and ladies of lesser virtue. Such were the manners of the age of Charles II. Neil Gwyn lived in familiar intercourse with the Dutchess of Norfolk, and it is stated that the Dutchess of Portsmouth was introduced to the chamber of the king, and to another, that the good dying monarch uttered his last earthly commands—Do not let Neil starve! In a letter to Mrs. Thomas, Dryden had warned her against falling in to the license Mrs. A. Bohn allowed herself; and says, 'I confess I am the last man who ought in justice to arrange her, who have been myself too much a libertine in most of my poems, which I am well contented I had time either to purge, or to see them fairly burn.'
Dryden's play was traced after the Oedipus of Sophocles; but he has inserted the Love Plot of Adrastus and Eurydice, and he has deviated from the conclusion of the Athenian drama, in the death of Oedipus. Creon (as Scott observes) is in his ambition and deformity a poor copy of Richard the Third, without his abilities—but the discovery of the guilt of Oedipus, which in Sophocles is at once proclaimed by Tiresias, in the modern play is judiciously and skilfully deferred. The interest progressively increases. The language becomes more full of passion and affection, the dark allusions of the oracle grow more distinct, till the incessant veil is slowly moved up, that discovers the wretched monarch's guilt, and the awful and avenging Nemesis appears. The first and third acts were wholly written by Dryden, and the superiority of his manner is clearly seen, though he revised the whole, yet he was unable to prevent the extravagant sallies of 'Lee's blowing and puffing style,'* from occasionally appearing. In Oedipus walking in his sleep, as in the incantation, Scott remarks how attentively Dryden was now imitating the style of Shakespeare.

Notwithstanding that the genius of the greatest poets has united to construct and adorn a tale of deep interest, with all the advantage that a well adjusted plot, powerful language, and elegant imagery could give, the history itself is so revolting and disagreeable, as to preclude its success on a modern stage, or rather to prevent its representation. To Athenian ears it came with other language. To them it was a terrible and affecting illustration of the doctrines of fatalism. It was the ancient tragedy arrayed in all its terrific sublimity; it spoke of the relentless power of destiny, of man struggling in vain and helpless against the decrees of fate—of the awful and inscrutable designs of heaven. It was repulsive to no refined feelings, it attacked no moral prejudices, it met with no shuddering sensibilities that shrank from such a fiction with disgust. In fearful mysterious language it pointed to one predestined to the complicated crimes of parricide and incest; sacred and safe by the very enormity of his guilt from the justice of man, and devoted to the deities of darkness. I must express my astonishment that any modern writer of dramatic experience could select such a subject as this with the hope of investing it with a natural interest, or that he should have dragged from the recesses of history, the obsolete doctrines of an exploded fatalism. Could the page of humanity afford nothing more instructive than this? could the imagination find nothing to adorn but the most offensive relics of Pagan belief?* Could not the sphere of observation be enlarged to a wider conception of nature, and a brighter delineation of life. Is there no scope for endless creations in the fresh combinations of human character, in the gradual development of man's moral powers; the progressive advance of feelings, thoughts, and actions; in the perpetual conflict of interests, in the vicissitudes of fortune, in what new forms of society, and the changing institutions, manners, and habits of every country produce. Dryden, however, copied the models of French tragedy, and followed the example of the great Corneille. How differently did he look for subjects of sympathy, who collected in Hamlet the broken wrecks and fragments of a noble intellect disturbed, who opened the recesses of a heart filled with vague anxieties, and wild perplexities of wo; who marked, as in Timon and Macbeth, the passions which nature pours into the general heart of man; and then brought them forth distinct with all the traces of individual character; with the peculiar combinations, the minute lines and shadowings which prove the truth of the ideal portrait; and which display that select observation, that deep discernment, that fine analysis, and that philosophical power which is at once the test and triumph of genius.

Dryden published his alteration of the Troilus and Cressida of Shakespeare, in the same year (1679)† under the title of 'Truth never found too Late,' an Essay on the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy was prefixed to this. Shakespeare probably took the outline of his play from the poem of Chaucer. Scott observes, that while in Dryden the arrangement of the plot is more artificially modelled, and the unity of the fable is better preserved; his other improvements show to little advantage beside the venerable structure to which they are attached; and he considers that Dryden deviated no less from historic

* See Dryden's preface to Troilus.
† Jacob, in his lives of the dramatic poets, p. 83, says: 'Oedipus's retreat of an embrace from Jocasta, after he had fled from his crown, and pulled out his eyes, is judged an impropriety.' When this play was revived about thirty years since, the audience were unable to support it to the end, the boxes being all emptied before the third act was concluded. This play was reprinted early in the season, 1673-4, printed in 1679.

* See an impartial and instructive criticism on the Oedipus of Sophocles and Corneille in Pantaloon, vol. i. p. 126. Scott. See also Scott's observations justly and elegantly written, Dryden's works, vi. p. 117-123.
‡ The translation of Appias, published in 1679, by J. D. and called Dryden's Appias, was probably by Jonathan Dryden, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of some occasional verses. Scott's Life, p. 81.
truth in making Cressida innocent, than if he had represented Helen chaste, or Hector a coward. It would have been more natural to have brought about the catastrophe on the plan of Shakespeare and Chaucer, than by the forced mistake in which Dryden's Lovers are involved, and the state expedient of Cressida's killing herself to evince her innocence. In his endeavours to simplify the plot, he has retrenched the whole scene between Ulysses and Achilles in the third act, full of the purest and most admirable precepts, expressed in the most poetical and dignified language. It has been observed that the delicacy of Chaucer's tale has suffered even in the hands of Shakespeare: but in those of Dryden it has undergone a deeper deterioration; what is coarse in Shakespeare has been diluted into ribaldry; and the character of Pandarus in particular is heightened in very offensive colouring. So far, says the editor, as the play is to be considered as an alteration of Shakespeare, I fear it must be allowed that our author has suppressed some of the finest poetry, and exaggerated some of his worst faults.* To these observations, I shall add that we cannot but be struck with the total change which Dryden's sentiments must have undergone, when one compares this play with Aurengzebe or Almanzor. The mixture of farce and tragedy, the buffoonery of Thersites, the gibes and jests of Pandarus, the pompous artifices of Cressida, the coarse animal courage of Ajax, the distinctness and variety of character, the flexible manners, the natural passions and scenes drawn after life, the sparkling and satiety wit, all are in strong contrast with the taste on which his earlier plays are modelled: when the Trojan warrior would have worn a flowing periuk under his helmet, and Cressida on the battlements of Troy, would have called, like Queen Mary, for her palantine and hood—but Shakespeare was before him, and he could not greatly err.

The enemies of Dryden who followed closely on the rear of his fame, and attacked him with lampoons when they found a part that was vulnerable, said that his pension being withheld (as it was by the poverty of the exchequer) gave rise to the Tragi-Comedy of the Spanish Friar;† it was acted with success in February, 1681, and produced much profit to the company. Notes, the Liston of the day, (if Liston could ever have had a prototype) was admired in the part of Gomes, and Leigh in that of the Friar.

This play is one of the happiest and best of Dryden's numerous dramatic efforts. Johnson has remarked on its excellence, in the coincidence of the tragic and comic plot: and Scott observes, that the felicity of the plot does not consist in the ingenuity of its original conception, but in the minutely artificial strokes by which the reader is perpetually reminded of the dependence of the one part of the play on the other. These are so frequent, and appear so natural, that the comic plot, instead of diverting our attention from the tragic business, recalls it to our mind by a constant and unaffected allusion. In the comic part, though the intrigue is licentious, the language is not coarse or disgusting, the dialogue is lively, the character of Dominick‡ diverting, and full of the humour of the Old Comedy. I do not think the tragic part free from objection, the murder of the dethroned monarch by the queen, and her subsequent attempt to turn the odium of the crime on Bertram, because her affections were changed to another object, take all sympathy or attraction from her character, while the discovery the Elvira is the sister of Lorenzo, comes with a shock to our feelings, when we consider by how slight a chance they were prevented from an inescapable crime, and how long they persevered in a guilty intrigue. Scott sums up his judgment on the play: "Upon the whole, as the comic part of this play is our author's masterpiece in comedy, the tragic plot may be ranked with his very best efforts of that kind, whether in Don Sebastian or 'All for Love.' After the revolution it was the first play ordered by Queen Mary,‡ and honoured by her presence.

The two companies, the King's and the Duke's servants, had nearly ruined themselves by an expensive competition for many years, and by the inconstancy of the public. The audiences, it appears, fell off, for the playhouses were abhorred by the Puritans, and avoided by all persons who desired the character of seriousness and decency. They now therefore agreed to

* The whimsical caricature of a Roman Catholic priest, in the person of Father Dominic, was received with merriment by the prejudiced spectators, yet the satire was still more severe in the first edition, and afterwards considerably softened. It was, as Dryden called it, a Protestant play, and as Dr. Collier says, was rarer Protestant diversion. It was the only play prohibited by James II. after his accession.

† See a very curious letter on this subject from the Earl of Nottingham, published by Dairempye from a copy given to him by Bishop Percy, republished in the third volume of Malone, and in Scott's ed. vol. vi. p. 372.
cease hostilities, and were formed into one in 1682. When the coalition took place, Dryden
furnished them with a Prologue and Epilogue, which were spoken at the opening of the thea-
tre in Drury Lane, November 16th, 1682. He
joined with Lee in the Tragedy of the Duke of
Guise ; Dryden wrote the first scene, the fourth
act, the first half of the fifth, and he furnished
the epilogue, which is not preserved in his
works. In the latter part of the reign of Charles,
the violence of political factions, and particu-
larly the struggle between the protestant in-
terest and the supporters of the Catholic religion,
had displayed itself even upon the stage. On
the side of the Whigs, Settle wrote his tragedy
of Pope Joan, and Shadwell his Lancashire
Witches, both levelled against the Papists. To
destroy or weaken the influence which these
writers might possess, the court opposed them
Ottway, Lee, and Dryden ; not only the plays
themselves, but the prologues and epilogues form-
ed most convenient channels through which any
political opinions, personal reflections, and party
inveigles might be delivered with effect. At
this time, Lee called on Dryden to return the
assistance which the former had afforded him
in his tragedy of Oedipus. In the history of the
Duke of Guise, Dryden had found a subject
which he considered acceptable to the court,
after the restoration, but what was applicable
in 1665, drew more closely to a parallel with the
events that took place in England in 1681.
The power and influence of Shaftesbury, the
content between the court and Whigs for the
election of the sheriffs, the assembly of the parlia-
ment at Oxford, the situation if not the charac-
ter of the Duke of Monmouth, his return to Eng-
land against the king's authority, above all, the
famous bill of exclusion moved in 1689, against
the succession of the Duke of York as a Papist,
all found a striking historical resemblance to the
events which took place in France connected
with the intrigues of the Duke of Guise, and the
proceedings of the league against the king of
Navarre.

Dryden contributed the scenes which he had
formerly written, and Lee added the rest from
the 'Massacre of Paris,' a play then lying by
him in manuscript. There were, however, cir-
cumstances connected with the plot not alto-
gether agreeable to the feelings of the court.
If the parallel were to hold between the Dukes
of Monmouth and Guise, the fate of the latter
must occasion alarms, or awaken affection in
the parental breast of Charles. The represen-
tation was forbidden; the play lay in the hands
of the Lord Chamberlain for more than half
the year. At length, the tenorlessness and affec-
tion of the king broke down under the factious
and undutiful conduct of his son; an open rupt-
ture was at hand; orders were given for Mon-
mouth's arrest at Stafford, and consequently
there could exist no motives of delicacy any
longer to delay the representation.

This play is not distinguished for any high
strain of poetic feeling, for the loftier flights of
genius, or for any elaborate display of dramatic
skill. Much of the descriptions and sentiments
is taken closely from Davila, and the strong pic-
turesque language of the historian is without
difficulty raised into elegant and harmonious
verse. In the character of Marmontier, an allu-
sion to the Dutchess of Bucceuch and Monmouth
is probably intended. The story of Malecorm
is said to be taken from Roman's Hist. Tra-
agies, and one or two striking passages from
Pulci. Sir Walter Scott thinks that the last
scene between the fiend and the necromancer
is horribly fine; but I do not feel certain that the
parting speech of Malecorm would be considered
natural; surely in his situation an agony of ter-
or would overwhelm all reflection and sift
all argument. This part of the play failed in the
representation; indeed the whole encountered
a stormy, if not an unfavourable reception. Its
poetry was but the vehicle for political senti-
ments; but as the court party increased in
strength, its success became more assured.

Dryden's attachment to the Duke of York led
him to write a long political prologue to Ottway's
Venice Preserved, (which was spoken April 81,
1682.) and another in honour of the Dutchess,
in May of the same year. Shadwell severely
attacked him for the former; of the latter, Ma-
lone says he never saw a copy, but the original
half sheet in Mr. Bindley's possession. Though
Dryden's genius was fertile, his industry vigour-
ous, and though practice had supplied him with
the necessary expedients by which he might as-
sist his exhausted powers, still the drudgery of
his contract with the theatre was severely felt
by him. The profit which he derived from each
play was by no means large, while the bread
which he so laboriously earned was rendered
bitter by the envy and malignity of party rivals
and poetical foes. He was now in the full ma-
aturity of his powers: the assiduous study of our
great original poets, and of the laws and pro-
vince of poetry, as he surveyed them in their

* If Southern's biographer can be trusted, Dry-
den never made by a single play more than one
hundred pounds; so that with all his fertility he
could not, by his theatrical labours, make more
than two hundred a year. Southern reluctantly
owned to Dryden, that he had cleared in his last
play near 700l. which appeared astonishingly to Dry-
den. Life of Southern.
works, had given solidity to his judgment, and a
correctness of taste far superior to any of his
contemporaries; yet the intrigues of interested
patrons had raised such men as Sestle and
Crowne to a temporary equality of fame with
him. He spoke on this subject in his preface
to Aurengzebe with feeling as with candour. 8

We shall, therefore, scarcely be surprised that
the mind of Dryden turned away from that
branch of poetical exertion which had brought
him no profit without trouble and obloquy, which had
been the scene of disgrace as well as triumph:
and that he reposed with more pleasure upon
the contemplation of forming an Epic Poem; of
indulging the flow of his genius uncontrolled;
and of contemplating the growing creations of
his fancy, without any fear of the 
instability of the public, the intrigues of favourites, or
the distraction of rivals. He selected the same subject
on which the youthful mind of Milton had
long dwelt, and which it relinquished only for one
still more congenial to its powers—King
Arthur among the Saxons. He sketched out also
the outlines of another subject, and this Malone
thinks he preferred. It was 'Edward the Black
Prince subduing Spain,' and restoring it to Don
Pedro, the lawful Prince. It is not for me to
speculate on the manner in which Dryden's genius
would have built up this great design, or to ima-
gine the beauties which his imagination would
have supplied; but his intention of introducing
into the poem the characters of his chiefest friends
and patrons, and the noblest families, does not
present itself to my mind in a favourable view.
He followed, he said, the example of Virgil and
Spenser. At this distance of time, in the work
of the Roman poet, the individual portrait, if
such there was, has melted into the historical
character and disappeared. And the nobles of
Spenser's age, Sidney, and Essex, and Raleigh,
he says, 'never thought myself very fit for an
employment where many of my predecessors have
excelled me in all kinds, and some of my contem-
poraries, as in my present station, have
outdone me in comedy.' Wycherly and Etheredge
were probably the comic poets here in his thoughts.

9 See Dryden's Letter to Dennis, March 1695—6.
Slothe's ed. vol. xliii. p. 114: 'but the guardian an-
gels of monarchies and kingdoms are not to be
inched by every hand, a man must be deeply con-
versant in the Punico philosophy to deal with
these; and, therefore, I may reasonably expect
that no poet of our age will presume to handle
these matters, in the light it discloses his own
ignorance; or if he should, he might, perhaps, be
grateful enough not to own me for his benefac-
tor.'

10 I cannot agree with Pope's opinion. 'The
Rheut was evidently a party piece, as much as
Pope would not have printed such an opinion as
this, though he may have dropped it casually in
conversation.

and the mistress of all hearts, the 'Mahlia
Queens' were more congenial in their romantic
and elevated characters to the purpose of epic
fable, than my Lord Rochester, Sir Charles
Sidney, or even the merry monarch himself. To
have preserved the likeness, yet arrayed them
in the costume of the Plantagenets; to have
given the dastard Rochester the valour of Uxey
or Poictiers; to have made Mulgrave and
Buckingham little less than heroes of Romance,
would have been a work of difficulty even with
Dryden's resources; nor would it have been
without some feelings of surprise, that we should
in no long interval of time, have beheld the same
persons the heroes of an epic, changing their
state-dresses, reappear as the leading charac-
ters of Absalom and Achitophel. He who
writes an epic poem, surely hopes to write for
posterity. It is the production of too great an
effort to be exhausted on the admiration, or to
appeal to the flattery of contemporaries alone;
and however some immediate applause might
have repaid the poet for his courtesy and skill,
all the labours of the moments, the minute finishings,
the graphic strokes that bring out the individual
character, the delicate, half-ambushed praise,
the characteristic sentiment which satisfied the
poet, and delighted the patron, would have been
squandered on the cold neglect and the indifferent-
ance of the succeeding age. An eloquent writer
has thus expressed his opinion of what the me-
rito of this poem would have been, nor does his
conjecture appear to me to be far from the truth.
'1 It probably would have been a vigorous narr-
tive, animated with something of the spirit of the
old romances, enriched with much splendid de-
scription, and interspersed with fine declama-
tions and disquisitions. The danger of Dryden
would have been from aiming too high, from dwelling
too much, for example, on his angels of King-
ions, and attempting a competition with that
great writer, who, in his own time, had so in-
comparably succeeded in representing to us the
rights and sounds of another world. To Milton,
and to Milton alone, belonged the secrets of the
great deep, the beach of sulphur, the ocean of
fire, the palaces of the fallen dominations glist-
ering through the everlasting glade, the silent
wilderness of verdure and fragrance, where
armed angels kept watch over the sleep of the
first lovers, the portal of diamonds, the sea of
jasper, the sapphire pavement emparphed with
celestial roses, and the infinite ranks of the
cherubim blazing with adamant and gold. The
council, the tournament, the procession, the
crowned cathedral, the court, the guard-room,
the chase, were the proper scenes for Dryden.'

LIFE OF DRYDEN.

In 1681 Dryden produced, or to use Malone's favourite phrase, issued out, but without his name, his celebrated Satires of Absalom and Achitophel, the object of which was to gain friends for the King, and discredit the fiction of Shaftesbury, Monmouth, and their adherents. Of this poem Dr. Johnson speaks in the following words: 'If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellencies of which the subject is susceptible, scrinomy of censures, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition. It is not, however; without its faults. Series of lines are irregular and improper, and too many are irreligiously licentious. The original structure of the poem was defective; allegories drawn to great length will always break; Charles could not run continually parallel with David. The subject had likewise another inconvenience, it admitted little imagery or description, and a long poem of mere sentiments easily becomes tedious. Though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader if not relieved by the interposition of something that soothes his fancy grows weary of admiration, and defers the rest.'

The plan of this poem, says Scott, has been uniformly and universally admired, not only as one of Dryden's most excellent performances, but as the most nervous and best political satire that ever was written. It is said to have been undertaken at the command of Charles. The time of its appearance was chosen with as much art, as the poem displays genius. Shaftesbury had been committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, on the 3d of July; and the poem was published a few days before a bill of indictment was preferred against him: the sensation excited by such a poem, at such a time, was intense and universal. The plan of the poem is not original; not only had a similar one been conceived, but the very passage of Scripture adopted by Dryden, as the foundation of his parallel, had been applied to Charles and his untutored son. Shaftesbury was distinguish-
ed by the nickname of Achitophel, before the appearance of this poem. The more deeply we examine that piece, the more reason we find to applaud the exquisite skill of the author. In the character of Absalom, particularly, he had a delicate task to perform. He was to draw the misguided and offending son, but not the hardened reprobate; for Charles, notwithstanding his just indignation, was to the end of his reign partial to the unfortunate prince, and anxious to detach him from his desperate counsellors. Dryden has accordingly liberally transferred all the salient parts of the accusation to the shoulders of Achitophel, while he is tender of the name of Absalom. We may suppose, in doing so, that the poet indulged his own feelings; the Dutchess of Buccleuch had been his most early patroness, and he had received personal favours from Monmouth himself. These recollections must have had weight with him, when engaged in composing this party poem, and we may readily believe him when he affirms, that David could not be more tender of the young man's life, than he would be of his reputation. In many other characters, that of Buckingham in particular, a certain degree of mercy is preserved, even amid the severity of satire; the follies of Zimri are exposed to ridicule, but his guilt (and the age accused him of most foul crimes) is left in the shade. Even in drawing the character of Achitophel, such a degree of justice is rendered to his acute talents, and to his merits as a judge, that we are gained by the poet's apparent candour to give him credit for the truth of the portrait in its harsher features. It is remarkable that the only considerable additions made to the poem, after the first edition, have a tendency rather to mollify than to sharpen the satire. Sir Walter Scott has observed, that this poem is as remarkable for correctness of taste, as for fire and spirit of composition. I should say, that in comparing it with any of the celebrated satires of Pope, we find in Dryden a greater fertility of ideas, and a more copious variety of allusion; a more natural flow of versification, and more boldness of idiomatic expres-

† See Dryden's Works, ed. Scott, vol. ix. p. 136. Notice Verne, the Inconstant Tyrant, copied from the original holy scripture, in heroic verse, printed for C. R., 1679. In 1680 a small tract appeared, called 'Absalom's Condemnation, or the Tragedy of Treason,' which furnished the general argument of Dryden's Poem, reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany.

* In the Badger in the Poxgrav, published it appears about the 9th of July, 1691. Four months before Dryden's Poem,
  Some call me Tury, some Achitophel,
  Some Jack-a-dandy, some old Machiavel.
  'Shaftesbury, the author of the Characteristic, always mentions Dryden with aversion and contempt. It is said he felt more resentment on account of the imbecility ascribed to his father, than for all the biting and bitter satire heaped on his grandfather; he could bear the open and avowed hatred of the latter, but not the ridicule and mockery of the former.'
sion. Dryden has the more commanding eloquence, and Pope the more polished and brilliant wit. In Pope the cadences are more nicely modulated, and the rhythm more equally balanced. There is more glitter of antithesis, more refinement of expression, more finish of execution, and a greater love of alliteration. In Dryden there is an ease, a negligence, a confidence in his powers, that overlooks petty inequalities, and does not stoop to minute beauties; he has fewer marks of patient and assiduous toil; he never appears to aspire to the highest excellence; or to direct the eye of emulative genius towards an imaginary perfection. Yet it would be difficult to distinguish many passages of one poet from the other, from any decided difference of execution. Dryden is often equally vigorous in conception, compact in expression, and musical in the flow of his verse. In the character of Zimri, for instance, I do not recognise any verse which the exactness of Pope's ear would have wished him to remodel, or any part of the portrait, which he would not have been proud to own; and I think that Johnson in his well known and eloquent parallel, has, for the sake of contrast, placed the peculiarities of the respective poets in too strong opposition. When Pope drew the portrait of Buckingham, Dryden had anticipated him in nice discrimination of character, in the exhibition of the follies, inconsistencies, and contradictions of that eccentric person. These were given with a truth, a spirit, and a pleasantry not easily to be surpassed. Pope therefore touched another string; and painted 'the lord of useless thousands,' in the hour of his deserted and miserable decline, in his solitary retreat, his ruined fortune, and his faded fame; but while Dryden in his masterly analysis has adhered to nature and truth, Pope, for the sake of a stronger contrast, has been led, I believe, considerably to exaggerate the severity of the circumstances, under which Buckingham expired. The phrase of 'Misguided Statesman' does not seem correct; and surely 'Victor of his Health;' and 'Victor of his friends' is a mode of expression unusual, incoherent, and harsh.

This relates that this poem was undertaken at the desire of Charles II., in 1669, and Malone thinks that Dryden was employed on it about nine months. On the 28th March, 1681, the parliament was dissolved, and the 2d of July following, Shaftesbury was committed to the tower. The first edition was sold in a month, a second appeared before December; two, if not three, editions were called for in the following year, and a sixth in 1684; the famous Atterbury* translated it into Latin verse. It appears that Dryden paid little attention to his works after they were once made public; he was too indolent, or too busy to correct mistakes, or suggest improvements. He felt himself superior to the other writers of the age, and he could afford to be negligent, without injury to his fame. He had not that anxious desire for excellence, that tenderness for his own fame, that respect to the opinion of others, which could make him submit to the patient correction, the delicate and repeated attention, and those minute finishings, without which perfezione is not to be attained, or approbation permanently secured. But in the poem now before us he added some lines to his character of Shaftesbury, for which his enemies said he was paid by the nomination of a scholarship in the charter house being given to his son. Malone has spared no pains in the detection of this among other errors; indeed, deprived of the result of his patient and praiseworthy labours, a life of Dryden would be little better than a romance. He has found that the whole 'is a pure and unsophisticated falsehood.' Young Dryden was admitted on the recommendation of Charles II. as one of the governors of the institution.

In November, 1681, the grand jury at the Old Bailey returned ignomious on the bill presented against Shaftesbury, and he was taken from the court-house with shouts of applause. To perpetuate his triumph, a medal was engraved, which gave rise to Dryden's poem.—A Medal, or a Satire against Sedition. Spence has mentioned, in his Anecdotes, on the authority of a catholic priest whom he met at Paris, that Charles suggested the subject (as he seems to have done others) to the poet. One day the king was walking in the Walk, and talking with

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* The poem was so popular that another Latin translation was published, 1st. 1728, at Oxford, by Dr. William Cowant, a physician of Merton college. The poetical Reflections on a late poem, entitled Absalom and Achitophel, by a person of honour, folio, 1699, is ascribed by Malone and Scott to the Duke of Buckingham; but see Godwin's Lives of the Philosophers, p. 166.

* This error has crept into the Biographia Britannica, but see Malone's Dryden, vol. 1. p. 148.

The two seem to have been some uncertainty both among critics and whites, concerning the author of the Medal. Settle himself did not recognize the hand of Dryden, and thought that the author of the Medal, and of Absalom and Achitophel is not one person, since the style and painting is far different, and the satire of a different kind, the one being a much more openly boast than the other. Scott's ed. vol. ix. p. 428.
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to holy orders. Against the Medals we find Por-
dage again writing, in a poem called The Med-
dal reversed, wrongly ascribed to Sestle. The
medal of John Bayes was given to Shadwell; as
also 'The Tory Poets' published in the same
year. The author of Dryden's Satire to his
Muse has not been discovered; I think that
Malone is not unwilling to have it believed that
Somer's was the author, though he disavowed it
in a conversation with Pope. Friendships and
enmities were now formed according to political
opinions. Dryden and Shadwell were ofoppo
sition parties, and though they had been on good
terms, (for Dryden wrote a prologue to Shad-
well's True Widow, in 1673,) yet political dis-
cussion as it grew more virulent, after the dis-
solution of the second parliament in 1679, de-
stroyed all private friendship; the playhouses
were applied to political purposes. Sestle's
Pope Joan, and Shadwell's Lancashire Whitches,
were applauded by the whigs; while Durfee,
Otway, Crowne, and Dryden supported the par-
ty of the Tories.

During the year 1682, a shower of lampoons
from wretched and despicable scribblers appeared
against our poet, as full of abuse as they were
empty of wit, none of which he condescended to
answer; at length, as their infamous charges
grew bolder by impiety, he was roused
to revenge, and punished them by his Mac
Flecknoe. In this poem, as Malone observes,
apple vengeance is taken on his corrupt
antagonist; a torrent of wit and satire, mixed with
contempt, indignation, and derision, overwel-
mited in one gigantic effort, and by a well directed
blow, the wretched poet against whom it was
levelled. The most cutting sarcasm was con-
veyed in skilful versification, which gave point
and keenness to the edge of its wit, and which
has been emulated and copied, but not excelled
even on the broader canvas of the Dunciad.
It passed through several editions, and received
some slight alterations. Shadwell, in the De-
scription to his Translation of the Tenth Satire
of Juvenal, some years after, asserted that Dry-
den, when he was taxed with being the author
of Mac Flecknoe denied it, with as solemn im-
tention.


* It was Intimated by Dryden's enemies, that he
chose the subject of Religio Laici to smooth the
way to his taking orders. See the Revolter, a
tragico-comedy, acted between the Hind and Panther
and Religio Laici, in 1687.

* But 'twas his wrath, because his native church
left his high expectations in the lurch.
He saw the playwright laureate destruck'd
By the times, vices which himself reproach'd;
And by his grand reform of stage-pit fools,
Judg'd his ability to manage souls, &c.

And Langbaine says, 'Ever since a certain worthy
Bishop refused orders to a certain poet, Mr. Dry-
den has declared open defiance against the whole
clergy; and since the church began the war, he
has thought it no crime to murder men on the
church.' Dram. Poet. p. 171.

In the Trial of the Poets (Buckingham's Works,
I. p. 152) are these lines:

* 'In the head of the pang, John Dryden appear'd,
That ancient grave wit, so long lov'd and feared;
But Apollo had heard a story 'twixt the town
Of his quitting the muse to wear the black gown,
And gave him leave, to keep his poetry's dust.
To let him turn priest, since Beve is turn'd nun.'
precautions as his friend, the Spanish Friar, did the Cavaler Lorenzo.

Dryden's readiness and fertility of satire was surprising: instead of being exhausted by the brilliant efforts he had made, in a month after Miss Flecknoe was published, appeared the second part of Absalom and Achitophel, in which his two hundred lines appeared refugent, amidst the flatness and cold mediocrity of Tate's verses. Besides those of other scribblers of inferior note, the characters of Shadwell and Sotulie appeared drawn with a terrible sagacity, and finished with such a felicity of touch, as is unequalled among satirical portraits.

In the same month he published his Religio Laici: it is addressed to a young friend; the initials of whose name alone are known, and who translated Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament; the purpose of it was to explain the tenets of the Church of England in a plain and philosophical manner; and to defend it against the attacks of the Catholics and the fanatical dissenters. Johnson allowed, 'that this is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humorous; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument; nor will it be easy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which, though precise in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither bosses to the skies, nor creeps along the ground.' Although the object of his poem was to explain the tenets and defend the character of the Reformed Church; and although it must have represented Dryden's serious attachment to it, yet some not ambiguous marks have been discovered in the argument, in which such an uncertainty of opinion is expressed, and such a bias to Catholic doctrines evinced, as forsook the changes in his religious sentiments which he was soon openly to avow. He furnished Southerne, then young, with a Prologue and Epilogue to the Legal Brothet, and contributed a Prologue to his second piece, the Disappointment, in 1684, and he consolled him in a copy of verses at the sick success of his Wives Exposure in 1692. Southerne in return, on account of Dryden's illness, wrote one half of the fifth act of Cleomenes. For 'Honest Nat Lee' Dryden had a great regard, and wrote several Prologues for him.

In 1683, he discontinued writing for the stage, though he was much estranged in his pecuniary resources, particularly by the uncertain payment of his salary. His letter to Lord Rochester for half a year's pension is most urgent. Yet though his wants were pressing, it is written without any meanness of solicitation, and his claims are modestly and fairly advanced; the manner in which he spoke of his sons is honourable and just. 'It is enough, he adds, for one age to have neglected Cowley, and starred Butler.' Let us hope that his petition was granted, and his unseasons removed.

He assisted a new translation of the Iliad of Plutarch with a preface, and life of the au-

As Dryden wrote 'Religio Laici,' so Mason wrote 'Religio Clerici' in imitation. See his works, l. p. 437, he says of the poem, 'How few like him could write a layman's creed. Make logic's rules to metre's laws submit, Blend truth with fancy, argument with wit; Yet this he did, and in so smooth a lay, It satisfied the nicer ear of Gray, Who always held it as the noblest supreme, Of bard's employed on a didactic theme.'

In a note he says, I have often heard my friend give this cullogy to the 'Religio Laici' in nearly the same words. My friend who admired Dryden even to excess, said that he attained his excellence in this oration by study and practice.
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The first volume was published in 1683; it has long become obsolete, and been superseded by Langhorne's. The illustrious name of Somers appears as one of the writers. Having translated some years before 'A few of the epistles of Ovid,' Dryden now added detached portions of Horace, Theocritus, Virgil; and unifying them to some smaller pieces, prologues, epilogues, &c., he produced, in 1683, the first volume of his Miscellany.* The last poem, Virgil's Tenth Eclogue, is by Sir W. Temple. Milton's Allegro and Penseroso, with the Lycidas, are inserted, and Marvell's beautiful little poem of the Dead Fawn is not overlooked.

Some months after, at the king's command, he translated the history of the League, from the French of Maimbourg. It was written, Malone says, to show that the sectaries and the long parliament in their solemn covenant had the French leaguers in view, and that all the disciples of Calvin must continue to hate monarchy, and love democratic constitutions. Early in the following year, 1684, the second volume of the Miscellaneas appeared. Dryden contributed several pieces, and two poems by Evelyn are inserted.

Charles II. departed this life on the 5th of February, 1684; in consequence, the political opera of Albion and Albanius, which Dryden had composed to celebrate the new restoration of his majesty on Shaftesbury's disfigurement, was not exhibited till the following June; owing to Monmouth's invasion, it was performed only six times; the expenses of preparing it for the stage were great, and the loss to the managers considerable.† This opera was written, as I have said, for a political purpose, to celebrate the triumph of loyalty over sedition and dissension: it was at first composed in one act, and was designed as an introduction to the drama of King Arthur. Although the king had died while the opera was in rehearsal, a slight addition adapted it to the new fortunes of James, but there was a fatality against its success. There is nothing ingenious in the plot, or interesting in the story, but the versification is flowing, easy, and melodious. Scott has pointed out the desolation of London at the opening of the piece, and the speech of Augusta, as specimens of real poetry, and has mentioned the local diction as most beautifully sweet and flowing.

Soon after the accession of James to the throne, Dryden became a convert to popery. Malone suspects that his wife, Lady Elizabeth, had long been a Papist, as her brother, the second Earl of Berksire certainly was, and of Dryden's sincerity in this great and serious change, he entertains no doubt. He bred his children Papists, and he maintained his new faith during the reign of William, when his adherence to the religion of the abdicated monarch would prove an insurmountable obstacle to favour or preferment. I presume that no one would have questioned his sincerity, had his conversion not taken place at a juncture, when it would be peculiarly grateful to the new king: for James's sentiments had long been known to all. At the same time, the integrity of such a man as Dryden is not to be nullified by suspicions, that rest on what after all might prove a fortuitous coincidence of circumstances, the only favour which he ever received from James was an addition to his pension of 100l. a year.*

To the memory of the old king,† his respect was testified by the publication of his Threnodia Then whilst we strive to confute the rehearsal, Prythee leave thieving of Monsieur Grub, &c.

With thy dull preface still thou wouldst treat us, Striving to make thy dull bauble look fair, So the horned herd of the city do cheat us. Still most commending the worst of their ware, &c.

See also an epigram in Langbaine's Dram. Poets, p. 192, on the same subject.

Dr. Johnson's sentiments on Dryden's conversion are expressed with soundness of argument, and with a candid and charitable interpretation of his motives, such as are not always to be found in the Doctor's writings; nor often in his conversations. Dryden's eldest son, Charles, is said to have been a catholic previous to his father's change, and to have contributed to it.

* A host of Pindaric odes appeared on this occasion, by Mrs. Behn, E. Arwaker, Duke, and many nameless postmasters. Otway began a pastoral,
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Augustallie. It has not much of that spirit of lyric poetry, which he afterwards so eminently possessed. The lines are constantly sliding into the heroic couplet, and the argument descends into delineation of character, and description of the reign virtues, resembling the style of his didactic poems, more than a pindaric ode; yet he had studied Milton, and republished Lycidas. Though Scott considers this general effect less impressive than might have been expected, yet he thinks there are some fine passages and striking pictures, as describing the joy of the people, on thefallacious prospect of the king's recovery.

Man met each other with erect look,
The steps were higher than they took; Friends to congratulate their friends made haste, And long inveterate foes saluted as they past.

He also remarks the judicious choice of topics, his appropriate praise, and his skilful management of the subject, in never having touched on the delicate theme of the queen.

Yet tender lambs, stray not so fast away, To weep and let us together stay; O'er all the universe let it be spread, That now the shepherd of the flock is dead. The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep; He who to leave his flock did dying weep, Is gone! ah! gone! never to return, &c.

This was fortunately left unfinished; the most remarkable is "The Guiser's Emery," written by W. P. a sincere lover of Charles and James, six March, 1685. Tears wiped off a second part on the coronation (22d April) in the following lines, he must have moved by the spirit:

No sooner had this stranger seized my soul, But Rachel (his maidservant) knock'd to raise me from my bed, And with a voice of sorrow did confide The loss of Charles,—whom she declared was dead. Charles thou dost mean, who king of England call, That lived within the mansion of Whitehall? (Rachel) Yes!—tis too true!

Another more numerous shoal of small fry appeared to congratulate James on his accession; among others, Mr. Peter Ker, whose joy exceeds all common bounds, when he advances even the ships to run a ground:

Let subjects sing, bells ring, and canons roar, And every ship come dancing to the shore.

Johnson said, the title Thermodia Augustallie is not strictly classical, but Dr. Adam of Edinburgh has defended it. "Thermodia" is the word purely Greek, used by no Latin author. Augustallie, de- notes in honour of Augustus. Thus "Ludi Augustalliae," games instituted in honour of Augustus. Two. An. i. 15. 84: as Sacerdotes, Sociales Augustallie. ib. and ii. 82. Hist. ii. 85. c.c. Scott's Dryden, vol. 2. p. 60. A poem called "Thermodia Triumphali," by F. Fisher, was published on Oliver Cromwell's death in 1660. Dryden's Essay went through two editions in 1660.

versial writings on the question, and weighed the arguments of the respective churches. Consequently he was enabled without difficulty of preparation to undertake the defence of a paper written by Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, (who had arrowed herself a Papist not long before her death) stating the motives which had induced her to change her religion. Some papers also in the writing of the King, though not believed to be his composition, were discovered with them. Stillingsfleet published, an answer in 1688, and the controversy was prolonged, but with no further interference of our poet. It appears that he translated Varial's History of the Revolution, but did not publish it. Blount takes the credit to himself of stiffing the progress of this work by his reflections, which destroyed the character of the original.

The Hind and Panther, a long and laboured poem of near two thousand lines, employed Dryden's attention during the years 1686 and 1687. It was widely dispersed and eagerly read, and soon went through three or four editions. It brought with it the double attraction of being written by the first poet of the age, and of offering a subject which engaged all the interests, and agitated the passions of society, under a new form of controversy, conveyed in the artifice of fable, and adorned with the decorations of rhyme. The purpose of Dryden was to detail in poetry the arguments that had conducted him into the profession of popery; and to recommend a union between the Catholics and the Church of England, at least to persuade the latter to throw down the barriers by which the Catholics were kept out of state employments. Dryden's poem appeared about a fortnight after the king's memorable declaration of indulgence was proclaimed; and if (says his biographer) the Protestant dissenters ever cast their eyes on profane poetry, the Hind and Panther must have appeared to them a pernicious commentary on the king's declaration, since it shows clearly that the Catholic interest alone was what the Catholic king and poet had at heart, and that however the former might now find himself

* This Poem is said to have been written at Rushen near Huntingdon. There was an embowered walk, called Dryden's walk: an urn was placed there about the middle of the last century, with an inscription to Dryden's memory, and an allusion to the Poem." MS. Comm. of Oct. Gilchrist.


Dryden had taken pains to have it believed that he was not imitated to write this poem by any one: and the assertion is worthy of credit. If the poem had been written under the direction of James II., it is possible that sectarian feelings might have been more conciliating. In order to procure
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is reasoning before us. When we have once recovered from the startling absurdity of the plan, the words Hind and Panther, as they occasionally recur in the dialogue, stand merely at signs or symbols of the opposing parties, and lose as it were the force of their original signification. The mind, by its own instinctive love of what is probable and true, rectifies the absurdities of the original plan, and though the subject is perhaps too abstract and argumentative to be treated in verse, yet we rise from the perusal of it, admiring the skill and talents of the author who could present us a poem of such varied excellence; argumentative without being rugged or obscure, familiar without being mean and low, pointed in its satire, copious in its illustration, majestic in its language, magnificent in its descriptions, adapting itself to every change of subject, and winding its way with the most graceful ease and flexibility through all the intricate maze of theological argument. It is but fair to remark, that Pope considered this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden’s versification. The lines beginning ‘So when of old the Almighty Father said,’ in the second part, Dr. Warton says, are the most splendid and sublime that Dryden ever wrote. *

This poem was not likely to escape the ridicule of the wits; accordingly, in the same year, appeared the Hind and Panther transversed, in the story of the Country and City Mouse, a composition in prose and verse, written by two young men, Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, and Prior, then a student at St. John’s, Cambridge. Montague is said to have written the prose part, but it certainly appears that Prior had the largest share in the work. When Spence asked Lord Peterborough whether Halifax did not write the Country Mouse, in conjunction with Prior, ‘Yes,’ was the answer, ‘as if I were in a chaise with Mr. Cheshedle, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, “Lord, how finely we draw the chaise!”’ Prior does not seem to have been contented with his share of profit or of fame.

There is a story current on the authority of Spence, that Dryden was much affected at the unkindness of this satire, and feelingly complain-

* The motto of this poem must not be overlooked. Antiquam exquisitum malum.

Et tamen inesse patuit se. 

† Mr. Todd has noticed a satire, entitled, Ezechi-

lus Britannicus, or a Memento to the Jacobites of the higher order; in which many of Dryden’s phrases and sentiments are introduced and printed in the italic character. It occurs in The Loyal and Impe-

Malone, who was cautious enough upon points like these, thinks that it has been related upon sufficient authority. Dean Lockier told it to Spence on his own knowledge; for his words were (I have heard him say,) 'For two young fellows that I have always been very civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner;' and he wrote as he said it. It is possible that the story has not lost as it has come down to us. Dryden might have been vexed at the appearance of such able and unexpected antagonists, who attacked him with his own weapons, and he might have reflected on their conduct with asperity and emotion. In this year he produced his first ode on St. Cecilia's Day. Some months after he wrote his Britania Rediviva, on the birth of the young prince, and addressed a familiar epistle to his friend, Sir G. Etheredge, on his being appointed envoy to Ratisbon. Of this poem, Britania Rediviva, Sir W. Scott thus expresses himself with all the feelings of a poet.—'Dryden, who knew how to assume every style that suited the occasion, writes here in the character of a devout and grateful catholic, with much of the sentiment which marks the hymns of the Romish church. In English poetry, we have hardly another example of the peculiar tone which the invocation of saints and an enthusiastic faith in the mystic doctrines of the catholic faith, can give to poetry. To me, I confess, that communion seems to offer the same facilities to the poet, which it has been long famous for affording to the painter; and the Britania Rediviva, while it celebrates the mystic influence of the sacred festivals of the Paraclete and Trinity, and introduces the warlike forms of St. Michael and St. George, has often reminded me of one of the ancient altar-pieces, which it is impossible to regard without reverence, though presenting miracles which never happened, or saints who never existed. These subordinate divinities are something upon which the imagination, dazzled and overwhelmed by the contemplation of a single Omnipotent Being, can fairly rest and expand itself. They approach nearer to humanity, and to comprehension; yet are sufficiently removed from both to have the full effect of sublime obscurity.'

Of this ode, Sir W. Scott says, (vol. xi. p. 184.) 'The first stanza has exquisite merit, and although the power of music is announced in the following, in a manner more abstracted and general, and therefore less striking than when its influence upon Alexander and its chief is placed before our eyes, it is, perhaps, only our intimate acquaintance with the second ode that leads us to undervalue the first, although containing the original ideas so exquisitely brought out in Alexander's feast.' Pope said—'Many people would like my ode to music better if Dryden had never written on that subject. It was at the request of Mr. Steele that I wrote it, and not with any thought of rivaling that great man, whose memory I do, and have always revered.' Spence's Anecd. p. 15.

* Geimer, in his notes on Chaillan, (vol. i. p. xill.) says that Dryden's lines are taken from the following Greek Epigram.

"Ετε άρ γατετιας του και ποτεν τον Όμηρον Ἐκλαυγιναν ρομα και Βασήλικν Νέων."
some, he was obliged to return to the stage for support. In 1690, he produced his tragedy of Don Sebastian, which was acted with applause; and his comedy of Amphitryon was also successful. Dryden prefixed the following motto to his tragedy, proclaiming that seven years, the interval since the production of the Duke of Guise, had not impaired his power of invention, nor dimmed the fire of his genius:

—— nec turde sanctus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatisque vigorem.

The biographers of Dryden have considered the poet to have been particularly happy in the choice of his subjects; the character of Sebastian presenting all that was heroic and dignified, and the history of his fate terminating, as it were, in that awful uncertainty, which is one of the regions in which poetry loves to dwell. The changes of fortune during his life, and the mysterious disappearance after the overthrow of his ambition, was a subject in which the imagination might wander at will, without offending the majesty of truth.

The characters are separated and set off in fine poetical contrast; Sebastian, open, brave, impetuous, full of all regal virtues,—every inch a king. Donzzi represents one whose good and generous qualities have been marred by injustice and oppression, and driven back into the disappointed and disordered mind. His stern misanthropy, his sultry pride, his high and haughty demeanour, the bitterness of his hatred, that discontent with himself, which, too proud to avow, he is obliged to feel, his long stride and sultry port, his passions and feelings, have been brought by Dryden into one of the most powerful characters which he ever sketched. Muly Moloch is the old tyrant in tapestry, the fierce Saracen, the hot savage Moor, yet with generosity enough to save him from our hatred. In Benducar is the cool, crafty, fawning villain. Almeyda's violence has too much, I think, of fury in its sentiment, and rancour and hypocrisy in language. Johnson says of this play, that some sentiments leave a strong impression, and others are of excellence universally admired. This, his last biographer considers to be but measure commended when applied to the chef-d'œuvre*.

* Don Sebastian has been weighed, with reference to its tragic merit, against 'Love for Love,' and one or other is universally allowed to be the first of Dryden's dramatic performances. To the youth of both sexes, the latter presents the most pleasing subject of emotion; but to those whose age has rendered incalculable upon the romantic effects of love, and who do not fear to look into the recesses of the human heart, when agitated by darker and more stubborn passions, Don Sebastian offers a far superior source of gratification. Scott's of Dryden's dramatic works, in which he had centred in the effort the powers of his mighty genius, and the fruits of his long theatrical experience; according to Shakespeare laid aside, it would be difficult, he says, to point out a play containing more animating incident, impassioned language, and beautiful description. Perhaps the truth lies between these two opinions. Although in Dryden we must praise a happy disposition of accidents, and a considerable variety of characters;* though there is much that is masterly in the conception and execution of his subjects, yet our praise cannot be bestowed without some qualification. The inconsonant connexion between Sebastian and Almeyda is a great blemish to the plot; and the expressions of both parties, when their guilt is discovered, are such as we must consider with abhorrence. Some previous sentiments of Almeyda are too voluptuous to be approved; the manners of the Mahometans are grossly violated; and the comic scenes are too broad. After all, and with all its merits, this declamatory kind of drama, the school of the French theatre, with its elevated sentiment, its long-drawn similes, and its majestic and melodious verse, must not be compared to the pliancy, the fire, the vivacity, the truth, the flashes of comic genius, the depth of tragic passion, the genuine representations of life, the boldness, the variety of our old dramatists, embodying in their noble dramas the passions and follies and virtues of men, shaking us with terror, or melting us with tears, and making us forget all their anomalies, and even some absurdities, in the surpassing splendour of their creations. In the very best of Dryden's plays, there is something of an artificial medium which the poet has interposed between use and works. vii. p. 270; yet this play, on the first night of representation, was only enduring. 'The audience,' says Dryden, 'were weary with much good nature and silence; when curtailed and altered, it became a great favourite with the public. Acted and printed in 1680.

* As when Almeyda says,
How can we better die than close embrace,
Bucking each other's soul, while we expire?

The following is objectionable on another account.

My father's, mother's, brother's death I pardon,
That's somewhat sure, a mighty sum of murder
Of innocent and kindred blood struck off.

My prayers and penance shall be for these,
And beg of heaven to chase the bill on me.

* Human sacrifices are offered up to Mahomet, and they are represented as worshipping the image of Jupiter, in the Conquest of Granada. A sculptor, as Laumans observes, scarcely more portable than placing a pistal in the hand of Demetrius, which Dryden justly censured. On the propriety of the historical situations in the mouth of Mahometans, Addison had remarked in the Guardian, No. 119.
men was an established belief, or a familiar tale. Jupiter and Mercury, as Amphitryon and Sothis, were old friends to the smutched artificers and shopkeepers of the Tiber, while the dresses and masks rendered the illusion perfect. I remember that the endearing terms of greedy cupidity in which Phaedra addresses the golden goblet, that was offered as a bribe, seemed to disgust the audience as something unnatural; the character of the impudent, cheating household slave in Sothis, and the drollery, the knavish tricks of Mercury, which made the children of Romulus chuckle, appeared in its humour and conceits coarse and low. The play was heard throughout with impatience and dislike.

The opera of King Arthur was performed in 1691: its own merits, and Purcell's beautiful music, ensured its success. Dryden had long hoped, as I before mentioned, to have enjoyed leisure and competence sufficient to enable him to devote himself to the composition of an Epic poem on the History of Arthur. That time, however, unfortunately never arrived: and we have lost, according to Sir Walter Scott's opinion, a poem probably formed upon the model of the Ancients, classical and correct, though wanting in the force, which reality of painting and description never fails to give to Epic narrative. Arthur would have reminded us of Achilles, and the sameness of a copy would have been substituted for the spirit of a characteristic original; but we should have found picturesque narrative detailed in most manly and majestic verse, and interspersed with lessons teaching us to know human life, magnis proper to guide it, and sentiments which ought to adorn it. Certainly, if this poem had been executed with the spirit, the elegance, the picturesque narrative, the masculine language, the long resounding march of verse that distinguishes his fables, it would have formed a rich and noble addition to his fame, and to our poetry. We must regret, says his biographer, that aversion or negligence withheld from him the means of a comfortable support: when he had abandoned all hopes of executing his greater work, he adapted his intended subject to an opera, a fairy tale in verse. Scott says, the scene in which Emmeline recovers her sight, when well represented, never fails to excite the most pleasing testimony of interest and applause. The language and ministry of Grimbald, the fierce earthly demon, are painted with some touches that rise even to sublimity. The conception

* Malone recovered from Tonson's papers a letter and copy of verses, addressed to the publisher, on the merits of Amphitryon, by Milborne, who afterwards attacked Dryden with such bitterness and malignity; they are full of praise. See Works, vol. VIII. p. 1.


* The principal incident in King Arthur is copied from the adventures of Rinaldo, in the haunted cave on Mount Olym, in the Gier. Liber. of Tassio.
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ff Philelph, a fallen angel, retaining some of the
hus of heaven, who is touched with repentance,
and not without hopes of being finally received,
as an idea, so far as I know, entirely original.

This piece was written for the conclusion of
the reign of Charles, and had a political ten-
dency, but the Revolution ruined Dryden's prospec-
tives of preferment, and put a strong re-
straint on the awavel of his opinions; conse-
quentially his poem sank into a pleasing descrip-
tion of the wonders and adventures of a fairy
tale. It was received with great applause, and
is the only one of Dryden's plays which keeps
possession of the stage. I shall observe, if
any one conversant with the poetry of Milton,
will attentively read this play, and Don Sebasti-
ian, he will acknowledge that Dryden had now
'diligently studied the works of that great poet,
and transplanted, with taste and judicious se-
lection, some of his fine combinations of lan-
guage, and beautiful expressions of thought.
The lyrical dialogue between Cupid and the
Genius, was in the recollection of Gray, when
he wrote the Descent of Odin.

In May, 1692, his tragedy of Cleomenes
was acted: Dryden was too ill to finish it,
and it was obligingly completed by his friend
Southern.† This is one of the most success-
ful specimens of the heroic drama which he
left; nor do I know that any thing can be well
added to the observations which his last emi-
nent biographer and critic has made. The
character of Cleomenes, Dryden has drawn
with admirable spirit and precision. It was
peculiarly suited to his genius, for though some-
times deficient in the pathos, and natural ex-
pressions of violent passion, he never fails in
expressing, in the most noble language, the se-
ntiments of that stoical philosophy, which con-
siders sufferings rather as subjects of moral re-
spection, than of natural feeling. Dryden has
softened the character of his Spartan Hero by
the influence of those chaste and tender roman-
tic affections which thrive best in bosoms ren-
dered by nature and philosophy inaccessible
to selfish feeling. The haughty and unbend-
ing spirit, the love of war, the thirst of honour
proper to the Lacedemonians, complete the
character of Cleomenes. Cleonidas is a model
of a Spartan youth, which seems to be taken
from the character of Hengo in the Bondoces of

† The battle between Arthur and Oswald, with
sponge in their hands filled with blood, which they
occasionally squeeze on each other, heats any stage
direction in absurdity that I ever remember; it
would have formed a fine duel in Tom Thumb.

‡ Southern revised and finished the latter half
of the fifth act. See the Dedication to his Play, call-
ed 'The Wife's Excuse,' Malone erroneously reads
the 'fifth act' for half the fifth act.

Beaumont and Fletcher. The wife and mother
of Cleomenes seem to be sketched after those
of Coriolanus; the former exhibiting the mild
gentle disposition, the latter the high souled
magnanimity of a Spartan matron. Ptolomy
is a silly tyrant, Sonsibius a silly minister, and
Cleaneas a friend and confidant, such as tyrants,
ministers, and confidants in tragedies usually
are. Cassandra is not sketched with any pecu-
lar care; her snares are of a nature not very
perilous to Spartan virtue, for her manners are
too openly licentious. She may be considered
as furnishing the original hint for the much
more highly finished character of Zara in
Congreve's Mourning Bride. The rattle scene,
the poet tells us, was introduced to gratify the
more barbarous part of the audience. This
play, when first published, met with opposition
from the government, being supposed to allude
to the situation of the exiled king. The exe-
rations, however, of Lord Rochester and others,
as well as the evidence of its inoffensive nature,
removed this. Mrs. Barry* distinguished her-
self by her representation of the first character.

There is nothing in this play strongly to ex-
cite the passions, or to awaken a thrilling in-
trigue in the fortunes of the characters; but the
Spartan courage, lofty virtue, unbending firm-
ness, generous and affectionate disposition of
Cleomenes, are felt with delight. The charac-
ter of Cassandra would have admitted a finer
touch, and more varied colouring; the plot
brings with it few changes that surprise, and its
termination, though faithful to history, does not
satisfy the mind, as it involves only the innocent
and brave in misfortune, and leaves the guilty
and 'the weak, the voluptuous tyrant and his
abandoned mistress, unpunished and secure.'

We are now arrived at the close of Dryden's
dramatic efforts; he had possession of the
stage for a period of thirty years, from 1664 to
1694, and during that time his industry and
fertility of invention bestowed on it no less than
seven and twenty dramatic performances. I am
sorry to add that his last piece, Love Tri-
umphant, was condemned by the universal con-
sent of the town. This unsuccessful play is so in-
ferior to some of his later productions, that I
have often, while reading it, considered, whether
in the hard necessities of his later days, he
might not have produced a piece written in
earlier life and which had been deservedly ne-

* See Clibber's account of Mrs. Barry at this time,
in his Life, as quoted by Malone, vol. iii. p. 97.

† Scott owns that the turn of the dialogue is in
our poet's early manner, and in the most laboured
scene, he has recourse to rhyme, which he had so
long discarded; my conjecture, therefore, I think,
is not improbable: Scott says, 'If we except Am-
cluded by him, while the unimpaired vigour and
luxuriance of his genius supplied him without
difficulty. The plot turns on the indulgence
of that incestuous passion which I have ob-
served and censured before; and on which the
genus of Dryden seemed to look without a su-
ficient consideration of its offensive nature.
There are no characters which command our
respect or love. Veramond's feelings towards
Alphonse are those of aversion; the incidents
are strained and improbable: and the termina-
tion is effected by a sudden and inconsistent
change in the feelings of the king which the
speech of Celidea effected. But as Scott ob-
serves, the hatred and aversion of Veramond
was not likely to be abated by the objects of
them turning out to be father and son, nor much
soothed by the circumstance of their making him
prince in his own metropolis. Yet the tyrant
of Arragon alters his whole family arrange-
ments and habits of mind, and takes his hated
foes into his family and bosom, merely in order
that the play may be concluded.†

Literary exertion was now doubly necessary
to secure to Dryden the means of livelihood:
and from this time to the close of his life, he
will be found assiduously and laboriously em-
ployed. He translated three of the satires of
Juvenal, and the whole of Persius; and with
boyans, our author never produced a play when the
tragic part had less interest, or the comic less hu-
mour."* Stories turning on incestuous passion have
seldom been successful on the modern stage. On
this account alone Garrick denounced his intention of
reviving the play of "King and no King." Phèdre
and "Cato" have been powerfully supported, and fall
for the same reason: and even the excellences of
Don Sebastian were unable to expiate the dis-
gust excited by the dissimilitude of his relation to
582.

† See a letter preserved by Malone on the for-
tune of this play, and March, 1785—4, when the
wning wasibs. "The success of Southorne's Fatal
Marriage will vex buffing Dryden and Congreve to
madness." Dryden's play is a "Frail-Comedy, but
in my opinion, one of the worst he ever wrote, if
not the very worst; the comic part descends be-
neath the style and show of a Bartholomew Fair
Droll. It was compiled by the universal cry of the
town, nemine contradicente, not the concealed
poet. He says in his prologue that this is the last
the town must expect from him; he had done him-
self a kindness, had he taken his leave before.
† For a character of this translation, see O'dell's
introduction to Periplus, p. vi. "The majestical flow
of his verse, the energy and beauty of particular
passages, and the inimitable purity and simplicity
which pervade much of his language, place him
above the hope of rivalry, and are better calculated
to regenerate despair, than to excite emulation; but
Dryden is sometimes negligent, and sometimes un-
faithful. He wanders with licentious foot, careless
silk of his author and his reader, and seems to make
a wanton sacrifice of his own learning. It is
impossible to read a page of his translation with-
the assistance of his sons, and Messrs. Dods
and Crecche, he gave to the public a complete
translation of the two great satirical poets. In
1691, he wrote a short preface to Walsh's Dia-
logue on Women; and in February of the
same year, he composed an elegy on the Coun-
tess of Abingdon, under the name of Eleonora.
It has been observed that one singularity at-
tended this production. It was written on a per-
son whom he had not seen, at the request of
another whom he did not know.

He prefixed, in 1692, an account of Polybius
to Sir Henry Sheare's translation, and in 1693,
he published the third volume of his miscellanies.
Some poems of Ovid and the poetry of Hector
and Andromache in the Iliad are from his pen.
Messrs. Yalden, C. Hopkins, and N. Higgens,
are the heroes who shine in this volume; and
Johnn Counce closed it with the translation of
the Lutrin. An unfinished poem on the civil wars
by Cowley, from a manuscript, formed an attrac-
tion to the book.

At this time, Congreve astonished the public
by such an early display of brilliant wit, comic
force, and knowledge of character, as could be
expected only to result from a familiar acquaint-
ance with society, and extensive observation of
mankind. Yet Congreve was scarcely of age,*
when his first play, the Old Bachelor, was per-
formed. I am not aware that any English poet,
with the exception perhaps of Chatterton, ever
exhibited such a precocity of talent: and this was
shown in a department of poetry in which the
minds of youthful poets are seldom seen to expe-
tiate. Congreve, however, sought neither the
flowery meadow, nor the purling stream, but was
seen with his youthful pencil lightly sketching the
foibles, analyzing the passions, and tracing the
characters of mankind. We know, that at a far
more advanced age than this, Dryden considered
a comedy required such powers of execution and
such a delicacy of conception, as to make him
regret his rashness in intruding himself to the

out seeing that he was intimately acquainted with
the original, and yet every page betrays a disan-
grant of its essence. By some unaccountable obliquity, he has
missed those characteristic qualities so habitual to him, and
made the poet flippant and unconsequent.†

† Wycherly wrote his first play, Love in a Wood,
at nineteen. The Plain Dealer, when he was twenty-five, which he wrote in three weeks. As
regards both Wycherly and Congreve, I believe it
must be conceded that the English drama of their
Thalia held up, did not reflect with truth the man-
ners of their age; I believe it is Madame de Sussel,
who says, "Nothing is less like English manners,
than English comedy;" true, for it was but an imita-
tion of the French.
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In preparing this play to be acted, Dryden willingly lent the assistance of his great experience to the young poet; by whose wish he was repaid, with a very sincere attachment, and a kindness that extended beyond his life. Some lines prefixed to the Double Dealer, are given to Dryden, of which Malone says, they are of such excellence, that however often they are perused, they can never cease to be read with delight and admiration.

In 1684 Tonson published the Annual Miscellany, to which Dryden contributed a version of the third Georgic, and an Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Dismissing now all inferior engagements, having relinquished the stage for ever, and anxious, by the success of some great work, to save himself from the approach of poverty, in his declining life; Dryden, in the full maturity of his practised powers, with great knowledge of the laws of poetry, and with all the dexterity and grace that arises from experience and exercise, commenced his translation of Virgil's Aeneid. Johnson says, that the nation considered its honour interested in the event. Sir William Dobbin gave him the various editions of the author. Dr. Knightly Othowood furnished him with the Life of Virgil, and the preface to the Pastoral; Addison supplied the arguments of the several books, and an Essay on the Georgics. The first lines of this great work, which he translated, he wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows of Chesterton House, in Huntingdonshire, then the residence of his kinsman and namesake. To those who look with reverence to the Genius Loci, which virtue and talent have sanctified by their residence, it will be far from uninteresting to hear, that the version of the first Georgic and a great part of the last Aeneid were made at Denham Court, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir William Bowyer; and that the seventh Aeneid was translated at Lord Exeter's, at Burleigh: thus the venerable oaks, and the gray battlements of that princely mansion, are hung with poetic tablets and noble recollections of departed genius; no less are the grotesques of Twickenham and the glades of Dawy filled with the fondest remembrances of the past; the gardens which Pope loved, and the retreat which Bolingbroke adorned, will ever have an interest to the mind of taste, beyond what the charms of nature could alone impart. This feeling will preserve its emotions, though it must change its object: and the next generation will be attracted with a delightful curiosity, where Genius has built his bower among the woods of Abbotsford; or linger with a passive interest, where the footsteps of wisdom and of virtue have been reflected in the waters of Keswick.

It was resolved to print this work by subscription, as the Paradise Lost had been published some years before. Pope was employed six years on the translation of the Aeneid; it appears that Dryden began his Aeneid in the summer of 1684, and it was published in the July of 1697. He was dealt with in a pernicious manner by old Tonson, who would allow him nothing for the annotations which he was anxious to make. It would take seven years, said Dryden, to translate Virgil exactly. Malone has endeavoured to trace with accuracy the sum which Dryden received for this work; but it is some difficulty in ascertaining the truth, for there was a double list of subscribers, and the receipts; and Tonson kept back some money to defray the expenses of the plates. By the agreement, dated June 18, 1696, Dryden was to receive for the translation of the whole of the work upon large paper, which Tonson was to sell for him at 2s. each to subscribers; Dryden was also to have any additional number of copies, paying the difference between the price of the small and the large paper. Tonson paid all expenses, and had only the proceeds of the small paper copies. Dryden also received to himself the power of cancelling the agreement, on the repayment of any sums he had received of Tonson. Congreve was one of the witnesses to the instrument.

About eleven years ago, a tragedy, called Ophiopus, was acted at the minor theatre in Tottenham Court Road. It was formed on the drama of Dryden and Lee, intermingled with some passages from Maurice's translation of Ophiopus Tyrrhenum. The part of Jocasta was played by Mrs. Glover. Ophiopus came on the stage thro' the triumphal car, drawn by real horses. The piece was performed many nights with success.

The Ophiopus Tyrrhenum of Sophocles was acted at Stratford, the seat of Dr. Parr, a man of original genius; before Dr. Samuel Johnson, and a great body of foreign and British literati, in the year 1774: this I learn from Maurice's preface to his translation of the play in question.

* By the agreement, dated June 18, 1696, Dryden was to receive for the translation of all the Aeneid, at stated intervals, and one half the profits of the work upon large paper, which Tonson was to sell for him at 2s. each to subscribers; Dryden was also to have any additional number of copies, paying the difference between the price of the small and the large paper. Tonson paid all expenses, and had only the proceeds of the small paper copies. Dryden also received to himself the power of cancelling the agreement, on the repayment of any sums he had received of Tonson. Congreve was one of the witnesses to the instrument.

* See Scouler's ed. of Dryden's Works, vol. ii. p. 301, where there is a list of the two sets of subscribers.

* Tonson seems to have driven some hard (not to say not quite honest) bargains with our poet. In one letter he says, 'You know how money is very scrupulously received. In the last which you did me the favour to change for my wife, besides the clipped money, there were at least forty shillings more.' Again, 'I expect, in good faith, not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I, nor stay for it, four and twenty hours after it is due. You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscriptions, as I found from first to last.' Again, upon trial, I find all your terms are sharpen'd; and you are not more than others, therefore I have not totally left you. It appears that the translation of Virgil was sent to the press when only eight books of D were finished.
Dryden received more than twelve hundred pounds. Pope gained by his Homer above five thousand.

Much has been said in dispraise of Dryden, for having lavished his dedications too plentifully on his patrons in this work, but it was in the taste of the age; there was, at that time, no republic of letters, a few men of literature and rank were the arbiters and guides of public judgment. The booksellers looked to their flat to regulate their bargains with the author; besides, the nobles of that time were liberal and rich; there were no manufacturers, or merchant princes to rival them in opulence, and exceed them in prodigality, and they were so separated by wealth and rank from the common order of society, many of them being men of very cultivated minds and elegant knowledge, and not a few themselves authors, that praise might be offered without meanness, and assistance solicited without servility. It is sufficient vindication of Dryden's integrity to say, that he resisted Tonson's urgent importunity to dedicate the works to King William. The disappointed bookseller turned for assistance to the engraver, who placed a hooked nose on all the plates representing Æneas,† in honour of the Nassau prince.

Dr. Johnson has spoken of the merit of this translation, though he has not entered into a critical exposition of its beauties; but as it seems to have united the suffrage of the critics, and the approbation of the public, I shall just observe, that while I confess it to possess many and various excellencies, while I believe that it has enriched our language with new forms of expression, and new modulations of verse, I do not think that it adequately represents the peculiar beauties of the original poem. Dryden does not seem fully aware of what has been well called 'the rich acconomy' of Virgil's expression, the exquisite structure and magic of his words, to attain which he has pushed the power of his language to the extreme verge of its structure, and transplanted those graces from its parent tongue which his native idiom did not supply; nor has Dryden kept in mind, that he who treads in the footsteps of the Roman poet must not deviate without error from the path that has been prescribed.‡ Hence the grace, the fineness of touch, the tender bloom, of Virgil's language is lost; and that finished and innate delicacy of taste which seemed instinctively to feel how to arrange the rich materials which it had collected, and which presents all that is appropriate and all that is select;† which admits no figure into its composition that does not produce the intended effect; this cannot with justice be said to have been successfully attained by the translator. Almost every epic poem has its own peculiar level, from which it rises, its own preexisting tone of diction. The style of Virgil is elegant, ornamented, and graceful, giving him scope to make gentle descents on the wing, or occasionally to soar, without unnatural effort, into the higher regions of imaginative creation; while his language has such a transparent and crystal clearness, as to reflect with precision every image deposited within it. In awakening the finer sensibilities, in delineating the movement of the varying passions, in portraying the deep emotions of the heart, Dryden always failed, and such power here was imperiously demanded; yet we must allow that the general character of his poem is dignified, majestic, and harmonious, that it flows on with varied sweetness and with varied force,* that it possesses many passages of surprising vigour and energy, and examples of versification splendid and successful. Perhaps, as he himself suspected, he should have chosen an author of a different kind: perhaps, under any skill or talent, our language cannot reflect the exquisite beauties of the original. Certainly it must be said, that no one has yet eclipsed the fame which Dryden has so long enjoyed.‡

I must now enumerate some works of less importance and labour. Dryden translated

* Dryden has not attended sufficiently to the temos used by Virgil; while Pope is particularly defective in rendering the force of the particule used by Homer; indeed, he seems almost entirely to have neglected them, to the great detriment of his translation.
† Virgil's great distinctive excellence and delicacy of sentiment and expression, joined to the most consummate technical skill, and just feeling in dressing out every circumstance or incident that he employs; but in the approbation of those incidents and circumstances he is less happy. P. Knight on Taste, p. 313.
‡ Swift's ridicule of this translation, in his Tale of the Tub, is well known. Luke Milbourne was distinguished for his venomous and persevering malignity. Oldmixon and J. Parker volunteered in Dryden's defence.
Du Fosnay’s Art of Poetry, in about two months, and prefixed a preface, which cost him the labour of two mornings. He honoured Purcell’s memory with an ode, and wrote a Life of Lucian, at Molyne’s solicitation.

In August, 1697, he was requested by the stewards of the musical festival, to write a second ode, to be sung at the celebration of St. Cecilia’s day. This was published under the title of Alexander’s Feast, or the Power of Music, in December, 1697. A story has long been current, which Joseph Warton first published, on the authority of Mr. Beringer, that this splendid ode was written and completed by Dryden in the course of a single night, but it came through too long and disastrous a channel not to have gained in its progress; for it appears that Mr. Beringer told it to Dr. Warton, while he had learned it from Gilbert West, who was indebted for his account to Pope, to whom it was communicated by Bolingbroke: a far better authority, that of Dryden’s son, asserts that it took his father a fortnight to compose it. Malone was seldom caught by the wonderful, or surprised into belief, and he has satisfactorily examined the evidence of this fact; indeed Dryden, in a letter to his sons, mentions his being occupied on this ode in a way that proves it was by no means an extraneous effort. I am writing a song for St. Cecilia’s feast, who, you know, is the patroness of music: this is troublesome, and no way beneficial. Warton has observed, that it is difficult to express our admiration of the variety, the richness, the melody of its numbers, the force, beauty, and distinctness of its images, the succession of so many different passions and feelings, and the matchless peripety of its diction: no particle of it can be wished away, but the epigrammatic turn of the last four lines.

This ode certainly possesses the great constituents of the lyric style, its bold abrupt transitions; its brilliant contrasts; its vivisness and energy; its changes from excitation and triumph to the voice of pity, and the notes of woe. Nor is it wanting in those quick flashes of the brightest imagery passing as it were with electric rapidity down the chain of poetical connexion. Yet it has not the exquisite and finished language of Gray, nor his rich and select combinations of metaphorical diction.

Jeremy Collier, a nonjuring clergyman, made at this time an attack upon the stage, and singled out the most illustrious names of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Dryden, for the subject of his animadversions. The two former defended themselves, but Dryden’s dramatic zeal had cooled, his interest on the stage had passed away, and he was not prepared, in the cool reflection of age, to defend those immoralities which in the carelessnes and intemperance of youth he had lavished on a thoughtless and dissipated audience.

Malone says, that Dryden devoted nine entire days to the revision of his Virgil, and that a translation of Homer was among his literary projects. Dryden thought that Homer’s fiery way of writing was more accordant to his genius. It has been reported, but on so sufficient authority, that he would have rendered his translation in blank verse. I should consider that Dryden knew his mastery over rhyme too well to desert it for a species of verse unpractised by him except in the dramas, and unknown in its beauty and excellence to any poet of his age. At the same time, I think, that if we are ever to possess a translation that is to give us the spirit and manner of the original, that is to catch the keynote of the Chian harp, that is to please the poet and satisfy the scholar, it must be one that is free from the servile bondage of rhyme. The rhyming couplet, in my estimation, is sufficient alone to impair the venerable and simple dignity of the original, to modernize and alter its character. Whatever may be the excellencies of Pope’s translation, the very essence of Homer’s poetry has undergone a great change in passing through his hands: for he has altered the style of his author, raised artificially the level of his diction, lost the flexibility, the variety, the occasional familiarity of its manner throughout: he sets out in a higher region of expression, soars with a less flexible pinion, and with a more compulsory and laborious flight. Bentley’s famous sarcasms on Spenser had nearly as much truth as wit. Yet, I must confess, that nothing
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can more strongly display the genius of Pope, than under such great disadvantages, that he has dono so well. Possessing a very slight and superficial knowledge of Greek, and never having studied the peculiar language of his author, he undertook a translation of the most ancient and most difficult poet; educated in a very refined and polished age of literature, more distinguished for wit than force of genius, and most dissimilar in feeling and character to the genius of Homer, he has given a translation which has pleased many and pleased long.

In 1698 he began to remodel some of the fables of Chaucer, and translate some of Bocaccio's tales; the selection which he made from the Decameron (for he was on dangerous ground) did honour to the soundness and manliness of his taste. Having proceeded in his undertaking, he agreed, in 1699, to furnish his bookseller with ten thousand verses for the sum of 600l. of which 250l. was to be paid down. An Epistle to the Poet, by John Dryden, of Chesterton, was inserted in the volume, for which, it is believed, a handsome pecuniary present was returned. The volume had a double dedication; one in prose to the Duke of Ormond, and another in verse to Mary, the second Duchess; she is reported to have rewarded the writer as became a person of rank and opulence. It is singular that a second edition of this work was not called for till thirteen years after the death of the author, though now the most popular of all his works; for the thoughts are natural and beautiful; the imagery richly carved with something of Arabesque magnificence; the narrative interesting and picturesque, and the stream of verse is poured along warbling in fine musical intonation, and with long melodic flow. The fables of Pope, compared to these, have a paler and fainter colour, possessing neither Dryden's vigour of imagination, nor his rich and brilliant plumage of poetical expression.

About this time Vaubourg revived Fletcher's Comedy, entitled 'The Pilgrim,' for the actors at Drury Lane, and stipulated that Dryden should have the benefit of the third night's performance, in return for this prologue and epilogue, and a secular mask introduced at the end of the piece. These small poems were written but three weeks before our author's death; and the play which they accompanied was the first in which that beautiful and accomplished actress, Mrs. Oldfield, displayed the extent of her dramatic powers. It is singular that Dryden's muse accompanied her earliest entrance into fame; and that the pencil of Pope drew the last features of her fading portrait, as she departed from life.

The days of our poet's existence were now fast drawing to a close. He had been for some years harassed by attacks of gravel and gout. In December, 1699, the erysipelas appeared in his legs. In the April following, in consequence of neglecting an inflammation of his feet, a mortification ensued, of which he died after a short illness, at three o'clock, on Wednesday, the 1st of May, 1700, at his house in Gerard Street. He behaved during his last days with undoubted superiority over all his contemporaries as a writer of prologues and epilogues; his assistance was accordingly sought by the authors of new plays, and by the players on remarkable occasions. There is in most of them much variety of fancy, pleasantness of style, vivacity of observation, and elevation and elegance of verse. The tone of superiority in which they are written has been remarked; and he rather lays down laws to his audience, than subordinates their favour, and throws the defects of his play, not on the want of genius in the writer, but on the imperfect taste of the audience. Indeed, Granville, Lord Lansdowne, in his Essay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry, apologizes for Dryden having suffered his judgment to be awryed by a wild audience. In his Oxford Prologue a becoming deference to the respect and learning of the University. It must, however, be deplored, that in these productions his liveliness too often degenerates into coarse and licentious licence; though it stops far short of the gross indelicacy that is to be found in Swiftwell. The original editions are printed on single leaves, and sold at the door of the theatre, are very rare; they are coarser and more licentious than those which Dryden finally adopted. He appears to have set but little value on them; for he often transferred the same prologue from one play to another, or took an epilogue out of a former poem. The satire against the Dutch furnishes the greater part of the prologue and epilogue to Ambyon. The epilogue to Mithras, King of Pontus, 1611, the first play acted at the Theatre Royal, is printed for the first time by Scott among Dryden's Poems, vol. 3., 181. When Bourne offered Dryden for a prologue to his first play, 'The Loyal Brother,' the sum of five guineas, he refused it, saying, 'Not that I do resent of disrespect to you, young man, but the players have had my goods too cheap, in future I must have ten.' Malone thinks that the sum of three guineas and five should be substituted for five and ten.

* Mr. Hobbes, an eminent surgeon, proposed to amputate the limb, but Dryden refused, saying, he was an old man, and had not long to live by the course of nature, and therefore did not care to part with one limb, to preserve an uncomfortable life upon the rest. Warde's London 1697, part 20th.
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moments with composure and resignation to the Divine will. He expressed, at his advanced period of life, no anxious wish to have existence prolonged; he took a tender and affectionate farewell of his afflicted friends; and he died in the profession of the Roman Catholic faith.

About thirty years after Dryden's death, in some Memoirs of Congreve, published by a person under the fictitious name of Wilson (and who might have been Oldmixon,) a most erroneous account of our poet's funeral was given, and generally accepted as true. The original fabricator of the falsehood was Mrs. Thomas, well known under the name of Corsima, which Dryden had bestowed on her. She gave this story to the world, with a perfect consciousness that the whole narrative was false. She was in the Fleet prison at the time, and it is supposed, supplied Cull with this singular imposition for some slight remuneration. This is the same person who surreptitiously procured Pope's letters to Cromwell, and sold them to Cull, without consent of either of the parties. The whole narrative must have been founded on the slight foundation of a letter from Farquhar, and a description of the funeral by T. Brown. As, however, the real circumstances attending the burial of our poet are not without some singularity, I shall give them as they are faithfully recorded by Malone.

Dryden expired on Wednesday morning at three o'clock, the first of May. As he died of a gangrene, it was necessary that he should be buried without delay. Accordingly, two days after his corpse, at the expense of Mr. Montagu (afterwards Lord Halifax,) was carried from his house in a private manner, to be interred probably in the churchyard of the neighbouring parish. The Earl of Dorset, Lord Jeffries, and others, either hearing of the circumstances, or perhaps meeting the funeral procession as it passed, thinking that so celebrated a post should be buried with some greater marks of respect and admiration, prevailed on the friends of the deceased to consent that the body should be carried for embalming to the house of Mr. Russell, the undertaker: at the same time, they applied, through Dr. Garth, to the Censors of the college of physicians, to permit it to be deposited there, till it was conveyed to Westminster Abbey for interment. A subscription was raised to defray the expense.\(^6\) The body having lain in state for ten days, on the 13th of May the funeral obsequies were performed. A Latin oration was recited by Garth\(^6\) in the theatre of the college, then the last ode of the third book of Horace was sung. The procession, consisting of nearly fifty coaches, and attended with music, moved on to the abbey. The body of Dryden was deposited in the grave of Chaucer;\(^7\) one of the prebendaries reading the service, and the choir of the cathedral attending.

Soon after the death of Dryden, H. Playford, (the well known publisher of music) printed a collection of Latin and English verses, under the title of "Luctus Britannicum," or the tears of the British Musees for the death of Mr. Dryden. Another collection, in a small volume, called, 'The Nine Musees, or Poems, written by nine several Ladies,' lamented Dryden's memory. It was generally expected that Mr. Montagu would have erected a monument in the abbey; but, seventeen years after the poet's death, Garth complained that he who had the power of conferring immortality by his pen, should himself want a monument to his fame.

In 1717, Congreve complimented Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, on his munificence in having given orders for erecting a splendid monument to one who was an honour to his country. His grace received the praise, and reserved the money. At length, Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, roused, it is said, by some lines of Pope's intended to be inscribed on Rowe's tomb,\(^8\) gave Kant an order to form a plain unexpensive design, and the bust of the poet was sculptured by Scheemaker.\(^9\) The undertaker's (Mr. Russell) bill for the funeral amounted to 451. 17s. See Scott's edit. vol. xviii. p. 184.

In a satirical poem called the Appurition, 1719, Garth's funeral eloquence is described.

John Dryden, with his brothers of the bays, His love to Garth, blaspheoming Garth conveys, And thanks him for his pagan funeral praise.

In Garth's Essay on Ovid's Metamorphoses is a eulogy on Dryden, p. 81. When Bolles heard of the honours paid to Dryden's remains, he pretend-ed ignorance even of his name.

In Gibber's (Shel's) Life of Dryden (Lives, iii. p. 83.) there is a copy of very indifferent Latin verses, signed John Phillips, 1700, ed. 14, which he says were thrown into the grave of Dryden, and which he printed for the first time.

\(^6\) Thy relics, Rowe, shall turn us to weep, And sacred place by Dryden's useful dust, Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies, To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes, &c.

\(^7\) It appears from an entry in the chapter books at Westminster, that a bust of inferior workmanship kept its place on our author's tomb, for two
whole cost not much more than one hundred
pounds, and was erected twenty years after the
poet's decease.

Dryden had three sons by Lady Elizabeth,—
Charles, John, and Erasmus Henry, who are
described by a lady to whom they were per-
sonally known, as fine, ingenious, and accom-
plished gentlemen. Charles was bred at West-
minster school, chosen king's scholar in 1680,
and elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, of
which he was admitted a member in 1683. He
published some Latin verses on different sub-
jects: one called the Herti Armingtoniani, may
be found in the third volume of the Miscellanies.
He translated the seventh satire of Juvenal,
which appeared in his father's version in 1692.
Afterwards he went to Italy as nuncio to Pope
Innocent XI. and was appointed chamberlain
to his household. He appears to have been a
person of accomplishments, a musician, a poet,
and a tolerable scholar. He was a great favour-
ite with his father, who, indeed, to all his
children was a tender and affectionate parent.
He returned to England in 1698, and after his
father's death administered to his effects. He
was drowned, while attempting to swim across
the Thames, near Datchet, and buried at
Windsor, August, 1704. Concerning this son,
there are some curious astrological predictions
by Dryden, published by Mrs. Thomas in Con-
greve's life, the incongruity of which Malone,
as usual, has detected.

John, the second son, was born in 1667—8,
was admitted a king's scholar at Westminster,
where he continued till 1685, when he was
elected to Oxford. He was not matriculated a
member of the university, having adopted, it is
supposed, the religious opinions of his father,
but placed under the private tuition of the fa-
mous Obadiah Walker, master of university,
who was a papist; probably he went to Rome
with his elder brother in 1692, when twenty-
four years old. He became an officer in the
pope's household, officiating as his brother's
deputy. Previous to his leaving England he
translated the fourteenth satire of Juvenal, and
while at Rome wrote a comedy, entitled, 'The
Husband his own Cuckold,' which was acted in
Lincoln's Inn Fields 1696, to which his father
contributed a prologue, and Congreve an epi-
logue. He made a tour through Sicily and
years, previous to Scheemaker being employed,
who probably received for his bust twenty-five
guineas. 'At a chapter held the 29th Nov. 1781, or-
derred, that her grace the Duchess of Bucking-
hamshire have leave to change the present bust of Mr.
Dryden for this one.' Since this has been edited to be an
epigram on putting up this monument. See vol. I.

Malta, which was published: and after his
return to Rome in January, 1701, he died of a
fever.

Erasmus Henry, the third son, was born
May, 1669, admitted a scholar of the charter
hospita, on the nomination of Charles II. in
1682. He was elected to the university, but
on account of his religious opinions did not be-
come a member of either. He also went to
Rome, was a captain in the Pope's guards,
and probably remained there till after the death
of his elder brother. By the death of Sir John
Dryden, in 1700, the title of baronet, but with-
out the estate, devolved on him.

He resided with his kinsman, Edward, in
Canons-Ashby, for the greater part of the time;
it is supposed, in a state of mental immobility;
a disease perhaps derived from his mother.
He enjoyed the title only six weeks, and died
in the forty-second year of his age, at the family
mansion, and was buried at Canons-Ashby,
4th December, 1710; by his death the title was
transferred to his uncle Erasmus.

Of the Lady Elizabeth, for so she was always
called, little that is pleasant or satisfactory re-
mains to be told. In the latter part of Dryden's
life, during his various excursions in the coun-
try, she never accompanied him: nor was she
ever visited by his relations, except in a formal
and ceremonious manner. No authentic ac-
count has been transmitted of her person, nor
has any portrait of her been discovered. I am
afraid that her personal attractions were not
superior to her mental endowments; that her
temper was wayward, and that the purity of
her character was sullied by some early indis-
cretions.

Soon after Dryden's death she became in-
sane, and was confined under the care of a female
attendant, to whom her dowry from his paternal
estates of Blakesley was regularly paid for her
use. In this condition, she continued for several
years, and died in June or July, 1714, probably
in the seventy-ninth year of her age. Though
we have no original whole length portrait of
Dryden, yet Malone considers that there are

* A letter from Lady Elizabeth to her son at
Rome, in 1696, and as remarkable for the elegance
of the style, as the correctness of the orthography.
She says,—'Your father is much at woom as to his
health, and his defince is not worse but much as
he was when he was heare; give me a true ac-
count how much your son Charles is head dus.—
Can this be the lady who had formerly held cap-
tive in her chains the gallant Earl of Chesterfield?

† In the preface to the Reasons for Mr. Dryden
changing his Religion,' considered in a dialogue
between Crites, Eugenius, and Mr. Bayes, 1689,
4to., the editor refers to this passage, and
Dr. Tristram Shandy. But I can make a pretty shift to read without
spectacles, wear my own hair, which is somewhat
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several English poets whose external appearance more particularly are recorded. He was certainly a short, fat, florid man, "corpora quadra-
to," as Lord Hailes observed: a description which Asa, Sylvius applied to James I. of Scott-
land. He wore his hair in large quantities, and it inclined to gray even before his misfort-
tunes, a circumstance which Lord Hailes said he learned from a portrait of Dryden, painted
by Knoller. In Riley's portrait, 1688, he wears a
very large wig, so also in that done by Clo-
sterman, at a later period. By Tom Brown he
is called 'Little Bayes,' and by Lord Rochester
he was nicknamed "Poet Squash." Of his ap-
pearance I have nothing more to remark, than
in an epigram of Elsinor's, he is described as
having "a sleepy eye," and not a countenance
of sweet favour; and that a large mole on his
right cheek is conspicuous in all his portraits.†
Malone thinks that his pecuniary difficulties and
distresses have been overrated; he considers
that his income was more than 500l. a year,‡
for a considerable period, a sum he says equal
to 1800l. at this day; but that in August, 1689,
his distress truly began;§ for being deprived of
inclined to red, have a large mole on my left cheek,
am mightily troubled with corns, and what is pe-
culiar to my constitution, after half a dozen bottles of
grape, which I generally carry home every night from the
tavern, I never fail of a stool or two next
morning; besides I used to smoke a pipe every day
after dinner, and afterwards steal a nap for an
hour or two, in the old wicker chair near the oven;
take gentle purgatives, spring and fall, and it has
been my custom any time these sixteen years, as
all the parish can testify, to ride in Gambodios.
May, to win the heart of him for ever; I invite him
here being the courteous reader, (provided we
before hand promise not to despatch my wife,) when
he shall have sugar to his roast beef, and
visceras to his butter; and lastly, to make him
amends for the tediousness of his journey, a parcel
of relics to carry home with him, which I believe
may scarce be matched in the whole Christian
world, &c.

† Epigrams on the paintings of the most eminent
exigv.
A sleepy eye is shown, and no sweet feature,
Yet was indeed a favourite with nature, &c.

‡ On Dryden's portraits, see Malone's Life, p.
295-4. Perhaps the mole on his cheek was the
cause of his not taking orders: for Wood says,
that Land would not ordain Shirley the poet, on
account of a mole on his left cheek.—Mole ruit
max.

§ About the year 1678, when Dryden possessed
both his places, and the share of the theatre, Scott
considers his income to have been 500l. or to
peak, successively, but his pension was not regularly
paid, the burning of the theatre injured his income
from that quarter, and Lady Elizabeth was not very
economical. Life, p. 117.

¶ In one of his dedications of Virgil, to Lord
Clifford, Dryden says, 'What I now offer to your
lordship is the wreath remaining of a sickly age,
written out with study, and opposed by fortune,
both his places, his certain revenue was re-
duced to 180l. a year, with such contingent
accessions as might arise from his literary ex-
ertions, or the affectionate contribution of his
friends.

The account which I have now given of
Dryden would be left imperfect, were I not to
conclude with inserting the delightful charac-
ter of him that has been so minutely sketched
by the affectionate and grateful hand of Congre
ve, who, during the last ten years of his
life, had lived in close habits of intimacy with
him.†—Mr. Dryden had personal qualities to
challenge both love and esteem for all who were
truly acquainted with him. He was of a nature
exceedingly humane and compassionate, easily
forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and
sincere reconciliation with those who had off
ended him. Such a temperament is the only solid
foundation of all moral virtues and seizable
endowments. His friendship, when he professed
it, went much beyond his professions, though
his hereditary income was little more than a
bare competency. As his reading had been
extensive, so was he very happy in a memory
without other support than the constancy and pa
tience of a Christian. In the letters of Philip,
second Earl of Chesterfield, is one from Dryden,
offering the dedication of the Georgics to his pa.
trouges, and saying, 'From the first hour since I
have had the happiness of being known to your
lordship, I have always pressed you in my poor
esteem to any other nobleman, and that in all re
spect, and you may please to believe me as an
honest man, that I have not the least consideration
of profit in this address.' A second letter follows,
that is the letters of his lordship, which he received, he says, by the largesse of
your present, I must conclude, that you considered
who gave, not who was to receive. See Lord Ches
terfield's Letters, p. 272, 281.

* See Congreve's Dedication of Dryden's Drama
tic Works to the Duke of Newcastle. Congreve
sage's—In some very elegant, though very partial
verses, which Dryden did me the honour to write
to me, he recommended it to me—to be kind to his
remains. I was then, and have been ever since,
most amably touched with that expression, and
the more so, because I could not find in myself
the means of satisfying the passion which I felt in me
do something answerable to an injunction laid
upon me in so pathetic and so amiable a manner.
The lines are:

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning this ungrateful stage,
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expense,
I live a rent charge on my providence.
But you, whom every muse and grace adorns,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and if I fail, defend
Against your judgment, your departed friend.
Let not this insulting for my fame pursuade,
But shade those laurels which descant to us;
And take for tribute what these lines express,
You merit more, nor could my love do less.
Ep. to Mr. Congreve
tenacious of every thing that he read. He was not never possessed of knowledge than communicative of it, but then his communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation; but just such, and went so far, as by the natural turn of the discourse in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer, who thought fit to consult him, and felt as ready and patient to admit of the reprehension of others in respect of his own oversight or mistakes. He was of very easy, I may say, of very pleasing access, but somewhat slow, and as it were deficient in his advances to others. He had something in his nature that abhorred intrusion into any society whatever: indeed, it is to be regretted that he was rather blameless in the other extreme; for by that means he was personally less known, and consequently his character will become liable to misapprehension and misrepresentation. To the best of my knowledge and observation, he was, of all men that ever I knew, one of the most modest and the most easily to be disconcerted in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals.

As to Mr. Dryden's writings, I shall not take upon me to speak of them; for to say little of them, would not be to do them right, and to say all that I ought to say, would be to be very voluminous. But I may venture to say in general terms, that no man hath written in our language so much and so various matter, and in so various manners, so well. Another thing, I may say, was very peculiar to him, which is, that his parts did not decline with his years, but that he was an improving writer to his last, even to near seventy years of age; improving even in fire and imagination as well as in judgment; witness his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and his Fables, his last performances. He was equally excellent in verse and prose. His prose had

When Addison was a student at Oxford, he sent up his play to his friend Dryden, as a proper person to recommend it to the theatre, who returned it with great commendations; but with his opinion, that on the stage it could not meet with its deserved success: but though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author on the public stage of life.—Young on Orig. composition, p. 136.

The English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his (Dryden's) debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priores, and the Addison's, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never would have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he most displays. But Dryden's excellences as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There as in his prose writings an ease and elegance that all the clearness imaginable, together with all the nobleness of expression, all the graces and ornaments proper and peculiar to it, without deviating into the language or diction of poetry. I make this observation only to distinguish his style from that of many poetical writers, who meaning to write harmoniously in prose, do in truth often write mere blank verse.

His versification and his numbers he could learn of nobody; for he first possessed those talents in perfection in our tongue, and they who have best succeeded in them, since his time, have been indebted to his example; and the better they have been able to imitate him, the better they have succeeded.

As his style in prose is always specifically different from his style in poetry; so on the other hand, in his poems, his diction is, whenever his subject requires it, so sublime and so truly poetical, that its essence, like that of pure gold, cannot be destroyed. Take his verses and divest them of their rhymes, disjoin them in their numbers, transpose their expressions, make what arrangement and disposition you please of his words, yet shall there eternally be poetry, and something which will be found incapable of being resolved into absolute prose, an incontestible characteristic of a truly poetical genius.

I will say but one word more in general of his writings, which is, that what he has done in any one species, or distinct kind, would have been sufficient to have acquired him a great name. If he had written nothing but his prefaces, or nothing but his songs, or his prologues, each of them would have entitled him to the preference and distinction of excelling in his kind.

To this interesting eulogy of Congreve, in which the partiality of friendship may have a little heightened the opinion he has delivered, I shall add the judgment of a writer himself possessing very considerable powers, and an original manner of thinking and expression.

'If Dryden,' says Young, 'destitute of Shakespeare's genius, had almost as much learning as Jonson,' and for the buskin quite as little taste, have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.—Goldsmith's Bee, p. 288. Dryden's versification (says Armstrong, Essays, p. 182) I take to be the musical that has yet appeared in rhyme: round, sweet, pouncy, spirited art various, it flows with such a happy volatility, such an animated and masterly negligence, as an afraid will not soon be excelled. From the fineness of his ear his prose was formed; in perhaps the sweetest, the most mellow and sonorous, that the English language has yet produced.

'This is certainly an incorrect assertion; Jonson's learning was profound and extensive; Dry-
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He was a stranger to the pathos, and by numbers, expression, sentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, strove to make amends for it, as if a saint could make amends for the want of conscience, a soldier for the want of valour, or a vestal of modesty. The noble nature of tragedy disclaims an equivalent; like virtue, it demands the heart, and Dryden had none to give. Let epic poets think; the tragedian's point is rather to feel; such distant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter indulged, destroys the former. Look on Barnwell and Essex, and see how as to these distant characters Dryden excels and is excelled. But the strongest demonstration of his no taste for the bakshin are his tragedies fringed with rhyme, which in epic poetry is a sore disease, in the tragic absolute death. To Dryden's enormous Pope's was a light offence. As lacenomen are foes to mourning, these two authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to those solemn ornaments, which the noble nature of their works required. . . . Dryden had a great but a general capacity, and as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature. A genius implies the ray of the mind concentred and determined to some particular point; when they are scattered widely, they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours, so what comes from his head sets our brains at work, and our hearts at ease. It makes a circle of thoughtful creations, not of distressed patience; and a passive audience is what tragedy requires. Applause is not to be given but extorted, and the silent lapse of a single tear does the writer more honour than the rattling thunder of a thousand hands. Applauding hands and dry eyes, (which during Dryden's theatrical reign often met,) are a satire on the writer's talent and the spectator's taste. But Dryden had his glory, though not of the stage. What an inimitable original is his ode ? A small one indeed, but of the first lustre, and without a flaw, and amid the brightest beauties of antiquity it may find a foil.

It is only necessary to add, that whatever difference of opinion may exist in the estimation formed of Dryden's genius; however some may consider that, even in the manhood and maturity of his taste, he was too fond of swelling sentiments and poetical rant; while others lament the absence of that simple pathos, and those touches of nature which speak directly to the heart; or look in vain for that high tone of feeling, those exalted views, and that virtuous sensibility which have cast such a moral dignity over the pages of Pope; yet, besides other great poetical qualities, the highest praise of style and language must be universally conceded to him. No English poet, perhaps no English writer, has attained, as regards expression, such undisputed excellence. He may be considered as the connecting link between the writers of the Commonwealth, Clarendon and Milton; and those who introduced an easier and less artificial manner—Addison and Swift.

I think that it may not unjustly be affirmed, that he was the first who presented an example of a style, polished, elegant, and copious. This was effected, not by the importation of foreign words, or learned constructions, but by calling out the native strength of the language, recovering its lost idioms, recalling its forgotten beauties, and producing the strongest effects by common and familiar expressions. His prose style has the same kind of excellence as his poetical; harmonious without effort, familiar without meanness, flowing on with richness of sound, variety of cadence, majesty and flexibility of movement, and with a copious and expanded eloquence.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

A writer who has deeply studied the principles and structure of our language, confesses that Dryden's practical knowledge of the English language was beyond all others exquisite and wonderful. With the polished and perhaps fastidious taste which the late Mr. Fox possessed, with his dislike of every thing pedantic or inflated, with his love of simplicity of expression and purity of style, with the nicety of his choice in the selection of words, and forms of speech; we can hardly wonder at the decision which he adopted of admitting no word into his history, for which he had not the authority of Dryden. He was anxious to lead his high influence in restoring that pure and idiomatic style which he thought had been much corrupted by the example of some eminent writers; and perhaps unjustly estimated in the opinion of the

* * * * *

Clarendon himself is often liable to exception, both in sentiment and style; and our language indeed was not entirely polished till the present century. See Sir W. Jones's Pref. to Nadir Shah.


See Lord Holland's preface to Fox's History.
public: but with deference to a judgment so carefully formed, and so strongly supported, I must consider his decision to have been too narrow and exclusive, nor do I think it wise to confine our models of imitation to the authority of any single writer. Style and language must be always influenced by the subject. Perhaps instances might be found in Mr. Fox's own history which would make us hesitate in adopting his opinion; and ask whether Dryden's familiar and homely expressions appear in proper keeping with the subjects of the historic narrative. The prose works of Dryden consist of critical disquisitions, prelatory addresses, letters and casual treatises, which require the character of their style to differ from that of history; but while I fully acknowledge their exquisite beauties, and varied excellencies, I still think it would have been more judicious in Mr. Fox to have extended his approbation to many other celebrated writers as well as to Dryden.  

*Since writing the above, I was much pleased to observe my opinion, supported by the very high authority of Dr. Parr, who says—The general character of Mr. Fox's style is purely English: and as to the rejection of a word for which he had not the authority of Dryden, it is a fancy which seems to me not less unwise than the fastidiousness of the Ciceronian sect. Philip. Varronis. p. 669.  

* See Beattie's Essay on Poetry and Music, etc. p. 338. Mason, in his life of Whitehead, p. 47, says that Gray, who admired Dryden almost beyond bounds, used to say of a very juvenile poem of his in Tonson's Miscellany, written on the death of Lord Bleinings, that it gave not so much as the slightest promise of his future excellence, and seemed to indicate a bad natural ear for verisonion. See also Mason's Works, vol. i. p. 435.
UPON THE DEATH OF LORD
HASTINGS.*

Must noble Hastings immortally die,
The honour of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
Must virtue prove death's harbinger? must she
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease: if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himself to discipline, who'd not esteem
Labour a crime? study self-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunce securely, ignorant healthfully. [praise,
Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself, whose
Though not his own, all tongues besides do
raise:
Than whom great Alexander may seem less:
Who conquered men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native soil was the four parts of the earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apostle; and, with reverence may
I speak 't, inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Of strife, by art though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his sublime soul
Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole:
Whose regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
Scatter'd in others, all, as in their sphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul; and thence
Stone through his body, with sweet influence;

*Son of Ferdinand, Earl of Huntington: he died before his father in 1649, being then in his twelfth year, and on the day preceding that which had been appointed for the celebration of his marriage.

Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul! This word is met in the second book of Lucretius, ver. 158, in the same sense.

'At complexa mentis inter se congos globos.'

John Warton.

Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celestial.
Come learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitudes canst take;
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus astronomical. [shone
Lit'd Tyche now, struck with this ray which
More bright? the moon, than others beam at noon
He 'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a foul disease?
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which
shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds.
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us. [thus
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
So many spots, like noxes on Venus' soil,
One jewel set off with so many a foil;
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through a
flash did sprout
Like rose-buds, stuck in the lily's skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit:
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin.
The cabinet of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretell his change draw on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.
O! had he died of old, how great a strife [life?
Had been, who from his death should draw their
Who should, by one rich draught, become
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Caesar, were? [what'er
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by
A universal metempsychosis. [this
Must all these aged sires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had swell'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to
naught. [corn;
Thus fades the oak 't the sprig, 't the blade the
Thus, without young, this Phenix dies, new-born.
Must then old three-legg'd graybeards with
their gout,
Cataracts, rheums, aches, live three ages out?
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Time's sole task, only fit for the hospital!
Or as the learned antiquaries' poems within
Live with disdain, like beacons,比起 with sinning,
With such helps as broths, possets, physic, give
None live, but such as should die? shall we meet
With none but gouty fathers in the street?
Grief makes me rail; sorrow will force its way;
And show'sr of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.
But thou, O virgin widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone;
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Medicines, when thy balm was so remedy,
With greater than Platonick love, O wed
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
The idea of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe th. original in new copies; give
Hasting's of the better part: so shall he live
In a nobler half; and the great grand sire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An issue, which to eternity shall last,
Yet but the irradiations which he cast.
Erect no mausoleums: for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother chin;
And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the sun of righteousness in thy face.
What may we hope, if thou goest on thus fast;
Scriptures at first; enthusiasm at last.
Thou hast commence'd, betimes, a saint, go on,
Mingling diviner streams with Helicon.
That they who view what Epigrams here are,
May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.
Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
Thy greedy eyes; looking on this pure gold,
Thou'lt know adult rate copper, which, like this,
Will only serve to be a foil to his.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH
OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

And now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice
Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose muse have the highest flown
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise;
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
And, were, like mista that rise against the sun
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.
No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd as soon,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune (that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants cov and hard)
ON THE DEATH OF CROMWELL.

He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wand of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowas made yield:
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

Fame of the asserted sea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don out-
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though some meaner artist's skill were
In mingleth colours, or in placing light; [shown
Yet still the fair desigament was his own.

For from all tempers he could service draw,
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confidant of Nature, saw
How she complexities did divide and brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
By intuition, in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

When such heroic virtues Heaven sets out,
The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;

1 Desigament He has borrowed this word from Spenser, F. G. II. 21. 16.
"Gainst which the second trope desigament makes;"
That is, push. Dryden, however, uses it simply for design or plan. It should be added, that desigament is the rendering of Spenser's 5th edition; as the first reads, without perspicuity, destination.

Todd.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.
He made us freemen of the continent,*
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler prays the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.
That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;
[stand,
And trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to
Although an Alexander were her guard;†
By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.
Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.
Nor die he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels coursed him to live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new success
As if above what triumphs earth could give.
His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the centre motion did increase;
Till he, prou'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils desecrate.
But first the ocean as a tributo sent.
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsqueues loud sighs confer'd.
No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halycons, when they breed at sea.
His sabes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

* He made us freemen, &c.] We may be said to have been made freemen of the continent by the taking of Dunkirk, which was wrested from the Spaniards by the united forces of France and England, and delivered up to the latter in the beginning of 1668. Derrick.
† Although an Alexander, &c.] At this time Alexander VII. sat in the papal chair. D.
‡ Now with a general Walter, as well as Dryden altered his sentiments, and changed his notes, on the Restoration; and when the king hinted to him the inferiority of his second poem to the former, answered, 'Poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth.' What notice Charles took of Dryden's Axiom we are ignorant. Dr Joseph Warren.

ASTREA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION
AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY
CHARLES II. 1660.

Jam reddo Virgo, refoent Saturna regna. Virg
The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
Beneath its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again.
Now with a general peace the world was blest;[1]
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worse far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war: [skies,
Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
The ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost.
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breed'd,
To his new guidelines no kingdoms peace restore,
And heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace,
As nature bred, and interest did increase.
We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride,
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
While our cross stars denied us Charles his bed,
Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long absence church and state did gross;
Madness the pulpit,§ faction seiz'd the throne;
Experience's age in deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crest;
Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envied gray hairs that once good days had seen;
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent,
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt,
Who ruin'd crowns, would crown's exempt.
For when by their designing leaders taught
To strike at power which for themselves they sought,
The valiant, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The sacred purple then, and scarlet gown,
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.

§ Madness (for pulpit) From the numerous sermons preached before the parliament, particularly from 1646 to 1650, a variety of curious examples might be adduced to prove the justness of Dryden's assertion. And who can wonder at this assertion, when he is told that notifications of the following kind were affixed on walls and door-posts: 'On such a day such a brewer's clerk exercised; such a tailor employed; such a waterman murdered.' See the Preface to Dryden's 'Drapers Diggs.' No. 1647.
For a minute account of the readings and readings of many of the verses king's peace requires the reader is referred to a collection of extracts from their discourses, entitled Leeney's Armament, printed soon after the Restoration of King Edward II.
ON THE RESTORATION.

Thus when the bold Typhon soared the sky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What kang, what crown, from treason’s reach
is free,
If Jove and Heaven can violated be?)
The lesser gods, that shal’d his prosperous state,
All suffer’d in the exil’d Thunderer’s fate.
The rabbles now such freedom did enjoy,
As winds at sea, that use it to destroy.
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own’d a lawless savage liberty.

Like that our painted ancestors so priz’d,
Kee empire’s arts their breasts had civiliz’d.
How great were then our Charles his woes, who
Was forc’d to suffer for himself and us! Thus
He, toss’d by fate, and hurried up and down,
Hair to his father’s sorrows, with his crown,
Could taste no sweets of youth’s desired age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer’d yet in that forlorn estate,
His manly career overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
Which by his virtues were with laurels drest.

As souls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his banishment.
That sun, which we beheld with cozen’d eyes
Within the water, mov’d along the skies.
How easy ’tis, when destiny prov’d kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that gain’d Gateshead’s gale a roaring go
Must be at once resolv’d and skillful too.
He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
But stay’d and suffer’d fortune to repent.
These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
And Piso to adopted empire brought.
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
That most his sufferings both regret and bless?
For when his early valor Heaven had crest;
And all at Worcester but the honour lost;
Fare’st into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And viewing monarchs’ secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus banish’d David spent abroad his time,
When to be God’s anointed was his crime;
And when restor’d, made his proud neighbours rue.
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew,
Nor is he only by afflictions shown
To conquer others’ realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he lost before,
His right endures it much; his purchase more.

Issur’d to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain:
To business ripen’d by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they who first proportion understand,
With easy practice reach a master’s hand.

Well might the ancients, poets then confer
On Night the honour’d name of Counsellor,
Since struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres train’d,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain’d;
Who, yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock’d by a Covenanting League’s vast
As holy and as catholic as ours:
[powers,
Till fortune’s fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epochas mistakes; [down,
O’er whom Time gently shakes his wings of
Till with his silent sickly they are mown.
Such is not Charles his too active age,
Which, govern’d by the wild distemper’d rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.
Tremble, ye nations, who secure before,
Laugh’d at those arms that against ourselves we bore;
Rouse’d by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.

Without whose aid the sacred altar moves?
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Fortunates, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye templest of the main:
For those loud storms that did against him roar
Have cast his shipwreck’d vessel on the shore.
Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go:
Black steals unheeded from the neigh’ring white.
Without offending the well-cozen’d sight:
So on us stole our blessed change; while we
The effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
Frost’s that constrain the ground, and birth-decry
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,

* Charles his too too active age* Original edition.

Derrick prints, ’Such is not Charles’s too active age’.

See also before, ver. 48. Too too active age, was
an ancient formulary. So in [H. Parrot’s Sprigges
for Wodcase, 1690. Lond. 1618. Euphras 32.
Lib. 1.

*’tis knowne her lasting is too evil.*

And even in prose, as in Penn’s *Imitations unto
the Governors,* 6th of Wales, 1656, p. 61. *The case
is too too manifest.* Too too for exceeding is also
used in the Lancashire dialect. I venture to add
part of P. Fletcher’s well-drawn character of Las-
ктиведес, personated, Peru. 2d. edit. 1668, p. 38.

Broad were his jests, white his uncivil sport;
His fashion so sedate, and loosely light;
A long love-lock on his left shoulder light,
Like to a woman’s hair, well show’d a woman’s sprite.”

T.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Do seldom their usurping power withdraw;
But raging floods pursue their haughty show.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chased away,
But lost in kindly heat of length'nd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of peace would like himself confer
A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care
That we should know it by repeated prayer;
Which storms'd the skies, and raviash'd Charles
from thence,
As heaven itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only served to show
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
The attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: so like the watchful traveller
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and close'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence designed to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small cloath draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With ease such fond chimeras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subsist:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chymists make.
How hard was then his task! at once to be
What in the body natural we see!
Man's architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'T was not the base product of a day,
But the well-risen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leeches will not vain receipts obscure,
While growing pains pronounce the humour's crude:

Booth's forward valour. &c.) In 1688, Sir George Booth assembled a considerable body of men for the king's service in Cheshire, and possessed himself of Chester, Chick Castle, and several other places, being supported by the Earl of Derby, Lord Kilburn, Sir Thomas Middleton, Major-general Ewerton, with other loyal gentlemen, who encountering with Lambert, general of the parliament's forces, were entirely routed at Winnington bridge, near Northwich, in Cheshire, and most of the principal people made prisoners. D.

Deaf to complaints they wait upon the di,
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a wizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whose guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devour Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
So those, when their black crimes they went about,
Out,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience
Religion's name against itself was made:
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade:
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in show, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed powers beheld with scorn from high
A heaven so far distant from the sky, [ground,
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the And martial brass, belay the thunder's sound.
'T was bane at length just vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their tongue must spend at lesser rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Halots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we simm'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss:
Like early lovers, whose unpractic'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produce the joy that hurried c'er
Such swarms of English to the neighboring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh, had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more.)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails denied.
The wav'ring streamers, flag, and standard out
The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout;
And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
And as it fares in sudden ocaturies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles his name,
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Glover's weight;
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with those
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles his voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confuse'd.
The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew:
Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.
The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.
And welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of possession and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too:
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the law;
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
And as those fees that trouble it refine
The agitated soul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, split,
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Mathinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their still growing
And made a wilder torrent on the shore: [store,
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those, who had seen you, court a second sight,
Preventing still your steps, and making haste
To meet you often, wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' aspiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an interest in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stain'd the duffer sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds that overcast your morn, shall fly
Dissip'd to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rose
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-look'd Fleet shall, with a wide compass,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land: [snaed,
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rage free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the farthest east those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must disseem here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he bestows:
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still to near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they, [betray:
Whose crimes before did your just cause
Of those your enemies some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and best example win.
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like those alone,
By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and art fore-showed
The world a monarch and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it false and slippery ground.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

And the more solemn pomp was still deferred,
Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be secure and great:
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.

Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste those sacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs share'd.
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
The season too comes fraught with new delight;
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers drop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring,
And open scenes of flowers and blossoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.

All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part:
Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And heaven this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each single out a prey,
And longs to date a conquest from your day.

Now charge'd with blessings while you seek repose,
Oflicious slumbers haste your eyes to close:
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head:
How justly from the church that crown is due,
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.

Wrapst soft and warm your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And 'tis like bees in their own sweetnessrown'd.

He that brought peace, all discord could stope,
His name is music of itself alone.

Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserve'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you:
As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store,
Full of your self you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know those blessings, which we must possess
And judge of future by past happiness.
No promise can oblige a prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
You have already quench'd sedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.

The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause,
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their urmise and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Caesar make.
Kind heaven so rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be set;
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to these rough northeam climates
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes,
Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire
Hither in summer evenings you repair [please]
To taste the fraisech of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Caesar's heart that rose above the waves.
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stay;
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
In states frigates most delight you find, [fimil.
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When even your pleasures serve for our de-

fence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fishes
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep; [gloire]
When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our king protects.
From your lord's Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you; [fate,
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made discord cease;
Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivulets in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Choose only, sir, that so they may possess
With their own peace their children's happiness.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE,*
PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.
MY LORD,
While flattering crowds officiously appear,
To give themselves, not you, a happy year;
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love:
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Edward, Earl of Clarendon, to whom this poem is addressed, having followed the fortunes of the king, was appointed secretary of state at Bruges, and constituted last high chancellor of England on the decease of Sir Richard Lane. He was confirmed in this high post at the Restoration, when he was also chosen chancellor of the university of Oxford, in the room of the Duke of Somerset, and created Baron Hambden, Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon.
He was too honest for a court; his plain dealing and integrity ruined him; the king, abandoned to pleasure, was impatient of admonition, and Hyde was not sparing of it; this paved the way for his disgrace. He was prosecuted with great severity by the Earl of Bristol, who impeached him in the House of Peers. Finding his party too weak to support him, he retired to Rome, where he died in 1702. He is said to have been counselled by sailing Dunkirk to the French. He was an able lawyer, a great statesman, and an elegant writer. D.
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and war, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That, counted long, at length are forced to woo;
For still they took on you with such kind eyes,
As those that see the Church's sovereign rise;
From their own order chose, in whose high state
They think themselves the second choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffer'd banishment. [smoke,
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and
The helpless gods their burning shrines foreseak;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate,
While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
Through you, to us his vital influence;
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our sight is limited where you are joint'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree, [be,
That, though your orbs of different greatness
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to enclose, and yours to be enclo'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
We'll may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart,
In you his sleep still wakes: his pleasures find
Their share of business in your labouring mind.
So when the weary sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private course,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles because she lives at ease:
And like young David, finds her strength the more,
When disencumber'd from those arms she wore.
Heaven would our royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we must did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodness left to sitter times,
Not to increase, but to abate our crimes:
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

(Too great for any subject to retain,)  
He wisely tied it to the crown again:  
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
As streams, through mines, bear tinture of their  
While empiric politicans use deceit; fore.  
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;  
You boldly show that skill which they pretend,  
And work by means as noble as your end;  
Which should you veil, we might unwind the  
As men do nature, till we came to you. [claw,  
And as the Indies were not found, before  
Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,  
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,  
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;  
So by your counsels we are brought to view  
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.  
By you our monarch does that fame assure,  
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure:  
For prosperous princes gain their subjects' heart,  
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.  
By you he fits those subjects to obey,  
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey  
His power unseen, and man to his designs  
By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.  
Our setting sun* from his declining seat  
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:  
And, when his love was bounded in a few,  
That were unhappy that they might be true,  
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,  
That is a suff'rer in his subjects' crimes:  
Thus those first favours you received were sent,  
Like hearen's rewards in earthly punishment.  
Yet fortune, conscious of your destiny,  
E'en then took care to lay you softly by;  
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,  
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.  
Shown all at once you dazzled so our eyes,  
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise:  
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,  
She struck the warlike spear into the ground;  
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly enclose,  
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.  
How strangely active are the arts of peace,  
Whose restless motions less than war's do cease!  
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise;  
And war more force, but not more pains employs:  
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,  
That like the earth, it leaves our sense behind,
* Our setting sun* Charles I. employed him in writing some of his declarations. Dr. J. W.

While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere  
That rapid motion does but rest appear.  
For, as in nature's swiftness, with the throng  
Of flying orbs, while ours is borne along,  
All seems at rest to the doted eye,  
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,  
So, carried on by your unwearied care,  
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.  
Let envy then those crimes within you see,  
From which the happy never must be free;  
Envy, that does with misery reside,  
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.  
Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate  
You can secure the constancy of fate,  
Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,  
By lesser ills the greater to redeem.  
Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call!  
But drops of heat, that in the sunshine fall.  
You have already woreied fortune so,  
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;  
But fills all breathless, and admires to feel  
A fate so weighty, that it stops our wheel.  
In all things else above our humble fate,  
Your equal mind yet swells not into state,  
But, like some mountain in those happy isles,  
Where in perpetual spring young nature smiles,  
Your greatness shows: no horror to affright,  
But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight:  
Sometimes the hill submits itself a while  
In small descents, which do his height beguile,  
And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,  
Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.  
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,  
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below;  
And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears  
Of love and friendship writ in former years.  
Yet, unimpaired with labours, or with time,  
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.  
Thus heavenly I bodies do our time beget,  
And measure change, but share no part of it  
And still it shall without a weight increase,  
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.  
For since the glorious course you have begun  
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,  
It must both weightless and immortal prove,  
Because the centre of it is above.

* Sometimes the hill submits itself a while  
In small descents:  
--- qui se subducere colles  
Incipient, mollique jugum demittere clivo.  
Virgil, Eccl. iv. s. 4. J. W.

I Thus heavenlyl Dr. Johnson is of opinion, that  
'in this poem he seems to have collected all his powers.'  
I should lament if these were true. But  
then he adds, 'He has concluded with lines of  
which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning.'  
Dr. J. W.
TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

As needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
Count the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd
lands;
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper take no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those, who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guissen-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolved not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries see'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheel'd us to civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now
would spare.
Be guilt'd no longer; for you 'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Interest's the god they worship in their state,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin, and such proportions fall,
That like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapins, falsehood, cruelty, [be]
And that what once they were, they still would
To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,
When he's abused and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischief do;
They're both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion;
And their new commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did theirstubber state mostkind brestide.
Their sway became 'em with as ill a mice,
As their own pusches swell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour
And only two kings' bunch can cure the tumour.
As Caiso, fruits of Afric did display;†
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will like him conclude;
Let Caesar live, and Carthage be subdued.

* This poem is no more than a prolong a little altered, prefixed to our authors tragedy of Albino-

**yara. D.

† As Caiso, &c.] Compare the Anima Mirabilis

**siam. 113.

"As once old Caiso, in the Roman sight,
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold." T.

† And Carthage!] The very words and allusion by

Lord Shaftesbury, in his famous speech against

the D:

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS.§

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3, 1665, AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

When for our sakes your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and over faithless wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your
(The mansion where soft love should only rest);
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquist you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 't was for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law,
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea:
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks
were cast,
As awfully as when God's people past;
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the duke your highness rule'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
[side
How power'ful are chaste vows! the wind and
You brij'd to combat on the English side.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord! you did convey
An unknown suitor, sent the nearest way.
§ The Lady to whom our author addresses this

poem was daughter to the great Earl of Carendon.
The Duke of York had been some time married to
her, before the affair was known either to the king
his brother, or to her father. She died in March
1671, leaving issue one son, named Edgar, and
three daughters, Katherine, Mary, and Ann. The
two latter lived to sit on the British throne, the
two former survived their mother but a short time.
Bishop Burnet tells us, that she was a woman of
knowledge and penetration, friendly and generous,
but severe in her resentments.

Dr. J. W
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(For Moses was upbraidi'd while Israel fought,) When we consider'd what you ventured there.
Who from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Ships, men, and arms, our country might re-
But such a leader could supply no more. [store,
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and victory he did pursue,
To being them as his slaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave d'es-
came.

Then, as you meant to spread another way,
By land your conquests, far as his by sea,
Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids
Like common the nobility resort, [strong.
In crowding heapes, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun,
And country beauties by their lovers go, [show.
Blessing themselves, and wondering at the
So when the new-born Phenix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the
Earth,
From every grove her numerous train's in-
[creast:
Each poet of the air her glory sings;[ [wings.
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their

ANNUS MIRABILIS;
THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,
THE MOST RENOWNED AND LATE FLOUR-
ISHING CITY OF LONDON, IN ITS REPRE-
SENTATIVES THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT
OF ALDERMEN, THE SHERIFFS, AND COM-
MON COUNCIL OF TT.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a
work of this nature to the metropolis of any
nation; so it is likewise consonant to justice,
that he who was to give the first example of
* Her glory sings! The Duchess of York, says Burnet, was an extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things, but took state in her rather too much. She wrote well, and had begun the duke's life, of which she showed me a volume. She was bred to great strictness in religion, practised secret confession, and Marley was her confessor. Dr. J. W.*

This dedication has been left out in all editions of the poem but the first. To me there appears in such a dedication should begin it with that city, which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies: to be combated at once from above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the resolution and successes of them never can be.

Never had princes or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various fates, of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you therefore this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phoenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much pity and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more a history of your destruction, than the other a prophesy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true
Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired than by,

The greatest of your admirers,

And most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE ENSUING POEM,
IN A LETTER
TO THE HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

Sir,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now instead of an acknowledgement, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a myal admiral and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast, and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments either his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem Historical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse, than Epic poets; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse, in use among us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the complete verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion; for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: are for the female rhymes, they are still in use.

* Dryden certainly soon changed his opinion, since he never after practised the manner of versification he has here praised: but we shall find it always his way to assure us, that his present mode of writing is best. Conscious of his own importance, he seemed above control; and when he composed a poem, he set it up as a standard of imitation, deducing from it rules of criticism, the practice of which he supposed to enforce him through interest or fancy he was induced to change his opinion. D.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

among other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines, or verses of six feet; such as among us is the old translation of Homer, by Chapman: all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea; and if there be any such, in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

Descrittas servare vices operumque colorum. 

Our ego, si nequeo ignororum, Poetas salutior! 

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have excelled them, and made them fruitful; but here —

_Omnia sponte sua rostit justissima tellus._

I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both op-
ANNUS MIRABILUS.

sions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious selection of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the work, as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passion, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblia, the Althaea, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

Duis erat ignis cogitans artus
Mensa agitat mota, et magno co pote ritis.
We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Aeneas.

'Juvenc sera
Pururosum, et instis oculis illarmt honores;
Quale manus aduent Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Parianse lapis circumciatur uero.'

---Tatamque infusa per artus
Mech an agitat mota, et margo se corpore riscet.

See his 'Tempest,' his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Aeneas: and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, Medt
om superabat opus: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is comatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

Discreta ergo, notum si callida verbam
Reddiderit juncta novam.'

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art, which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

'Et nova, factaque nuper, habebant verba sidere,
Et Graeco fonte cadunt, parat de corta.'

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same pre-requisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poetry; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same
reason beget laughter; for the one shows nature beautified as in the picture of a faire woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epic poysey, and for the Historick and Panteygic, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, Statius in caribus Aemiliani, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, Epincia medias ara: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did humi serpere, that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, Nunc non era in locus: I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance: but I will not farther brieve your candour or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.*

And now, sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; Neae sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suas judicium vocant: I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they came into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation: and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christened all her children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is, sir,

The most obedient, and most
Faithful of your servants,
John Dryden.

From Carlton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

Anns Mirabilis,
The Year of Wonders, 1666.

1. In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

Trade, which like blood should circular flow,
Steeped in their channels found its freedom
Thither the wealth of all the world did go, [lost
And seem'd but slip'red on so base a coast.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eastern quarters ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumean balm did sweet,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

The sun but seem'd the labourer of their year
Each waxing moon supplied her wat'ry store,
To swell those tides, which from the line did bear
Their brim-full-vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stol'n to Rome, less wealthy but more strong:
And this may prove our second Punic war.

* In eastern quarters, &c.) Precious stones at first are dew, condensed and hardened by the warmth of the sun, or subterranean fires. Orig. ed. 1667.
1 Each waxing, &c.) According to their opinion, who think that great heap of waters under the Lune is depressed into tides by the moon towards the Pole. Orig. ed.
ANNUS MIRABILIS.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend? (But they more diligent, and we more strong:) Or if a peace, it soon must have an end; For they would grow too powerful were it long.

Behold two nations, then, engag'd so far, [land: That each seven years the fist must shake each Where France will side to weaken us by war, Who can y threaten his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds th' Eberian* with delays, To render us his timely friendship vain: And while his secret soul on Flanders preys, He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay [hand; O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in And profanely would make them tods at sea, To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our king; and long within his breast His pensive counsels balance'd to and fro: He grov'd the land he freed should be oppress'd And he less for it than usurers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay; Where wealth, like fruit on precipices grew, Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

The loss and gain each fatally were great; And still his subjects call'd aloud for war; But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set, Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes, Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain; Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbs rise, It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd to assert the war'sy ball, Be in himself did whole Armadoes bring: Him aged seamen might their master call, And choose for general, were he not their king.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows, His awe'd summons they so soon obey; So hear the scaly herd] when Proteus blows, And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move, Angels draw wide the curtains of the skies;*

And heaven, as if there wanted lights above, For tapers made two glaring comets rise.*

Whether they unctuous exhalations are, Fird by the sun, or seeming so alone: Or each some more remote and slippery star, Which bears floating wheats to mortals shown.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun, Whose glorious aspext seal'd our new-born king; And now, a round of greater years begun, New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did first, with fain'st success, To his known valour make the Dutch give place: [seas, Thus Heaven our monarch's fortune did con- Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, suspicious king, In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main, [thing Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.*

Lawson among the foremost met his fate, Whose sea-green Stresses from the rocks lament: Thus as an offering for the Grecian state, He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

Their chief,[* blown up in air, not waves,[xpi] To which his pride presum'd to give the law: The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,

* * * And all was Britain the wide ocean saw. To nearest ports their shattered ships repair, Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd; So reverently men quit the open air, Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

Three months: and another the 6th of April, 1588, which was visible to us fourteen days. Appendix to Shairburn's Translation of Manilius, p. 91. D. And now, a round of greater years begun. * Might of the earth* The first edition errone- ouously has here. T.

[** And therefore doom'd, & c.] Sir John Lawson was born at Hull, of but mean parentage, and bred to the sea; he was for some time employed in the merchants' service, which he left for that of the Parliament, in which he soon got a ship, and afterwards carried a flag under Monk; with him he co- operated in the restoration of the king; for which good reason he received the honour of knighthood at the Hague. He zealously supported our claim to the sovereignty of the sea, and quarrelled with De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, for being backward in acknowledging it, an accident that partly occasion- ed the Dutch war. In the action here celebrated he was rear-admiral of the red, and acted immediately under his Royal Highness. His death was occasion- ed by a musket ball, that wounded him in the knee, and he was not taken proper care of. We find him characterised honest, brave, loyal, and one of the most experienced seamen of his time. D.

** Their chief.] The admiral of Holland. Orig. ed.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

And now approach'd the shore from Indost,  
With all the riches of the rising sun;  
And precious stones from southern climes brought,  
The fatal regions where the war began.  
Like hunted creatures, conscious of their store,  
Their wayward wealth to Norway's courts they bring:  
There first the North's cold beam spices born,  
And winter bordered on the eastern spring.  
By the rich ascent we found our prudent prey,  
Which thank'd with rocks did close in covert lace;  
And round about their murmuring cannon lay,  
As once to threaten and invite the eye.  
Piercer than cannon, and then rocks more hard,  
The English undertake th' unequal war:  
Seven ships alone, by which the port is heard,  
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.  
These fight like husbands, but like lovers those;  
Their fire would keep, and those more fain enjoy:  
And to such height their frantic passion grows,  
That what they love, both hazard to destroy.  
Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,  
And now their colours arm'd against them fly:  
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain falls,  
And some by aromatic splinters die.  
And though by tempests of the prize bereft,  
In heaven's in-limine some case we find:  
Our fires we vanquish'd by our valour left,  
And only yielded to the seas and wind.  
Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;  
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd;  
Which as a tribute from the Baltic sea,  
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.  
Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain  
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:  
When what was brought so far, and with such  
Was only kept to lose it nearer home. [pain,  
The son who, twice three months on th' ocean past,  
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before;  
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,  
And parent's arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.  
This careful husband had been long away,  
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;  
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day  
On which their father promis'd to return.  
Such are the proud designs of human-kind,  
And so we suffer shipwreck every where!  
* The attempt at Berghen. Orig. ed.  
† Southern climate. D. Du Cane. Orig. ed.  
‡ Such era, &c.) From Petronius. * Bene calcante poneas, ubique & nonfrigium. Orig. ed.  
Also! what port can such a pilot find,  
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer.  
The undiscerning's need of good and ill;  
Heaven, in his bosom, from our knowledge hides:  
And draws them in contempt of human skill,  
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provide.  
Let Munster's priests ever be accursed!  
In whom we seek the German faith? in vain:  
Aha! that he should teach the English first,  
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!  
Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,  
Whose friendship 's in his interest understood!  
Sincere money gives, but tempts him to be ill,  
When power is too remote to make him good.  
Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;  
The rest at gaze, without the lists did stand;  
And th' English France, plac'd like a painted Jove,  
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.  
That wretch guardian of rich Holland's trade,  
Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;  
What noiseful valour does no foe invade,  
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.  
Offended** that we fought without his leave,  
He takes this time his secret hate to show:  
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,  
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.  
With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:  
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.  
But when with one three nations join to fight,  
They silently confess that one more brave.  
Lewis had caus'd the English from his shore;  
But Charles the French as subjects does invite  
Would heaven for each some Solomon restore,  
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!  
Were subjects so but only by their choice,  
And not from birth did fore'd dominion take,  
* The undiscerning's need of good and ill.  
† Prudentius futuri temporis, extitum.  
‡ Caligineo nocte permittet Deus. J. W.  
§ Let Munster's priests, &c.) The famous Bernard Vanghelain, bishop of Munster, exicted by Charles,  
launched twenty thousand men into the province of Overmassel, under the dominion of the republic of  
Holland, where he committed great outrages, acting rather like a captain of banditti than the leader of  
an army. D.  
* The German faith? The title suffix of this, Nul  
laes mortalitatem facit aut armis ante Germaniae esse.  
** War declared by France. Orig. ed.
Our prince alone would have the public voice;  
All his neighbours' claims would desert make.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,  
Which without rashness he began before:  
As honour made him first the danger choose,  
So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,  
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:  
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,  
And in their plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,  
Two such as each seem'd worthiest when 
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,  
Since both had found a greater in their own.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,  
Yet never envious of the other's praise;  
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,  
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,  
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:  
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,  
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,  
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once  
And shock aloft the flames of the main,  
To fight those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the war's eye camp they haste,  
Whom matrons passing to their children show:  
Infants' first vows to them heaven are cast,  
And future people bless them as they go.

With them no riotous pomp, no Asian train,  
To make slow fights, and victories but vain:  
But war, severely, like itself, appears.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,  
They make that war'sm in others they expect;  
Their value works like bodies on a glass,  
And does its image on their men project.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,  
In number, and a 'fame commander bold:

The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,  
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,  
On wings of all the winds to combat flies;  
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,  
And bloody crosses on his flagstaff rise.

Both fret their sails, and strip them for the fight,  
Their folded sheets disperse the useless air;  
The Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,  
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Born each by other in a distant line,  
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move;  
So vast the noise, as if not snares did join,  
And lands unlike, and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd on either side they nimbly tack;  
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:  
And, 'in its eye, more closely they come back,  
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,  
Beneath whose shade our humble fragates go:  
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied  
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

And as the bulls, so different is the fight,  
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:  
Deep in their bulb our deadly bullets light,  
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dread admirals from far they threat,  
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:  
All bare like some old oak which tempests beat,  
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter song:  
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,  
'Em in their face his ship to anchor brought,  
And steeple-high stood prop't upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaze'd,  
The foremost of his foes a while withdrew  
With such respect in easter'd Rome they gave,  
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,  
Here Trojan chiefs advance'd, and there the Greek;  
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,  
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

[1] Th' Eleusin, &c.] Where the Olympic games were celebrated. Orig. ed.
[2] Landse upright] From Virgil:

Credas humane revales
Cycletis, &c. Orig. ed.
The Forms of Dryden.

Meanwhile his busy martiners he bastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crows advancing do the waves divide.

They charge, they recharge, and all along the sea
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.

Berkley alone,  * who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with a lost Grösse meet.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they ashamed to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doublist moonlight did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In sery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumbering smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint sweats dry all down their mighty members run;
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.†

In dreams they fearful precipices tread;
Or shkipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;
Or in dark churches walk among the dead:
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The worm they look on with unwilling eyes;‡
Till from their masts' stop joyful news they hear
Of ships, which by their masts bring new supplies,
And their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe:

He sigh'd, but, like a father of the war,
His face at his hope, while deep his sorrow flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never, till now, unwilling to obey:
They not their wounds, but want of strength deplore;
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, Rejoice, said he, to-day:
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven has chosen to fight for such a prize.

If number English courage could quell,
We should at first have shunn'd, not met our foes:
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows.

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, disbanding to be last,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did th' encourage'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way;
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
That like the sword-fish in the whale they
The combat only seem'd a civil war, [fought til
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

Never had value, so not sure, before
Done ought like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be overcame was to do more
Than all the conquering former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promised them their Charles should rise.

Meansthe the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns through our storms they send:
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Whose on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide;
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Defend'd themselves, or to preserve some friend

* Berkley alone, &c.] Among other remarkable passages in this engagement, the undaunted resolution of vice-admiral Berkley was particularly admired. He had many men killed on board him, and though no longer able to make resistance, yet, would obstinately continue the fight, refusing quarter to the last. Being at length shot in the throat with a musket-ball, he retired to his cabin, where, stretching himself on a great table, he expired; and in that posture did the enemy, who afterwards took the ship, find the body covered with blood. D.
† Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply] So Milton, in the spirited speech which he gives to Samson as an answer to the cowardly language of the giant Harapha, Sam. Agon. ver. 1777:

Go, basest coward! lest from hence these
Though in these chains, base without spirit rest,
And with one burst lay by structure low, &c. T.
1 Second day's battle. Orig. sc.
ANNUS MIRABILIS.

Two grasping Enemies on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less;
And, like maim'd swallows, swins hangling on the main;
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the face,
Some falcon stoops at what her eyes design'd;
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

The bastard crow that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud cries her craves kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, call the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albermarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly;
Past hope of safety, 't was his latest care,
Like falling Caesar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see these parish who so well had fought;
And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolved to live till he be their safety wrought.

Let other muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restore;
But mine shall sing of his eclipse'd estate,
Which like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty figures all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs;
His weak ones deeps into his rear he bore
Remorse from guns: as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscured 'em from the foe:
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue;
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrow.

The sea approach'd, and one for his bold stem
Was taken: as he touch'd, the ark was sunk:
The wild waves master'd him and snuck'd him in;
And swelling eddies dipp'd on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood;
As if they had been there as seyvants set
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverta round, the lion chase:
The kindly beast runs out with lead disdain'd,
And slowly moves; unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He stirs his tail, and swiftly turns him round;
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the queen'd guns restore;
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie cold'd and panting on the silent shore.

The moon alone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering silver
Upon the deck our careful general stood, [play,
And deeply mused on the succeeding day.

That happy sun, said he, will rise again,
Who twice victorious did my navy see;
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me.

Yet like an English general will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

Restless he pass'd the remants of the night,
Till the fresh air proclamed the morning's light;
And burning ships, the martys of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

Add strenuous senses) The simile is Virgil's:

Vestigia retro
Impropera rerum; dum. — Orig. ed.

...He swings his sail (All) The metre of this line, perhaps, introduced swings instead of the more emphatic word swinges, applied to a line arranged by Chapman, in his Cæs. and Pompey, 1677.

...And then his sides he swinged with his sterns And by Sylvester, Du Bart. p. 338, 410. ed.

...Then often swinged with his shrill voice trilling, &c.

Milton, in a line of admirable effect, has applied the word to the old dragon, who,

...Wroth to see his kingdom fall.

Swinges as the scaly horror of his sided tail.

...From Statius-Sylv.

Waller also describes the "infleximoducous swinges" of the whale, Sat. Simm. Isl. a. Ill. T.

...Swinge (Heard) From Statius-Sylv.

Rec trucubis fluvia idem sonus occult horror
...Sexperts, animatis maris oscillatisse querentes. — Orig. ed.

...Succeeding dies] The 16 of June, famous for two former victories. — Orig. ed.

...Yet like an English general will I die, And all the ocean make my cheeks bold to grieve;

...Women and cowards on the land may lie.

...The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

This speech contains nearly the same words that the Duke of Albemarle spoke in a council the evening before the battle, in which he thought with amazing intrepidity, and all that determined royal nation were inspired. — D.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard;
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had fortune power, here forc’d to stay,
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife:
This, as a ransom, Albermarle did pay
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows:
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long;
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatch’d, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating wildly on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eyry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc’d away.

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air load whistling as she flies:
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones’ cries.

With such kind passion hastens the prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound;
His, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now, absente, every little noise can wound.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And flare upon the gather’d clouds for rain;
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather’d train.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute the appearance of the prince’s fleet;
And each ambitiously would claim the hon’,
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield;
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the Prince’s passage, hills of sand
And dangerous flets in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o’er the cover’d land,
And routmen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who, like fallen angels, fear’d
This new Messiah’s coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their brave vessels steer’d,
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he, unmov’d, contemns their idle theft,
Secure of fame whose’er he please to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth does boasting valor slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And be the substance not the appearance cheap;
To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach’d, in strict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albermarle together grow;
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiery, with new stores supplied,
Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And, in revenge for those three days they tried,
Wish one, like Joshua’s, when the sun stood still.

Thus reinforced, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem’d as slaughter had been break’d all night,
And death new point’d his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct know,
And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch’d cord did show,
Till be bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shews, while half his fleet attends
His open side, and high above him shews:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And doubly harm’d he double harms bestows.

Behind; the general meads his weary pace,
And silently to his revenge he sails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

The increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannon’s roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Fly’d thick and close as when the fight began,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away;
So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now reduc’d on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;

* Third day. Orig. ed.

* Fourth day’s battle. Orig. ed.
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;
Which with his care so vigorously he preserv'd,
And flew so home, they could not rise again,

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing winds they call;
The passing winds through their torn canvas play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into shades below; [sight
Without, grim death rides barefoot'd in their
And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dive shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the prince's mainmast bore;
All three now helpless by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

He have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay:
Who stretch'd behind her, pents upon the plain,
Fast power to kill, as she to get away.

With his loud tongue he faintly likes his prey;
His warm breath blows her sirr up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valour never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Bavatian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 't was a triumph not to be overcome.*

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppress'd, no longer can pursue;
Lasting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watery field:
His stern fair'd eyes no satisfaction show,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when seeds did miracles show,
He stands conscious 's own by the boswell Dutch;
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much:

- A triumph not to be overcome). From Horace:
Fallers et estugatu est triumphus. Orig. ec.

Return'd, he with the fleet cast'd to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away; [guide
For realms are households which the great must

As those who unripe vines in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay;
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day;

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success;
Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
While he, like heaven, does each day's labour bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd;
God and kings work, when they their work
A passive aptness in all subjects find. [survey,
In burden'd vessels first,† with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send.
That he the brawny carpeneters repair,
And as the surgeons of main'd ships attend.

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburgh seas,
His navies molten wings he imp's once more;
Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent,
And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, re-

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on balls of tast'd lilies play.

With glesy wax some new foundation lay
Of virgin combes, which from the roof are hewing;
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oaken through each seam and
Their left hand does the faulting-iron guide, [rift
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams in-

- His majesty repairs the fleet. Orig. ed.
1. "Wings as Imp's" (see Mr. Warton's note on Est-
ton's 11th Sonnet, "to keep their serpent-winges," where he observes that the expression occurs in poets much later than Milton. The latest, whom I have hitherto found using this old poetical expression, is Shadowell, by whom it is employed towards the end of his Eclogues. p
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

To try new spheres one mounts into the wind,
And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
His new cast cannons' firmness to explore:
The strength of big-torn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartrage sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men.
And ships which all last winter were abroad;
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
Or new from stocks were sail'n into the road.

The goody London in her gallant trim,
(The phoenix daughter of the vanish'd old.)
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting bilow
laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the wind.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal city give their best-lord's king:
And, with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

By viewing nature, nature's handicraft, art
Makes mighty things from small beginnings
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart. [grow:
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
A useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And, hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern,
And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide:
 Ere sharp-knot'd boats to stem the flood did
learn,
A fan-like ears did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd.
When from last empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
Where coin and first commerce he did invent.

Rude as their ships was navigation then;
No useful compass or meridian known:
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken
And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

Of all who since have used the open sea,
Then the bold English none more fame have
won:

Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make discoveries where they see no sun.

But what so long in rain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's heigh'ted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,
We, as arts' elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,*
By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe;
Where some may gain, and all may be supplied.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall
know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

This I foreset from your auspicious care,†
Who great in search of God and nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since bost to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:
And thence, like limbs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the lov'd self use of human-kind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from the injurious Dutch redeem the seas.
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up fraud to be chaste'd with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late successes, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

Nor said the English long; but, well supplied,
Appeared as numerous as thy insulting foe:
The combat now by courage must be tried,
And the success the braver nation show.

* By a more exact knowledge of longitudes
Orig. ed.
† Apostrophe to the Royal Society. Orig. ed.
‡ Great in search. Alludes to the Royal Society.
Dr. J. W
There was the Plymouth squadron now home is, Which in the Straits last winter was abroad; Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been, And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

Old expert Allen,  
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:  
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;  
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:  
As once old Cato in the Roman sight
The tempting fruits of Africa did unfold.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,  
Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice for'd Harry save,  
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Holis on a mast by Mare begot,  
Born, Caesar-like, to write and act great deeds;  
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,  
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:  
And though to us unknown, they sure fought well,  
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

Of every size a hundred fighting sail,  
So vast the navy now at anchor rides:  
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,  
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill:  
That heaven, and earth, and the wide ocean
A breeze from westward wafts their sails to fill,  
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The warry Dutch this gathering storm foresee,  
And durst not ride it on the English coast:

Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,  
And there lay mar'ses to catch the British boats.
So the false spider, when her nets are spread,  
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:  
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,  
Whose silky cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,  
She issues forth and runs along her loom:  
She joys to touch the captive in her net,  
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,  
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:  
Or, if with caution leisurely were past, [one.  
Their numerous galleys might charge us one by one.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above,  
And swelling tide that heav'n them from below,  
Over the blind flats our war-like squadrons move,  
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,  
With all his hosts of waters at command,  
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;  
And with his trident show'd them off the sand.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,  
And summon them to unexpected fight;  
They start like punxerats when ghosts appear,  
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet, [two.  
The midmost battles hasten up behind:  
Who view far off the storm of falling sore,  
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

At length the adverse admirals appear:  
The two bold champions of each country's right:  
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,  
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,  
The linstocks touch, the ponderous ball expires:  
The vigorous seaman every porthoole plies,  
And adds his heart to every gun be fires!

Fisque was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,  
For honour, which they seldom sought before:  
But now they by their own vain boasts were tied,  
And for'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,  
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,  
House conscious virtue up in every heart,  
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.  

1. Old expert Allen, &c.] Sir Thomas Allen was admiral of the white. D.
2. Holmes, the Achates of the, &c.] Sir Robert Holmes was rear-admiral of the white, called the Achates from his eagerness to support the general. Achates was the faithful companion of Eneas. For an illustration of the two last lines of this stanza, see our notes to the Sirate of the Dutch. D.
3. With him went Sprag, &c.] Sir Edward Sprag served under Sir Jeremiah Smith, who carried the blue flag; he was drowned passing from one ship to another, in a fight with Van Tromp, on the 15th of August, 1672, bearing the character of a gallant officer, and an accomplished gallantman. D.
4. His high courage] The courage heart of Spem- sur and our elder poets, which Dryden no doubt had in mind. T.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's
Each several ship a victory did gain, [bear:
As Rupert or an Alenmarie were there.

Their bateed Admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd flight;
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd a flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly;
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monuments, inscribed, such praise shall wear,
As Varro timely flying ones did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Proved the tardy English to the flight;
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobbes flight.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know;
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blinsh'd by too base a foe.

Or if too basely they will inquire
Into a victory which we disdain;
Then let them know, the Belgians did retire* Before the patron saint‡ of injur'd Spain.

Repeating England this revengeful day
To Philip's maineat did an offering bring:
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hitch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

Our fathers bent their benevolent industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

* [the Belgians did retire]
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain

The victory was completed on the twenty-fifth day of July, a day sacred to St. James the Great, patron of Spain, which nation our author calls In-
jured, inasmuch as the Hollander had rebelled against King Philip II, being aided by Queen Eliza-
beth; and the next stanza refers to this transaction, for which the poet supposes us now to have atoned. The monarchy mentioned in the 18th stanza is Spain, with which Queen Elizabeth had been long at variance, when in our author's opinion, we over-
looked the growing power of France and Holland, which meritied much more our attention. D.

† Patron saint] St. James, on whose day this victory was gained. Orig. ed.

‡ Patron saint] St. James, on whose day this victory was gained. Orig. ed.

1 Philip's names] Philip the Second, of Spain against whom the Hollander rebelling, were aided by Queen Elizabeth. Orig. ed.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless destiny;
Whose dark retreats since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

Now on their coasts we conquering navy ride,
Waylays their merchant, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care pro-
vides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So, close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans to attend their prey,
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the prey.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote,
Destroy'd fierce among whole fleets we send;‡ Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Those various squadrons, variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guiney, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gods the simple natives wear;
Some, for the pride of Turkish court design'd,
For folden urbans sweet Holland bear.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spongy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark gone,
To ruin with worse wars our staple trade.

Our greedy soamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each richer chest;
And drink to priests who with their gods make bold;
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

But ah! how insincere are all our joys;]
Which sent from heaven, like lightning make no stay;
Their palling taste the journey's length destroy;
Or grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.]

‡ Burning of the fleet in the Fy by Sir Robert
Holmes. Orig. ed.

1 Transalven to the fire of London. Orig. ed.
2 Or grauer, sent post, &c. It is the same sentiment in Milton's Samson Agonistes, ver. 1838:
3 For evil nor wise post, while good news haste. but Milton's however is the closer imitation of Shaks-
pear; as he have elsewhere observed:
'Omn scintit in turbus solito parniius index
Omn lugenda refert.'

3. T.
ANUS MIRABILIS.

Swell'd with our late success on the fire,
Which France and Holland wanted power to
crook,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their curious eyes with English loss.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes our ruins with a smile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

Yet London, empress of the northern clime,
By a high fate thou greatly didst aspire:
Great as the world's, which, at the death of
time
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire!  

As when some dire usurper heaven provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of fortunate's way.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurried to mighty mischief on:
His prince surpris'd at first no ill could doubt,
And wrougt the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noisy gain,
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's: and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth dislease;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-post room it crept along,
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
Who fresher for new mischief does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old.

So escapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes small outsets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force assai,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

* Great as the world's, which, at the death of time

Might fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire

* Quurna mar, quam tellus, corruptaque regia cael,


The winds, like crafty courtesans, f withhold
His flames from burning, but to blow them more;
And every fresh attempt he is repel'd
With faint denials weaker than before.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with eager'd desire,
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threat'ning fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend;
With bold fanatic spectres we rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bond,
And sing their sabbath notes with feasible voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sat
Above the palace of our slumbering king:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blast
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight:
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot purs'd by fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,
For helpless infants left amakst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near
Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear
And in the dark men justly as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose,
But if night-cobbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
A humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
Some run for hucksters to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire
In vain; for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames impel'd soon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And light'en'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shinning waters gaze.

* Like crafty, &c.  Nos aut transtabat cupelidem

virus, ut illius animum inopin succorderat. Orig. ed.

1. And light'en'd all the river with a blaze.

* Signa ignis frata lata ruenter. Virg.

Orig. ed.
THE POEMS OF Dryden.

Old father Thames rais’d up his reverend head.  
But fear’d the fate of Simois would return:  
Deep in his course he sought his seedy bed,  
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The fire, meantime, walks in a broader zone:  
To either hand his wings he opens wide.  
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches crown,  
And plays his long’ning flames on th’ other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;  
[flag:  
Now with long necks from side to side they rack,  
At length, grown strong, their mother-flame for  
And a new colony of flames succeed.  [take,

To every nobler portion of the town  
The curling billows roll their restless tide:  
In parties now they straggle up and down,  
As armies, unopposed, for prey divide.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,  
Through narrow lanes his compass’d fire does haste,  
By powerful chariots of gold and silver led,  
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,  
And slowly makes his way against the wind;  
But the main body of the marching foe  
Against th’ imperial palace is design’d.

Now day appears, and with the day the king.  
Whose early care had rob’d him of his rest;  
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,  
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick barbangers of smoke.  
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;  
Whose little intervals of night are broke  
By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,  
[shower;  
And pious tears, which dows his cheeks did  
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;  
So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flames of what he lov’d so well,  
And what so well had merited his love.  
For never prince in grace did more excel,  
Our royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:  
[dress;  
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must re-  
He cheers the fearful and commands the bold,  
And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,  
And orders all the success which they bring:  
The helpful and the good about his ran,  
And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,  
That, where it seizes, all relief is vain:  
And therefore most unwillingly lay waste  
That country, which would else the fire main-  

The powder blows up all before the fire;  
Th’ amazed flames stand gathered on a heap;  
And from the precipit’s brink retire,  
Afraid to venture on so large a heap.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,  
But straight like Turks, forc’d on to win or die,  
They first lay tender bridges of their flame,  
And o’er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind  
Ships o’er their forces in a shining sheet;  
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,  
And climbing进场 below their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side,  
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;  
And o’er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,  
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire  
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:  
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,  
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow supplicant, and the poor grow proud;  
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:  
So void of pity is th’ ignoble crowd,  
When others’ ruin may increase their store.

As those, who live by shores, with joy behold  
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh.  
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck’d gold,  
And seek the tempest which the others fly.

* As those, who live by shores, &c.] The gallant Sir Cloudesly Shovel was barbarously murdered on the coast of Cornwall, as he swam on shore, by a woman, who was invited to the barbarous act by the sight of a ring, which he wore on his finger. This is related on the authority of the late Lord Peterborough, who told it to Sir John Mordaunt, who related it to the late Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph.

J. W.
ANNUS MIRABILS.

If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy servant’s head.
Or if my heedless youth has steeped astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

We all have sinn’d, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at first we came;
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

O let it be enough what thou hast done;
When spotted deaths ran amast through every street,
With poison’d darts which not the good could shun,
The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.
The living few, and frequent funerals there,
Proclaim’d thy wrath on this forsaken place;
And now those few, who are return’d again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional;
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And in that foresight this thy doom recall.

Thy threat’nings, Lord, as thin, thou mayst:
But, if immutable and fix’d they stand, [revoke:
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.

Th’ Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;
And bade him swiftly drive th’ approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were stor’d.

The blessed minister his wings display’d,
And like a shooting star he cleat the night:
He charg’d the flames, and those that disobey’d
He last’d to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive flames, chastis’d, went forth to pray
On pious structures, by our fathers rear’d;
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The waiting orphans saw with war’ry eyes.
Their foundress’ charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer’d cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul’s, defend thee long,
Though thou wast sacred to thy Maker’s praise:
Though made immortal by a poet’s song;
And poets’ songs the Theban walls could raise.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
But, since it was profan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And widely opening did on both sides prey:
This benefit we madly owe the flames,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire;
It seemed as if the stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feverish north retire.

In th' empyrean heaven, the bless'd abode,
The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And a hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast;
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

A hollow crystal pyramid he took,
In formamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarryrove.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or fall with feeding sink into a sleep:
Each household genius shows again his face,
And from the hearths the little fires sleep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had tramm'd before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view,
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed;-
Thus God's instructed God's own's place supplied,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense;
That if their ruins sadly they regard, [themes.
"Tis but with fear the sight might drive him

But so may he live long, that town to sway,
Which by his anspice they vil nobler make; As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forebode.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with mere constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold;
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the town,
In their own plague and fire have breed'd the last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets drown.

Now frequent tines the happier lights among,
And high-rai'd Jove, from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung, Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fires does rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and ow,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly statues come:
The cast with incense, and the west with gold,
Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her dooms.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns so more shall boast;
ESSAY ON SATIRE.

And Swayne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain’d, and traffic lost.
The venturous merchant, who design’d more far
And touches on our hospitable shore, [star, Charn’d with the splendour of this northern
Shall here unmake him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And, while this fan’d empirum we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer’d half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is to make them fear,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth vanquish storms we go,
But now the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE,*

BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE EARL OF MULgrave.

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o’er the rest?
Philosophers and poets vainly strive
In every age the lumpish mass to move;
But those were pedants, when compared with those,
Who know not only to instruct but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Fiercer with their poems, they grew wiser too.

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best.
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
While others laugh’d and scorn’d them into shame.

But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those, who censure all besides
In other things they justify are prefer’d;
In this alone mistaken the ancients err’d;
Against the grossest follies they declaim’d,
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And ’tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides ’tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
’T is being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil.
Beyond the loose-writ labels of this age,
Or the forc’d scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit:
Who judging better, though concern’d the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by:
Like her who miss’d her name in a lampoon,
And grief’d to find herself decay’d so soon.
No common conceit must be mention’d here:
Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear:
Nor flattering offsprings who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half-wits: that’s more against our rules:
For they are sops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dumbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Car?* The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;
’Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too fast,
Like Asop’s fox becomes a prey at last.
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam’d,†
Too ugly, or too easy to be blamed;

* This piece was written in 1678, and handed about in manuscript some time before it made its appearance in print. It is supposed to have occasioned the beating Mr. Dryden received in Rose-street, Covent-garden, of which notice is taken in his life. The credit of Muggrave’s name has been always joined with Dryden’s, as concerned in the composition; and that noblemen somewhere takes notice, that Dryden

Was prais’d and beaten for another’s rhymes.

It is not improbable, that Rochester’s character was drawn by his lordship, who held him in such contempt, after his behavior in a very disdainful manner when he challenged him. How, indeed, Lennox intended to subscribe to so disagreeable a picture of himself, is hard to divine. D.

† Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam’d! About the time of the writing this poem, the king, if we may rely upon Bishop Burnet’s authority, divided all his spare time between the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn. D.
THE POEMS OF DRAYDEN.

Yet malting Charles between his beauty brace
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affixed humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bre'd?
Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
As council set as foils on Danby's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tired my lazy pen:
'T is time to quit their company, and choose Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.
First, let's behold the morriest man alive Against his careless genius vainly strive; Quit his dear case, some deep design to lay, 'Gainst a set time, and then the forget day: Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be Just as good company as Notes and Leo.*
But when he aims at reason or at rule, He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Show him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cast transform'd sat gravely and dement,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this haste makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jouler legs him still
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.
'T were crime in any man but him alone,
To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:

*As Notes and Leo* These were two celebrated comedians in Charles the Second's reign. D.

Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts car:

Alas! that soaring to those few that know,
Is but a busy grovelling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lies:
So modern sops have fancied they could fly,
As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortunes slights;
Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but ease, whose mind Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittily contrives?

Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though satire nicely writ with humour stings But those who merit praise in other things;
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for silly Tropes' sake;
Who was too much desir'd to be accur'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abs't'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
As boys on holydays let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
Then shoo to see in dirt and deep distress To meet a silly sit in her flower'd foolish dress;
So have I mightily satisfaction found,
To see his timesy reason on the ground;
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to show it:

For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The sincer, say sometimes the witless speaker: But 't is prodigious so much eloquence Should be acquired by such little sense;
For words and wit did ancients agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be: At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fab at council table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
Some other kind of wits must be made known;
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone,
ESSAY ON SATIRE.

Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease:
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeit, headaches, claps are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake.

Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, parring like a thoughtful cat,\(^1\)
Married, but wiser pass ne'er thought of that:
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembrok's mastriff at his kindlest time:
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;

\(^1\) Thus Dorset, porring \(like, \&c.\) Charles, Earl of Dorset, about this time forty years of age, was one of the best-bred men of his times. He was a lord of the bed-chamber, and sent several times with compliments, or on short embassies, to France, for the King could not bear to be long without him; he was a most munificent patron; learning and genius were sure of his protection; and when our author was deprived of the bay, he allowed him the Kisailer's annual stipend out of his own private purse, and many other men of abilities, owed to him their being advanced and promoted for. Nor was he less brave than polite and learned; for he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the first Dutch war, and by his coolness, courage, and conduct, showed himself a worthy representative of his many illustrious ancestors. The flight before the famous battle, in which the Dutch Admiral Ostad was blown up, he made a celebrated song, with the greatest composition, beginning,

To you fair ladies now at hand,
We men at sea indite, \&c.

No man had more ease or good humour; his conversation was refined and sprightly; he had studied books and men deeply, and to good purpose; he was an excellent critic, and good poet, with a strong taste for satire, and highly complimented in the State Poems, vol. 1. p. 980.

Dorset writes satire too, and writes so well, O great Apollo! let him still rebel.
Pardon a muse which does, like his, excel,
Pardon a muse which does, with art, support
Sences, a wayw ay in our astonishing court.

He wrote with severity, but that severity was always justly pointed, and Lord Rochester calls him

The best good man, with the worst-nature d muse.

His first wife, the Countess Dowager of Falmouth, had proved a st. pair vy. Of her having been a teeming widow I am ignorant. His second wife, whom he married in 1659, was daughter to the Earl of Northampton, and mother to the present Duke of Dorset. He was principally concerned in bringing about the revolution; was lord-chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary; chose a knight of the garter in 1681, and several times appointed one of the regents, when the affairs of Europe demanded the absence of the king. He died at Bath in 1784, aged 75, lamented by every class of people, and the several opposite parties. Mr. Pope gives him these lines:

\(\text{\textit{Beresh, the grace of courts, the muse's pride,}}\)
\(\text{Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.}}\)

Swell'd by contact of suds a fulsome toad,
He segg'd about the matrimonial load:
Till fortune, kindly kind as well as be,
Has fill restor'd him to his liberty:
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night and DOSING all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brister times
Had flast'd for dulness in malicious rhymes;\(^2\)

Malgrove had much ado to scape the snare,
Though learned in all those arts that choos the
For after all his vulgar marriage books, \(\text{\textit{fair;}}\)
With beauty dazzled, Nupias was in the stocks;
Dolched parents dried their weeping eyes,
To see him catch his tartar for his prize:
'Th impatient town waited the wish'd-for
change,
And cuckold smitt'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Potworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was flast;
In no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still
For these to live happily against his will:
'T is not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boasted quiet ever hour.

And little Sid, for simile rencord,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found;
Though all his thoughts on wise and women
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all. \(\text{\textit{All,}}\)

\(^2\) Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brister times
Had flast'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

Edward Howard, Esq. a gentleman of the Berkshire family, consecutively related to Sir Robert Howard. He wrote four plays, called, \(\text{\textit{The Man of Newmarket, a comedy. \&c. Six Days' Adventure; or, The New Utopia, a comedy. \&c. The Gaurier, a tragedy. 4th. Women's Conquest, a tragi-comedy; but none of them succeeded on the stage, nor procured him any reputation. He also published an epic poem, called the British Prince, for which he was severely ridiculed by all the writers of his age; Lord Rochester, Lord Dorset, Mr. Wal- er, the Duke of Buckingham, Dr. Spratt, Lord Vaughan, published an answer to it, most of them printed in the six volumes of Miscellanea published by Dryden.}\)

\(\text{\textit{And little Sid, for simile renconcord,}}\)

\(\text{Pleasure has always sought, but never found.}}\)

This Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, was rather a man of pleasure than of business; his talents were great, but his indolence was greater; his appearance was graceful; he was a favourite with the ladies, had a turn for intrigue, and was of a disposition exactly fitted to Charles's court, easy, affable, and insinuating; free from galls, and a friend and confidant. In 1680 he went envoy to the Hague, where he contracted an intimacy with the Prince of Orange, whose friends he heartily assisted in raising him to the throne, being himself a messenger from England to Holland upon that very business in 1656. He was raised to the dignity of Lord Sidney, and Earl of Runcome in 1692; declared himself a member of the opposition, and lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1689; and was removed from the latter post in 1695, He being thought that he held the reins of power with too slack a hand.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose.

Expecting supper is his great delight;
He tolls all day but to be drunk at night;
Then o'er his scheme the huge and hulking sits,
Till he takes Hawest and Jack Hall for wit,*
Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does so, so seldom bit:
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lavish in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him;
A proof that chance alone makes every creature
A very Killigrew without good nature.†

* Till he takes Hawest and Jack Hall for wit
Sir George Hewit, a man of quality, famous for gaiety, and often named in the State Poems. Sir George Etherege intended for him the celebrated character of Sir Popping Flutter.
† Scarcely will there greater grief pierce every heart, Should Sir George Hewit, or Sir Carr, depart. Had it not been, than thus to reign, To stay and tie the cravat string at home; To strut, look big, shake pantaloons, and swear, With Hewit, Damsee, there's no action there.

The State Poems, vol. i. p. 156.

The above lines are addressed by Rochester to Lord Mungrave, when bound for Tangier.

Jack Hall, a courtier, whom I take to be the same with Drusus in the second part of Abraham and Achitophel, is thus mentioned in the State Poems, vol. ii. p. 156:—

Jack Hall—left town,
But first write something he dare own,
Of prose or lawfully begotten,
And full nine months maturely thought on:
Born with hard labour, and much pain,
Ostent was Dr. Chamberlain,
At length from staff and rubbish pick'd,
As bears' cubes into shape are lick'd,
When Wharton, Etherege, and Beaum.
To give it their last strokes were come,
Those critics differ'd in their doom,
Yet Swan says, he admir'd it 'scap'd.
Since 't was Jack Hall's, without being clapp'd.

Swan was a notorious punster.

A very Killigrew without good nature] Thomas Killigrew, of whom we hear daily so many pleasant stories related, had good natural parts, but no regular education. He was brother to Sir William Killigrew, vice chamber-tain to King Charles the

For what a Beausex has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear
Onwards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasure
But it's a bolder thing to run away:
Say, the world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his patrience still:
Falsely he fa's into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submittin'.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, bit,
'T is under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinder woman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lawfully dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments he's;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone
For a whole page of dulness must alone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwise!
E'en he, who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see,
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,
We pull down others but to raise our own;
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but sirets to set up ourselves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
E'en with my master, who first sati'd taugh;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward!
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'T is just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

Second's queen; had been some time page of
 honour to King Charles I. and was, after the restoration,
may years master of the revels, and groome
of the chamber to King Charles II. in whose exile
he shared, being his resident at Venice in 1651,
During his travels abroad he wrote several plays,
none of which are much talked of. His itch of
writing, and his character as a wit and companion,
occaasioned this distich from Sir John Denham.

Sad Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
Comb'd in one they 'd made a matchless wit.
The same knight wrote a ballad on him.

Killigrew was a most facetious companion; his
wit was lively and spirited; and he had a manner of
saying the bitterest things, without provoking
resentment; he tickled you while he made you
smart, and you overlooked the pain, charmed by
the pleasure. He died at Whitehall in March 1663,
age seventy-one, bewailed by his friends, and truly
wept for by the poor. D.

* For what a Beausex has he always liv'd] Beausex
is a remarkable cowardly character in Beaumont
and Fletcher.
ABSAOLM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART I.

Of proprius sit
To capite magis

A POEM, PUBLISHED 1661.

THE OCCASION OF IT EXPLAINED.

The Earl of Shaftesbury seemed bent upon the ruin of the Duke of York. It was mostly through his influence in both houses, that those infamous witnesses, Oates, Tongue, Bedloe, &c., were so strenuously encouraged, and the Papish plot, if not schemed by him, was at least by him cherished and supported. He had been heard to say with some exultation, I unrest preferred to presence who started the game, but I am sure I have had the full benefit. At this day that plot appears, to impartial and discerning eyes, to have been a forgery contrived to insinuate the minds of the people against popery, a religion now professed by the duke, that the bill for excluding him from the throne might meet with more countenance and greater certainty of success; and it went very near having the desired effect.

The indiscreet zeal and imprudent conduct of the Roman Catholics, for some time past, had given too much room for suspicion; they having often openly, and in defiance of the established laws of the kingdom, shown a thorough contempt for the established religion of their country, propagated as much as possible their own tenets, loudly triumphed in their progress, and daily acquisition of proselytes among all ranks of people, without the least secrecy or caution. Hence was the nation ripe for alarm; when given, it spread like wildfire; and the Duke of York, as head of the party at which it was aimed, was obliged to withdraw to Brussels to avoid the impending storm.

The king being some time after taken ill, produced his highness's sudden return, before his enemies, and those in the opposition to the court measures, could provide for his reception; so that their schemes were thus for a while disconcerted. Lost his presence might revive connection, he returned again to Brussels, and was then permitted (previously) to retire to Scotland, having received the strongest assurances of his brother's affection and resolution to secure him and his heirs the succession. He had before this the satisfaction of seeing the turbulent Earl of Shaftesbury removed from his seat and precedence in the privy-council, as well as all share in the ministry; and now prevailed to have the Duke of Monmouth dismissed from all his posts, and sent into Holland.

Shaftesbury's views were to lift Monmouth to the throne, whose excellence he knew he could so effectually manage as to have the reins of government in that case in his own hands. Monmouth was the eldest of the king's sons, by whom he was tenderly beloved. His mother was one Mrs. Lucy Walters, otherwise Barlow, a Pembroke-shire woman, who bore him at Rotterdam in 1649, and between whom and his majesty it was artfully reported there had passed a contract of marriage. This report was narrowly examined into, and proved false, to the full satisfaction of the privy-council, and of the people in general, though Shaftesbury did all in his power to support and establish a belief of its reality. The youth was educated at Paris under the queen-mother, and brought over to England in 1662; soon after which time he was created Duke of Orkney in Scotland, and Monmouth in England, or rather Wales; chosen a knight of the garter; appointed master of horse to his majesty, general of the land forces, colonel of the life-guard of horse, lord-lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire, governor of Kingston-upon-Hull, chief justice in eyre on the south of the river Trent, lord-chamberlain of Scotland, and Duke of Buccleugh, in right of his wife, who was daughter and heiress to a noble and wealthy earl, bearing that name; but he lost all those places of honour and fortune, together with his royal father's favour, by the instigation and art of Shaftesbury, who poisoned him with illegal and ambitious notions, that ended in his destruction.

The partizans of this earl, and other malecontents, had long pointed out his Grace as a proper successor to the crown, instead of the Duke of York, in case of the king's demise; and he began to believe that he had a real right to be so. At the instigation of his old friend Shaftesbury, he returned to England without his father's consent, who would not see him; and, instead of obeying the royal mandate to retire again, he and Shaftesbury jointly made a pompous parade through several counties in the west and north of England, scattering the seeds of discord and dissatisfaction; so that their designs seemed to be levelled against the government, and a tempest was gathering at a distance, not unlike that which swept the royal martyr from his throne and life. Many people who would not otherwise have taken part with the court, shuddering when they looked back upon the scenes of anxiety and confusion, the
had followed that melancholy catastrophe, in order to prevent the return of a similar storm, attached themselves to the king and the Duke of York; and the latter returned to court, where he kept his ground.

The kingdom was now in a high ferment: the murmurs of each party broke out into altercation, and declamatory abuse. Every day produced new libels and diabolical pamphlets. To answer and expose them, their partisans and abettors, several authors were retained by authority, but none came up to the purpose so well as Sir Roger P'Estrange, in the Observer; and the poet laureat, in the poem under inspection, the elegance and severity of which raised his character prodigiously, and showed the proceedings of Shaftesbury and his followers in a most severe light. These writings, according to Echard, in a great measure stemmed the tide of a popular current, that might have otherwise immersed the nation in ruin. His Grace the Duke of Monmouth afterwards engaged in the Ryehouse Plot, and a reward was offered for the taking him, both by his father and Louis XIV. whether in England or France. He obtained his pardon both of the king and duke, by two very submissive, say abject, letters; and being admitted to the royal presence, seemed extremely sorry for his past offences, confessed his having engaged in a design for seizing the king's guards, and changing the government, but de- nied having any knowledge of a scheme for assassinating either his father or uncle, which it seems was set on foot by the inferior ministers of this conspiracy.

Presuming, however, upon the king's paternal affection, he soon recanted his confession, and consortetl with his old followers; so that the king forbade him the court, and he retired to Holland, from whence he returned in 1688, raised a rebellion against his uncle, then on the throne, caused himself to be proclaimed king, and being defeated and taken prisoner, was beheaded on Tower-hill, in his thirty-sixth year. D.

TO THE READER.

It is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design I am sure is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and folly are consequences of whig and tory;* and every man is a knave

* It was now that the party distinctions of whig and tory were first adopted; the courtiers were de- or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the fanatic church, as well as in the popish; and a pennyworth to be had of sainthip, honesty, and poetry, for the lowd, the factious, and the blockheads; but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world; for there's a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts, and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will.

The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms; if it happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges: for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for these, by rebutting the satire (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth's men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name: for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing (though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself) but, more probably, 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent, on both sides, will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeav- oring to the Irish banditti, who were called tories; and they likened their opponents to whigs, a denomination of reproach, formerly given to the Scotch covenanters, who were supposed to be on a poor kind of buttumilk so called. These names still distinguish contending parties in Eng- land, though strangely varied from their original application. D.
ABSAalom AND ACHITOPHEL.

When man on many multiplied his kind, 
Eve one to one was curiously confused;
When nature prompted, and no law denied, 
Promiscuous use of consubstance and bride;
Then Israel’s monarch after heaven’s own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter’d his Maker’s image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soul ungrateful to the tiler’s care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To god-like David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether, inspir’d by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way, 
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel’s crown;
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem’d as he were only born for love.
What’er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone ’t was natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open’d in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view’d
His youthful image in his son renew’d;
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Absalom his bride.
What faults he had, (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warlike excesses which the law forbore, 
Were construed youth that purg’d by boating o’er,
And Amnon’s murder, by a specious name,
Was call’d a just revenge for injur’d fame.
Thus prais’d and lov’d, the noble youth remain’d,
While David undisturb’d in Sion reign’d.
But life can never be sincerely blest;
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, surmising race,
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace.
God’s pamp’red people, whom, debauch’d with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please;

ABSAalom AND ACHITOPHEL.

In pieces times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
(Gods they had tried of every shape and size,  
That godsmiths could produce, or priests de-  
These Adam-wits, 8 too fortunately free, [vise ;  
Began to dream they wasted liberty;  
And when no rule, no precedent was found,  
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound;  
They led their wild desires to woods and  
caves,  
And thought that all but savages were slaves.  
They who, when Saul was dead, without a  
blow,  
Made foolish fabchoseth the crown forego;  
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,  
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king;  
Those very Jews, who, at their very best,  
Their honour more than loyalty express,  
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd  
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;  
Thought they might ruin him they could create,  
Or melt him to that golden calf a state.  
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,  
Not strong, but that the followers crowd to join:  
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,  
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;  
And, looking backward with a wise affright,  
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:  
In contemplation of whose ugly scars  
They curtst the memory of civil wars.  
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,  
Inclined the balance to the better side;  
And David's mildness managed it so well,  
The bad found no occasion to rebel.  
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,  
The careful devil is still at hand with means;  
And providently pimps for ill desires:  
The good old cause revived a plot requires.  
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,  
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.  
The inhabitants of old Jerusalem  
Were Jebusites: the town so call'd from them;  
And theirs the native right  
But when the chosen people grew more strong,  
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;  
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,  
They still were thought God's enemies the more,  
Thus worn or weakened'd, well or ill content,  
Submit they must to David's government;  
Impovertish'd and depriv'd of all command,  
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;  
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,  
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood,

8 These Adam-wits, &c.] Persons discontented in happy circumstances are not unkindly called Adam-wits, from a remembrance of Adam's weaknesses in Paradise, who, aiming at being happier than the happiest, by persuasion of Eve, eat of the forbidden fruit, and thereby forfeited the divine favour, and was excluded the garden of Eden. B.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame  
For priests of all religions are the same.  
Of whatsoever descent their godhead be,  
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,  
In his defence his servants are as bold,  
As if he had been born of beaten gold.  
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,  
In this conclude them honest men and wise:  
For 't was their duty, all the learned think,  
'To espouse his cause, by whom they eat and drink.  
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,  
Bad in itself, but represented worse;  
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;  
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;  
With weight'd nor wince'm'd by the multitude;  
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.  
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,  
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.  
Succeeding times did equal folly call,  
Believing nothing, or believing all.  
'Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrace'd;  
Where gods were recommended by their taste.  
Such savoury deities must needs be good,  
As served at once for worship and for food.  
By force they could not introduce these gods;  
For ten to one in former days was odds.  
So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade:  
Fools are more hard to conquer than perverse.  
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,  
And rais'd for converts even the court and stews:  
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,  
Because the flocks accompanies the flock.  
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay  
By guns, invented since full many a day:  
Our author swears it not; but who can know  
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?  
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,  
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:  
For as when raging fevers boil the blood,  
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,  
And every hostile humour, which before  
Slept quiet in its channels, bobbles o'er;  
So several factions from this first ferment  
Work up to foam, and 'breath the government.  
Some by their friends, more by themselves  
thought wise,  
Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.  
Some had in courts been great, and throws  
from thence,  
Like sands were harden'd in impenitence.  
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grew  
From pardon'd rebels kinmen to the throne,  
Were rais'd in power and public office high;  
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie,
ABSAOLM AND ACHITOPHER.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;* A name to all succeeding ages curst: For close designs, and crooked counsels fit; Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit; Restless, unfix’d in principles and place; In power pleas’d, impatient of disgrace; A fiery soul, which, working out its way, Fretted the pigmy body to decay, And o’er-ordin’d the tenement of clay. A daring pilot in extremity ; [high Please’d with the danger, when the waves went

Of Days the Joys, &c.] This is the introduction of the Duke or Shaftesbury, under the name of Achitophel. A man, insatiable, importunate in private, eloquent, angry in public dealings of resources in both; who had been bred up in the schools of civil commotions, passion, and public quarrels; and in those which followed Cromwell’s death; and who, from that education, knew well the power of popular rumour, at times well-contrived; passions are in ferment; framed the notions of the popular plots in the year 1678, in order to bury the Duke, and purchase the blood of the nation; for the nation’s fear and hatred of popery. Shaftesbury was stimulated by others both given and received; for the King having said to him, ‘Shaftesbury, thou art the greatest rogue in the kingdom,’ he answered, bowing, ‘Of a subject, sir, I believe I am.’ And the Duke rated him in passionate terms for one of his speeches in parliament. ‘I am glad,’ said he, ‘you consider me as an artist, but however, my master has not called me papist and coward.’ The account of this plot, in which was involved the assassination of Charles and his brother, an invasion, the conflagration of the city, and a massacre of the protestants, was calculated, in its great lines, to gain the attention of the higher ranks of the nation, and, by the familiarity and detail of its circumstances, to catch the credulity of the meanest of the populace. By making the Duke one of the objects of the pretended assassination, it prevented the suspicion of its being directed against him; and by pointing the blame, the blame of the King did not love, it gave a chance for separating the interests of the inspiration. By the inspiration, as soon as given, they instantly arode. Unquestionable. By the correspondence of the story gave credit to what was at one time false; he could have invented. Accident after accident, arising in a manner unparallel’d in history, concurred to magnify the impression. Coleman’s letter was aat, which discovered that the Duke had been carrying a correspondence with France, against the interests of the King. Richardson, a man of remarkable learning, expressed his opinion that the Duke had been in the seventh volume of the Bibliotheca Choisite, page 147 to page 169, well worthy the attentive perusal of the sagacious reader. Lord Clarendon, much on the accuteness of his wit, and his deep and close penetration into the human heart; of which, among others, he and his admirable letters. Having dined at Lord Clarendon’s with Lord Southampton, he said, on their return, to the latter Miss Anne Hyde, whom we have just left, is certainly married to one of the royal brothers. A certain secret respect, a studied and suppressed attention and complaisance, paid to her by the mother, in her voice, looks, and gestures, and even in the manner in which she offered her everything that was possible, renders this suspicion of mine indisputable. Lord Southampton laughed at the time at the improbability of this occurrence, but was soon afterwards convinced of its truth. In these Memoirs is preserved a sanguine hope that the Duke of York from Shaftesbury, when he was confined in the tower, in the year 1678. A saying of this sharp-eyed nobleman deserves to be noted. The thought lay in the heart, not in the head; and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perseverance of the will in the face of death, that had so influenced his actions with follow and their lives with disorder. Dr. J. W.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Got, while his soul did huddle notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved't o ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And listed Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then sein'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-assuming name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public seal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will?
Where crews can wink, and no offence be known.
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abishin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Usur'd, unseen, the wretched to redress
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the malady of the soil been freed
From cockpit, that oppress'd the noble seed;
To make him his tuneful harp had string,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achill, gross, weary to possess
A wilder name, and lazy happiness,
Don't take the golden fruit to gather free,
And lend the crew his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
His stood at bold defiance with his prince;

* The triple bond he broke. In the year 1687, a triple alliance was entered into between England, Sweden, and Holland, which was dissolved by the second Dutch war, to which, and a closer connexion with France, Lord Shaftesbury contributed his advice, and thereby

Fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.
The remaining lines allude to his having changed his opinion, when he found it unpopular, as we have observed above, down to
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge.
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge. D.
† Usurp'd a patriot's all-assuming name. The first edition reads Addurp'd a patriot's all-assuming name. This last variation, evidently a typographical error, seems to have been discovered and corrected while the press was going through the press. There is, in the library of Eton college, a copy of the first edition, which reads, Addurp'd a patriot's all-assuming name.

I These twelve lines, beginning "So easy," &c.
were added in the second edition.
§ He stood at bold defiance. The particular circumstance that drove Shaftesbury into a sudden opposition to the court was, that the king, alarmed at the strong remonstrances of the commons against poverty and a dispensing power, and breaking with his own bands the seal affixed to the declaration of

Hold up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skull'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light.
And proves the king himself a Jebediah.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well.
Wore strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews,
Tread the same track when she the prime renew's;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achill still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Abolcon.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate;
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the arts of a democracy.
He him attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.
Auspicious prince, at whose nuptial
Some royal planet ru'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darlings and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire.
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promised land;
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad divisers' theme,
The young mor'e vision, and the old men's dream!
These, saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unspoken poms thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine as bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight!
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;

Dr. J. W.
ABSALEM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Whose motions if we watch and guide with skil,
(For human good depends on human will,) Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent, And from the first impression takes the best: But, if unsure'd, she glides away like wind, And leaves repenting fully far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize, And spreads her locks before her as she dies.

Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed, Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire, 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire. The ambitious youth, too covetous of fame, Too full of angel's metal in his frame, Unwarily was led from virtue's ways, Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.

Half loath, and half consenting to the ill, For royal blood within him struggled still, He thus replied. And what pretence have I To take up arms for public liberty? My father governs with unquestion'd right; The faith's defender, and mankind's delight; Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws; And heaven by wonders has expos'd his cause. Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?

Who seeks for justice to his throne in vain? What millions has he pardon'd of his foes, Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose? Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good; Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood, If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit, His crime is God's beloved attribute. What could he gain his people to betray, Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train. If David's rule Jerusalem displeasure, The dogstears their brains to this disease, Why then should I, encouraging the bad, Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite, Well might I mourn; but nature's holy hands Would curb my spirites and restrain my hands; The people might assert their liberty; But what was right in them were crime in me, His favour leaves me nothing to require, Prevents my wishes, and outrzymes desire; What more can I expect while David lives? All his kindly diadem he gives; And that—But there he pass'd; then sighing, Is justly destin'd for a worthier head. [said— For when my father from his toils shall rest, And late augment the number of the blest, His lawful issue shall the throne ascend, Or the collateral line, where that shall end. His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spites, Yet damnsless, and secure of nature right, Of every royal virtue stakes possess'd; Still dear to all the bravest and the best. His courage fieses, his friends his truth proclaims His loyalty the king, the world his fame. His mercy even the offending crowd will find For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Why should I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate propitious inclin'd,
Had rain'd my birth, or had debar'd my mind;
To my large soul not to all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
The eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shown
Such virtue 's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem,
'T is true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps, than subjects ought to have;
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty saxheirim shall keep him poor;
And every shekel, which he can receive,
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.

The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Tarn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sum of necessary gold,
Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall over-wanting David draw,
To pass your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieves.
The Jews well know their power: are Saul

God was their king, and God they durst depose
Urged now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which o' en heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'T is nature's trick to propagate her kind
Our fond beggethers, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by the effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to annoint him king?
It surely shou'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Wouldst David have you thought his darling son?
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear:
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land.
Perhaps the old harp, on which he thrones his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts.
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And like a lion, shamb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground.
The prostrate vulgar pass o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes:
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perchance his fear his kindness may control.
He learns his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd;
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the 

flown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.

He said, and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd for life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff with pride.
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher place'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bled all other countries but his own.

But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while the Carol was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.

To further this, Achitophel unites
The malecontents of all the Israelites:
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.

By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the govern-
ment.
The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings a useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.

With them join'd all the arrangers of the 

throne,
That thought it get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Scythesman rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword;
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Edomite plot begun,
And soon'd by Jobeusite to be outwits.
Hot Levites headed these; who puff'd before
From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
Resum'd their cast, and with a jealous cry
Pursu'd their old beloved Theocracy.

Where disobediens and priest enslav'd the sa-
And justified their spoils by inspiration: [tion;
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace!
These led the pack; though not of sweetest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And by the same blind benefit of fate
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand.
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drink-
ing,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in fruits.
Best madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy;
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest and they had his estate.[ref]
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.
Titles and names 't were tedious to rehearse
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealth's-men, were
the best:
Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.

* * * * *

* Wes chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon
Scoffates, augur, medics, magus, omnia novit.

J. W.

* Cold Caleb) Lord Gray, who was childless. His
note by Mr. Liistred. [f.}
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

And canting Nabat let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridges for the pauchel lamb. *
Let friendship's holy band some names assure
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
Nor call-faced Jonas, who could statute draw;
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king;†
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath but for gain:
Nor was he ever known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray:
The city to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrates;§
His hand a vare of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold,
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial; had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.

* And canting Nabat let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridges for the pauchel lamb?
Nabat is Lord Howard of Efford, who took the sacrament in lamb's wool. MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. M.

† Ford, Lord Goy of York, was strongly attached to the Duke of Monmouth, a zealous promoter of Lord Shaftesbury's measures, and a constant opponent of the court. He was a smooth talker, possessed of a large estate, both which accomplishments gave him influence among the people. Being concerned in the Ryhouse plot, he was arrested, and examined before the privy-council, who ordered him to the Tower; but when the messenger, who had the care of him, brought him thither, the gates were shut, it being late, and they could not get in; so that they spent the whole night together, and drank pretty freely. In the morning they came to the Tower again very early, the doors not being as yet opened, and his keeper, who was very drunk, falling asleep, he turned down towards the wharf, and taking oars, got off to Holland. Here he joined his old friend Monmouth, whom he contributed to spirit up to the rebellion in the ensuing reign, that brought that unhappy nobleman to the block.

§ Jonas who could statute draw' Eft William penning.
He drew the Excess Corpus act. MS. Luttrell. M.

|| Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king;§
Shimei, Slongaby Bethel, Esq. by poll chosen one of the sheriffs for the city of London, on Michaelmas-day, 1660, was a zealous fanatical, and had been formerly one of the committee of safety; however, to render himself fit for his office, he received the sacrament, and renounced the covenant, but not his factious principles. Burnet calls him a man of learning, and says he wrote a learned book about the interest of princes; but that at his miserable way

When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they curst the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-dealing in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,)†
His business was, by writing to persuade
That kings may be made by means of trade:
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shun'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his ab. leal board.**
The grossness of a city feast abhor'd:
His cooks with long discourse their trade forgot;
Good was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 't was necessary to the Jews:
For towns once burn'd, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours, ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue,‡‡ as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennoble all his blood.

of living, and misery disposition, was very prov
dicial to his party, and rendered him disagreeable
to every body.

‡‡ Against his master, chose him magistrate] Sher
tiff. MS. Luttrell. M.

† A war of justice Thus the first edition. Derrick reads war, but God Howel's Letters, p. 141, ed. 1728. * Yara's Spanish for a wand.

‡‡ Chaste were his cellars, and his ab. leal board, etc.) He kept a very poor and scandalous shrieval
ty. MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. M.

‡‡ By weaver's issue, etc.) Titus Oates was the son of a weaver. MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. M.
Who ever said the witnesses' high race,  
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen 
grace  
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,  
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.  
Bash were his eyes, his voice was harsh and  
loud,  
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud:  
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like  
grace  
A church vermillion, and a Moses' face.  
His memory, miraculously great,  
Could plot, exceeding man's belief, repeat;  
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,  
For human wit could never such devise.  
Some future truths are mingled in his book;  
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:  
Some things like visionary sights appear;  
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where*  
And gave him his rabbinical degree,  
Unknown to foreign universities.  
His judgment yet his memory did excel;  
Which pesc'd his wondrous evidence so well,  
And suited to the temper of the times,  
Then groaning under Jobebus crimes.  
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,  
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;  
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:  
He takes his life who takes away his trade:)  
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,  
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,  
Should bewail my memory, though once forgot,  
To make him an appendix of my plot.  
His zeal to heaven made him his prince de  
And load his person with indignities. [spise,  
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,  
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:  
And Corah might for Agag's murder call;†  
In terms as coarse as Samuel and to Saul.  
What others in his evidence did join,  
The best that could be had for love or coin,  
In Corah's own predicament will fail:  
For witness is a common to all.  

* Unknown to foreign universities] He pretended to have taken a degree at Salamanca. Mid. note by Mr. Latmell. M.  
† And Corah might for Agag's murder call] Agag, 'for Edmonstouery Goffrey was a man of a very good character, of a reserved melancholy turn of mind, an enemy to all persecution, and rather a prince than a prophet of no account; he look'd with reluctance, received Oates's information. As to the report that prevailed of his having been murdered by the papists, because their violent enmity, it was without any manner of foundation, for he was upon good terms with the party in general. It has been affirmed, that he hanged himself in his own house, and that his two brothers, who were his next heirs, had the body conveyed abroad, and the sword run through it, that so it might be thought as was assassinated, and the crown thereby prevented from seizing on his effects.' Burnet, Echard, Strachey. D.
Yet oh that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jehu dotis your sacred rites invade.
Then, father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charms'd into ease, in carouse of his fame;
And brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his power against himself employs,
He gives, and let him give, my right away;
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, with that be wip'd his eyes,
'T is all the aid my present power supplies;
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use.
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.
Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common interest always will prevail;
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horses, and a numerous train:
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd hand surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom, where it went,
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes;
And try their strength, before they came to
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.

Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
O foolish Israel! never war'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease?
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchies, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away
Both for themselves and sons their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever bane?
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who no' er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they commis'd
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true;
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds but sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times
To murder monarchs for imag'd crimes.
If they may give and take where'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself at length must fail
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatso'ever their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation the blow of fate.
ABSAŁOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

If ancient fabrics sod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, 'ere men in the worst of days;
Our hero's valor, and his constancy.

In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to busy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's feet;
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffered, and with him returned.
The court he practised, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the noblest knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
His bed could once, a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half the father's name is lost.
His oldest hope, with every grace adorn'd;
By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd.

* In this short file For honour, integrity, consist-
tency, greatness of mind, benevolence, and justice, the Duke of Ormond, Barzillai, seems to be the very first and most eminent character that ever adorned the English nobility. Dr. J. W.

—the rising rebels he withstood

In this short file Beyond the Jordan's flood

The Duke of Ormond adhered sincerely to the in-
terest of his sovereign Charles I. In Ireland, where,
being chief of a noble, ancient, and wealthy family,
his power and influence were, as long as possible,
started against the arms of Cromwell. But being
at length obliged to yield to the necessity of the
times, he quitted that kingdom, and accompanied
King Charles II. in his exile. After the Restoration,
he was at one and the same time lord lieutenant of
Ireland, steward of the household, groom of the
state, and privy councillor for the three kingdoms.
Perhaps no man was ever better beloved, and no
man deserved it better: he was liberal, brave, loyal,
and sincere; a friend to the constitution, and a pro-
tector of the Protestants. On this account he was
so favour'd in the succeeding reign, and died in re-
tirement, without post or employment, July 1668,
aged seventy-nine. D.

1 Lord Clarendon, in every grace adorn'd; The
Am Earl of Ossey, Baron Butler of Morepark by
write, eldest son of the aforesaid duke, and one of
the most gallant noblemen of his time. He behaved
with great bravery in the first Dutch war, under
Sir Edward Spragg; and in the second was rear-
Admiral of the Blue. He was a courageous war-
cr., a prudent counsellor, a dutiful son, a kind
friend, a liberal patron, and a generous man. He
died universally lamented in 1689. D.

And always honor'd, match'd in manhood's
prize
By unequal states, and providence's crisis;
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son.
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
O narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scantied in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force inspired the fainting Tyrians prop'd
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortunes stopp'd.
O ancient honour! O unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of true immor'd fame.

It looks as heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disconsol'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and
starry pole;

[bring,
From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my muse, here cease thy painful
No pinions can pursue immortal height: [flight.
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearses? If
Now take thy stealthy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See thee whom thou canst see not far behind,
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and
place,
His lowly mind advance'd to David's grace.

§ The forces inured the fainting Tyrians prop'd
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd

Lord Ossey having married a Dutch lady, lived
some time in Holland, and was of signal service in
preventing the progress of the French arms, by his
knowledge and advice. D.

But Israel was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of true immor'd fame.

In the first edition it is thus:

But Israel was unworthy of thy birth.
Short is the date of true immor'd birth.

To hang on her departed patron's hearses.

This alludes to the custom of affixing poems to
the pall or hearse. See Milton's Lat. Eleg. I., 52.
And his epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester,
vor. 99, 02. T.

§ The prior Sancroft (Zadoc) was advanced
from the deansery of St. Paul's to the see of Canter-
bury. He had been for many years dean of Christ-
capel, a man of solemn and sullen gravity and de-
portment. He was no Orson of St. Paul's, but
adventurer at court, and rather encouraged celibacy
in his clergy. He was so cold, reserved, and peevish,
that few loved him. He died in a state of separation
from the church, but had not the courage to own it.
His death, says Burnet, ought to have put an end to
the schism that some were endeavouring to raise, on
the pretence that a
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

With him the Sejan of Jerusalem,*
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty some
Flows in fit words and heaviness eloquence.
The prophet's son, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeeded the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next these a train of loyal peers descend;
Sharp-judging Adriel,† the nation's friend.
Himself a muse: in sanctuarism's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state:
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit,§ and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature, and by learning taught.

parliamentary deprivation was never to be allowed,
and therefore they looked on Sancoth as the arch
base brand, and conjectured him a usurper of his
influence than bishops, says Burnet, had commonly done.
His preaching was without much life or learning.
He was a great patron of the convests from popery,
and of those protestants, whom the bad usage they
were beginning to meet with in France, drove over
us. The Duke of York hated him. This was the
bishop that carried the princess Anne to Notting-
ham, in order to join the party of the Prince of
Orange. Dr. J. W.

* The Saga of Jerusalem: This was Compton, brother to the Earl of Northampton. Having car-
ried arms for some years, he was past thirty when his
work was full of himself more to his function
than bishops, says Burnet, had commonly done.
His preaching was without much life or learning.
He was a great patron of the convests from popery,
and of those protestants, whom the bad usage they
were beginning to meet with in France, drove over
us. The Duke of York hated him. This was the
bishop that carried the princess Anne to Notting-
ham, in order to join the party of the Prince of
Orange. Dr. J. W.

† Him of the western: This was Dobben, who was
ordained by Bishop Henslowe, in the archbishops
of York; a man, says Burnet, of more spirit than discretion, an excellent preacher,
but of a free conversation, which laid him open to
much censure in a vicious court. During the
rebellion he bore arms, and was made a major by
Charles II. Dr. J. W.

§ Sharp-judging Adriel: Sheffield, Earl of Mul-
graft, Adriel, was a man of a fine person, elegant
manners, and insinuating address. When they
were both young, he paid his address to Queen
Anne, and King James II. had a connection with
Charles II. is said to have contrived a cruel and unjustifiable
scheme of sending him to Tanders in a ship so
crazy as he cannot have survived him. He was also in
his attachment to James II., for which, with
great liberality, King William once commended him,
and after some years took him into favour,
and gave him a pension of £3000 a year. He was
a man of wit, and a man of great genius. His poems
are Scibb and Scimy. notwithstanding Dryden has
so profusely praised his Essay on Poetry. But
the prose is very perspicacious, and elegant, and his
memories so curious, that we must regret they were
left unfinished. He imitated the Caesars of the Em-
peror Julian, a capital piece of satire, equal to any
part of Lucian, in a piece called the Assembly of
the Gods, where many contemporary princes are
introduced. I cannot forbear mentioning a satir
scene on King William, to whom Jupiter himself is
said to have shown great esteem; but was sus-
pected a little of some partiality, on account of his
own proceeding with old father Saturn. Dr. J. W.

¶ The marquis of Hamilton, Jo-
tham, was in Hume's opinion, the man who pos-

ess the finest genius and most extensive capa-
to move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse a while, then chose the better side:—
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do
Hushai, the friend of David in distress;•
In public storms, of many steadfastness:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth;¶
And join'd his experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,
Pragul for that, but hootmouse of his own:
'T is easy conduct when exchegues flow,
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise* refuse?

† Hushai, the friend of David in distress: Lawrence Hyde, second son to Edward the great Earl of
Clarendon, was advanced to the earldom of Roches-
ter, and made treasurer in 1684, but removed from
the treasury in 1684, to the office of president of
the council, a post of more rank but less advantage,
which gave the lively Marquis of Halifax occasion
to say, that ' he had heard of many people being
kicked down stairs, but the Earl of Rochester was
the first he had ever known kicked up.' He was
incorrupt, sincere, warm, and violent: write well,
but not a graceful speaker, though smooth and
plausible. He defended his father in the house of
commons with strength of argument, and power
of eloquence, that showed him master of great abili-
ties; and yet with so much decency and discretion,
and as not to exceed himself, a quality of great opposi-
tion. Through the whole of King Charles's reign, he de-
ported himself with so much real fidelity to his master,
more than once, to the prejudice, that he was not partic-
ularly pointed at, or ridiculed by any party. D.

¶ By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth: In
1684 he went on an embassy to Poland, was one of the
plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Nimeguen,
and afterwards ambassador in Holland, where he
acquainted himself with honour. He was strongly
against the bill of exclusion. D.

§ Who can Amiel's praise? Sir Edward Seymour,
Amiel, was a man of high birth, being the elder
branch of that family, of great boldness, vivacity
of parts, and a graceful manner, though of insus-
terable pride. Burnet says, he was the first speaker
of the house of commons that was not bred to the
law. He knew the house and every man in it so
well, that by looking about he could tell the fate of
any question. Sir Charles II. loved him very much,
though he frequently voted against his measures.
But once having voted for the court, the king said to
him, ' You have not gone far in your duty;' to
which he immediately answered,—'No, sir, I was against my
conscience to-day.' Dr. J. W.
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The sanbedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd;
So dexterous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their head was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rather charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like the unequal ruder of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way:
While he withdrawn at their mad labours
smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils. [rapp]
These were the small, but faithful
Of worthiness, in the breach who dare't to stand,
And tempt the united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such powerful engines
To batter down the lawful government. [rapp]
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In sanbedrims to plunge the regal rights;
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
These ill they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would
please,
But levities fomented the disease;
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down;
That false Achitophel's parsimonious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimeai taught Jerusalem to curse.
With all these loads of injuries oppress,
And long revolting in his careful breast
The event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.
Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd;
So willing to forgive the offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
The offenders question my forgiving right;
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear:
Though many temper can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will direct my native course,
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those ha'ted affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:

If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the columns, let him share the fall;
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor pitted youth, by my paternal care,
Raise'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
In one that would by law enslave his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, are he lost his place,
Was never thought in deed with so much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot print!
My rebel ever prosperous people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne!
Let sanbedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government;
And mine as requisite as their consent;
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infer a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me to approve their choice;
But Esau's hands still ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my power away.
From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners!
Unasist as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct* my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.

* The law shall still direct: We cannot read these words put into the mouth of Charles II. without a degree of just indignation, when we reflect on some striking transactions of his reign, particularly the appointment of that ministry called the Cabal. All power in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was committed to six men. Clifford, Arlingtom, Buckingham, Ashley Cooper, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, and Roberta, three last of whom had drawn their swords against the king's father. Clifford had raised himself by his great influence in the house of commons; Ashley Cooper had still greater in the house of lords; Arlingtom, notwithstanding his secret inclinations to popery, had maintained connections with the dissenters. Buckingham, favouring all sects, because he was of no religion himself, was a favourite of the dissenters; Lauderdale had great interest with the presbyterians of Scotland; and Shaftesbury and Buckingham were supported by the people, because
THE FORMS OF DRYDEN.

No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For gods and godlike kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confound
Why am I fo'rd, like heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
0 cursed effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on Grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terrors of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decoy'd,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,*
Till viper-like their mother plot they tear;
And such for nutriment that bloody core,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt the event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force;
But, when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driven back at length it stands the ground.

He said: The Almighty nodding gave consent;
And poised of thunder shook the firmament. Henceforth a series of new times began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

---Si quia tamen hoc quoque, si quis Captus amore legat.

---

TO THE READER.

In the year 1660, Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of King Charles II. This performance was applauded by every one; and several persons press'd him to write a second part; he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

'Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,' and ending with

'To talk like Dogg, and to write like thee,' containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compositions, besides some touches in other places.

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Since men like beasts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curt as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There heaven itself and godlike kings, in vain
Shower down the mamas of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem.
His rights to invade, his tribute to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this license fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times; And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need.
While fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homages meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whose serence command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land.
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jonathans from law protest,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
May we have seen their sacrifices blest!
Accusers' infancy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain;
But soon they launch'd into the unprofit'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the charge on pious Michael brought,
Michiel that ne'er was cruel even in thought,
The best of queens and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of cursed designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hebron lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michael feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels; and, as angels do,
Quite heaven sometimes to bless the world below.
[Spring, where, cherish'd by her bounties' plentiful
Reviving widows smile, and singing.]
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height
Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michael then remain
[Reign! In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his]
Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slay,
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.
With gainer terror these our state o'erran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate.
Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state. [slave,
Well might he deem each peer and prince his
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Even vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
But for his honesty had seiz'd our state?
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first?
'To have told his knowledge of the intrigue in
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loss: [grose,
The travell'd Levite had the experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of its plot;
And therefore like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secund his pension still,
Nor quite of future power himself bereft,
But limbs like for unbelievers left.
And now his very name on men's lips last not,
'T was worse than plotting to suspect his plot. Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more for interest's sake believe and swear:
Even to that height with some the phrenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided sense,
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
But for the good old cause, that did excite
The original rebels' wiles, revenge, and spite.
These raise the plot, to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown, [sad'd
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pur
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.
Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspoil'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,
E'rn Abasolom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Percieves the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
'To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.

* 'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
The tide of prejudice ran so strongly in favour of
Oates and the other witnesses, after the death of
Sir Godfrey that to speak slightingly of them,
or their deposition, was as much as a man's life was
worth; and even the king himself, who saw the
trick from the beginning, did not dare to speak his
sentiments freely. He did his utmost to keep as
private as possible such discoveries of the supposed
plot, as were communicated to him, the intention
of which his partisans often canvassed; and he
was very angry when Lord Danby, without his
leave, laid them before the parliament. 'Row,'
said he, 'you have laid the foundation of your own
ruin, and of much perplexity for me.' The sequel
proved his majesty a prophet. D.
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts express.

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's war I flew entire.

My royal power how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent?
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.

How slight to force a throne that legions guard
The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if the imag'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?

Dare war must first be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;
And, when the civil furious are on wing
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, prest by clamorous crowds, myself be made
His murtherer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.

Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd;
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophel be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.

He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguase.
My thoughts presur'd our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend?
Whose want in kings, as needful is allowable,
As it is for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.

The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is the effect of stinted power,
But treasures vengeance for the peril he can bring,
Your present danger's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire?
Against his orders your return from Tyre?
ABEALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procured,
But secret kept till your own banks seck'd.
Reconcile with this the triple covenant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsels fatal progress stay'd,
But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made.

It's yet of such a season we dream,
When royal rights your name made the rising theme.
For power unlimited could reason draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which, on your fall from office, grew unjust.
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this Hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let interest be the star by which I steer.
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose interest most in your advancement lies,
A, tie so firm as always will avail.
When friendship, nature, and religion fail;
On ours the safety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.

What opposition can your rival bring,
While sycophants are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Whom with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence.
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to naught they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king:
Persisting else his senators to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince to oppose his arms;
Nor boast it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops, once up, are tools for our design.
At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence:
E'en on their courts of justice sedes drew,
And from our agents muskets up their law.
By which a conquest if we fail to make,
'T is a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake.

He said, and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends,
Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
I th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishbon first appears,
Pursu'd by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times, when Ishbon, whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation.
Ishbon of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as never ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engaged'd him quite,
But Bellial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did away,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was round so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold,
Shame Could David's wants have so been briv'd, as
And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And o'en turn loyal to be made a peer.
Such him let raising Rabakekha have place,
So full of zeal, he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the streets;
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If 'most I' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Protecting that he dares not sleep in 's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.

--- assorting Ishbon first appears,
Pursu'd by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs!
Sir Robert Clayton, an alderman of the city, and
one of its members, who remarkably opposed the
court. Though he was very avaricious, he had of
fered a large sum to be made a peer; and those who
consider the king's wants will believe with me,
he was sorry the alderman's money was not ta
gible.

(Conventicles) He accords the word again on the third syllable in the Middle, p. 62. Thus, in a col
lection of Loyal Songs, written between 1688 and
1691, vol. ii. p. 16.

* But all the parish see it plain,
Since thou art in this pickick,
Thou art an Independent queen.
And lovest a conventicle. T.
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree;
His pride no higher than the dust amir'd,
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd.
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his master.
Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still vicious, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsak'd.
For renegades, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this poor prophet took most monstrous pains
To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
But as the devil owes all his slave a shame,
He chose the apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
A weakish work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation:
To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,
And show 'em factious from their first beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Most to the credit of the chosen flock:
A strong authority which must convince,
That saints owe no allegiance to their princes.
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that show'd his father's nakedness?
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murkheres from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint best draw:
Methinks the apostate was the better man
And thy hot father, waiving my respect,
Not of a mother church, but of a sect.
And such he need must be of thy insinuating,
This comes of drinkingasses'milk and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the lowest call of grace,
His temple, dispompos'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And show rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-paiz'd,
Who rhyme below'or Davids' psalms transla-

The last part of the punishment was mildly exe-
cuted, and he was degraded from his ecclesiastical func-
tions before he was indicted. Of all the scolding
writers here proscribed by Dryden, he was a man of
the greatest learning and best morals. Dr. J. W.
Some in my speedy pace I must owne,
As Jaceb Mesephoboth the wizard's son:
To make my foot by ever heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Urza, as I would the pox;
And hasten Oe and Doeg to rehearse,
Two floods that crutch their feeble senses on verse;
Who, by my turns, to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blinding kind of melody: [thin,
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and
Through sense and nonsense, never set nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically said:
Ere was too soon to dwell,
But gagged his notions as they fell,
And if they raved and ratted, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still their goes some thinking to ill nature:
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think.
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and scrawl from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
Toetter'em in verse is all his trade.

Let him be gallow's free by my consent,
And nothing suffer since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
This animal is below committing treason;
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a proferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed baggary,
Was rightly sentenced by the law to die;
But 't was hard fate that to the gallowes led
The dog that never heard the statute read.
Bailing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for more instinct in him:
Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
For to write verse with him is to transpose.

* Doeg, though without knowing.] This charac-
ter of Editham Bette, which is exquisitely satir-
ic, particularly in those lines marked with an as-
terisk, was certainly inserted by Dryden, whom he
had offended by writing pamphlets for the whigs,
though he afterwards suddenly changed sides, and
was as violent a defender of Tory principles, and
wrote a poem of high panegyric on the coronation
of James II. in 1685. He was the author of seven-
teens plays, now totally forgotten. He had a pen-
sion from the city for writing an annual panegyric
of Fawcett, who was in the warm of his life he
was reduced to great poverty, and wrote low
rolls for Bartholomew fair, and was reduced in his
old age to act in farse a dragon, enclosed in a green
butter of his own invention. To which our witty
satirist, Dr. Young, alludes in his epitaph to Pope,
on the authors of the age:
Poor Editham, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons his'd at last;
Shit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his stage. J. W.
The Poems of Dryden.

But thou in chaste verse, unlicked, unappointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
I will not take the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes, be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wise and rich, for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars, for their number sought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For even in court the faction has its friends;
These thought the places they possess'd too small,
Fall, fall.

And in their hearts wish'd court and king
Whose names the muse disdain'd, holds 'tis
Dark.
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing foes, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit,
Some for our minds, some for our satire fit:
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for more good fellowship frequent
The appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing to employ the glass;
And who desire, in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleased to be repeated of a set.
But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arad never be forget:*
The labours of this midnight magistrate
May vie, with Corah's to preserve the state.
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most powerful dangerous weapon,
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds, [gold,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalith gold in David's coin disguis'd.
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble no'er took pains to inquire,
What 't was he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.

With which our elder was suri'd no more.
Than false Gebzah with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing tribes were met,
E'en for his sticking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chose'd for his electing drink:
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Phœnix's pride, [wide
Boast high, their legions threat'ning far and near,

'As when a battering storm, engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flowers new opening,
These
For lambs yearn'd lately, and far-labring bee's

To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Unceremonious, where the fire-charge'd clouds will fall:
E'en so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only cookst the captive lands restore;
But thou, with inbred broils and faction press'd,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from saunehdris no trust allow'd,
Too much the representatives of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes
Unjustly would sentence, and crown'd despoire.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, what'er his faith shall be!
By saunehdris and clamorous crowds thus press'd,
Breast!

What passions rent the righteous David's
Who knows not how to oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!

* All to be no Zaken at the last.] At the choosing a new parliament in the beginning of the year 1708, Sir William had, to no purpose, endeavoured to get himself chosen into the house; and the politicians, who trusted him at this time, in such entertainments as he ordered, found it difficult to get their money from him.

Arod, Sir William Walker, son to him who had done so much service to the long parliament. He upheld the exclusion bill with all his might, and took every opportunity of showing his hatred to popery, by seeking out and disposing the papists, when assembled to celebrate divine service in their way. To which, if he was not much misrepresented, he was stimulated rather in hopes of spoil, their altars being generally rich, than out of respect to his country, or love for religion.

The success of Lewis the XVIIIth's arms, particularly in Holland, rendered him formidable all over Europe; while England, who has it so much in her power to command respect, was scarcely regarded. Weakened by domestic dissensions, her king always wanting money, and opposed and kept back by her parliament, her mediation was of no consequence, and she had little or no influence abroad.

D.
ABSLAM AND ACHITOPHEL.

How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate, Whose peace one sole expedient could create, Which yet the extremest virtue did require, Even of that prince whose downfall they conspire: His absence David does with tears advise To appease their rage. Undaunted he complies. Thus he, who prodigal of blood and ease, A royal life expos'd to winds and seas, At once contending with the waves, and fire, And heading danger in the wars of Tyre, Inglorious now forsakes his native sand, And like an exile quits the promised land! Our monarch scarce from pressing tears resist, And faintly his royal state maintains, [faints, Who now embracing on the extremest shore Almost revokes what he enjoined before: Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd To storms and seas than to the raging crowd! Forbear, rash muse, the parting scene to draw, With silence charm'd as deep as theirs the crew! Not only our attending nobles weep, But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep! The tide restrains their course, and, more amaz'd, The twin stars on the royal brothers gaz'd: While this sole fear——

Does trouble to our suffering hero bring, Lost next the popular rage oppresses the king! Thus parting, each for the other's danger griev'd, The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd. Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales, Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails; Well may she trust her beauties on a flood, Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode! Safe on thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep, Rock'd like a Norweig by the waves asleep; While happiest dreams her fancy entertain, And to Elysian fields convert the main! Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre At thy approach so silent shall admire, Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ, And great thy landing with a trembling joy. On heroes thus the prophet's fates is thrown, Admir'd by every nation but their own; Yet while our facade Jews his worth deny, Their acting conscience gives their tongues the Even in the worst of nobles' parts [i.e. Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts, Whom to his king the best respects command Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend; All sacred names of most divine esteem, And to perfection all sustain'd by him, Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art, Swift to discern and to reward desert;]

No hour of his in fruitless case destroy'd, But on the noblest subjects still employ'd: Whose steady soul ne'er learn'd to separate Between his monarch's interest and the state, But heaps those blessings on the royal head, Which he well knows must be on subjects shed, On what pretence could then the vulgar rage Against his worth and native rights engage? Religious fears their argument are made, Religious fears his sacred rights invade! Of future superstition they complain, And Jezebel's worship in his reign: With such alarms his foes the crowd decoy, With dangers fright which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove, Whate'er the faith of the successor prove: Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain, At least while their religion is their gain, Who know by old experience Saul's commands Not only claim'd their conscience, but their lands: They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall An idol full possession of the field? [they yield Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess The people's sufferings than that monarch's less, Who must to hard conditions still be bound, And for hisquiet with the crowd compound; Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline, Where are the means to compass the design? Our crown's revenues are too short a store, And jealous sycophants would give no more. As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid, Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade, Nor ever with such measures can comply, As shock the common rules of policy; None dread like him the growth of Israel's king, And he alone sufficient aids can bring; Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law, That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw; At such profound expense he has not stood, Nor dier'f for this his hands so deep in blood; Would ne'er through wrong and right his progress take, Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake, To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne, First to invade our rights, and then his own: His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despise And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil, We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand, And curse its fatal influence on our land, Which our brist' d Jew s so numerously partake, That even an host his pensioners would make: From those decoyers ourdivisions spring, Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king, These with pretended friendship to the state, Our crown's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the spacious 
To guard their sacred rites and property. [cry, 
To ruin, thus the chosen flock are sold, 
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold; 
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain, 
And loath the names of a gentle reign: 
'Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod, 
We trust our prince no more than they their 

But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach 
To those whom sad experience ne'er could 
teach, 
[scare, 
Who can commence new broils in bleeding 
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars; 
When the same household mortal foes did yield, 
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the 
field; 
[stain, 
When sons' currst steel the fathers' gore did 
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers stain! 
When, thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand, 
Our tribe's lay slaughter'd through the promis'd 
land, 
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain, 
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign: 
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew, 
And madly, even those ill we fear, pursue; 
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils, 
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils. 
Yet our fierce sanbedrim in restless rage, 
Against our absent hero still engage, 
And chiefly urg'd, such did their phrenzy prove, 
The only suit their prince forbids to move, 
Which 'till obtain'd they cease affairs of state, 
And real dangers waive for groundless hate. 
Long David's patience waits relief to bring, 
With all the indulgence of a lawful king, 
Expecting till the troubled waves would cease, 
But found the raging billows still increase. 
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells, 
While he forgives too far, almost rebels. 
At last his deep resentment silence broke, 
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke: 
Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time, 
For lo! our mercy is become our crime. 
While halting Punishment her stroke delays, 
Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, 
taks away 
For whose support 'tis subjects' interest calls, 
Wo to that kingdom where the monarch falls! 
That prince who yields the least of regal sway, 
So far his people's freedom does betray. 
Right lives by law, and law subsists by power; 
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour. 
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race, 
Which heaven itself in vain has tried with 
grace! 
[close, 
When will our reason's long charm'd eyes un- 
And Israel judge between her friends and foes? 

When shall we see expir'd deceivers' sway, 
And credit what our God and monarchs say. 
Dissembled patriots, brat'd with Egypt's gold 
Even sanbedrims in blind obedience hold; 
These patriots falsehood in their actions see, 
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree; 
If aught for which so loudly they declaim, 
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim; 
Our senators in due methods they had led, 
To avoid those mischief which they seem'd to 
dread; 
But first ere yet they prop'd the sinking state, 
To impeach and charge, as urg'd by private 
hate; 
[protest, 
Proves that they ne'er-believ'd the fears they 
But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest! 
Oh, whither will ungraver'd senators drive, 
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive? 
When their injustice we are press'd to share, 
The monarch urg'd to exclude the lawful heir, 
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd, 
And this the privilege of royal blood? 
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they 
press, 
His sufferings yet were than the people's less, 
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to 
swield, 
And on their heirs entail a bloody field: 
Thus madly their own freedom they betray, 
And for the oppression which they fear make 
way; 
Succession fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar, 
Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war; 
Waste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin, 
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within. 
Since then their good they will not understand, 
"T is time to take the monarch's power in hand; 
Authority and force to join with skill, 
And save the liberties against their will 
The same rough means that swage the crowd, 
appease 
Our senate's raging with the crowd's disease. 
Henceforth unbiased measures let them draw 
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law; 
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score, 
Themselves so much in Jesuities abhor. 
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall blood, 
Nor Pharisées by Pharisées be freed. 
Impartial justice from our throne shall shower, 
All shall have right, and we our sovereign 
power. 
He said, the attendants heard with awful joy, 
And glad pressing their face'd thoughts em- 
ploy; 
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd, 
A realm that long with civil discord mournd; 
Till his approach, like some arriving god, 
Compos'd and heal'd the losse of his abode.
ABSHALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

The deface check'd that to Judea spread,
And stopped sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And char'd from Israel, Israel's peace casts flies.
The field confess'd his power in arms before,
And stood proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shone,
How fit to inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'er paid to see
The crown's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distress'd,
A virtue proper to the brave and best; [best
Amongst whom was Jehoahaz, Jehoahaz always
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent;]
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Desert'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood,
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of laudable action time was denied,
Friend to the masses, and the masses' pride.
Nor can Benoiah's worth forgotten be,
Of steady soul when public storms were high;
Whose conduct while the Moor fierce onset made,
Soon'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who meet their sufferings meekly,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that sought his absence to betray,
Press first their saucy false respects to pay;
He still the officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.
While real transports thus his friends universal,
And foes are loud in their assembl'd joy,
* Nobly he saw his enemy in Hebron shone. When the Duke of York returned from Scotland, in the beginning of 1662, the munitions against him seemed so strong, in a good measure sublimate and shown himself so well inclined to support the reformed religion in that kingdom, that he was thanked for it by several bishops, in an address which was published, to the satisfaction of all ranks of people; and the citizens of London, particularly, treated him on that account with vast respect. D.
* ———— Jehoahaz always best.

To serve the crown, and loyal by descent.
Jehoahaz, the Lord Dartmouth, a gentleman of great honesty, who, though invincibly attached to the Duke of York, had always the coldness to tell him freely what he disliked any of his proceedings; and his highness was discreet enough to take his representations as they were meant. D.

If Barnabas's worth forgotten be] Barnabas, Colonel, afterwards General Suffolk, a gentleman of tried courage, and known good sense; he was of the Darrell family; had served at Tangier with reputation, and on account of his having expressed a disaffection of the popish plot, was expelled the house of commons, and committed to the tower. He obtained his liberty and command, in a very short time, but not his seat in the house. D.

His triumphs so resounded far and near,
Missa'd not his young ambitious rival's ear,
And as when joyful hunters' clamorous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
Disclaiming,スキル his mans and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round.
With rose of seas directs his chasseurs' way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage storm'd now in Abshalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fire eyes confest.
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the crenulous youth conveys'd.

In deep revolving thoughts he weiged his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubtful to baffle fate,
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift.
To bulk his charge, and for himself to shift.
In which his dexterous wit had oft been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stand posses,
Perceives the crowd's unsteady zeal decay,
Lost their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore are his fortunes slip his time,
The statesman plots to engage in some bold crime
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust.
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus to insame him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier state;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue.
Norse cares what claimer's crown'd, except the Wake, Abshalom, approaching ruin shone, [true.
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made?
Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why shouldst thou, from every grievance free,
Porsak the vineyards for their stormy sea?
For these did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurel's sought thy brow,
Preferment, wealth, and power thy vassals were,
And c'of a monarch all things but the care.
O should our crimes again that curse draw down
And rebel arms once more attempt the crown
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone.
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impos'd arms?
A prince so form'd, with earth's and heaven's applause,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail?
The faction, whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Among themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth, with spects in his sight,
(So have their cruel politics decreed,)
Must by that crew, that made him guilty, bleed!
For, could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they choose to obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformation spring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lost this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,
Lost this severe, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But what's'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel,
Who now an ensorcel festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls.
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
But oh how weakly does sedition build!
For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and_State!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emetics had their forage laid,

Achitophel.

Who now an ensorcel festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls.
The Duke of York being invited to dine at Merchant Taylor's Hall with the company of artillery, of which he was captain-general, on the 1st of April, 1695, tickets were dispersed in opposition to, and contempt of, this meeting, inviting the nobility, gentry, and citizens, who wished well to the perpetual religion, to convene the same day at St. Michael's church, Cornhill, and thence proceed to dine at Haberdashers' Hall; but this association was stopped by an order of council. D.

1. For the royal mandate issues forth. The substance of which was, that the power of appointing public days of fasts and thanksgivings being vested in the crown, a particular meeting, pretended to that end, and advertised to be held on the 31st of April, 1695, at St. Michael's, Cornhill, must be of a seditionous tendency, as not having the royal sanction; and therefore the lord mayor and aldermen of London are, at their peril, ordered to hinder it, as an unlawful assembly. D.

Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the fury plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless wraith
Or swelling Neptune lawless irruptions made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd
The commonwealth, broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mares o'er throw:
Even so our scatter'd guests confusedly meet,
With boil'd, bake'd, roast, all jutting in the street;
Dejected all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shokel, without treat or treason, paid.

Sedition's dark eclipses now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
[late, Here, labrousmerce, those glorious chiefs re-
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate:
The rest of that illustrious band rebeare,
Immortal'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recall,
View heaven, and there enjoy thy glorious fall.
First write Benjamin, whose illustrious name
Foretells our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Benjamin with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks; serene his life and thought,
On whom so largely nature heaped her store,
'There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal;
Of dates observant, firm to every trust,
And to the needy always more than just.
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the governament's skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour
Sees all his glories copied in his son;
Whose forward fame should every muse engage;
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others' age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind.
Whose loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.

1. First senior Benjamin, the Marquis of Worcester, created Duke of Beaufort in 1695, a nobi-
liean of great worth and honour, who had always been a friend of King William, and who, accordin
the Commons, in 1694, prayed his majesty to remove
him from his present situation, as being a fof his
pe

3. See all his glories copy'd in his son. Charles
Somerset, Lord Herbert, of Raglan in Monmouth-
shires, who, according to Wood, was entered of
Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree as a
master of arts in 1694. D.
Abigail at the prophet's school was placed;
Abdai with all his father's virtue grace'd;* A hero, who while stars look'd wond'ring down, Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain That crown restor'd; and in this rank of fame, Brave Abdai with the first a place must claim. Proceed illustrous, happy chief, proceed, Foresee the garnish for thy brow decreed, While the inspired tribe attend with nolest To register the glories thou shalt gain; [strain For sure the dew shall Gilboa's hills o'reake, And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake; Or sea retir'd their secret stores disclose, And to the sun their scaly brow expose, Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise, Before the Muse leaves their patron's praise.
Elijah our next labour does invite, And armed with the Elisha of old. Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd, And firm in all the tums of fortune prov'd! Such ancient service and desert so large, Well claim'd the royal household for his charge. His age with only one maid heiress blest, In all the bloom of smiling nature drest, And blest again to see his flower allied To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride.J

* Abdai with all his father's virtue grace'd; Abdiel, the Duke of Abelnia, son to the brave General Monk, and president of Wales. He was liberal and loyal, and a leading man among the friends of the king and the duke, on which account he was severally stigmatized by the whig writers. In 1687 he was sent abroad as governor of Jamaica, where he died. D.

J Elijah Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wrote a most severe satire on Lord Arlington, here introduced under the name of Elijah, called Advice to a Painter. This Henry Bennet was a younger son of a private gentleman, but followed the royal family into exile; at whose restoration he was made first privy-cure, then secretary of state, Earl of Arlington, knight of the garter, and at last lord-chamberlain to King Charles II., and to his brother King James II. afterwards. He was for some years a kind of favourite minister, I mean conversant in his master's pleasures, as well as intrusted with his business; notwithstanding the constant enmity both of the Duke of York and Chancellor Clarendon, whose superior power, especially in state affairs, was yet unable to shake King Charles's inclination to this gentleman, who therefore, at the other's banishment, remained, if not to his minister, at least the principal one for some time. J. WF.

J His age with only one maid heiress blest, Othniel, Henry Duke of Grafton, one of the king's natural sons, begotten upon the body of the Duchess of Cleveland. She was averse to his marrying Lord Arlington's daughter, though a considerable heiress. I have seen a letter from her to lord-treasurer Darby to that effect; but (I think true) thanking him for his care in endeavouring to prevent this match. It is in her own handwriting.

The bright forerunner of his father's youth, Devoted to a son's and subject's truth; Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home, So bravely sought, while sought by Abdiel. Ah prince! the illustrious planet thy birth, And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth! That no Achitophel thy ruin boast! Israel too much in one such wreck has lost. Even envy must consent to Helen's worth. Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth, Could for our captive ark its seal retain, And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain; To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride, He all the allurements of his court defied. Whom profit nor example could betray, But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway. What acts of favour in his province fall, On merit he confers, and freely all. Our list of nobles next let Amuri grace; Whose merits claim'd the Abdiel's high Who, with a loyalty that did excel, [place Brought all the endowments of Achitophel. Sincere was Amuri, and not only known, But Israel's sanctions into practice drew; Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem, Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him. No rabin, speaks like him their mystic sense So just, and with such charms of eloquence; To whom the doleful blessing does belong, With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue. Then Sheba none more loyal seal have Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown, [shows, This Duke of Grafton soon joined the Prince of Orange at the revolution, and was killed at the siege of Cork, in the year 1690. He had great natural bravery, was very sincere, but rough as the sea, of which he was fond, and whereon, had he lived, he promised to make a gallant figure. D. [Even envy must consent to Helen's worth] He loves the Earl of Pemberton, a Frenchman by birth, and nephew to Mareschal Furenne; he was honest, brave, and good-natured, but procrastinate and impatient. D.

J To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride He all the allurements of his court defied. His lordship had been a Protestant, though Burnett says there was reason to suspect his sincerity. Affecting for King Charles II. who really esteemed him, made him prefer England to his own country, where he had great interest, and might have expected to be nobly provided for. D.

J Our list of nobles next let Amuri grace; Amuri, Sir Nathaniel Finch, constituted lord keeper of the great seal, on Shaftesbury's dissolution, and soon advanced to a peerage and the chancellorship. He was a zealous Protestant, and yet conducted himself with such steadiness and integrity, as to give offence to no party; which was a little sur pising, as he held this important station at a time when party feuds raged with uncontrolled fury. His abilities were very great; he was judicious, eloquent, and industrious, an able lawyer, and a statesman, endowed with strong veracity and inflexible integrity. D.

** These Sheva none** Meaning Sir Roger L'Estrange, who of all venal and sordid scoundrels

ABSALEM AND

ACHITOPHEL.
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factionist priests the cant revive;
In vain our seditious wretches strive [eye
To inflame the crowd; while he with watchful
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeserves more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey’d,
Advance’d his signal, and the plague was stay’d.
Once more, my fainting muse, thy pinnions try,
And strength’s exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We’ll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy’s flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel: [dream,
Thy strains shall be our seething prophets’ song,
And as our Signet rings their theme;
Our jubilant shall with thy verse be grand,
The song of Asaph shall for everlast.
How fierce his satire look’d; restrain’d, how tame;
How tender of the offending young man’s fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures Just to his virtues, to his error mild. [styl’d;
No page of things that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last. [allow
: What praise for such rich strains shall we What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While heat in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;[fast,
While Judah’s throne and Sion’s rock stand
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.
Still Hebron’s honour’d happy soil retains
Our royal hero’s beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off, with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings bright companion back.

But are such transport can our senses employ
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coast’s restor’d those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Curs’d Sodom’s doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant died.
Give not insulting Asa, to know,
Nor let Gaub’s daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt’s pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountain dry.
While Sion’s rock dissolves for a supply.
Calm were the elements, night’s silence deep,
The waves scarce murmur, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour, [your;
And treacherous sands the princely bark destroy.
They death unworthy seize’d a generous race,
To virtue’s scandal, and the stars’ disgrace!
Oh! I had the indulgent powers vouchsaf’d to insted of faithless abeles, a listed field;
A listed field of heaven’s and David’s foes,
Fiercely as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughtered heap retire’d,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expire’d:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying o’er they that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master’s ‘scape applaud;
[defrain;
Of whom kind force could scarce the fate Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin’d
Say, royal sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania’s charms; If all your sufferings past so nearly press’d,
Or pierce’d with half so painful grief your breast?
Thus some diviner muse her hero forms;
Not sordid with soft delights, but tos’d in storms.
Nor stretch’d on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love,
But far remov’d in thundering camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the hearsey ground:
In tasks of danger always seen the first, Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst,
Long must his patience strive with fortune’s rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage,
Must see his country flame, his friends destro’d,
Before the promis’d empire be enjoy’d:
Such toil of fate must build a man of fame,
And such, to Israel’s crown, the godlike David came.

That ever deflected any administration, in any country or time, seems to have gone the greatest lengths in striving to defend any grievance and injustice that a government can be guilty of. His style is the masterpiece of what may be called the Peri-Dutt; and was vitiated by cant and affected vulgar phrases, and coffee-house expressions. In this sort of diction he translated, or rather travesti, the Offices of Tully, the Morals of Seneca, the Visions of Quevedo, and the History of Josephus; and gave a nauseous caricature of the simplicity of Soop in his Fabies. Dr. J. W.
What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste?
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
On the instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element serene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hymenean swarms,
Or stagger'd soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark, in looest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.

Welcome to Israel* and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings rest.
This year did Ziloch rule Jerusalem,†
And boldly all sedition's surges stem,
Hove'or encompass'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimel to assist the chair;
Yet Ziloch's loyal labours so prevail'd,
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When o'er the commons cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restored,
Crowns mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

* Welcome to Israel The Duke of Buckingham gave this character of the two royal brothers—that Charles could see things if he would, and James would see things if he could. The conduct of James, and his behaviour in his visit to Oxford, is marvellously weak, preposterous, and absurd. It is recorded in Anthony Wood's Life—Charles II. used to say with respect to the mistresses of his brother, which were plain and homely, that his confessor had imposed such mistresses upon him as Mrs. Wharton, Lady Bellaury, Mrs. Sedley, and Mrs. Churchill, by way of penance. Charles II.'s favourite mistress retained her beauty till near seventy years of age. Sir Peter Lely, in a high strain of fancyry, drew her portrait, and that of her son, the Duke of Richmond, as a Madonna and Child, for a convent in France. Dr. J. W.

† This year did Ziloch rule Jerusalem, etc. Sir John Moor, Lord Mayor of London in 1651, and one of the representatives of the city in parliament, was a most zealous and corrupt partisan of the court. He nominated two aldermen whom he knew would be perfectly subservient to the ministry and the arbitrary measures of the king. Dr. J. W.

In a congratulatory poem, addressed to Sir William Pritchard (the successor of Sir John Moor), published on a half sheet in 1669, the humble bard hurst his indignation, not without an allusion to Dryden's poem, against:
That long-eart'n rout, and their Achitophel,
That shun it stirs to live and not rebel;
Those pious elders, that Geneva rabble,
That hope, once more, to make old Paul's a stable,

KEY TO ABEL AND ACHITOPHEL

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<tr>
<td>Adriel</td>
<td>The Fame given, in this Poem, to a Lord Chancellor in general.</td>
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<td>Asaiah</td>
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<td>Sir Henry Bent, Earl of Arlington</td>
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<td>Beeliah</td>
<td>The Popish Plot.</td>
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<td>Beeliah</td>
<td>The Land of Exiles, more particularrly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided</td>
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<td>A Member of the House of Com.</td>
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<td>Beeliah</td>
<td>Villiers, Duke of Buckingham</td>
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<td>Beeliah</td>
<td>Sir John Moor.</td>
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THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

THE MEDAL.
A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

Fox to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? 'T is the representation of your own hero; 't is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. Not of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it; all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder do enhanced, that many a poor Prussian, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero, or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Boustinis and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-Protestant Plot, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rage when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe when he is dead you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any association of men, (to come nearer to you,) who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factions clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal to the public welfare to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by way of reproving him, you endow your what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many; if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition, or his practice, or even where you would obliquely lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermediate in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like, which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his majesty, when 't is apparent that your sedition pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 't is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die, and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-Protestant plot is much of i

* A folio pamphlet with this title, vilifying Lord Shaftesbury from being concerned in any plott ing design against the king, was published in two parts, the first in 1681, the second in 1682. Wood says, that the general reports were written then, and supposed by the earl himself, or that, at least, he found the materials; and his servant, who put it into the printer's hands, was committed to prison. D.

* The third part, printed in quarto, was supposed to be written by Ferguson, under my lord's eye. It reflects on the proceedings against him in the points of high treason, whereof he stood accused; and strives to deprecate the characters of the witnesses, by painting them in the most odious colours. The Growth of Popery was written by Mr. Marvel, who published it a little before his death, which happened in 1679. A second part of it was written by Mr. Ferguson about the same period; for which and other sedition practices, his body was demanded of the sheriffs of London, he being then at York; but refused; though Sir Thomas Armstrong had been
stained from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan De jure regni apud Scotos; or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guiardiis. Any one who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Pulrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigation of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian, (for our church abhors so devilish a tenet) who first writ a treatise of the unlawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the house of commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former, and yet unrepented act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the paganism of worship; but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the council of Trent; so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whenever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword; 'tis the proper time to say anything when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be sibbling at a parallel betwixt this association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel; for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly: and, not to break a custom, do it without writ: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for say they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyme, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the nonconformist persons, who write the Whig and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no further for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of him. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity;

* The friends of the Earl of Shaftesbury instreant ed every where, that the draught of that association, which was said to be found among his papers, was put there by the monarch, who wished them to advance the credit of the tories, and give greater weight to the court charge.
for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the
brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity
& make a purse for a member of their society,
who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and
even Protestant socks are bought up among
you, out of veneration to the name. A dissen-
ter in poetry from sense and English will make
as good a Protestant rhymr, as a dissenter
from the Church of England a Protestant par-
sion. Besides, if you encourage a young be-
ginner, who knows but he may elevate his style
a little above the vulgar epithets of profane and
saucy Jack, and atheistical scribbler, with which
he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong
upon him; by which well-mannered and char-
table expressions I was certain of his sect be-
fore I knew his name. What would you have
more of man? He has damned me in your
cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has
half the texts of both the Testaments against
me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to
take him for your interpreter, and not to take
them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps
you will tell me, that you retained him only for
the opening of your cause, and that your main
lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he
meet with no more reply than his predecessors,
you may either conclude that I trust to the good-
ness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or dis-
dain him, or what you please, for the short on't
is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, what-
ever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

Or all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:
A monster, more the favourite of the town:
Than either fair or theatres have shown.
Never did art do more with nature serve:
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive,
So like the man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with titles and with face;
And lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse, a tower the town surveys;
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrivell voice,
Latenese, which, in Polish, is rejöise. [join'd]
The day, month, year, to the great act are
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the style that copied every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for a smooth face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will?
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill.
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!)
A vermin wriggling in the Usurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Graz'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while godliness was
gain.
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint: for hypocrite zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Woeing to scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade; but they may intercede.
The ungodly principle was all the same,
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides their pace was formal, grave, and
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack. [slack;
Yet still he found his fortunes at a stay; [way;
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price. [jeans,
Power was his aim: but, thrown from that pres-
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And malice reconciil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the angelish of his soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserves;
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
Even in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatical years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gare.
At best as little honest as he could,
And, like white witches, mischievously good.
To his first bias longingly he leas;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he lose our triple held;
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence those tears! that illium of our wo!
Who helps a powerful friend, forsakes a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far.
When he cut down the banks that made the
Seas follow but their nature to invade; [bar?
But he by art our native strength betray'd,
So Samson to his foe his force confest;
And to be shorn lay slumbering on her breast.
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Esop'd its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious way,
Could be seduce to arbitrary sway;
THE MEDAL.

Forsaken of that hope he shifts the sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale;
And shows the fiend confess'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding force,
That coronation oath are things of course;
Maintains the multitude can never err;
And sets the people in the papal chair.
The reason's obvious, interest never lies;
The most have still their interest in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.

Almighty crowd, thou shortest all dispute,
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy pia-
daric way!

Atheism no doubt did righteousness decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteousness they did those deems repent;
Still they were wise whatever way they went;
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father and recall the son.
Some think the fools were most as times went then,
[mem.

But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent
The common cry is 'en religion's test,
The Turk's is at Constantinople beat;
Idols in India; Popery at Rome;
And our own worship only true at home.
And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God's mighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inferior right in monarchs did declare;
And, that a lawful power might never cease,
Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway, at last
In equal balances were justly cast.
But this new Jove spurs the hot-mouth'd horses;
Instructs the beast to know his native force;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we know,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue.
The lavish government can give no more:
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God tried us once; our rebel fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they sought
Till master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
We leant our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails!

How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill;
Proud of his power, and boundless in his will.
That kings can do no wrong we must believe.
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help, Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws which they dispense.
Of justice to their righteous cause allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
And medals grand their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.
The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles
Might laugh again to see a jury chaw [pass,
The prickles of unpleasant law.
The witnesses that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them were medi-cinally good;
But when they fatten'd on their foster'd store,
The justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oath debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factious, and decreed;
And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.
The rack o'er scripture to confess their cause,
And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
It has been us'd as ill in every age;
And is constrain'd with patience all to take
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever sense they please.
'T was fram'd at first our oracle to inquire;
But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.

London, thou great emporium of our state,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse thy desert?
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupt part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand;
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the slime thou leavest behind.
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two such gouty hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is too sloth too great a slave,
None are so busy as the fool and knave. [large,
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they
Whose urchins neither plague nor fire can smudge?
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In gospel phrase their champion they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the spol;
They boast 'tis when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing;
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare de-throne,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French Puritan,
Our sacrilegious sect's their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means their traitorous combination less,
Too plain to evade, too Shameful to confess!
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justifi'd.
The men, who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At first without, at last against their princes.
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man;
God were not safe, his thunder could they shun,
He should be forc'd to crown another son.
Then when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murderers' own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse:
By proving theirs no plot, they prove 'tis worse;
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force:
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'T is working in the immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then Cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring; [war
From thence to assume the power of peace and
And ease him by degrees of public care.
Yet to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.
[drink
For what can power give more than food and
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and what like a Ceronian band,
That waits impatient for the last command.
Thus certain open villany maintain, [plain
They steal not, but in squadrons scour the
And if'their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils republics will not grow:
Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign;
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blast: [w:
And though the climate, we'd with various
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.
But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts,
Whose blandishments a loyal land have who'd,
And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord:
What curses on thy blasted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy shall call;
For all must curse the worse that must descend on
Religion thou hast none; thy Mercury
Has passe'd thro' every sect, or theirs thro' thee.
But what thou givest, that venison still remains;
And the poor nation feels thee in their brains.
What else inspires the tongues and swells the
Of all thy bellowing renegado priests, [breasts
That preach up thee for God; dispense thy
laws;
And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause?
Fresh fumes of madness raise; and toil and
sweat
To make the formidable cripple great. [power
Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless
Compass those ends thy greedy hope pursued,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
That lets the world and human kind alone:
A jolly god, that passes hours too well
To promise heaven, or threaten us with hell.
That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
And wink at crimes he did himself commit
A tyrant theirs; the heaven their priesthood
An conventicle of gloomy sullen saints; [paints
A heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad;
Foredoom'd for souls, with false religion mad.
Without a vision poets can forebore
What all but fools by common sense may know:
If true succession from our isle should fail,
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatterest thy decrepit age.
The swelling poison of the several sects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health im-
fects.
Shall burst its bag; and, fighting out their way
The various venoms on each other prey.
RELIGIO LAICI.

The presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the devout nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy,
And parcel out republican prolacy.
But short shall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will pumy sects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat sword and flamboyant gown shall
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war: [jar,
Chiefs shall be gradual'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend.
The surly commons shall respect deny,
And lustle peerage out with property.
Their general either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame;
And thrust out Cato'sine that bore their name.
These inborn brent the factions would engage,
Or wars of axil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age;
And our wild labours wearied into rest,
Rescind'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

—Pudet nec operetis, vestis
Ex inet potissime, et non potissime resell.

RELIGIO LAICI;
OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

THE PREFACE.

A poem with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity, I could answer, that perhaps, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own revered divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors, which yet, I hope, are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to skepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance: it is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and among some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that, before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven, and that the devil had the
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem is manifest; but when the progenies of Charm and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was substituted: and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that Delism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnant or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship: and the rest of those deductions, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us: and what Socrates said of him, what Plato willed, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilit of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support. It is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig: it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen.

For every man is building a several way; impatiently conceit of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its own proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods: at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in Church history knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father: and that thus compiled it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of test, which whoever ever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proportion, 'whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathemas reaches not the heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all I am far from blaming even that preambulatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the Church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; it being a heroism, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided; and therefore
the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition, and for my own part, the plain Apostles' creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens; because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known...

But, by asserting the Scripture like the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility; and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility in the private spirit; and have distorted those texts of Scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the least dangerous of our enemies, to our present state, for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their power is small and common are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were ousted from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without misdrawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuitic Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them, are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Se, Molina, Santarei, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campan, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, si vel paulum deflexerit, if he shall never so little warp; but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nabonassar, ex hominum Christianorum dominatn, from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not de fide; and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorised. And their champion Bellar- mine has told the world, in his apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, regiones directi Domini, and that he holds in vassalage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that King John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the Church, and the crown received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocence in this plot; I will grant their behaviour in the first to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it
is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to a heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, a heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our Church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemned the doctrine of king killing, a thesis of the Jesuits, among others, ex cathedra, as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prohibited to the destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in a few years, let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our Reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical; then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-priest, the marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribbler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account: that their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake among the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most saintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been marks of orthodox belief, the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Copinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's
RELIBO LAICI.

birth right, as hat of their saint and patroon; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech: 'There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hasty to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence,' (meaning the presbyterian discipline,) 'should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy.'

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the convertires be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth: and it is the observation of Malmibour, in his History of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And he indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapon; and out of the same magazine, the Bible; so that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never since the Reformation has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of nonconformists and republicans. It is but Dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible; but one text or another will turn up for their purpose: if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election: if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper: but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the meekness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of The Critical History of the Old Testament, composed by the learned father Simon: the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem, I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not illimitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic; for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawyer, and those three qualities which I have named are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life or less; but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

— RELIBO LAICI.

Dusk as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars To lonely, weary, wandering travellers, Is Reason to the soul; and as on high, Those rolling fires discover but the sky, Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray Was lest, not to assure our doubtful way, But guide us upward to a better day. And as those nightly tapers disappear, When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp alone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He?
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmour'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not 'en the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find:
What most concern'd the good of human kind:
For happiness was never to be found;
But vanish'd from 'em like en. hanted ground.
One thought: Content the good to be enjoy'd:
These every accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil:
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep:
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground:
Ories em.pas, the mighty secret's found:
God is that sprung of good: supreme and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest;
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray:
One put to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifices for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind:
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state:
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd:
The best must pensive, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar;
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropp'd from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprang the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'T is revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dute, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
These giant wis'd, in happier ages born,
(When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,)
Raised Knew no such system: no such piles could
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise.
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe,
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could stones for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
Dare'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote, and weak; must take
What satisfaction thou art please'd to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A multitude thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way;
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store:
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
The offended suffering in the offender's name
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For granting we have sin'd, and that the
Of man is made against Omnipotence, (offence
Some price that bears proportion must be paid
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or paid, inadequate in price:
I Socrates. Marginal Note, orig. ed.
Religio Laici.

What farther means can Reason now direct,  
Or what relief from human wit expect?  
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure  
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure;  
If then Heaven’s will must needs be understood,  
(Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,)  
Let all records of will reveal’d be shown;  
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,  
And our one sacred, or the written book be that one.  

Proof needs not here, for whether we come  
That impious, idle, superstitions were [par  
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, (which before,  
In various ages, various countries bore,)  
With Christian faith and virtue, we shall find  
None answering the great ends of human kind,  
But this one rule of life, that shows us best  
How God may appear’d, and mortals blest.  
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,  
The world is scarce more ancient than the law:  
Heaven’s early care prescrib’d for every age;  
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.  
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,  
Or on the writers, or the written book,  
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill’d  
In several ages born, in several parts; [in arts,  
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,  
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?  
Unask’d their pains, ungrateful their advice,  
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price,  
If on the book itself we cast our view,  
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:  
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,  
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:  
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause.  
When what is taught agrees with Nature’s laws.  

Then for the style, majestic and divine,  
It speaks no less than God in every line:  
Commanding words; whose force is still the  
As the first fact that produc’d our frame.  
[Same All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;  
Or sense indulg’d has made mankind their friend:  
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:  
Unsod by nature’s soil, in which it grows;  
Cross to our interests, curbing sense, and sin;  
Oppress’d without, and undermind’d within,  
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors  
Grieve:  
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.  
To what can Reason such effects assign,  
Transcending nature, but to laws divine?  
Which in that sacred volume are contain’d;  
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain’d.  
But stay: the Deist here will urge anew,  
No supernatural worship can be true:

Because a general law is that alone  
Which must to all, and every where, be known:  
A style so large as not this book can claim,  
Nor sought that bears reveal’d religion’s name.  
’Tis said the sound of a Messiah’s birth  
Is gone through all the habitable earth:  
But still that text must be construe’d alone  
To what was then inhabited, and known:  
And what provision could from thence accrue  
To Indian souls, and worlds discover’d new?  
In other parts it helps, that ages past; [brac’d,  
The Scriptures there were known, and were ems.  
Till Sin spread once again the shades of night:  
What’s that to those who never saw the light?  
Of all objections this indeed is chief:

To startle reason, stagger frail belief:  
We grant, it’s true, that Heaven from human  
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:  
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may  
Find oen for those bewilderd souls a way;  
If from his nature foes may pity claim, [name.  
Much more may strangers who ne’er heard his  
And though no name be for salvation known,  
But that of his eternal Son’s alone;  
Who knows how far transcending goodness can  
Extend the merits of that Son to man?  
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;  
Or ignorance invincible may plead?  
Not only charity bids hope the best,  
But more the great apostle has express’d:  
That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir’d,  
By nature did what was by law requir’d;  
They, who the written rule had never known,  
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:  
To Nature’s plain command they shall please  
And by their conscience be condemn’d or freed.  
Most righteous dooms! because a rule reveal’d  
Is none to those from whom it was conceal’d.  
Then those who follow’d Reason’s dictates right,  
Liev’d up, and lifted high their natural light;  
With Socrates may see their Makor’s face,  
While thousand martyrs want a place.  
Nor does it bulk my charity, to find  
The Egyptian bishop of another mind  
For though his creed eternal truth contains,  
’Tis hard for man to doon to endless pains  
All who believ’d not all his zeal requir’d.  
Unless he first could prove he was inspir’d.  
Then let us either think he meant to say  
This faith, where publish’d, was the only way;  
Or else conclude that, Aries to confute,  
The good old man too eager in dispute,  
Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,  
Dane’d all for heretics who durst oppose.  
Thus far my charity this path has tried;  
(A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide.)
Yet what they are, 'tis these crude thoughts
were bred,
By reading that which better thou hast read:
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my
friend,
By well translating better dost commend;
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals, most
in toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd:
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The cradled toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quota-
tions.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd,
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copyists' and translators' trade:
How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd. [guese'd,
For some, who have his secret meaning
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and Councils, and Tradition's force;
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If Scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserved on earth:
If God's own people, who of God before [more,
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unpollish'd,
Yet in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroi'd the sense,
With vain traditions stap'd the gaping fence;
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease;
What safety from such brushwood-beats as these,
If written words from time are not secure'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endure'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entall'd; [plain;
And that some such have been, is prov'd too
If we consider Interest, Church, and Gain.
O but, says one, 'Tradition set asid,' Where can we hope for an unerring guide?

For since the original Scripture has been lost.
All copies disagreeing, main'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground
Or truth in Church Tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient Church we wish indeed;
'T were worth both Testaments; and cast in the
But if this mother be a guide so sure, [Creed:
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well,
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no Council dare pretend to do;
Unless like Eadras they could write it new;
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the best original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest 't is, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require
If others in the same glass better see,
'T is for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others but what I believe.
Must all tradition then be set aside?*
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
Which every sect will wrest a several way,
(For what one sect interprets, all sects may.)
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian [plain,
From the same Scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end the important suit;
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute?
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think (according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still)
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
The unbeliever Christian, who believes in gross,
Pios on to heaven, and no'se is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page, and see
Which doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine.
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd de-
sign:

* Of the infallility of tradition in general. M. N
Orig. ed.

† Opinion in behalf of tradition urged by Father
Simon. M. N. Orig. ed.
RELIGIO LAICI.

Which exposition flows from genuine sense;  
And which is for'rd by wit and eloquence.  
Not that tradition's parts are useless here;  
When general, old, disinterested, and clear:  
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,  
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;  
Confirms its force, by biding every test;  
For best authority's next rules are best.  
And still the nearer to the spring we go,  
More limpid, more unsoiled the waters flow.  
Thus, first traditions were a proof alone;  
Could we be certain such they were, so known:  
But since some flaws in long descent may be,  
They make not truth but probability.  
E'en Aris and Pelagius durst provoke  
T'd what the centuries preceding spoke.  
Such difference is there in an oft told tale:  
But truth by its own sides will prevail.  
Tradition written therefore more commands  
Authority, than what from voice descends:  
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,  
Rolls down to us the sacred history:  
Which, from the Universal Church receiv'd,  
Is tried, and after, for itself believ'd.  
The partial Papists would infer from hence*  
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.  
But first they would assume, with wondrous art;†  
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part  
Of that vast frame, the Church; yet grant they were  
The handlers down, can they from thence infer  
A right to interpret? or would they alone  
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?  
The book's a common largess to mankind;  
Not more for them than every man design'd;  
The welcome news is in the letter found;  
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.  
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,  
In all things needful to be known, is plain.  
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,  
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;  
When want of learning kept the laymen low,  
And none but priests were authoris'd to know:  
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell;  
And he a god who could but read or spell:  
Then mother church did mightily prevail:  
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:  
But still expounded what she sold or gave;  
To keep it in her power to damn and save:  
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,  
Poor laymen took salvation on content;  
As needy men take money good or bad.  
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.  

Yet, whate'er be the conveyances they made,  
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.  
In those dark times they learn'd their knack to  
That by long use they grew infallible: [well,  
At last, a knowing age began to inquire  
If they the book, or that did them inspire:  
And, making narrower search, they found, the' late,  
[certe;  
That what they thought the priest's was their  
Taught by the will produc'd, (the written word)  
How long they had been cheat'd on record.  
Then every man, who saw the title fair,  
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:  
Consulted soberly his private good,  
And sav'd himself as cheap as o'er he could.  
'T is true, my friend, (and far be flattery hence;)  
This good had full as bad a consequence:  
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,  
Which each presump't be best could understand,  
The common rule was made the common prey,  
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.  
The tender page with hornis fats was gull'd  
And he was gifted most that loudest howld  
The spirit gave the doctorial degree;  
And every member of a company  
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.  
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;  
But men would still be itching to expound:  
Each was ambitious of the obscurest place,  
No measure taken from knowledge; all from grace  
Study and pains were now no more their care  
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:  
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;  
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.  
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,  
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm;  
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;  
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.  
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;  
A thousand more the perish'd race supply  
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will  
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill. [shelves  
The danger 's much the same; on several  
If others wrack us, or we wreck ourselves.  
What then remains but, waiving each extreme,  
The tides of Ignorance and pride to stem?  
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;  
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know:  
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;  
The things we must believe are few and plain:  
But since men will believe more than they need,  
And every man will make himself a creed,  
In doubtful questions 't is the safest way  
To lean in what unsuspected ancients say;  
For 't is not likely we should higher soar [fore  
In search of Heaven, than all the Church be-
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers agree.
If all the world are at rest, and all the world are at ease,
Yet who can we with such delight be plea-sed
To thee, O Heaven, and to thee, O Earth, we cry,
As the most chief of all. Thus, in all places, we do see
That private reason's more to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Stornhol'd or Tom Shadwell's rhyme shall serve.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:
A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM.

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF
KING CHARLES II.

I.

There long my grief 3 has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty wo,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her utmost room:
To tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like noble we marlbe grow;
And petrify with grief.

Our British heaven was all serene,
No threat'ning cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in nature's golden acres;
Surprise amidst our flow'ring store,
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more:
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprapar'd and out of guard,
Already lost before we fear'd.

*These long my grief* The following just, though severe sentence, has been pass'd on this Threnodia, by one who was always willing, if possible, to ex-tenuate the blamables of our poet. 'Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustom'd. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavoring to enlarge them. He is, he says, petrified with grief, but the marble relents, and trickles in a joke. There is throughout the composition a desire of splendor with wealth. In the conclusion, he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign, to have lamented his old master with much sincerity.' Dr. Johnson. **Sr. J. W.**

The amazing news of Charles at once were spread,
At once the general voice declair'd, 'Our gracious prince was dead.'
No sickness known before, no slow disease
To soften grief by just degrees:
But like a hurricane on Indian seas
The tempest rose;
An unexpected burst of woes:
With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
This now becal'm'd, and perishing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
(As onc it shal'l)
Should gape immense, and rushing down, o'er-whelm this aether ball;
So swift and so surprising was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, sure the best
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly risen from his rest,
And, with a fervent flame,
His usual morning vows had just address'd
For his dear sovereign's health;
And hep'd to have them heard,
In long increase of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guilless of greatness thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made
On his own head should be repaid.
Soon as the ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
(ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies space,)
Who can describe the amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half manner'd he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching greatness met him with his charms
Of power and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms,
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of death.
Amidst his sad attendants' groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron sluicer sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious duke—Forbear, sadistic muse,
No terms thy feeble art can use.
TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES II.

Are able to adorn so vast a wo:
The grief of all the rest like subject grief did show,
His like a sovereign did transcend;
No wise, no brother, such a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wond’rous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heaven, though its hard decrees was past,
Seem’d pointing to a gracious turn again:
And death’s uplifted arm arrested in its haste,
Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almost grief’d it had foreseen,
What by foresight it will’d eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below;
And mild forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.
New miracles approach’d the earthly throne,
Such as his wond’rous life had oft and lately known,
And urg’d that still they might be shown.
On earth his pious brother pray’d and vow’d,
Renouncing greatness as so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him the innumerable crowd
Of armed prayers [aloud;
Knock’d at the gates of heaven, and knock’d
The first well-meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life assai’d the throne, [their own.
All would have brid’d the skies by offering up
So great a thron not heaven itself could bar;
’Twas almost borne by force, as in the giants’ war.
[heard; The prayers, at least, for his reprieve were
His death, like Hosekiah’s, was deferr’d:
Against the sun the shadow went;
Five days, those five degrees, were lent
To form our patience and prepare the event.
The second cause took the swift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer’d by their art:
Once more the fleeting soul came back
To inspire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o’er the brand.

IV.
The joyful short-liv’d news soon spread around,
Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:
The drooping town in smiles again was dress’d,

Gladdness in every face express’d,
Their eyes before their tongues confess’d.
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took, [haste;
Friends to congratulate their friends made
And long inextant eyes saluted as they pass’d:
Above the rest heroic James appear’d
Exalted more, because he more had fear’d:
His manly heart, whose noble pride
Was still above
Dissembled hate or vanish’d love,
Its more than common transport could not hide
But like an eager rode in triumph o’er the tide.
Thus, in alternate course,
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flash’d upon the soul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
Returns and wins upon the shore;
The warry herd, aflighted at the roar,
Rest on their fies a while, and stay,
Then backward take their wandering way;
The prophet wonder’d more than they,
At prodigies but rarely seen before, [their sway
And cries, a king must fall, or kingdom change
Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
Presaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
For’d with regret to leave her native sphere
Came but a while on looking here:
Soon weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life.
An evening light
Soon shut in night;
A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.
The sons of art all medicines tried,
And every noble remedy applied;
With emulation each essay’d
His utmost skill, nay more, they pray’d:
Never was losing game with better conduct play’d.
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e’er was fate so near a foil:
But like a fortress on a rock, [did mock
The impregnable disease their vain attempts
They mird it in air, they batter’d from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be essay’d,
’T was beyond parley when the siege was laid:

* An eagre is a tide swelling above another tide, which I myself observed on the river Trent. M. N. Orig. e’d.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Caesar could sustain:
Undaunted Caesar undertook
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath what'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Against the worst of rebels, could decree,
A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess.
The vain insurances of life,
And he who most perform'd and promis'd less,
Even short himself forsook the unequal strife.
Death and despair was in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or books;
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar;
So stood they with their arms across;
Not to assist, but to deplore
The inevitable loss.

VI.
Death was denounced; that frightful sound
Which e'en the best can hardly bear,
He took the summons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What death could do he lately tried,
When in four days he more than died.
The same assurance all his words did grace;
The same majestic mildness held its place;
Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.
As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretell as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor shrunk nor stept aside for death;
But with unmutter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he resign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly state;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast:
O truly good, and truly great!
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set.
All that on earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heaven,
The right had given,
And his own love bequest'd supreme command:
He took and press'd that ever loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well for so great a trust he chose
A prince who never disobey'd:
Not when the most severe commands were last
Nor want, nor exile with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

VIII.
That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet less serenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harsh decree
For schoolmen with laborious art
To solve from cruelty:
Those, for whom love could no excuses frame
He greatly was forget to name,
Thus far my muse, though rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike soul:
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brothers' tenderness:
Though that's a term too mean and low;
The best above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they said,
The monarch who triumph'st went,
The militant who sail'd,
Like painters, when their height'ning arts are cast into a shade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That inexhausted spring
Oflenancy and love;
Himself in his most self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er rejudg'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times:
For a hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment:
And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his consent.
Oh, how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his sufferings past!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief;
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebuff'd.
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Died in'd, or was asham'd, to show
So weak, so womanish a wo,
Which yet the brother and the friend so pleasant conspire'd.
TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES II.

IX.

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind:
Nor murmuring grain express'd nor labouring Nor any least tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quite was his death.
Soft as those gentle whispers were,
In which the Almighty did appear;
By the still voice* the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy prosperous reign to shine,
That peace thou leavest to thy imperial line,
That peace, O happy shade, be ever thine!

X.

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it sound,
For numerous blessings yearly shower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom, still maintain'd alive,
Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
Without whose charms e'en peace would be
But a dull quiet slavery:
For these, and more, accept our pious praise;
'T is all the subsidy
The present age can raise,
The rest is charg'd on late posterity.
Posterity is charg'd the more,
Because the large abounding store
To them and to their heirs, is still entail'd by thee.
Succession of a long descent,
Which chastely in the channels ran,
And from our demigods began,
Equal almost to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberless and great,
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
And fix'd the fairest gem that decks the imperial crown:
Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not seditious, insolently loud,
Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd,
Not foreign or domestic treachery,
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd sword, it bent at will;
But kept the native toughness of the steel.

By the still voice] Alluding to 1 Kings xix. 12.
*And after the fire a still small voice.] See also the
* marginal reading of Job iv. 6. "I heard a still voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?"

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him strictly so,
That all who view the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load's too weighty: thou may'st choose
Some parts of praise, and some Rubio.
Write, that his annals may be thought more
lavish than the muses.
In scanty truth thou hast confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind;
His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such, doth God not give;
But habits of those who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehension quick, his judgment true:
That, the most learn'd, with shame, confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed
Revis'd the drooping arts again.
If science rais'd her head,
And soft humanity, that from rebellion fled:
Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the solar walk and heaven's high way,
With rank Geneva woods-run o'er,
And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore:
The royal husbandman appear'd,
And plough'd and sow'd and till'd;
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd.
And blest the obedient field.
When straight a double harvest rose;
Such as the swarthy Indian mows;
Or happier climates near the line,
[divine.
Or paradise manur'd, and dress'd by hands

XIII.

As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to survey,
Of airy choriaster a numerous train
Attend his wond'rous progress o'er the plain;
So, rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
The officious muses came along,
A gay harmonious quitter, like angels ever young;
The muse that mourns him now his happy triumph sung.
E'en they could thrive in this auspicious reign;
And such a plenteous crop they bore
Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
[gain.
Though little was their hire, and light their
Yet somewhat to their share he throw;
Fed from his hand they sung and flew
Like birds of paradise that liv'd on morning
Oh, never let their lays his name forget! [dew.
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live, then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost iawrk'd below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempest rose,
In death's most hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
To weather out the storm:
Not quitting thy supreme command,
Thou held'st the rudder with a steady hand,
Till safely on the shore the bark did land:
The bark that all our blessings brought,
Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal fraught.

xiv.

O frail estate of human things,
And slippery hopes below!
Now to our cost your emptiness we know,
For 'tis a lesson dearly bought,
Assurance here is never to be sought.
The best, and best below'd of kings,
And best deserving to be so,
When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conspiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes destroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What mists of Providence are these
Through which we cannot see!
So saints, by supernaturall power set free,
Are left at last in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, Heaven, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
That question'd thy supreme decrees!
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy saints and angels wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne, [turn:
Twice twelve we number'd since his last rose;
So strictly wert thou just to pay,
E'en to the driblet of a day.
Yet still we murmur, and complain,
The quails and mandrakes should no longer rain;
Those miracles 'twas needless to renew; [view.
The chosen flock has now the promis'd land in

xv.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
A prince long exercis'd by fate;
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late.
Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mould are cast,
Thy and their poets are not form'd in haste,
Man was the first in God's design, and man
Was made the last.
False heroes, made by flattery so,
Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a glow
But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
With till and sweat,
With hard'ning cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before the impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 't was tried and found a masterpiece.

xvi.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god at first was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
E'en o'er his cradle lay in wait;
And there he grasped first with fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he presst'd,
So early was the deify confess'd;
Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat.
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was tried:
Betimes the furies did their snakes provide;
And to his infant arms oppose,
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppress'd the higher still be rose;
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The hydra of a many-headed hissing crew.

xvii.

As after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield
Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty field;
So James the drowsy genius wakes
Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
Restiff and slumbering on its arms:
'Tis rous'd and with a new-strung nerve, the
Spear already shakes.
No neighing of the warrior steeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
To inspire the coward, warm the cold,
His voice his sole appearance, makes them bold.
Gaul and Bavaria dread the impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their
Fat'l foe,
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his lingering sword;
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

Peace is their only sure defence,
Their best security his word:
In all the changes of his doubtful state,
His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promise is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main:
With broken oaths his fame he will not stain;
With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

And, under covert of his sevenfold shield,
Thou send'st thy shafts to scor the distant field.
By law thy powerful pen has set us free;
Thou studiest that, and that may study thee.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

VERSES TO J. NORTHEIGH.

TO MY FRIEND MR. J. NORTHEIGH,

AUTHOR OF THE PARALLEL, ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

So Joseph, yet a youth, expounded well
The budding dream, and did th' event foretell;
Judged by the past, and drew the parallel.
Thus early Solomon the truth explored,
The right awarded, and the babe restored.
Thus Daniel, ere to prophecy he grew,
The unpurged Presbyteri did first subdue
And freed Susanna from the canut crew.
Well may our monarchy triumph stand,
While warlike James protects both sea and land;

---Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Ex vera, incensa, patuit Deus. Virg.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

The nation is too high a ferment for me to
expect either fair war, or even so much as fair
quarter, from a reader of the opposite party.
All men are engaged either on this side or that,
and though conscience is the common word,
which is given by both, yet if a writer fall
among enemies, and cannot give the marks of
their conscience, he is knocked down before
the reasons of his own are heard. A preface,
therefore, which is but a beaspeaking of fa-
vour, is altogether useless. What I desire
the reader should know concerning me, he
will find in the body of the poem; if he have
but the patience to peruse it. Only this ad-
vertisement let him take beforehand, which
relates to the merits of the cause. No gene-
ral characters of parties (call them either sects
or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn,
as to comprehend all the several members of
them; at least all such as are received under
that denomination. For example: there are
some of the church by law established, who
enjoy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters;
as being well satisfied that, according to their
own principles, they ought not to persecute
them. Yet these, by reason of their fawness,
I could not distinguish from the numbers of the
rest, with whom they are imbodied in one
common name. On the other side, there are
many of our sects, and more indeed than I
could reasonably have hoped, who have with-
drawn themselves from the communion of the
Puritan, and embraced this gracious indul-
gence of his majesty in point of toleration.
But neither to the one nor the other of these
is this satire any way intended: it is aimed
only at the refractory and disobedient on either
side. For those, who are come over to the
royal party, are consequently supposed to be
out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observ-
The bristled Baptist Bear, * impure as he,  
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,)  
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,  
And mountains level'd in his furious race;  
So first rebellion found'd was in grace.  
But since the mighty ravage, which he made  
In German forests, had his guilt betray'd;†  
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,  
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;  
So lurk'd in spots unseen. With greater guile  
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:  
"The graceless beast," by Athanasius first  
Was char'd from Nice; then by Socinus nurs'd,  
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,  
And nature's King through nature's optics view'd.  
Revers'd they view'd him leas'd to their eye,  
Nor in an infant could a God descry:  
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,  
Hence they part, and here they all will end.  
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,  
Of private reason hold the public scale?  
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide  
For erring judgments an unerring guide!§  
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,  
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.  
O teach me to believe thee thus conceiv'd,  
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;  
But her alone for my director take,  
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!  
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,  
My manhood, long misted by wandering fires,  
Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,  
My pride struck out new sparks of her own.  
Such was I, such by nature still I am;  
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.  
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:  
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?  
Can I believe eternal God could lie

* The bristled Baptist Bear, &c.] The Anabaptists, who reject infant baptism, and baptize only adults by immersion. D.  
† In (German forests, had his guilt betray'd) They succeeded to the rise of Lutheranism in Germany, and committed innumerable acts of violence, particularly in Munster. D.  
§ False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil: The graceless beast, &c.] This alludes to the persecution of the Arians, and the rise of the Socinians. D.  
* Can my reason to my faith compel?] Dryden here advances the doctrine of transsubstantiation, which he reconciles to the Divine Omnipotence, and entirely disclaims the use of reason in discussing it. D.
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss; [miss.]
The bank above must fail, before the venture
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from Thou first apostate to divinity.
These, uncleanness were here said in thy Polonian plains;
A sacker for the insatiate Wolf remains.*
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more,
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:
The Bear, the Bear, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay wattle thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And buzzled though they seem, the mates devour.
More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appears, with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears.
And pricks up his predestinating ear.
His wild disorder'd walk, his baggad eyes,
Did all the bestial citations surprise.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rule's a while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.

* The insatiate Wolf, etc.] Better, In the first coast of Hudibras, says, that the Presbyterians—prove their doctrine orthodox.

By apostolic blows and knocks:

The general description given of them here is very severe: they hold the doctrine of predestination, or a decree of God from all eternity, to save a certain number of persons, from whom called the Elect.

'And a sect (of whom Hudibras says a little lower) whose chief devotion lies

In odd perverse antipathies.'

Such as repelling the eating of Christmas-pies and plum-porridge sinful: nay, they prohibited all sorts of merriment at that holy festival, and not only abolished it by order of council, dated Dec. 25, 1637, but changed it into a fast. They wore, during the confusions about Oliver's time, black caps, that left their ears bare, their hair being cropped round quite close; wherefore the sect, the enemies of Presbyterians, is here said to 'Prick up his predestinating ears.'

Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambrie seen:
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliff's brood so mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from the Helvetician kind,
Who near the Leman lake his consort had:
That fiery Zwinglius first the affection bred,
And meager Calvin beat the nuptial bed.
In Israel some believe him whose'd long since,
When the proud sanchdrim opprest'd the prince,
Or since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire.
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his epibod to divest:
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burden of a class.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dust,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train.
The Dog (a common species) will contain.
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increase'd!
What lies in Church and state have you redress'd
With teeth untried, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breese
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And, like the first, the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour heritage rises on the green:
So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd dasht'd.

* When the proud seminaries, etc.] On this line, in the original edition, the following marginal note occurs.—Vide Prof. to Hist. of Prot.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

So fadoose is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of snuff and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of death
Their zeal has left, and such a teamless earth.

But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confin’d;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Calchas thrive;
So Presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chez’d the wolfish crew;*
But ah! some pity e’en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb’d of their native malice to destroy.

Of all the tyrannies on human kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike;
’Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyranny sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mould is made,
Not for his fellows’ ruin, but their aid
Created kind, beneficent, and free.
The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the inferior family of heaven:
The smith divine, as with a careless boat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But, when arriv’d at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Uncheck’d the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mix’d with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear’d,
When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He char’d their eyes; and, for they lov’d, they
Not arm’d with horns of arbitrary might, [bear’d;
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in flight,
Or with increase of feet o’ertake them in their flight:

Of easy shape, and pliant every way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day;
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new ma’d man
His kingdom o’er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge misappli’d, misunderstood,
And pride of empire sour’d his balmy blood.
Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus persecution rose, and farther space
Produc’d the mighty hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas’d,
Content to fold them from the famish’d beast:
Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British Lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.

O happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there ad-
No native claim of just inheritance. [vance
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from the invading foe.
Where birth has plac’d them, let them safely
The common benefit of vital air.[share
Themselves unharmed, let them live unharmed;
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarmed.
Here, only in nocturnal bowings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion wisely forbids the prey. [sore
Their rage repress’d, though pinch’d with famine.
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief; to number o’er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A shmy-born and sun-begot tribe;[naive
Who, far from steepleys and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen convenicles found.
These cross’d half-animad expelled I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can concei
But if they think at all, ’tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire;
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of
So drowsy, so invisible are they, [clay
As would but serve pure bodies for allay;
Such souls as shards produce, such boils things
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

They know not belial, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther, sure the noblest, net the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind:
Oh, could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faiths and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolish'd yet with actual ill,
She half comfits, who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropt half-way down, nor lower fell;
So goi'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft disposition from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoever's pretence
Her clergy hermits make in her defence.
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A lion, old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, wed's the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause;
To trample down divine and human laws;
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to Church and state:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform'd inconstancy;
By ruines, charity; by riots, abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are start'd, and senses gratified;
Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer
And satins belles, (a melancholy cry,) [supply,
Are turn'd to merrier notes, increase and multiply.
Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drogging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls space.
[gate,
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow
Or, till they waste their pamper'd puance, wait
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fast to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allud'd his eastern proselytes,

The jolly Luther, reading him, began
To interpret Scriptures by his alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of paradise more sweet;
Bewitch'd of a wife ere half-way gone;
For 't was uneasy travelling alone:
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heaven for Bacchanales above.

Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
The ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and battenng on their food, to show
Their diligence of carful herds below.
Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her head,
Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier withdrew, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Show'd affection of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and churches head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgrace'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatic'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she liv'd confus'd.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
In doubtful points between her differing sign,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,*
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 't is flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, the bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receive'd by those who in communion join.
But the inward grace, or the thing signified,
His blood and body, who to save us died;
The faithful this thing signified receive:
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signified and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.

* One for substance, one for sign contends. Luther asserted the real presence under the different substances of bread and of wine; but this only in the act of receiving the sacrament; whereas Zwingli affirmed, that the bread and wine, or the elements, were only types, the figure and representation of the body and blood of Christ.
The Poems of Dryden.

The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense* never can be understood.
Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd if
But sure no Church can better morals boast:
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
Steaddfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine.
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wise;
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by fortune's favours are undone;
Resolved, into a basin form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or ingratitude, or her new chosen mate;
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent, but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those, who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If the reform by text, 'tis that y'as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Nor airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind:
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom else first betray'd;

* But nonsense] The unparalleled absurdity and impolicy of some questions proposed to be discussed in the schools, makes one shudder to read them, and improper to translate. They are to be found in the third volume of Henry Stepane's Apology for Heresodotus, p. 187. Utsum Deus potissimum supra-sitire multiceps, vel Davidum, vel sainnum, vel sainnum, sed neque hinc neque ille. See this, as well as the preceding, in the Monitor, quae, etc., et quoniam modo fuisse facta crux. Dr. J. W.

† Her wild belief is evident sense to lose'd.] St. Paul, Ep. iv. 14. St. James, i. 6. 'He that waveth is like a sense of the sea driven with the wind and gums.' J. W.

‡ An Indian wise.] Whose constancy is become a proof since when their deceased husbands are either to be buried or burned, to manifest their affection, they throw themselves either into the same fire or on the funeral pile. D.

§ The wolf. Orig. ed.

No help from Fathers or Tradition's train:
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that Scripture, which she once abus'd,
To reformation stands herself accrus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Exposing which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide,
If then that conscience set the offender free,
It bars her claim to Church authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be construed to defend?
E'en those, whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquires:
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself, by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'T is only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a Church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against the infernal gait,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither low'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd,
When soon by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who first receives the light,
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reposing o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mingling with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her inordinate foes.
Rul'd while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd and look'd around in vain,
With rueful risings, for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Leaves and couches pass'd without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those, whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighbourhood flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

Supplying want of power by drinking first,
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar
The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.
Encourag’d thus she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron’s eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz’d
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz’d;
Survey’d her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-born’d monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had design’d.
They thought at first they dream’d; for ‘t was
offence
With them to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they
And had the faultless object full in view, (drew,
Lord, how they all ador’d her heavenly hue!)
Some, who before her fellowship disdain’d,
Scarce, but scarce, from inborn rage restrain’d,
Now frisk’d about her, and old kindred fain’d.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation show’d respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear’d.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first;
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
For when the herd, sufferr’d, did late repair
To ferny beastles, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proferring the Hind to wait her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac’d,
To chat a while on their adventures past;
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.*
Yet wonder’d how of late she grew estrang’d,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang’d,
She thought this hour the occasion would pre-
To learn her secret cause of discontent, [sent
Which well she hop’d might be with ease re-
dress’d,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentleman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted mufh began.

* Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot;
The Popish plot: the contrivers of which were
Presbyterians, Latitudinarians, and Republicans,
who had before shown themselves enemies to the
Protestant, as well as the Popish Church. [3.

THE SECOND PART.

Damn, said the Panther; times are mended well
Since late among the Philistines you fell.
The toils were pitch’d; a spacious tract of ground
With expert hunte1en was encompass’d round;
The enclosure narrow’d; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
’T is true, the younger lion ‘scap’d the mare,
But all your priestly calves lay struggling there;
As sacrifices on their altars laid;
While you your careful mother wisely fled,
Not trusting destiny to save your head.
For, what’er promises you have applied
To your unrebuilding Church, the surer side
Is four feet legs in danger to provide.
And what’er tales of Peter’s chair you tell,
Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to ‘scape so well.
As I remember, said the sober Hind,
These toils were for your own dear self design’d.
As well as me; and with the selfsame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too. [2o.
(Forgive the slanderous tongues that call’d you
Howe’er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs’d,
(As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,) Because some forms, and ceremonies some
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long,
The Test it seems at last has loosed your
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push’d against a wall,
Your salvo comes, that he’s not there at all;
There chang’d your faith, and what may change
may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay? [tell,
Torturers may force the tongue untruths to
And I ne’er own’d myself infallible, [were,
Replied the Panther: grant such presence
Yet in your sense I never own’d it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe.
Then, said the Hind, as you the matter state
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an Esoyp’s fable you repeat;
You know who took the shadow for the meat?
Your Church’s substance thus you change at
And yet retain your former figure still. [will,
* The Test is seems at last has loosed your tongue.
The Test Act passed in 1673-5, enjoined the abjur-
ation of the real presence in the sacrament. [9.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

I freely grant you spoke to save your life,
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, against yourself you swore;
Your former self: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm,
Thus fear and interest will prevail with some;
For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The Panther grin'd at this, and thus replied:
That men may err was never yet denied.
But, if that common principle be true,
That canon, dame, is level'd full at you.
But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
That wondrous worth infallibility.
Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come?
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
First seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the Hind,
The certain mansion were not yet assign'd;
The doubtful residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because philosophers may disagree,
If sight by emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence infer'd I do not see?
But you require an answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
For fallacies in universals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In Pope and General Councils must reside;
Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted sense the church reposes.
'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The Church's after-acceptation join.
This last circumference appears too wide;
The Church diffus'd is by the Council tied;
As members by their representatives
Oblig'd to laws, which Prince and Senate gives.
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:
In Pope and Council, who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Those canons all the needful points contain;
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
That no disputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.
If any should in aftertimes appear,
New Council must be call'd, to make the meaning clear:
Because in them the power supreme resides;
And all the promises are to the guides.
[fence:
This may be taught with sound and safe de-
But mark how slyly is your own pretense,
Who, setting Councils, Pope, and Church aside
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All, who can read, interpreters may be:
Thus, though your several Churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefes,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or like wild horses, several ways have whir'd
The tortured text about the Christian world;
Each John labouring with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse;
No matter what disunion leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake:
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
Where, driving in a circle, slow or fast,
Opposed sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door;
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damming none;
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the Panther, I shall not deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
Though Huguenots contend our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation;
And Luther, more mistaken what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread.
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loophole for a friend,
[Rejoin'd the matron: but the rule you lay
Has led whole fleets, and leads them still astray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius first, Socimus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene Council then decide
That strong debate? was it by Scripture tried?
No, sure: to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marshal'd in the field;
[To that the rebel, &c.] To those the rebel, &c.
Orig. ed. 2.
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With text point-blank and plain he fact'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth. [she.
The Panther smil'd at this; And when, said
Were those first councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostatic? [ground,
Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found;
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, said the Panther, for in that I view
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true,
I set them by the rule, and, as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
Hind. The Council steerd, it seems, a different course:
They tried the Scripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depose'd, and in this view
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the dame, and smiling thus pursued;
I see, tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unless you could infallibly expose;
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditio divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the same:
After long labour lost, and time's expense,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
Thus all disputes for ever must depend;
For no dumb rule can controversies end,
Thus, when you said, Tradition must be tried.
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
You said no more, but that yourselves must be
The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our church tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
At least 'tis prof'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.
If not by scriptures, how can we be sure,
Replied the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may pala upon us new for old:
All, as they say, that glitters, is not gold.

How, but by following her, replied the dame,
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came
Where every age does on another more,
And trusts no farther than the next above,
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.
Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glittering in the dark,
And said but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: To your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its oven too.

Hind. The Panther's breath was ever fam'd
for sweet;
But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the Bistant Beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs: unblemish'd authors use,
And as honest as there you accuse;
Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame: [claim.
An old possession stands, till elder quits the
Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
As, when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thinks his jury all he can;
So, when you stand of other aid hereleft,
You to the twelve apostles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To set those toys, traditions, quite aside:
And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
He cites them but sometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
Are not so wise as your adulterer:
The private spirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd; [proud.
The way to please them was to make them
Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf;
Who could suspect a cessionage from himself?
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be decoy'd and damn'd at second hand.
But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending Church authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are, like a mule, made up of differing seed,
And that's the reason why you never breed,
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.

* Home dissenters are by statutes aw'd* When Druden wrote this, the penal statutes against dissenters were not repealed. D.
THE FORMS OF DRYDEN.

And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,
For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.

Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
If we must fix on Church authority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
That must be better still, if this be good.

Shall she command, who has herself rebel'd?
Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd?

Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race?

Why all these wars to win the book, if we
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.

For purging fires traditions must not fight;
But they must prove episcopacy's right.
Thus those led horses are from service freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.

Like mercenaries, bir'd for home defence,
They will not serve against their native prince.
Against domestic foes of hierarchy,
These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
Marching against them under Church command,
Straight they forsake their colours, and disband.

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge;
But said: For what did Christ his word provide,
If still his Church must want a living guide?
And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,
From afterages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain.

Before the word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:
From his apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal Truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted first;
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors ran.
This was the way our wise Redeemer choose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose,)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
The event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain.

Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command, [hand.
A prophet gave the text, an angel held his
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.

But since the apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow,
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.

Yet still their absent flock their pains did share.
Their hear'ten'd still, for love produces care.
And, as mistakes arose, or discord fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supplied:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
Nor first intended, but occasional.
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought:
They write but seldom, but they daily taught.
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
He darkly writ, is true applied to all.
For this obscurity could Heaven provide
More prudence than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to the apostles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit;
I think, those truths their sacred works contain,
The Church alone can certainly explain,
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.
Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the Church interpreter.
Because, as I have arg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itself the subject of dispute.
But what the apostles their successors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
The undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.
From hence the Church is arm'd when errors rise
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
And, safe intrench'd within, her foes without defend.
By these all fostering sorts her Councils heal,
Which time or has disclosed, or shall reveal;
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
Nor can a Council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide:
(I wish the cause were on that issue tried.)
Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
Bequeth'd by some legislator's last intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament.)
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;  
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:  
All vouch the words their interest to maintain,  
And each pretends by those his cause is plain.  
Shall then the Testament award the right?  
No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;  
The field of battle, subject of debate;  
The thing contended for, the fair estate.  
The sense is intricate; it is only clear  
What vowels and what consonants are there.  
Therefore 't is plain, its meaning must be tried  
Before some judge appointed to decide.  
Suppose, the fair apostate said, I grant,  
The faithful flock some living guide should want,  
Your arguments an endless chase pursue;  
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,  
This mighty Moses of the chosen crew.  
The dame, who saw her fainting foe retired,  
With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;  
And, looking upward to her kindred sky,  
As once our Saviour owned'd his Deity, [am I.]  
Propound'd his words—"Shall we resist ye seek  
Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,  
Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.  
Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:  
Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,  
And see to which of them yourselves think fit  
The conduct of your conscience to submit:  
Each prostrate would voto his doctor best,  
With absolute exclusion to the rest:  
Thus would your Polish diet disagree,  
And end, as it began, in anarchy:  
Yourself the fairest for election stand,  
Because you seem crown-general of the land:  
But soon against your superstitious lawn  
Some Presbyterians sabre would be drawn:  
In your established laws of sovereignty  
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,  
And call rebellion gospel-liberty.  
To Church decrees your articles require  
Submission modified, if not entire.  
Homage denied, to censures you proceed:  
But when Curtana* will n't do the deed,  
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by;  
And to the laws, your sword of justice fly.  
Now this your sects the more unluckily take,  
(Those prying variets hit the boss you make)  
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,  
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,  
Interpreted by men of judgment sound;  
Which every sect will for themselves expound;  
Nor think less reverence to their doctors due  
For sound interpretation, than to you.  
If then, by able heads, are understood  
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;  
Those able heads expound a wiser way, [obey.  
That their own sheep their shepherd should  
But if you mean yourselves are only sound,  
That doctrine turns the Reformation round,  
And all the rest are false reformers found;  
Because in sundry points you stand alone,  
Not in communion join'd with any one;  
And therefore must be all the Church; or none.  
Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,  
Against this forc'd submission they protest:  
While sound and sound a different sense explains,  
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;  
And from their chairs each other's force defy,  
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.  
I pass the rest, because your Church alone  
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.  
But neither you, nor any sect beside,  
For this high office can be qualified,  
With necessary gifts required in such a guide.  
For that, which must direct the whole, must be  
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:  
But all your several Churches disagree.  
The consubstantiating Church and priest  
Refuse communion to the Calvinist: [strain,  
The French reform'd from preaching you re-  
Because you judge their ordination vain;  
And so they judge of yours, but donors must  
In short, in doctrine, or in discipline, [ordain  
Not one reform'd can with another join:  
But all from each, as from clamation, fly;  
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery.  
Nor, should their members in a synod meet,  
Could any Church presume to mount the seat  
Above the rest, their discord to decide;  
None would obey, but each would be the guide  
And face to face dimensions would increase,  
For only distance now preserves the peace.  
All in their turns accusers, and accuse'd:  
Babel was never half so much confus'd:  
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well,  
For among equals lies no last appeal,  
And all confess themselves are fallible.  
Now since you grant some necessary guide,  
All who can err are justly laid aside:  
Because a trust so sacred to confer  
Shows want of such a sure interpreter;  
And bow can he be needful who can err?  
Then, granting that unerring guide we want,  
That such there is you stand obli'd to grant?  
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply  
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.  
It then remains, that Church can only be  
The guide which owns unfalling certainty;  
Or else you slip your hold, and change your  
Relapsing from a necessary guide. [side

*Curtana* The name of king Edward the Confessor's sword without a point, an emblem of mercy which is carried before our king and queen at their coronation. D.
THE FORMS OF DRYDEN.

But this assent'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you disown;
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretences down.
For petty royalties you raise debate;
But this unvalid universal state [weight;
You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious
And for that cause those promises detest,
With which our Saviour did his Church invest;
But strive to evade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the Mother Church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne.
So when of old the Almighty Father said
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mix'd with justice, could propose:
All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declar'd the ponderous proper'd crown.
Then, not till then, the eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity:
Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That even the blest-eyed sects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows;
What from his wardrobe her below'd allow'd
To deck the wedding day of his espoused spouse,
Behold what marks of majesty she brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To show whom she commands, and who obeys:
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
With that to assert spiritual royalty.
One in herself, not rent by schism, but
Entire, one solid shining diamond; [sound,
Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:
One is the Church, and must be to be true:
One central principle of unity.
As undivided, so from errors free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics oppress'd from age to age:
Still when the giant brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven, and meets them half-way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.

* Marks of the Catholick Church from the Nicene Creed. Orig. ed.

But like Egyptian scarcerers you s.aed,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand; [land;
To sweep away the swarms of vermic from the
You could, like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and blisters, with disgrace
And public scandal, sat upon the face,
Themselves attack'd the Magi strove to no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonorest sore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The gospel's sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can
The selfsame doctrine of the sacred page roll,
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.
Here let my sorrow give my entire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;
Our sailing ships like common severs we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stoves.

Whom, when their homeward honesty is lost, We disembogue on some far Indian coast;
Thieves, panders, pistols, sins of every sort;
Those are the manufactures we export;
And those the missionaries our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.
Yet some improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely;
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japum mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame.

Thus, of three marks, which in the Creed we
Not one of all can be applied to you: [view,
Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek
The ambitious title of Apostolic:
Godlike descent! 't is well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old heresies condemn'd in ages past.
By care and time recover'd from the blast.
'T is said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The Church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unstable sands: Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her,
yet she stands.
Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Show, when and how, and from what hands
they grew.
We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.
How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'T was not us'd before.
Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.
Thus, what you call corruptions are, in truth,
The first plantations of the gospel's youth;
Old standard faith; but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects main,
tain.
Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peacefull
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long the eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.
Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.
Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.
If such a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A Church unprincipled kicks up the scale.

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That He, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place:
That seven successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in the abyss of deep idolatry:
If pious forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes;
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work
is done.

See how his Church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face, [grace.
Stands ready to prevent her long-lose soul's sh隈.
Not more did Joseph o'er his brevian weep,
Nor less himself could from discovery keep,
When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.

That pious Joseph in the Church beheld,*
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;
The Joseph you exalt'd, the Joseph whom you
sold.
Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;
Shot from the skies a cheerful azure light:
The flocks go seek, the waters, life and cheer;
The birds obscene to forests, wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring
guilty spright.
Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James his late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light:
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night:
The messenger with speed the tidings bore;
News, which three labouring nations did restore,
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.

By this the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and deus unwholesome fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Discovered a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast
(Sh she said) were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unacc't to fast;
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast.
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's
wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dewdrops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, thought she lent a listening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford;
And took her friendly hostess at her word:
Who, entering first her lowly roof, a shod

* The renunciation of the Benedictines to the
Abbey Lando. Orig. at
† Festa liquorum. Orig. at
With hoary moss and winding ivy spread,  
Honest enough to hide a humble hermit’s head,  
Thus graciously bespeak her welcome guest:  
So might those walls, with your fair presence  
burst,  
Become your dwelling place of everlasting rest;  
Not for a night, or quick-revolving year,  
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.  
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;  
War seldom enters but where wealth allure;  
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode  
Has oft receiv’d, and yet receives a God;  
A God, victorious of the Stygian race, [place,  
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the  
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:  
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,  
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.  

The silent stranger stood amazed to see  
Contempt of wealth, and wifful poverty;  
And, though ill habits are not soon control’d;  
A while suspended her desire of gold.  
But civilly drew in her sharp’d paws,  
Not violating hospitable laws,  
And pacified her tail, and lick’d her frothy jaws.  
The Hind did first her country cates provide;  
Then couched herself securely by her side.

The warly savage would not give offence,  
To forfeit the protection of her prince;  
But watch the time her vengeance to complete,  
When all her fury some in frequent senate met;  
Meanwhile she quench’d her fury at the flood,  
And with a lenient salvo cool’d her blood.  
Their commons, thought but coarse, were nothing scant,  
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.  

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove  
To express her plain simplicity of love,  
Did all the honours of her house so well,  
No sharp debates disturb’d the friendly meal.  
She turn’d the talk, avoiding that extreme,  
To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme;  
Remem’ring every storm which tost’d the state,  
When both were objects of the public hate,  
And dropp’d a tear betwixt for her own children’s fate.  

Now fail’d she then a full review to make  
Of what the Panther suffer’d for her sake:  
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,  
Her faith unshaken to an exil’d heir,  
Her strength to endure, her courage to defy;  
Her choice of honourable infamy.  
On these, profusely thankful, she enlarg’d;  
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg’d;  
For friendship, of itself a holy tie,  
Is made more sacred by adversity.  

Now should they part, malicious tongues would  
They met like chance companions on the way,  
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess’d;  
While danger last’d, kindness was profess’d;  
But that once o’er the short-liv’d union ends  
The road divides, and there divide the friends.  
The Panther nodded when her speech was  
And thank’d her coldly in a hollow tone.  

But said her gratitude had gone too far:  
For common offices of Christian care.  
If to the lawful heir she had been true,  
She paid but Cesar what was Cesar’s due.  
I might, she added, with like praise describe  
Your suffering sons, and so return your bribes;  
But incense from my hands is poorly pris’d;  
For gifts are scorn’d where given are despis’d.  
I serv’d a turn, and then was cast away;  
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,  
And sip the nectar, and bask in your great patron’s day.

This heard, the matron was not slow to send  
What sort of malady had seiz’d her mind:  
Dissain, with gnawing envy, fell Despair,  
And rank’d malice, stood in open sight;  
Ambition, interest, pride without control,  
And jealousy the jaundice of the soul;  
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,  
With all the least tormentors of the will.

THE THIRD PART.

Much malice mingled with a little wit,  
Perhaps, may censor this mysterious writ:  
Because the muse has peopled Caledon  
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts  
unknown,

As if we were not stock’d with monsters of our  
Let us say who, has set to view [own.  
Such kinds as Greysse and Phrygia never knew;  
And mother Hubbard, in her lonely dress  
Has sharply blam’d a British Lioness;  
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble  
keep,

Expost obligingly naked and asleep.  
Led by those great examples, may not I  
The wanted organs of their woods supply?  
If men transact like brutes, ’tis equal then  
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,  
To entertain a dangerous guest by sight.  
Let those remember, that she cannot die  
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity.  
Nor need one fear the Panther, though untam’d,  
Because the Lion’s peace was now proclaim’d:  

* And dare not to debase your soul to gain.  

*Atra, hospes, comminare opes, et te quoque ignum Pingere doce.*

In the whole passage he has an eye to the reception of *Trois* by Stander.  J. W.,
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foe,
Her forlorn civilities, her faint embrace,
Afflicted kindness with an alter'd face: *
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound:
But strove with anomies to assay the smart,
And mildly thus her medic'ne did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain:
It shows a test of kindness to complain;
A friendship leath to quit its former hold;
And conscious merit may be justly bold.

But much more just your jealousy would show;
If others' good were injury to you:
Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded worth and rising royalty.

Your warrior offspring that uphold the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cesar should earth your pains have now'd and till'd;
*Tis just you reap the product of the field;
You're the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
to glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such scatter'd care as are not worth your care,
Your charity, for alms, may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implo'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard,
If Cesar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.
Some juster motives sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For bareface'd envy is too base a cause.

Show more occasion for your discontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent,
Some German quarell, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
An enemy professed of all your kind.

But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink.
This last allusion gild'd the Panther more,
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.
Yet seem'd she not to wince, though shrewdly pain'd:
But these her passive character maintain'd.
I never grudg'd, what'er my foes report,
Your flattering fortune in the Litu's court.
You have your day, or you are much belied,
But I am always on the suffering side:
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm principle I ever stood;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
Ah, said the Hind, how many sons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never know!
But most of them who that relation plead
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;
Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.
Were you not dim and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kid to you, than you to me,
Do you not know, that, for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line:
They ask your blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boys would pass upon your grave.
Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
Though most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race.
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in some popish libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The panach, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a sore suspicion brings;
For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at kings;
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat bishops are still of right divine. [some
Think you your new French proseripts] are
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkle'd from afar;
They found the new Messiah by the star:
Those Swissine fight for any side for pay;
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.

* Affected kindness with an alter'd face. *And
harsh unkindness' alter'd eye. * Gray, J. W.

† Your new French proseripts, &c.] The refugees
that came over to England after the revocation of
the edict of Nants. B.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN:

More vacant pulpit windows would more converts make;
All would have Latin enough to take:
The rest unbeneficed your seats maintain;
For ordination without cure is vain.
And chamber practice is a silent gain. [these;]
Your sons of bread who work at home are much like
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;
They molt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden and preserve it best in gold.
Your Delphic sword, the panther then replied,
Is double-edged, and cuts on either side.
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
Three steeplest ardent in a sable field,
Have sharply taxed your converts, who, unsed,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themselves of no religion are,
Allured with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight. [fame;]
Thus our eight Henry's marriage they de-
They say the schema of beds begun the game;
Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame;
Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest;
I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old uncharming Catherine was remov'd.
For sundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessors his pain.
With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the refutation round,
No Tresorul of Humility is found.
But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The Sermon on the Mount was Protestant.

No doubt, replied the Hinds, as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you say, unsed,
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their leaves have been in-
creas'd,
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
'Tis those of interest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way sons would never be so nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three steeplest higher, would change
their note,
And quit the cassock for the canting coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
Meettime my sons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay small attendance at the lion's court
Nor rise with early crowds, nor latter late;
(For silently they beg, who daily wait.)
Preferrment is bestow'd, that comes unsought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they should speed, their fortune is untried.
For not to ask is not to be denied.
'Bless, For what they have, their God and King they
And hope they should not murmur, had they been.
But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore, [lees.
In common prudence they would pass your door.
Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He shan'ld you living, and upbraids you dead.'
'With odious atheist names you load your
Your liberal clergy why did I expose? [foes,
It never fails in charities like those.
In clinica where true religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient license to defame.
What wonder is't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is less than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer survives.
This said, she pass'd a little, and suppress'd
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood;
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in eight
His equal match, he roosses for the fight;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheathes his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over and discharges the inglorious prey.
So James, if great with less we may compare,
'Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air; [space,
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd
To improve the remains of long-suffering grace.
This breathing time the matron took; and then
Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and
If joys hereafter must be purchased here [mines:
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear.
Then welcome, infamy and public shame,
And last, a last farewell to worldly fame.
'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pang of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize;
That fame, that daring fame, make that thy name
cries.
'Tis nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
"Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:  
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live;  
Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come,  
Thy father will receive his unthrifty home,  
And thy best Saviour's blood discharge the  
mighty sum.

Thus (she pursued) I discipline a son,  
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;  
He changes the bit, impatient of his loss,  
And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.  
Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,  
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:  
That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more  
Than what his Sovereign bears' and what his  
Saviour bore.  

It now remains for you to school your child,  
And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;  
A King and Princeess dead! did Shimei wroth?  
The curser's punishment should fright the curser:  
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,  
But he, who counsel'd him, has paid the score:  
The heavy malice could no higher tend,  
But woe to him on whom the weights descend.  
So to permitted ill the demon fires;  
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:  
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,  
The foes discharge every tire around,  
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;  
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;  
To that long story little answer need's;  
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.  
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,  
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.  
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,  
Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,  
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.

Now hast thy sons a double peerless sound,  
A treatise of Humility is found.  
"Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,  
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.  
The same'd original through Spain is known,  
Rodrigers' work, my celebrated son,  
Which yours, by ill translating, made his own;  
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,  
The basest and ignoblest theft of shame.  
My altar kindled first that living coal;  
Restore, or practice better what you stole:  
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,  
"Tis all the restitution I require.  

Glad was the Panther that the charge was  
And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.  
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man  
To make himself a seer wherever he can.  
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell  
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;  
But at the den of thieves he justly lies,  
And every Algerine is lawful prize.  
No private person in the foe's estate  
Can plead exemption from the public fate.  
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;  
Then let the greater supercede the less:  
But let the abettors of the Panther's crime  
Learn to make fairer wars another time.

Some characters may sure be found to write  
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,  
A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.  
The savage, though she saw her plea contro'l'd,  
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold;  
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,  
And judge conversion by the convert's life.

"Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,  
So few should follow profitable change:  
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,  
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

"T was well alluded by a son of mine,  
(If hope to quote him is not to purlaim)  
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss;  
The larger lodestone that, the nearer this:  
The weak attraction of the greater fails;  
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails;  
But when the greater proves the hearer too,  
I wonder more your converts come so slow.  
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,  
It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference would be strong (the Hind replied;)  
If yours were in effect the suffering side:  
Your clergy sons their own in peace possess,  
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.  
My proselytes are struck with awful dread;  
Your bloody comets have been blazing o'er their head,  
The respite they enjoy but only last,  
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.

Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,  
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.  
[ease,  
While pride and pomp allure, and plentiful  
That is, till man's predominant passions cease,  
Admire no longer at my slow increase.

By education most have been misled;  
So they believe, because they so were bred;  
The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man.  
The rest I named before, nor need repeat:  
But interest is the most prevailing cheat  
The sly seducer both of age and youth;  
They study that, and think they study truth.  
When interest fortifies an argument,  
Weak reason serves to gain the will's ascent;  
For souls, already wary'd receive an easy boast,
Add long is escription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief, among the still mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And, more than all, the private judge allow'd;
Disdain of Fathers which the dance began,
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile:
Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my sons for prostratey to prostrate,
And here and there you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray heaven you did not prophesy your fate.
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear.
To appreciate the nature, tell
What sad miscarriage those pretty birds befall.
Nay no mischance, the savage dame replied,
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.

Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
The Swallow, priv'lar above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursue the sun, in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
Is well to chance at and to chimney's known,
Thought'tis not thought he feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Ends'd with particles of souls divine.
This merry chorister had long possest'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest;
Till lowering skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew;
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climate.
Her sons were summoned on a steeples height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair;
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their flurrying wings and trust themselves in air;
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at fies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.

Southward, you may be sure, they bent their
And harboord in a hollow rock at night: flight,
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
The wind was fair, but blew a moccered gale;
The sickly young sail shrivering on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.
With these the Martin readiness concurred,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-bellied, for a dignity design'd,
And much a duence, as Martines are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And Fathers which he never understood;
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
Her household chaplain, and her next of kin:
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guess:
In fine, short-wing'd, enlist himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.
Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
Thatessen lik'd him not; so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price
(A seeming pious care, that covar'd cowards.)

To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubl'd stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress.
With something more, not lawful to express:
By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumesan grot:
The mad diviners had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many ages yet)
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A dame should drown with all her feather'd train,
And sea's from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.

At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.
'Tis true, some sagas of the wisr sort
Made all those idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could say,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew.
The sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather and

of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
’T was only water thrown on sails too dry.
But, least of all, philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams, from insensancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hou’sd in holy ground,
 Might think of ghosts that walk their tidight round,
Till gummer stones, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb’d into a dream:
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear;
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretell with ease:
Not naming persons, and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

The advice was true; but fear had seize’d the
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question cruelly put to shun delay,
’T was carried by the major part to stay.
His point thus gain’d, Sir Martin dast’d thence
His power, and from a priest became a prince.
He order’d all things with a busy crew,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large provisions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,
And for their sakes the sun should backward go;
Against the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in sacred story by,
Of Abas’ dial, and of Joshua’s day.
In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hou’sd them, truly call’d of ease:
For Martin much devotion did not ask; [tast]
They pray’d sometimes, and that was all their
It happen’d (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit).
That this accomplish’d, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin’s art.
Some Swifts*, the giants of the swallow kind,
Large-limb’d, stout-hearted,† but of stupid mind,
(For Swissors, or for Gibonlices design’d,)†
These hubbards, peeping through a broken pane,
To suck fresh air, survey’d the neighbouring plain;
And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;

As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reform’d the year;
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
[To flow.
The burnish’d brooks appear’d with liquid gold
At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing:
Whose note proclaim’d the holyday of spring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.
The priest before them did his wings display;
And that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, ’twas St. Martin’s day.
Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair provision made,
That every son can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be supplied;
But first the lover is by lawyers tied
To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
So thick they couple, in so short a space,
That Martin’s marriage offerings rise apiece.
Their ancient houses running to decay,
Are furnish’d up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; stores of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina’s aid. [pear
Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls apce.
In flocks to greet the new-returning year,
To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now ’t was time (so fast their numbers
To plant abroad, and people colonies. [rise]
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir’d;
(For so their cruel destiny requir’d.)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated day; [way,
The rest would needs conduct them on their
And Martin went, because he fear’d alone to stay.
So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste;
And, what was ominous, that very morn.
The sun was enter’d into Capricorn;
Which, by their bad astronomer’s account,
That week the Virgin balance should remount.
An infant moon eclips’d him in his way,
And hid the small remnants of his day.
The crowd, amaz’d, pursued no certain mark
But birds met birds, and justied in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic flight;
And fear increase’d the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repose;
And what she came, no sleep their eyes to close
Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars
* Otherwise called Merlinis. Orig. ed.
† Large-limb’d, stout-hearted, etc. Large limb’d, though not a word of the most poetical sound, appears to have been introduced into our poetry by Droxton, who in his Odes, published in 1654, has the large-limb’d word. Milton applies this compound to Gs. Psalm cxxtvi. ver. 25. Martin had before called Alcides large-limbed, Scourge of Villains, 1899, B. Ill. Sat. viii.
  1899 A. H. S. (1699?)}
What should they do, beset with dangers around,
No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare inhospitable ground.
The latter brook, who just began to fly,
Fick-feather'd, and unpractic'd in the sky,
For succour to their helpless mother call;
She spread her wings; some few beneath them crawl; [all]
She spread them wider yet, but could not cover
To augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
Till Borcas got the skies, and pour'd a main
His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain.
The joyless morning late arose, and found
A dreadful desolation reign around, [ground.
Some buried in the snow, some froze to the bone,
The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey;
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:
But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,[down.
And finish'd them with hats, or pull'd them down.
Martin himself was caught alive, and tried
For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide
No Martin there in winter shall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpse, unblest, is hanging still,
To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill.

The patience of the Hind did almost fail;
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale;
Which ribil'd art their Church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows; [rose.
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest
But most in Martin's character and state,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state;
Then said, I take the advice in friendly part;
You clear your conscience, or at least: your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill;
As for my sons, the family is bless'd,
Whose every child is equal to the rest;
No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
Such Martin's build in yours, and more than mine;
Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who sum'd their scandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The sunshine that offends the purblind sight;
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night
Mistake me not: the charge concerns not you;
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true;
As far as non-resistance makes them so;
But that, a word of neutral sense, you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.
Rest well-assur'd, the Pardell's replied,
My sons would all support the royal side,
Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle
should be tried.

The matron answer'd with a loud amen,
And thus persuad'd her argument again:
If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,
What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)
To join our nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove;
For sacrosanct laws were never made above,
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly;
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit, which cruelly refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great nemarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first Reformer's coat.
Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep: "T was theirs indeed to make, 't is yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
"T is plain, that not repealing you allow.
To name the Test would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand.
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand,
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword.
Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign
Lord;
Design'd to hew the imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and disheir the crown.
To abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppose some great oppressor had by right
Of law dispos'd your brother of his right,
Your common sire surrendering in a fright;
The Hind and Panther.

Would you to that uprighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious brute he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace before he render'd back the gold.

[do, found; Some specious reasons for those wrongs were true?
The dire magicians threw their misfits around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.
But now, when Time has made the impurest plain,
[held her train, Late though he follow'd Truth, and loping What new delusion charm your cheated eyes again?
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncased, and all obscene with itch?
The first Reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturnd the state,
They suffer'd only in the common fate;
But now the Sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mired seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.

Your answer is, they were not disposed to;
They need not rub their metal on the test
To prove their ore: 't were well if gold alone
Were touch'd and tried on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass
The cross of Athesists, and sectarian brass;
As if the experiment were made to hold
For base productions, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungadded may to places rise,
And sects may be profess'd without disgrace:
No danger to the Church or State from these;
The Papist only has his writ of ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is privilege'd to starve.

Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race
We banish not, but they forsake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but are they come,
You lose your sensing Test, and shame the room;
As if 't were Toby's rival to expel, [smell,
And fright the fand who could not bear the To this the Panther sharply had replied;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfied to have the But and Peace,

* The Papist only has his writ of ease] By the lick act transact insurrection is to be adjured, a principal tenet of the Papists. D. And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she sued in form a pauperis;
Yet thought it decent something should be said,
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much denied,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride
Methodus such terms of proser'd peace you bring.

As once a sence to the Italian king:
By love possession all the land is mine;
Yet strangers come with your introming line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
'To unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be tied,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil the intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
These household puppets on our hearts to place.
Perhaps some barbarous laws have been prover'd;
I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and peace to restore,
My gracious Sovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.
Conscience is then your plea, replied the dame,
Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the chameleon hue,
To change the dye with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther tried,
But on that broken reed, your Church, relied.
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bride too mean to move his heart.

But when, by long experience, you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace,
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence our Egypt was supplied,
You thought your Sovereign bound to send the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But mildly descend'd, he durst not be a king:
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And made a wise alliance with her foes.
Can Conscience own the associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a baseful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be tried,
You grant she must expose the regal side:
O Presume conscience, never to be tied!
What Phoebus from the Tripod shall disclose
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon unite;
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,
(The panther answer'd in a surly tone.)
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours exclude,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are your banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land;
And, once let in, with unrelated sway,
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not, my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Urning, witness all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow;
Your all dispensing power protects you now.
Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain;
You would postpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust:
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of fortune change,
For present profit and inheritance.

Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will now repeal, would persecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
For shame let Conscience be your plea no more;
To will hereafter, proves she might before;
But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
Your care about your banks infrases a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near:
If so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show
Your ground is, like your neighbour nation, low.
To intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justices of your cause;
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.

Tyramic force is that which least you fear
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.
But plenty commands me to refrain; [reign.
These prayers are needless in this monarch's
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distressed;
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in daylight, and dares to hide
An act, to which by honour he is tied,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.

Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore,
This when he says he means, he means no more.
Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
And yet—
And yet, 'tis but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd to enlarge
On power of Kings, and their superior charge.
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice;
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes given of her once loyal voice.

The matron would her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her King.
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy.
Of her late treaty with her new ally: [prove
Which well she hop'd would more successful
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?
The dame replied: 'T is sung in every street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 't is worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possessor'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
Incr'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:
At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the right.

As fortune would, (his fortune came, though
He took possession of his just estate:
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent
Nor liv'd too sparing; nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his hands; their pay was just,
And ready, for he scornd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick.
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

And hallow'd thee, they cannot give consent,
The gift should be profane'd by worldly management.
Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Though 't is not chance infer'd the birds were starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breasting melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en though they were not Doves, to persecute;
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading, in their bills they brought;
But left his hands each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the He for himself, and not for others, chose, [flour.
Nor would he be impow'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altar laid.
Besides these silly birds, whose corps impure
Repaid their commons with their salt measure;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pics hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Behold these inmates, and their nurseries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruise of water and an ear of corn;
Yet still they grudge'd that indolent,
And thought
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
Pain would they fling that little food away,
While unresist'd those happy gluttons pray,
And much they grieve'd to see so nigh their hall
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites; and vex the ethereal powers
With midnight matins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might,
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray.
Good sense in sacred worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;
And sister Partlet, with her hooded head,
Was booted hence, because she would not pray
abode.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The way to win the restless world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnatural laws, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a train severe.
It is prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in order to make her please:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the baggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines as the pigeon-house were taught:
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease,
Yet fear those alluring baits might fail,
And ho'y deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
(Por vice, though frontless, and of baseness face,
Is damnt at the sight of awful grace.)
A hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor locks, nor shades, nor colours true;
And this grotesque design expos'd to public
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,
With garden gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Pottemy has stuck the skies.
All so perversely fraught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike.
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small,
To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
Adoring shrines, and stocks of painted trees;
And by him, a misshapen, ugly race;
The curse of God was seen on every face.
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know
The passive Church had struck the foremost blow;
With groundless fears and jealousies possess'd,
As if this troublesome intruding guest
Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest.
A deed his inborn equity abhor'd;
But interest will not trust, though God should plight his word.

A law the source * of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms:
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after malice did not long forget,
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise;

By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to trust or profit should succeed,
Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked weed;
Or that, to which old Socrates was curst'd,
Or heathen juice to swell them till they burst.
The patron (as in reason) thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard,
To bear'd.

By which the Sovereign was of subjects' use de-
All gentle means he tried which might withdraw
The effects of so unnatural a law:
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;
And which was worse, (if any worse could be,) Repented of their boasted loyalty:
Now made the champion of a cruel cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular applause:
For whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
Suggested dangers, interposed delays:
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Mexican prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;
And seal'd their false advice with treasonable fear.
The master smil'd to see them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign.
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies; [wise.
For fools, are doubly fools, ensay'ring to be weak;

After a grave consult what course were best,
One, more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
That desperate counsels must be to desperate ills applied:
And therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from the increasing rage of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe proos'd to him and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pouc'd to fasten, and well wheel'd to fly;
One they might trust, their common wrongs to correct.
The Musket, and the Cystrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleased me best;
Of small renown 'tis true; for, not to tie,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-house and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends:
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care;
Cram'd Chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign sway;
THE HIND AND PANTHER.

Petition him to accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.
This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old eminences forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.
Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepared,
With B's upon their breast appointed for his guard.
He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,
God save king Buzzard was the general cry.
A portly-prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height:
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight:
A prophet fore'd to make a female prostrate,
A theologe more by need than genial bent;
By brooding sharp, by nature confidant.
Interest in all his actions was discern'd:
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learnt;
Or forc'd by fear, or by his prophet led,
Or both conjoint'd, his native clime he fed:
But brought the virtues of his heavens along:
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his path he sent,
And then himself pursued his compliment:
But by reverse of fortune час'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author stay'd:
He shakes the dust against the ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of virtues in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same;
For in his rage he spares no Sovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their style
By the same measure that they frown or smile.
When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
The kindness he returns is to expose;
For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
No gratitude in folon minds beget:
As tribute to his wit, the chart receives the treat.
His praise of foes is venomously nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice;
A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.
Seven sacraments he wisely does discern,
Because he knows Confession stands for one;
Where sirs to sacred silence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divul'd the secret whispers of his soul;
Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to assay, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justifies into fame.

Fruitless, and satire-proof, he scourc's the streets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is, the Captain of the Host,
Thought half his virtues are not here express'd;
The modesty of fame conceals the rest.
The splendid Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
A king, whom in his wrath the Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-subjects to enthrall,
Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords
Of all.
Pales fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispens'd;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogging eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The house of prayer is stock'd, with large increase;
Nor doors, nor windows can contain the press:
For birds of every feather fill the abode;
E'en Atheists out of every own a God;
And, reeking from the stews, adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
That Conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calleth aloud, and cries to persecute:
No rigour of the laws to be release'd, [request:
And much the less, because it was their Lord's:
They thought it great their Sovereign to con-
And may i t their pride, nobility of soul; [troil,
"T'is true, the Pigeons and their prince elect,
Were short of power their purpose to effect;
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food;
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though seeming not the patron, to infer,
With all respect, he was a gross idler.
But when the imperial owner did say
That then they turn'd his grace to villany,
* And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though seeming not the patron, &c.]
On the fifth of November, 1694, Burnet preached
a sermon in the Rolls chapel against popery, in
which he dropped some oblique reflections on the
king. On this account it was ordered he should
preach in that place no more, and he soon after
was ordered to be paid by the treasury to any person
that could entice to deliver him into the king's
hands. D.
THE FORMS OF DRYDEN.

Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
He strove a temper for the extremest to find,
So to be just, as he might still be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounced a doom
Of sacred strength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infringing, but license to oppress:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crown as scrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.

But since his own domestic birds have tried
The dire effects of their destructive pride,
He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
Concluding well within his kingly breast,
His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress.
He therefore makes all birds of every sect
Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aroar, and who in steeple builds.

To Crowes the like impartial grace affords,
And Coughs and Dawes, and such republican birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his district, and his bounds decreed:
Combining in common interest with his own,
But not to pay the Pigeons' Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of this pretended Dove;
All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionysius to a private rod,
The Passive Church, that with pretended grace
Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd; revises her Maker to his face:
What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed, (the secret spoils
of peace.)

'Tis said, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foul fate:
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;
But, sunk in credit, they decrease'd in power;
Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.

The Bussard, not content with equal pace,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming godly flight:
But each have separate interests of their own;
Two Cears are one too many for a throne.
Nor can the usurper long abstain from food;
Already he has tasted Pigeons' blood;
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord shall late to heaven repair.

Bare bending times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rest in schisms (for so their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
Their fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress;
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it; nor command;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose:
For now the streaky light began to peep;
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
The peace of heaven, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumber wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA;
A POEM ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE,
BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

Dil Patris Indigetes, et Romulo, Vestaque Mater,
Quam Tuas, Turrium, et Romanas Palatias servas,
Runc saltam exvsse Fucrum succurrer arter scele
Ne prohibeit satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontiam Iliumque Perjuria Prium.
Virg. Georg. i.

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels meet it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.
Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in his northern progress run,
He bended forward, and o'er stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 't was time to turn.
Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her bloomy-beauties on the genial bed,
But left the many Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfill the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes the auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
Last solemn sabbath* saw the Church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,†
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing so good a king,
Note but the Eternal Comforter could bring.

* Whitsunday. Orig. at
† Trinity Sunday. Orig. at.
ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once, in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis’d seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow’d,
An emblem of their mystic union shew’d:
The Mighty Trias the triple empire shew’d,
As every person would have one to guard.

Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven; but long be bless’d thence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;
To change the inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch’s reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father’s angel, and thy father join,
To keep possessions, and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James this running century may view,
And give his son an auspice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the Dragon* winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides raise’d his infant cry,
The makes besieging his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.
O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.
The mansa falls, yet that celestial bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmure while you feed.

May not your fortune be like theirs, exult’d,
Yet sixty years to wander in the wild:
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promis’d rest.

Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the bight, and what will grow,
By tracing heaven his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wandr’d in his ways,
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys;

* A motto only to the Commonwealth party, here
and in other pieces of the poem. Orig. ed. Rev. xii. 4. Orig. ed.

More (might I say) than with a usual eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in ruin lie, [cry.
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar
Already has he lift’d high the sign;†
Which crown’d the conquering armies of Constan-
tinople:
The moon’s pale at that prosaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.

Behold another Sylvester,†† to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowns his universal seat.

Now view at home a second Constantine;**
(The former too was of the British line)†††
Has not his healing balm your breaches close’d,
Whose exiles many sought, and few oppo’d?‡
Or, did not heaven by its eternal doors
Permit those evils, that this good might come?
So manifest, that even the moon’s ey’d sects
See whom and what this Providence protects.

Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,††††
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.

To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserv’d for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design’d
To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal bade we gaze,
The main lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy; 4 is paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of nature’s book:
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfoled volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother’s eyes
The father’s soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes her homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own.

Born in broad day light, that the ungrateful
May find no room for a remaining doubt; [root

1 The cross. Orig. ed.
2 The crescent which the Turks bear for their arms. Orig. ed.
3 The pope in the time of Constantine the great, alluding to the present pope. Orig. ed.
4 Behold another Sylvester, &c. The pope, in James the Second’s time, is here compared to him who governed the Romish Church in the time of Constantine, to whom the king is likened a little lower down. D.
5 King James the Second. Orig. ed.
6 The former too was of the British line. St. Helen mother of Constantine the Great, was an English woman; and Archbishop Usher affirms, that the emperor himself was born in this kingdom. D.
7 That one shipwreck on the fatal ore! The sand-bank, on which the Duke of York had like to have been lost in 1652, on his voyage to Scotland, is known by the name of Leman’s ort. D.
Truth, which itself is high, does darkness shun,
And the true eagle safely dares the sun.

Fain would the sires have made a dubious
birth, *

Loath to confound the godhead cloth'd in earth:
But sicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir-apparent of the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great [Enmas stood in plainer day,
When, the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance bright,

[Bright.

Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple
If our victorious Edward, * as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
May not years revolting with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight passages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns his day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birthday for some future prince.

Great Michael, * prince of all the ethereal
hosts,
And wasso'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou, * the adopted patron of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love. [above,

Enough of ill our dire rebellion wrought.
When to the dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did the avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd Picts, the still impending Test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyr's blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil:
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early saints one womb has given!
Enough increas'd the family of heaven:
Let them for his and our astonishment go;
And reigning bless'd above, leave him to rule below.

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness.
† Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday. [Orig. ed.
‡ The motto of the poem explained. Orig. ed.
§ St. George. Orig. ed.

Enough already has the year foresaw'd
His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring;
And frighted birds in woods forgot to sing:
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shiver'd sweat his lord attains.
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him, at Aramis's threshing-floor:][†
He stops, and seems to show his flaming brand,
Piers'd with burnt incense from our David's
David has bought the Jephson's abode; [hand.
And raise an altar to the living God.

Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys
No future ills nor accidents appear, [sincere;
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discard and debate were given;
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bless'd,
And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!]

Let his baptismal drops for us alone
Lustations for offens'd not his own.
Let Conscience, which is Interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land
baptis'd. [name:
Unamn'd as yet, [at least unknown to
Is there a strife in heaven about his name?
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaston. [††
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept concealed. [††

To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who burst her infant majesty oppose,
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's
Shall be too narrow to contain his name: [name,
The artillery of heaven shall make him known;
Cretan could not hold the god, when Jove was
[born,

As Jove's increase, [†† who from his brain was
Whose arms and wars did equally adorn

† Alluding to the passage in 1 Kings xxiv. 30. Orig. ed.
‡ Original sin. Orig. ed.
§ The prince christened, but not named. Orig. ed.
‖ The sacred Tetragrammaston; Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounced by the Jews. Orig. ed.
‖† The true name of Rome was kept concealed. Some authors say, that the true name of Rome was kept a secret; no hostes incantaments deco elicent.
Orig. ed.
‡‡ Candid, where Jupiter was born and bred secretly. Orig. ed.
†† Pallas or Minerva, said by the poets to have been bred up by hand. Orig. ed.
ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debar'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That makes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And, for his Esian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Midness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are desperately good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but' by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, un uninspir'd,
Swift to foretell whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd, when the sudden blast,
The face of heaven, and our young sun o'er-cast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reproves told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood† by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe;
An apoplexy of grief: so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their heaven.
As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquake's, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement
Till the third settleth what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.

By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
So prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.
So ere the Shunammite a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd; and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and
mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul

Thus mercy stretches out her hand and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbeard grain,
Thrice not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloosed stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good;
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.
True, this last blessing was a royal feast,
But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme,
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with wrath we redress:
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd impenitently hard, [guard
And vainly thought the present ark's their
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.

Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives
God to his promise, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James and Mary, and the Church prevail.

Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,†
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,
'T is godlike God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;

† These giants are feigned to have grown eleven
an every day. Orig. ed.
† In s Kings, iv. Orig. ed.
‡ 1 Sam. iv. 10. Orig. ed.
‡ Exod. xiv. 3. Orig. ed.

H
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,  
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;  
So lost, as starlight is dissolved away,  
And melts into the brightness of the day;  
Or gold about the regal diadem,  
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.  
What can we add to your triumphant day?  
Let the great gift the beautiful giver pay.  
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,  
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,  
That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too soon  
be done.  
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,  
But keep the suspicious infant from the quire;  
Late let him sing above, and let us know  
No sweeter music than his cries below.  
Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more  
Than such an annual income to your store;  
The day which gave this Unit, did not shine  
For a less omen, than to fill the Trine.  
After a Prince, an Admiral beget;  
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.  
Our isle has younger titles still in store  
And when the exhausted land can yield no more,  
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.  
The name of Great your martial mind will  
But justice is your daring attribute:  
Sow suit;  
Of all the Greeks, 't was but one hero's due,*  
And, in him, Plutarch prophesied of you.  
A prince's favours but on few can fall,  
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.  
Some kings the name of conquerors have as-  
sum'd,  
Some to be great, some to be gods prece  
and;  
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust,  
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;  
They shun'd the praise this godlike virtue  
gives,  
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.  
The power, from which all kings derive their  
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate, [state,  
Is equal both to punish and reward;  
For few would love their God, unless they fear'd.  
Restless force and immortality  
Make but a lame, imperfect deity;  
Tempers have force unbounded to destroy,  
And deathless being o’er the damn’d enjoy;  
And yet Heaven’s attributes, both last and first,  
One without life, and one with life assured:  
But justice is Heaven’s self, so strictly his,  
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.  
This virtue is your own; but life and state  
Are one to fortune subject, one to fate:  
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;  
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;  
Yourself our balance hold, the world’s, our  
Isle.

MAC FLECKNOE.†

All human things are subject to decay,  
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.  
This Flecknoe stood, who, like Augustus, young  
Was call’d to empire, and had govern’d long;  
In prose and verse, was own’d, without dispute,  
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute,  
This aged prince, now flourish’d in peace,  
And bless’d with issue of a large increase;  
Worn out with business, did at length debater  
To settle the succession of the state:  
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit  
To reign, why not imitate his war with wit,  
Crisp, ’tis recol’d; for nature pleads, that he  
Should only rule who most resembles me.  
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dulness from his tender years:  
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he  
Who stands confirm’d in full stupidity.  
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
But Shadwell never enters into sense.  
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;  
But Shadwell’s genuine night admits no ray,  
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.  
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,  
And seems design’d for thoughtless majesty:  
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the  
Plain,  
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.  
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,  
Thou last great prophet of tautology.  
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,  
Was sent before to prepare thy way;  

* Aristides. See his life in Plutarch. Orig. ed.  

† This is one of the best, as well as severest, satires ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Flecknoe, to succeed him in the throne of dulness; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureate, as has been ignorantly asserted in Cibber’s Lives of the Poets.  

Richard Flecknoe, Esq., from whom this poem derives its name, was an Irish priest, who bad, according to his own declaration, laid aside the monastic part of the priesthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was called “He has,” says Langbaine, “published sundry works as he styles them, to continue his name to posterity, though possibly an enemy has done that for him, which his own endeavours could never have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, his name will continue whilst Mr. Dryden’s satire, called Mac Flecknoe, shall remain in vogue.”  

From this poem Pope took the hint of his Dunciad. D. There is a copy of this satire in manuscript, among the manuscripts in the archbishoppal Library at Lambeth Palace, which presents some readings different from the printed copies, that may probably amuse the reader, and perhaps in two or three instances induce him to prefer the earlier text. The MS. is numbered P.B. Z.
And coarsely clad in Norwich drapery, cause
To touch the nations in thy greater name.
My warring hate, the lone I willbrough strong,
When to king John of Portugal 1 sung,
Was but the prologue to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-timed care before the royal barge.
Swall'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymne, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epeius blankets tost'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lone still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the base roar;

About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the coming feast that floats alo
Sometimes, as princes of thy harmonious band,
Thou weald'st thy papas in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time†
Not on't the feast of thy own Psyche's rhymne;
Though they in number as in sense excel:
So just, so like lyricall, they fell.
That, pale with envy, Singleton forewore
The hate and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villiers more.
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy. [joy,
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta spich to fears inclin'd,) An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbarian it bight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lowd loves, and of polludnt joys,
Where their vast counts the mother-trumpets keep.
And, undistract'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nunnery erects its head; [bred
Where queens are form'd, and future heros,
Where unsedg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximus the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never tread's a business here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in soke appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amongst this monument of vanish'd minds;

* and, coarsely clad in Norwich drapery, cause (Ony)
1. St. Andre's feet ne'er kept, &c. A French dancing master, at this time greatly admired. D.
2. Simkin's just reception finds] Simkin is a character of a cobbler in an interlude; Fantom, who is mentioned soon after, was a famous punster. D.

Pure cinches the suburban moose affords,
And Foston waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shedwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a sovereign of wit, and fall of sense;
To whom true dulness should some Psiches owe.

But works of Miners from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrists it should produce,
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shedwell's coronation through the town.
Round'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bushill, and distant Watling street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pious, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shedwell almost chok'd the way,
Bilk'd stationers for yoomen stood prepar'd,
And Harringman was captain of the guard.
The hoarse prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascaini sate,
Rome's other hope and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swores by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shedwell sware, nor should his vows be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain.
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.

The king himself the sacred uncles made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale.
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young.
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung
His temples, last, with poppies were o'er-spread,
That nodding seem'd to accession his head.
Just at the point of time, if flame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romans, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Presage of away from twice six vaulties took.
The Poems of Dryden

The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed.
Full on the filial duness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.
Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign.

To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!

He paused, and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continu'd he: My son, advance Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.

Let Virtueoos in five years be writ:
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Lovelit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of duness, and desire no foreign aid:
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epeom prose.

And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull; [call,
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine;]
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.

Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.

Let father Fiecknese fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleyth thy envy raise.

* Beyond Love's Kingdom, etc.] This is the name of that one play of Fiecknese which was acted, but miscarried in the representation. D.

† Let Virtueoos in five years be writ! Shadwell's play of the Virtuoso, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a Horid coxcomical orator, is a principal character, was first acted in 1678; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, 'that here he has endeavoured at humour, wit, and satire.' D.

‡ To lard with fire thy hungry Epeom prose! Alluding to Shadwell's comedy, called Epeom Wells. D.

Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature, or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's veins,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss my arm,'
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes partake,
As thou whole Eitheridge dost transmute to things?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy woodroos way,
New humours to invent for each new play.
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclin'd
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountains-belly | make pretence Of likeness; thine 's a typanmy of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.

With what' er gall thou setst thyself to write,
Thy indifferent satires never bite.
In thy flamens art though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Lamicbs, but mild Anagaram. [mean

Leave writing plays, and choose for thy consome peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayst Wings display and Almas raise.
And texture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said; but his last words were scarcely heard:
For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaring bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

§ Prince Nicander's veins] A character of a lover
In the opera of Psyche. D.

§ Nor let thy mountains-belly, etc.] Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty honest. D.

§ For Bruce and Longvile, etc.] Two very heavy characters in Shadwell's Virtuoso, whom he calls gentlemen of wit and good sense. D.
EPISTLES.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND *SIR ROBERT HOWARD, ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is music uninform'd by art
In those wild notes, which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequent shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less:
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells
Which shames composition, and its art excels
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beautious face
Yet as, when mighty rivers wearily creep,
Their even calmness does suppress them deep;
Such is your muse: no metaphor swelleth high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:
Those-mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.

* Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Mr. Dryden's lady, studied for some time in Magdalen College. He suffered many oppressions on account of his lofty soul, and was one of the few of King Charles the Second's friends, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his present ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a man of parts, helped him to obtain money in parliament, wherein he sat as burgess, first for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle Rising in Norfolk. He was, soon after the Restoration, made a knight of the bath, and one of the auditors of the exchequer, valued at £200 per annum. Notwithstanding that he was supposed to be a great favourite of the Catholics, he soon took the smile to King William, by whom he was made a privy-counselor in the beginning of the year 1690, and no man was more open or inveterate enemy to the Jacobites.

Several of his pieces, both in prose and verse, were published at different times; among which are, the Ode of a celebrated poem; the comedy of the Blind Lady; the Committee, or the Faithful Irishman; The Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma; the Indian Queen, a tragedy, written to conjunction with our author; the Surprizal, a tragi-comedy; and the Vestal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies, a tragedy; the last has two different conclusions, one tragical and the other, to use the author's own words, comical. The last five plays were collected together, and published by Tonson, in a small folio volume, in 1722. The Blind Lady was printed with some of his poems.

Langbaine speaks in very high terms of Sir Robert's merit, in which he is copied by Giles Jacob. See their Lives of the Poets.

This gentleman was, however, extremely positive, remarkably overbearing, and pretending to universal knowledge; which failings, joined to his having been of an opposite party, drew upon him, in a manner, the enmity of his brother, who authorized him very severely in a play, called The Salem Lovers, under the name of Sir Positive At-all, and his lady, been he first kept, and afterwards married, under that of Lady Vain. D.

So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Saxon's riddle meet. [bear,
'T is strange each line so great a weight should
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be;
Or 't is some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head,
The curious nest that is for fancies spread
Let through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all: this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atom casually together hurled
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'T is your strong genius then which does not feel
Those weights, would make a weaker spirit
To carry weight, and run so lightly too, [reel.
In what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.
Your easier odes, which for delight were pens'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that
At once a beauty and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wise not been;
Who, like illustrious, stir'd themelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their
charge.
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope that having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanciful bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
A sober prince's government is best.
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make the improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Mars' temples wore.
Elisa's grieves are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said,
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's shade may now its winding cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;

* The curious nest, et al. A compliment to a poem of Sir Robert's, entitled Beata Mirabilis. D.
Who, dream'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's,
view:
Then we shall see his work was tamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff;
His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only show'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing than their substance
priz'd.
Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
[Stray.
That since in that dark night we needs must
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shows like mist to the dull passenger.
To Charles your muse first pays her duteous
As still the ancients did begin from Jove. [love,
With Monks you end, whose name preserv'd
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory, [shall be,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen :
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its genius : [throne,
For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the
It shares at once his fortune and its own.

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

To my honoured friend Dr. Charlesto,
On his learned and useful
works; but more particularly his
Treatise of Stonemenge, by him re-
stored to the true founder.

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd

*The book that occasioned this epistle made its appearance in quarto in 1695. It is dedicated to
King Charles II. and entitled, 'Chorea Gigan tum; or, The most famous Antiquity of Great Britain,
Stonemange, standing on Salisbury-plain, restored

Their free-born reason to the Statuirae,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supplied the state,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticated.
Still it was bought, like empiric wares or charms,
Hard words seal'd up with Aristotel's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
And found a temperate in a torrid zone :
The feverish air fan'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with stately trees,
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature justly claim;
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun w-
drown'd:

And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.
Among the asserters of free reason's claim,
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert shall live, till loadstone ceases to draw
Or British fleets the boundless ocean save.
And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
Than his great brother read in states and men
The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood,
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food,)
From dark oblivions Harvey's name shall save
While East keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the least remov'd,
Whose fame, not circumscib'd with English ground,
Flies like the nimble journeys of the light ;
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Rediscover'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the least : you well may give
To men new vigour, who make stones to live.
Through you, the Danes, their short dominion
A longer conquest than the Saxone boast. [fast,
Whenzstone, once thought a temple, you have
found [crow'd;
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were
Where by their wond'ring subjects they were
seen,

[miss.
Joy'd with their stature, and their princely
to the Danes, by Dr. Walter Charleton, M. D. and
Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty.' It was writ-
ten in answer to a treatise of Hugo Jones's, which
attributed this stupendous pile to the Romans, sup-
poiting it to be a temple, by them dedicated to the
god Claudius, or Celinus.
EPISTLES.

Our sovereign here above the rest might stand,  
And here be chosen again to rule the land.  
These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,  
When he from Worcester's fatal battle fled;  
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,  
And mighty visions of the Danish race.  
His refuge then was for a temple shown;  
But, he restore'd, 'tis now become a throne.

EPISTLE THE THIRD.

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAIN, UPON HER REGULAR RISING HIS FIRST PLAY.

As seaward shipwreck'd, on some happy shore,  
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;  
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,  
By their misfortunes happily obtain:  
So my rash--envi'd muse, by storms long toss'd,  
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast.  
And finds more favour by her ill success,  
Than she could hope for by her happiness.  
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose;  
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose;  
But you have done what Cato could not do,  
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.  
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause  
By their deserts, or by a world's applause.

These ruins shelter'd once, &c. In the dedication,  
made by Dr. Charlton, of his book concerning Stonelawng, to King Charles II. There is the following memorable passage, which gave occasion to the six concluding lines of this poem.

I have had the honour to hear from that eracle of truth and wisdom, your Majesty's own mouth: you were pleased to visit that monument, and, for many hours together, entertain yourself with the delightful view thereof, when after the defeat of your royal army at Worcester, Almighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, miraculously delivered you out of the bloody jaws of those ministers of sin, and cruelty.

Mr. Dryden's first play, called the Wild Gallant, was exhibited with but indifferent success. The lady, whose patronage he acknowledges in this epistle, was Barbara, daughter of William Villiers, Lord Grandison, who was killed in the king's service at the battle of Edge-hill, in 1642, and buried in Christ church, in Oxford. This lady was one of the king's second's favorite mistresses for many years, and she bore him several children. 1. Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton; 2. Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston and Duke of Grafton; 3. George Fitzroy, Earl of Northumberland; 4. Charlotte, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, afterwards Earl of Lichfield, and brother toISSAC., Countess of Airlington, on whom Dryden has written a beautiful elegy; 5. A daughter, whom the king desired to be his.

This lady was, before she was known to his Majesty, married to Roger Palmer, Esq., who was created Earl of Castlemain, by whom she had a daughter, whom the king adopted, and who married with Thomas Lord Darcy, Earl of Sussex.

The Courtesan of Castlemain was afterwards created Duchess of Cleveland.

EPISTLE THE FOURTH.

TO MR. LEE, ON HIS ALEXANDER.

The blast of common censure could I fear,  
Before your play my name should not appear;  
For 't will be thought, and with some colour too  
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;  
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,  
And play the game into each other's hand;  
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,  
As Beesos and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not
secure:
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite;
Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I must envy or command.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door,
For s'en reverions are all begg'd before:
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just for fear of
So has the mighty merit of your play [shame;
Extorted praise and forc'd itself away.
'T is here as 't is at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his feet.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest
It shoots too fast and high to be express'd;
As his heroic worth struck easy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom,
Such praise is yours, while you the passions
move,
That 't is no longer foig'd, 't is real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'T is but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire who are themselves all
phlegm.
Prize should be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race. [curs
Despise those dregs who praise while they soe-
The too much vigour of your youthful muse.
That humble style which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

EPISTLE THE FIFTH.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

Whether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'T is sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advan'd its head in Grecian gardens nur's'd.
The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue
Made nature first and nature's God their song
Nor stopp'd translation here; for conquering
Rom With Grecian spoil's, brought Grecian numbe.
Enrich'd by those Athenian muse's more, [borne
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before,
Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous
times,
Debeb'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first; a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close. [6
But Italy, reviving from the trance:
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
With pause, cadence, and well-row'd words
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age
Then French follow'd, and in him we see
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be
At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.
The French purs'd their steps; and Britain, last
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muse's empire is restor'd again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finish'd Poem an Essay;
For all the needful rules are scatter'd here
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear.
Nor need those rules to give translation light.
His own example is a flame so bright;
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain lost?
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more instruct'd we, the more we still are
sham'd.
'T is well for us his generous blood did flow,
Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
That here his conquering ancestors were nur's'd
And Ireland but translated England first:
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight.

[And tinkled in the close] Dryden adopts the con
temptuous description of rhyme from preceding
authors, and those of no mean note. Thus in Ben
Jonson's mask of The fortunate Isles, Shogun, the
latter, is represented as a writer 'in time, fine finish
bing time.' And Andrew Marvell, in his strett'd
verse to Milton on his Paradise Lost, thus ex
claims;
'Well might'tt thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense se
sure.' [2]
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greeks for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors noble born will bear their part,
And not disdain the inglorious praise of art!
Great generals thus, descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the soldier's hand.
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer?
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves?
When these translate, and teach translators too,
Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow;
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
Roscommon writes: to that auspicious hand,
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscommon, whom both court and camp comend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roscommon, first in fields of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas justly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infund'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's
Our English palace opens wide in state; [page]
And without stopping they may pass the gate.

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EPISTLE THE SIXTH.

TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK,* ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1692.

Where faction's rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The muse droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when banish'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.
But now the illustrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, though they raise'd no storm,
Forsaw'd her passage, to behold her form:

* On the twenty-first of November, 1679, the Duke of York was married to the princess Mary d'Este, then about fifteen years of age, and extremely handsome. The ceremony was performed at Dover by the bishop of Oxford. It was against the rules of policy for him at that time to wed a Roman Catholic; and the parliament addressed against it. D.

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EPISTLE THE SEVENTH.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE BEREHOGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold stones,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes should be alike,
From tropic e'en to pole artique;
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state;
And both to wives and husbands show
The vigour of a pleniopo.
Like mighty missioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelum.
A work of wondrous merit sure,
So far to go, so much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto west.
For cloves or nutmegs to the line—a,
Or'ien for oranges to China,
That had indeed been charity
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapp'd, and for want of liquor dry
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear,
What region of the earth's so dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Tripleumus (so sung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain acres;
No, that was left by fate's decrees,
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st through forms with as much ease
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs respectively,
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft-minutes to unbind,
To show the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhineish rummers walk the round;
In bumper's every king is crown'd;
Besides three holy madrigal Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potterie is sunk,
That pays to make his convey drunk.
These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
Suit not, I know, your English taste:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellency.
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'T is the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay here's a harder imposion,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That, setting worldly pomp aside,
Which post has at first denied,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The duke St. Aignou made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His grace of Buckh has made a farce,
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began;
But scribble faster if you can:
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.

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**EPISTLE THE EIGHTH.**

TO MR. SOUTHERNE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED
THE WIVES' EXCURS.

Sure there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit;
And while it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need
Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show:
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit
So Terence plotted, but, so Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en loudness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nekos repine;
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labourd drama damn'd or kiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
With such good manners, as the Wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting, such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldest be seen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead;
The standard of thy style let Etheredge be;
For wit, the immortal spring of Wycherley;
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

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**EPISTLE THE NINTH.**

TO HENRY HIDDEN, ESQ.† ON HIS TRANSLATION
OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

The Grecian wise, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquines on the life of man;

† The success of this play was but indifferent; but so high was our author's opinion of its merit, that, on this very account, he bequeathed to this post the writing of the last act of his Cleomenes; which, Southern says, † when it comes into the world, will appear so considerable a trust, that all the town will pardon me for defending this play, that preferred me to it.  D. D.
† This gentleman brought a comedy on the stage in 1698, called the Wary Widow, or Sir Noisy Parrot.
At mighty villains, who the state oppress'd,
They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The villains to clip a beauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A pop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace and affectation,
Though fees to some, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And satire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crime.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:
And art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd:
For not to work is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be revenge:
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
Why should I help the ill-star'd world to laugh?
'T is all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the sprite and mischief of the fray.
No: I have cured myself of that disease;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
But let me half that cure to restore;
You give the salve, I laid it to the sore.
Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.
If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPITLES.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONVERSE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Well then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
which was damns'd, and he complains heartily of the ill usage; for the Bear-garden critics treated it with cast-null. It is printed and dedicated to the courtly Earl of Dorset: Sir Charles Cotting wrote the preface, and it was ushered into the world with several copies of verses. The audience were dissatisfied at the last of the third act, the author having conceived so much drinking of punch in the play, that the actors all got drunk, and were unable to finish it. See G. Jacob's Lives of the Poets. D. Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ;
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
There was the giant race, before the flood:
And these, when Charles return'd, our empire
Like Jannes he the stubborn soil manur'd, [stood.
With rules of husbandry the rashness cur'd:
'Twas us to manner, when the stage was rude:
And boisterous English wit with art indu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius cur'd:
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length
Our beauties equal, but excels our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise: [grace.
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jason did by strength of judgment please;
[ease.
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his
In different talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in
In him all beauties of this age we see, [wit.
Etheredge his courtship, Southerne's purity,
This satire, wit, and strength esamin'd Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd;[nor
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries grier'd.
So much the sweetness of your manner more,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome:
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows may laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd
The father had descend'd for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is cur'd:
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first,
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophecy; thou shalt be seen,
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made:
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular,
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

'Tis so disgrace'd in death; nor thinks 't is be
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus I by first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own sire, the chief invited guest.
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory; theirs the gain.
With length of time, much judgment, and more
toll,
Not ill they acted what they could not spoil.
Their setting sun still shoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.
This difference yet the judging world will see,
Thou copyst Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE THE TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTETS; ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in such an age,
As dams, not only poets, but the stage.
That sacred art by heaven itself infus'd,
Which Moses, David, Solomon have us'd,
Is now to be no more: the muses' foes
Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who but a madman would his thoughts defend?
All would submit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common sense they give the lie,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal; and the wise discern
Their glories teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loosely, or profanely, writ,
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit,
Nor when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion worse than witchcraft; they pull't o't
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.
The stage was silent; for the saints would
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
[see
But let us first reform, and then so live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:

* Peter Mottets, to whom this piece is addressed,
was born in Normandy, but settled as a merchant in
London very young, and lived in repute. He died
in a house of ill fame near the Strand, and was
supposed to have been murdered, in 1712. He pro-
duced eleven dramatic pieces, and his Beauty in
Distrress is thought much the best of them: it was
played in Lincoln's-inn-fields by Betterton's com-
pany in 1688.

D.  
1 Reblem, worse than witchcraft? From 1 Sam.
xxv. 32. 'For rebellion is as the sin of witch-
craft.' &c. T.
Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs; 
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at least, we may divide,
Humbility reward, and punish pride;
Ambition, interest, avarice, accuse:
These are the province of a tragic muse.
These last thou chosen; and the public voice
Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
That 'tis Cornfille might with envy see
The alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thy own Gausi condemn thee, if they dare,
Contended to be thinly regular.
Bore there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy soil.
Their tongue enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey, fallay.
More fit for manly thought and strength, and with
But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the best.
In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
Here find the first deficiency of our tongue:
Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
So great a poet, and so good a friend.

And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost, you terminate the cause.
And save the expense of long litigious laws:
Where suits are travers'd; and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your
mind.
Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, unumberd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long patience succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were
ours'd.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So farther from the fount the stream at random
stray'd.
How could he stand, when put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone,
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bit than struggle in the
shane.
Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married
Trustig as little as you can to fate.

To my Honour'd Kinman John Dryden,
Of Chesterton, in the County of Huns.

How bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unrest with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age;
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours
come,
From your award to wait their final doom:

* This poem was written in 1695. The person to
which it is addressed was cousin-gom an to the
poet, and a younger brother of the Baronet.

- Rose know'sd is lo-
This is one of the most truly
Horatian epistles in our language, comprehending a
variety of topics and useful reflections, and sliding
from subject to subject with ease and propriety.
Writing this note in the year 1719, I am much struck
with the lines that follow the 1719, as containing
the soundest political truths. Dr. J. W.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

You season still with sports your serious hours:
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The bare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he began,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were plac'd;
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chase'd.

So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
Pity the generous kind their care bestow
To search for hidden truths: (a sin to know)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.

In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Pains fastens first and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save;
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and people every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he rob'd and murder'd Maro's muse.
Wouldst thou be soon despatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.

[Good!]

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood:
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than sees the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
Oh, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
The apothecary train is wholly blind.
From flies a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.

*Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, &c.*

Dr. Gibbons was a physician at this time justly in high esteem. By Maurus is meant Sir Richard Blackmore, physician to King William, and author of many epic poems. Milbourn was a nonjuring minister. D.

Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives:
The shopman sells; and by destruction lives.
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood!

Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them but under their superior's kill;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill;
He escapes the best, who, nature to repair, fair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vita.

You board not health, for your own private
But on the public spend the rich produce. [use
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your slow retreat,
And sends to senators, charg'd with common care.

Which none more shuns: and some can better Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit?
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify what'se'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the warly trade.

E'en Cannaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Require a sabbath year to mend the meager soil.

Good senators (and such as you) so give,
That kings may be supplied, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor overbuys:
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies.

Munster was bought, we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:

The peace both parties wish is like to last;
Which if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and bated to repair.

Observe the war, in every annual course:
What has been done was done with British force;
Namur subdued is England's palm alone;

The rest besieg'd; but we constrain'd the town:

† Namur subdue'd is England's palm, &c.; in the year 1695. William III. carried Namur, after a siege of one month. The garrison retired to the citadel, which capitulated upon honourable terms in another month. The courage of our men in this siege was much admired, as was the conduct of the king. D.
EPISTLES.

We saw the event that follow'd our success;
France, though using arms, pursu'd the
Obzig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore [peace].
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Allion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian King was put to flight,
The weary Macedons rais'd to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.
Even victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won, [own].
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share, as uirplines of the peace.

A patriot both the king and country serve: [serves]
Prerogative, and privileges, preserves;
Of each our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow;
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand;
May neither overflow, for then they drown the
land.
When both are full, they feed our bliss abode;
Like those that water'd once the paradise of
God.

Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war;
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.
Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right;
With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandate from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a by giv'a.
Such was your generous grandeur: free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want;
Yet so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against, his laws.
And in a loose Some dungeon deem'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birth-right liberty,
And shun'd oppression till it set him free.
O true descendent of a patriot line,
Who, while thou 'shalt their lustre, lend it them
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see; [thine,
"T" is so far good, as it resembles thee:
The beauties to the original I owe;
Which when I miss, my own defects I show:
Nor think the kindred muse thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house few ages can afford
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.
For 'en when death dissolved our human frame,
The soul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Flat faces, such as would disgrace a stern, 
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen, 
Unrailed, unrounded, were the rude delight 
Of brutal nations, only born to fight. 
Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep, 
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep: 
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise, 
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes. 
Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line: 
One colourd best; and one did best design. 
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part, 
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art. 

Thy genius gives thee both; where true design, 
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join. 
Like ness is ever there; but still the best, 
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest: 
Where light to shades descending, plays, not 
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives: 
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought: 
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought. 
Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my sight; 
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write; 
With reverence look on his majestic face; 
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race. 
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write, 
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax's fight: 
Bids thee, through me, be bold: with dauntless 
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. 
[breath 
Like his thy critics in the attempt are lost: 
When most they rail, know then they envy most. 
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd, 
Like women's anger, inpotent and loud. 
While they their barren industry deplore, 
Pass on secure and mind the goal before. 
Old as she is, my muse shall march behind, 
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind. 
Our arts are sisters; though not twins in birth; 
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth: 
But oh, the painter muse, though last in place, 
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race. 
Apelles' art an Alexander found; 
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound; 
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. 
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I; 
But pass we that unpleasing image by. 
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine, 
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine. 
A graceful truth thy pencil can command; 
The fair themselves go meended from thy hand. 
Likeness appears in every lineament; 
But likeness in thy work 'is eloquent. 
[breath 
Though nature there her true resemblance A nobler beauty in thy piece appears. 
So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame; 
Flesh looks less living in the lively dame. 
Thou paintst as we describe, improving still, 
When on wild nature we engrast our skill; 
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space, 
To speak the language of their native place. 
The painter widely stretches his command; 
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land. 
From hence, my friend, all climates are yous: 
Not can you forsooth, for you hold of none. 
[Town, 
All nations all amanities will give 
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live; 
And not seven cities, but the world would strive. 
Sure some propitious planet then did smile, 
When first you were conducted to this isle: 
Our genius brought you here, to enlarge our fame. 
For your good stars are every where the same, 
Thy matchless hand, of every region free, 
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee. 
Great Rome and Venice early did impart 
To thee the examples of their wondrous art; 
Those masters then, but seen, not understood, 
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood; 
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd, 
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd. 
If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree 
'T is only wanting to this age, not thee. 
Thy genius bounded by the times like mine 
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design 
A more exalted work, and more divine. 
For what a song, or senseless opera, 
Is to the living labour of a play; 
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be, 
Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live, 
Kings cannot reign unless their subjects give; 
And they who pay the taxes bear the rule: 
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool: 
But so his follies in thy posture sink, 
The senseless idiot seems at last to think. 
[rain, 
Good heaven! that scots and knaves should be as 
To wish their vile resemblance may remain! 
And stand recorded, at their own request, 
To future days, a libel or a jest 
Else should we see your noble pencil trace 
Our unities of action, time, and place: 
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best, 
With every various character express: 
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view; 
Less, and at distance an ignobler crew. 
While all the figures in one action join, 
As tending to complete the main design. 
More cannot be by mortal art express; 
But venerable age shall add the rest. 
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand; 
Retouch thy figures with his ripening hand; 
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the taint; 
Add every grace, which time alone can grant 
To future ages shall your fame convey, 
And give more beauties than he takes away.
ELEGIES.

ELIGIES AND EPIPHATHS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little,* and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.

One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools were both abhor'd alike.

To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out the soonest did arrive.

Thus Nicas fell upon the slippery place,
While Mars his yoke performed, and won
O early ripe! to thy abundant store [the race].

What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.

Thy generous fruits, tho' gather'd ere their prime,
Still show'd a quickness; and maturing time
But mellowed what we write, to the dull sweetest rhyme.

[young,
Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou
But all too short, Marcellus of our tongue:
Thy brow with ivy, and with laurel's bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

THE PIPOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISH-
ED YOUNG LADY,

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,
EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF
POETRY AND PAINTING. AN ODE.

2.
Thou youngest virgin—daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the best;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,

* Farewell, too little! This short elegy is finished
with the most exquisite art and skill. Not an epithet
or expression can be changed for a better. It is al
also the best young friend and admirer of all that
this great master of harmony has produced. Old-
ham's satire on the Jesuits is written with vigour
and energy. It is remarkable that Dryden calls
Oldham his brother in satire, hinting that this was
the characteristic turn of both their genius.

* To the same goal did both our studies drive.

DR. J. W.

Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbour star,
Thou rollest up, in thy wand'ring race,
Or in procession fix'd and regular,
Mow'st with the heaven's majestic pace:
Ov, call'd to move superior blisses,
Thou tread'st it, with seraphims, the vast abysses:
Whatever happy region is thy place,

CEASE THY CELESTIAL SONG A LITTLE SPACE:
Thou wilt have time enough for hymne divine,
Since heavens eternal year is thine.

Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse:
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poetry were given,

To make thyself a welcome inmate there.
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by tradition came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good
Thy father was transfix'd into the void;
So worth thou born into a tuneful strand,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was for'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore, 

[before.
And was that Sappho last* which once it was
If so, then cease thy flight, 0 heaven-born mind
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:

Nor can thy soul's fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here
on earth.

For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in train.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tam'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.

* And was that Sappho last, &c.] Our author here
compliments Mrs. Killigrew, with admitting the
doctrine of metempsychosis, and adorning the soul
that informs her body to be the same with that of
Sappho's, who lived six hundred years before the
birth of Christ, and was equally renowned for the
poetry and love. She was called the tenth Muse.
Phoeon, whom she loved, treating her with indiffer-
cence, she jumped into the sea and was drowned.

VOL. I.—9
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

And if no clustering swarms of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holiday

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poetry!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debaud't to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This licubrice and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say to excuse our second fall?
Let this thy restful, heaven, a stone for all:
Her Aræthian stream remains unsollid,
Unmix'd with foreign fish and undesir'd child.
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 't was only born
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she
And to be read herself she need not fear:
Each text, and every light, her muse will bear
Though Epicureus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love sometimes her muse express')
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about
her breast:

Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth express,
'T was Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?

To the next realm she stretch'd her away,
For Painting near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify the offence)

And the whole sifl, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:

For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large domains which the Dumb
Sister sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receive'd in triumph whereas'er she went.
Her pencil drew what'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image
in her mind.
The sylvan acres of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler flood,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods,
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades.
Where nymphs of brightest form appear
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome, or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a contrast ne'er was seen before.
But when the people ask the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with reverence strook:
For not content to express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear.
His high designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phoenix queen was portrayed too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
We all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred
Before a train of heroines was seen,
Hand in beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire the further grows,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd, heaven only know'd.
To such immoderate growth her conquist rose,
That fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace
The well proportion'd shape, and beams of face
ELEONORA.—A POEM.

Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content;
To finish all the murder at a blow;
To sweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a harried fawn, 'cast a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And thunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda died: [late:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both trans-
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.
Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamer to the winds displays,
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will wall thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Ah, thou know'st not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloof and if thou knowest from far
Among the Pleiades a new kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.
When in mid air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground:
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last awakes sleep.
For those who wake and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

Oh last and best, 4 of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New gods the temples and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did in each other live;
Nor wouldst thou here, nor couldst she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

ELEONORA;

A PAKISTICAL POEM DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNCORS OF ABERDEEN.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, &c.

MY LORD,
The commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed; they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, expressed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a dark air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill; if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that

* * *

* But how Orinda died* The matchless Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Phillips, was author of a book of poems published in folio, and wrote several other things. She died in 1644, being only thirty-two years of age. She was a woman of an indifferent appearance; but of great virtue, taste, and erudition, which endeared her to the first people of the age. The Duke of Ormond, the Earl of Orrery and Roscommon, Lady Cork, etc. Mr. Dryden, Mr. Cowley, etc. etc. were all her friends. D.

4 Oh last and best! The conduct and death of this truly valiant chiefman is described with much eloquence and animation in his account of the important battle at Killkrankie, by Sir John Dalrymple, in the first volume of his Memoirs. Dundee, being wounded by a musket-ball, rode off the field, desiring his mischance to be concealed, and fainting, dropped from his horse; as soon as he was recovered, he desired to be raised, looked to the field, and asked, 'How things went?' Being told, 'All well;' then said he, 'I am well,' and expired. Dr. J. W.
I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath; for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my dis-sape never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this incomparable service to my lady’s memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord, for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults among the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy; but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a broken word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our pattern, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us as their precedents for our security; for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady; and to draw the lines of her mind, from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I among the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mines from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady’s worth nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Amariarium. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem The Pattern: and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly loved by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are, who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual signs of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the arti-
fier as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias,
when he had made the statue of Minerva, could
not forbear to engrave his own name, as author
of the piece: so give me leave to hope that,
by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live
by the goddesses, and transmit my name to
posterity by the memory of hers. 'T is no
flattery to assure your lordship, that she is re-
membered, in the present age, by all who have
had the honour of her conversation and acquain-
tance; and that I have never been in any com-
pany since the news of her death was first
brought me, where they have not extolled her
virtues, and even spoken the same things of her
in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your
lordship for the commission which you have
given me: how I have acquitted myself of it,
must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite
of any protestation which I can enter against
the present age, as incompetent or corrupt
judges. For my comfort, they are but English-
men, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day,
they are insufficient enough to think well of me
to-morrow. And after all, I am not much to
thank my fortune that I was born among them.
The good of both sexes are so few, in England,
that they stand like exceptions against general
rules: and though one of them has deserved a
greater commendation than I could give her, they
have taken care that I should not tire my pen
with frequent exercises on the like subjects; that
praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and
left almost as individual as the person. They
say, my talent is satire: if it be so, 'tis a fruit-
ful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to
gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such
a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth
themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap
each other in lampsoons. Yes, my lord, who
have the character of honour, though 'tis not my
happiness to know you, may stand aside, with
the small remanients of the English nobility,
truly such, and, unburst yourselves, behold the
mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some
few others, I have obtained my end. You see
I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker
of the House; yet like him I have undertaken
the charge, and find the burden sufficiently re-
compensed by the honour. Be pleased to ac-
cept of these my unworthy labours, this paper
monument; and let her pious memory, which I
assure is sacred to you, not only plead the
tardon of my many faults, but gain me your
protection, which is ambitiously sought by,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
John Dryden.

*ELEONORA.*

A PANEGYRICAL POEM, DEDICATED TO THE
MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF AB-
TINGDON.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmur rises
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news
around,

Through town and country, till the dreadful
Is blown to distant colonies at last;

Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling time
Did matchless Eleanora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.
The nation felt it in the extreme parts,
With eyes o'enswelling, and with bleeding
hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supplied,
Beginning to be such, but when she died.
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by
Secure of bread, as of returning light; [night,
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray;
So sure the dote, so ready at their call,
They stood prepared to see the maids fall.
Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she
nour'd,
That she herself might fear her wasting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made; [paid:
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.

Nor did her arms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unshir'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heaven; to heap huge treasures
there.
Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
As the first Christians of the apostles' cure.

* It appears, from the dedication to the Earl of Ab-
tingdon, that this poem is written at his Lordship's
own desire. The lady whom the poem affects to
praise was one of the co-heiresses of Sir Henry
Lee, of Chicheley in Oxfordshire, and sister to the
celebrated Mrs. Anne Wharton, a lady eminent
for her poetical genius, whom Mr. Waller has cel-
brated in an elegant copy of verses. D.

1 The Earl is said to have given Dryden five
hundred guineas for this poem. 2.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds, 
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for afalling mind;
For, what was never found, all hope to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to some holy house the afflicted came,
The hunger-starved, naked and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like hers her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:

[Know;
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we
Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,
[appear
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven
In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs
As free her arms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.
Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manage'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supplied, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her stores;
Laid up, and spare, that she might give the more.

So Pharao, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shows a

[thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night.
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly mast
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.
Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme inclined,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd the excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars, as far upward shoot,
As to the higher heavens they drive the root:
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarce she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other woman are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never dare
compare.

For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not to vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound:
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.
Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold,
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorched with

[zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb her prayer.
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long orisons forbids;
[deeds.
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by
Her every day was sabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, from hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toll releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as-best angels exercise above,
Varied with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,
(For such vicissitudes in heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this she practis'd here; that when she sprang
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heaven so well she knew,
Before she came, that nothing there was new:
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal
But as the sun in water we can bear,
[light?
Yet not the sun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 't is she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'T is like the milky way, all over bright,
But soon so thick with stars, 't is indistinct

[shin'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call:
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 't is a train of stars, that, rolling on,
ELEONORA.—A POEM.

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Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ere in motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.
As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
'T is hard to say what scent is uppermost,
Nor this part musk or cypress can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all.
So she was all a sweet, whose every part, [art.
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's
No single virtue we could most command,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
The occasion but exerted that, or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurs'd;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
And she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserve'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.
Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief
they mourn'd.
His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
The true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state:
When he to heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves
Yet as the soul is all in every part, [before.
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A godly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleased a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her plous love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiplied it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every soul could conta'n;
As in the blissful vision each shall share,
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improv'e:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like was it yielded to the forming hand;
True to the artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;
Soft for impression, from the first prepare'd,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:
With every act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be efface'd.
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness receiv'd into necessity.
Thus fir'd she virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children shoes;
For that was their perfection: she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfection were,
That for more children, she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take the impressions of her
Enough still left to sanctify her kind. [mind]
Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend:
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent,
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:
To unseal all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 't is the bliss of friendship's holy state,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate;
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true;
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind. [are;
The souls of friends like kings in progress
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwell'd
ing was,
A sweet retirement to a corner place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business
well forgot.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

This is the imperfect draught; but short as
As the true height and bigness of a star [far
Exceeds the measures of the astronomer,
She shines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial
By our weak optics is but vainly guessed: [Face,
Distance and altitude conceal the rest. ] mind
Though all these rare endowments of the
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurried on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;
Moments were precious, in so short a stay.
The haste of heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each con-
But every act stood ready to repeat. [ plate;
Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her best name in fate's eternal book:
And, please'yd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 't was her Saviour's time, and, could there
A copy near the original, 'twas she. [be
As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a bow did heaven and earth divide:
She pass'd so serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure; [death
So little penance needs, when souls are almost
pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her: [there.
She did but dream of heaven, and she was
No pain she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still
voice;

As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd,
As early notice she from heaven had heard
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove,
Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to
come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Cloth'd all in white, the livery of Lee day: [act,
Scarce had she sign'd in th' act, or word, or
Unless omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that she died, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent
O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st that any way be previous,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.
Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.
Let this suffice: nor thou, great saint, refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar muse.
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depress'd,
Stones a wild deluge with a damnable breast;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind
Is satire on the most of human kind;
Take it, while yet 't is praise; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age
So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence.
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what and where thou art: to wish thy place
Were, in the best presumption more than grace.
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are,) Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
ELEGIES.

As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory: [theo.
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of

---

ON THE DEATH OF AMYTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

T was on a joyless and a gloomy morn,[thorn] Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the When Damon, who design'd to pass the day With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey, Rose early from his bed; but soon he found The wealke pitch'd with sullen clouds around An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground. Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey The fields, and curse the ill omens of the day, He saw Memalcas come with heavy pace; Wet were his eyes, and cheerful was his face: He wrung his hands, distracted with his care, And sent his voice before him from afar. Return, he cried, return, unhappy swain, The empty clouds are fill'd with gathering rain: The promise of the day not only cross'd; But even the spring, the spring itself is lost, Amyntas—oh! he could not speak the rest, Nor needed, for pressing Damon gues's'd. Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy, The boast of nature, both his parents' joy: His graceful form revolving in his mind; So great a genius, and a soul so kind, Gave sad assurance that his fears were true; Too well the story of the gods he knew; For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd, Soon repent, and will not make them last. For sure it was too hasty a dole, The mother's features, and the father's soul. Then thus he cried: The morn bespoke the news:
The morning did her cheerful light diffuse: But see how suddenly she chang'd her face, And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace;
Just such, Amyntas, was thy promise's race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature smiled,
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
In years so tender that prevented time; [away, Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey; [day. Just like the flower that bodes and withers in a

MEMALCAS.
The mother, lovely, though with grief opprest, Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast.

The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound:
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
So dire a sadness sat on every look, [drown'd.
E'en Death repented he had given the stroke. He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had bridg'd him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy,
For yet, my friend, the beauteous would remain;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MEMALCAS.

Damon, behold you breaking purple cloud,
Hear'et thou no hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play [way.
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies, And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new comen guest admires the ethereal state, The sapphire portal, and the golden gate; And now admitted in the shining throng, He shows the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace, Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire [qure; Your brother's voice that comes to mend your Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

---

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

H's who could view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee.
0 charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.
We must not, dare not think, that Heaven be-
A child, and could not finish him a man ; [gas
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made :
The cost already furnish'd ; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd:
Y'et after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but moulder ing ashes to remain,
I guess not, lest I split upon the shell,
Y'et durst I guess, Heaven kept it for himself ;
And giving us the use, did soon recall,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he disappear'd, was rais'd ;
For 't is improper speech to say he died :
He was exhale'd ; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
'T is sin produces death ; and he had none,
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'T was but the original forfeit of his blood :
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted flood began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay ;
The length of course had wash'd it in the way :
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold
As such we lov'd, admire'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love :
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.
Theys was the crime not his, but ours alone :
And yet we murmur that he went so soon ;
Though miracles are short and rarely shown.
Learn then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was tied.
That individual blessing is no more,
But multiplied in your remaining store.
The flame 's dispers'd, but does not all expire ;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And form those parts form one collected grace ;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

Ador'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race ;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his
Too early fitted for a better state ; [date,
But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.

Mark how the lark and linnet sing ;
With rival notes
They strain their warbling threats,
To welcome in the spring.
But in the close of night,
When Phoebus begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spree,
Drink in her music with delight,
And, lift'ning, silently obey.

II.

So cease'd the rival crew, when Purcell came,
They sung no more, or only sung his fame : Struck dumb, they all ador'd the godlike man :
As ! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore : Had he been there,
Their sovereign's fear
Had sent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew :
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky :
They banded him along,
[ sung.
And all the way he was taught, and all the way they
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot ; but at your own rejoice :
Now live secure, and linger out your days ;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS,
OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

O're gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITEMORE.

Farm, kind, and true, a treasure each alone.
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
Rest in this tomb, raise'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly sumning what he had and lost.
EPITAPHS.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return’d,
So true when living, and when dead so mourn’d.

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE’S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palms Fairbone, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town in the forty sixth year of his age. October 24, 1689.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb’d by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which, when it was be-
Faibone’s undaunted soul did undergo, [low,
And be the town’s Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Cadiqans siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands im-
true.
From thence returning with deserved applause,
Against the Moors his well steel’d sword he draws;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height;
The martyr’s glory crown’d the soldier’s fight,
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general’s death was o’er reveng’d so well;
Which his piest’d eyes beheld before their close,
Follow’d by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

UNDER MR. MILTON’S PICTURE BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

The forces of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join’d the former two.

MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

Below this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consigned;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind;
And she would lose, if, at the anser day,
One atom could be mix’d of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form’d with such harmonious grace:
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul;
Which her own inward symmetry reveal’d;
And like a picture shone, in glass annex’d.
Or like the sun eclipse’d, with shaded light;
Too piercing, else, to be sustain’d by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll’d within;
As through a crystal case the figure hours are seen.

And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies:
For marriage, though it sufilets not, it dyes;
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind,
Yet she had learn’d so much of heaven below,
That when arriv’d, she scarce had more to
But only to refresh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confer’d to prayer.
Yet in such charities she pass’d the day,
’Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.

This lady is interred in the Abbey-church. The epitaph is on a white marble stone fixed in the wall, together with this inscription: “Here lies the body of Mary, third daughter of Richard Frampton, of Moreton in Dorsetshire, Esq; and of Jane his wife, sole daughter of Sir Francis Coffington, of Fonthill in Wilts, who was born January 1, 1670, and died after seven weeks illness on the 6th of September, 1696.”

This monument was erected by Catharine Frampton, her second sister and executrix, in testimony of her grief, affection, and gratitude.”
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

A soul so calm, it knew not evils, or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind:
A daughter dutiful, and a sister kind:
In sickness patient, and in death resign’d.

—

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON.

OF BURNINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
"Twas gold too fine to mix without alloy.
Heaven’s image was in her so well express’d,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish’d from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

—

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good:
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confir’d the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by a heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompense,
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:—
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age’s faith and loyalty, [thee.
Which, to preserve them, heaven confirm’d in
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
And fewer, such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fame.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

—

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

THE FAIR STRANGER, A SONG.*

Happy and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;

* This song is a compliment to the Duchess of Portsmouth, on her first coming to England. D.

—

MY ANCESTROR HEART was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains,
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country arms;
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, oh! there’s the spell,
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

—

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet’s grave look was a pretence,
And Danby’s matchless impudence
’Help’d to support the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
’T will turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When widders sing at feast.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would these madmen have?
First, they would bring us without peace,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power ensnare.

* But Sunderland! This nobleman had certainly
great and various abilities, with a complete ver-
satility of genius, and a most insinuating address;
but he was totally void of all principles, moral or
religious, and a much more abandoned character
than Shaftesbury, whom it is so common to ca-
humiliate. He certainly urged James II. to pursue
arbitrary and illegal measures, that he intended
should be his ruin, and betrayed him to the Prince
of Orange. The Abbé de Longueville relates, that
Dr. Massey, of Christ Church, assured him, he once
received an order from King James to expel twenty-
four students of that college in Oxford, if they did
not embrace popery. Massey, astonished at the
order, was advised by a friend to go to London,
and show it to the king; who assured him he had
never given him such an order, and commanded
Massey for not having obeyed it; yet still this la-
Saturn monarch continued to trust Sunderland.
Dr. J. W.
SONGS.

SHALL free born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be ruler'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?
The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech.
So have I seen a king on chess
(His rocks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1867.

I.
Passing harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay, chaos
And could not have her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The dispassion closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not
Within the hollow of that shell, dwell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.
The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lints

V.
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful, dame.

VI.
But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
† C.
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choir above.

VII.
Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees sprued up left their place,
Sequences of the lyre
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays

The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
'To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

SONG FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA;

FAREWELL, fair Armida, my joy and my grief,
In vain I have lov'd you, and hope no relief;

† Sharp stolite) It is a judicious remark of Mr. Mason, that Dryden with propriety gives this epithet to the instrument; because, in the poet's time, they could not have arrived at that delicacy of tone, even in the hands of the best masters, which they now have in those of an inferior kind. See Essays on English Church Music, by the REV. W. Mason, M.A. Preceptor of York, 1620. 1759, p. 218. T.

‡ This song, written on the death of Captain Digby, has been given by Mr. Malone in his Life of Dryden, and on account, he says, of its having been preserved in Dryden's works, and being found entire only in a scarce Miscellany, viz. Covent Garden Drollery. I must, however, observe, that the song is printed entire in New Court Songs and
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Undone by your virtue, too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me despair;
Now call'd by my honour, I seek with content
The fate which in pity you would not prevent:
To languish in love, were to find by delay
A death that's more welcome the speediest way.
On seas and in battles, in bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire;
My death's wound you give, though far off I bear
My fall from your sight—not to cost you a tear:
But if the kind fount on a wave should convey,
And under your window my body should lay,
The wound on my breast when you happen to You'll say with a sigh—it was given by me,

THE LADY'S SONG.

A CROCK of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To chose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds
in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refuse'd it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires:
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Poems, by R. Y. Gent. s.vo. 672, p. 12. In this collection the second line runs thus.—
1 In vain I have lov'd you, and...
ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

To soul oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is ever paid.

Til' her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies
Attends but death to close his eyes.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserv'd the fair.

I

SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY,
GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

Ask not the cause why silent Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms is overpaid.

Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye;
But left her lover in despair;
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.
When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tame;
And every life but mine recall.

I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;
OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC; AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloud in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(Should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserv'd the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserv'd the fair.

II

Timothæus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling 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 belied the god:
Sublime on radiant steeds he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he cur'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Afflicts to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Afflicts to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

*Dr. Burney has given a learned, full, and entertaining account of Timotheus, the musician, in his first volume of his History of Music, p. 403. Mr. Jackson, whose taste and feeling on the subject of music must be allowed to be just and exquisitely cuisures Dryden for extending the powers of music over the passions, and affirms that pleasure only can be excited.

Dr. J. W.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush’d with a purple grace
He shows his honest face: [comes.
Now give the hautboy’s breath; he comes, he
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus’ blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier’s pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.
Bacchus’ blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier’s pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

iv.
Sooth’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 defied,
Chang’d his hand, and check’d his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius’ great and good,
By too severe a fate.
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And wel’tiring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos’d he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
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.

CHORUS.
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.

v.
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 soothe’d his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty 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 besides thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown’d, but Music won the cause.

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.

CHORUS.
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.

vi.
Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his hands of sleep so sound,
And rouse him, like a rattlest peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais’d up his head:
As awak’d from the dead,
And amaz’d, he startes around.
Revenge, revenge, Timoleus 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!
Behold, a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand! [slain.
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
And unburied 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 glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz’d a flambeau with zeal to
Thais led the way; [destroy,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, for’r another Troy.

CHORUS.
And the king seiz’d a flambeau with zeal to
Thais led the way,
THE SECULAR MASQUE.

To light him to his pray,
And, like another Helen, sir'd another Troy

VIII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere beaving bellows learned'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timothoeus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre, [sire.
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft de-

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
Let old Timothoeus yield the prize, [before.
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. *

GRAND CHORUS.

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
Let old Timothoeus yield the prize, [before.
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

VENI CREADOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy feast, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred union bring;
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Thou strength of his Almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!

Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe.
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name.
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete,* to thee.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

—Enter Janus.

JANUS.

Chronos, Chronos, mend thy pace,
A hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in sight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

—Enter Chronos, with a scythe in his hand,
and a globe on his book, which he sets down at his entrance.

Chronos.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of humankind.

—Enter Mornus laughing.

Mornus.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten the back.
The world was a bole, e'er since it began,
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'T is better to laugh than to cry.

* Eternal Paraclete! This is a most elegant and
beautiful little morsel, and one of his most correct
compositions. Its poetry and piety aid each other
Dr. J. W.
CHORUS OF ALL.

Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Morn comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS.

Then goddess of the silver bow begin.

[Horns, or hunting music within.

Enter DIANA.

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds I waken the day;
And his to the woodland-walks away;
I took up my robe, and am beskit'sd soon,
And to my forehead a waxing moon.
I course the fleet stag, unkindell the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CHORUS OF ALL.

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS.

Then our age was in its prime:

CHRONOS.

Free from rage:

DIANA.

And free from crime:

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unhinking time.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unhinking time.

Dance of Diana's attendants.

Enter MARS.

MARS.

Inspire the vocal brass, inspire
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has lookd the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.

Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly:
The sprightly green,
In woodland-walks, on more is seen,
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian eye

CHORUS OF ALL.

Plenty, peace, &c.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

MOMUS.

Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were.

CHORUS OF ALL.

The fools are only, &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS.

Calm's appear when storms are past.
Love will have his hour at last:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars destroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Take her, take her, &c.

CHRONOS.

The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight;
Joy rud'd the day, and Love the night.
But, since the queen of pleasure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The ponderous orb around.

MOMUS.

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chase had a beast in view;

[Pointing to Diana.

Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.

[To Mars

[To Venus

JANUS.

'T is well an elder age is out.

CHRONOS.

And time to begin a new.
SONGS.

CHORUS OF ALL.

All, all of a piece throughout;
Thy chase had a heart in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

[Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors and lovers.

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,
WHO BEEN CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FULL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

Music within. The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHILLIS.

Look, look, I see—I see my love appear!
'T is he—'T is he alone;
For, like him there is none
'T is the dear, dear man, 't is thee, dear.

AMINTAS.

Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what is that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?
Ah! No, no, no,
St. Hermo, never, never alone so bright;
'T is Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot, so far a light;
alone,
'T is Phillis, 't is Phillis, that saves the ship
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is overblown.

PHILLIS.

Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMINTAS.

If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through
Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.

PHILLIS.

Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?
Now bless'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMINTAS.

Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
'To make sure of the cure,
So call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHILLIS.

But suppose he should stay.

AMINTAS.

At worst if he delay,
'T is a work must be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the sooner begun.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

At worst if delay, &c.
They run out together hand in hand.

SONGS IN THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

I.

Am fading joy; how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out now:
And fellow fate, which would too fast pursue.
See, how on every bough the birds express,
In their sweet notes, their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their mother Nature lay their care:
Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?
Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash upon the ground,
To gentle slumber's call.

II.

I look'd and saw within the book of fate,
When many days did lour,
When lo! one happy hour
Leap'd up, and smail'd to save the sinking state;
A day shall come when in thy power
Thy cruel foes shall be:
Then shall thy land be free:
And then in peace shall reign;
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which, once refused, will never come again.

SONG IN THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

I feel a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contentes me:
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.
Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show
Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses, [it.
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.
Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel:
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
Where I conceal my love no frown can fright
To be more happy, I dare not aspire; [me
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

SONGS IN THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

1.
Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phyllis is still in my mind;
When angry, I mean not to Phyllis to go,
My feet of themselves, the way find:
Unknown to myself I am just at her door,
And, when I would rail, I can bring out no
Than, Phyllis too fair and unkind! [more,
When Phyllis I see, my heart bounds in my
And the love I would stifle is shown; [breast,
But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
When from my eyes Phyllis is gone. [mind
Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad
But, alas! when I wake, and no Phyllis I find,
How I sigh to myself all alone!
Should a king be my rival in her I adore,
He should offer his treasure in vain:
O, let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phyllis again!
Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
I could to a desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no monarch his reign.
Alas! I discover too much of my love,
And she too well knows her own power! [prove,
She makes me each day a new martyrdom
And makes me grow jealous each hour:
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phyllis, both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her power.

2.
He. How unhappy a lover am I,
While I sigh for my Phyllis in vain;
All my hopes of delight
Are another man's right,
Who is happy, while I am in pain
Sh. Since her honour allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear
'Tis the best of your fate,
In a hopeless estate
To give o'er, and sometimes to despair.
He. I have tried the false mod'cine in vain;
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without, my desire
Has no food to its fire;
But it burns and consumes me within.
Sh. Yet, at least, 'tis a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the nymph you adore
Is as wretched, and more;
And counts all your sufferings her own
He. O ye gods, let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my Phyllis I'll lie:
I'll resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.
Sh. What her honour denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your
Such a flame as is true
[love,
After fate will renew,
For the souls to meet closer above.

SONG OF THE SEA-FIGHT, IN AMBOYNA.

Who ever saw a noble sight,
That never view'd a brave sea-fight!
Hang up your bloody colours in the air
Up with your ships, and your rendezvous prepare;
Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold
spirit,
Now each man his brindled, and then to the
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shooting Turks reply
Oh now it begins, and the gun-rooms grow hot,
Ply it with on culverin and with small shot; [roar,
Hark, does it not thunder? no, 'tis the guns
The neighbouring billores are turn'd into guns;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell. [amain,
Now, now they grapple, and now board
Blow up the hatchets, they're off all again:
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard, and tucklings
fall;
SONGS.

She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight!

INCANTATION IN CEIDIPUS.

Thou choose the darkest part o' th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noontide love.
Dig a trench, and dig it high
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altar rais'd, of turf or stone.
Will th' infernal powers have none,
Answer me, if this be done?

ALL PR. 'T is done.

Thou. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit;
Draw the barren heifer back;
Bare her he be, and black.
Cut the curt'rd hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows;
And turn your faces from the sun,
Answer me, if this be done?

ALL PR. 'T is done.

Thou. Four in blood, and blood-like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine;
Mingle milk into the stream,
Feast the ghosts that love the stream;
Soak a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in, to make them boil;
And turn your faces from the sun,
Answer me, if this be done?

ALL PR. 'T is done.

SONGS IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

I.

CEASE, Augusta: cease thy mourning,
Happy days appear,
Godlike Albion is returning,
Loyal hearts to cheer!
Every grace his youth adorning,
Glorious as the star of morning,
Or the planet of the year.

II.

ALBION, by the nymph attended,
Was to Neptune recommended,
Peace and plenty spread the sails;
Vexna, in her shell before him,
From the sands in safety bore him,
And supplied Eteolian gales.
Archon on the shore commanding,

L.

Lowly met him at his landing,
Crowds of people swarm'd around;
Welcome, rang like peals of thunder,
Welcome, rest the skies asunder,
Welcome, heaven and earth resound.

III.

Infernal offspring of the Night,
Debar'd of heaven your native right,
And from the glorious fields of light,
Condemn'd in shades to drag the chain,
And fill with groans the gloomy plain;
Since pleasures here are none below,
Be it our good, our joy be woe;
Our work to embroil the worlds above,
Disturb their union, disunite their love,
And blast the beauteous frame of our victorious

IV.

See the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train:
All the calmer gales besriend thee
In thy passage o'er the main:
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding,
Welcome to the watery plain.

V.

ALBION, lord of gods and men,
Prince of Peace too mildly reigning,
Cease thy sorrow and complaining,
Thou shalt be restored again:
Ahloe, lord of gods and men.

Still thou art the care of heaven,
In thy youth to exile driven:
Heaven thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty land repented:
In thy age, when none could aid thee,
Foes conspir'd, and friends betray'd thee.
To the brink of danger driven,
Still thou art the care of heaven.

SONGS IN KING ARTHUR.

I.

Where a battle is supposed to be given behind the scenes, with drums, trumpets, and military shouts and excursions; after which, the Britons, expressing their joy for the victory, sing this song of triumph.

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
COME, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum.
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again;
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind, that will perish for gold.
The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound:
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory’s won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish’d invaders.

II.

MAN SINGS.

On sight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
’Tis sweet, when tedious night expires,
To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain-tops, and paint the field!
But when Clarinda comes in sight,
She makes the summer’s day more bright;
And when she goes away, ’tis night.

CHORUS.

When fair Clarinda comes in sight, &c.

WOMAN SINGS.

’T is sweet the blushing morn to view;
And plaine adorn’d with pearly dew:
But such cheap delights to see,
Heaven and nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes, as well as we;
This is the joy, all joys above.
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love!

CHORUS.

This is the joy, all joys above, &c.

III.

Two daughters of this aged stream are we;
And both our sea-green locks have comb’d for
Come bathe with as an hour or two, [thee;
Come naked in, for we are so:
What danger from a naked foe?
Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share
What pleasures in the floods appear;
We’ll beat the waters till they bound,
And circle round, around, around,
And circle round, around.

IV.

Ye blustering brethren of the skies,
Whose breath has ruffled all the watery plain
Restore, and let Britannia rise,
In triumph o’er the main.
Serene and calm, as when the Spring
The new created world began,
And birds on boughs did softly sing
Their peaceful homage paid to man;
While Eurus did his blasts forbear,
In favour of the tender year.
Retreat, rude winds, retreat
To hollow rocks, your stormy seat;
There swell your lungs, and vainly, vaunt threat.

V.

Fox folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
The shepherd’s and the farmer’s gains,
Fair Britain all the world excels in;
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns,
Where pleasure mix’d with profit lies.

Though Jason’s fleece was fam’d of old,
The British wool is growing gold;
No mines can more of wealth supply;
It keeps the peasant from the cold,
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye.

VI.

Fairy isle, all isle excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of love;
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favourite nation
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs, that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulse, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown’d for love.

SONG OF JEALOUSY, IN LOVE

TRIUMPHANT.

WHAT state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover’s breast?
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find,
’Tis all from thee,
Of Jealousy!
’Tis all from thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

All other filis, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect love:
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain.
But, ah! no cure but death we find,
To set us free
From Jealousy:
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far,
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

A SECOND PROLOGUE ENTERS.

2. Hold ; would you admit
For judges all you see within the pit?

1. Whom would be thou except, or on what
score?

2. All who (like him) have writ ill plays be
For they, like thieves condens'd, are hangmen
To execute the members of their trade. [made,
All that are writing now he would disown,
But then he must except—even all the town;
All choleric, losing gamesters, who in spite,
Will damn to-day, because they lost last night;
All servants, whom their mistresses scorn up
braid;
All maudlin lovers, and all slighted maids;
All, who are out of humour, or severe;
All, that want wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE TO THE INDIAN
QUEEN.

As the music plays a soft air, the curtain rises slowly, and discovers an Indian boy and girl sleeping under two plantain-trees; and, when the curtain is almost up, the music turns into a tune expressing an alarm, at which the boy awakes, and speaks:

BOY. Wake, wake, Quevira! our soft rest must cease,
And fly together with our country's peace!
No more must we sleep under plantain shade,
Which neither heat could pierce, nor cold invade;
Where bounteous nature never feels decay,
And opening boughs drive falling fruits away.

QUE. Why should man quarrel here, where all
possess
As much as they can hope for by success?—
None can have most, where nature is so kind,
As to exceed man's use, though not his mind.

BOY. By ancient prophecies we have been
told,
Our world shall be subdued by one more old—
And, see, that world already's hither come.

QUE. If these be they, we welcome them our
doom!

Their looks are such, that mercy flows from
More gentle than our native innocence.

BOY. Why should we then fear these our
That rather seem to us like deities? [enemies

QUE. By their protection, let us beg to live;
They came not here to conquer, but forgive.
If so, your goodness may your power express,
And we shall judge both best by our success.
EPILOGUE TO THE INDIAN QUEEN.

SPOKEN BY MONTESUMA.

You see what shifts we are enforc'd to try,
To help out wit with some variety;
Shows may be found that never yet were seen,
'T is hard to find such wit as we'er has been:
You have seen all that this old world can do,
We, therefore, try the fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your aim to hit.
At untaught nature with your practis'd wit:
Our naked Indians, then, when wise appear,
Would as soon choose to have the Spaniards here.

'T is true you have marks enough, the plot, the
The poet's scenes, nay, more, the painters too;
If all this fail, considering the cost,
'T is a true voyage to the Indies lost:
But if you smile on all, then these designs,
Like the imperfect treasure of our minds,
Will pass for current whereas or they go,
When to your bounteous hands their stamps they owe.

EPILOGUE TO THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

BY A MERCURY.

To all and singular in this full meeting,
Ladies and gallants, Phobus send ye greeting,
To all his sons, by what'er title known,
Whether of court, or coffee house, or town;
From his most mighty sons, whose confidence
Is plac'd in lofty sound, and humble sense,
Even to his little infants of the time, [rhyme:
Who write new songs, and trust in tune and
Be't known, that Phobus (being daily griev'd
To see good plays condemn'd, and bad re-
ceived)]

Ondains your judgment upon every cause,
Henceforth, be limited by wholesome law.
He first thinks fit no sonneteer advance
His censure farther than the song or dance.
Your wit burlesque may one step higher climb,
And in his sphere may judge all doggerel rhyme;
All prose, and moves, and leaves, and honours too;
All that appears high sense, and scarce is low.
As for the coffee wits, he says not much;
Their proper business is to damn the Dutch:
For the great dons of wit—
Phobus gives them full privilege alone,
To damn all others, and cry up their own.

Last, for the ladies, 'tis Apollo's will,
They should have power to save, but not to kill:
For love and he long since have thought it fit,
Wit live by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

PROLOGUE TO SIR MARTIN MARRALL.

Fools, which each man meets in his daily walk
Each day,
Are yet the great regalia of a play,
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest, which cost them so dear:
Fops in the town more easily will pass;
One story makes a statutable argument:
But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one:
Observing poets all their walks invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a
And when they have enough for comedy,
They stow their several bodies in a pie:
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
For, gallants, you yourselves have found the
To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong;
None welcome those who bring their cheer.

PROLOGUE TO THE TEMPEST.

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and those new branches shot;
So from old Shakespeare's honour'd dust, this
Springs up and buds a new reviving play; part
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first in-
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.[law
He, monarch like, gave those, his subjects
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
While Jonson crept, and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest;
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outriv'd all other men,
'T is with the drops which fell from Shakes-
ppeare's pen.

[shore,
The storm, which vanish'd on the neighbouring
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none dust walk but he.
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things:
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.
Those legends from old priesthood were received,
And he then writ, as people then believed.
But if for Shakespeare we your grace implore,
We for our theatre shall want it more:
[play
Who, by our dearth of youths, are forc'd to emblazon
One of our women to present a boy;
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expect in the last act to find
Her sex transform'd from man to woman-kind.
What's she was before the play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.

PROLOGUE TO TYRANNIC LOVE.

SELF-LOVE, which, never rightly understood,
Makes poets still continue their plays are good,
And malice in all critics reigns so high.
That for small errors, they whole plays decry;
So that to see this fondness, and that spite,
You'd think that none but madmen judge or
Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit [write.
To impose upon you what he writes for wit:
So hopes, that, leaving your censures free,
You equal judges of the whole will be:
They judge but half, who only faults will see.
Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over care;
And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.
Hence 'tis, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a tyrant for his theme he had;
He loose'd the reins, and bid his muse run mad:
And though he stumble in a full career,
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To choose the ground might be to lose the race.
They then, who of each trip the advantage take,
Find but those faults, which they want wit to make.

EPITOLOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT,
WHEN REVIVED.

Of all dramatic writing, comic wit,
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spy.
Humour is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every public street;
In which, if 'er the poet go astray,
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his way.
But, what's so common, to make pleasant too
Is more than any wit can always do.
For 'tis like Turks, with keen and Ritchie to treat,
To make regaling out of common meat.
But, in your diet, you grow savages:
Nothing but human flesh your taste can please,
And, as their beasts with slaughter'd slaves began,
So you, at each new play, must have a man.
Hither you come, as to see prizes fought;
If no blood's drawn, you cry, the prize is
nought.
But fools grow wary now; and, when they see
A poet eyeing round the company,
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt,
They shrink like seamen when a press comes near:
Few of them will be found for public use.
But except you charge an ox upon each house,
like the train bands, and every man engage
For a sufficient fool, to serve the stage.
And when, with much ado, you get him there,
Where he in all his glory should appear,
Your poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any man in th' play:
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a parrot's taught to break a jest.
Thus aiming to be fine, they make a show,
As tawdry squires in country churches do.
Things well consider'd, 't is so hard to make
A comedy, which should the knowing take,
That our dull poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg, by me, his writ of ease.
'T is a land-tax, which he 's too poor to pay;
You therefore must some other impost lay.
Would you but change, for serious plot and
This modish garniture of fool and farce, [verse,
Nor scorn a mode, because 't is taught at home,
Which does, like vests, our gravity become.
Our poet yields you should this play refuse:
As tradesmen, by the change of fashions, lose,
With some content, their frivolities of France,
In hope it may their staple trade advance.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S
HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand.
THE FORMS OF DRYDEN.

Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce
Expecting famine on a desert shore. [o'er,
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence 'e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But o'er before was seen so sadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretense to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you, the founders, make yourselves the guests.
(If all mankind beside fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
"T is left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may now aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree,
Our native language more refin'd and free.
Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those poets write.
Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
That what this poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill (which most he fears,) Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet though you judge (as sure the critics will,) That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpass,
To please an age more gallant than the last.

PROLOGUE TO AMBOYNA.

As needy gallants in the scriveren's bands,
Court the rich knave that grieves their moritrag'd
The first fat back of all the season's sent, [lands,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment:
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those who ruin them—the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guines trade, the barings too,
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you,
—

What injuries soo'er upon us fall,
Yet, still the same religion answers all:
Religion whoedid you to civil war, [spare
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith—than you;
Interest's the god they worship in their state;
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well, monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
—

How they love England, you shall see this day
No map shows Holland truer than our play:
Their pictures and inscriptions we all know;
We may be bold one medal sure to show.
View then their falsehoods, rapine, cruelty;
And think what once they were, they still would be:
But hope not either language, plot, or art;
'T was writ in haste, but with an English heart;
And least hope wit; in Dutchmen that would
As much improper, as would honesty. [be

—

EPILLOGUE TO THE SECOND PART
OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

They who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conform'd their genius to their age. Then Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 't was coarse:
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as their comedy, their love was mean;
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd scene,
Which must alone for an ill written play.
'They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame they was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing graces for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told:
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'T is not to brand them, that their faults are
But, by their errors, to excuse his own. [shown,
If love and honour now are higher rais'd,
'T is not the poet, but the age is prais'd.

—

EPILLOGUE TO AMBOYNA.

A poet once the Spartans led to fight,
And made them conquer in the slope's right;
So should our poet lead you on this day,
Showing your torturer’s fathers in his play.
To one small birth the affront is worse, and more,
When he’s abused, and baffled by a boor:
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischief do,
They’ve both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred in manners were in fashion;
And their new comeliness has set them free,
Only from honour and civility.
Vestiges do not more uncoaltly ride,
Than did their robber state mankind abrade;
Their hands be no more with as ill a men,
As their own pamphlets swell above their chin:
Yet in their empire no true growth, but humour,
And only two kings’ touch can cure the humour.
As Cato did his Afric fruits display,
So we before your eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will, like him, conclude,
Let Cesar live, and Carthage be subdued!

PROLOGUE
SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE,* MARCH 28, 1674.

A plain built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfied away;
A bare convenience only is design’d.
[And you, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero’s palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungirded stage will scorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap droggetts to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit, since we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarsh’d goddery known.
They, who are by your favour wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half destroy’d by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire:
Pity our loss, while you your pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:

* This prologue must certainly have been written for the King’s company, which I suppose at this time might have opened their new Drury Lane.

The reflection cast upon the taste of the town in these three lines,
’T was folly now a stately pile to raise; [plays,
To build a playhouse while you throw down
While scences, machines, and empty opears
reign;
Is certainly levelled at the Duke’s company, who
had exhibited the Siege of Rhodes, and other expen-
sive opears, and who now were getting up Psyche.
Circe, &c. &c. &c.

Unable to support their vast expense,
Who build and treat with such magnificence;
That, like the ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours curiously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less.
But only fools, and they of vast estate,
The extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-crawat.
Yet if some pride with want may be allow’d,
We in our plainsness may be justly proud:
Our royal master will’d it should be so;
Whatever he’s pleas’d to own, can need no shown
That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his stamp, makes basest metal pass.
’T were folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse while you throw down plays,
[reign,
While scences, machines, and empty opears
And for the pencil you the pen disdain: [drive,
While troops of famish’d Frenchmen hither.
And laugh at those upon whose arms they live:
Old English authors vanish, and give place
To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you submit;
You’re now grown rasales to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine hops ad-

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD,
1674. SPOKEN BY MR. HART.*

Poets, your subjects, have the parts assign’d
To unbind, and to divert their sovereign’s mind:
When tir’d with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades, of wit.

* Several gentlemen, who had adhered to their principles of loyalty during the usurpation of Cromwell, and the exile of the royal family being left unprovided for at the Restoration, they applied themselves to different occupations for a livelihood: among them was Mr. Hart, the speaker of his prologue, who had served his majesty as a captain in the civil war, and was now an actor in a capital cast, and in great estimation, D.
And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life: [go,
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you
And, undeceived, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought;
As in mechanic operations fraught;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of chrysalis shone'd the great.
Best sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind:
Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joys we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and great
Jonson's claim
May be renew'd from those who gave them
None of our living poets dare appear;
For muses so severe are worship'd here;
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections but our own;
Such faults are made are by the makers shown
And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most. [pit,
Poets must stoop, when they would please our
Debas'd s'en to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must
make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire;
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is
higher. [seconds
So far your knowledge all their power tran-
As, what should be beyond what is extends.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.*

BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.

Where you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear:
To his green years your censure you would suit,
Not blast the blossoms, but expect the fruit.
The sea, that best does pleasure understand,
Will always choose to err on t'other hand.
They check him not that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right.

Thus hearken'd well, and dash'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young,
Did no Valpone, nor no Arbaces write; [right,
But hop'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of some Shagled Maid.
Shakespeare's own muse her Pericles first bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'T is miracle to see a first good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
Who still looks lean, sure with some pcox is
But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first. [curt
Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
Encourage him, and beat him up with praise
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for sacrifices.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

EPILOGUE,
INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE
LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, WHEN
CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

As Jupiter* I made my court in vain;
I'll now assume my native shape again,
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god, to be refuse'd.
State grows uneasy when it hinder's love,
A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
Now, as a nymph, I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could ever the force of these withstand.
'T is here that sovereign power admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen Catos, whatsoever they say,
E'en while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty sir, our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear;
For 't is not to wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war:

* As Jupiter It was a sister of Duchess of the Marlborough, a maid of honour, and afterwards Duchess of Tyrconnel, celebrated by Grammont, that acted in the Masque of Calisto at court, 1676. Dr. J. W.
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains
desire,
You knew its worth, and made it early prise:
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity:
Too glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning rays like moonlight strike and shine:
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
'To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

---

PROLOGUE TO AURENGZEBE.

O ur author, by experience, finds it true, [you;
'T is much more hard to please himself than
And out of so folg'd modesty, this day
Danns his laborious trifle of a play:
Not that it's worse than what he before writ,
But he has now another taste of wit;
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grown weary of his long-look'd mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature fies him like enchanted ground;
What verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name:
Aw'd when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage;
And to an age less polish'd, more unskil'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield,
As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his verse with those who
Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast. [live:
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing gamerest, let him sneak away;
He bears no ready money from the play.
The fate, which governs poets, thought it fit
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar;
Dull heroes sadden with the spoils of war;
All southern vices, heaven be praised, are here;
But wit's a luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the plant are loath,
'T is a shrewd sign 't was never of your growth;
And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except 'like orange trees,' tis born'd from snow
There needs no care to put a playhouse down,
'T is the most desert place of all the town:
We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,
Like monarchs, ruin'd with expensive war;
While, like wise English, unconcern'd you
And see us play the tragedy of wit. [sit,

---

EPILOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE;

OR, SIR FOPING FLUTTER. BY SIR GEORGE
ETHENES, 1676.

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have
shown,
[own.
They seem not of heaven's making, but their
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, galants, they may more resemble you.
SIR Foping is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks,
Would cry,
I vow, methinks he's pretty company:
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graft upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Foping him, or he can call;
He's knight o' the shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he calls whate'er he can,
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snowball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French
wallow:
His sword-knot this, his crape that design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blow, nor touch of hat pro-
Another's d'vving bow he did adore, [hair;
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
As for his songs, the ladies dear delight,
These sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

---

EPILOGUE TO ALL FOR LOVE.

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd through the
And this is all their equipage of wit. [pit;
We wonder how the devil this difference grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose:
For, 'tis plain, the quarrel rightly understood,
'T is civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat;
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears adoht;
PROLOGUE TO LIMBERHAM.

Thou wit hast seen its best days long ago;  
It ne'er look'd up, since we were dipp'd in show;  
When sense in doggerel rhymes and clouds was lost,  
And dulness flourish'd at the actor's cost.  
Nor stop it here; when tragedy was done,  
Satire and humour the same fate have run,  
And comedy is sunk to trick and pant,  
Now our machineing lumber will not sell,  
And you no longer care for heavens or hell;  
What stuff can please you next, the Lord can  
Let them, who the rebellion first began [tell.  
To wit, restore the monarch, if they can;  
Our author dare not be the first bold man.  
He, like the prudent citizen, takes care  
To keep for better days his staple ware;  
His toys are good enough for Sturbridge fair,  
Tricks were the fashion; if it now be spent,  
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent;  
No man will make up a new suit for Lent.  
If now and then he takes a small pretence,  
To forge for a little wit and sense,  
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.  
Next summer, Nouradarius tells, they say,  
That all the critics shall be shipped away,  
And not goe be left to dance a play.  
To every sail beside, good heavens, be kind;  
But drive away that swarm with such a wind,  
That not one lover may be left behind!  

PROLOGUE TO OEDIPUS.

When Athens all the Grecian state did guide,  
And Greece gave laws to all the world beside  
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,  
Supreme in wisdom cane, and one in wit:  
And wit from wisdom differ'd not in those,  
But as't was sung in verse, or said in prose,  
Then, Oedipus, on crowded theatres,  
Drew all admiring eyes and listen'ing ears:  
The pleased spectator shout'd every line,  
The noblest, manifest, and the best design!  
And every critic of each learned age,  
By this just model has reform'd the stage.  
Now, should it fall, (as heaven avert our fear)  
Damn it in silence, lest the world should hear.  
For were it known this poem did not please,  
You might set up for perfect savages;  
Your neighbours would not look on you as men,  
But think the nation all turn'd Piets again.  
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit  
You should suspect yourselves of too much wit:  
Drive not the just too far, but spare this piece,  
And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.
See twice! do not pull on to damning fall,
Like true born Britons, who so ever think at all:
Pray be advis’d; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed cannon do not always run.
With some respect to ancient wit proceed;
You take the four chief councils for your creed:
But, when you lay tradition wholly by,
And on the private spirit alone rely,
You turn fanatics in your poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your penn’orths of the play,
And come ready’d to damn, because you pay,
Record it, in memorial of the fact,
The first play buried since the woollen act.

PROLOGUE TO CIDEPUS.

What Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tagging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the ponderous mass
from Greece—
A weight that beat even Seneca’s strong muse,
And which Corneille’s shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is the Athenian harp to string!
So much two consuls yield to one just rink.
Terror and pity this whole poem sway
The mightiest machines that can mount a play.
How heavy will those vulgar souls be found,
Whom two such engines cannot move from ground!
(birth,
When Greece and Rome have smil’d upon this
You can but damn for one poor spot of earth:
And when your children find your judgment such,
(born Dutch;
They’ll scorn their wines, and wish themselves
Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
How much his wit must underwrite to please.
As some strong churl would brandishing advance
The monumental sword that conquer’d France;
So you, by judging this, your judgment teach,
Thus far you like, that is thus far you reach.
Since then the vote of full two thousand years
Has crown’d this plot, and all the dead are theirs,
Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give,
And, in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think them not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak states each other’s power assure,
Weak poets by conjunction are secure.
Their treat is what your palates relish most,
Charm! song! and show! a murder and a ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

PROLOGUE TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SPOKEN BY MR. BURTON, REPRESENTING THE GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE.

Sir, my lov’d Britons, see your Shakespeare
An awful ghost confess’d to human eyes! [rise
Unnam’d, methinks, distinguish’d I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their wither’d bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis’d, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage.
And, if I drain’d no Greek or Latin store,
’T was, that my own abundance gave me more
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this my rough drawn play you shall behold
Some master strokes, so many and so bold,
That he who meant to sile, found ’em such,
He shock’d, and thought it sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the successors to my name
What bring they to fill out a poet’s fame?
Weak, short liv’d issues of a foible age;
Scarcely living to be christen’d on the stage!
For humour farce, for love they rhyme dispense,
That toils the knell for their departed sense.
Dullness might thrive in any trade but this;
’T would recommend to some fat benefits.
Dullness, that in a playhouse meets disgrace,
Might meet with reverence in its proper place.
The fulsome clench, that nauseates the town,
Would from a judge or alderman go down,
Such virtue is there in a robe and gown!
And that insipid stuff which here you hate,
Might somewhere else be call’d a grave debate;
Dullness is decent in the church and state.
But I forget that still ’t is understood,
Bad plays are best decrid by showing good.
Sit silent then, that my pleas’d soul may see
A judging audience once, and worthy me;
My faithful scene from true records shall tell,
How Trojan valour did the Greek exalt;
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
And Homer’s angry ghost repine in vain.

PROLOGUE TO CESAR BORGIA.

BY MR. E. LEE, 1690.

The unhappy man, who once has trai’ld a pen
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
* The unhappy man Lee had so melodious a voice, and such pathetic eloquence, that reading one of his own scenes to Major Moliere at a rehearsal, Moliere

* The unhappy man Lee had so melodious a voice, and such pathetic eloquence, that reading one of his own scenes to Major Moliere at a rehearsal, Moliere
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soo'er the poetry deserve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling lecher to revenge is best,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichrist, or France,
In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and quailish with a yawning face:
You sleep o'er wit, and by your troth you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that told'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
One theatre there is of vast resort, [Court;
Which whilom of Requests was call'd the
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis light
And full of hum and buzz from noon till night.
'Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wares three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the
But all your entertainment still is fed [French;
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By smelling a perfume to make you die:
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, so known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair. [pranks;
But, mark their feast, you shall behold much
The pope says grace, but 'tis the devil gives
[thanks.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1630.

There's, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.

In the warmth of his admiration threw down his part
and exclaimed. Unless I were able to play it
as well as you read it, to what purpose should I
undertake it? Yet it is a very remarkable circumstance,
that Lee failed as an actor in attempting to
perform the character of Duncan in Macbeth, 1674.
As did Owray, in a play of Mrs. Afsa Bohn, entitled
the Jealous Bridgroom. After this failure, the first
writer of his Alcibiades, and the last mentioned author
his Nero. Dr. J. W.

To prove this true, if Latin be no treasurse,
Dictur et plautaris varisse Poemata Theopis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of toasting poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation;
And few years hence, if anarchy go on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:
Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
And worst, the author of the Oxford bells;
Nor should we escape the sentence, to depart,
E'en in our first original, a cart.
No jealous brother there would want a stone,
To mould us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan;
Religion, learning, wit, would be suppress'd,
Rage of the whore, and trappings of the beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief supporters of the triple crown;
And Aristotle's for destruction ripe:
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should write,
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The rest may satisfy their curious itch,
With city gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or what'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or see what's worse, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such censure our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalus to take.
They talk of fever, that infect the brains;
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress'd,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decotions of a barley-water muse:
A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick. [time;
Some scenes in sippets would be worth our
Those would go down; some love that's poach'd
If these should fail. . . . [in rhyme;
We must sit down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost; [stage,
While you turn players on the world's great
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1661.

The fam'd Italian muse, whose rhymes ad-
oisando and the Paladin of France, [vance
Records that, when our wit and sense is flown,
'T is lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thyther scar'd,
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
The wit we lost in town we find in you.
Our poets their red parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense.
When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senate, to the cause inclin'd,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain
Grows dear,
May come, and find their last provision here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carried back nor brought one cross.
We look'd what representatives would bring;
But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth[worth;
The Sibyl's books to those who know their
And though the first was sacrific'd before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
Has never spard the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
Is forced to turn his satire into praise.

PROLOGUE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATER, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1662.

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

By Mr. J. Barnes, 1662.

spoken to the king and the queen at
their coming to the house.

When first the ark was landed on the shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground
no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw;
The dove was sent to view the waves decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.

'T is needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent, as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye powers, why should vain man pursue,
With endless toil, each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true?
Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loathe the manna of his daily food?
Must England still the scene of changes be,
Toast and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?
Must still our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
Or, what can wars to aftertimes assure,
Of which our present age is not secure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain,
Is but to enjoy the blessings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preserve our state of innocence:
That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.

What civil broils have cost we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conspire, and every tongue,
Still to have such a king, and this king long.

'T is not our want of wit that keeps us poor,
For then the printer's press would suffer more.
Their pamphletors each day their venom spit;
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is diller yet, and more would spile us,
Democritus his wars with Heracleitus?
Such are the authors who have run us down,
And exercised you critics of the town.
Yet these are poor to your lampooning rhymes,
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.

Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.
Such harmless trusts, as if, like oozers wise,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'T is just like children when they box with pil lows.
Then put an end to civil wars for shame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

PROLOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER:

OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE. BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rule the stage,
Till critics, like damned Whigs, debar them their age.
Mark how they jump; critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
Both poison love, and both (plague on them all)
The court humbly seems advice to bring; (haste)
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a satire slides;
'T other's petition a remonstrance hides.
These will no taxes give, and those no peace;
Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends discard;
Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive face away, [pray.
As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of

* The Loyal Brother or the Persian Prince, Mr. Soutterne's first play, was acted at Drury Lane in 1682; a time in which the Tory interest, after long struggles, carried all before it. The character of the Loyal Brother was a compliment intended for the Duke of York. This prologue is a continued invective against the Whigs. In
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Kings, who disband such needless aids as these, 
Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please:
And that would be till next Queen Bee's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers inscribe:
Sir Edmondbury first, in woful wise, [eyes.
Leads up the show, and marks their maudlin
There's not a butcher's wife but dries her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil count, does retire:
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years:
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old cast whore. [part.
The devil, who brought him to the shame, takes
His check by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.
The word is given, and with a loud zuza
The mitred puppet from his chair they draw:
On the slain corpse contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all two hearts your triumphs ring.
And next, for fashion, cry, God save the king.
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he's once saved, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:

* Queen Bee's night] At the King's Head Tavern,
the corner of Chancery Lane, and opposite the Inner
Temple Gate, the principal screen to the court-
measures and the chief of the Whig party as-
sembled, under the name of the King's Head Club,
and afterwards the Green Ribbon Club, from rib-
bons of that colour which they wore in their hats.
Here they subscribed a guinea apiece for a bond,
in which the effigies of the pope was to be burnt on
the 17th of November, being the anniversary of
Queen Elizabeth's birth, with more than ordinary
pomp; for it was here after an annual ceremony,
usually made without any remarkable parade. The
procession now consisted of one representing the
dead body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, carried on
a horse, with a person preceding it ringing a bell,
to remind people of his murder: then followed a
mob of fellows, dressed like caitiffes, jestits,
knaves, cardinals, &c. and several boys with in-
cesse pots surrounding the image of the pope with
that of the devil just behind him.

Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.
In this manner they marched from Bishopsgate
to the corner of Chancery Lane, where they com-
mitted the inoffensive effigies to the flames; while
the balconies and windows of the King's Head
were filled with people of consequence, who con-
templates the tumult; which, the Hon. Roger North
says, struck a terror upon people's spirits. The
play was part of the play, to which we have here a
prologue, great additions, alterations and expensive
improvements were intended to be made in this pro-
cession, which was prevented entirely by the loy-
alty and vigour of the sheriffs of the city, Sir
Robert North and Sir Peter Rich, who paraded the
streets all day and the best part of the night.

So God begins, but still the devil ends. [call.
What if some one, inspired with zeal, should
Come, let's go cry, God save him, at Whitehall?
His best friend would not like this over-care,
Or think him o'er the safer for this prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitionts draughts,
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND
QUEEN,

ON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES
IN 1662.

Since faction obbs, and rogues grow out of
fashion, [nation,
Their penny scribes take care to inform the
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:
Now Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associates:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.
Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store, [more.
That now there's need of two New Englands

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.
The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those playhouse Whigs set up for property.
Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.
Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 't would end in downright knock's
and quelling:
For seldom comes there better of rebellng.
When men will needlessly their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a
Tartar; [Charter.
There's a damned word that rhymes to this, call'd
But, since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gases;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.
Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em,
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays: if our new
wits can write 'em


THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumour,
No drooling love, from this or that presummer;
No dullest fool sham'd on the stage for humour.
For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 't was, as shopmen say, to force a trade.
We've given you Tragedie, all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful metre dying;
This 't is when heavy lubbers will be flying.
All these disasters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither;
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang to-gether.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD.

spoken by Mr. Hart, at the acting of
the silent woman.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only
Athenian judges, you this day renew. [knew,
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where 'en the best are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Jonson durst have wish'd
to see. [stag.
Here they, who long have known the useful
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lyceum first themselves refin'd,
And delegated thence to humankind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance, remedies:
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first
Studied with care the anatomy of man; [began,
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune,
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made [draw.
An art, in London only is a trade.
There saucy dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.

Such build their poems the Lucratan way
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cats admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish 't rather than a plagued there.
He owns no crown from those Pretorian bands,
But knows that right is in the senate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Museus' feet his wrath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays. [Sid,
Kings make their poets whom themselves think
But 't is your suffrage makes authentic wit.

EPLOGUE,

spoken by the same.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French array draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from the infected town:
Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues ofwit.
A French troop first swept all things in its way;
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay:
Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
The Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grace;
Instead of wit, and humour, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
Stout Scaramouch with rash lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at countar Ariquin.
For love you heard how amorous asses Bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monster shown you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite
dumb, [come.
These wicked engines call'd machines are
Thunder and lightning bow for wit are play'd,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profest;
And cats and dogs, and each obsequious beast,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worship'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magnus of the town,
Fletcher's despair'd, your Jonson's eft of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;
By you those staple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own. [prais'd,
When you, who only can, their scenes have
We'll boldly back, and say, their price is rais'd.

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EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL,

Our is our poet wish'd, this happy seat,
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess.
Teaching s'en you, while the west world we show,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'T is all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learned with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
His learning, and unstained manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests,
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

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PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD.

Discord and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'errunomi the stage.
Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed depar'd,
And of our sisters all the kinder-hearted
To Edinburgh gone, or cozen'd, or carted.
With honey bluscep there they act all night
For Scotch halfcrown, in English trashface high.

[lean,
One nymph, to whom sit Sir John Falsstaff's
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, androse there a maid.
Our trusty doorkeepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper-lace to drugget suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plum for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians here:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lowder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Irish action slander'd English wit:
You have beheld such barbarous Muses appear,
As merited a second massacre: [grace,
Such as, like Cain, were branded with dis-
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill see'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never starve.

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PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD.

'Tou are not actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those, who touch upon the golden shore;
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether the applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly
Clap over-look, it makes us melancholy:
[raise,
We doubt that scene which does their wonder
And, for their ignorance, contends their praise.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London looks grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, faltcne all the depths of wit;
The poems of Dryden.

The ready finger lays on every blot; should not.
Knows what should justly please, and what
Nature herself lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem to faint,
Where bumpers dash, and where true poets
But by the sacred genius of this place, [paint.
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unsinning, youth end,
He chooses Athens in his riper age. [gage;

PROLOGUE TO ALBION AND ALBANIAN.

Full twenty years and more, our labouring
Has lost on this incorrigible age: [stage
Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
Has hitherto sought for by day and by night;
But still no sign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like heroes, or you bribed like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a top,
Like beating nut trees, makes a larger crop?
Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains! and, to con-
tent you,
Will fairly leave what your Maker meant
Satire was once your physic, wit your food;
One nourish'd not, and t'other drew no blood;
We now prescribe, like doctors in despair,
The diet your weak appetites can bear.
Since hearty beef and mutton will not do,
Here's jupel-dance, pisan of song and show:
Give you strong sense, the liquor is too heady;
You're come to face,—that's press'd milk—
already.
Some hopeful youthes there are, of callow wit,
Who one day may be men, if heaven think fit;
Sound may serve such, they to sense are grown
Like sounding strings, till they can walk alone.
But yet, to keep our friends in countenance,
know,
The wise Italians first invented show;
Thence into France the noble pageant pass'd:
"T is England's credit to be oxen'd last. [o'er:
Freedom and zeal have chous'd you o'er and
Pray give us leave to babble you once more;
You never were so cheaply bor'd before:

We bring you change, to humour your disease,
Change for the worse has ever used to please:
Then, 't is the mode of France; without whose
rules
None must presume to set up here for fools.
In France, the oldest man is always young,
Sees operas daily, learns the names so long.
Till foot, hand, head, keep time with eve y song
Each sings his part, echoing from pit and box,
With his hoarse voice, half harmony, half pax.
Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing:
They show themselves good subjects by their
On that condition, set up every threat; [singing:
You wigs may sing, for you have chang'd your
Gils and citizesens raise a joyful strain, [note.
'T is a good omen to begin a reign;
Voices may help your charter to restoring,
And get by singing what you lost by roaring;

EPilogue TO ALBION AND ALBANIAN.

After our Aesop's fable shown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play. [peace;
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier
But the last heat, Plain Dealing won the race;
Plain Dealing for a jewel been known;
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown. [rise,
When heaven made man, to show the work di-
Truth was his image, stamp'd upon the coin:
And when a king is to a god refined,
On all he says and does he stampe his mind:
This proves a soul without alloy, and pure;
Kings, like their gold, should every touch en-
dure.
To dare in fields is valour; but how few
Dare be so thoroughly valiant,—to be true!
The name of great let other kings affect;
He's great indeed, the prince that is direct.
His subjects know him now, and trust him more
Than all their kings, and all their laws before.
What safety could their public acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his
So great a trust to him alone was due; [word.
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.
The saint, who walk'd on waves, securely trod,
While he believed the beck'ning of his God;
But when his faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native character maintain;
'T is of our growth, to be sincerely plain.
T o exalt in truth we loyalty may strive,
Set privilege against prerogative:
He plights his faith, and we believe him just
His honour is to promise, ours to trust.
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Thus Britain's basis on a word is laid,
As by a word the world itself was made.

PROLOGUE TO ARVIRAGUS AND
PHILIOCHIA.

REVISED BY LODWICK CARRELL, ESQ.
SPOKEN BY MR. HARY.

With sickly actors and an old horse too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alabaster scenes, and clothes bare
Worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
If all these lies could not undo us quite, [light
A brisk French troop is grown your dear she-
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable muse;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lackeys early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them? they are
French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their broad-
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest; [ing:
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, ead! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Meantime we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wise, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good-
nature.

PROLOGUE TO DON SEBASTIAN,

SPOKEN BY A WOMAN.

Tell judge remo'rd, though he's no more my
May plead at bar, or at the council board; [lord
So may cast poets write; there's no pretension
To argue less of wit, from loss of pension.
Your books are cheerful; and in this place
I see not one that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave, to show
Inglorious vengeance on a vanquished foe.
At least be civil to the wretch imploring;
And lay your paws upon him without roaring.

Suppose our poet was your foe before,
Yet, now, the business of the field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know, a play 's of no religion.
Take good advice, and please yourselves this
day:
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass:
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still Most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from this nozzle.
You have seen young ladies at the senate does
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being
Fair.
Reason as weak as their, perhaps, I bring;
But I could bring you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good nature;
That he, for once, would shew his cutting sa-
tire.
Sign but his peace, he vows he 'll ne'er again
The sacred names of pope and basus profane.
Strike up the bargain quickly; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard so him with statutes neither,
Be kind; and do not set your teeth together,
To stretch the laws; as cobblers do their leather.
Hoses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muse's horse was ne'er for-
bidden;
For in no rate book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound;
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing:
And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, REVISED
BY MR. DRYDEN. SPOKEN BY MR. BET-
TERTON.

WHAT Nostradamus, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Propheticus?

* The Propheticus, or the History of Diocletian,
was revived in 1698, with alterations and additions,
after the manner of an opera, by Mr. Betterton,
and not by Dryden, as Langleine, who is generally
pretty exact, asserts. Our author only wrote the
prologue, and that was forbid by the Earl of Dorset,
then Lord Chamberlain, after the first day of its be-
ing spoken. King William was at this time pre-
PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.*

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontispiece as bald as one of you young beauties, without your periwig. I left our young poet, writhing and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own or something like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way, I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:

But the deuce take me if I know what to say.

So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no grating:

And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work,

In which, though much of art there does not lurk,

It may hold out three days—and that's as long as

Cork.

But, for this play—(which till I have done, we

What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know

This I dare swear, no malicious here is writ: [not.

'T is innocent of all things; o'en of wit.

He's no high-flyer; he makes no skyrockets,

His quibbles are only level'd at your pockets,

And if his crackers light among your pel's

You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up

himself.

By this time, I'm something recover'd of my flow,

And now a word or two in sober sadness.

* * * * * * *

* The Mistakes, or False Reports, was not written, but, according to G. Jacobs, spotted by Joseph Harris, a comedian, who dedicated it to Mr. afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was acted in 1698 D.
Sure heaven itself is at so great a loss to know
If these would have their prayers be heard, or
For, in great stakes, we piously suppose,
Men pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these wagers; for, in conscience speaking,
The city needs not your new tricks for breaking.
And if you gallants lose, to all appearing,
You'll want an equipage for volunteering:
While thus, no spark of honour left within ye,
When you should draw the sword, you draw the guines.

PROLOGUE TO KING ARTHUR,
SPOKEN TO MR. BETTERTON.

Sure there's a dearth of wit in this dull town,
When silly plays so savourily go down;
As when clipt money passes, 'tis a sign
A nation is not over stock'd with coin.
Happy is he who, in his own defence,
Can write just level to his humble sense;
Who higher than your pitch can never go:
And, doubtless, he must creep, who writes below.

So have I seen, in hall of knight, or lord,
A weak arm throw on a long shovel-board;
He barely lays his piece, bar rubs and knockes
Secur'd by weakness not to reach the box.
A feeble post will his business do,
Who, straining all he can, comes up to you:
For, if you like yourselves, you like him too.
An ape his own dear image will embrace;
An ugly beast adores a hatchet face:
So, some of you, on pure instinct of nature,
Are led, by kind, to admire your fellow creature.
In fear of which, our house has set this day,
To assure our now-built vessel, call'd a play;
No sooner want'd than one cries out! These stages
[wagers.

Come in good time, to make more work for
The town divides, if it will take or no;
The courtiers bet, the cit, the merchants too;
A sign they have but little else to do. [wager,
Bets, at the first, were fool-traps: where the
Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies:
But now they're grown a common trade for all,
And actions by the new-book rise and fall;
Wits, cheats, and fo's, are free of wager-hall.
One policy as far as Lyons carries;
Another, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
Our bets, at last, would o'en to Rome extend,
But that the pope has prov'd our trusty friend.
Indeed, it were a bargain worth our money;
Could we secure another Octobon.
Among the rest there are a sharpening set,
That pray for us, and yet against us bet.

EPilogue to Henry II.

BY MR. MOUNTFORT, 1669. SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEBYDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen. [say
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they
But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Rosamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest loving Harry in the play?
I guess your minds: the mistress would be taken;
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.

The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue:
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left 'th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
Would buy of me a pen-worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small requisites I have beside.

*—The mistress would be taken.

The incident of Lady Eazy's throwing her band
kerosene over Sir Charles's head, whilst he was
sleeping, seems to have been taken from the
Memoirs of Bassamperu, concerning a Count d'Orge-
viller and his mistress, tom. ii. p. 6. 1274. at Am-
sterdam. Ev. J. W.
Though for your love, perhaps, I should not care,
I could not hate a man that bides me fair.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say, this comedy pleased long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
When few men censured, and when fewer writ.
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this;
As the best model of his masterpiece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alcymist by this Astrologer;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
His lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all, ['word:
And what's their plunder, their possession call!]
Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day:
Nay scarce the common ceremony use
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the author's face.
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muse play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way:
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim some part:
They have the license, though they want the art;
And might, where theft was praised, for
Laureats stand.
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefit of others' studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;
['porridge.

'Tis all his own, when once he has split 'the
But, gentlemen, you're all concerned in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiss:
For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They should refund; but that can never be.

For should you letters of reprieve seal,
These men write that which no man else would steal.

AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet thoroughly tried,
And, without doubt, you're hugely edified;
For, like our hero, whom we show'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of show:
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow.
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now some small chat, and guises expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little selves you meet;
'T is Covent Garden drawn in Bridges street.

Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
Who act those follies Poets toil to write!
The sweeting Muse does almost leave the chase:
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Proteus vices
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly [pace.
To some new frisk of contrariety.
You roll like snowballs, gathering as you run,
And get seven devils, when dispossess'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Plutonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But every inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a wizard-mask upon the face.
For sins like these, the zealots of the land,
With little hair, and little or no hand,
Declare how circulating penitences
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.
Saturn, o'can now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this summer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phoebeus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preserve the eighteen penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they show:
The Actors thus and thus thy Poets pray:
For every critic sav'd, thou dostn't a play.

EPILOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.*

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young Poet at a full pit.

* This comedy was written by John Dryden, Esq.,
our author's second son. It was acted at the Theatre
in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, in 1694. A.
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

UNNAT to crowds, the person quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace:
Nor is the puny Poet void of care;
For authors, such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning, nor much wit to spare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there’s scarce one
But has as little as the very Parson:
Both: say, they preach and write for your convenience:
But ‘tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet’s gain is ne’er beyond his day.*
But with the Parson ‘tis another case,
He, without holiness, may rise to grace;
The Poet has one disadvantage more,
That if his play be dull, he’s damned all o’er,
Not only a damned blockhead, but damned poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne’er spoilt a Priest’s preferment:
Wit’s not his business, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, ‘tis not so much yours as you suppose,
For you like nothing but new and nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his bosomship says, but what he wears;
So ’tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears:
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.
The truth on’t is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clip money for clip wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope,
He should equip the stage with such a top:
Fools change in England, and new fools arise;
For though the immortal species never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies,
But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
One fool, for millions that he left behind.

* The poet’s gain is ne’er beyond his day: Dryden did not receive for his plays from the bookseller above 60l. The third night brought about 75l. The dedication five or ten guineas perhaps. Tonson paid Sir Richard Steele for Addison’s Drummer, 60l. 1714. And Dr. Young received 60l. for his Revenge. 1711. Southerne, for his Spartan Dame, in 1729, had 10l, and owed him 100l. and 100l. There were plays on Sundays till the third year of Charles the First’s reign. Otway had but one benefit for the play. Southern’s was the first who had two benefits from a new representation. Farquhar had three for the Constant Couple in 1706. Three of Ben Jonson’s plays, Semeon, Catoine, and the New Inn, and two of Beaumont and Fletcher’s, viz. The Faithful Shepherdess, and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, were damned the last night. Even the silences, woman had like to have been condemned. Dr. J. W.

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.*

REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR’S BLESSING,
ANNO. 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write
Brought muddled to the stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe;
Lugged by the critic, baited by the bear.
Yet worse, their brother poets damn the Play
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character—That’s I.
He, who writes letters to himself, would swear
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What should a Poet do? ’Tis hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that would be shown:
And yet not two in ten will pass the town.
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a top than fops can find.
Quack Maurus, though he never took Dein
In either of our universities;
[gees
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he play’d the fool, and wrote three books.
But, if he would be worth a Poet’s pen.
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot,
His man of Us, strip of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and as poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, job’s a bog.
There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepar’d us, and been dull by rule,
Tobis had first been turn’d to ridiculous:
But our bold Britons, without fear or awe,
O’erleaps at once the whole Apocalypse; [room
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if after all, this godly goer
Is not so senseless as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew’s noble vein,
Cuts calls the sects to draw ‘em in again.
At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach’s wheels,
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.

* This play, with alterations by Sir John Vanbrugh, and a secular masque, together with this prologue and an epilogue written by our author, was revived for his benefit in 1700, his fortunes being at that time in as declining a state as his health; they were both spoken by Mr. Cibber, then a very young actor, much to Dryden’s satisfaction.
POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himself a place in farce or play. [him,
We know not by what name we should arraign
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are loud enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindred to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

EPISODE TO THE PILGRIM. *

Perhaps the passion stretch'd a point too far,
When with our theatres he waged a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receive'd the first infection from the stage.
But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It first debauch'd the daughters, and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of vices before.
The Poets, who must live by courts, or wars,
Were proud so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and plims profane,
Taint'd the Stage, for some small snip of gain.

Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court, its head, the Poets but the tail.
The sin was of our native growth; 'tis true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd; the
Whole shall the naked Venus first reveal'd.
Who standing as at Cypris, in her shrine,
The strumpet was assur'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'T was chamber practice all, and close devotion.
I pass the peculicides of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compare'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would silence us, and shut the door,
That let in all the base fact vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.

What would you say, if we should first begin
To stop the trade of love behind the scene:
Where actresses make bold with married men?
For while abroad so prodigal the doll is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some remains.
While you have still your Oates, and we our Hains.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE.

PREFAE TO THE SECOND MISCELLANY.

For this last half year I have been troubled
With the disease (as I may call it) of translation.
The cold prose fits of it, which are always
The most tedious with me, were spent in the
History of the League; the hot, which succeed-
ed them, in this volume of Verse Miscellanies.
The truth is, I fancied to myself, a kind of ease
In the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting
But the humours would have wasted itself in
Two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as
Many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least
Thinking I found, something that was more pleasing
In them than my ordinary productions;
I encouraged myself to renew my old acquain-
tance with Luceritus and Virgil; and immedi-
ately fixed upon some parts of them, which had
Most affected me in the reading. These were
My natural impulses for the undertaking; but
There was an accidental motive which was full
As forcible, and God forgive him who was the
Occasion of it. It was my Lord Rochester's
Essay on Translated Verse; which made me
Uncanny till I tried whether or no I was capable
Of following his rules, and of reducing the
Speculation into practice. For many a fair pre-
cept in Poetry is like a seeming demonstration
In the Mathematics, very specious in the dia-
gram, but failing in the mechanic operation.
I think I have generally observed his instruc-
tions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently con-
vinced both of their truth and usefulness; which,
in other words, is to confess no less a vanity,
than to pretend that I have at least in some
places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal
I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which some but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English; and where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an English man, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translating is a kind of drawing after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'T is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so absurd, as I may say, to their faces, by a hatching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonneable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets, whom our Ogilvies have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 't is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him.

And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English Poet for their model, adore him and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subjects, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains a harder task; and 't is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet, whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different; yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as that in sugar, and that of honey. I can

"Sir P. Laiz"
make the difference more plain, by giving you
(if it be worth knowing) my own method of
proceeding in my translations out of four several
poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lu-
erculius, and Horace. In each of those, before I
undertook them, I considered the genius and dis-
tinguishing character of my author. I looked on
Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer;
one who weighed not only every thought, but
every word and syllable; who was still aiming to
crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as
possibly he could; for which reason he is so
very figurative, that he requires (I may almost
say) a grammar apart to construe him. His
verse is every where sounding the very thing
in your ears, whose sense it bears: yet the
numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the
delight of the reader; so that the same sounds
are never repeated twice together. On the
contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write
in styles differing from each other, yet have
each of them but one sort of music in their
verses. All the varification and little variety of
Claudian is included within the compass of
four or five lines, and then he begins again in
the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense
at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly
which they call golden, or two substantives and
two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep
the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, as has
little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is
always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and
his verses run upon carpet-ground. He avoids,
like the other, all Synalephas, or cutting off
one vowel when it comes before another, in the
following word, so that minding only smoothness
he wants both variety and majesty. But to
return to Virgil: though he is smooth where
smoothness is required, yet he is so far from af-
secting it, that he seems rather to disdain it;
frequently makes use of Synalephas, and con-
cludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He
is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic
wit, and gross hyperboles; he maintains maj-
esty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but
glare not; and is stately without ambition
(which is the vice of Lucan.) I drew my de-
inition of poetical wit from my particular con-
sideration of him; for propriety of thoughts
and words are only to be found in him; and,
where they are proper, they will be delightful.
Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does
the cause; and therefore is not to be put into
the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil
I particularly regarded, as a part of his charac-
ter; but must confess, to my shame, that I have
not been able to translate any part of him so
well, as to make him appear wholly like him-
self. For where the original is close, no ver-
sion can reach it in the same compass. Han-
nibal Caro’s in the Italian, is the nearest, the
most poetical, and the most sonorous of any
translation of the Aeneida; yet, though he takes
the advantage of blank verse, he commonly al-
lows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not
always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his
letters, that Spenser, a great Italian wit, who
was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and
Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to
imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek
verse; and that the Latin poet made it his
business to reach the conciseness of Demos-
thenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore,
being so very sparing of his words, and leaving
so much to be imagined by the reader, can
never be translated as he ought, in any modern
tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his
character; and to translate him line for line is
impossible; because the Latin is naturally a
more succinct language than either the Italian,
Spanish, French, or even than the English,
which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the
most compendious of them. Virgil is much
the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin
hexameter has more feet than the English
heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of
his own thoughts and words, which a translator
has not; he is confined by the sense of the inves-
tor to those expressions which are the nearest
to it; so that Virgil, studying brevity, and hav-
ing the command of his own language, could
bring those words into a narrow compass, which
a translator cannot render without circumlocu-
tions. In short, they, who have called him the
torture of grammarians, might also have called
him the plague of translators; for he seems to
have studied not to be translated. I own that,
endeavouring to turn his Nius and Euryalus as
close as I was able, I have performed that Epi-
sode too literally, that giving more scope to
Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has
more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his con-
ciseness; and all that I can promise for myself
is only that I have done both better than Ogilby,
and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, me-
thinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a
speech upon the gallows, and to warn all other
poets, by my sad example, from the sacrifice of
translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so
carefully as I did before my attempt, I have
made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I
taken more time, might possibly have succeeded
better; but never so well, as to have satisfied
myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own lan-
Preface to the Second Miscellany.

gage, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty; nearest indeed, but with a vast interval between them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in these principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Masenius and Lausus cannot so easily excuse. They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgoten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:

When Lausus died I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may persuade himself, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask life, nor frown with that design;
As I had wrung my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thought, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellences: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally craved; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in these four books, which in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Eclogues. The turns of his verse he has likewise followed, in those places which Lucretius has mostlaboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Mammus. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the roll over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malambury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal bene fide with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths; which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection, for the future; all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been everywhere as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Mammus a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they
are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolveth beforehand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a beauteous. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that 'tis hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is tempted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of mortality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduct to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. Those, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Prospopoeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author; at least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius; and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscurity of the subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and altering delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse I own it pleased me; and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antedotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy, which I ever found in any author; for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this easeous English? for I will not give it a worse word. Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If, to mince his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wronged him; and that freedom of thought and words being thus cashiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomy must not be seen, and so much as I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain that barefaced bawdry is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me. The one is the Essay on Poetry which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: the other is no less than our admired Cowley, who says the same thing in other words: for in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it:

Much less can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face:
Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
The author blushes, there, where the reader must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay; for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in wit: the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than barefaced ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in itself, and offensive to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case: for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon
Lucrèce, before it reaches me; in the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a verbal slip; though Horace would instruct them better in true criticism:

—non ego paucis
Offendat macula, quae aut incurris fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

'True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet against the little judge. It is a sign that malice is hard driven, when it is forced to lay hold on a word or syllable: to arraign a man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill-natured generation of scribblers, there is always justice enough left in mankind to protect good writers: and they too are obliged, both by humanity and interest, to expose each other's cause against false critics, who are the common enemies.

This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucrèce. I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucrèce himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader: by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman, shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference between him and Virgil, as there is between Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato, and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts: but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, mai esse del bosco; that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid: he touches his passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its plowness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate: because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavour'd it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it succeed in English; for which reason I forebore to attempt it. For Theocritus write to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace. Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satirist, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean and he made use of gods and providence only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticism, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, (if to laugh and rail is to be preferred to railing and declaiming,) are not part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyrics, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to
imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded stanza, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or fancy, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language.

There appears in every part of his diction, or, to speak English, in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called Curiosa Felicitas, and which I suppose he had from the feliciter audere of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good humour; and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric Verse: it is that which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his daring in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my masterpiece in English; for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom, to keep the rest in countenance, I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so a short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above a hundred lines together. Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expressions, without defending his anticipated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idiottry.

Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be Lyric. For variety; or rather where the majority of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, quod necesse dicere, et sentio tantum, must be my excuse.

There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

---Quantum vice cota, acustum
Reddens que ferrum valet, exercitatis secundis.

I hope it will not be expected from me that I should say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality; others, I am sure, need it not; and the rest I have not perused.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urged, why he did not write with more leisure, or if he had it not (which was certainly my case), why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject?
The object is unanswerable; but in part of recompense, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these incorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

John Dryden.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS;
OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS
PARAPHRASED.

To Amaryllis love compels my way
My browsing goats upon the mountain stray:
O Tiburtus, tend them well, and see them fed
In pastures fresh, and to their watering fed;
And 'ware the ridgling with his bussing head.
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conscious grütus, and the shady grove
Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With kisses such as set my soul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Grieve'd, but unmourn'd, and patient of your scorn;
So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!
I die, and death will finish all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
What partial judge are o'er love and hate!
'Tis wilding have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy like your lips their streaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high);
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.
Look on me kindly, and some pity show,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some god transform me by his heavenly power
E'en to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern, that your fair forehead shade.
Now to my cost the force of love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on humankind.

The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;
His brother whelp's and he ran wild about the wood.

Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the sufferings of your slaves your Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight! [sport!
O polish'd hardness, soften'd to the sight!
Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thorns, and those like break of morn!

Smile once again, revive me with your charms:
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not ask to live another day,
Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
Ah why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kisses are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a rosy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unquiets and unheard!
Since I must die, why is my fate deform'd?
I strip my body of my shepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock, [high,
Where you old fisher views the waves from 'T is that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,
But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, seeking my success in love to know,
I tried the infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And, which was worse, if any worse could prove,

The withering leaf foresaw'd your withering
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover cares!)
My last recourse I had to sieve and shears,
And told the witch Agreo my disease:
(Agro, that in harvest we'd to lease:
But harvest done, to chark-work did aspire;
Meat, drink, and twopence was her daily hire)
To work she went, her shame she mutter'd o'er,
And yet the dusty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I went for woe, the testy baldness swore,
And, foaming with her god, for told my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white gnat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids run frisking by her side,
For which the nut-brown lamb, Erthacie,
Full often offer'd many a savoury kist.
Here they shall be, since you refuse the price;
What madman would o'erdost his market twice!
My right eye itches, some good luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll set up such a note as she shall hear. [move? What nymph but my melodious voice would She must be fain, if she refuse my love. Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife To win his lady, or to lose his life, (What shift some men will make to get a wife!) Threw down a golden apple in her way; For all her haste she could not choose but stay: Renown said, Rum; the glittering bride cried, Hold;' [gold. The man might have been hang'd, but for his Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few indeed) That stopp'd the fatal fury of her speed. She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet refuse Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose. A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry, (No matter which, so neither of them lie) From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love: If such another wager should be laid, I'll find the man, if you can find the maid. Why name I men, when Love extended finds His power on high, and in celestial minds? Venus the shepherd's homely habit took, And manag'd something else besides the crook; Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar, And never from her heart forgave the boar. How blest was fair Endymion with his moon, Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon! What Jason from Medea's love possess'd? You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest. My aching head calls scarce support the pain; This cursed love will surely turn my brain: Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity; Nay then 't is time to end my doleful ditty. A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep; My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron sleep; I lay me down to gasp my latest breath, The wolves will get a breakfast by my death; Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply, For love has made me carrion ere I die.

With curious needles wrought, and painted flow'res bespread. [be Jove's beauteous daughter how his bride must And Jove himself was less a god than he: For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound, [the ground. Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky, Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed, Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed? Has Somnus brush'd thy eyelids with his rod, Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load, With flowing bowls of a more generous god? If gentle slumber on thy temples creep, (But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep) Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowsy drone, Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone: Go, leave her with her maidens mates to play At sports more harmless till the break of day; Give us this evening: thou hast morn and night, And all the year before thee, for delight. O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd Of rival princes, Cupid smirch'd aloof; And every lucky omen sent before, To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore. Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone, That Jove, whence'ser he thunders, call thee son; Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare, With whom no Grecian virgin can compare; So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair. A boy, like thee, would make a king's line But O, a girl like her must be divine. Her equals we, in years, but not in face, Twelve score viragoes of the Spartan race, While nated to Eurotas' banks we bend, And there in many exercise contend, When she appears, are all eclipse'd and lost, And hide the beauties that we made our boast So, when the night and winter disappear, The purple morning, rising with the year, Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies: So beauteous Hylen shines among the rest, Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces best As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn, Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn; So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride Of Lacedemon, and of Greece beside. Like her no nymph can willing osiers bend In basket-works, which painted streaks com mend: [be With Pallas in the loom she may contend. But none, ah! none can animate the lyre, And the mute strings with vocal soul inspire Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme, Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream:
TH E DESPAIRING LOVER,

FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

With insidious love, a wretched swain
Passed the fairest nymph of all the plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than far,
She plunged him hopeless in a deep despair:

None can record their heavenly praises so well
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids dwell.

O fair, O graceful! yet with maids enroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall behold!

Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.

Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.

Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotus, form'd into a wreath.

This monument, thy maiden beauties' due,
High on a plane tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree:

Balm, from a silver box distill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred ground.

The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.

Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove
With fruitful joys Latona bless your love!
Let Venus furnish you with all desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fast to your fires!

Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandchildren more!

From generous joys a generous race will spring.

Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast:

Rise in the morn: but oh! before you rise,
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Saltates the light, and struts before his feather'd flock.

Hymen, oh, Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle won.

Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel dart;
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.

No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd e'en to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about [to scout,
Her glaring eyes, and prick's her listening ears.
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.

Her mouth she with'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
Her sallow cheeks her envious mind did show,
And every feature spoke aloud thecertainty of a shrew.
Yet could not be his obvious fate escape;
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the feel that too fast did burn.

Long time, unequal to his mighty pains,
He strive to curb it, but he strove in vain: At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief.

With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief;
With tears so tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.

Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out the unprofitable flood:

Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke:

Ah, nymphs, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigers heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou show'st thy pedigree from stone;
Thy grandam's was the first by Pyrrha thrown.

Unworthy thou be so long desir'd;
But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.

This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
Betwixt my lingering love and listless life;
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.

Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go, the extremest remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:

There happily to lose my long desires: [fires?
But ah! what draught so deep to quench my
Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
And threshold guilty of my midnight means!

What I have suffer'd here ye know too well;
What I shall do the gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time:

The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Such is your blooming youth, and withering so:  
The time will come, it will, when you shall know  
The rage of love; your haughty heart shall burn  
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.  
Obediate as you are, oh! bear at least  
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.  
When first you ope your doors, and, passing by,  
The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,  
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;  
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey:  
Some cruel pleasure will from these arise,  
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.  
I wish, (but oh! my wish is vain, I fear)  
The kind obligation of a falling tear:  
Then loosen the knot, and take me from the place,  
And spread your mantle o'er my grizzly face:  
Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss:  
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!  
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;  
Else you are not more pitiless than death.  
Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,  
Which love and me from public scorn may hide,  
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,  
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest:  
Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear:  
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;  
O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware.  
Thus having said, and furious wish his love,  
He brav'd with more than human force to move  
A weighty stone (the labour of a team)  
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbour beam:  
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,  
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose:  
Then spurning backward, took a swing, till death  
Crep't up, and stopp'd the passage of his breath.  
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful air  
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering feet in air;  
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,  
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardlessly:  
And, as she pass'd, her chance of fate was such,  
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:  
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move  
The bath was sacred to the god of love;  
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,  
Stood threatened from a pedestal on high;  
Nothing awhile, and watchful of his blow,  
He fell; and falling crush'd the ungrateful nymph below:  
Her gushing blood the pavement all besmeared,  
And this her last expiring voice was heard;  
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn;  
Thou warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

Delight of humankind, and gods above,  
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,  
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies,  
And breeds whatever is born beneath the rolling skies:

For every kind, by thy prolific might,  
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.  
Thee goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fea,  
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:

For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dress'd  
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;  
And heaven itself with more serene and purer  
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,

And a new scene of nature stands display'd,  
When teeming buds, and cheerful greens appear:  
And western gales unlock the lazy year; [pear,  
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,  
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess;

Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,  
[food.  
Struck with thy darts, and tempted the raging  
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea:  
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,  
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.  
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plains,  
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,  
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign:

Through all the living regions dost thou move,  
And scatter'st where thou goest, the kindly seeds of love.  
Since then the race of every living thing  
Obey thy power; since nothing now can spring  
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,  
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;  
Be thou my aid, my timely song inspire,  
And kindle with thy own productive fire;  
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,  
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay  
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power display:

To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born.  
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.  
The rather then assist my Muse and me,  
Infusing verses worthy him and thee.  
Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord cease,  
And hail the list'ning world in universal peace.
TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIUS.

To thee mankind their soft repose must owe;
For thee alone that blessing cannot bestow;
Because the brutal business of the war
Is managed by thy dreadful servant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains — thy eternal love;
And, pantoing on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his
flame'd eyes.

Steaks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing
death.

There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND
BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

"T is pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But paine usfelt produce the pleasing sight.

"T is pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war: [guide
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well fortified:
And all the magazines of learning fortified:
From thence to look below on humankind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
"To see vain fools ambitiously contend:
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
To outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Isleas'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His craven'd desires with more than nature
For nature wisely stints our appetite, [needs!
And craves no more than midisurb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears ob-
A soul serene, a body void of pain. [tain;
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounden are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfied.
If golden sceptres hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of bine'sh'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream our careless limbs are laid
With cheaper pleasures innocently bless'd,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate, [dress'd.
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be sound
On the hard mattress, or the mother-ground.
Then since our bodies are not ead's the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
"T is plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind:
Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Excede our fears, and drive the thoughts of death
But, since the supposition vain appears, [away.
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted hence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple, or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise;
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wand'ring errors led;
And just as children are surpris'd with dread,
And trembling in the dark, so ripe for years,
E'en in broad daylight are possess'd with fears
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hoo,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkness
sooT to day.

THE LATTER PART OF THE THIRD
BOOK OF LUCRETIUS;

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

What has this bugbear death to frighten men,
If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confusion
For the defeated empire of the world, [hurl'd,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should away
So, when our mortal flame shall be disjoint'd,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind.
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven wer
lost,
We should not move, we only should be rest.
Nay, 'tis en suppose when we have suffer'd fate,
The soul could feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only we
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tosed'd and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind [been
From thence to see, that seeds of things have
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandering motions from the sense
For whose'er shall in misfortunes live, [are fled.
Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and waves off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear.)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'T is just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a man be men his lot,
That after death his mouldering limbs shall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
Know, he's an insincere, unthinking ass.
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast of selfs kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain;
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other He could feel the pain,
If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, when what when death he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcass to lament.
If after death 't is painful to be torn,
By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and chok'd;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold and heaven's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppress'd
With monumental marble on thy breast?
But to be snatch'd from all the household joys
From thy chaste wife, and thynear prattling boys
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mothers haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast,
Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppress'd.
Thy care and courage now no more shall free
Ah! wretch, thou crierst, ah! miserable me!
One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and wife
And all the brittle blessings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true,
Thy want, and wish of them is vanish'd too;
Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leas't at behind;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.
The worst that can befall thee, measure'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits: [flow,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmars
Till the fresh garland on their foreheads blow,
They whine, and cry, Let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pali the god, that never thinks, with thought.
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For, 'e'en in sleep, the body, wrap't in ease,
Supinsely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death
Yet the first atom then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And roues that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and pull'd a way.
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty space.
[call
And last, suppose great Nature's voice should
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
"Vain, "What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?  
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,  
If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,  
Thou hast enjoy’d, if thou hast known to live,  
And pleasure not lack’d through thee like a sieve;  
Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plentiful feast,  
Cramm’d to the throat with life, and rise and take thy rest?  
But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,  
If indigested joys pass’d thro’, and would not stay,  
Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?  
If life be ground a load, a real ill,  
And I would all thy cares and labours end,  
Lay down thy burden, feel, and know thy friend.  
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,  
I can invent, and can supply no more;  
But run the round again, the round I ran before.  
Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,  
Yet still the selfsame scene of things appears,  
And would be over, couldst thou ever live?  
For life is still but life, there’s nothing new to give.  
What can we plead against so just a bill?  
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill,  
But if a wretch, a man oppressed by fate,  
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,  
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,  
Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.  
But if an old decrepit set lament;  
What thou (she cries) who hast out-lived con  
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy’d my store?  
But this is still the effect of wishing more.  
Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings;  
Loathing the present, liking absent things;  
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife  
Within themselves, have tantaliz’d thy life.  
And ghastly death appear’d before thy sight,  
Ere thou hast gorg’d thy soul and senses with delight.  
Now leave those joys, unfruitful to thy age,  
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage;  
Is Nature to be blam’d if thus she chide?  
No sure; for ’tis her business to provide  
Against this ever-changing frame’s decay,  
New things to come, and old to pass away.  
One being, born, another being makes; (takes:)  
Chang’d, but not lost; for, Nature gives and  
New matter must be found for things to come,  
And these must waste like those, and follow  
Nature’s doom.  
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;  
And from each other’s ruin are begot:  
For life is not confid’d to him or thee;  
*’Tis given to all for use, to none for property.  
Consider former ages past and gone,  
Whose circles ended long ere things began,

Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?  
Thus mayst thou judge the future by the past.  
What horror seest thou in that quiet state,  
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?  
No ghost, no goblin, that still passage keep;  
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.  
For all the dismal tales that Poets tell,  
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.  
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,  
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from on high:  
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy  
Or vain imag’d wrath of vain imag’d powers,  
No Tytius torn by vultures lies in hell;  
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell  
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal:  
Not though his monstrous bulk had cover’d o’er  
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;  
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant’s  
Nor in eternal torments could he lie:  
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.  
But he’s the Tytius, who by love oppress’d,  
Or tyrannic passion preying on his breast,  
And ever anxious thoughts, is rob’d of rest.  
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife  
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,  
To vex the government, disturb the laws:  
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,  
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,  
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat.  
For still to aim at power, and still to fail,  
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,  
What is it, but, in reason’s true account,  
To heave the stone against the rising mount?  
Which arg’d, and labour’d, and forc’d up with pain;  
[along the plain.  
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes  
Then still to treat thy ever-traving mind  
With every blessing, and of every kind,  
Yet never still thy raving appetite;  
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,  
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,  
But still the wolf within thee barks for more.  
This is the fable’s moral, which they tell  
Of fifty fowlish virgin damns’d in hell  
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill’d; [fill  
To vessels of their sex, which none could ever  
As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,  
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,  
And all the vain infernal trumpery,  
They neither are, nor were, nor e’er can be.  
But here on earth the guilty have in view  
The mighty pains to mighty mischief dose;  
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,  
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke  
And last, and most, if these were but behind,  
The avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath:
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.
Meantime when thoughts of death disturb thy head:
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs with their mighty state,
Who rule'd the world, were over-rule'd by fate;
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves restrain,
(In vain they fand'd, in vain they threaten'd;
While his proud legions march'd upon their back:)
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor spare'd his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The Roman chief, the Carthaginan dread,
Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, is dead, [ed.
And, like a common slave, by fate in triumph
The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possess'd the throne?
The immortal work remains, the immortal author's gone.
Démocritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the race.
That stroke o' er Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
As does the midday sun the midnight star.
And thou, desist thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possess;
And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of thy breast.
O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast.
Sure they would change their course, nor live as uncertain
What to wish or what to vow. [now,
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load;
But straight returns for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.

Another to his villa would retire,
And spur as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'er-work'd his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of reposè, nor hope of ease
The wretch is ignorant of his disease; [spare
Which known would all his fruitless troubles
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study Nature well, and Nature's laws:
For in this moment lies not the dispute,
But on our future, seri'd, eternal state; [keep
That never-changing state, which all must
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.
Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and main'tain'd with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Beside, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same mawkish joys in the same track
are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possess,
A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
The feverish thirst of life increases still; [still
We call for more and more, and never have our Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What drops of life in the last draught may lie;
Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who died a thousand years ago.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF
LUCRETIUS.

Turn porro poer, &c.

Thus, like a sailor by a tempest hur'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world;
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon inhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room
Too true presages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent nature are increased,
TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

They want no rattles for their Howard mood,
Nor need to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year;
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unisbourd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

Sacred to the Earl of Roscommon,
On his intended voyage to Ireland.

So may the suspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gently breeze all thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Doest thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore;
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea;
Sure he, who first the passage tried,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright;
Who unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep;
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above and rocks below;
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men profane
Invade the inviolable main;
The eternal fumes over-leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man, inured to pain;

The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heaven the seeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue.
Fierce Famine with her meagre face,
And Fevers of the sly race,
In swarms the offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping Death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Phlegm'd through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Behold the mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounds of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Bosomb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.
With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires;
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.
Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below;
At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.
To-morrow and her works defy,
Lie hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
What'er thou gott'st to-day is gain
Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsavour'd with sorrow beams;
Ere withering time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess'd;
The best is but in season best.
The appointed hour of promise's bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyly feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain,

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;
PARAPHRASED IN PINDARIC VERSE, AND
INScriBED TO THE RIGHT HON. LAUR.
ENCE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Descended of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
The rosy wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare [hair.
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy
When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come
away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.
Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great;
Make haste and come:
Come, and forsoke thy claying store;
Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.
Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savoury dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian looms,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.
The sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian star
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath inflicts the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens
Above us dry.
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:

The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades
and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the
raging fire.
Thus, what behoves the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, bid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state;
When mortals search too soon, and fear too
Enjoy the present smiling hour; [late.
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are
borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made this with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate,
Are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is asked pleas'd to bless:
Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I pass the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly re
signed:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rage, will keep me
warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secured of what I cannot lose,
In my small pittance I can sail,
Contending all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek;
And see the storm ashore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
And from the gripping scribner free!
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Livi'd men in better ages born,
Who plough'd, with oxen of their own,
Their small paternal field of corn.

Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and state, he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dard with awe,
To servile salutations runs;
But either to the clapping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-book disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead,
Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or shears his overburden'd sheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin housing in the jars.

Or, in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And clustering grapes with purple spread.
The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
Whose care the fences guards,
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass he lies;
No god of Sleep he need invoke;
The stream, that o'er the pebbles flows,
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind, that whistles through the sprays,
Maintains the consort of the song;
And hidden birds, with native lays,
The golden sleep prolong.

But when the blast of winter blows,
And hoary frost invests the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky bear to rear,
With well-mouth'd bounds and pointed spears
Or spreads his subtle nets from sight,
With twinkling glasses, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.

But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,
Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apolian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noise will oversee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and over-labour'd, home;
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbothered dainties of the poor;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hinder wait the costly dish.
Not heartsease, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaethon or Ionia yields,
More pleasing morsels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosest body sound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the just guardian of my ground.
Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
The jolly shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as please'd as he,
To view his oxen sweating smoke,
Bearing on their neck the loosest yoke:
To look upon his menial crew
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft said within himself,
Revolv'd to leave the wicked town;
And left retir'd upon his own
He called his money in;
But the prevailing love of self
Soon split him on the former shelf,
He put it out again.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

MY LORD,

Some estates are held in England by paying a fine at the change of every lord. I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the translation of the Lives of Phirtarch to the first Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your house; and by your Grace’s favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from those of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my last fees, when it was due by your Grace’s accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service; and since you have been graciously pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay these poems at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthy succeed not only to the honours of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, earnestness of access, and desire of doing good, even to the, prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late posterity; and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent Duchess, are happy omens of my wish.

It is observed by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds. Some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, haughty, parsimonious, and unpopular; others were more sweet and affable, made of a more pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods which they enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible character of your Grace’s family. God Almighty has endowed you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour winning on the hearts of others; and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations; as if what was yours was not your own, and not given to you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty, which is so far from being ostentations of the good you do, that it blushes even to have it known; and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which, though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access, that Poplicola was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortunes was a powerful recommendation, and where I can scarce forbear saying that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest, which called them Lovers of the Poor; a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Auguste of the Roman Emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them, and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleness and inherent goodness of the Ormond family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals. Iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption; it was never
intended for coins and medals, or to bear the faces and inscriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off Insullus, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle; but the danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reason, my lord, though you have courage in an heroic degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion, claim precedence, as they are first in the Divine Nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: aflableness, mildness, tenderness, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life. Neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, follow acts of compassion, and of charity; but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended. And here it grieves me that I am scanned in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions; but although Tully is an expression which Tully often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful, that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shortened by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: since it is not permitted me to commend you, according to the extent of my wishes, and much less it is in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits.

Yet in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so formed your own education, as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country, or, more properly speaking, both your countries; because you were born, I may almost say, in purple, at the Castle of Dublin; when your grandfather was Lord-lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury, Numen communis, gemino faciens commercia mundi. The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cesar (to omit a crowd of shining Romans) formed themselves to war by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in the chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned Consul in derision; but then he was not born a soldier: his head was turned another way: when he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general, who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and resolution: in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from one of those athletic brutes whom undeservedly we call heroes. Cursed be the poet who first honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there was engraved on it the plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast, the lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the education of his rival: you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause on a theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to slant on so copious a subject, but confining myself to the severity of truth, I must to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill but also those of your assiduous diligence in the
war; and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done; and an un extinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians; I am, as Virgil says;

Spitiis exclusus intulit.

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but, in all appearance, mortally wounded; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and, as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was Governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor; by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune; or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those, whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that you Grace was made their fellow-sufferer! And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commend ing the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian:

Non ignara mail, miserae succurrere disco.

All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made de meliore luto; when examples of charity were frequent, and when there were in being

Teneti pulcherrima proles,
Magnum hilarum suis molliterbus annis.

No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures; and the name of Ormond will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains; your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world. And were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more than is consistent with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation? The concernment for it was as universal as the loss; and though the gratitude might be counterfeited in some, yet the tears of all were real: where every man displayed his private part in that calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance, as if the same decree had passed on two short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same verses, which I had formerly applied to him:

Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, nec utra
Ese stumt.

But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity; and that your poor part of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your Grace’s most humble, most obliged,
And most obedient Servant,

John Dryden

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**Preface Prefixed to the Fables.**

It is with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expenses he first intended
He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me; I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not baulk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book, (which is the masterpiece of the whole Metamorphoses,) that I enjoyed myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I find, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books: there accured to me the Hunting of the Boar, Clinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Bausis and Philomen with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandye, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spencer and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spencer, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descendants and clans as well as other families. Spencer more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transmuted into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spencer was his original, and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloigne, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.

But to return. Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made between them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or if I seem partial to my countryman, and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beasts, and the whole fair sea, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have been adventurous to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause, or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse, (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanzas of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of, Heroic Poets; he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongue; but with this difference, that Dante* had begun to file their language, at least reverse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer, (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provencaul, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation

* Dante, in one of his prose works, has treated of different sorts of poetry, of which he has divided into three species, the Sublime, the Middle, and Low; the first, he says, is proper for tragedy, the second for comedy, the third for elegy; and he meant by giving his Inferno the title of Comedia, to insinuate, that in this work he wrote in the middle style. This seems to have been the reason why he gave it this title, which it has been thought difficult to account for. Dr. J. W.
from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boosacre, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge, and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness; they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their presences how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them as if they deserved no better.

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like contrabanded goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe confidence, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense.

Versus inopes rerum, nusquecaner.

Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing any other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wiredrawing into blasphemy or banter, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage, in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translation, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Iliad; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world beforehand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil (though I say not the translation will be less laborious.) For the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words; Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers, and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined, so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident, than that the Be
man poem is but the second part of the Ilias; a
continuation of the same story, and the persons
already formed; the manners of Æneas are
those of Hector superadded to those which Ho-
mer gave him. The Adventures of Ulysses in
the Odyssey are imitated in the first Six Books
of Virgil’s Æneis; and though the accidents
are not the same (which would have argued
him of a servile copying, and total barrenness
of invention,) yet the scenes were the same, in
which both the heroes wandered; and Dido
cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of
Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil’s poem
are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a
quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat,
battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not
this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contra-
dict any thing which I have formerly said in
his just praise: for his Epistles are almost
wholly of his own invention; and the form, which
he has given to the writing, makes the tale his
own, even though the original story had been
the same. But this proves, however, that Homer
taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the
first virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem
can only be allowed the second place. Mr.
Hobbes, in the preface to his own bold transla-
tion of the Ilias (studying poetry as he did
mathematics, when it was too late,) Mr. Hob-
bes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where
he should have ended it. He tells us, that the
first beauty of an Epic poem consists in dicton,
that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of
numbers: now the words are the colouring of
the work, which in the order of nature is last to
be considered. The design, the disposition, the
manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect,
so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation
of human life; which is in the very definition
of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours,
are the first beauties that arise, and strike the
sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the
figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or in-
consistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the
finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is
a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Vir-
gil nor Homer were deficient in any of the for-
mer beauties; but in this last, which is expres-
sion, the Roman poet is at least equal to the
Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying
the poverty of his language by his musical ear,
and by his diligence. But to return: our two
great poets, being so different in their temper,
one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic
and melancholic; that which makes them excel
in their several ways is, that each of them has
followed his own natural inclination, as well in
forming the design, as in the execution of it.
The very heroes show their authors; Achilles
is hot, impatient, revengeful, Impligur, irasci-
dus, inenarrabilis, acer, &c. Æneas patient,
considerate, careful of his people, and mercifull
to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of
heaven, quo fata transt, retrahtumque, sequ-
mur. I could please myself with enlarging on
this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter
time. From all I have said I will only draw
this inference, that the action of Homer being
more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according
to the temper of the writer, is of consequence
more pleasing to the reader: One warms you
by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once,
and never intermits his heat. ’Tis the same
difference which Longinus makes betwixt the
effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully.
One persuades; the other commands. You
never cool while you read Homer, even not in
the second book (a graceful flattery to his coun-
trymen;) but he hastens from the ships, and
concludes not that book till he has made you an
amends by the violent playing of a new ma-
chine. From thence he hurried on his action
with a variety of events, and ends it in less compas-
se than two months. This vehemence of his,
I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and
therefore I have translated his first book with
greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it
was not a pleasure without pains: the continual
agitations of the spirits must needs be a weak-
ening of any constitution, especially in age;
and many pauses are required for refreshment
betwixt the heats; the illiad of itself being a
third part longer than all Virgil’s works toge-
ther.

This is what I thought needful in this place to
say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer,
considering the former only in relation to the lat-
ter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the
Roman tongue: from Chaucer the purity of the
English tongue began. The manners of the
poets were not unlike: both of them were well
bred, well natured, amorous, and libertine, at least
in their writings, it may be also in their lives.
Their studies were the same, philosophy and
philology. Both of them were known in astro-
nomy, of Ovid’s books of the Roman
feasts, and Chaucer’s treatise of the Astrolabe,
are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was like-
wise an astrolger, as were Virgil, Horace, Per-
sius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful
facility and clearness: neither were great in-
vventors; for Ovid only copied the Grecian fa-
bles; and most of Chaucer’s stories were taken
from his Italian contemporaries, or their prede-
cessors. Boccaccio’s Decameron was first pub-
lished, and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales; yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grisald was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccaccio; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccaccio before I come to him; but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a prose is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own; as the Wife of Bath’s Tale, the Cock and the Fox, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits: for an example, I see Baccis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humour, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark; yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a poet not to be defended in our poets, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered, and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman; yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of inocep me copia fecit, and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signify all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity; but instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it; yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilias to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near; and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They, who think otherwise, would by the same reason prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil; and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be abjured, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition not
meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a constinence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted: whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being Poeta and simile Poeta, if we believe Callistus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was auribus istius temporis accommodata: they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth considering: it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call Heroic was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucrétius; before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spencer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their monasge till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York: it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Macrenus, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him: whose praise helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age; their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that and in most of his Canterbury tales; neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders: for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his, Chaucer, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satyrical poet is the check of the
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

lymen on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilt in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used: for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured: if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonourable, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his Scandalum Magnatum to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties: for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not; but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drax has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him. Prior last is justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp reproof, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good person; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doc-
am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I
have given by my loose writings; and make
what reparation I am able, by this public ac-
knowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or
of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am
so far from defending it, that I disown it. To-
tum hoc inditkum volo. Chaucer makes another
manner of apology for his broad speaking, and
Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither
of them. Our countryman, in the end of his char-
acter, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuses
the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his
novels:

But first I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye be assured it nought my villany,
Through that I plainly speak in this matters.
To tell you her words, and eke her chere;
Ye though I speke her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I:
Who shall tell a tale after a man;
He mothe rehearse as nye, as ever he can;
Everich word of it been in his charge.
All speke he, never so rude, ne large.
Or else he mothe tell his tale untrue,
Or feinte things, or find words new:
He may not scape, although he were his brother,
His mothe as well say a word as another.
Christ spake himself full free in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany in it.
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the deye.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace
or of Chaucer, what need they had of intro-
ducing such characters, where obscene words
were proper in the months, but very indecent to
be heard; I know not what answer they could
have made; for that reason, such tale shall be
left untold by me. You have here a specimen
of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that
his sense is scarce to be understood; and you
have likewise more than one example of his
unequal numbers, which were mentioned be-
fore. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syll.
bables, and the words not much behind our pre-
sent English; as for example, these two lines,
in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt.
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have
answered some objections relating to my pre-
sent work. I find some people are offended
that I have turned these tales into modern Eng-
lish; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry,
old, unpolish'd wit, not worth repairing. I have
often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that
Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who
having read him over at my lord's request, de-
clared he had no taste of him. I dare not
advance my opinion against the judgment of
so great an author; but I think it fair, how-
ever, to leave the decision to the public: Mr.
Cowley was too modest to set up for a dicta-
tor; and being shocked perhaps with his old
style, never examined into the depth of his good
sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough dia-
mond, and must first be polished, ere he shines.
I deny not, likewise, that living in our early
days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece;
but sometimes mingles trivial things with those
of greater moment. Sometimes also, though
not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not
when he has said enough. But there are more
great wits besides Chaucer, whose fault is their
excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An
author is not to write all he can, but only all
he ought. Having observed this redundancy
in Chaucer, (as it is an easy matter for a man
of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of great-
er) I have not tied myself to a literal transla-
tion; but have often omitted what I judged
unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to ap-
pear in the company of better thoughts. I
have presumed farther in some places, and ad-
ded somewhat of my own where I thought my
author was deficient, and had not given his
thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in
the beginning of our language. And to this
I was the more emboldened, because (if I may
be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had
a soul congenial to his, and that I had been
conversant in the same studies. Another poet
in another age, may take the same liberty with
my writings; if at least they live long enough
to deserve correction. It was also necessary
sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer,
which was lost or mangled in the errors of the
press; let this example suffice at present; in
the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the
temple of Diana is described, you find these
verses in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Dane turned into a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diana,
But Venus daughter, which that sight Dane:

Which after a little consideration I knew was
to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne,
the daughter of Peneus, was turned into a tree.
I durst not make thee bold with Ovid, lest some
future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied
from my author, because I understood him not.
But there are other judges who think I ought
not to have translated Chaucer into English,
out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose
there is a certain veneration due to his old lan-
guage; and that it is a little less than profana-
tion and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther
of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense
will suffer in this translation, and much of the
beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost.
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which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure: multa renescuntur quae nunc occidere; cadentque, quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si vloet usus, quem poneo arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi. When an ancient word for its sound and significance deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it: All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. If grant that something must be lost in all translation, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible: and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. 'Tis not for the use of some old Saxon friends; that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go further, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places I give to others which had them not originally; but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as miners do their granum gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever said, or can have a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory; or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: Facile est inventis addere, in no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who is an old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not.) But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 't is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word: and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge between them. I translated Chaucer first, and amongst the rest pitched on the wife of Bath's tale: not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her prologue, because it is too licentious: there Chaucer im-
introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her; she crouched in bed with him on the wedding-night, and, finding his aversion, endeavoured to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time I had so far forgotten the wife of Bath's tale, that, when I took up Boccaccio unawares, I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismunda; which I had certainly avoided for these resemblances of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Yet the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccaccio.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Iliad: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the disposition full as artificial; only it includes a greater length of time, as taken up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what proceeded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own; but I was undeceived by Boccaccio; for casually looking on the end of his seventh Gloireste, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadowed himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress the natural daughter of Robert, king of Naples) of whom these words are spoken, Dioneo o di Fiametta granpezza costarono insieme d'Arcita, e di Palamone: by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccaccio; but the name of his author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provencals, called the Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particu-
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Kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlwinds of Hyzy, when they were thrown before him by Enallus. Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the story; though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor; but instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality; and retracted them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides that he is too much given to horse-play in his villains; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more bawdry in one Play of Fletcher's called The Custom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Conde at the battle of Besnoff: from immortal plays, to no plays: ab abusum ad usum, non valet consequens. But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scootsrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milburn are only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infancy.

Demetri, Toque Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubeco plebem cathedras.

TALES FROM CHAUCER.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,
WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,
The bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Twas to his British lyre this ancient song:
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:
He match'd their beauties, where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes, that sparkled like
your own.
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest symph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made her prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own;
As when the stars, in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of heaven their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same place adorn'd;
Or you perform her office in the sphere, [year, Born of her blood, and make a new Palatine]
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty still is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv’d that angel face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv’d to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.

Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the fates your path prepar’d,
And sure your age your future sway declar’d:
When westward, like the sun, you took your stand
And from benighted Britain bore the day;[way,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the seas; a soft Eteian gale
But just inspir’d, and gently swell’d the sail;
Portunus took his turn whose ample hand
Heav’d up his lighter’d keel and sunk the sand,
And steer’d the sacred vessel safe to land.

The land, if not restrain’d, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jotted to the sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador’d,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
Due to her isle; a venerable name;
His father and his grand sire known to fame;
A’ward by that house, accustomed to command,
The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand;
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach, they crowded to the port;
And scarcely landed, you create a court;
As Ormond’s harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promise of the sun.

The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy’d,
Pales un honour’d, Ceres unemploy’d,
Were all for ever; and one triumphant day
Wip’d all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompense your beauty brought.

As when the dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restor’d to the long-labor’d ark,
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Ope’d every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless’d;
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advance’d his rainbow in the skies,
To sign inviolable peace restor’d;
The saints, with solemn shouts, proclaim’d the new accord.

When at your second coming you appear,
(For I fortell that millenar year)
The sharpest’r share shall yet the soil no more,
But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
And heaven’s indulgence bless the holy isle.
Heaven from all ages has reserv’d for you
That happy clime, which venus never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chase all poison but their own.

Now in this interval, which fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories and your past,
This pause of power, ’tis Ireland’s hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the season to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land,

The vanquish’d isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, tho’ often we may.

The dove was twice employ’d abroad, before
The world was dried and she return’d no more.
Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern air.
Rest here awhile your lustre to restore,
That they may see you as you shone before;
For yet, the eclipse not wholly past, you fade
Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.

A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impass’d to fight:
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.
Now past the danger, let the learn’d begin
The inquiry, where disease could enter in;
How those malignant atoms for’d their way,
What in the finial frame they found to make their pray?

Where every element was weigh’d so well,
That heaven alone, who mix’d the mass, could
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;[tell
And where, imprison’d in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas’d to pass an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak:
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
E’en to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
And, for’d from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.

In vain your lord, like young Vesalian,
mourn’d;
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn’d:
And I prepar’d to pay in verma rude
A most detested act of gratitude:
E’en this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer’d for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel sure our Morley’s mind inspir’d,

To find the remedy your ill required.
As once the Macedon, by Jove’s decree,
Was taught to dream a herb for Ptolomee:
Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestow’d
As scarce it could afford to flash and blood,
So lik’d the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you,
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear
Well worth a miracle to keep you here:
And for that end, preserv'd the precious metal
Which all the future Orsmonds was to hold;
And meditated in his better mind [ing kind.
As heir from you, which may redeem the fail-
Blent be the power which has at once restore'd
The hopes of lost succession to your lord;
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see;
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.
O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well display
The blush of morning, and the milky way;
Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin:
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; o'en absent, he
Employes the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widow's hours;
For him your curv'd needle paints the flowers;
Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love;
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Orsmond nothing but a son;
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE;* OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus his name:
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord: much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought to triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his gude,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way:

But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazon, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army, and the Athenian host;
The spoils of Hippolita the queen,
What tills and tourneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear
But these, and other things, I must forbear;
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With ozen far unfit to draw the plough;
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength,
And trivial accidents shall be forborne,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoined us by mine host:
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, fall of high renown,
In this array drew near the Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chance'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seated at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
In this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill omens' woods?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief.
The most in years of all the mourning train
Began: (but swooned first away for pain)
Then scarce recover'd spoke: Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'T is thou O king, the afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy successes:
We wretched women see for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refer'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But hold the rank of sovereign queen before;
I'll thanks to giddy chance, which never
bears.
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:

* Chaucer was more than sixty years old, and Dryden seventy, when they wrote Palamon. Bade says, in 1888 Bocage sent a copy of Dante, written by his own hand, to Petrarch, who, it seems, was jealous of Dante, and in his answer speaks coldly of him.—Bade, p. 537. Dr. J. W. 
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency,
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
[tears,
Relieve the oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tear,
Wretched I, with other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen;
At Thebes he fell; cruel was the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array.
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost.
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate host:
But, Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those Whoose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unbur'n, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed.
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, grovelling on the plain,
With groans, and arms upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind! [flow
The prince was touch'd; his tears began to fall,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd; and could not but his fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then light from his lofty steed he saw,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And what'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
[clar'd;
That Greece should see perform'd what he de-
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shaming all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way;
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And waft'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an ardent field the god of war Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
E'en the ground glister'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dyed to sanguine hue,
High on his pointing lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur;
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own pre-serve.
He praised their ardour; lily pleased to see
His host the flower of Cretan chivalry.
All day he march'd, and all the evening night,
And saw the city with returning light.

The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town.
How to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain:
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd;
All these to siter times shall be deferred:
I spare the widows' tears, their woful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies.
How Theseus at those funeral did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dis
miss'd.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain.
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the banquets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest,
Two youthful knights they found beneath a cloud oppress'd:
[seem,
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly, hear'r the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent;
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In stature deem'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd;
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd.
But in a tower, and never to be loor'd,
The world captive kissen are inclin'd: [day,
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day
Till once, 't was on the mor'n of cheerful May,
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wilt'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do the observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
[gard sleep:
The vigils of her night, and breaks their slug.
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she
moves:
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ore day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the mouth, and as the morning fair:
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A riband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly cash'd the night,
And purple'd o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May,
At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose, and every rose she drew
She shook the stalk and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
She wore, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear;
E'en wondering Philomel forgot to sing
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless of woe, arose before the light,
And with his jailor's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the dampe beneath.
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw, with hateful eyes, the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'T was but a larger jail he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new livery clad of white and green,

Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But 's'en that glistening serv'd him to descry
The inevitable charms of Emily. [smart,
Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpowering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cried aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd:
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer begin'd?
Or who had done the offence? But if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity;
For love of heaven with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so:
So stand our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baseless aspect, rule'd our birth,
When all the friendly starts were under earth:
What'er betides, by destiny 't is done;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to
Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again, [sighm.
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurst through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay;
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along you shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess less;
That face was form'd in heaven, nor art thou
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape,) O help us captives from our chains to escape;
But if our doom be past in bonds to lie,
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And shew compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power! While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found;
And deep within his heart infus'd the wound;
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
PALAMON AND ARCITE:

Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes; and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
Speakst thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?
Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
It suits far worse (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honour
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our bands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design:
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor darst thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust and on whose care depend:
And wouldest thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretense; I told thee first my pain;
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound to assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.

Thus Palamon: but Arcite with disdain
In haughty language thus replied again:
Forewarned thyself: the traitor's odious name.
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurs'd
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal insam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the best above,
I saw the woman, and desire'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
The important secret, as my chosen friend,
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love;
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human law;
For love, and vindicate the common cause.

Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a
general waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and
covers all.

If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less; [sees.
And both are mad alike, since neither can pos-
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like Eos's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleased right, and would be lord alone.
The fruitless fight continued all the day,
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away,
As courtiers therefore justly for a grant, [want,
And when they break their friendship, plead their
So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I must love, and am resolve'd to try
My fate, or falling in the adventure die. [new a,
Great was their strife, which hourly was re-
till each with mortal hate his rival view'd;
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a surly stand;
And glair'd like angry lions as they pass'd.
And wish'd that every look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length, Phiribous came to attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man,
Companions of the war; and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.

But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Phiribous come: [since
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captivc knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night or on what'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th'offence.
To this Phiribous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his
way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds'hear purchase, and repents too late?
"What have I gain'd," he said; in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?

Great was their strife, &c.] These six spirited
lines are entirely our author's own, and an im
provement on the simple original. J. W.
The Poems of Dryden.

And banished from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom than I felt in bonds before: [live:
Forced from her presence, and condemn'd to
Unwelcome freedom, and unshackled reprieve:
Heaven is not here where Emily abides,
And where she’s absent, all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pithous first:
Had I not known that prince, still I had been
In bondage, and had still Eunalia seen:
For though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend,
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well hast thine fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine
eyes,
In prison, no; but blissful paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And never at least in love's extreme light
I measure my absence, love's eternal night:
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of mankind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my leathesome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fate,
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require:
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain.
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home:
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home:
Yet knows not how to find the uncertain place
And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily,

Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous
moan:
[ground;
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stumps the
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his letter'd feet,
And drop'd all o'er with agony of sweat.
Alas! he cried! I, wretch, in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou livest at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleased with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou mayest, since thou hast youth and courage
A sweet behaviour and a solid mind, [join'd,
Assemble ears, and all the Thesban race,
To vindicat on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all the advantage of the strife is thine.
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows
mine.

The rage of jealousy thes' sir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his
veins,
Fetters, like water which the freezing wind con
Then thus he said: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of mankind your care?
Beyond what all his fellow creatures are,
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain,
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft endure,
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail?
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worse to wretched virtue could befall,
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create,
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfill.
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller;
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and
smok'd
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
PALAMON AND ARCTICE.

This let divines decide—but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move
My range of jealousy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.

By this, the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free.

For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontrol'd,
Beholds what'er he would, but what he would behold.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.

When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of him he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rov'd with all the madness of despair,
His roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair,
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears;
His eye-ball in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep he loathes his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Some shares, Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay desire.
But full of stately moppings, which pressage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay,
He dream'd, (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd

His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod:

Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's com-
On Argus' head he laid the smoky wand.

Arose, he said, to conquering Athens go,
There fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bounded his beating heart.
But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath
And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be slain; but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's night I shall expire.

By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wonder, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness give,
In low estate I may securely live,
And see unknown my mistress day by day.
He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse array:
A labouring hind in show; then forth he went,
And to the Athenian lowers his journey bent:
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unques'tion'd, in that thick resort:
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye,
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong:
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thos
On Emilia, and call'd Philostraus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was show'd:
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recomend him to the royal grace;
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite praise'd,
And by great Theseeus to high favour rais'd;
Among his menial servants first enrol'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold.
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchase'd friends and
fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase
In arms of honour, and sweetest in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near:
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

PALAMON AND ARCITE; OR, THE
KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the
light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore:
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the sun,
Warms it by chance, or powerful destiny,
Which forms in causes first whatever shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallowed'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And soon'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber; and in long oblivion drown'd
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
A thick spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day.)
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
Or won the beautious Emily to wife. [beguile,
Thus while his thoughts the lingerer day
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;

And Theseus, &c.] Palamon and Arcyte, a
comedy, was acted before Queen Elizabeth, in Christ
Church Hall at Oxford, 1582, with which the queen
appeared to be much delighted, and promised to
reward the author, Richard Edwards, for his pains.
His poems are printed in the volume of dainty
Devizes. London, quarto, 1574. Dr. J. W.
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon.

Who list'ning heard him, while he search'd the grove,
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd; and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood.
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.

Thus Arcite having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing heaven and fate,
And angry Juno's unreleas'd hate.

Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calender, 1 year.
Let it pollute the month, and poison all the Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Thesan city was:
Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.

In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all: for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of heaven is all my enemy;
Mars ruin'd Theseus: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon, free:
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure.

Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He flies within, and hies to my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fates pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.

Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain.

Pain'd with my sufferings, if you knew my
At this a sickly qualm his heart assaileth,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word mis'd Palamon of all he spoke;
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look.

Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:
This conceit is not in the original of Chaucer,
But may be found in Gryn's Miscellanies, being
the concluding couplet of a copy of verses, called
A Cruel mistress, by T. Carow, Esq. What could
induce our poet to insert them here, we cannot
readily conceive. J. W.

He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart,
Nor longer staid, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face:
False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily!
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheat's Theseus with a wife,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free.
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily!
For though unarmed I am, and (freed by chance)
A hare without my sword, or pointed lance:
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unwasheth'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now, by the gods, who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:

Proud, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Love but laughs at lovers' perjury,
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite:
But, since thou art my kinsman, and a knight
Here, have my faith, to mortew in this grove:
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel
both unknown

With arms of proof both for myself and thee:
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that at better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be
A conquest better won, and worthy me.
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawning,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain,
This was in Arcite's prov'd, and Palamon,
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour tied,
His foes with bedding and with food supplied.
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought.
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
Both were of shining steel and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now at the time, and in the appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang’d their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the haunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees:
And thinks, Here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chinses seizeth every part: [heart.
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return;
But in dumb surinames, each arm’d with care
His foe profess’d, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm’d with sword and lance:
They fost, they fain, they pass, they strive to borse
Their croslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And, wounded, wound; till both were bath’d in blood:
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arctie like an angry tiger far’d,
And like a lion Palamon appear’d:
Or, as two boars, whom love to battle draw,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound;
[around.
With grunts and groans the forest rings
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
’Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God’s decrees,
And executes on earth what heaven foresees,
Call’d Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with restless force, and finds or makes her way,
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard the appointed hour,
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen’d not in centuries of years:
For sure, what’s’er we mortals hate, or love, Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy,
This gentle knight, inspir’d by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way,
Beside him rode Hippolita, the queen,
And Emily attir’d in lively green,

With horns, and bounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert night;
And as he follow’d Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood,
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought, the appointed place
In which the uncoupled hounds began the chase.
Thither forth-right he rode to rescue the prey,
That shaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And thence discoll’d, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach’d, and looking underneath the sun,
He saw proud Arctie and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam’d their pitchforks to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook,
There seem’d less force require’d to fell an oak;
He gaz’d with wonder on their equal might,
Look’d eager on, but knew not either knight;
Resolv’d to learn, he spur’d his fiery steed
With roaring ronis to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt ’em on the place,
And with his sword unsheathe’d, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat;
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dare ye your pride presume against the laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?
Unask’d the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?
Then Palamon, with scarce recover’d breath,
Thus haughty spoke: We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found;
Our life’s a load; encumber’d with the charge,
We long to set the imprison’d soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelly
Me first, O kill me first; and cure my woes:
Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foresight will receive his due reward.
Arctie of Theseus is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow,
But first contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon the Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return’d
The purjurd knight, his oath and bound
swoon’d.
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name,
And profite'd service, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus; retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.

My part remains: from Thesbes my birth I own
And call myself the unhappy Palamon.

Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.

Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promise'd I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the imperious gift of heaven.

Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:

Then give me death. since I thy life pursue,
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.

More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
And, for her sake, and in her sight, will die:
But kill my rival too; for he has less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.

To this replied the stern Athenian prince,
And slyly smil'd: In owning your offence
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.

Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and raise the dead:
By Mars, the patron of your arms, you die.

He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good,
(The patternswoon'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept; when she began, (ran)
Through the bright quire the infectious virtue
All drop their tears, o 'n the contended maid:
And thus among themselves they softly said:
What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!

Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in sight,
The mastery of heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide-streaming wounds: they neither came.

For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cause.

This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king implored the offender's grace.

He paused a while; stood silent in his mood, (For yet his rage was boiling in his blood;)
Before his tender mind the impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt,
And pity soonest runs in softest minds;) They reason with himself; and first he finds

His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnified the offence.

Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the cause?
The prisoner freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the woman's tears, and heard their cries;
(Head, Which move'd compassion more, he shook his
And softly sighing to himself he said:

Curses on the unpardoning prince, whom tears,
can draw

To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent and proud!

At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head:
Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spok'e: The power of love,
In earth, and sea, and air, and heaven above,
Rules, unresist'd, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He blind's the wise, gives eyesight to the blind,
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.

Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil?
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again.
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know,
'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe.

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains With which their master, Love, rewards their pains.

For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound; they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself, regard,
For 'tis their maxim, Love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair, for whom they strove,
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she behold the fight from far;
Her beauty was the occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This, both by others and myself, I know
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago:
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts constrain.
To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for the offending warriors interpose,
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

If he forgot the vast magnificent
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense,
He first inclo'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk; to moist the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appeare'd,
Raid'd in degree; to sixty paces rear'd:
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like ador'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space.
For rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land
All arts and artists Theseus could command;
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame.
The master painters, and the carvers, came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;
An altar stood below: on either hand
Wand, a priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppose'd,
And on the north a turret was inclo'sd:
Within the wall of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraits, and imagery:
Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers that o'en spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot desires; the lover's hell,
And scalding tears that wore a channel where
They fell:
And all around were muptual bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies.
That, made in lust concludes in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sweetly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries to raise the infernal powers,
And Sigil fraud'sd in planetary hours:
Expense, and after-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair;
Suspicions, and fantastical Surmises,
And Jealousy suffuse'd, with jaundice in her
eyes,
Discouraging all she view'd, in tawny dress'd;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Oppose'd to her, on 'ther side advance
The costly feast, the coral, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.

I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right.
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtai'n'd;
Then thus the king his secret thoughts on
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve;
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to destiny.
Now hear the award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and, free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king; [chance
And then the knight, whom fate or happy
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine to adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd:
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heaven of me so judge as I shall judge aught.
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
Who now but Palaamon exults with joy?
And ravi'sh'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Ere the award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands
On Emily with equal haulour look; [receive;
And from her eyes their inspiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd, on our historian's part
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
PALAMON AND ARCITE. 215

All these were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic dooms,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come;
For there the Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn;
Before the palace-gate, in careless dream,
And lower array, sat portress fidelnesse:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pined alone;
There Samson was; with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.*

Medea’s charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn’d enamour’d youths to beasts:
Here might be seen that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit:
The spreading amare for all mankind is laid;
And love’s all betray, and are betray’d:
The goddess’ self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem’d, and full of pleasing thought:
From ocean as she first began to rise, [skies;
And smooth’d the ruffled seas, and clear’d the She trod the brine all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal’d the rest.
A late she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fam’d the boxom air above;
And, by his mother stood an infant Love,
With wings unfe’d; his eyes were band’d;
o’er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the love’s abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare;
Where neither beast, nor humankind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly.[sky.
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform’d and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold.
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp’d ‘em bare, and one sole way they bent.


Heaven from above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear’d the standing hail.
Such was the face without: a mountain stood
Threat’ning from high, and overlook’d the woods
Beneath the low’ring brow, and on a bend.
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish’d steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem’d to thaw the freezing air.
A straight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head.
Thence-issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten’d from the hinge to have the door;
In through that door a northern light there shone;
’T was all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamas; eternal frame!
Which, hew’d by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,
The labour of a god; and all along [strong,
Tough iron plates were clenched’d to make it
A tun about was every pillar there;
A polish’d mirror shine not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret files wrought,
And treason labouring in the trailer’s thought,
And midwife Time the ripe’d plot to murder brought.
There the red Aiger dar’d the pallid Pear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown.
The assassinating wife, the household friend;
And far the blackest there, the traitor friend.
On t’other side there stood Destruction here;
Unpunish’d Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharped’s knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And howling infancy, in language base [places.
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gory congeald was cloathed in his hair;
With eyes half clos’d, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath’d his sullen soul away.
In midst of all the dome Misfortune sat,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his irrelig mood;
And arm’d complaint on theft; and cries of blood.
There was the murder’d corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display’d;
The city to the soldier’s rage resign’d:
Successless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burn’d in fight, or forc’d on rocky shores,
And the rash hunters strangled by the bears;
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid; [factions.
And the cock caught within the raging fire he
The graceful goddess was array’d in green,
About her feet were little beggies seen,
That watch’d with upward eyes the motion of their queen.
Her legs were buskin’d, and the left before
In act to shoot: a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a veering moon, that soon would wane,
And, drinking borrow’d light, be still’d again:
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her trains,
And call’d Lucina’s aid her burden to disclose,
All these the painter drew with such command,
That nature match’d the pencil from his hand,
Asham’d and angry that his art could reign
And mend the tortures of a mother’s pain.
Theseus beheld the fames of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow’d
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais’d, the lists encreas’d,
And all with vast magnificence dispos’d,[bring
We leave the monarch pleas’d, and haste to
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

PALAMON AND ARCITE; OR, THE KNIGHT’S TALE.

BOOK III.

The day approach’d when Fortune should decide
The important enterprise, and give the bride:
For now, the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flowers of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem’d alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov’d, and deeds of chivalry,
Through’d to the lists, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll’d,
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endow’d with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An ills for love, and armes, of old renown’d)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite best his name;
And had the land selected of the best,
Half bequeathing hence, and let the world provide
the rest.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear,
Some wore coat-armour, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.

Some wore a breastplate and a light jupon,
Their horses' cloth'd with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides; and others shields of Pruce.
One hung a poleaxe at his saddle bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroid'rd by his love,
With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair:
Big-bos'rd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong.

Broad shouder'd, and his arms were round
Fiercely white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven.
His ample forehead bore a coronet [black
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy white.

In his chair,
And tall as stage, ran loose, and course ard'd around
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear;
Bound,
With golden muzzles all their mouths were
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array
That monstrous, with strong Arcite
Amphitrite, king of Iade, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goody to behold,
The trappings of his horse arm'd with bar-barous gold.
Not Mars bestrides a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arm's was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great.

His saddle was of gold, with emerald set,
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, fane
With graceful negligence, and slide against the
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dace set off the whiteness of his skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes;
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.

While's he spoke his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh, and green;
And myrtles springs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his feet he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclai'm'd, and lily white.

His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare;
Words and devices blaze'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for the increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god.

In this array the war of either side
Through Athens past'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers
The posts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feast;
So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests:
Himself with open arms the kings embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
No barbarian was needful for the night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.

I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate:
Who first, who last, or how the knights address'd,
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast:

So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god.

A simile not to be found in the original. By the
spitter honest, Dryden means to express the
youthful grace of the god agreeably to the expression
of Virgil:
Et quæsumus Deus circum caput extolles honestum,
Georg. lib. III. J. W.
Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise;
Soft amorous sighs, and silenc love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for the ensuing day.
"T was ebbing darkness, past the moon of nights
And Phoebus, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the sun; ere day began to spring.
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
And flickering on her nest, made short essays
To sing.

When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal lists, his early way,
To Venus at her fan, in her own house, to pray.
Thou, falling on his knees before his shrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine,
Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun thou runnest thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy mouth reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lyes of love their tuneful notes apply.

For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood;
For thee the bulls rebellion through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and char their absent loves.
'T is thine, what'er is pleasant, good, or fair;
All nature is thy province, life thy care; [pair.
Thou madest the world, and dost the world re-
Thou gladdest of the mount of Cytherea,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun.
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O, goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profess'd to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honour of the mould,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;

With smiling aspect you sternly move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Eterns but only spin the coaper's reel,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine
And let the sistres cut below your line:
"The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,) Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And, once I dead, let him possess her charms,
Thus ended he; then with observance due
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The cutting smoke mounts heavy from the fires
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine;
Plead's Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distant driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky,
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's bane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vesta that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plentiful horses with pleasant mead they crown,
[Noon.
Nor wanted ought besides in honour of the
Now while the temple smoke'd with hallow'd steam.
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal:
But such they were as pagan use required,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd.T whose eyes profane their chaste mystery;
Rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well measurers think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they prevent, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncombs, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head;
When to the shrine approach'd, the spooling
Had kindling fires on either altar laid: [maid
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told.)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus loudly she prefer'd her chaste request.

O goddess, banter of the woodland green,
To whom both heaven and earth and sea are seen:

*Perform'd by women* Those of Beau's Dees, at Rome, to which Catoius intrusted. Dr. J. W.
PALAMON AND ARCITE. 219

Queen of the mother skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the glistening sphere;

Goddess of maidens, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
(Which Niobe's devoted issue felt.)

When hence I sent the skies the feather'd deaths were dealt;

As I desire to live a virginal life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife
Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like these, the woods and sylvan game.

Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial state,

And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate;
A lovely servant, but a lofty mate;

Where love is duty on a female side
On theirs more sentimental gust, and sought with surly pride.

Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In heaven, earth, hell, and everywhere a queen,
Grant this my first desire; let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace;

Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love;

Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.

But, oh! as that avert; I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.

A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!

Frequent the forests, thy chase wilt obey,
And only make the beasts of chase my prey!

The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer.

When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flow off all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space;

Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze.

That other victor-Genie a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left the extinguish'd wood;

For ever lost, the irrevocable light
Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night:

* Which Niobe's devoted issue felt. He has sub-

stituted Niobe's issue for Actaeon, without any vis-

ible reason. J. W. *

\[And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,\]

\[A lovely servant, but a lofty mate.\]

\[Where love is duty on a female side.\]

\[On theirs more sentimental gust, and sought with surly pride.\]

These four lines are not in the original, nor in-

Theatrical persons act conveniently unless,

J. W.

At either end it whistled as it flew, [dew;]
And as the brands were green, so drop'd the
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.

The maid from that ill omens turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,

Nor knew what signified the boiling sign,
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the

\[light\]

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the

\[temple bright.\]

The power, behold! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow, and her keen arrows known;

The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.

Then gracious thus began: Dissolveth thy fear,
And Heaven's unchange'd decrees attentive hear:

More powerful gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride;

The two contending knights are weight'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:

But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;

This he pronounces, 'tis he who loves thee best;
The fire that, once extinct, reviv'd again,
Foreshews the love allotted to remain;

Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the place;

The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.

Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood,

Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:

But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd;
Propitious still be present to my aid,

Nor quite abandon your once fav'rd mask.
Then sighing she return'd, but smil'd betwixt,

With hopes, and fears, and joys with sorrow's mix'd.

The next returning planetary bear
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,

To adore with pagan rites the power armi-

\[tent.\]

Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,

And rais'd his vastly voice, and thus began to pray:

Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways

The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,

And Scythian oaks, and Thrace's wistry mast,

Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most;

There most; but every where thy power is known,

The fortune of the light is all thy own;

Terror is thine, and wild amazement, snug

From out thy chariot withers s'en the strong.
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:
If to my utmost powers with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my rank, still keep the field;
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gained.
Have pity on my pains; nor these unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
Now by her blandishments and powerful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
E'en by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthralld;
( O evad'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every god that saw thee wish'd thy place!)
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my victor's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The feel of love, unpractic'd to persuade:
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laugh'st at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand exclud'd from Emilia's charms;
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Kindl'd with force, I gain the victory:
Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous
Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The pain and honour of the conquest thine;
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strive
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy face, the dusty spoils among.
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be
Rank'd with my champions' bucklers, and below,
With arms rever'd, the achievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
The smok'd altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine;
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
This bush of yellow board, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guileless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a piouscrous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest.
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close;
A howl groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hang'd
Sent out a jarring sound, and barishly rang:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast;
The flames were blown aside, yet shoes they bright,
Faint'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet smelling as accepted sacrifices:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms;
At length the nodding statue sched his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounce'd the word of victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And of success secure, return'd to his abode.
These vows thus granted, rai'd a strife above,
Betwixt the god of War, and Queen of Love.
She, granting first, had right of time to plead;
But he had grant'd too, nor would recede.
Love was for Venus; but he fear'd a wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught,
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought.
Not for this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outrun though outworn.
By fortune he has now to Venus trim'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He soothe'd the goddess, while he guil'd the god:
Cease, daughter, to complain, and stilt the strife:
Thy Pantheron shall have his promise'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press the external plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a watry sign;
And in an earthly, the dark dungeon mine.
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

Cold slavering aegis, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from des-
pair.

The throstling guiney 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And housing in the lioth's hateful sign,
Bought swains, and desiring troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me king's palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.

'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the sire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art,
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though different your complications are,
The family of heaven for men should war.
The expeditious pleas'd, where neither lost his right.
Mars had the day, and Venus the night.
The management they left to Cronos' care;
Now turn we to the effect, and sing the war.
In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May:
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'T was jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smiled, and gladded was the heart of man:
And Venus had the world as when it first begun.
At length in sleep their bodies theycompose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with cromble ring:
At once the crowd arose; confines'd and high,
E'en from the heaven was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.

The weighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd:
Battling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furnish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their courser's feet:

The greedy sight might the devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel, that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plume's pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy livery march, and quaint attire.
One lac'd the helm, another hold the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser push'd the ground with restless feet,
And soaring saum'd, and champ'd the golden
The smiths and armourers on paltries side,
Filles in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loose'n'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands,
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst; the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Factions, and favouring this or other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide;
Their wages beck their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscules, and his brawn command;
His double-biting axe, and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind,
And, safe themselves, at others cost divin'd.
With'd by the cries, the Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through the obsequious guards, he sat:

Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There for the two contending knights he sat:
Arn'd cap-a-pie, with reverence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and list'ning crowd.

Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree.

1 Mars had the day, and Venus had the night:
An epigrammatic turn not to be found in Chaucer.
J. W.
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Ares, car'd arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.
At that self-moment enters Palamon,
The gate of Venus, and the rising sun;
Way'd by the wanting winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found,
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature six'd; so proud an equipage
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay the advantage, or what side to take.
Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their name:
For so the king decreed, to shun with care
The fraud of musters false, the common base
Of war.
[clozd;
The tale was just, and then the gates were
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The herald last retir'd, and loudly cried,
The fortune of the field be fairly tried.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy [ply:
His trumpet sounds; the challenge makes re-
With clangor rings the field, resounds the war-
ed sky.
Their visors close'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helm pointed, or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelopes either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men;
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anow; the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie grovelling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights, unhorn'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering falchions east a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are how'd with many a wound,
[ground.
Out spins the streaming blood and dies the
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid ar-
mour bend.
This thrust amid the throng with furious force
Down goes, at once, the horseman and th
horse:
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

That courseus stumbles on the fallen stead,
And blundering throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a football to his feet;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on other side.
By fits they cease; and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.

Full off the rivals meet, and neither spare'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
That other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unshor'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot thy close.
So deep their falchion bites, that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.

Borne far assunder by the tidus of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tiger snuffs the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
Distance drive.
The swains come arm'd between, and both to
At length, as fate forebode, and all things tend

By course of time to their appointed end;
So, when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Eneas came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And clef the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now inmains best Palamon, compass'd
No more to try the fortunes of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bade cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes and won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,
And round the royal lists the heralds cried:
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride
The people read the skies with vast applause.
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd o'er by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the Queen of Love.

So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky,
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distil'd her tears;
Her will refuse'd, which grieves a woman most.
And, in her champion fail'd, the cause of Love is lost.

Till Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still,
The blust'ring fool has satisfied his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, the arrows are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.
Now when the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound
A miracle, (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unspotted sorrow tail'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his case, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low be bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sauc'd on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily:
Then passing to the saddle bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent;
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way:)
Just then, from earth sprung out a flaming fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's sad desire: [fight.
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden
And, bounding o'er the pompad cast the knight.
Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his foot, and lay for dead.
Black was his countenance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand; they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his combersome arms his limbs unbound;
Then lance'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruist and mortified his manly breast.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Those breathing organs thus within oppress,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.

Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor woman's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When nature cannot work, the effect of art is void.

For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride, [bride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 't was declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Cause'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus began.

No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I beseech my ghost;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover by your side:
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my faultering tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only gravo to die,
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could ensuus fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love,now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'T is all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 't is mine,
I feel my end approach, and thus embrace'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last:
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds;
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong.
I should return to justify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife;
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind;
And his concurrent flame, that slew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then this had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood.
Truth, honour, all that is comprised in good;
So help me heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with such a holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This was his last; for Death came on a main,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes;
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.

The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears:
Silent, he wept, ashamed to show his tears:
Emily shriek'd but once; and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Her far from sad a sight, the swooning fair.
"I was less of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state.
But like a low-bung cloud it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last,
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of wo:
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.

Old men with dust deform'd their holy hair,
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks:
They tear.
Why wouldst thou go, with one consent they cry,
When thou hast not gold enough, and Emily.
Those us, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief;
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and, after pain, delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
Since every man, who lives, is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve, too much for things beyond our care.

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
E'en kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
With words like these the crowd was satisfied,
And so they would have been, had Theseus died.

But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pompes to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd,
And after long debate, at last he found
(As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove, for ever green, that conscious land:
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fire,
There other flames might waste his earthly part.

And burn his 'limbs, where love had burn'd his fire
This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood and fire, and doder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage, on the bier:
Men'sd his countenance; e'en in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Grouns, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaccustomed sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Patroclus above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with the achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear'd,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staied,
And through - the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And 'em the pavements were with mourning bid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept:
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinman of the slain,
And after him appear'd the illustrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between.

To feed the flames: the trees were loosened fir,
And mountain-oak, the mother of the spear;
The mourner yew, and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swarming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree:
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disbanded, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd;

[fight,
Nor how the ground, now clean'd, with glistening
Behold the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third a greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pears, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smould'ring flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast,
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave the warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry licks the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound:
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice again,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:

Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields:
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning light:
Who naked wrestled best, boar's head with oil,
Or who with gamelots gave or took the fall,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd;
And Palamon long since to Theseus return'd;
When by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament;
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed;
Reserving homage to the Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And first, soft whispers through the assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd the event:
All hush'd, the king arose, with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd
The attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
The Cause and Spring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love:
Great was the effect, and high was his intent;
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air this were bound,
(crown'd.)
And Love, the common link, the new creation
The chain still holds; for though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last;
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing, and all-making mind;
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass the appointed destiny.
To men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
Then since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unsir'd cause they sore depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole,
Who gives us life, and animating soul.
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and as our organs are,
We're more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent, the ethereal fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another man;
This law the Omniscient Power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind should by succession live:
That individuals die, his will ordains;
The propagated species still remains;
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet;
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their springs; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into man;
Grudges their life, from whence his own began;
Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Stunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring?
Then 't is our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain,
And could we choose the time, and choose aright.
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height,
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secure'd our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief.
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower.
Then round our death-bed every friend should join,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the gods decreed?
With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretched life?
Their sorrow hurst themselves; on him is lost;
And worse than both, offends his happy guest.
The Poems of Dryden.

What then remains, but after past annoy,
To take the good viscountesse of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point the extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conjoin.

Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd the averse
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her born to the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right;
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arctis's death from former vows is free;
If you, fair sister, ratify the accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'T is no dishonour to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race;
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last:
Pity is Heaven's and yours; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind. [might,
He said; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by
Seem'd to give Theosus what she gave the knight.

Then turning to the Theban, thus he said;
Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Said I, 'Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet labours night.

Eros, and Anteros, on either side, [bride
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
And long-attending Hymen from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life
No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceive'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing so dearly bought,
So may the queen of love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

The Cock and the Fox;
Or, The Tale of the Nun's Priest.

There liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore
A widow somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatched'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But hewing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three cows,
A swine call'd Mally, and three brindled cows.
Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around,
Of savoury smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.

A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat;
No poigant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed;
With exercise she sweats till lumours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread, and milk (but first she skimm'd her bowle)
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holydays an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right
By sure instinct he knew 't was one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In divers emblatt'd like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and abone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet;
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.

This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had, besides his lawful wife; [good,
Scandal, that spares no king, though never so
Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood;]
The Cock and the Fox.

His sisters both by sire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness shew'd them near allied.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more
Than all the Ptolemys had done before:
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.
But passing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,
Resolve'd the passive doctrine to fulfill,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-row did bind,
And as the Church's precept had enjoign'd.
Of kin since she was a se'nnight old, they say,
Was chastis'd and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.
By this her husband's heart she did obtain
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side.

If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But oh! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cune sola, then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal arts.

It happ'd that, perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sight'd, and groan'd so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cried
For help from gods and men; and sore aghast,
She peck'd and pull'd and waken'd him at last.
Dear heart, said she, for love of Heaven declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the morning light,
As something had disturb'd your noble sprite.
And, Madame, well I might, said Chanticleer,
Never was shrovetide-cock in such a fear.

Then still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be short!
It bodes as I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a leastsome dungeon end my life.

Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black; and much unlike his other hairs:
The rest, as shape a beagle's wheel throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout:
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat. [sweat
Now fye for shame, quoth she, by Heaven
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love; [above,
No woman can endure a deceitful knight.
He must be bold by day, and free by night
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse.
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no bassled knight.
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou'rt afraid?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They signify a cock of dunghill kind,
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repulsion and complexion bred;
From rising flames of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood;
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the casting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your stomach floats
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler canst congeal our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd, we sink in rivers drown'd.

More I could say, but thus conclude my
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peculant humours that abound.
I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'potheecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a damned doctor's fees.

Two sovereign herbs, which I by practice know,
And both at hand, (for in our yard they grow;)
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy;
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the sun when in a vernal sign:
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a great
A tertian ague is at least your lot.
Perhaps a fever (which the gods foresend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end:
And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live,
A day or two before your lassitude,
Take the just three worms; nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.
These digestive prepare you for your purge;
Of fumitory, centaury, and purge,
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer:
Your father's son was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, grammar for your care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare;
'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by the immortal powers, as wise as he,
Maintains, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode;

For Homer plainly says they come from God.
Nor Cato said it: but some modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.
Believe me, Madam, morning dreams forebode
The events of things, and future weal or woe:
Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.

Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went:
It happen'd so, that, when the sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town:
That day had been the battle of a bull,
'T was at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground;
And but one sorry bed was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.
So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,
His fellow sought what lodging he could find:
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'T was in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.
His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rooker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but, in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,
Who, with a ghastly look and dolorous cry,
Said, 'Help me, brother, or this night I die:
Aris, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ex's stall I shall be slain.'
Rouse'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,
Shivering with horror, and with aching heart;
At length to cure himself by reason tried:
'T is but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again:
The murderers come, now help, or I am slain:
'T was but a vision still, and visions are but vain.

He dreams the third; but now his friend appa-
Pales, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood
besmeared:
Thrice warn'd, a awake, said he; 
relief is late,
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
A wake, and with the dawning day arise:
Take to the western gate thy ready way,
For by that passage they say corsees convey:
My corse is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth, and ordure, and anchor'd with dung.
That cart arrest, and raise a common cry:
For sacred hunger of my gold I die:
[draw]
Then show'd his grisly wounds; and last he
A pitious sigh; and took a long adieu.
The frighted friend arose by break of day,
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before:
Muttering he went, said he, by morning light,
And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.
This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoil with robbers join'd.

His dream confirm'd his thought; with troubled look
Straight to the western gate his way he took;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carried compost forth to dung the ground.
This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat,
And cried out murder with a yelling note.
My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head;
You, magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call to punish 't's offence.
THE COCK AND THE FOX.

The word thus given, within a little space, 
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place. 
All in a trice they cast the cart to ground, 
And in the dung the murder'd body found;

Though breathless, warm, and reeking from the wound,
Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Absorbs the cruel; and the dooms of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light;
Murther may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels,
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the heels.

Fresh from the fact; as in the present case,
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place:
Carter and host confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints:
So was confession forc'd, the offence was known,
And public justice on the offenders done.
Here may you see that visions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induc'd in partnership to cross the main:
Waiting till willing winds their sails supplied,
Within a trading-town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side.
One evening it befell, that, looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come about;
Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the gale
Till morn continu'd, both resolv'd to sail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man, he thought, stood frowning at his side:
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And death unhop'd attends the watery way.
The vision said, and vanish'd from his sight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declar'd
What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud condesc.
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt. (tempt
Stay who will stay: for me no fears restrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
I wait, not I, till you have better dreams.

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,
When monarch reason asleep, this mimic wake's.

Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad.
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind,
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short the fates of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whatever I get this voyage is my own.
Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That sail'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on every sail:
But when least fear'd, and even in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overcast with wind;
Or that some rock below her bottom rent:
But down at once with all her crew she went;
Her fellow-ships from far her loss descried;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.
Kensalm, the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn'd in a dream, his murder did foretell:
From point to point as after it befell:
All circumstances to his nurse he told,
(A wonder from a child of seven years old :) The dream with horror heard, the good old wise
From treason counsel'd him to guard his life;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd:
By Kenelm slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede
Which at your better leisure, you may read.
Macrobius too relates the vision sent.
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event:
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds, that dreams are often prophecies.
Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wondrous dream repeat.
Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream enslav'd the Egyptian land.
The years of plenty and of death foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.
Nor mast the exalted butter be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot,
And did not Crossus the same death foresee,
Rain'd in his vision on a lofty tree?
The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he died;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain:
He dream'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well man sick:
Of these be gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all;
With every work of 'pothecary's hall.'
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
For when by night I feel your tender shade,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind;
And o'er already I forget my dream:
He said, and downward flew from off the beam.
For daylight now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, the appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And chanticler went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard, he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day:
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.

He chuck'd again, when other corns he found
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground,
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call,
'Twas now the month in which the world be
(If March beheld the first created man) [gan
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour he measure'd right.
And told more truly than the Ephemeris:
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throat's distemb'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs and sping me:
An unfeud'd creature, of a humpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame;
Our dame sits cowering o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire:
And o'er this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticler shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted blis:
The created bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his masterpiece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is wo.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other turn.
Ye wise, draw near, and bearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true I undertake
As Tristan is, and Launcelot of the lake,
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As it in Book of Martiytcs it were told.
A fox full-frought with seeming sanctity [lie,
That f'r'd an oath, but, like the devil, would
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he could;
[wood
Had past'd three summers in the neighbouring
And musing long, whom next to circumvent;
On Chanticler his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.

*And Heaven will have him taste his other turn
An allusion to Homer's allegory of the two umns
Assa ypa wI Hifol, Illad st. 199, used by Achilles in consolation to the afflicted Priam. J. W.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coelewot he conceal'd his wily head;
Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy!
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemaign!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou foresake the safety of thy bower?
Better for thee thou hast believed thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtues of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to go or ill;
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may he vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been:
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse 'em of the devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or how can he reward a virtuous deed?
Which is not done by us, but first decreed?
I cannot bolt this matter to the brain,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forced to sin by strict necessity?
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work in prospect of the shore;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But men may either act or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point's too high for me;
For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can sound,
Or put to his omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,
I waive, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife;
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he liv'd; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
Silence in times of suffering is the best,
'T is dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wise together bound,
The wife of Bath would throw 'em to the ground;
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour James and think their sex divine.
Now is the time what my tale began;
Lay me in verdant basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below,
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
And so beall'd, that as he cast his eye
Among the coelewots on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low.
I need not swear he had no list to crow;
But cried, Cock, cock, and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart.
For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shum'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false loon, who could not work his will,
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill;
I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false alarm,
For on my soul I never meant to harm.
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought:
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard,
The song as of an angel in the yard: [gods,
A song that would have charm'd the infernal
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes:
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband
My lord, your sire familiarly I knew, [there,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady-mother, (whom Heaven rest,)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features does me good,
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the ground
One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way;
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he to raise his voice with ardent care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length;
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a
swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That even the priests were not excus'd from arms.
Besides a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish priest the son and heir.
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heaven te-
And emulate your father's angel-voice. [joye,
The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so
And proud beside, as solar people are; [fair
Nor could the treason from the truth descry
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard,
And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,
Ambitious as he sought the Olympic prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheed'd, and pursu'd by none.
Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast!
In Aries though the sun exalted stood,
His patron-planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
Each thwarting other, made a mingled hour.
On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme!
Ah blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
How couldst thou suffer thy devoted knight
On thy own day to fall by foes oppress'd,
The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best?
Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme com-
plain
The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy muse, or thou my heart,
To sing this heavy dirge with equal art?
That I like thee on Friday might complain
For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus tost'd on high his burnish'd blade;
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
THE COCK AND THE FOX.

Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
With sovereign shrieks bewailed her captive
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Andrubal her husband lost his life,
When she beheld the smoke'd ring flames ascend,
And all the panic glories at an end:
Will ing into the fires she plunged her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more asghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd the imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry, die,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.

Now to my story I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woeful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damseis in the yard:
And starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
ran Coll our dog, and Taibot with the band,
And Maltkin, with her distress'd in her hand:
ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs:
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shoals of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cried,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushers of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.

Jack Straw at London stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hat they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with one and all,
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall;
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heaven above to fall.

Jack Fox,
With might and main they chase'd the murderer,
With brazen trumpets, and inflamed box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horses to inspire sagacious hounds.
But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.

The captive-cock, who scarce could draw his
And lay within the very jaws of death; [breath,
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supplied him with this happy thought.
Yours is the prize, victorious prince, said he;
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that carry you the prey
Call back their mongrel cure, and cease their
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh, cry,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,
He shall be pinch'd and eaten to the bone.
'Tis well advis'd—in faith it shall be done;
This Reynard said; but as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd fase with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his
Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd:
Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet mastering both, the artificer of lies
Renews the assault, and his last battery tries.

Though I, said he, did me'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend?
The appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress;
Yes, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repeat,
Though heaven can witness, with no bad intent
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepare'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their princes,
For'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least of

Descend; so help me, Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of so dissembling kind.

Nay, quoth the cock; but I beseech us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath:
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be consult'd twice:
Once warn'd is well beware'd; no flattering lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with wrinkled eyes,
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brink,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, Sir Cock, let all contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace,
A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer;
But, with your favour, I will treat it here;
And lest the traces with treason should be mix'd,
'T is my concern to have the tree bewitch'd.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you the effect may see
Of negligence and fond credulity;
And learn besides of flattery to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spake in parables, I dare not say;
But sure be knew it was a pleasing way
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd,
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF;

OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now turning from the wintry signs, the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To gild the ground, and paint the fields with flowers.
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yesterday of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains
Make the green blood to dance within their veins;
Then, at their call, imbalding'd out they come,
And swell the gems and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair.
To scent the skies, and purge the unwholesome joy
Spreads the heart, and, with a genial song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew;

Seas would be pools, without the breathing air,
To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want repair.

When Chanticlear the second watch had
Scorning the scorners sleep, from bed I sprung;
And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.

Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree,
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space,
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace;
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.

Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Pain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood: [green,
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
In all my progress I had never seen
And saiz'd at once with wonder and delight;
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'T was bonch'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green;
The mound was newly made, no sight could
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass; [pass
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day
For sycamores with aglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head,
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with
That nature seem'd to vary the delight; [green,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bow'er was known;
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell;
For some but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parliour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade:
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could spy:
But all that pass’d without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac’d between.
'T was border’d with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sown with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck’d the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look’d and look’d, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill’d my sight:
And the fresh agnuscin exhale’d a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Even though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I merr’d I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was plant’d nigh.
The spreading branches made a goody show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hop’d from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass’d; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck’d the dew:
Suffic’d at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun’d her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth’d my soul, and pleas’d my ear.
Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she sough’t, the nightingale, replied:
So sweet, so shrill, so various she sung
That the grove echo’d, and the valleys rang:
And I so ravish’d with her heavenly note,
I stood entranc’d, and had no room for thought,
But all o’erpower’d with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
At length walk’d, and looking round the bower,
Search’d every tree, and pray’d on ever flower,
If any where by chance I might esp’ry
The rural poet of the melody:
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite;
Where stood with eglinian the laurel twin’d;
And both their native sweets were well conJOIN’d.

On the green bank I sat, and listen’d long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish’d to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass’d,
And every note I fear’d would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ’d,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy’d.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to my self alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown:
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard the approaching sound
Of vocal music on the enchanted ground:
A host of saints it seem’d, so full the quire;
As if the bless’d above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issu’d from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind:
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduce’d the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase;
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet, white as snow, the troop was gown’d,
The seams with sparkling emerald set around;
Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purple’d o’er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp: their long descending train,
With rubies red, and sapphires, swept the plain:
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac’d
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac’d.
Of laurel some, of woodland many more;
And wreaths of augus castus others bore;
These last, who with those virgin crowns were appear’d in higher honour than the rest. [drest,
They dance’d around; but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature, and by beauty, mark’d their sove-reign queen.

On the green bank I sat, and listen’d long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song)
A deviation from the original, arising from the want of a rhyme, or his habitual carelessness. The original lines are—
—as far as mine entreat.
The birds’ song was more convenient,
And more pleasant to me by many fold
Than meat or drink, or any other thing.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursu'd.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as it, beauty she surprise'd thequire.
So, nobler than was the rest, was her attire.
A crown of redder gold enclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admir'd, adore'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she tur'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.

At every close she made, the astounding throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song;
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O' erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.
Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing courser, and the soldiers' cry,
And sounding trumpets that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove [sky:
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain;
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their courser's were so fleet;
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song;
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor,
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issu'd in white mantles dress'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerial-oak were crown'd;
And at each trumpet was a banner bound,
Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.

Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silkworm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er;
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these, of kings at arms a goosely train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garniards green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Glad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed;
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The rivets of their arms were mail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermine fur were made,
With cloth of gold between that cast a glittering shade.
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe o'en set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for every knight assigned,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind.
White velvet, but carmin, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a trunchecon bore.
The foremost held a hale of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight.
The third of cornet-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercings steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garniards green.

[shield],
And after these came, aren'd with spear and
A hat so great, as cover'd all the field.
All and their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels evergreen were shad'd o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn braid,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took.
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerial-oak.
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

Thus marching to the trumpet’s lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel’d around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang’d on either side.
Then turn’d their horses’ heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos’d, theJusta began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press’d:
They met. I sitting at my ease beheld
The mix’d events, and fortunes of the field,
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horses and man,
And round the field the lighten’d corsairs ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal way
They rush’d, and won by turns, and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shamefull flight compell’d,
And with resisting force o’erran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish’d was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o’er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advance’d,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danced.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac’d her chosen knight.

Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood;
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat.
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch’d in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war;
From heaven’s inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy’d the cool, and shunnd the scorching heat:

A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And every knight a lady by his side:
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords and ladies here approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeissnace made;
And seemed to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites perform’d, their pleasures they pursue.

With songs of love, and mix with measures now;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.

I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the West I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear’d:
Of knights and ladies mix’d, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march’d, and hand in hand,
The ladies dress’d in rich surmals were seen
Of Florence satins, flower’d with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the gloomy gridaelia.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And every damsel wear’d upon her head
Of flowers a garland blend’d white and red.
Attire’d in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratified the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies’ colours were,
Compos’d of white and red, to shade their shining hair.

Before the merry troop the minstrels play’d:
All in their masters’ liveries were array’d,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind
The sawry, pipe, and hautboy’s noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.

A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeissnace to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sang a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song, The daisy is so sweet
The daisy is so sweet, when she began,
The troop of knights and dames continued on,
The consort and the voice so charm’d my ear,
And sooth’d my soul, that it was heaven to hear.

But soon their pleasure pass’d: at noon of day
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky.

Then droop’d the fading flow’rs, (their beauty
And clos’d their sickly eyes, and hung the head
And rivell’d up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp’d, and scarcely could expire
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorcht’d; and knew not where

To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour’d down a storm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flash’d betwixt the field and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The Poems of Dryden.

The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of the ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter shower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the Flower;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes,
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehearse'd, to sing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by starlight and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laurel queen
Supplied with steeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pace'd along.
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
She said; and I, who much desired to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
Madam, might I presume, and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
What nymphs they were who mortal forms ex-
cel,
[so well.
And what the knights who fought in listed fields
To this the dame replied: Fair daughter
know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show:
And all those airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with
earthly mould,
Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Dill doomday wander in the shades of night;
This only holyday of all the year,
We privilege'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon:
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

But when the moon arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy in light, [night.
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into
All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And e'en this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That agnus castus in her hand appears:
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unbalm'd virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they
Whom death nor danger ever could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey;
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excel'd,
And after death for deities were held.
But those who wear the woodbine on their brow
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow:
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear
As true as Tristan and Isotta were.
But where are those, said I, the unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel wreaths in golden armour shine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flower, and some the tree?
Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame:
Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three Jews, three pagans, and three Christian knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excel'd: [renew
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still
For deathless laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
[maign:
Twelve they, and twelve the ocons of Charle-

For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valor, and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their many legs are bound with blue.
These, of the Grarter call'd, of faith unstein'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreathes were first by Caesar worn,
And still they Caesar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.
One doubt remains, said I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights:
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all un-tr
Who, nunn'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till death behind came stalking on, unseen.
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green.

hour.
These, and their mates, enjoy their present
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere
And still continue what at first they were:
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair cares.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way.
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowsels arm'd to mend their haste.
For this with lasting leaves their bows are bound;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
From winter winds it suffers no decay.
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
E'en when the vital sap retreats below,
E'en when the hoary head is hid in snow
The life is in the leaf and still between
The fits of falling snow appears, the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space
A short liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the foible stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it life aloft the head,
But e'en sickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
242 THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.
With humble words, the wisest I could frame
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
But I, said she, my follows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the
May.
Then late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night.
Blush, as thou may'st, my little book, with shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
For such thy maker chose; and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH, HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were
The king of elves and little fairy queen [blows:
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darken'd did they dance, the silver light
Of Phoebes serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong
the night.
Her beams they follow'd where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they staid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands
convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revel'd half
the year.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train;
In vain the dairy now with mists is dress'd,
The dairy maid expects no fairy guest,
To skin the bowels, and after pay the feast.

She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers, and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear,
And where they play'd their merry pranks be-
fore,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars, that through the wealthy regions ran,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls.
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been.
The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight person, posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday
next,
With humbling ale encouraging his text
Nor wants the holy leer to country girl betwixt.
From friends and imps he sets the village free.
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maidens and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even-song and morn.
It so befell in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pastures high.
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at him back the country cried.
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But set'd, and pinion'd brought to court the
knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high
renew,
Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chast as maids in monastries liv'd,
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the
stage.
Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the
knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of
right:
Mour'd by the damsel's tears and common cry
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
THE WIFE OF BATH, HER TALE.

But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king the offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save,
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress join'd in close debate,
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate;)
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed, they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare,
Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet
Thy destiny depends upon my will: [still
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mould,
And cannot bleed without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life; reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour;
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware, for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surprised, unknowing what to say,
That damn thyself) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to boid our proffer'd turn in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return,
That at the time proffer'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.
Woo was the knight at this severe command;
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand;
The terms accepted, as the fair ordain'd,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with heaven's assistance, he could find.
His leave thus taken, on his way he went,
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of the event.
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet among the kind.
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Inquir'd of men; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they lov'd the best.
They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place;
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;

Some said the sex were pleased with handsome lies;
And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise:
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win,
Who flatters well; for that's our darling sin.
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work e'en with the wisest of the kind.
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their own,
And uncontroul'd to give account to none.
Some wish a husband-fool; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes.
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit;
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For womankind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life.
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say, that great delight have we,
To be for truth exult'd, and secrecy;
And constant in one purpose still to dwell
And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phoebus was endow'd with asses' ears.
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd
(As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd.)
For fear the people have 'em in the wind.
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs.
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings,
This Midas know'd, and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit
As passing prudent, and a parous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath,)
The royal malady should rest unknown.
Both for her husband's honour and her own,
But notwithstanding she pin'd with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide
By interest and by oath the wife was tied;
But, if she told it not, the woman died.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blay, and no pretence
Of honour tied her tongue from self-defence.
A maazy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lost if a word she spoko of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king.
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Grip'd all the way, and longed for a vent;
Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic narrow-bones she kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal)
Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
A goodly royal pair ofasses' ears:
Now I have cas'd my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit returns again.
Thus through a woman was the secret
known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town,
But to my tale; the knight with heavy cheer,
Wand'ring in vain, had now consumed the
year:
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and as the award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he hap'd to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown, with the shade of a religious wood:
When full before him, at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a glemly light)
He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
That fealty footing seem'd to skim the ground;
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
He knew not were they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope, where many women were, at least;
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
Than grandame spees in Indian forrests are;
Against a witter'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And drop'd an awkward courtly to the
knight.
Then said, What makes you, sir, so late abroad,
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you sought that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage
Then sell your pain; for wisdom is in age.

To this the knight: Good mother, would you
know
The secret cause and spring of all my wo?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire.
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfied of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task;
That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand,
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and
wife.
[knight,
More words there needed not to move the
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the
way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day;
His horse should find the way without a guide.
She said: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beard at his side.
The horse what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well.
And all the way the crane inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came; the news was quickly
spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town;
The queen sat lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal. [claim:
The knight appear'd; and silence they pro-
Then first the culprit answer'd to the name
And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
to name the thing that women most desir'd.
The offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is, Sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command;
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistress s'en in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This at the peril of my head; I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserving his life.
En fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best.
Up starts the bold man, who was there unseen;
And reverence made, accorded thus the queen:
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant the boon that next I should aspire
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought;
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly oath,
(And here demand performance of his oath,)
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I say'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hope'd they would not force him to comply;
The women, who would rather wear the law,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attest to brothers of the same)
Cried, one and all, the suppliante should have right,
And to the grandame her adjourn the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desire'd
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
But still the crowne was constrain'd to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save His body destin'd to that living grave.
The licentious hag rejects the self with scorn,
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
Have power to part my pighted love and me;
And old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedienc wife.
My love! may, rather my damnation thou, Said he; nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,
Else how couldst thou my secret sorrow know
Avast, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crowne shall wed.
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he married in his own desipte:
And all day after bid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast, and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was a-la-mort,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was ever such an ill-pair'd couple tied:
Restless he toss'd and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wrigilled further off, for we.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her queruing arms, and cried,
When you my ravish'd predecessor saw
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such you might have escap'd the law.
Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?
Are the round table knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who say'd your life,
Your loving, humble, and complying wife.
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind
What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding night—without prehense—
Came, turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade,
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made.
Amends I say, that's impossible, said he
What change of age or ugliness can be?
Or could Modesta's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descend'd from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When if I turn, I turn to such a bride?
As is this all that troubles you so sore?
And what the devil couldst thou wish me more?
Ah benedicite; replied the crown,
Then cause of just complaining have you none,
The remedy to this were soon applyed,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
But, for you say a long descend'd race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heaven was in a manner laid;
And took his earth but from an humble maid
Then what can birth, or mortal men bestow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honour strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you trainest from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their son.
No father can inflame or wit or grace;
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandapant taints the blood;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villainize his father's fame;
But, as the first, the last of all the line,
Would, like the son, even in descending shine.
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus.
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain.
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begotten's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, 'tis such are we,
Or call it chance, or strong necessity;
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd
Lest into nature's work the imperfect kind
But fire, the enliven of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself: while ours [powers]
Works, as confederates war, with mingled
Or man or woman, whosoever fails:
And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
Either with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky glaze of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
 Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long train of light, to thee descending down.
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine:
But infamy and villagage are thine.
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Not left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars, and grace of heaven.
Thus from a captive, Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose.
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough

From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In virtue cloth'd, to cast the rage of sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When he, the great controller of our fate,
Delg'd to be man; and liv'd in low estate:
Which he who had the world at his dispose
If poverty were vice, would never choose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes 'tis poor,
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,*
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence
Sure to its age, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.
For 'tis to that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue.
Yet jealousy, the base of married life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife,
For age and ugliness, as all agree
Are the sure guards of female chastity.
Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content
And therefore of two gifts in my dispos'd,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose:
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauscous to touch, and loathsome to behold?

* Want is a bitter and a hateful good! In this commendation of poverty, our author seems plainly to have had in view the following passage of a fabulous conference between the Emperor Adrian and Secundus the philosopher, reported by Vincent de Beauvais, Spec. Hist. i. x. 57. "Quid est Paspertas? Quid est bonum? sanitatis mater; remotae curae; sapientiae requi; negotiis sine sumo, posse posse abebo calumniis; sine sollicitudine feliciss." 2.
THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PAMPERED priest was of the pilgrim train;  
A wily, reverend, and religious man.

His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,  
And charity itself was in his face.  
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,  
(As God had cloth'd his own ambassador:)  
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.  
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last  
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast:  
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;  
And made almost a sin of abstinence.  
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severity,  
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.  
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:  
But sweet regards; and pleasing sanctity;  
Mild was his accent, and his action free.  
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd,  
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.

For setting down the golden chain from high,  
He drew his audience upward to the sky:  
And oft, with holy hymns, the charm'd their ears:  
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)  
For David left him, when he went to rest  
His lyre; and after him he strung the best.  
He bore his great commissiion in his look:  
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.  
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell:  
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal  
But on eternal mercy low'd to dwell.  
He taught the gospel rather than the law,  
And forc'd himself to drive; but low'd to draw.  
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,  
Enshakes the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.  
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,  
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd:  
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,  
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.  
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)  
As harbingers before the Almighty fly:  
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;  
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.  
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;  
But never su'd, or cur'd with bell and book,  
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:  
Since every man is free to lose his own.  
The country churls, according to their kind,  
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)  
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,  
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor,  
Yet of his little he had some to spare,  
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:  
For mortified he was to that degree,  
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store—
Intrusted riches to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succour the distress’d:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this the good old man perform’d alone,
Nor spars’d his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durs’t he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul’s, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch’d his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem’d the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam’d, the penitent he chear’d;
Nor to robute the rich offender fear’d.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught)
For this by rules severe his life he squar’d;
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest:
The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress’d:
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign’s image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life he prize’d;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despise’d.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design’d,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter’s successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the father must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting Moses like, his Maker’s face.
God saw his image lively was express’d;
And his own work, as in creation, bless’d.
The tempter saw him too with serous eye
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was despos’d,
And high and low with happy Harry clos’d.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard, unconstrain’d, resign’d the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail’d, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried,
The senseless plea of right by providence.
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people’s right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join’d not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke
And, undepriv’d, his beneficence forsook.
Now through the land, his care of souls he stretch’d;
And like a primitive apostle preach’d.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow’d; lov’d by most; admired by all.
With what he begg’d his brethren he relieved;
And gave the charities himself receiv’d.
Gave, while he taught; and edifi’d the more.
Because he show’d, by proof, ‘t was easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine,
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.
TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCACCÉ.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

While Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd, The title of a gracious prince he gain'd; Till turn'd a tyrant in his latter days, He lost the lustre of his former praise; And, from the bright meridian where he stood Descending, dipp'd his hands in lovers' blood. This prince, of Fortune's favour long possess'd, Yet was with one fair daughter only bless'd; And bless'd he might have been with her alone: But oh! how much more happy had he none! She was his care, his hope, and his delight, Most in his thought, and ever in his sight; Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear; She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her. For this when ripe for marriage, he delay'd Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid, As envying any else should share a part Of what was his, and claiming all her heart. At length, as public decency requir'd, And all his vassals eagerly desir'd, With mind averse, he rather underwent His people's will than gave his own consent. So was she torn, as from a lover's side, And made almost in his despite a bride. Short were her marriage joys; for, in the prime Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time; And to her father's court in little space Restor'd she knew, she held a higher place; More lov'd, and more exalt'd into grace. This princess, fresh and young, and fair and wise, The worshipp'd idol of her father's eyes, Did all her sex in every grace exceed, And had more wit beside than women need. Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous mind, To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd: And former joys had left a secret sting behind. But, prodigal in every other grant, Her sire left unsupplied her only want; And she, betwixt her modesty and pride, Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide. Restor'd at last to lose no longer time, And yet to please herself without a crime, She cast her eyes around the court, to find A worthy subject suitting to her mind, To him in holy nuptials to be tied, A seeming widow, and a secret bride. Among the train of courtiers, one she found With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd, Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate Had set him far below her high estate; Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age, Now squire to Tancred, and before his page: To him, the choice of all the shining crowds, Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd. Yet bitherto she kept her love conceal'd, And with those graces every day beheld The graceful youth; and every day increas'd The raging fires that burn'd within her breast; Some secret charm did all his acts attend, And what his fortune wanted, hers could mend; Till, as the fire will force its outward way, Or in the prison pent, consume the prey; So long her earnest eyes on his were set, At length their twist'd rays together met; And he surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid: Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd, A second glance came gliding like the first; And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart, Without defence receiv'd it in his heart. In public, though their passion wanted speech, Yet mutual looks interpreted for each; Time, ways, and means of meeting were denied; But all those wants ingenius love supplied. The inventive god, who never fails his part, Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart. When Guiscard next was in the circle seem, Where Sigismonda held the place of queen, A hollow case within her hand she brought, But in the concave had enclos'd a note: With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport, To ass'd to her love, in presence of the court; Take it, she said; and when your needs require This little brand will serve to light your fire. He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd The seeming toy was not for nought design'd But when retir'd, so long with curious eye He view'd his present, that he found the praise. Much was in little writ; and all convey'd With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd By some false confidant, or favourite maid. The time, the place, the manner how to meet, Were all in punctual order plainly writ: But since a trust must be, she thought it best To put it out of laymen's power at least; And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest. Guiscard (her secret purpose understood) With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair.

Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
Through this a cave was dug with vast expense:
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd s'en the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor,
He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron-door;
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, chok'd by time, and now unknown.

A rift there was, which from the mountain's
Convey'd a glistening and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the jams away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame
Was now the apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.

Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
And hint'd as the way by heaven design'd;
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination frees!
Though jealousy of state the invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way the tyrant had reserv'd to fly
Pursuing hate, now serv'd to bring two lovers
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
Now tried the stairs, and, wading through the night,
Search'd all the deep recess, and issu'd into light.
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
The instructed youth might compass what remain'd;
The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, discou'r'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copee it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A flock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the chok'd entry of the cave he found.
Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd,
So long expected, and so well contriv'd;
With love to friend, the impatient lover went,
'Forec'd from the thorns, and trod the deep unscent.
The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but the invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice, without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invad'd him with all her charms,
And the first step he made was in her arms;
The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace;
On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amazed at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law;
And muttered fast the matrimonial o'er,
For fear commis'd sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had beseem'd me not to say;
Though some surpris'd he went to fast and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away.

Thus were their loves suspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on.
The stealth itself did appetite restore,
And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key;
Love riot'd secure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are short, of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regore their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
 Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.

Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose desight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight,
Of custom, when, his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone,
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of the officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He tried to siest, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair;
But with her train of damsel she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness.
SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

That seiz'd his eyes; and slumber, which forgot,
When call'd before, to come, now came unsought.
From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready, for that use design'd,
So quitted, that he lay at ease reclin'd;
The curtains closely drawn, the light to screen,
As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.

With heaven averse, in this ill-omen'd hour
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bower,
And the fair nymph, with expectation tir'd,
From her attending damseis retir'd:
For, true to love, she measured time so right,
As not to miss one moment of delight.
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and locking every door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had enclô'd her foes.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock
Thrice with a dolorous sound the jarring grate
Ring'd deaf and hollow, and press'd their fate.

The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping sire,
And show'd a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love discover'd; and the lover knew:
He would have cried; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amaizement tis'd his tongue, and stopp'd the attempt.
The ensuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he stood collected, and prepar'd,
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So like a lion that unheed'd lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray
With inward rage he mediates his prey.
The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires,
Alternate dindled, and quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the shades of death they play'd,
Fall of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
And, too secure were by themselves betray'd.

Then rose the youth, and through the cave again
Retur'd; the princess mingled with her train.
Resolv'd his urine vengeance to defer,
The royal spy, when now the coast was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retir'd unseen,
To brood in secret his gather'd spleen,
And methodize revenge; to death he sigh'd;
And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believ'd.
The appointment for the ensuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two bravey yeomen of his trusty guard.
Scarce had unwaried Guiscard set his foot
Within the foremost entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay,
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the prey:
Eccumber'd with his flock, without defence,
An easy prize, they led the prisoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy sire, too sensible of wrong,
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue,
And only said, Thus servants are prefer'd,
And, trusted, thus their sovereigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.
He paus'd and chok'd the rest. The youth, who saw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge the accuser, and the offence to him,
Who had both power and will to avenge the crime,
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus replied:
The faults of love by love are justifi'd:
With unresist'd might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me.
This bold return with seeming patience heard
The prisoner was remit'ted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sob'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breast,
But would not violate his daughter's rest;
Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
List'n'g for noise, and griev'd that none she heard;
Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accur'd her lover of delay;
And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.

The morrow came; and at his usual hour
Old Tancred visited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for such his custom was) he kiss'd,
Then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids dismiss'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.
O Sigismonda, he began to say:

Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
Till words with often trying found their way:
I thought, O Sigismonda, (but now blind
Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find)
The Poems of Dryden.

Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love:
Nor less than sight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and so just a prince,
Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd offence.
Then what indignant sorrow must I have,
To see thee lie subjected to my slave!
A man so smelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him first for charity;
And since with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd:
A groveling insect still; and so design'd
By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind:
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough to be despis'd.
To what has heaven reserv'd my age? Ah why
Should man, when nature calls, not choose to
Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give!
Each has his share of good; and when 't is gone,
The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
If yesterday could be recall'd again,
E'en now would I conclude my happy reign;
But 't is too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the shame,
If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
'T was frailty, not unusual to thy kind:
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood,
Shows downward appetite to mix with mud;
Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least revenge for unhappy me.
For him I have receiv'd: whom by surprise
I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise;
For such was his attire, as, with intent
Of nature, suited to his mean descent:
The harder question yet remains behind,
What pain a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.
As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee, more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So that indulgence draws me to forgive: [live.
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee
But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I choose a middle course to steer:
Nature 's too kind, and justice too severe:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either side the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Makes it but scanty weight, and leave the rest
To me.

Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears, to make his last expression good.
She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possess'd,
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears, had testified her smart:
But inborn worth, that fortune can control,
New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul;
The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortiss'd her face:
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her friend?
Her life she might have had; but her despair
Of saving his had put it past her care;
Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death,
Fix'd on this thought, she not, as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
But boldly justifis her innocence, [fence
And, while the fact was own'd, denied the off
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his ghance midway, and thus undaunted
spoke:

Tarnished, I neither am dispos'd to make
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;
Much less deny the deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
My deeds shall show the greatness of my mind.
That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love
I call to witness all the powers above:
Yet more I own: to Guiscard's love I give
'The small remaining time I have to live;
And if beyond this life desire can be,
Not fate itself shall set my passion free.
This first avoid; nor folly warp'd my mind,
Nor the frail texture of the female kind
Betray'd my virtue: for, too well I knew
What honour was, and honour had his due:
Before the holy priest my vows were tied,
So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.
This for my fame, and for the public voice:
Yet more, his merits justified my choice:
Which had they not, the first election thine,
That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine,
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny,) Had parents power o'err second vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights
Has forc'd me to recourse of marriage rites,
To fill an empty side, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deserving blame?
State-laws may alter—nature's are the same; These are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
Made without our consent, and wanting power to bind.
Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have understood,
That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
So gavest thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a softer mould, with sense endu'd;
E'en softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
More exquisite of taste, and more than man refin'd.

Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy sprightly blood with age be cold,
[still,
Thou hast been young; and canst remember
That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the will;
And from the past experience of thy fires,
Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
Come rushing on in youth, and what their rage requires.

And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When love no leisure found for softer charms,
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd.
So bro'd, no wonder if I took the bent
That seem'd so eminently thy consent,
For, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Since nature gave, and thou foment'st my fires.)

If still those appetites continue strong,
Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
Consider too, that, having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life,
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew
By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleasure I procure'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inu'd!
That was my case, and this is my defence:
I pleas'd myself, I shall'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my sense,
Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
From public shame to screen my secret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an easy way supplied.
How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what chance betray'd,
Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.

Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripe'd thought,
At leisure, first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And not without considering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;
(For so the difference of our birth requir'd.)

Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sincere.

At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd,
(Thy judgment hearing with the common crowd)
Thou tak'st unjust offence; and, led by these,
Dost less the merit, than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind and weigh'd:
For all the offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.
This thought alone with fiery fires thy breast,
(For holy marriage justifies the rest.)
That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates' decrees.
Or call it heaven's imperial power alone,
Which moves our springs of justice, though unknown.
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurel grace the lawless brow,
The unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.

But leaving that: search we the sacred springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same Almighty power inspir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will
Skilled; Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal
Like liberty indulg'd, with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue first began,
The difference that distinguish'd man from man;
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that, which made him noble, made him good:
Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame;
[His name.
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancel'd; though diszu'd, and he, whose
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind:
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Now lay the line; and measure all thy court
By inward virtue, not external port;
And find whom justly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So shalt thou see his parts and person shine;
And thus comp'rest, the rest a base degenerate line.

Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtue, on report;
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own:
 Thy praise (and thine was then the public voice)
First recommended Guiscard to my choice;
Directest thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man I thought deserving to be crown'd;
First by my father pointed to my sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native light;
His mind, his miem, the features of his face
Exceeding all the rest of human race:
These were thy thoughts, and thou couldst judge aright,
Till interest made a jaundice in thy sight;
Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see;
Then, thou wast first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.

But if thou shalt allege, through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 'tis not baseness to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
Of worth; whom princes praise, they should reward.
Are these the kings intrusted by the crowd
With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good?
The people sweat not for their king's delight,
To enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
Theirs is the toil; and he, who well has serv'd
His country, has his country's wealth deserved.
E'en mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
And kings by birth to lowest rank return;
All subject to the power of giddy chance,
For fortune can depress, or can advance:
But true nobility is of the mind,
Not given by chance, and not to chance resign'd.

For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
Be ward'd to cast that useless care aside,
Myself alone will for myself provide.
If in thy dotting and decrepit age,
Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,
 Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite,
For I so little am dispos'd to pray
For life, I would not cast a wish away.
Such as it is, the offence is all my own;
And what to Guiscard is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,
Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd like a man, to die without a tear;
Or save or slay us both this present hour,
'T is all that fate has left within thy power.
She said; nor did her father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obtinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolve to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that detected object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a secret order sign'd
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Close'd the severe command: for (slaves to pay)
What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
Wag'd against foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic power:
Dangerous to freedom, and desire'd alone
By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne.
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The prince himself, allure'd with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men mur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.
Now, though the sullen fire had cas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the present be design'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Enclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart;
Then of his trusted mischief one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift present:
Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the most of mankind.
Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fix'd on her fate, against the expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her power;
For this she had distill'd with early care,
The juice of simples friendly to despair,
A magazine of death, and thus prepared,
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand the funeral present took:
E'en kept her countenance, when the lid removed.

Disclose'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd;
She needed not be told within whose breast
It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes;
Then thus; Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.
At this she curf'd a groan, that else had come,
And pausing, view'd the present in the tomb;
Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly gazed
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd:
E'en from my day of birth, to this, the bane
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care and tenderness express'd;
But this last act of love excels the rest;
For this so dear a present, bear him back
The best return that I can live to make.

The messenger despatch'd, again she view'd
The lover remains, and sighing thus pursu'd:
Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires,
Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Cure'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!

The course is finish'd which thy fates decreed,
And those from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes despatch'd in little space.
For'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb.
There yet remain'd thy funeral exquisites,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And those, indulgent heaven has found the way
The issue, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father's enmity is kind,
Or heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uses than his hate design'd;
And made the insult, in which his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And save myself the pains to weep below,
If souls can weep. Though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afoul within thy tomb:

Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplo'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor hell shall punishment appear;
And heaven is double heaven, if thou art there.
She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Repleas'd their wat'ry store, and pour'd amain
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain;
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
For bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
O'er fill'd before; and (oft her mouth applied
To the cold heart,) she kiss'd at once, and cried.
Her maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the cause
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was.
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection went;
And oft inquir'd the occasion of her grief,
(Answer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,
The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd,
To thy whate'er abode my shade convey,
And as an elder ghost, direct the way.
She said; and bade the vial to be brought,
Where she before had brew'd the deadly draught:
First pouring out the medicable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.
This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there
(Here body first compose'd with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet hold
Close to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her sight,
And quiet sought the covert of the night.
The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred, sent;
Who, conscious of the occasion, fear'd the event.
Alarm'd, and with pressaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Tancred, restrain thy tears, unsought by me,
And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To see the effect of what himself design'd?
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy hardened breast,
Not to deny thy daughter's last request:
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with, my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expost'd in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.

The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply:
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,
Here, precious pledge, she said, securely rest:
These accents were her last; the creeping death
Beauménd her senses first, then stopp'd her breath.

Thus she for disobedience justly dieth:
The sire was justly punish'd for his pride:
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for the offence
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.*

Of all the cities in Romanan lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind
Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none)
The rest she scorn'd: but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.

He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize:
But found no favour in his lady's eyes
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said; (move,
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
The work went backward; and, the more he strove
To advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weared at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted o't, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate,
That pass'd, his next endeavor was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd,
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untam'd disease;
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies,
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pitch'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expediency they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o't the main
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Consist'd within the palaces of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat:
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassais pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay,
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove:
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unboothed, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends; but not the expense
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;

*A drama, entitled Theodore and Honoria, was acted in the wood of Chassais, a word corrupted and altered from Chassais, the naval station, which, with the intermediate road or suburb, constituted the triple cit of Ravenna. Dr. J. W.
THEODORE AND HONORIA.

With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave;
He would have liv’d more free; but many a
great,
Who could for sake the friend, pursu’d the feast.
It happen’d one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed,
To walk within a lovely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk’d, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
‘T was in a grove of spreading pines he stray’d:
The winds within the quivering branches play’d,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suitting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander’d on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon’d him to due repeat at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stand’d,
More than a mile immers’d within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock’d the ground.
With deeper brow the grove was overspread
A sudden horror seiz’d his giddy head,
And his ears tinkle’d, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem’d threaten’d, though unseen to mortal eye:
Unseem’d to fear, he summon’d all his soul,
And stood collect’d in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress’d, who cried for aid,
And fill’d with loud lament the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stand’d,
With briers and brambles chuck’d, and dwarfish wood;

‘Whilst listening!’ The next fifteen lines, which so strongly paint the sensations of a man upon the sudden approach of some strange, mysterious, and supernatural danger, may be produced, among many others, as a specimen of the high poetical improvements our author has given to the original story; for the passage that furnished this extracted picture is only this in Boccaccio, literally translated:

‘As in this forest Theodore, walking in solitary, and misting all alone, had now wandered a mile’s distance from his tent and company, entered into a grove of pine trees, not regarding the time of the repeat that was prepared for him, or any thing else but the unkind requital of his love. Suddenly he heard the voice of a woman seeming to make most mournful complaints, which breaking off his silent meditations, made him lift up his head to discover the reason of this noise.’—Boccaccio, Nov. 6. First Day. Dr. J. W. vol. 1—17

From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish’d notes invades his ear:
He rais’d his head, and saw a beautious maid,
With hair dishevell’d, issuing through the shade;
Stripp’d of her clothes, and s’en those parts reveal’d,
[oeal’d;
Which modest nature keeps from sight con-
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two muskets guant and grim her flight pursu’d,
And off their fasten’d fangs in blood imbru’d;
Oft they came up, and pinch’d her tender side,
Mercy, O mercy, Heaven, she ran, and cried:
When Heaven was nam’d, they loose’d their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they follow’d her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-back steed pursu’d the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill’d,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer’d the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow’d revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous’d his manly mind;
Mow’d with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarmed, resolve’d to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrench’d from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish’d for offence, he cross’d the way Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destined prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain’d, betray’d,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid,
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speech,
Had reach’d the dame, and fastening on her side.
The ground with issuing streams of deeps dy’d,
Stood Theodore surpris’d in deadly sight,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright.
Yet arms’d with inborn worth, Whose’er, said he
Thou art, who know’st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, ce be denied.
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
Know, Theodore, thy assassry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:

O
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain;
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.

Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair;
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And, as in unrepentent sin she died,
Doom'd to the same sad place, is punish'd for her pride:
Because she deem'd I well deserve'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried and both were cast.

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below)
As often as my dogs with better speed
 Arrest her flight, as she to death decreed;
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrailes, makes my hungry hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her fate ordain'd
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.

This, ver'd in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfilleth the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
 Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

And now the soul, expiring through the wound
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place
Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace.
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me,
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell

As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ven'd here, on this revolting day
Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already close'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law:
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts
Resolve'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Way, inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor paiz'd his new design with long delay;
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsel'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregard'd love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is it at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduce'd to bounds, by timely providence.
This only I require; invite for me
Honoriz, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine, the cause I shall display.
On Friday next; for 'tis the appointed day
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light.

The father, mother, daughter, they invite:
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repeat
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, the inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificences.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love,
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue over head:
THEODORE AND HONORIA.

The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,
Was artfully contriv’d to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv’d, the time so well forecast
That just when the dessert and fruits were
place’d,
The fiend’s alarm began; the hollow sound
Sang in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken’d, roll’d the thunder, groan’d the
ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress’d, and mastiffs’ mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the
wood,
And next the famish’d hounds that sought their
food,
And grip’d her flanks, and oft essay’d their jaws
in blood.
Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm’d with his naked sword, and urg’d his dogs
to speed.
She ran, and cried, and flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent.
The scene of death, and place ordain’d for
punishment.
Loud was the noise, agast was every guest,
The women shriek’d, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance howsely bay’d;
The hunter close pursu’d the visionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring
aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady’s right,
Their falchions brandish’d at the grisly wrong
High on his stirrups he provok’d the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither’d all their strength before he strook:
Back, on your lives, let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destined way:
Vain are your arms, and vain your defence,
Against the eternal doom of Providence:
Mische the ungrateful maid by heaven design’d;
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.

At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the
crime,
Nor need’d to be war’d a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and thus the fatal place.
And now the infernal minister advance’d,
Seiz’d the due victim, and with fiery lance’d
Her back, and piercing through her innocent
heart,
Drew backward as before the offending part.
The reek of entrails next he tore away,
And to his meager mastiffs made a prey.

The pale assistants on each other stare’d,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar’d,
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shudder’d, on a heap they run
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the
case their own.

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foes on high
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the howling eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear’d the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven’s justice, Theodore’s revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign’d.
Already sees herself the monster’s prey,
And feels her heart and entrails turn away
’T was a mute scene of sorrow, mix’d with fear,
Still on the table lay the unfinished cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, reining’d with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-bounds, nor the hunter stay’d,
But follow’d, as before, the flying maid;
The avenger took from earth the avenging
sword,
And mounting light as air, his sable steed he
The clouds dispell’d, the sky resum’d her light,
And Nature stood recover’d of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain’d behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag’d more the feast,
But sternly look’d, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs: which, when Honoria
view’d,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew’d:
She thought herself the trembling dame who flod
And him the grisly ghost that spur’d the infernal steed:
Drew,
The more dismay’d, for when the guests with
Their courteous host saluting all the crew
Regardless pass’d her o’er, nor grace’d with kind
a lieu.
That sting infix’d within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin’d;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin’d.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew’d,
Of the relentless dame to death purg’d,
And of the sight obscene so lately view’d.
None durst array the righteous doom she bore,
E’en they who pitied most, yet blam’d her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn’d the living dame.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering
For his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumber sweats the funeral feast;
Awoke, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd at every step, a twitching spright
Behind.

Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when near it came,
Her soul foresaw the fiend would change his game,
And her pursuit, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er
the plain.

This dreadful image so possession'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceased all further hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression
lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd;
Why not of her? prefer'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love pro-
fees'd?
So had another been, where he his vows ad-
dress'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts re-
main'd,
That once disdain'd, she might be disdain'd;
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd;
He took a lowering leaf; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew, and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'T was time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal
fall.

One maid she had bolder above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispers'd,
She wish no winding turns the truth confess'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foes:
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd.

'T was to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believed;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,
He knew the sea, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends, (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare)
But she with such a zeal the cause espouse'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resilient in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires
my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censurest mine:
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a pietist race.
Suppose him free, and that I forgo the offence,
He should the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Computo the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of raving well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some de-
light;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too
plain:
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton: be's obscene.
I, nor my fellows, nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic sense;
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view.
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the soul.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measure'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world, when waste, he peopleed with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Oromond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame desig'n'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

Is that sweet tale where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the love, a resort,
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the best of pleasure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest,
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excel'd in rest in shape, and outward show,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belted the features of his face:
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace,
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd:
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by follering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame
The people from Galateus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with basishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd, on a summer's holyday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way,
For Cymon alms'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could never forswake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain defend'd by the wood,
Crep't through the mat and grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood;
And on the margin of the font was laid
(Attend'd by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurus did they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And, s'en in slumber, a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compose'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom to the view was only bare;
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testifies surprise.
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh.
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense

First found his want of words, and fear'd of
Doubt'd for what he was he should be known,
By his clown access, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native tone:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.

So reason in this brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words, and wit, he found.
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.
What not his father’s care, nor tutor’s art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish’d heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspir’d,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir’d:
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or that other face,
Or judge of this, or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies, allure’d by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lIPS, the well-proportion’d nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-gloosy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And e’en in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view’d the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long’d to see her eyes, in stumber hid,
And wish’d his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak’d her, but restrains’d his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught,
An awful fear his ardor with withstand,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem’d by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race:
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view;
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could de part;
For’d as a pilgrim wilder’d in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn
Of day.
At last awaking, Iphigenia the fair,
(SO was the beauty call’d, who caus’d his care,) Unclos’d her eyes, and double day reveal’d,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal’d.
The slavering custom, propp’d upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh.
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin,
To speak, but wisely kept the foot within.
Then she; What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon’s name was round the country
Because descendent of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)
But still the not stood silent with surprise,
With fid’d regard on her new-open’d eyes,
And in his breast receiv’d the envenom’d dart
A tickling pain that pleas’d and am’t the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear’d his breast lust.
This to prevent, she wak’d her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.
Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay’d,
With proffer’d service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clown repair,
But sought his father’s house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin’d.
The father wonder’d at the son’s return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn
But doubtfully receive’d, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter’d will.
Nor was he long delay’d: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress’d,
And, as his birth requir’d, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn’d, he next design’d
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhor’d.
Thus the man-child advance’d, and learn’d a fact,
That in short time his equals he surpass’d:
His brutal manners from his breast exil’d,
His mien he fashion’d, and his tongue he sil’d,
In every exercise of all admir’d,
He seem’d, nor only seem’d, but was inspir’d;
Inspir’d by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he sanc’d, he mov’d with graceful ease,
More fam’d for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter’d Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok’d in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush’d away
By love,
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear’d, the gross refus’d,
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scan'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still.
Galeus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd and bishopp'd by the fair.
To Cipeseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipeseus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigenie, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse;
Her sire and she to Rhodian Passyimond,
Though both repeating, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past—the ship already sail'd
Did all his tardy diligence prevent?
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigenie to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love,
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war,
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian store,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Bent out the hostile ship and beaurtous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight; then standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus war'd, the Rhodiens for the fight pro-
Already were the vessels side by side, bride.
These obstinate to save, and those to seize
The But Cymon soon his crooked grapple cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he pass'd.
Fierce was the fight, but hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd.
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victoy confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other bootie sought;
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign.
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigenie I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Passyimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or if he could, my love disdaigns the laws.
And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.
[lease,
You, what by strength you could not keep, re-
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the peace.
And Iphigenie to Cymon was restor'd; [ accord,
While to his arms the blushing bride he took
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Then he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and en her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
Who now extolls but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind.
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarc's the third glass of measure'd hours was run
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun.
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake, by fis, and fill, the flagging sails.
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise.
The thunders roll, the fiery lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands.
THE FORMS OF DRYDEN.

The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,  
And from the first they labour in despair.  
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,  
Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,  
Stunned with the different blows; then shoots again,  
Till counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.  
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,  
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,  
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,  
Now cured the more, the more he had been bless'd;  
More anxious for her danger than his own,  
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.  
Sad Iphigenia to womanish complaints  
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;  
Even if she could, her love she would repent,  
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:  
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,  
Are ever present, and her crime upbraids,  
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,  
Augments her anger, as her fears increase:  
From her own back the burden would remove,  
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,  
Which interposing, drest, in heaven's despiete,  
Invade, and violate another's right:  
The powers incens'd a while defer'd his pain,  
And made him master of his vows in vain:  
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;  
That for his daring enterprise she died;  
Who rather not resisted, than complied.  
Then impatient of mind, with alter'd sense,  
She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence,  
Sex to the last: meantime with sails declin'd  
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind;  
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then slow,  
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,  
But every moment wait the coming blow.  
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd  
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;  
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore  
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.  
A winding bay was near; to this they bent:  
And just escap'd; their force already spent.  
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,  
The land unknown at leisure they survey;  
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdraw'd)  
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;  
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,  
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.  
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore  
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,  
And the ship moor'd constraints the crew to land:  
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,  
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,  
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,  
Already shelter'd on their native shore:  
Known each, they know; but each with change  
of cheer;  
The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;  
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,  
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.  
The country rings around with loud alarms,  
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;  
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense;  
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:  
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,  
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;  
This was the morn, when, issuing on the guard,  
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd  
Of seeming arms to make a short essay;  
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.  
[known  
The cowards would have fled, but that they  
Themselves so many, and their foes so few;  
But crowding on, the last the first impel;  
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.  
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,  
And Iphigenia once more is lost and won.  
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast  
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:  
His life was only spar'd at their request,  
Whose taken he so nobly had releas'd:  
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,  
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair:  
While Pasimond and his the muptial feast prepar'd.  
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,  
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;  
So passive is the church of womankind.  
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,  
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?  
It rest to dismiss the downward weight,  
Or raise him upward to his former height;  
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)  
Prepar'd the amends, for what by love he lost.  
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,  
Though younger, yet for courage early known,  
Ormida call'd, to whom by promise tied,  
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;  
Cassandra was her name, above the rest  
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.  
[}
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

Lyrrimachus, who ruleth the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate:
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Yet not prefer'd, or like Orniada lov'd;
So stood the affair: some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Meantime young Pasimond his marriage
press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lyrrimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receive't the news, and studied quick relief;
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd
For when his office cease'd, his power expir'd:
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand,
By force to seize, and then forsake the land;
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by power, debase'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd, but after much debate,
The man prevai-l'd above the magistrate.
Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and escape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
[bliss Unprais'd by me, though heaven some times may
An impious act with undeserv'd success;
The great it seems are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Resolv'd on force, he fit the prator bent
To find the means that might secure the event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
The example pleas'd him, the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd love, and a ravish'd dame,
How much he durst he knew by what he des'red,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To manage least some life when love was the reward.

This wonder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent:
In secret sent, the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus began:
The powers above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried;
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
'Twas yours to improve the talent they bestowed;
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the gory parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain intrusted in a grateful ground:
But still the great experiment remain'd;
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd:
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger a'ard:
Be not yourself, the care to me resign,
Thea Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has joint'd;
Two brothers are our foes, Orniada mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine;
To-morrow must their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight;
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
With we the fair will sail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope;
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain) Then second my design to seize the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.
Said Cymon overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show the foes.
For from the first, when love had fix'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lyrrimachus replied,
Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide;
The spouses are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day.
By this the bridges are wak'd, their guess are dream'd;
All Rhodes is summerv'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And join’d by thee intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the rest; when day resigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms admonish’d shall aid thy crew.
Then enter, unexpected will we seize
Our destin’d prey, from men dissolv’d in ease;
By wine disabled, unprepar’d for fight:
And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ship well manned expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist,
It please’d; the prisoner to his hold retir’d,
His troop with equal emulation fir’d,
All fir’d to fight, and all their wonted work requir’d.

The sun arose; the streets were throng’d,
The palace open’d, and the poets were crown’d.
The double bridgroom at the door attends
The expected spouse, and entertain the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.

This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite.

Now, at the appointed place and hour as
With souls resolv’d the ravishers were join’d;
These bands are form’d; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace-gate is plac’d,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last:
A peaceful troop they seem, with shining vestas
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dartless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew’d, the table spread;
Sweet voices, mix’d with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof resounds.

When, like the harpies, rushing though the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The brides, invad’d with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey, their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succours vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain:
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchase’d prize in safety to the shore.

The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear:
Back ward they move, but scorner their pace to mend;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon’s back in his descent,
The blade return’d unbathe’d, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival’s head with one descending blow:
And as the next in rank Ornieda stood,
He turn’d the point; the sword imure’d to blood,
Bor’d his unguarded breast, which pour’d a purple flood
With vow’d revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renew’d;
The hall is heap’d with corpses; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers’d at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchor weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the brumous sea,
While troops of gather’d Rhodians crowd the key.
What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey’d;
Some troops disbanded and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrig’d, and spent their naval store:

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grin’d their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missiles weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy;
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ;
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
Jove’s isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candin shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing bride.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws;
Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede;
The term expir’d, from Candia they remove,
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love,
TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD RADCLIFFE.*

MY LORD,

These Miscellany Poems are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults, when there come accompanied with counter-vailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to overvalue their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown old, in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-servers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest, and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preforum of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not astonished to be little, when I see them so infamous great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men; none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are in-born in mankind.

and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base, to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own: for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they, (as the best poet and the best patron said,)

When in the full perfection of decay,
Turn vinegar, and come again in play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic: I mean of a critic in the general acceptance of this age; for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentors on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentations of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoilus and Mosri, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to deface Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit among readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers; are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects? or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? Does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? What labour would it cost them to put it in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt; he performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharsalia; and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? he has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind; but who had not rather he that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hyper-critic, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, printed in 1698.
barbarous age,) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the severals. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing! Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison! One would have thought he had learned Latin as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off with a peace, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and presence of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age: 

---Non ingeniis favet ille sepulcris; 
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque livides edit.

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the names of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? if we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great between them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us: our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sat to them: they are all grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venemous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state, who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age; those attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; none of the living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them, but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed; if less in dignity yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined, I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked. And to show besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished: that many of the tragedies in the former age among us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the generous writers may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from Miscellanies Poems to Modern Tragedies; but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unreasonably to his betters; though at the same time, I am certain you are so good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies, against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference between arguing like Porson in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and between giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we or our greater fathers have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable encumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it among us; and without the possibility of establishing it here unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them,
who, under pretence of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us, as our superiors, being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my follows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant, that the French dramatic writers excel the English: our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage: it is true, in conduct they surpass us either way: yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from difference of taste in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an undertop, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely, in the mechanic rules, and we assume too much license to ourselves in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the subtlety of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted; and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poets, for the defence of their Scarrisons as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them, than that of auditors, or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But those common places I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the mean time, submitting that little I have said to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride: not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility, and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, among her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her; and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labours in this Miscellany: at the same time, not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid; and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not; but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted: perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader, than any of the Roman wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal in the best. But as his verse came easily, he wanted the soil of application to amend it. He is often burlesque both in his fancy and expressions, and as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil, are his superiors. I have said as much of him already, in my preface to his heroic epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this translation, even, perhaps, farther than I should have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purposes; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it:
but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those, who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so strictly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it! they were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense, for the most part, truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all men, and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them in the general heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poems. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to show how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any synalephas, so I have endeavoured to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are imitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the synalephas, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin Prosodia. It is in the first line of the argument to the first Ilid.

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not the Argive, but Αργία, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the pray'r of Chryses sings:

The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words the army's, the ending with a vowel, and army's, beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been άρμυ's, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have everywhere observed the rule of the synalepha in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in sound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet not reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks: who, though they sometimes use synalephas, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does in the very first line of Alpha. Μάρσιοι άρετες άρα Παλαιών. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words, μάρσιοι άρετες and άρα Παλαιών, the synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of euphony, rather Musas colere seniores, with the Romans, than to give in to the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tried myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestic, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years, we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany, one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetic, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer that he is much more capable of exciting the many passions then those of grief and pity. To cause admiration, is indeed the proper and
adequate design of an epic poem, and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without presuming to array our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied, in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that Homer in his long digression has rather given us his own character than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of all the past: but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence: for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colours imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet: for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to mourning, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation, and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour, betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Walker, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman, without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself; for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrosity length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versatility, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavours at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest of your forgiveness. I am, my Lord, Your Lordship's most obedient Servant, JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Or bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual song to my rhymes.
Deduce'd from nature's birth, to Caesar's times.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face:
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky:
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one:
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss un navigable.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body mix'd,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discord put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And seas are sulder'd by a larger space.
The forces of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeed'd, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from inactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unry waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus, when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found;
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembog'd, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone;
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, enclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The grosser near the wat'ry surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender here,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear.

And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(To the regions of the baimy kind,)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleasing with the remnant's departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
To invade the frozen wagon of the north.
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,

And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of
The God a clearer space for heaven design'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Fur'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below
Scarce had the power distinguish'd those,

When straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to
Now colonies of birds, to people air;

And to their cosy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The god of nature did his soul inspire
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And plant still, retain'd the ethereal energy:
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mixt with living streams, the godlike image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend.
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies,
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet now,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew;
And with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unfor'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
Needless was written law, where none oppressed;
The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confid their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound;
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow;
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and Bramble-Berries gave the rest;
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers, unsoon, in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

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THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succession times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
The sun with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining oaks fenc'd, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, forsook the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

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THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age:
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage
Not impious yet——

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THE IRON AGE.

Hard steel succeeded them,
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook.
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new.
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain;
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the wat'ry plain.
Then landmarks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrailes first the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to sight display'd;
Thus cursed steel, and more accur'd gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief hold.
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd) weapons glittering in their hands
Mankind is broken loose from moral bonds;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him is slain:
The son-in-law purloines the father's life:
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares:
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And Justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

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THE GIANTS' WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move,
Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains rise,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
To avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolition works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the moosest.
The blood, indu'd with animating heat,
Did in the impregnate earth new sons begot:
They, like the seed from which they sprung
Acrost,
Against the gods immortal hatred warst:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;  
Expunging their original from blood.  
Which when the king of gods beheld from high,  
With wrath revolving in his memory,  
What he himself had found on earth of late,  
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat,)  
He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove;  
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;  
Then call'd a general council of the gods;  
Who, summoned, issue from their blest abodes,  
And fill the assembly with a shining train.  
A way there is in heaven's expanded plain,  
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,  
And mortals by the name of milky know.  
The ground-work is of stars; through which  
Lies open to the thunderer's abode. [the road  
The gods of greater nations dwell around,  
And on the right and left the palace bound;  
The somnous where they can; the nobler sort,  
With winding doors wide open, front the court.  
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,  
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.  
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,  
And he, their father, had assum'd the throne,  
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,  
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:  
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd the almighty nod,  
And with a general fear confess'd the god.  
At length, with indignation, thus he broke  
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke.  
I was not more concern'd in that debate  
Of empire, when our universal state  
Was put to hazard, and the giant race  
Our captive skies were ready to embrace.  
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all  
Rebellion sprung from one original;  
Now where'erover ambient waters glide,  
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.  
Let me this holy protestation make:  
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,  
I tried whatever in the godhead lay;  
But gangren'd, member must be lopt away,  
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.  
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,  
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods;  
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,  
Let 'em at least enjoy that earth we give.  
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,  
When I myself, who no superior know,  
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,  
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?  
At this a murmur through the synod went,  
And with one voice they vote his punishment.  
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom  
The fall of Caesar, and in him of Rome,

*But gangren'd: Jupiter talks like a surgeon.  

Dr. J. W.
THE DELUGE OF DEUCALION.

He grows a wolf, his heartiness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and the ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
If his despoiled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the gods replied:
Lay that unnecessary fear aside.
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again,
Already had he to sea'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stoop'd, for fear, thus violently driven.
The sparks should catch his axil-tree of heaven.
Rememb'reng, in the Pates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing words above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The Northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggly wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow;
And lazy mists are bow'ring on his brow.
Still as he swept along, with his clenched fist,
He squeez'd the clouds; the imprisoned clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply.

To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends;
Defrauded corns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
To aid from his brother of the seas he cries,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes.
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ;
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let lose the reins to all your wat'ry store;
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.

Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
Then rushing on, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and fields, and lab'ring hands away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, app'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below;
Or downward driven they bruise the tender vine,
Or toa'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereides on the cities ride,
And wonderlings dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they browse;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep
The yellow lion wanders in the deep;
His rapid force no longer helps the boar;
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The frogs, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And level'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood;
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the Athenian and Boeotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose flocks rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mats the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
The mountain-temphs and Themenis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd;
He bade the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face,
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His written shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling sound,
Rans the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling echoes in the West.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds;
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself; and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a pitious look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
Oh wife, oh sister, oh, of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air.
We two remain; a species in a pair;
The rest the sea have swallow'd; nor have we
E'en of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above: and, while I speak
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou res
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be lost, and thou be lost, the sea,
That buried her I love'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But heaven is pleas'd, nor ough we to complain,
That we, the examples of mankind remain.
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having end'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief;
And to Cepheus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments, and their head.
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The rocks were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they adore,
The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implored.
O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.
Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said:
Depart, and with your vestments veil your head;
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Aman'd the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it heaven, said she, that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain.
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,  
And said; 'The dark enigma will allow  
A meaning, which, if well I understand,  
From sacrifice will free the god's command:  
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones  
In her capacious body are her bones: [fear  
These we must cast behind. With hope and  
The woman did the new solution hear;  
The man diffuses in his own anger,  
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.  
Descending from the mount, they first unbind  
Their veils, and voil'd, they cast the stones  
behind:  
The stones (a miracle to mortal view  
But long tradition makes it pass for true)  
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,  
And supplied into softness as they fell;  
Then swell'd, and, swelling, by degrees grew  
warm;  
And took the rudiments of human form;  
Imperfect shapes, in marble such are seen,  
When the rude chisel does the man begin;  
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,  
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.  
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,  
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use;  
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment:  
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,  
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,  
Its former name and nature did retain.  
By help of power divine, in little space,  
What the man threw, assum'd a manly face;  
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.  
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear  
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.  

The rest of animals, from teeming earth  
Produc'd, in various forms receive'd their birth.  
The native moisture, in its close retreat,  
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,  
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:  
Then swell'd and quicken'd by the vital seed.  
And some in less, and some in longer space,  
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.  
Thus when the Nere from Pharian fields is fled,  
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,  
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;  
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:  
These, when they turn the globe, the peasants  
find:  

Some rude, and yet unfinished in their kind:  
Short of their limbs, a lattice imperfect birth;  
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.  
For heat and moisture, when in bodied joint'd,  
The temper that results from either kind,  
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,  
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.  
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares  
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars,  
From hence the surface of the ground with mud  
And slime besmeared (the faces of the flood,)  
Receive'd the rays of heaven; and sucking in  
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:  
Some were of several sorts predict'd before;  
But of new monsters earth created more.  
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light  
Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to fright,  
And the new nations with so dire a sight.  
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space  
Did his vast body and long train embrace:  
Whom Phobus basking on a bank asleep,  
Ere now the god his arrows had not tried,  
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;  
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.  
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store  
Of his full quiver; and 't was long before  
The expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.  
Then to preserve the fame of such a deed,  
For Python slain, his Pythian games decreed,  
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,  
To quict, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.  
The prize was fame, in witness of renown,  
An oaken guirland did the victor crown.  
The laurel was not yet for triumphs borne,  
But every green alike by Phobus worn  
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn -

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she,  
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree  
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire:  
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.  
Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,  
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends;  
And thus insults him: 'Thou lascivious boy,  
Are arms like these for children to employ?  
Know, such achievements are my proper claim;  
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:  
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,  
In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.  
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;  
With that the feeble souls of lovers fly.  
To whom the son of Venus thus replied:  
Phobus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;  
But mine on Phobus: mine the fame shall be  
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.  
He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his flight;  
Nor stopp'd but on Parmensis' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refusent gold,
To brile the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and upt with head, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunt bolt against the nymph he drest:
But with the sharp transfixed Apollo's breast.
The amorous deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace;
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And Praxiteles rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never tried.
On wilds and wood she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says he,
A husband to thyself, a son to me.
She, like a chimera, abhors the nuptial bed;
She glozes with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments, and fillia charm;
Give me my lord, she said, to live, and die,
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie;
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old sire was softer'd to consent;
But said her wish would prove her punishment.
For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd.
The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the god, consuming in desire.
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair:
Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shine;
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her pouting breast;
He praise'd all he sees, and, for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
Stay, nymph, he cried, I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe:
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And from pursuing Falcons fearful Doves;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed and I will hate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely bate, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy fate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
These hands the Patarene sceptre sway.
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is the invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails.
She heard not half, so familiar she sies,
And on her ear the imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing spread her flowing hair behind;
And let her legs and thighs expand to view;
Which made the god more eager to pursue.
The god was young, and was too bold and hot
to lose his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and stir'd by such a sight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when the impatient greyhound, slip from
Bounds o'er the globe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursueth the prey;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and lacks.
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the fix:
She escapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives;
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight;
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
Oh help, she cried, in this extremest need,
If water-gods are deities indeed:
Gape, Earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb;
Or change my form whence all my sorrows
come.

Scarce had she finish'd, when her foot she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
A slimy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phobus loves her still, and, casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth be found.
The tree still panted in the unfinished part,
Not wholly vegetate, and hear'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god: Because thou canst not be.
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Caesar's triumph grace;
When pomps shall in a long procession pass
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and un harm'd by Jove,
Unfading as the immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phobus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shoot the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO
INTO A HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does encompass:
Through this the rapid Penusus takes his course;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise;
And deadly damps enshroud the cloudy skies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A mansion proper for a mourning god.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decree
To rivers, his dependant deities.
On this occasion either they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court;
All doubtfully, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour or lament her fate.

Sperchius, crown'd with poplar, first appears:
Then old Apidamus came, crown'd with years:
Enippeus turbulent, Amphrysea tame;
And Andes last, with lagging waters, came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Consoled his loss, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the wat'ry train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wet not another's losses, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether stray'd, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather feared her slain.
Her just returning from her father's brook
Jove had beheld, with a desiring look;
And, Oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy, whoever shall those charms possess!
The king of gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yet cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide: thy guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whose high command
Is unconfined, who rules the seas and land,
And tempos thunder, in his awful hand.
Oh fly not; for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures: be pursu'd the chase
Along the shades of the Lycean plain;
At length the god who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her flight.
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the mist should overrun
The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs:
Then rend the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight,
Disperses the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light.
The almighty lecher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice; and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make;
E'en Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love;
[Jove:
And what she was, and whence, inquir'd of
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The god, half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And said she sprang from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should she do? 't was equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:
Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more to increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus fear and love by turns his heart assailed;
And stronger love had store at length prevail'd,
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess, of her gift possess'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the trust.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore a hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind,
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams, defil'd with mud.

Her woful story she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she bow'd.
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seemed to inquire the author of the sound.
Once on the banks where often she had play'd,
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And, starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
E'en Inachus himself was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.

Her father gave her grass; the grass she took,
And lick'd his palms, and cast a pitious look;
And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd reliev;
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief.
Which with her foot she makes him understand;
And prints the name of Io in the sand.
Ah wretched me! her mourful father cries;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me replied:
About her milk-white neck his arms he throw'd;
And wept, and then these tender words ensued;
And ait thou when I have sought about
The world, and have at length so sadly found
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual words
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords;
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast;
And speech denied by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy issue fed.
But now the slaughtered of a hard must be
Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality.
More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away
To some fresh pastures, on a hilly height.
He sat himself, and kept her still in sight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORM'D INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear;
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maia, with severe decree,
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped;
His flying hat was fasten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung; and in his hand
He held the virtue of the smoky wound.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his red;
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took;
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control;
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.
Clad like a country swain, he pip'd, and sung
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.
With pleasure Argus the musician heads;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds,
And, Whoose'er thou art, my friend, said he,
THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX.

Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has browse for them, and shade for thee.
The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began discourses to pass away the time;
And still, betwixt, his tuneful pipe his plies;
And watch'd his hour to close the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not suffering all his eyes repose to take:
And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began so rare an instrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Herme's thus; a nymph of late there was,
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass.
The praise and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains;
By Phoebus she was named, by Cynthi-a, a gem
As o'er she did the lustful gods deicide:
The rural and the woodland powers disdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rights main-
tain'd;

Like Phoebe clad, o'en Phoebus's self she seems,
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs:
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow:
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
Descending from Lyceus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new de-
sires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But ere he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight.
Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god:
But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river stopt, and, tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.

Now while the lustful god, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, now rising on the
places.
And while he sigils his ill success to find,
The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before:
That, much surprising Pan, yet pleas'd him
more.
Admitting this new music, Thus, he said,
Who camest not be the partner of my bed,
At least shalt be the consort of my mind;
And often, often, to my lips be join'd.
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair.

While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and told his
tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep;
Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
Then soon the god his voice and song suppress'd:
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his rest:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.
Down from the rock fell the dissever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are close'd at once in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furious frowns she from her native home,
And drives her godding round the world to roam:
Nor cease'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile, (to,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries:
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove,
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 't was all she
could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Lastly, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least to finish all her woe:
Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealouz Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said:
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The goddess was appeas'd: and at the word
Was lo to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so bright; her crooked horns de-
crease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease;
Her hoofs to haste return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen, Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again,
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowrings when she speaks;
A goddess now through all the Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.

Connection to the former story.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos, King of Crete, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most significant connections in all the Metamorphoses; for he only says that Theseus obtained such honour from that contest, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, among others, Calydon, though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

From him the Caledonians sought relief; Though valiant Meleager was their chief. The cause, a boar, who ravag’d far and near, Of Cynthia’s wrath the avenging minister. For Æneas with autumnal plenty bless’d, By gifts to hearken his gratitude express’d: Cull’d sheaves, to Ceres; to Lynceus, wine; To Pan and Pales, offer’d sheep and wine And fat of olives, to Minerva’s shrine. Beginning from the rural gods, his hand Was liberal to the powers of high command: Each deity in every kind was bless’d, Till at Diana’s face the invincible honour cease’d. Wrote the roses o’er the gods: the queen of night Fir’d with disdain, and jealous of her right, Unhonour’d though I am, least said she, Not unrever’d that impious act shall be. Swift as the word she sped the boar away, With charge on those devoted fields to prey, No larger bulls the Egyptian pastures feed, And none so large Sicilian meadows breed; His eyeballs glare with fire, suff’red with blood, His neck shoots up a thick-set thorny wood; His bristled back a terrors’imp’d appears, And stands erected, like a field of spears. Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound, And part his chorns, and part beoms the ground. For taunts with Indian elephants he strove, And Jove’s own thunder from his mouth he drowse. He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades: Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear, He trampleth down the spikes, and intercepts the year. In vain the barns expect their promise’d load, Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap’d abroad: In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare, And exercise their tails in empty air.
MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

With olives ever green the round is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep keep.
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town:
Till Meleager, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed,)
One sought on foot,... one cur'd the fiery steed;
Then issued forth fam'd Jason after these,
Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
Then Theseus, join'd with bold Pirithous came,
A single concord in a double name:
The Thesian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Caneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lycurgus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acatus, Phileus, Phoanix, Telamon,
Echion, Leon, and Eurycion.
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.
Laertes active, and Ancaeus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And 't other seer yet by his wife unsold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods: a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
And show'd her buxin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweetest negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder tied,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame Besie'd, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averse. O happy youth, he cried,
For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride!
He sigh'd and had no leisure more to say;
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And force him to pursue the now neglected pray.
There stand a forest on the mountain's brow,
Which overlook'd the shaded plains below.
No sounding axe presumed those trees to bite;
Coreal with the world, a venerable sight.
The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
The toils, some search the footsteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger sought;
A valley stood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
Whose edges were with budding cedars crown'd;
The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.
From hence the oar was row'd, and sprung amain,
Like lightning sudden, on the warrior-train;
Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
The forest echoes to the crackling sound;
Shout the fierce youth, and clammers ring around
All stood with their pretended spears prepar'd,
With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glare'd.
The beast impetuous with his tusk's aside
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide
All spread their mouths aloft, but none abide
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
And struck his boar-spear on a maple's bark.
Then Jason; and his javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whiz'd above his back.
Mopsus was next; but, ere he throw, address'd
To Phoebus thus: O patron, help thy priest;
If I adore, and ever have adore'd
Thy power divine, thy present aid afford;
That I may reach the beast. The god allow'd
His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unsaw'd the javelin as it flew.
This char'd the boar, his nostrils flames exh.
And his red eyeballs roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidst the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast: the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erbore, he rushes on the right.
Empleamius and Pelagon he laid
In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows'.
Onestimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal song drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk unpropp'd falls headlong on the plain.
Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree,
Then gathering up his feet, lock'd down with fear.
And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his task the monster grind's,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And rush'd his hips with one contum'd wound,
Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear;
White were their habits, while their horses were;
Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickest fied,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to the steed.
But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising roof, that held his fasten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, spraing on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyres unbound.
Meantime the virgin-bunress was not slow
To expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy; But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applause, and the fair
archer praise'd.
He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
They shout, the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their throbbing darts;
But out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancusseus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting axe:
Then forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cried,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man.
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tippoo stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good.
But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancusus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and cloathed blood disranges the ground.
Pithious, no small portion of the war,
Prese'd on, and shook his lance; to whom from far
Thus Theseeus cried: O stay, my better part,
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart:
The strong may fight alou'd: Ancusus tried
His force too near, and by presuming died:
He said, and, while he spake, his javelin threw:
Hissing in air the unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marksman and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jason threw, but failed to wound
The boar, and slew an undeserving bound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two spears from Meleagur's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in the event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd salvage turns around,
And shews about his foam, impatient of the wound;
And stings himself, and carrieth round
The wound's great author close at hand pro-
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he spins is giddy gyres,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shunts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnersh of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And gazes on the eyre with ardent eyes,
Accept, said he, fair Nonacrie, my prize
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine;
At this presents her with the temske head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the gift: and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sudden discontent,
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went;
All envied; but the Theseean brethren show'd
The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen aloud:
Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war;
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflamed with spite,
From her they snatch the gift, from him the giver's right.
But soon the impatient prince his fashions drew,
And cried, Ye robbers of another's due
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast.
At this advance'd, and, sudden as the word,
In proud Plaxeus' bosom plunged the sword:
To thee amaz'd, and with amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and while doubting thus he stood,
Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Prices'd with the first, unknown the second news,
Althea to the temples pays their dues.
For her son's conquest; when a: length appear
Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier:
Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer;
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'T was grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 't was rage alone;
Which burning upwards in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When she was lab'ring in the throes of birth
For the unborn chief, she felt the fatal sense,
And rais'd it up, and toast'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel space;
And turning sung, to this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny:
So vanish'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung hastily from her bed and quench'd the flame:
The log, in secret lock'd, she kept with care,
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
This brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and heav'd she thrice repet'd;
The sister and the mother long content,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now low'ring looks pressage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms;
Receiv'd she doubt again; the tears she dry,
With blushings rage, are by new tears supplied;
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
The imperious tempest, and the impetuous sean;
So fares Althea's mind; first she relents
With pity of that pity then repeats;
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brothers' ghosts, her son should bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn; high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she hold the fatal brand:
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Forties thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying her dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death is fit;
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all.
Shall fate to happy Ceres still allow
One son, while Tethys stands deprived of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take them, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In hell, you wait my duty,) take your due:
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live;
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
Then shall the unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
Triumphant live? not only live, but reign?
While you, thin shades, the sport of winds, are tost
O'er dreary plains, or dread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 't is past, 't is done:
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal; [fall.
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedeck'd with tears.
Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require; [fire.
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fall by thee restore.
I would, but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleas'd compassion, and repeats the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom;
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But having paid their inured ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his purview.
At this for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling, drops the brand.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The brand, amidst the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintlylick'd their prey,
Then loast'd their impious food, and would have
shrunken away.

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry;
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with many patience bore his pains;
He fear'd not fate, but only grie'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry,
Happy Anchises, thrice aloud he cried,
With what becoming fate in arms he died!
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound:
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And his voice failing, took his last adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay,
They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze. and then descends no more;
Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul
in air.

Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees unsalue their eyes;
And heaven and earth resound with murmurs,
groans, and cries.

Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more, With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loathes a life prolong'd
with pain.

By steel steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large As could their hundred offices discharge;
Had Phoebus all his Hebean bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiriting all the god;
Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that god
in vain
Would offer to describe his sisters' pain:
They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow.
The corpse they cherish, while the corpse remains;
And exercise and rub with fruitless pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the bed on which the body lay:
And when those funeral flames no longer burn,
(The dust compos'd within a piece urn)
'Even in that urn their brother they confine,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms press.

His tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the ground, Those living monuments his tomb surround:
Even to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.

But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
Not with less ruin than a race content: Excepting Gorgo, perished all the seed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at last, no longer she pursu'd
The weeping sisters; but with wings endu'd,
And horrid beaks, and sent to sit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd sails repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON,

Out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Acheclus, the river-god, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Acheclus entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimedes who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Acheclus, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees; of which he was partly an eye-wit ness.

Tarsus Acheclus ends: his audience hear With admiration, and, admiring, fear;
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believ'd in none.
He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly away,
To think they give us forms, and take away.
The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex rose, an old experienced man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea
The manufacture mass, the making power obey;
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbour'ging trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pirithous sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coast, and of the fishing coromans:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities.
BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.

There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Consum'd was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad.
The living coals, and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seethe shone,)
Next took the coeleworts which her husband got
From his own ground, (a small well-water'd spot)
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong;
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more
This in the pot he plac'd without delay,
To tanse the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat:
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holydays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lam'd,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a shard,
So was the mended board exactly read'd;
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first were seen
The party-clour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lens of wine well pickled and preserve'd:
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Their curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were serv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher, stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lid'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table seat the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savoury bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suitting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In cazistors, to enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround'd,
Which in the midst the country-banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
Meanwhile the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and dance'd about the board,
The Forths of Dryden.

Devotion seis'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had, (t was all they could allow,)  
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow'd:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursu'd:
Full well the fowl persev'd their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment,
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant beard,
And saw'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And owed the god. The neighbourhood, said he,
Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountains height
Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watry desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains;
Wood'd ring with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotches of their cot in columns rise;
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grace'd, the spires and tiles of gold.
Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene,
Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.
A while they whisper; then, to Jove address'd;
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.

The godshead sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space.
Thee, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate;
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fastest feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising wind;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once, Farewell, O faithful spouse, they said;
At once the encroaching-rinds their closing lips invade.

E'en yet, an ancient Tyanian shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie,
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tables hung for gifts of granted vows,
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour heaven, shall heavenly honour share.

The Fable of Iphis and Ianthe.

From the Ninth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoasian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle resounds.)
At Phoebus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
Esteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood
Who to his wife, before the time assign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind:
If heaven, said Lygdam, will vouchsafe to hear
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee; for me a son and heir.
Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth;
Beside, when born, the list are little worth:
Weak pulling things, unable to sustain
Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.
If therefore, these a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, heaven, with what reluctance,
Her hapless innocence I doom to die.)
He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.
Yet Telethom still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
To extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdos continues hard; her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of night,
Before the approaches of returning light,
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high;
The dog and dapple'd bull were waiting by;
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile,
The silent god; the sacred crocodile;
And, last a long procession moving on,
With umbrellas, that assist the lab'ring moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice that thus distinctly spake:
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save what'er the gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me
And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless deity.
This promise made, with night the goddess fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed:
Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to raise.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing thrice,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose,
'T was of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
The indulgent mother did her care employ,
And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandsire was: thy wife was pleas'd:
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour ear'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit show'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly firmness mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the food father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son.
Ianthe was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bless'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They soon espous'd; for they with ease were
Who were before contracted in the mind,
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispose'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care:
One for'd with hope, one languish'd in de-
spair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own,
But Iphis beeds beneath a greater grief:
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
E'en her despair adds fuel to her fire:
A paid with madness does a maid desire,
And, scarce refraining tears, Alas! said she,
What issue of my love remains for me,
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I posses'sd!
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve,
And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
Where nature shows no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire:
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire;
The father of the fold supplies his ewes
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues
And birds for mates the males of their own species choose.
Her females Nature guards from female flame,
And joins two sexes to preserve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the sun a bull desire'd,
And yet e'en then a male a female su'd:
Her passion was extravagantly new
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap;
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dedalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought,
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire:
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design:
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
[prayer.
"T is past the power of heaven to grant my
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
One gift refusal makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band;
Our hearts, but not our bodies: thus accurs'd
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why comest thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed disfranchised of delights?
And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns:
With equal ardour fair Iside burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But having done what'er she could devise,
And emptied all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray.
Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
She and her daughter with disherell'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they adore'd;
Embrace'd her altar, and her aid implored.
Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
And sevenfold fails of dissembling Nile;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant mother, and a mourful maid.
Thou goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty;
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbr'd holy sound.
Thy words I noted, which I still retain;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend;
Thy counsel bar'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears pursu'd her words, and while she spoke,
The goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Jove, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbr'd made a murmuring sound.
Some hopes these happy omens did impart
Forth went the mother with a beauteous heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride;
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face
Her looks imbos'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew,
Her sparkling eyes with many vigour shone
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone;

* * * * *

The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear;
The votive tables this inscription wear;
Iphis, the man, has to the goddess paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the star of day had shown his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love;
The gods of marriage tend their mutual aid,
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

From the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The Proposites, for their impudent behaviour,
Being turn'd into stone by Venus, Pygmalion,
Prince of Cyprus, detected all wmen for their
Mak's, and resolved never to marry. He falls in
Love with a statue of his own making, which is
Changed into a maid, whom he canaries. One of
His descendants is Cinyrus, the father of Myrrha;
The daughter incestuously loves her own father;
For which she is changed into a tree which bears
Her name. These two stories immediately follow
Each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYGMALION loathing their lascivious life,
Abhor'd all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed.
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercised his happy skill.
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and essay.
Please'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been;
CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

One would have thought she could have stirr'd;  
but strow,  
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.  
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat  
It caught the carver with his own deceits:  
He knows't is madness, yet he must adore,  
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:  
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,  
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.  
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,  
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.  
"T is true the harden'd breast resist the gripes,  
And the cold lips return a kiss unsip:  
But when retiring back, he look'd again,  
To think it ivory was a thought too mean:  
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting more,  
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;  
And strainning hard the statue, was afraid  
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:  
Explore'd her limb by limb, and fear'd to find  
So rude a grip as had left a livid mark behind:  
With flattery now she seeks her mind to move,  
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:  
He furnishes her closest first; and fills  
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells:  
Adds orients pearls, which from the conchs he drew,  
And all the sparkling stones of various hue:  
And parrots singing human tongue,  
And singing-birds in silver cages hung;  
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,  
Were sorts well, with bumbs of amber laid between:  
Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,  
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck;  
Her tapers' fingers too with rings are grac'd,  
And an embrodier'd zone surrounds her slender waist.  
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,  
Beauteous she show'd, but naked show'd the best.  
Then from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,  
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread:  
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,  
With blandishments invites her to his side,  
And as she were with vital sense possess'd,  
Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.  
The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,  
To which the Cypriot due devotion pay;  
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers fed,  
Slaught'rd before the sacred altars, blest;  
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,  
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:  
Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,  
If all we can require, be yours to grant;  
Make this fair statue mine, he would have said,  
But chang'd his words for shame, and only pray'd,  
Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.  
The golden goddess, present at the prayer,  
Well knew he meant the insatiant fair,  
And gave the sign of granting his desire:  
For thurs in cheerful flames ascends the fire.  
The youth, returning to his mistress, bies,  
And, impudent in hope, with arson eyes,  
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.  
He kisses her white lips, renews the blise,  
And looks and thinks they redder at the kiss;  
He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,  
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:  
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,  
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent,  
He felt again, his fingers made a print, [dist.  
'T was flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the  
The pleasing task he fails not to renew:  
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew:  
Like pliant wax, when charging hands reduce  
The former mass to form, and frame to use.  
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,  
And tries his judgment on sense again,  
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.  
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise,  
To her who made the miracle, he pays:  
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,  
He found the savour of the kiss sincere:  
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,  
And view'd at once the light and lover, with surprise.  
The goddess present at the match she made,  
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,  
That are ten moons had sharpen'd either born,  
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born  
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood,  
wall'd  
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.  

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Out of the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

There needs no connexion this story with the former; for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last; the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, war by birth a Thracian; and his country for distant from Cyprus, where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia, whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fabliau.

Non him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;  
But Cinyras, who like his sire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire:
I sing of horror: and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment:
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Arab's estol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet amoniment boast,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears.
Her second harvests, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd so bless'd that
Myrrha bears.
Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inam'd thy heart,
Disowns the love, and vindicateth his dart;
Some fury gave thee those eternal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins,
To hate thy sire, had merited a curse:
But such an impious love deser'd a worse.
The neigh'ring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Content in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Keep not but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said:
Ah Myrrha: whither would thy wishes tend?
Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast!
But is it sin? Or makes my mind alone
The imagin'd sin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man?
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed the chick she bore,
And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natured laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind
But man a slave of his own making lives:
The fool denies himself what nature gives:
Too busy senators, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.

Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but those which love ordains,
Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 's the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy stray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts, away!
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
Then had not Cinnyras my father been.
What binder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverseness of my fate is such,
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
Our kindred-blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so high.
Eyes and their objects never must unite,
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,
So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canst thou design?
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine?
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see the infernal bands,
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face the avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
But thou in time the increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctuaries nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, the attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane;
Observant of the right; and O, that he
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!
Thus she; but Cinnyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Iresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But having told their names, inquir'd of her
Who pleas'd her best, and—whom she would prefer?
CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

The blushing maid stood silent with surprise, And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes, And looking sigh'd; and as she sigh'd, began Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran. The tender sire, who saw her blush, and cry, Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty; And dries the falling drops, and yet more kind, He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd: She felt a secret venom fire her blood, And found more pleasure than a daughter should; And, ask'd again, what love of the crew She lik'd the best; she answer'd, One like you. Mistaking what she meant, her pious will He prais'd, and bad her so continue still: The word of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.

'T was now the mild of night, when slumbers close Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft repose; But no repose could wretchless Myrrha find, Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind: Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin, And wishes all her wishes o'er again: Now she despair's, and now resolves to try; Would not, and would again, she knows not why; Stops and returns, makes and retracts the vow; Fail would begin, but understands not how: As when a pine is drawn upon the plains, And the last mortal stroke alone remains, Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threatening all, This way and that she node, considering where to fall: So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side, Takes every bent, but cannot long abide: Irresolute on which she should rely: At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die: On that sad thought she rests, resolv'd on death, She rises, and prepares to choke her breath: Then while about the beam her zone she ties, Dear Cinyras, farewell, she softly cries; For thee I die, and only wish to be Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee: Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause: This said, about her neck the noose she draws. The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard, Though not the words, the murmurs overheard, And sighs and hollow sounds: surpris'd with fright, [light: She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath, The dying saw, and instruments of death. She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste, And in her arms her fainting charge embrace: Next (for she now had leisure for her tears) She weeping ask'd, in those her blooming years, What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care, To loose her life, and languish in despair? The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute with grief, For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief, Stood sullen to her suit: the beldame press'd The more to know, and bard her wither'd breast; Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she dree From those dry founts, her secret ill to show. Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside: The nurse still urg'd, and would not be denied: Nor only promis'd secrecy; but pray'd She might have leave to give her offer'd aid. Good will, she said, my want of strength sup- plies, And diligence shall give what age denies: If strong desires thy mind to fury move, With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love; If ensuius eyes their hurtful rays have cast, More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast: If heaven offended send thee this disease, Offended heaven with prayers we can appease, What then remains, that can these cares procure? Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure: Thy careful mother yet in health survives, And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives. The virgin started at her father's name, And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame: Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd: But yet surpris'd, that love disturb'd her mind: Thus thinking, she pursu'd her point, and laid And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid; Then softly smooth'd her thus, I guess your grief: You love, my child; your love shall find relief. My long experience'd age shall be your guide, Rely on that, and lay distrust aside: No breath of air shall on the secret blow, Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know. Struck once again, as with a thunder clap, The guilty virgin bounded from her lap, And threw her body prostrate on the bed, And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head: There silent lay, and ward'd her with her hand To go: but she receiv'd not the command Remaining still importunate to know: Then Myrrha thus: Or ask no more, or go: I pr'y thee go, or staying spare my shame: What thou wouldst bear, is impious even to name. This on, on high the beldame holds her hands, And trembling, both with age and terror, stands: Adjur'd, and falling at her feet entreats, Soothes her with blandishments, and rights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
And, lest if conscious to her counsel made,
Confess the promise of her aid.

Now Myrrha rais’d her head; but soon oppress’d
With shame, recol’d it on her nurse’s breast;
Bash’d it with tears, and strove to have confess’d.

Twice she began, and stopp’d; again she tried;
The flattering tongue its office still denied:
At last her weal before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!
Then groan’d and ceas’d; the good old woman shook,
Still were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she would:

Much she reproach’d, and many things she said,
To cure the madness of the unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish’d, but unchang’d her will;
Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv’d or to possess, or die.

At length the fondness of a nurse prevail’d
Against her better sense, and virtue fail’d:
Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love, she said; she durst not say, thy sire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.

The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stolest the matrons wear;
R ank’d in procession walk the pious train,
Offering first-fruit, and spikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
Mix’d with the crow’d, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres’ power with secret rites ador’d:
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crane, officious in her crime,
The curt occasion took: the king she found
Easty with wine, and deep in pleasure drown’d,
Prepar’d for love: the balmes blew the flame,
Confess’d the passion, but conceal’d the name.
Her form she praised: the monarch ask’d her years.

And she reply’d, the same that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commend’d beauty fird his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleases’d with her charge perform’d, she hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the task was over—

Myrrha was joy’d the welcome news to hear;
But, cogg’d with guilt, the joy was insensoe:

So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
If she presag’d, and yet pursu’d her lust;
For guilty pleasures give a double gust.

’T was depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the nother heavens,
When Myrrha hastens to the crime desire’d:
The moon beheld her first, and first retir’d
The stars amaz’d ran backward from the sight,
And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light
Icarus first withdraws his holy flame:
The Virgin sign, in heaven the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
Bald Myrrha still pursues her black intent:
She stumbled thrice, (an omen of the event:)
Thrice shriek’d the funeral owl, yet on she went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight;
E’en bushful sins are impendent by night.
Liosk’d hand in hand, the accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way
Where dark in bed the expecting monarch lay:
Thus far her courage held, but here forsooks;
Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorse, and horror of her sin:
Recepts too late her criminal desire.
And wishes that unknown she could retire.
Her ling’ring thus, the nurse (who fear’d delay)
The fatal secret might at length betray
Pull’d forward, to complete the work begun,
And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus saying, she deliver’d kind to kind,
Accurs’d, and their devoted bodies join’d.
The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow’d sheets.
He found them shrunk, but believ’d she strove
With maiden modesty, against her love;
And sought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.

Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy tears.
(Because the title suited with her years:)
And, Father, she might whisper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.
Full of her sire, she left the incestuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime she brod:
Another, and another night she came.
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
Till Cinyras desir’d to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper: the revealer, light,
Expos’d both crime, and criminal, to sight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sooth he drew the avenging sword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour’d first the sin, secure the flight.
CEYX AND ALCYONE.

Long wandering through the spacious fields, she best
Her voyage to the Arabian continent;
Then pass’d the region which Panchas join’d,
And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew’d her horns; at length
With travel weary, unampli’d with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress’d,
Sabaean fields afford no needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray’d:
Ye powers, if any so propitious are,
To accept my penitence, and hear my prayer,
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment;
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow
Betwixt the realms above, and those below;
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain:
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather’d round her feet, her legs, and thighs;
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide
A firm foundation for the trunk provides;
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood;
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their
Her tender skin is hardened into rind:
And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.

And though with outward shape she lost her
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain,
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress’d with pain,
Writhe here and there, to break the bark, in vain;
And, like a lab’ring woman, would have pray’d
But wants a voice to call Lucina’s aid:
The bending bough sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncalled, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:

Then reach’d her midwife’s hand, to speed the
And spoke the powerful spells that babies to birth disclose.

The brink divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill’d.
They swath’d him with their scarfs; beneath him spread
The ground with herbs; with roses raise’d his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace:
E’en envy must have praise’d so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked lores bestow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover’d haste,
The future but a length behind the past:
Scowriff with years: the babe whose just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop, the thing which late the tree enclos’d,
And late the yarning bark to life expos’d;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And love more than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, revenge’d his mother’s fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

Out of the Tenth Book of Ovid’s Metamorphoses.

CONNESSION OF THIS FABLE WITH THE FORMER.

Ceyx, the son of Leland (the morning star) and
King of Trachis, in Thessaly, was married to
Alycane, daughter to Zeus, god of the winds.
Both the husband and the wife loved each other
with an entire affection. Dedalion, the elder
brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been
turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dedali-
on’s daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a
ship to sail to Clares, there to consult the oracle
of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to in-
quire how the anger of the gods might be staid.

These prodigies affect the pious prince,
But, more perplex’d with those that happen’d
since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam’d abode;
Since Phegian robbers made unsafe the road
Yet could not he from her he lov’d so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolve’d, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar’d to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart;
Her faded cheeks are chang’d to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new;
She thrice essay’d to speak; her accents hang
And faltering died unfinish’d on her tongue,
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Or vanish'd into sighs : with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wound'st way.
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindnesse gone?
Can Ceyz then sustain to lose his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goest by land, thou knowest posses
My soul e'en then, my fears will be the less.
But ah! be war'd to shun the wa'try way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in cares constrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease;
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the main
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain:
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And not content with seas insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage.
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude com-

port,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precurious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of the event.
But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present suffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.[heart,
These reasons mov'd her stalwart husband's
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wroght his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to soothe her pain;
Nor these avail'd: at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won:
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promise of so short a stay prevails:
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch; she trembling
views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renew's:

Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd, with a sad preface, and swooning fell.
While Ceyz seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Raise'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.
The queen, recover'd, rears her humbled eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies
Shaking his hand at distance on the main
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retards her view
With sharper'd sigh, till she no longer knew
The much lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes:
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When e'en the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken all night, she left the shore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close;
Her husband's pillow, and the widow's part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former
smart.
And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close

Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first announce the wa'try war.
This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the topsail; let the mainsheet fly,
And furl your sails; The winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way officiously they wrought;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another boldly yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labour, laves
The intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confusion, while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amazed with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
The ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with railling shrugs;

Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds,
CEYX AND ALCYONE.

At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The fiery lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the And, in the fires above, the water cries:
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
Xhe Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flattened seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.

Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the ne'er sky:
Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light:

The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize: or, unappalled with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear:
So seas impell'd by winds with added power
Assault the skies, and o'er the hatches tower.

The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach display:
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.

Meanwhile in sheers of rain the sky descends,
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upward tends,
One rising, falling one; the heavens and sea
Mest at their confines, in the middle way:
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with rain.
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.

No star appears to lend its friendly light:
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and, an host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So, while the invading billows come abreast,
The hero tenth, advance'd before the rest.
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part, following enter, part remain without.

With envy hear their fellows conjuring shout,
And mount on others' backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.

A universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art falls, and courage falls, no succour near:
As many waves, as many deaths appear.

One weeps, and yet desairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears conceal his grief:
But, stupid, with dry eyes, expects his fate,
One, with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.

This wretch with prayers and vows the gods
And o'en the skies he cannot see adore;
That other on his friend; his thoughts bestow,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his ALCYONE employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his sight.

So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
The: the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round: the tempest tore
Her mast, and overboard the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and with a scornful bow,
Proud of her conquestgain'd insults the waves below;

Now lighter falls than if some giant tore
Pindus and Arope, with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous blow.

Down sinks the ship within the abyss below:
Down with the vessel sink into the main.
The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold and swim, but while they swim, do-
E'en he, who late a sceptre did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,

His father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his consort is his greater care;

Alycone he names amidst his prayer,
Names as a charm against the waves and wind,

Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:

Thus with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.

As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And o'en when plung'd beneath, on her he raves.

Murmuring ALCYONE below the waves;
At last a falling billow stops his breath, heath.
Breaks o'er his head, and whelm's him under;
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears tears;
That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with
And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He suffused with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Meanwhile Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the wof the robes he was to wear:

And for herself employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home;
Flattening her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the sacred altar came,
To pray for him who was an empty name.

All powers implore'd, but, far above the rest,
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much lov'd lord from peril to protect
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part.

This last petition heard of her prayer,
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.
But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the taintless hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus bespoke: Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are all convoy'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the god,
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.
Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies)
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of Sleep.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god:
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visite, nor the lightsome moon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky:
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Not with his horry bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
Nor trees with tempest rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose, without an air of breath,
 Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moists, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleep;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simplest, sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing, sheds it on the silent plains.
No door there was the unguarded house to keep,
On cracking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon stead:
Black was the covering too, where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded eare in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin ent'ring bright indu'd the cave,
To the brown cavern, and brush'd the dreams away:
The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom, knock'd his chin:
At length shock off himself, and ask'd the dame
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balm renew the limbs to labours of the day.

Cave shuns thy soft approach, and sullen fire
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Cezry to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swer'd along her bow with swift ascent.

The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd;
Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apex,
And dreadful images, and monstrous shapes
This demon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd; but men Phibester call.
A third is Phaon, whose actions roll
On moaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmoved, and running streams:
These three to kings and chief's their scenes display,
The rest before the ignoble commons play:
Of these the chosen Morpheus is despatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd
Down from his propping elbow drew his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darling the demon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aside the steersage of his wings,
Forakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
And staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke:

Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo! all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
And never shalt thou see thy loving lord again.
Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplored
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford:
But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord.

Thus said the player god; and, adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part.
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress,
She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast:

Then stretch'd her arms to embrace his body
Her clasping arms endorse but empty air:
At this not yet awake, she cried, Oh stay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That hearing sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:

For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.

"Tis with the search, not finding what she seeks,
[checks]
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd head,
Then from her beaten breast the linen tore,
And cut the golden curl that bound her hair:
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies:

No more Aloyne, she suffer'd death
With her lord's lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew;
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipp'd, and vanish'd from the place.

[spoke]
There, e'en just there, he stood; and as she
Where last the spectator was, she cast her look.
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found,

Then sigh'd, and said: This is too well fore-knew,
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
"T was what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; e'en not in death dis-join'd!

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
The storms were not so cruel; should I strive,
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive.
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Aloyne shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopp'd her tongue; but what her tongue de-nied,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints supplied.

"T was morning; to the port she takes her
And stands upon the margin of the sea;"
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
"Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiss; and there his anchor weigh'd;
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmiz'd, was true:
A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mor'd, however, she made the case her own:
Took the dead omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase
At nearer sight; and she 's herself the less;
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly shrieks;
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy long'ning wife!
She said, and to the neighboring mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break the incursions of the flood;)
Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,
But shoots along supported on her wings;
A bird new made about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore; and short excursions tries;
Nor seek'd in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas;
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice:
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renewes her cries.
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embraced the dead;
Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love:
Whether the vital touch recover'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rai'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.
The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.

Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multiplied;
They biff, they tread; Akryone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest;
A wind'y queen; her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ÆSEACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S
'METAMORPHOSES.'

These some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant shows,
The former tale reviving others' woes:
That saile bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed;
The brave Asiosedon, and Ganymedes,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal his boy)
And Prism, hapless prince! who fell with Troy;
Himself was Hector's brother, and had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date,
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
Fair Alythool, a country maid,
 Bare Æseacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort.
Yet he no rustic clumsiness possess'd,
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket, or the mead pursu'd;
Her happy on her father's bank he spied,
While fearless she her silver tresses dried;
Away she fled: not stays with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the sauer flood forsake,
Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.

As fast he follow'd in the hot career;
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot;
She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cried, Not this I dreaded, but thy hate:
O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID.

Acursed snake! yet I more curse\'d than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by me,
Yet none shall say, that unrevenge\'d you died.
He spoke; then climb\'d a cliff\'s o\'erhanging side,
And, resolute, leap\'d on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv\'d him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave.
Debatt\'d the surest remedy of grief;
And forc\'d to live, he curse the unsaki\'d relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries;
The downy plum\'s a quick descent denies.
Enrag\'d, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for the unhappy maid
Meager\'d his look, and on his spirits prey\'d.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came,
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain\'d the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore;
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leafy summit spied a nest,
Which, o\'er her callow young, a sparrow press\'d.
Eight were the birds unsledg\'d; their mother flew,
And hover\'d round her care; but still in view:
Till the fierce reptile first devour\'d the brood;
Then seiz\'d the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
This dire event the fearful people view,
Calchas alone, by Phoebus taught, foreknew:
What heaven decreed: and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town\'s destruction end.
The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill\'d,
The branches in his curl\'d embraces held:
But as in spires he stood, he turn\'d to stone:
The stony snake retain\'d the figure still his own,
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh\'d;
Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey\'d.
Some thought him lost; the town should be des\'truy\'d,
Whose building had his hands divine employ\'d:
Not so the seer; who knew, and known fore\'shew\'d,
The virgin Phoebus with a virgin\'s blood
Must first be reconcil\'d; the common cause
Prevail\'d; and pity yielding to the laws
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array\'d;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear\'d;
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear\'d:
When that offended power, who caus\'d their wo,
Relenting cease\'d her wrath; and stopp\'d the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast;
And, in the virgin\'s room, a hind she plac\'d.
The oblation slain, and Phoebus reconcil\'d,
The storm was hush\'d, and dimpled ocean
A favourable gale arose from shore,(smil\'d:
Which to the port desir\'d the Grecian galleys bore.
Pul\'l in the midst of this created space
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a place

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

CONFESSION TO THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Eaecus, the son of Pham, loving a country life, for
makes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love
with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed
by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have
drowned himself; but, by the pity of the gods, is
turned into a Cormorant. Phram, not hearing
of Aeacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a
tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition,
which is one of the finest of all Ovid, the poet na-
rurally falls into the story of the Trojan war,
which is summed up, in the present book, but so
very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems
more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style.
Yet the House of Fame, which is here described,
is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole
Metamorphoses. The sight of Achilles and Cy-
gnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithae and Cen-
tauri, yield to no other part of this poet; and par-
ticularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hy-
lomus, the male and female Centaur, are won-
terfully moving.

Phram, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor\'d his metamorphos\'d son:
A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his bro-
thers, wept.
This pious office Paris did not share,
Absence alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians
drew
To avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue
A thousand ships were manned to sail the sea:
Nor had their just resentment found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos\'d their way.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Confounding on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd,
around,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame; her seat of power;
Piac'd on the summit of a lofty tower.
A thousand winds, with entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bar exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice expires,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from the insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies.
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there; with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near;
And murmurs rain'd, and murmurs mix'd, and
panic fear.
Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; inquiring all
around.

The goddess gives the alarm; and soon is
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand; [won]
Which with expense of blood the Grecians
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt [won]
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they
dealt.

From these first onset, the Sigean shore
Was strew'd with carcasses, and stain'd with
 gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he
sought;
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he sought:
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year dally'd.
His white-man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath
the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And rising shook this lance, in act to throw
But first he cried, O youth, be proud to bear
'Thy death, unmoled by Pelles' spear.
The lance pursu'd the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuisses, with such fury seat;
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; Goddess-born
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed
Than from a daughter of the seas to spring
Thy sire is mortal; mine is ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassable depart:
He said, and threw: the trembling weapon
pass'd
[place'd.
Through nine bull-hides, each under other
On his shield, and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
He tried a third, a tough well chosen spear;
The inviolable body stood sincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.
Not otherwise the impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompass'd with a guard;
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns chide
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,
By which so many thousand foes are dead.
O whither is their usual virtue fled!
I had it once; and the Lycanian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caicus, roll'd a crimson flood;
And Theseus ran red with her own natives' blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness those heaps of slaughter on the plain.
He said, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menestes from among the rest;
At him he lanc'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine; and forth the spirit fled.
Then thus the hero: Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are still the same,
The same I will employ against this foe;
And wish but with the same success to throw.
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left shoulder aimed: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return’d: a bloody mark appear’d,
Which with false joy the flatter’d hero cheer’d.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in
The lance before from slain Menestes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renewes the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose;
Huge cantles of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his back’st arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound nor blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn’d
With those repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
Inverted nature swins before his sight:
The insulting victor presses on the more,
And troads the stepes the vanquish’d trod before,
Nor rest, nor respire gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp’d his way:
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O’erturn’d, and push’d him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he press’d,
With both his knees above, his panting breast:
Unscal’d his helm: about his chin the twist
Hol’d; and soon the strangled soul dismiss’d.
With eager haste he went to strip the dead;
The vanquish’d body from his arms was fle’d.
His sea-god sire, to immortalize his fame,
Had turn’d it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
[guard.
The Greeks before their trenches mount the
The feast approach’d when to the blue-eyed maid
His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they throw;
And to the gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in sacrifice: the rest
Was broil’d and roasted for the future feast.
The chief invited guests were set around:
And, hunger first assuag’d, the bowls were
So crown’d,
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours
drown’d.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike symphony.
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing that prolong’d the summer’s night.
The subject, deeds of arms; and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev’d,
They talk’d by turns; the talk by turns rol-
Ier’d.
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform’d of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From steel, and which could ’en that steel re-
Amaz’d, their admiration they renew;
[bate:
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Nestor thus: What once this age has
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone, [known,
These eyes have seen in Ceneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Ceneus, in courage, and in strength; excell’d,
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill’d:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang’d his sex) a woman born.
A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask’d him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit,
Of father, first for prudence in repute,
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Ceneus
known;
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, joint’d in wars with thee, he
won?
Who conquer’d him, and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?
Nolestes then; Though tardy age, and time,
Havo shrunk his sinews, and decay’d thy prime,
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achieve’d, or peace design’d,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.
’T was in my second century I survey’d
Young Caius, then a fair Thessalian maid;
Caius the bright was born to high command;
A prince, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim’d
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam’d.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her love,
Among the rest: but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise tied;
But she to him, and Jove, alike her love denied
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

It was her fortune once, to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The Power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd;
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame repor'ts. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cried;
Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be denied.
This also fame relates: the haughty pair,
Who not the rape o'en of a god could bear.
This answer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompense, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman for a better name;
One gift for all: she said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was: and as the godhead wore,
To Ceneus turn'd, who Ceneus was before.
To this the lover adds, without request;
Resistance of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes.
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.

Now brave Pithous, bold Ilion's son,
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast:
In a cool cave a recess the trait was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade.

[Came, they sat: and summon'd by the bridegroom,
To mix with those, the Lapithian name;
Nor wanted 1: the roofs with joy resound:
And Hymen, 10 Hymen, rung around,
Rain'd altars shone with holy fires: the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side)
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,) Came glittering like a star, and took her place:
Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.

For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wise or beauty for'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
The bride; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and fastening on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair.
'Twas Eurystus began: his bestial kind [mind,
His erime pursu'd; and each as pleas'd his
Or her, whom chance presented, took:
The feast

An image of a taken town express'd.

The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise:
And Theseus first: What frenzy has possess'd,
O Eurystus, he cried, thy brutal breast,

To wrong Pithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of centaurs, and redeems the bride.
The monster nought replies: for words were vain;

And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his hand; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mould,
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air
Full at the front of the foul ravisher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood [blood.
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled
Half roasting, and half neighing through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
Once instruments of feast, but now of hate.
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Anycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The charices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconce, that hung on high,
With tape's fill'd to light the sacrists,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand,
He threw amid the Lapithian band.
On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,

Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eyeballs rooted out are thrown to ground:
His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound.

This, Belates, the avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple board he took,
And hurl'd at Anycus; his chin is bent
Against his chest, and down the centaur sent;
Whom spattering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword despatch'd to shades below,
Grieuseus was near; and cast a furious look
On the side altar,庆典'd with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires: The gods, he cried,
Have with their holy trade our hands supplied:
Why use we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar stone he heard; with all the load it
Altar and altar's freight together flew [bore
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithian crew;
And, at once, Brotaas and Oryus slew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring moon.
Eradius cried, Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
The votive horns of a stag's branching head:
THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID.

At Grissus these he throws; so just they fly,
That the sharp squirers stuck in either eye;
Breatheless and blind he fell; with blood be-
smear'd, [beard.
His eyeballs beaten out hung dangling on his
Fierce Rhæthus, from the hearth a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the
right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone
it shone:
And caught the yellow hair, that striuell'd while
Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like green wood;
Yet from the wound easu'd no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of fiery blood.
His blazing looks sent forth a crackling sound,
And his'd like red-hot iron within the smity
drown'd.
The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not
throw;
The weight itself forbid the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometon' head, and crush'd his crown.
Nor Rhæthus then rotain'd his joy, but said,
So by their fellows may our foes be sped,
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains,
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.
Thus flux'th, the conqueror, with force re-
new'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd:
First Corythus, with downy checks, he slew:
Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cried, What palm is from a beardless prey?
Rhæthus prevents what more he had to say;
And drov'n within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and choke'd his breath.
At Dryas next he fell; but weary chance
No longer would the same success advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a sharp'en'd stake strong Dryas
found:
And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon struck: which roaring out with
pain
He drew; nor longer durst the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled away.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread pos-
sess'd;
Thamnas and Medon, wounded in the breast,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Phusus and Melanes from flight withdraw,
And Albas main'd, who bears encountering
slew;
And sung Arysto, whose art in vain
From sight dissuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Theseus on the plain,
But to his fellow cried, So safely slow,
Thy death deserv'd is due to great Alcides now.
Meantime strong Dryas urg'd his chance as
well,
That Lycidas, Ares, Iambrous fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Cremastus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore,
Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.
Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidias lay.
E'en then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
Take thy neat draught with Stygian waters
mix'd,
And sleep thy fill, the insulting victor cried;
Surpris'd with death unselt, the Centaur died:
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bow'
I saw Ptereus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous
bands,
The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
Pithious' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the
wood.
Lycaus and Cromys fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the rest.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

The same Hercelean arms Nedymus wound;
And lay by him Lycoetas on the ground;
And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades;
And Riphæus, master of the woodland shades;
And Teramus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive;
And from their dews to draw the indignant beasts alive.

Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of the Athenian knight: But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast; the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus. Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warr'd, the blow
To shun: (for so he said: and we believ'd it so,) Yet not in vain the enormous weight was cast
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist. Thy father's aquire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom, rosesqu'd in this Dolopian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace impror'd, to Pelleus sent. Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cried, Not long, I'ld Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy v'rd revenge. At once he said, and threw
His ashen spear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his soul applied; The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd
And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind
Stuck in his lungs it stood: onraged he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bea;
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance portends
E'en while he lay extended on the dust,
He spied the Centaur with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transit'd from far;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas; who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head. With these he push'd; in blood already dy'd:
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defied:
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear. At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fa'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Pelleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd; he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground;
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he tread he crush'd;
And to his mother earth, with empty belly, rush'd.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate; (if form to monsters mean allow;) Just bloom'd thy bear'd, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy shape's in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art.
As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a coarser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd his foot.
Coal black his colour, but like jet it shone
His legs and flowing tail were white alone
Below'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonomus possess'd his mind;
Hylonomus, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race;
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confounding love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls her auburn hair
Of roses, violets, and lilie mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemarybetwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegasean fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The scarf of thirs, that hung below her side,
Was emrine, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They lov'd: their sylvan pleasures were the same:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, side by side, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wandering spirit to recall
And while her hand the streaming blood oppo'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies:
She fills the field with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd.
For my stunn'd ear receiv'd no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
New drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart
To her bare bosom the sharp point applil'd,
And wounded fell; and falling by his side,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing died.
THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID.

E'en still, methinks, I see Phoeoeus;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress,
Six lions' hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continued vest,
Spread on his back, the houses and trappings of
a beast.
A stump too heavy for a team to draw,
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw;)
He threw at Pholos; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and clears his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a colander
The curdled milk: or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drained away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pier'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.

Then Chthonius and Teleboas I saw:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw;
The javelin wounded me; (behold the scar.)
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at least a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Phiriaphantes how Pyresus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight; nor will I stay
On Amphit, or what deaths he doth that day:
What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macceus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.

How prophet Mosseus not alone diri'd,
Whose valour equal'd his foreseeing mind:
Already Ceneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band:
Pyrrhaus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stithelus;
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Late as the sun of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt the embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.

And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
For Ceneus still, not Ceneus is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert; what price was paid

To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid:
And but a man in show; go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men.
While thus the boaster exercise'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Ceneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the neither breast and upper man.
The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It struck; but bounded from his harden'd breast;
Like hail from tiles, which the sage house invest:
Nor seem'd he stroke with more effect to come,
Then a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his falchion tried, in closer fight;
But the keen falchion had no power to bite.
He thrust; the blunt knot return'd again
Since downright blows, he cried, and threats are vain.
I'll prove his side; in strong embraces held,
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke.

The impasive knight stood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd off his naked side;
At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he cried,
Try thou the strength of Ceneus: at the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, the unhop'd success;
And, rushing on, in crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repute'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? the united force
Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse?
Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed
We seem, (a lover built for Juno's bed;) Master'd by this half-man. Whole mountains

With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choke the soul within, though not to force it out.

Heap weights, instead of wounds: he chance'd
Where southern storms had rooted up a tree.
This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;
The example shown, his fellow-brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Oh'res and Pelion soon were void of shade
And spreading groves were naked mountains made.
Press'd with the burden, Cænus pants for
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To have the intolerable weight he tris;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes;
Yet still he hears: and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then respires again:
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs the Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd:
Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too, with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinious rattling sound,
All hail, he cried, thy country's grace and love!
Once first of men below, now first of birds above,
Its author to the story gave belief:
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief;
Ashamed to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude;
We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shamefull fight;
Part fell; and part Escap'd by favour of the night.
This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more then shared the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise? The Pelican prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er than to relate
The cause I have my mighty sire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny)
We praise not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.
He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elias, and Pylus; that, a neighbor ring state,
And this, my own; both guiltless of their fate.
To pass the rest, twice twelve, waiting one, he saw,
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they persist'd: I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclemenos is wondrous to relate.
To him our common grandsire of the main
Had given to change his form, and chang'd,
resume again.
Varied at pleasure, every shape he tried;
And in all beasts Alcides still defined:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird that bears the bolt of Jove.
The new dissembl'd eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd;
And cuff'd his many cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tower'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe:
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point: and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His voice no longer could his flight sustaine:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupply'd
Hung dropping down; nor poise'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft that slightely was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, saliant; he spurns the ground,
[wound]
And the soul issues through the weason's
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian sea,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.
Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bows each other they provok'd;
At length with weariness and wine oppress'd
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.
The sire of Gygus, monarch of the main,
Meantime, lament's his son in battle slain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before)
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespake the god, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove,
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise
The wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd
And the defenders of our city slain?[rain
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpittied, dragg'd around his native Troy
And yet the murderer lives; himself by far
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war;
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost.
THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

O, could I meet him! But I wish too late,
To prove my trident is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phoebus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the resevant knight he thus address'd:
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim: and, with one arrow, end the war.
He said; and show'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he won'd a god, and mov'd the standing field.
The deity himself directs nought
Theavenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight,
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name,
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame:
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double axe of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile the unconquer'd chief plac'd
The god, that arm'd him first, consu'md at last.
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.
His buckler owns his former lord; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings:
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
E'en Diomede sat mute, with downcast eyes;
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus press'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transfer'd the cause.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES:

From the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstarted fierce: and kindled with disdain
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roil'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys half aground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cried,
Must then our cause before the fleet be tried?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled, that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 't is safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my dooms, for those you see
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And touch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demand'd, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it loss.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, those Trojan walls destroy'd:
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece.
Great Telamon from Æsculapius derives
His birth (the inquisitor of guilty lives):
In shades below; where Styphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heay
Just Æsculapius the king of gods above [stone,
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Styphian seed
By fraud and theft sets his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shun'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd;
Ford to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear;
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(ILL for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shun'd all honours, gain the best;
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame.
The less his counsel'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philectotes had been left uncoz'd
In a bare isle, to want and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans
His suff'rings and our baseness he beweals;
And wishes (so may hea'n his wish fulfill)
The due reward to him who cana'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are born
Achilles' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pitch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company:
Poor Palamedes might wish, so void of aid
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who shun'd him out of madness into fight:
Nor dreading otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state:
And then, for proof, produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before;
Thus of two champions he depair'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound:
E'en faithful Neisior less in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reigns,
He left his faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend e'en at his utmost need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed
Cried out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor shame:
Thus fied the good old man, berof't of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssian lie,
I touch e'en Diomede, who, though his friend
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And sure enough he heard, but durst no hear.
The gods with equal eyes on mortals look:
He justly was forsaken, who forsook;
Wanted that succour he refused to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His eloquence was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judge'd himself by his own laws
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe:
(E'en the shield trembled as he lay below)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life;
Let him return to that approbrious field:
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confess his fear,
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loose'd, and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprang from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the gods along
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong;
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
Th' approach, and e'en the sound of Hector bred:
Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest crown'd,
I met, and overmatch'd him to the ground.
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me; the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone;
Your vows were heard, we fought, and neither yield'd;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
And menace'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword;
Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save.
THE SPEECH OF ULYSSES.

The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them,
Or, I with them an equal honour share;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his fight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
A priest made prince, Pallas made a pray:
But none of all these actions done by day:
Nor sullied of these was done, and Diomed
away.

If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend: and if not all,
The greater part to Diomedes will fall.
But why for Iphicles such arms as these,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that plumper shield advance;
Fo'ndrous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold embosom'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow
It would not frighten, but allure the foes:
Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is place'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste
Add, that his own is yet a maiden shield,
Nor the least dint has suffered in the field,
Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and
bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.

Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.
He said: a murmurs from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
'Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down a while, and pause'd ere he begun;
Then to the expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heaven, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possesse'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd,
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew;
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies.
Since, great, or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd;
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself; and seem'd a fault,
Make not a crime, where nature made it none
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imitation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descend'd in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes enmowes too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods allied;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free,
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by thom his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried.
For, if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Secyrus, or to Philus, send the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right: yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contemns with me.
Then, since the cause on pure desert is

plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few in order as they fell.
The Poems of Dryden.

Thetis, who knew the fates, applied her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threat'ning influence were past,
A woman's habitation the hero cast:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd rest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Felides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her means of voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice:
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shoke:
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O goddess born! resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mines then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thibans own
Lesbes and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylia: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyncestis and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Felides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge the offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blast, that reign'd;
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad sigils were seen, and omens severe:
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assay'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime
As angry with the gods, as they with him.
No subject could sustain their sov'reign's look,
Till this hard enterprise I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial pow'r control,
And under'mind the parent in his soul
Ford him to exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sharm'd him to consent;
'T was harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task I was design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvent whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, ourstack'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.
THE SPEECH OF ULYSSES.

Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites ta'ed the king, and lustily rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
Then rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame,
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.

Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with these?
But Diomedes desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes:
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host;
Unfor'd by lot I went without alli't.
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I despatch'd, but not till, underm'n'd,
I drew him first to tell that treacherous 'Troy
'sign'd:
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater praise aspire'd;
Invaded Rhemens, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steed
Were promised to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all my days outbalance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I stove' the field:

You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranoe the strong,
Acolander, Prytanis, and Helias,
Xenon, Charopes, and Eanemos
Choon, Chersidaman; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage tried:
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground:
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.
At this he bear'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a suffer'd field, well plough'd with war;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he;
The giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avail me not: our beaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due:)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus, in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought
Preserv'd the fleet, repel'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He but the ninth, and, not by public voice
Or ours prefer'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought, nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor could my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
These arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The ponderous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is end'd with a more grateful mind.
Did Thestis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare;
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift should wear?
For that dull soul to stars, with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watry field?
The Pleiades, Hydra; less and greater Bear,
Unsipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two d'viling cities, gav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?
Beside, what wise objections he prepares
Against my late accession to the wars?
Dose not the foot perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For, if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him
And if he taxes both of long delay
My guilt is less, who sooner came away
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Details her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

But grant me guilty, 't is not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share;
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this foot he never had been taught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul suspicions, when he spares not you;
If Palamed unjustly fell by me,
Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree:
I but accuse'd, you scorn'd: and yet he died,
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly tried:
You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.
That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forsook, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:
'T is true, the advice was mine: that staying there
He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.

He took the counsel, and he lives at least;
The event declares I counsel'd for the best:
Though faith is all in ministers of state:
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the monarch and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; I da stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war:
Heaven's dark decrees and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay:
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine: for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, by what design'd?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night:
Not only through a hostile town: a pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place,
With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his sevenfold shield.
That: night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.
Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydeus had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil, and praises; but when thy ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and then of many went but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone;
Who, had he not been well assured, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend.
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at least Euryalus may claim
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menealaus bold with sword and spear;
All these had been my rivals in the shield;
And yet all these to my pretentious yield.
Thy boast'st'rous bands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war:
Thy province is to fight: but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the captain merit praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.
What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and the immortal part.

But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbar'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken gods, which now are ours:
Or if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains,
ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

When Polyphemus first disturb’d our joy,
And lov’d me fiercely, as I lov’d the boy,
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Innume thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defied th’ ethereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are;
Th’ inhuman host, who made his bloody feast
On mangled members of his butcher’d guests,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assum’d the softness of a lover’s air;
And comb’d, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he slopes, And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks
Now in the crystal streams he looks to try
His simargres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
And ships securely sail along the coast.

The prophet Telemus (arriv’d by chance
Where Ætna’s summits to the seas advance,
Who mark’d the tracks of ev’ry bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses’ hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin replied,
Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied
Already Love his flaming brand has lost;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus, war’d in vain, with staking pace he strode,
And stamp’d the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas;
On either side, below, the water flows;
This airy walk the giant lover chose;
Here on the midst he sat; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow’d, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir’d it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide:
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion’d to his mouth;
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat’ry plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis’ bosom I my head reclin’d:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are;
More flow'ry than the meads, as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height;
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin,
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing, as winter snows, or summer shade;
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but ah! more swift than yet.
Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak;
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them fallacious: like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline;
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immovable, and fix'd in thy disdain;
Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent than is the rising flood;
And the pride'd peacock is not half so proud:
Pierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother bear;
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden snake:
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind,
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run;
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a spacious pleasuring shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold;
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reservoir'd for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal cones latter fruit provide
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone
As in Phisician orchards might have grown:
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear
And yours shall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.

Ask not the numbers of my growing store,
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling doves; the sweepest weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambskins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store.
The fields and forests will afford us more.
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar;
All sorts of venison; and of birds the beat.
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubes I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or so largely spread:
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think because my limbs and body bear
A thickset underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd; what foiler sight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Poul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is Nature's eye; and she's in content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the wat'ry family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes;
Prown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Dissain'd, if others were dissain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heav'n's I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more, 
Please you, though that 's the thing I most abhor; 
The boy shall find, if o'er we cope in fight, 
These giant limbs endu'd with giant might. 
His living bowels from his belly torn, 
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne: 
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph: and fate shall find 
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd. 
For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain 
Augments at once my passion and my pain. 
Translated Elena flames within my heart, 
And thou,właumana, wilt not ease my smart. 
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode 
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood; 
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk; 
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk. 
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield 
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field. 
Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance 
His looks directing, with a sudden glance, 
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd; 
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd. 
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast; 
I see, I see, but this shall be your last. 
A roar so loud made Elena to rebound; 
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound. 
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled, 
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head. 
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cried, 
Help, Galatea! help, my parent gods, 
And take me dying to your deep abodes! 
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before 
A rib, which from the living rock he tore: 
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone, 
The mighty fragment was enough alone 
To crush all Acis; it was too late to save, 
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave: 
That Acis to his lineage should return; 
And roll, among the river gudes his urn. 
Straight issu'd from the stone a stream of blood; 
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood. 
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd: 
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd. 
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink 
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink. 
The rock, from out its doleful womb, disclos'd 
A sound like water in its course oppos'd: 
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood 
Up starts a youth, and navel high he stood. 
Horns from his temples rise: and either horn 
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn. 
Were not his stature taller than before, 
His bulks augment'd, and his beauty more, 
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass; 
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was. 
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains 
With rapid motion, and his name retains. 

OF THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY

From the Fifteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

The fourteenth Book concludes with the death and 
Sedition of Nummus; the fifteenth begins with 
the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On 
this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some 
authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras, 
and to have begun his acquaintance with that 
philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from 
there he makes a digression to the moral and 
natural philosophy of Pythagoras; on both which 
our author enlarges: and which are the most 
learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A king is sought to guide the growing state, 
One able to support the public weight, 
And fill the throne where Remus had sate. 
Renown, which of bespeaks the public voice, 
Had recommended Numa to their choice: 
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content 
To know the Sabine rites, his study sent 
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws 
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause. 
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsak'd, 
And to Crotona thence his journey took. 
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name 
Of this new colony; and whence he came. 
Then thus a senior of the place replies, 
(Well read, and curious of antiquities.) 
'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way 
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey: 
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows, 
He sought himself some hospitable house. 
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest; 
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest. 
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place 
And here, he said, is Time's revolving race, 
A rising king shall take its name from thee. 
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy: 
For Myceles, the justest man on earth, 
Amenon's son, at Argos had his birth: 
Him Hercules, armed with his club of oak, 
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespake: 
Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode 
Where Eneas rolls down his rapid flood. 

* It is a singular circumstance, that neither Lucretius nor Pope finished their philosophical poems. Ovid has not set forth the Pythagorean philosophy so well as Lucretius the Epicurean.

Dr. J. W.
He said, and sleep forsook him, and the god,
Trembling he walk'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbade him to depart:
What should he do? 'T was death to go away,
And the god menace'd if he dar'd to stay:
All day he doubted, and, when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream begun:
Once more the god stood threat'ning o'er his head;
With added curses if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he studied flight; but would not servay.
At once, his person and his wealth away.
Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
A gainst himself the wrench was evidenc' :
Condemn'd, and desirate of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he proy'd:
O power, who hast observ'd in heaven a throne,
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.
A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolute, but fate is in the last.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
 cease.
The stones came candid forth, the bane of innoce,
Preserv'd from death by Alcmenos's son:
Then to his kinsman god his rows he pays,
And cuts with propitious gales that Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temissae, behind;
Soft Siberies, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Ebusus, and promis'd ground:
Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the god's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town:
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
Above;
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss
And penetrate, with his interior light, [night:
Those upper depths, which Nature hid from
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from
Lord in familiar language to dispense. [thence,
The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their god's command;
[laws,
While he discourse'd of heaven's mysterious
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose; [begun
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove
Or clouds, with nitre prostrate, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drov'e,
And argued well, if arguments could move,
[mortals! from your fellows' blood abstain,
Nor stain your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And trembling vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruel kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury,
A guileless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is profligial to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their skin brethren,
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill: [fill,
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the noble steed,
On browse, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endu'd with principles of blood,
He wisely mun'der'd from the rest, to yield
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell, [might,
Whose stronger beasts oppress the weak by And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
Opious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels close:
Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'T is then for naught that mother earth provides
The stores of— all she shows, and all she hides,
If men with fleshly morels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread.
What else is this but to devours our guests
And barbarously renew Cyclopian feasts!
We, by destroying life, cur life sustain,
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.
THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor dwest with bloody meals their mouths pol
Then birds in airy space might safely move.
And timorous hare on heaths securely rove;
Narthread fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curd be he)
That envied first our food's simplicity;
Th' exst of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
And he the sharpened steel alone employ'd
In beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justified by Nature's laws,
And self-defence; but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power,
But not th' extended license, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sorr, with her bread smut for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she died,
The goat came next in order, to be tri'd:
The goat had crop't the tendrils of the vine;
In vengeance laity and clergy join:
Where one has lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at last, some shadow of offence:
The sheep was sacrifi'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and wooley fleece, that cloth'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed,
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plentiful crop
When thou destroy'st thy laboring steer, who till'd;
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
(That neck with which the surly clods he broke),
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
Nor this alone! but, heaven itself to bbte,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creatures' toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil;
'The fairest victim must the powers appease:
(So fatal 't is sometimes too much to please'
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his doom he hears
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and product of his labours past.
And in the water views, perhaps, the kind
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then, broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests to inspect the gods' decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And when you eat the well deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
Now since the god inspires me to proceed,
Be that, what'ser inspiring power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Plead'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and then survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And, wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate;
Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consumed by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
E'en I, who these mysterious truths declare.
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well.
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's flame I late beheld
My buckler hang on high, and own'd my former shield.
Then death, so call'd is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a varied vest.
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' embodi d spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispomest,
And lodges, where it lightens, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is told.
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same:
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal soul dies out in empty space;
To seek her fortune in some other place.
Then let not pietie be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite
But suffer innate souls secure to dwell,
Least from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.
And since, like Typhon, parting from the shore,
In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No steadfast station, but, or ebbes, or flows:
Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mould.
'En times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.
Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night;
'En heaven itself receives another die,
When wearied animals in slumbers lie.
In midnight ease; another, when the gray
Of morin preludes the splendour of the day.
The disk of Phoebus, when he climbs on high
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he shines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of ether flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waning, or her waning horns.

* In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before
Pythagoras, it is said, wrote a poem on the universe,
In hexameter verses mentioned by Dio. Laertius
Dr. J. W.

For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
But gathering into globe, she fattens at increase.
Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the chidish year with flowerets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsoild are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most reptile
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious gray.

Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Stour is his front, and furrrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair, [bar.
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than
'En our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were sow'd, and just
began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd,
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but, downward press'd,
On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now become.
He rides a stick, and travels round the room;
In time he ramps among his youthful peers,
Strong-bosomed, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his age.
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Heavy the third and stiff, he sinks apace,
And, though 't is down-hill all, but creeps along
the race.

Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet, and hands,
And, Mino-like, his slack'ned sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Her-
cules,

Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.

So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face;
Wood'ring what charms her ravishers could spy,
'To force her twice, or 'en but once enjoy:

The teeth, devouring time, thin, envious age,
On things below still exercise your rage:

With venom grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.

Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are tied;
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prosperous to hold,

Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:

Fire, first, with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;

Then Air, because unlogg'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:

But weighty Water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of Earth, and mother Earth
subsidizes.

All things are mixt with these, which all contain,

And into these are all resolve'd again:
Earth raresties to dew; expanded more
The subtle dew in air begins to soar;

Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;

Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;

And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.

Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly;
And what we call to die, is not to appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.

Those very elements, which we partake
de live, when dead, some other bodies make;
Tranmulated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deadless substance has no force.

That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing

Continue in the figure it began;

The golden age to silver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at last.

The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea;

Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;

And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:

And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn

By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And, crumbling still, descends to level lands;

And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands:

And the parch'd desert floats in streams un-

known;

Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.

Here nature living fountains ope; and there,
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
[bring

Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and

Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.

So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door,
Thus Erasimus dives; and blind in earth

Runs on, and groops his way to second birth.

Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and flattens all the flocks.

So Myssus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head:
Forget's his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Cacus takes.

Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands;

And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.

Amigros once did wholesome draughts afford
But now his deadly waters are abhor'd:

Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
The Centaur in his current wash'd his wounds.
The streams of Hynais are sweet no more,
But, brackish, lose their taste they had before.

Antissa, Pharo, Tyre in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent;

While the Leucadian coast, main land before,
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.

So Zancle to th' Italian earth was tied, [ride;
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.

Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and
drown'd;

And boatmen through the crystal water show
To wond'ring passengers the walls below.
Near Themist stands a hill, exposed'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and close conflux'd,
In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind:
Yet still they hear'd for vent, and heaving still
Enlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
A breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown to enclose the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
Endued at seasons, and at seasons lost?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pile'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;
What'er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Graths, and Sibaris her sister flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour
wood,
With gold and amber dye the shining hair,
And thither youth resort; (for who would not be
fair?)
But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
Clytorean streams the love of wine exculp,
(Such is the virtue of Æstimemus well.)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balst the drunken god;
Or that Melampus, (so have some assured)
When the mad Promisides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charm and simples cast
[fast.
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues
Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce; [use,
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Phoebus, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name.)
By day is wholesome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the standing lake
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When Jason Orygia floated on the sea:
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Beta's frantic straits, and their collision fear'd;
They swarm where now they sit; and, firmly
join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphurous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire,
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store.)
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast
no more.
For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbues, her lungs with coldness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulsion fits she shakes,
That motion shakes the vent, till other vent
she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are close'd,
And subtle spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flakes in air; the flakes that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till, the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relax,
Or whether sulphur catching fire, feeds on
Its uncouth parts, till, all the matter gone,
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
Famish'd for want of fuel, must expire.
A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
"Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smeared over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.
But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from the putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
[spring.
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another
The warlike steed is multiplied, we find,
To vsaps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,
And shoot his sting, his tail, in circles toss'd,
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy
loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become,
E'en slime bogey's the frogs' imurious once;
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take
Raid'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
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And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that extent, a length of legs behind.

The cube of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp’d, and no determin’d figure wear.
Their mother fick ’em into shape, and gives
As much of form, as she herself receives.

The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinished, like the maggot’s brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown’d head, and of her starry train;
And that bears th’ artillery of Jove,
The strong-pow’d eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather’d kind, who could suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from th’ included yolk, not ambient white
arose,

There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and lie within the hollow tomb.
All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phoenix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn’d, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbe his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill’d)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill, and crooked claws,
Nature’s artificers; on this the pile
Is form’d, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cynamon, and steines of Nard,
(For softness strew’d beneath,) his funeral bed
is rear’d:

Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corrupless myrth are crown’d:
On this incumbent; till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv’d on colours, and in odours dies.

An infant phoenix from the former springs,
His father’s heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust; his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms
renews:

When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the trees that bore
His father’s royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle; this with pious care
Plac’d on his back, he cuts the luxum air
Seeks the sun’s city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th’ hyena shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin chamaleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer’d, on the conquering god
For planted vines the sharp-eyed lynx bestow’d,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to genes their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean’s bed,
Comes hardened up in air, and glows with red.
All changing species should my song recite;
Before I cease’d, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore the expense of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or only fill’d with tombs of her own perish’d
race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish’d out of substance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
On Tiber’s banks, in time shall mate the skies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
E’en now she meditates imperial away:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain’d in Rome.

For thus old saws foretell, and Helenus
Anchises’ drooping son envin’d thus,
When Lilius now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor’d.

In happier fields a rising town I see, [be:
Greater than what o’er was, or is, or o’er shall.
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv’d
from thee.

Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from tulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer’d
earth:
[reign,
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to
And late require the precey pledge again.
This Heavens to great Aesop told,
Which I retain, o'er since in other mould
My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,

Rains'd by the fall; decrease by loss to gain;
Enslave'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courseurs to con-
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal: [tral,
And therefore I conclude; whatever lies
In earth, or flies in air, or rolls the skies,
All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.

Then when our aires, or grandaieres, shall for-
sake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hour'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beasts,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
O spare to make a Thysiestan meal,
To enclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Defy to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life;
Defy to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.

Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their breath,
To nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides defend;
But neither springs, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain,
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag af-

fright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight;
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacriligious taste of blood.

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Nummus to the Sabines brought,
And thence transfer'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne,
O happy monarch, sent by heav'n to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

The life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Caesar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason, than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome; yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a con-
tale Epigram, which is ascribed to him, relating
to the cause of the first civil war betwixt him-
self and Mark Antony the triumvir, which is
more fulsome than any passage I have met with
in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity
of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in
that author's life, I need only mention one no-
torious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when
she was not only married, but with child by her
husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may
be justified by arbitrary power, when words are
questioned in a Poet. There is another guess
of the grammarians, as far from truth as the
first from reason; they will have him banished for
some favours, which, they say, he received from
Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they
think he celebrates under the name of Corinna
in his Elegies: but he, who will observe the
verses, which are made to that mistress, may
gather from the whole contexture of them, that
Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality.
If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why
should our Poet make his petition to Lice, for her
safe delivery, and afterwards condole her mis-
carriage; which, for aught he know, might be by
her own husband? Or, indeed: how durst he be
so bold to make the least discovery of such a
crime, which was no less than capital, espe-
cially committed against a person of Agrippa's
rank. Or, if it were before her marriage, he
would sure have been more discreet, than to
have published an accident which must have
been fatal to them both. But what most con-
firms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself
complains, that the true person of Corinna was
found out by the fame of his verses to her; which
if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned;
and, besides, an immediate punishment must
have followed. He seems himself more truly
to have touched at the cause of his exile in
those obscure verses;

Cur aliquid vidit, cur noxia lumina flectit? &c.

Namely, that he had either seem, or was con-
scious to somewhat which had procured him
his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied,
that this was the incest of the emperor with his
own daughter; for Augustus was of a nature too
vindicative, to have contented himself with so
small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that
of simple banishment; but would certainly have
secured his crimes from public notice, by the
death of him who was witness to them. Nei-
ther have historians given us any sight into such
an action of this emperor: nor would he (the
greatest politician of his time) in all probability,
have managed his crimes with so little secrecy,
as not to shun the observation of any man. It
seems more probable, that Ovid was either the
confidant of some other passion, or that he had
stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privi-
cies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the
words

Sine vesta Dianae

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of
chastity, than with either of the Julias, who
were both noted for incontinency. The first
verses, which were made by him in his youth,
and recited publicly, according to the custom,
were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his
banishment happened not till the age of fifty:
from which it may be deduced, with proba-
bility enough, that the love of Corinna did not
occasion it; nay, he tells us plainly, that his
offence was that of error only, not of wickedness;
and in the same paper of verses also, that the
cause was notoriously known at Rome, though
it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so un-
certain, and to write something more authentic
of this Poet: that he frequented the court of
Augustus, and was well received in it, is most un-
doubted: all his poems bear the character of
a court, and appear to be written, as the French
call it, consilierement: add to this, that the
titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his
letters in his banishment, are addressed to per-
sons well known to us, even at this distance, to
have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the fa-
mous Poets of his age, than with the noblemen
and ladies. He tells you himself, in a partic-
ular account of his own life, that Macer,
Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others
of them, were his familiar friends, and that
some of them communicated their writings to
him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a
Poet, I know no author, who can justly be
compared with ours, especially in the descrip-
tion of the passions. And, to prove this, I
shall need no other judges than the generality
of his readers; for all passions being inborn
with us, we are almost equally judges, when we
are concerned in the representation of them.
Now I will appeal to any man, who has read
this Poet, whether he finds not the natural
emotion of the same passion in himself, which
the poet describes in his feigned persons? His
thoughts, which are the pictures and results of
those passions, are generally such as natu-
raUy arise from those disorderly motions of our
spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his
behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of
his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain, that his Metamorphoses was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;

Nescivit quo bone cessit relinquere;
he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same sense a hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough incalculated before, he sometimes decoys his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not sever him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the alay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the stiffness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius; his contemporaries, it will be found, that those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will appear, that Ovid can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Parpaereus, late qui splendest, unus et alter
Assueta pannus,
as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race: some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epistole Heronum, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas stat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leonster, and Acontius, joined except Sabinus, who write some answers to Ovid's Letters;

Quam color et tuto reddit meus orbem Sabinus)
I, remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Aruthusa to Lycoetas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to deprive our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly: two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Cenone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, though, perhaps, he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being write
From ladies, who were forsaken by their lovers; which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters; but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Wotton's translation of Virgil's Fourth Eneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run divisions on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabas reddere situs
transvers.

Nec word for word too faithfully translate,
as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith, like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. 'Tis in the speech of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the Pastor Fido:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame.
True to his sense, but true to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally and well, at the same time; for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English.

Aique idem venti vea sitaereque ferunt.

What Poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is encumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: may Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

{
Brevia esse laboro obscurus fo
either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the first three lines of Homer's Odyssey, which he has contracted into two.

{Dicit mihi, musa, virum cigaret temporum Troiae
Quit mores hominum multorum vexit et urbes.

Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw.

{Roscomman.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

{["O"sa bebe eall awlyxoy]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different. Though the practice of one is much more moderate, I take
imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an
endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who
has written before him, on the same subject:
that is, not to translate his words or to be con-
fined to his sense, but only to set him as a
pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author
would have done, had he lived in our age, and
in our country. Yet I dare not say that either
of them have carried this liberty so far as my
definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes,
the customs and ceremonies of ancient
Greece are still preserved. But I know not
what mischief may arise hereafter from the ex-
ample of such an innovation, when writers of
unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an
undertaking. To add and to diminish what we
please, which is the way avowed by him, ought
only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too
only in his translation of Pindar: because he
alone was able to make him amends, by giving
him better of his own, whenever he refused his
author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known
to be a dark-writer, to want connexion, (I mean
as to understanding) to soar out of sight, and
leave his reader at a maze. So wild and un-
governable a Poet cannot be translated liter-
ally: his genius is too strong to bear a chain,
and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so
elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was
but necessary to make Pindar speak English,
and that was to be performed by no other way
than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any
regular intelligible authors be thus used, it is no
longer to be called their work, when neither
the thoughts nor words are drawn from the ori-

ginal: but instead of them there is something
new produced, which is almost the creation of
another hand. By this way, it is true, some-
what that is excellent may be invented, per-
haps more excellent than the first design; though
Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps
takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to know
an author's thoughts will be disappointed in his
expectation. And it is not always that a man will
be contented to have a present made him, when he
expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly:
imitation of an author is the most advantageous
way for a translator to show himself, but the
greatest wrong which can be done to the memory
and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham
(who advised more liberty than he took him-
self) gives his reason for his innovation, in his
admirable preface before the translation of the
second Æneid. "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit,
that, in pouring out of one language into another,
it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not
added in the translation, there will remain no-
thing but a Cupid Mortens." I confess, this
argument holds good against a literal translation,
but who defends it? Imitation and verbal ver-
sion are, in my opinion, the two extremes, which
ought to be avoided; and therefore, when I
have proposed the mean between them, it will
be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating Poetry, who,
besides a genius to that art, is not a master both
of his author's language, and of his own: nor
must we understand the language only of the
Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and
expression, which are the characters that dis-
tinguish, and as it were individuate him from
all other writers. When we are come thus
far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conforn
our genius to his, to give his thought either the
same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not,
to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the
substance. The like care must be taken of the
more outward ornaments, the words. When
they appear (which is but seldom) literally
graceful, it were an injury to the author that
they should be changed: but since every lan-
guage is so full of its own proprieties, that what
is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay some-
times nonsensical, in another, it would be unrea-
sionable to limit a translator to the narrow compass
of his author's words. It is enough if he
choose out some expression which does not viti-
ate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain
to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts,
metheks, he breaks it. By this means the
spirit of an author may be transfigured, and yet
not lost; and thus it is plain, that the reas-
on allowed by Sir John Denham has no further
force than to expression: for thought, if it be
translated truly, cannot be lost in another lan-
guage; but the words that convey it to our ap-
prehension (which are the image and ornament of
that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it
appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of
its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty
to be allowed for the expression; neither is it
necessary that words and lines should be con-
fined to the measure of their original. The
sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be
sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be
luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I
retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be
replied, that he receives advantage by this
lopping of his superfluous branches; but I
rejoin, that a translator has no such right.
When a painter copies from the life, I sup-
pose he has no privilege to alter features,
and lineaments, under pretence that his pic-
ture will look better: perhaps the face, which
he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eye-
or soze were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

—Ex quae
Desperas tractata rubescere posse, reliquias.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few, who have all the talents, which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerate a part of learning:

—

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Zelus, god of the winds, loved each other incestuously; Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Zelus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains: and whilst, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself; but before she died, she wrote the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.

Thine in this posture thou behold'st me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see, and urge, the death which he commands
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.

Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfined.
Ah! what avail my kindred gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
When to my breast I lift the pointed sword?
That hour, which joint'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd i thee with more than sister's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still are i spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse, by long experience, found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
'Tis love, said she; and then my downcast eyes,
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
"When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full consent,
Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
And guilt, that made them anxious, made them great."

But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs oppress.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What med'cines tried we not, to thee unknown?
Our first crime common; this was mine alone.
But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fair'd empress of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 't was my labour, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increased;
Which with her hand the conscious nurse suppress'd.

To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pains urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid;
And s'en my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou canst, and in thy countenance slate despair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,
(Prest in thy arms, and whispering me to live:)
For both our sakes, (as Ist thou,) preserve thy life:
Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove:
[we love.
Such pow'r have words, when spoke by those
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one storm!
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hail, rock'd in a chair of state,
The king with his tempestuous council sate.
Through this large room our only passage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
With olive branches cover'd round about,
And, muttering pray'rs, as holy rites she meant.
Through the divided crowd inquisition'd went.
Just at the door, 'twas unhappy infant cried:
The grandare heard him, and the theft he spied.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
And deists his stormy subjects with his cries.
With one fierce peff he blows the leaves away;
Expos'd, the self-discover'd infant lay.
The noise reach'd me, and my pressing mind
Too soon its own approaching woe divin'd.
Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divin'd my stain;
Scarcely from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only answer'd him with silent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fear.

His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey.
The babe cried out, as if he understood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expressions can my grief be shown?
(You may you guess my anguish by your own,
To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breasts I beat; my blubber'd cheeks I wound.

And now appear'd the messenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,
To say, "Your father sends you"—(with that
His trembling hands presented me a sword:)
"Your father sends you this; and lets you know,
That your own crimes the use of it will show.
Too well I know the sense those words impart:
His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.
Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?
Thou god of marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
And take thy torch from this detested place:
Instead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pre-
How could thy infant innocence offend? [tend? A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.
Thy mothers' grief and tears! but just enjoy'd,
Shown to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not save,
Now weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair
Nor show the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost;
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;
And faithfully my last desires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer, wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herself to be sensible of the passion which he had express'd for her, though she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him; the whole letter showing the extreme abilities of womankind.

When loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies.
HELEN TO PARIS.

How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find
From swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage 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 deface'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 pain.
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 deserved your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him so fruit did bear,
It escap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisso 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.
'T is virtue to repent a vicious deed,
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrong,
Yet still exposes me to base 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 decease,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'cometh the best;
But why should not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'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 lost;
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 comes 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 value'd, 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 not 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 'er offend great Jove'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
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just affermme to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;
When of I fear'd, I did not mind alone, [done]
And blushing afe for things which you have
Then murmurd'to myself, He'll for my sake
Do any thing; I hope 't was no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, I love.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your name; But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If we 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;

O 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 sought,
You had not seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice,
For both our hopes, alas! you come 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.
Odes 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 unprompted fame your prey.
Some right you 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.
Yet first I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would show 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 let it as you say; for, 't is comfort,
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.

And if your empire then, and your renown
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you 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 impractic'd pen.
Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect
made!

I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, doubting a surprise.
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court it whispers, but in town aloud.

Dissemble you, what' er you hear 'em say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will dissimile it, you may,
Love secretly: the absence of my lord

More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long's his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolved 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 posses'd.

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 our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt, twixt love and

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 denied.

Let me not live, but every thing conspire
To join our loves, and yet my fear retire.
You court with words, when you should force

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 't were best,
Our kindled fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions
range.

Hypaspile, and the fond Minion maid,
Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd,
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Elane leave?

But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet 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 bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks again our unfinished joys.

I wish you may return the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while we see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my blame.

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?

E'en you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And what' er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.

I from your rage a Trumpeter's name shall hear
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime uphold:
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 use.

Should I be injured on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there invoke?
DIDO TO AENEAS.

Mecce was by Jason's fiary 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, whose sides loud tempests roar,  
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.  
Your teeming mother dream'd 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 slay'd,  
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.  
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;  
And some 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 sweter 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 urge 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't in my tender band;  
My woman knows the secret of my heart,  
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO AENEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the divine direction of Troy, saved his gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, set out on a journey to Libya, where Queen Dido, riving from the cruelty of Pygmaun, her brother, who had killed her husband Richard, had lately built Carthage. She entertained Aeneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury ad-

manning Aeneas, to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the gods), was ready prepared to follow him. He had soon perceived it, and, having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So, on Masander's banks, when death is nigh,  
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.  
Not that I hope (or, oh, that hope were vain!)  
By words your lost affection to regain  
But having lost whate'er was worth my care,  
Why should I fear to lose a dying pray'r?  
'Tis then requir'd poor Dido must be left,  
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!  
While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows, prepare  
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.  
Nor can my rising tow'r's your flight restrain,  
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.  
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land  
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.  
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,  
Think what reception foreigners would find.  
What people is so void of common sense  
To vote succession from a native prince?  
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek  
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.  
When will your tow'r's the height of Carthage know?  
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?  
If such a town and subjects you could see,  
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.  
For, oh, I burn, like fires with intense bright:  
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:  
Aeneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;  
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.  
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still:  
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!  
Myself I cannot to myself restore;  
Still I complain, and still I love him more.  
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart;  
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.  
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,  
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.  
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;  
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn.  
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:  
Like that, which now thy trembling sailors fear;  
Like that, whose rage should still detain thee here.  
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!  
The winds and waves are on the juster side.  
To winter weather and a stormy sea  
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.  
Death thou deserv'st from heart-n's arranging  
But I'm unwilling to become the cause. (lava)  
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,  
'T is a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lulled into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove,
And so it will, if there be power in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main?

Which, were it smooth, were ever wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,
For broken vows of those who falsely swore.
There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait
To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.
False as thou art, I not thy death design:
O rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But heav'n forbid, my words should omen bear.)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.
With threatening looks think thou behold'st me stare,
Gapping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, should fortune lightening and red thunder fall,
What couldst thou say, but, I deserve 'em all.
Lest this should happen, make not haste away;
To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What bas his youth, what have thy gods deserv'd,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd?
But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear;
Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
False as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creusa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,
Seven winters kept thee wand'rering on the seas.
Thy star'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the distress,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!
Curest be the cave, which first my ruin brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!
A dreadful howling echoed round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptial grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The vines ye'dd'd my funeral from below.

O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wood his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cried, Didio, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire,
Born on his back, slid to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain,
Friendless, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate.
And here, a suppliant, from the native hand
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the caest that stretches to the sea;
E'en to the friendly port that shelter'd thees:
Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm, and round me leagues are
My scope establish'd empire to invade. [made,
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
A helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(for that must follow, if thou goest away) Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go, then, since no complaints can move thy mind;
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy gods behind.
Touch not those gods, by whom thou art sworn.
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate, And perish guiltless in his mother's fate. Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command; [sad! Would the same god had bared thee from my The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers, Who kept thee out at sea so many years; While thy long labours were a price so great, As thou to purchase Troy wouldst not repeat. But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at rest, When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest. Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will To thy old age the undiscover'd still. A ready crown and wealth in dowery I bring, And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a king. Here thou to Carthage may'st return thy Troy: Here young Ascanius may his arms employ; And, while we live secure in soft repose, Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes. By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay; By all the gods, companions of thy way. So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive, Live still, and with no future fortune strive; So may thy youthful son old age attain, And thy dead father's bones in peace remain; As thou hast pity on unhappy me, Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee. I am not born from fierce Achilles' line, Nor did my parents against Troy combine. To be thy wife if I unworthy prove, By some interior name admit my love, To be secure of still possessing thee, What would I do, and what would I not be Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know, When free from tempests passengers may go: But now with northern blasts the billows roar, And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore. Forever to my care the time to sail away; Whether I will, I must not suffer thee to stay. They say: men would be with ease content; Their sighs are tatter'd, and their masts are seen; If by no means! thy mind can move, What they do now at my merit, give my love. Stay, till I learn my lesson to endure; And give me time to struggle with my wo. If not, know this, I will not suffer long; My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong. Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say, While cross my lip the Trojan sword I lay. My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood, [blood. And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my How well thy gift does with my fate agree! My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee, To no new wounds my bosom I display: The sword but enters where love made the way. But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend, Shall my cold ashes to their urn attend. Sichaeus' wife let not the marble boast, I lost that title, when my fame I lost. This short inscription only let it bear: "Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here." [died, The cause of death, and sword by which she Eneas gave: the rest her arm supplied."

TRANSLATIONS
OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

As Cupid's school whose' er would take degree, Must learn his rudiments, by reading me. Stramen with sailing arts their vessels move, Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love. Of ships and chariots others know the rule; But I am master in Love's mighty school. Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild, A stubborn god; but yet the god's a child: Fancy to govern in his tender age, Like fierce Achilles in his populance: That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod. As Chiron mollified his cruel mind With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind The silver strings of his melodious lyre: So love's fair goddess does my soul inspire, To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind, And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind. Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born. The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draw; The horse receives the bit within his jaws, And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway, Though struggling oft he strives to disobey. He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts, But vain his force, and vainer are his arts. The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight, The more he teaches to revenge the more. I boast no aid; the Delphic god affords, Nor auspices from the flight of chattering birds, Nor Gla, nor her sisters have I seen; As Heclid saw them on the shady green: Experience makes my work; a tru'c: so tried You may believe; and Venus be thy guide. Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair; And wives, who gowns below your achiles wear.
I sing the brothels loose and unconfined,
Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame;
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And, last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppress,
Make choice of one who suits your humour best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
Theowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
'Tis assembly where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
Thee rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Persia, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly show thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
Or morning sweetness in unartful truth;
Or court the juicy joys of ripen growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if iambic beauties please thy sight,
An age that knows to give, and take delight;
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
Or Comon's shade; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise:
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands;
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's breast:

Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rite;
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove
On sabbaths, rest in ev'ry thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whole
Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
And if the hall itself be not belitied,
Even there the cause of love is often tried;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combattants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
There gait another's cause, but lose their own.

There eloquence is noisest in the midst;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are scarce.
Venus, from her adorning temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave senators lead home the youthful dance,
Returning clients, when they patrones came.
But, above all, the play-house is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single boat.
The theatres are barrels for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerous they throng,
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voices
There choose, if plenty not distract thy choice,
To see and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
Providing Sabines women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushers, or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machinage god.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crow'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.

There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarcely could they wait the passad in their haste;
But, ere the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, The Best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.

As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dance.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair,
Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amazed, not daring to complain;
The nimber trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing, to the genital bed.
She who too long resisted, or denied,
OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

The very lover made by force a bride;
And, with superior strength, compell'd her to
his side.
Then sooth'd her thus: — My soul's far better part,
Cause weeping, nor affect thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.
Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scenes of love;
Nor shun the chariot's, and the courser's race;
The circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to her, and side by side.
Please'd or unpleasant'd, no matter; crowding sit:
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Inquire, whose chariot this and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what she likes; from thence your court begin.
And when she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
Then Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand;
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;

* * * * *
Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
Lost his encroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds: for some can
Of favours won, by laying cushions well; [tell,
By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.
These outcries of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.
Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.

From either sea the youths and maidens come
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining East to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
And the slain Cæsari shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand;
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his sire confess.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero brought,
And early sports from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.
These rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increase your titles, as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain,
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your count's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæsar joins,
'To give a prosp'rous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one shall be divine.
I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I sing the Parthians' overthrown,
Their shot aves sent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heav'n's design'd;
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses stand in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see:
If she inquires the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly;
This is EURIPIDES, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays;
And love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
Desires increase at ev'ry swelling draught;
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a madam Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truths it speaks; and, spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old simplicity again.

Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher;
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The sun's fair light each error will confound,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.

Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Balian bards, were ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide;
[taught,
Where wounded youth's are by experience
The waters are less healthful than they thought: Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize,
That maidens goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my school attend.
First thee believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.

The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring.
Then woman can resist your flattering skill:
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will.
To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
A vow their passion, and submit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her fame:
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.
Biblia, we know, did first her love declare,
And had recourse to death in her despair.
Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
And lord'd, but lord'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree she stills her dolorous tear's,
Which yet the name of her who shed'd them bear.
In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the snow, the fairest of the herd:
A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample browes:
The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rose;
And envied ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
And hated ev'ry boister he care'st.
A story known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him grass, (so much can Love command;) She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Casse, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous browes;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes:
Secures from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no beater to allure his view.
Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
to thy fair rivals, to be herd'like them.
If Minos please, no lover seek to find:
If not, at least seek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curses ev'ry beauteous cow she sees;
Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please?
And think'st, an ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friking awkwardly, to gain his heart!
She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
Or seizes some holy rites of sacrifice,
And seizes her rival's death with joyful eyes.
Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,
Plea'd, in her hand she holds the beating heart;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce restrain;
Go, fool, and strive to please my love again.

Now she was Europe, so now:
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.)
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fell'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
'Till by his form the son betray'd the sire.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!) His couriers Phoebus had not driv'n away,
To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niobe, kill'd thy purple hair,
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At sea and land Attic's sav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.

Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
When she still offspring bore the father's fault?
These Phoebus did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phoebus fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an easy victory;
Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.

All woman are content that men should woo;
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, what'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd?
Old husbands and stale gallants they despise;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop abounds our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.

First gains the maid; by her thou shalt be sure
A free access and easy to procure;
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'r's,
For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maidens to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wish and pleasure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
Troy stood the siege, when Gill'd with anxious
One merry fit concluded all the war. [care:]
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injurd fair;
And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Thou, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
And swear thou languishest and diest for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all;
For woman soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
'T is a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bawds the better for it;
Another for herself would keep the sport.
Thy business may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
E'en though she should consent to do the feat,
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.
Yet if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence command.
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will advise, and mark my words;
For 't is the best advice my skill affords:
If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win;
For then the secret better will be kept;
And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
'T is for the fowler's interest to beware,
The bird intangled should not 'scape the snare.
The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And spoils the sport of all the neighring brook.
But if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.
All things the stations of their seasons keep;
And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughman and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea;
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
But think, another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home,
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not thee to sea,
For that's a boating and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin:
Nor e'er on superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia plain.
All omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humor, ev'ry day is good,
But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse:
When bribes and presents must be sent of course;
And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Be stanch! yet parricide will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complaint you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curve the time when thou wert taught to write.

[cheer;
She keeps her birth-day; you must send the And she 'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she drips thee into cost;
That ear-rings dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They too often borrow what they never pay;
What's or you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words, thy love begin,
And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely fatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain,
Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes a while her appetite will stay;
'T is a deceitful, but commodious way,
Who gives is mad, but make her still believe
'T will come, and that's the cheapest way to give.

E'en barren lands fair promises afford;
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it grails; and she 'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write, then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a mariage vow;
(And every cheat in love the gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome;
Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter bide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.

None but vain fools to simple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say;
Such words as from the heart may seem to "Tis wit enough to make her think you love.
If scald'd she sends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restful horse will bear the bit.
E't on the hard ploughshare use will wear away;
And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames em- pire'd;

And ten years more Penelope had tied.
Perhaps thy lines answer'd she retain'd;
No matter, 'tis a point already gain'd:
For she, who reads in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain,
And sharply bids you not to write again:
What she requires, she fears you should accord.

The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
Nor in the play-house let her sit alone;
For she 's the play-house and the play in one.

There thou mayst ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her sweet sake the lose of time despire;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a topic, nor cut your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminant and useless toys
To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.

Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found,
Uncar'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.

The rough Hippolytus was Phaedra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical: but yet be clean;
And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men,
Let not your teeth be yellow; or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black moustie, and long beard, beware;
And let a skillful barber cut your hair.
Your sails be pick'd from Sith, and even par'd;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
Cure your unav'ry breath, gargle your throat,
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites;
Who would not follow, when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Foreseen now; and Theseus loved no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair;
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming on the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: 'The traitor's gone, said she;
What shall become of poor forseen me?
What shall become—she had not time for more,
The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
No vital heat, in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her stand;
And scolding satyrs ran before their god.
Silenus on his ass did next appear,
And held upon the mane, (the god was clear.)
The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken sire.

At last he topples over on the plain;
The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn,
Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.

To whom the god: 'Compose thy fearful mind:
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.
He said, and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw;
(For gods, whiles 'er they will, with ease can do.)
And swiftly bore her thence: 'th attending thereon,
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph rise,
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty pow'r;
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
Which she may know were all address to her,
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which she may read, and reading find the flame;
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires,
(For eyes have tongues, and tongues tell desires.)
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
The service s'en her husband must attend:
(A husband is a most convenient friend.)
Seat the fool onehanded in the highest place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he says be seconded by thee. [name:]
'T is common to deceive through friendship's But, common though it be, 't is will to blame:
Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their masters' gain convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
Potash only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine opprest,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
Sing, if you have a voice; and show your parts
In dancing, if endued with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to please;
Nay, s'en affect a seeming drunkenness;
Clip ev'ry word; and if by chance you speak
Tou home, or if too broad-a-jest you break,
In year excess the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenness is subject to offend;
But when 't is spoild 't is oft a lover's friend.
Then safely you may praise her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
When all are risen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court,
For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
Let bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
To many confidence thy thoughts apply.
On Fortune's forehead timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford;
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.
Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound;
THE POEMS OF DRYSDEN.

Distrust not her belief; she will be mor'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.
Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And, after, feels the torment he profess'd.
For your own sake be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet;
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises 'e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

'Once asked Pallas with Jove's queen app'rend;
And still they grieve that Venus was prefer'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his
Be silent, and he pulls it in again. [train:
'Plea'st is the corser in his rapid race;
Appal'd his rumbling, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry god to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The peurjures that easy maids beguile.
He swore to June by the Stygian lake:
Forborn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood, for his own dear sake.
'T is for our interest that the gods should be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe, they see,
And both reward, and punish equally.
Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, envious upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 't is a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;
'T is a profane and a deceitful kind.

'T is said, that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did flood, nor heav'n did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king, [bring;
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture
The king replied: On thee the lot shall fall;
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry;
'T is, the artificers of death should die.
Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
Their practice authorises us to beg.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeezed, then rub your eye,
Or 'point the lids, and seem at least to cry.
Kiss, if you can; resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of course;
She struggles but to be subdued by force.
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard bracelets not to brush the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
If once she kiss, her meaning is exprest;
There wants but little pushing for the rest;
Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
The name of clown thou suit with thy desert;
'T is downright dulness, and a shameful part.
Perhaps, she calls it force; but if she escape,
She will not thank you for the omitted rape.
The sea is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd even to their own desires.
'They seem 't accuse you, with a downcast sight,
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their heart.

Fair Phaese and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the noble ravisher.
What Desdemona did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the just judge fair Hellen had obtain'd:
When she with triumph was at Troy接收'd,
The Trojan's joyful while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the casкold's cause;
And Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguiz'd his sex, and turk'd among the fair,
Which can alone the pow'rous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtesie he began;
But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 't is thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobes, she begs him not to part;
And now 't is nature, what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravel'd once again.
This is the say, they will not first begin,
But when compel'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
OVID'S AMOURS.

Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'T is well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'T is decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou mayst enjoy; she waits for this;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
Even Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love.
None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail a while, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourself a lover, but her friend.
How many skittish girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
If a sailor by sun and wind are swarthy made;
A tamer complexion best becomes their trade.
'T is a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
Huff checks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
Is sun-burnt with his daily toil and brow.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wax be his looks, and meager be his face.
What colours from the fair compassion draws:
She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love;
His paleness did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a nightcap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail;
Read long by night, and study to be pale:
Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
Be miserable, that you may be blest.
Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
'Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost;
A little and an empty name they boast.
Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise.

IF he believe, thou mayst a rival raise.
'T is true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pygades Hermione embrac'd;
Even Phemus to Pithibous still was chaste.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Those rare examples of a faithfull mind.
The sea shall sooner with sweet honey frit,
Or from the furious pears and apples grow.
We sin with gust, we love by fraud and guilt.
And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fairest defeat;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend.

Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your bosom-friend your care begin.
Here I have ended, but experience finds,
That sundry women are of sundry minds;
With various crochets fill'd, and hard to please.
They therefore must be caught by various ways.
All things are not produce'd in any soil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 't is in men, but more in womankind.
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wise men shift their sails with every wind:
As changeful Proteus varied oft his shape,
And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape.
A running stream, a standing tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleeding lamb.
Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck,
Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook.
Some, drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook.
Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
One rule will not for different ages hold:
The jades grow curst, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid:
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak:
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 't is often seen, the simple shun
The learned, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my task is done, and part to do;
But here 't is time to rest myself and you.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. 1.

For mighty wars I thought to tune my lute
And make my measures to my subject suit.
Six feet for every verse the Muse design'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my mind
From every second verse a foot purloin'd.
Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary sway?
On subjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phoebus only and his laws obey?
'T is more absurd than if the Gv'en of Love
Should in Minerva's arms to Pallas move;
Or many Fates from that great sleep should take
Her torch, and o'er the wing'd lover shake.
In fields as well may Cynthia sow the corn,
Or Ceres wade in woods the baleful-horn
As we... Phoebus quit the trembling string.
For wood and shield; and Mars may learn
Already thy dominions are too large; and sing,
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and every where
The god of music for his harp may fear.
Thus when with scaring wings I seek renown,
Thou pack'st my pinions and I flatter down.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Could I on such mean thoughts my muse en-
I want a mistress or a blooming boy, [play,
Thus I complain'd: his bow the stripling bent,
And chose an arrow fit for his intent.
The shaft his purpose fatally pursues;
Now, post, there's a subject for thy muse.
He said: too well, alas, he knows his trade;
For in my breast a mortal wound he made.
Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove,
My verse is pac'd and trammel'd into love.
With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows en-
close,
While in unequal verse I sing my woes.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. XXIV. IV.

To his mistress, whose husband is invited to a feast
with them. The poet instructs her how to be-
have herself in his company.

Your husband will be with us at the treat;
May that be the last supper he shall eat.
And am poor I a guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the fair?
To see you kiss and hug your nauseous lord,
Whil's his lewd hand descends below the board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms;
That in a rage they threw their cups aside,
Assail'd the bridegroom, and would force the
bride.
I am not half a horse, (I would I were,) Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my counsel; which observ'd may be
Of some importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come howse'er,
Sitt' next him. (that belongs to decency)
But tread upon my foot in passing by.
Read in my looks what silently they speak,
And sily, with your eyes, your answer make
My lifted eyebrow shall declare my pain;
My right hand to his fellow shall complain;
And on the back a letter shall design;
Besides a note that shall be writ in wine.
When'er you think upon our last embrace,
With your fore-finger gently touch your face.
If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
As suppliants use at altars, hold the board,
Where'er you wish the devil may take your
lord.

When he fills for you never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
The waiter on those services employ:
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the boy;
Watching the part where your sweet mouth
hath been,
And thence with eager lips will suck it in.
If he, with clownish manners, think'st it fit
to taste, and offer you the nasty bit,
Reject his greedy kindness, and restore
Th' unsavoury morsel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor rest
Your tender cheek upon his hairy breast.
Let not his hand within your bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty bobbies play.
But above all, let him no kiss receive;
That's an offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that sweet mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in arms, and cry, 'T is mine.
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifest adulterer will appear.
These things are plain to sight; but more I
doubt
What you conceal beneath your petticoat,
Take not his leg between your tender thighs,
Nor with your hand, provoke my foe to rise.
How many love-inventions I deplore,
Which I myself have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
In company; to make a homely shift.
For a bare bout, ill bidded o'er in haste,
While o'er my side the fair her mantle cast.
You to your husband shall not be so kind:
But, lest you should, your mantle leave behind
Encourage him to tope; but kiss him not,
Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
If he be fuddled well, and moves space,
Then we may take advice from time and place.
When all depart, when compliments are lost,
Be sure to mix among the thickest crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to grumble, or at least to kiss.
Alas! what length of labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient joy! [come
For night must part us: and when night is
Tuck'd underneath his arm he leads you home.
He looks yea in; I follow to the door,
His fortune ony, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too,
Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all is due.
But add not to his joy by your consent,
And let it not be given, but only lest,
Return no kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant sport.
Had I my wish, he should no pleasure take,
But slobber o'er your business for my sake.
And what's o'er fortune shall this night befall,
Coax me to morrow, by forewarning all.
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEG. XIX

What comes with ease, we nauseously receive,
Who, but a sot, would scorn to love with ease?
With hopes and fears my flames are blown up higher
Make me despair, and then I can desire.
Give me a jilt to tease my jealous mind;
Dregs are virtues in the female kind.
Corina, my fantastic humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept herself fill new:
She, that next night I might the sharper come,
Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
Or some pretence to lie alone would take;
Whene'er she pleas'd, her head and teeth would
Till having won me to the highest strain, [sacs: She took occasion to be swift again.
What with a gust, ye gods, we then embrac'd! How ev'ry kiss was dearer than the last!
Thou whom I now adore, be edified,
Take care that I may often be denied.
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
These are the arts that best secure thy reign,
And this the food, that must my fires maintain.
Gross easy love does, like gross diet, pall,
In squeasy stomachs honey turns to gall.
Had Danaë not been kept in braced tow'r:s,
Jove had not thought her worth his golden show's.
When Juno to a cow turn'd Ioe's shape,
The watchman help'd her to a second leap.

* * * * * * *

shore.
The jilting harlot strikes the surest blow,
A truth which I by sad experience know,
The kind poor constant creature we despise;
Man but pursues the quarry while it flies.
But thou, dull husband of a wife too fair,
Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware;
If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
Or windows scratch'd, suspect a rival there.
An orange wrench would tempt thy wife a-broad;
Kick her, for she's a letter-bearing bawd;
In short, be jealous as the devil in hell!
And set my wit on work to cheat thee well.
The sneaking city-cuckold is my foe,
I scorn to strike, but when he wields the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy comining
I'll be no drudge to any wittal living.
I have been patient, and forbore thee long.
In hope thou wouldst not pocket up thy wrong:
If no affront can rouse thee, understand
I'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy house, and wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so ill a life.
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All those occasions thou hast taken away.
Why art thou so incorrigibly civil?
Do somewhat I may wish thee at the devil.
For shame be no accomplice in my treason.
A pimping husband is too much in reason.
Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her,
In hopes whereof, I rest thy cuckold-maker.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT
The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: That being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, since no man will rank himself with ill writers, 'tis easy to conclude, that if such writches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addict himself to satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his inclination to fill his muse with ill-measure, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of his task, and foils so cunningly in his time. So that this first satire is the natural ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way; in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashers some particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampsmen are not much acquainted.) But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, and not daring to attempt it by an overt act of naming living persons, invades only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also with a finer stroke of his pen brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely were (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

still shall I hear, and never quits the score, Stun'd with hoarse Codrus' th'beside, o'er and o'er?

shall this man's Elegies and t'other's Play Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day? Hinge Telephus, a formidable page, Cries vengeance; and Orastes' bloody rage, Unsatisfied with margains closely writ, Fores o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet. No man can take a more familiar note Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's groat, Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow From Ætus' top, or tortur'd ghosts below. I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greeks; The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece; Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler bowls, And shakes the statues on their pedestals. The best and worst on the same theme employ'd His muse, and plagius us with an equal noise. From these incorrigible fools, I light declaiming in pedantic schools; Where, with wise-boys, I strove to get renown, Advising Sylla to a private gown. But since the world with writing is possesst, I'll versify in spite; and do my best, To make as much waste paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod, And treat the path which fam'd Lucilius trod, Attend the causes which my Muse have led: When epaup sansuchs mount the marriage-bed, When manias Mervia, that two-hand'd whore, Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar, When all our lords are by his wealth outvied, Whose rason on my callow beard was tried; When I beheld the spawn of conquer'd Nile Creptamus, both in birth and manners vile, Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye, Chang'd oft a day for needless luxury; And finding oft occasion to be fam'd, Ambitious to produce his lady-hand; Chary'd with light summer-rings his fingers sweat, Unable to support a gem of weight. Such fuisome objects meeting every where, 'T is hard to write, but harder to forbear. To view so low a town, and to refrain, What hooves of iron could my spleen contain? When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air, With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair, And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd, Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd, And yet the wish'd occasion does attend From the poor nobles the last spoils to read, Whom s'en spies dread as their survive's field, And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail, They send their prostituted wives for tali: When sight-performance holds the place of merit, And brawn and back the next of kin disburse; For such good parts are in preferment's way, The rich old madam never fails to pay Her legacies, by nature's standard gi' a', One gane an ounce, another gane eleven: A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd, For which their thrice concocted blood is paid. With looks as was, as he who in the brake At unwares has trod upon a snake; Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize, For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies. What indignation boils within my veins, When people's guardians, proud with immense gains, Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains! Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led Too foul to name, too fuisome to be read! When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws, And keeps his money, though he lost his cause: His fine legg'd off, containing his infamy, Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk are three; Enjoys his exile, and, condamn'd in vain, Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain.

Such villanies rose Horace into wrath: And 't is more noble to pursue his path, Than an old tale of Diomede to repeat, Or lab'ring after Hercules to sweat, Or wand'r in the winding maze of Crete; Or with the winged smith aloft to fly, Or fluttering perish with his foolish boy. With what impatience must the muse be hold The wife, by her procuring husband sold? For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed; Who his taught eyes up to the ceiling throws, And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose. When he dares hope a colonist's command, Whose courses kept, ran out his father's land. Who, yet a stringing, Nero's chariot drove, Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain maese strove

With boasted art to please his eumuch-love. Would it not make a modest author dare To draw his table-book within the square, And fill with notes, when loling at his ease, Mecenas-like, the happy rogue he sees Borne by six weariest slaves in open view, Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new;
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

Made wealthy at the small expense of signing
With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a sharply line,
Who squeezes a toad into her husband's wine:
So well the fashionable mediocris thrives,
That now 'tis practic'd o'er by country wives:
Poisoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And spotted corpse are frequent on the bier.
Wouldst thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves;
For virtue is but dryly praised, and starves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate
embossed,
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost;
And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?
Or that male-forty, or that unfledged boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.
Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
Rained by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
And scarcely mousing on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be restor'd;
When sooty'd stones and vital breath ensuil'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever since that Golden Age was done,
What human kind desires, and what they shun,
Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.
What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more confusion thrown?
The well-dill'd gob not emptied now alone,
But gamblers for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deeds which must convey
The lost estate: what more than madness signs,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age so many summer seats did see?
Or which of our forfathers far'd so well,
As on a seven dishes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
Divided dote is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry roost is soon despatch'd:
The paity larges, too, severely watch'd
Ere given; and ev'ry face observ'd with care,
That so intruding guest usurp a share.
Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their preciou's foot.
The pristors' and the tribunes' voice is heard
The freedman justices, and will be prov'd;
First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spirit
Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
Though born a slave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'T is not the birth, 't is money makes the lord.
The rent of fire fair houses I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazer's sheep.
Not Pallas nor Licinius had my treasure;
Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
Once a poor rogue, 't is true, I trod the street,
And trust'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greatest god: through yet we see
No temples rais'd to Money's majesty,
No altars flaming to her power divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue shine,
And Faith, and Concord: where the stock on high
Seems to salute her infant progeny:
Presaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
But since our knights and senators account
To what their sordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched share the poor attend,
Whose whole subsistence on those aims depends!
Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by those harpies; when a wood
Of litter thick besieg'd the donor's gate,
And beggars lords and teeming ladies wait.
The promis'd dote: nay, some have learn'd the trick
To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air;
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my spouse: despacht her with her share
'Tis Galla: Let her ladieship but peep:
No, Sir, 't is pity to disturb her sleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The salutations of the morning tide
Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
Then to the statues; where amidst the race
Of conqu'ring Rome, some Arab shows his face,
Inscib'd with titles, and prefaces the place;
Fit to be pis'd against, and somewhat more.
The great man, home conducted, shuts his door;
Old clients, wearied out with fruitless care,
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
Though much against the grain for'd to retire
Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.
THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbritius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumae. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Greeks and other foreigners raise themselves by these sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniences which arise from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upraises the noblemen with covertness, for not recompensing good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown, in common places; and drawing in as many views, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

Grave'though I am an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he chose:
In quiet Cumae fixing his repose:
Where, far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sybil gives.

The road to Baje, and that soft recess,
Which all the gods with all their bounty bless.

Though I in Procrhyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.

What scene so desert, or so full of fright,
As tow'ring houses trembling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?

But worse than all, the clattering tiles; and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.

Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear;
But without mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman state,
In mighty council with his Nymphs* retir'd:
Though now the sacred shades and fames are hid

By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth cast
In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that ev'ry tree
Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
From their own grove the Museus are expell'd.

Into this disorders out we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend:
The marble caves, and aqueducts we view;
But how adult-rate now, and different from the true!

* Nymphs) Egera, a nymph, or goddess; with whom Numa prevailed to converse by night, and to be instructed by her in modelling his superstitions.
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!
Then thus Umbritis (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from the ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age,
'tis time to give my just disdaining seat,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Ducillus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I choose to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, and old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spun.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed place,
And hide from villans my too honest face:
Erect in features, and ready as he is.
Succa manners will with such a town agree,
Knows who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise; can cleanse the commons
And rent the fishery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembl'd tears to shed,
All this for gain; for gain they sell their very head.
These fellows (see what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minstrels of a country show:
Follow'd the prizes through each paucity town,
By trumpet-cheeks and blested faces known.
But now, grown rich, in drunken holidays,
At their own costs exhibit public plays;
Where influence'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they populary kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice
Rakes
In excrement again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since such as they have fortune in a string?
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance:
And toss 'em topmost on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what business have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unskill'd in schemes by pietas to forebode,
Like casting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carried brawdy presents to a bride:
For want of these town-eruptions, thus alone,
I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Main'd, and useless to the government.
Who now is lord, but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burns,
Yet never must to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great men, with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.
I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose,
What confidants our wealthy Romans chose;
And whom I most abhor: to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receive'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obscene Oronotes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
And fattens Italy with foreign wares:
Hither their crooked harps and customs come:
All find receipt in hospitable Rome.
The barbarous hordes crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace;
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars look down,
Your hardman primitive, your homely clown
Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
His once unkerm'd, and horrid locks, behold
Still sweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
Aping the foreigners, in ev'ry dress;
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him less.
Meantime they wisely leave their native land,
From Sicyon, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydus, to Rome they swarm in shoals.
So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at first, they parchase here:
And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flatt'ring seder route,
Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-faced, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?
A look, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, poet, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.
In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn. *
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign, whom 't other day
A small-craft vessel hither did convey; [lay?
Where, stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their insipid friend;
His blobber-lips, and beetle-brows command;
His long crane neck, and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules.
A cracking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can no grossly praise; but, to our grief,
No flatter'd but from Grecian gains belief.
Besides these qualities, we must agree
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess they play,
In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratochus;†
Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please:
The nation is compos'd of such as these.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an ass can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently,
There seems a siliest echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take:
Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.
We live not on the square with such as these,
Such are our betters who can better please:
Who day and night are like a looking-glass;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
E'en nastiness, occasions will afford; 

* But in that town, &c.] Athens; of which Pallas
the goddess of arms and arts was patroness.
† Antiochus, nor Stratochus] Two famous Grecian
ministers, or actors, in the poet's time.

Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is worn.
Nor escapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son.
If none they find for their lawful purpose fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
On what, in schools, their men of morals do;
A rigid Stoic his own pupil slow:
A friend against a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown?

Some Diphilus, or some Protagenes,
Look sharply out, our senators to seize:
Engross 'em wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubbles' heart;
One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependence in an hour is lost:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are lost with greater ease than here?

At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door;
In vain we rise, and to their levees run;
My lord himself is up, before, and gone;
The steward bids his licets mend their pace,
Lost his colleague outstrip him in the race:
The childless matrons are, long since, awake;
And, for affrums, the tardy visit take.

'Tis frequent, here, to see a freeborn son
On the left hand of a rich hireling run:
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away;
For half a brace of bouts, a tribute's pay:
But you, poor sinner though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frightened with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.

Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Holy as Numa or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unshallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire.
The question is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends:
Quick, to the business; how he lives and eats,
How largely gives; how splendidly he treats:
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

How many thousand acres fed his sheep? What are his rents? what servants does he keep? Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate Our credit in the court by our estate. Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore, Thou art as sure forewarn, as thou art poor: The poor must gain their bread by perjury; And 'e'en the gods, that other means deny, In conscience must absolve 'em, when they lie. Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store; And will be monstrous winy on the poor: For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest, The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest: The greezy gown, mudded with often turning, Gives a good hint, to say, The man's in mourning. Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put, He's wounded! see the plaster on his foot. Want is the scourm of ev'ry wealthy foot; And wit in rage is turn'd to ridicule, Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise, (The master of the ceremonies cries,) This is no place for you, whose small estate Is not the value of the settled rate: The sons of happy peaks, the panders' heir, Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there, To clap the first, and rule the last. Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat; For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no seat. Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head? Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir, Or call'd him to assist the judging chair? The poor were wise, who, by the rich opp'ress'd. Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest. Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn; But had done better never to return. Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who is Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty. At Rome 'tis worse; where house-ien't by the year, And servants' bellies cost so devilish dear; And tavern bills run high for hungry cheer. To drink or eat in earthenware we scorn, Which cheaply country cupboards does adorn: And coarse blue hoods on holydays are worn. Some distant parts of Italy are known, Where none, but only dead men, wear a gown: On-theatres of turf, in homely estate, Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate: The same rude song returns upon the crowd, And, by t edition, is for wit allow'd.

The mimic yearly gives the same delights: And in the mother's arms the clownish infant frights. Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree) Are plain, alike; the same simplicity, Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see. In his white cloak the magistrate appears; The country bumpkin the same liv'ry wears. But here, attir'd beyond our purse we go, For useless ornament and flaunting show: We take on trust, in purple robes to shine; And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine. This is a common vice, though all things here Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear. What will you give that Cossus may but view Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you; May take your income like a gracious god, And answer only with a civil nod? To please our patrons, in this vicious age, We make our entrance by the fav'rite page: Shave his first down, and when he polls his ha'r, The consecrated books to temples bear: Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells, And, with our offerings, help to raise his vail. Who fears, in country towns, a house's fall, Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall? But we inhabit a weak city here; Which buttresses and props but Scarcely bear; And 't is the village pastor's daily calling, To keep the world's metropolis from falling. To cleanse the gutters, and the chimks to close, And, for one night, secure his lord's repose. At Cumna we can sleep, quite round the year, Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear; While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly And the pale citizens for buckets cry, Thy neighbour has removed his wretched store, (Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor;) Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine, Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine, For if the lowest floors already burn, Cockjots and garrets soon will take their turn. Where thy tame pigeons nest the tiles were bred, Which, in their nests unass'd, are timely fled Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot, That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grace'd, Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard plac'd. And, to support this noble plate, there lay A bending Chiron cast from honest clay; His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd; Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd, Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread, And with heroic verses luxuriously were fed. 'T is true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast, And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost,
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arthurius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the matrons mourn;
The city prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear;
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th'o officious nation flies,
Some to console, and some to bring supplies:
One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
White naked statuæ of the Parian stone,
The work of Polyclytus, that seem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and scrofæ, and Pallas to the breast;
Another bags of gold, and he gives beat.
Childless Arthurius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store:
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-houses, and the players too:
Sweet country-seats are purchas'd everywhere,
With lands and gardens, at less price than here.
You hire a darksome ogrolo by the year.
A small convenience, decently prepare'd,
A shallow well, that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat.
'T is somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.
'T is frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
Which flames of ungirded feasts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.

What house secure from noise the poor can
When e'en the rich can scarce afford to sleep;
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
And hence the sources of diseases come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets;
The waggoners, that curse their standing teams,
Would wake e'en drowsy Drusus from his
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters born, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it night.
Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
The press before him stops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one justles in the shole;
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:

Stocking'd with loads of fat town-diet he goes;
And some rogue-soldier, with his baball'd shoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what smoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their head must bear,
Which scarce gigantic Caribou could raise:
Yet they must walk upright beneath the load;
Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad.

[form]
Their coats, from bosching newly brought, are
Unwieldy timber trees in wagons borne, [lie;
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For should their axle break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below;

Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons
Could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain:
But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.
One vast destructun; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, invisible are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the baking-sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian lakes:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncounted place;
His passage bags with unregard'd pray'r;
And wants two farthing to discharge his fare.

Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height;
From whence come broken potshards tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty stone.
'T is want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many mates attend, thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a pisspot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard. if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
'T is so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet though his youthful blood be fired with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and sir,  
And on the lackeys will no quarrel fix.  
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,  
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.  
But me, who must by moonlight homeward bend,  
Or lighted only with a candle's end,  
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where  
He only cudgel, and I only bear.  
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;  
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.  
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,  
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?  
Whose windy beans have stuff your guts, and where  
Have your black thumbs been dip'd in vinegar?  
With what companion cobbler have you fed,  
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?  
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your answer, quick,  
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.  
Say in what nasty cellar under ground,  
Or what church-porch, your roguishness may be found?  
Answer, or answer not, 't is all the same:  
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.  
Before the bar, for beating him, you come;  
'Tis a poor man's liberty in Rome.  
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat  
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.  
Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you think  
To sleep securely; when the candle winks,  
When ev'ry door with iron chains is bar'd,  
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;  
The ruffian robbers are, no justice aw'd,  
And unpaid cut-throats soldiers, are abroad,  
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,  
To save complaints and prosecution, kill.  
Chase'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come  
To this vast city, as their native home;  
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.  
The forge in fathers only is employ'd;  
Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd  
In shackles; for those villains scarce allow  
Goads for the teams, and ploughshares for the plough.  
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,  
Beneath the kings and tribunial powers!  
One jail did all their criminals restrain;  
Which, now, the walls of Rome can scarce contain.  
More I could say, more causes I could show  
For my departure; but the sun is low  
The waggoner grows weary of my stay;  
And whips his horses forward on their way.

Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd  
With care,  
You to your own Aequinum shall repair,  
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,  
Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,  
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:  
Then, to assist your satires, I will come;  
And add new venom, when you write of Rome.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the corrupt manners of the Romans, and has been described by some critics as 'the best of all satires.' It contains a series of biting and satirical comments on various aspects of Roman society and life. The poet uses the guise of a country dweller to criticize the moral decay and corruption of the Roman nobility, who are depicted as living in luxury and enjoying the fruits of their moral degeneration. The satire ends with a warning to the Roman people to beware of the artificialities and vices that are spreading throughout the land.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

dwelle on this; when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the maiden he returns to it; 'tis one branch of it in Hippius, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every line is a stanza. The figures, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide themselves; their ways to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they com-
monly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, actors, singers, poets, and thinkers. Those who pass for chaste among them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffer-
ed, than loved by their own husbands. That they are impious, domineering, scolding wenchers, set up for learning and criticism in poetry, but are false judges. Love to speak Greek, (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French is now with us,) That they please causes at the bar, and play prates at the bear-garden. That they are gossipers and newsmongers; wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie for new faces once a month; are slutish with their husbands in private, and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers; learn the arts of miscarrying, and produce children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husband's sons, if they stand in their way to his estate, and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to show the occasions of all these vices, and destroys the general standing rule; and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign,* at Nature's early birth, There was that thing call'd chastity on earth; When in a narrow cave, their common shade, The shepherds, the shepherds, and their gods were laid: Avadon leaves, and hides of beasts were spread By mountain housewives for their homely bed, And mossy pillows raise'd, for the rude hus-
band's head.

Unlike the niceness of our modern dames, (Affecting nymphs with new affected names:) The Cynisians and the Lesbians of our years, Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears. Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold, Gave suck to infants of gigantic mould; Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood, And fat with acorns belch'd their windy food. For when the world was bawm, fresh, and young, Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong:

Or from what other atoms they begoign, No sirex they had, or, if a sire, the mum. Some this remains of chastity appea'd, E'en under Jove,1 but Jove without a beard; Before the servile Greeks had learn'd to swear By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year Her common fruits in open plains expos'd, Ere thieves were fear'd, or garders were an-
cho'd.

At length uneasy Justice upwards flew, And both the sisters to the stars withdrew; From that old era whoring did begin, So venerably ancient is the sin. Adult'rs next invade the martial state, And marriage beds creak'd with a foreign weight; All other life did iron times adorn But whore's and silver in one age were born. Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide: Is this an age to buckele with a bride? They say thy hair the curling art is taught, The wedding-ring perhaps already bought; A sober man like thee to change his life! What fury would possess thee with a wife? Art thou of every other death bereft, Thy knife, no rainbane, no kind halter left? (For every noose compar'd to hers is cheap;) Is there no city bridge from whence to leap? Wouldst thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy? He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls, Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls; Nor with insatiate hearings calls for more, When all thy spirits were drain'd out before. But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait, Longs for a son to settle his estate, And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir Would gladly grease the rich old bachelor. What revolution can appear so strange, As such a lecher, such a life to change? * * * * * * * * He who so often in a dreadful fright Had in a cof'er 'scape'd the jealous cuckold's sight, That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd, Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid! The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain, Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein: But let a hauber with gilt horses be led To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed, And let him every deity adore.

* * * * * * * *

1 E'en under Jove When Jove had driven his father into banishment, the Silver Age begins, according to the poets.

* In Saturn's reign, in the Golden Age.
On Ceres' feast, restrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curse the tedious night;
Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
With iry now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
She, sooner, with one eye would be content.
And yet, 'tis not so'd, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where:
"Tis possible; but sure no man she found:
'T was desert, all, about her father's ground!
And yet some lustful god might there some make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?

Whither wouldst thou to choose a wife resort,
The Park, the Mall, the Playhouse, or the Court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.

Another does, with all his motions, move,
And gapes, and grins as in the feast of love;
A third is charmed with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the singer dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears.
The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat
Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quill-pipe, till they crack his voice.

Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought;
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
The pleasing lawyer, though for counsel use'd,
In chamber-practice often is refuse'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
(The product of concurring theatres.)
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy land is born.
Thus Hippis loath'd her old patriarch's land,
And left him for a brother of the sword;
To wander Pharsis with her love she fled,
'To show one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind,
E'en children too; she sails before the wind;
False to 'em all, but constant to her kind.
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
On a hard matress is content to sleep.
Er's this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear;
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But, had some honest cause her passage great,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast.
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
Woe to she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never seasick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board.
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord;
And if she spews 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
What youth, what beauty could the th' adulterer boast?

What was the face, for which she could sustain
To be cail'd mistress to so base a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the best,
Deep scars were seen indented on his breast,
And all his better'd limbs requir'd their needful rest.
A promontory wen, with grisly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face
His bleat eyes ran in gutters to his chin;
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.

But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move
'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But should be quit his trade, and sheath his sword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.

This was a private crime; but you shall hear
What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old sluggard but began to move.
When from his side up rose th' imperial whores:
She who prefer'd the pleasures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more masculine embrace;
Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,

* He tells the famous story of Messalina, with to
the emperor Claudius.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

One whom in secret service she could trust;
The rival and companion of her lust.
To the known brothel-house she takes her way;
And for a nasty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankest harlot lay,
Prepar’d for fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
At length, when friendly darkness is expir’d,
And every strumpet from her cell retir’d,
She lags behind, and ling’ring at the gate,
With a repining sigh submits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir’d with the toil, unshod with the sin,
Old Caesar’s bed the modest matron seeks;
The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy snot: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.

Now should I sing what poisons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beside;
And all their arts of death; it would be known
Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.
Cassinia still, they say, is guileless found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown’d;
And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call’d chasté;
His tongue is tied in golden fetters fast;
He sighs, adores, and courts her ev’ry hour;
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold’s face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.
These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
’T is not that she’s his wife, but that she’s fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offensive both at bed and board;
Your betters must be had to please my lord.
Meantime she’s absolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, lo—os none:
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine
Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Make houses white, she to the merchant goes;
Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agate vases, and old China ware:
Then Berenice’s ring* her finger proves,
More precious made by her inconstant loves:
And infamously dear: a brother’s bride,
E’en God’s anointed, and of Judah’s tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine
And think it only sin to feed on swine.
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish’d life;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismay’d their husbands’, and their broth’rs’ arms:
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppose all these, and take a poet’s word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight?
Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father’s triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state.
Let vanquish’d Hannibal without doors wait,
Too buried and too big to pass my narrow gate.
O Pean, cries Amphion, bestride my bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:
But sullen Pean shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Noibe and all his boys he lost;
E’en her who did her numerous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carried
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow’d:
What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price? if male and severe
She still insinuates, and you must still adore
Grant that the honey’s much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
Seven hours in twelve, you lose the wife you praise:
Some faults, though small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to lap the Grecian cant?
In Greece, their whole accomplishments seek:
[Greek:
Their fashion, breeding, language must be
But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
They scorn to cultivate their mother tongue.

* Berenice’s ring: A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his sister Berenice. He was king of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.
* Cornelia: Mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Cornelli; from whence Scipio the African was descended, who triumphed over Hannibal. 1279. (pigs, &c.) He alludes to the white sow in Virgili, who farrowed thirty pigs.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek.
Even in the feast of love, they use that tongue.
Such affection may become the young;
But thou, old bag, of three score years and three,
Is showing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Zeal sat νεκρό! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords,
The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets,
Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
Those words have fingers; and their force is
[touch.
They raise the dead, and mount him with a
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacker'd nerve can strain.
If then thy lawful spouse thou cannot love,
What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of the nuptial feast,
Wine and desserts, and sweetmeats to digest?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their first and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joy's in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.
Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendship die
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft
A privilege, to pimps and panders left.
Thy testament's her will; where she prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that slave to death: You reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doomed to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'st thou that slave a man? the wife replies:
Prov'd or unprov'd the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sovereign power to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will.
Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till pleiad's with change,
Her wild affections to new empire range:
Another subject—husband she desires;
Divorce'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the rock'n'ing rises; and appears
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tombstone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her now to fly
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
[trick,
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er
Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her int'rest is in all th' advice she gives
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cause is tried at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the process, all the briefs they write;
The topics furnish, and the pleas dictate;
And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite.
'They turn virgins too; the wrestler's toil
They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil Against the poet their wicker shields they crush.
Flourish the sword, and at the plastron push.
Of ev'ry exercised the manly crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights to engage But rout the gladiators on the stage.
What sense of shame in such a breast can lie Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly Yet to be wholly man she would declare:
To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
For frothy praises and an empty name.
Oh what a decent sight 't is to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction sold.
The belt, the crested plume, the several suits Of armour, and the Spanish leather boots!
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat Of figur'd silks, and under sarcenet sweat.
Behold the strutting Amazonian whore,
She stands in guard with her right foot before: Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions just,
She stampe, and then cries, Hah! at ev'ry thrust.
But laugh to see her, ti'd with many a bowt,
Call for the pot, and like a man piss out.
The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise, Would grim to see their daughters play a prize.
Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conscious of crimes herself, she teizes first;
Thy servants are accus'd, thy where is curst.
She acts the jealous, and at will she cries.
For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-foo'thought think'st that love sincere,
And such'at between her lips the falling tears;
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each sillier there with love epistles lin'd,
Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
This you would think so manifest a case,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence outface:
And yet e'en then she cries the marriage vow
A mental reservation must allow;
And there's a silent bargain still implied,
The parties should be pleas'd on either side:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourselves, and women us you call,
Yet home is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-room houses, and bare walls of stone;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 't was light,
And frugal sleep supplied the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight:
When Hannibal was how'ring at the gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all th' invent'rate ills of peace,
And wasteful riot: whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no lustful postures are unknown
Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
Four like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold o' cheesecakes, and silver found the way,
Strange fashions with strange bullys to convey,
And our plain simple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they spread?
Wine no distinction makes of tail or head,
Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oysters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust;
Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
New think what bawdy dialogues they have
What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
At modesty's old statue: when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters light:
The good man early to the lewes goes,
And tread's the nasty paddle of his spouse.
The secrets of the goddess nam'd the Good,
Are e'en by boys and barbers understood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair;
And toss their heads like an enameled mare:
Lauffila lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic lechery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies:
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife
'T is downright lust, and acted to the life;
So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old Nestor young.
Impatient of delay, a general sound,
A universal groan of lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
Now is the time of action: Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.
The slaves, and watermen, a race of strong back'd knaves,
I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free
From those pollutions of obscenity:
But 't is well known what singer, how undisguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpris'd:
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument,
A grateful present to those holy quires.
Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires:
And e'en male-pictures modestly are veil'd;
Yet no profanities on that age preval'd:
No scoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at ev'ry altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,
Keep close your women under lock and key,
But who shall keep those keepers? Women,
In craft: begin with those, and bribe 'em first.
The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And mistresses and maids are both the same.
The poor Oulnia, on the poet's day
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play:
She, who before had mortgage'd her estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
But women have no shame of poverty.
They live beyond their stint: as if their store
The more exhausted, would increase the more:
Some men, instructed by the lab'ring ant,
Provide against the extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:

* What singer, &c.] He alludes to the story of P. Clodius, who, disguised in the habit of a singing woman, went into the house of Caesar, where the feast of 0th Numa was celebrated, to find an oppor

Unanswerably.

munity with Caesar's wife Pompeia.
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done.
Th’ intrigues betwixt the stepdame and the son.
Tell who loves who, what favours some one.
And who is jilted for another’s sake. [take it]
What a private widow in what month was made;
How oft she did, and doing, what she said.
She, first, beholds the raging comet rise;
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroy.
Still for the newest news she lies in wait
And takes reports just entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires; whatever she can meet,
She spreads; and is the fame of ev’ry street.
This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbours’ curse.
For if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No pray’r can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th’ unmanner’d molefactor is arraign’d;
But first the master, who the cur maintains’d,
Must feel the scourge; by night she leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a less noise create.
She moves in tumult, and she sways in state,
Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep;
Some gaps for hunger, and some gasp for sleep,
At length she comes, all flushed; but ere she sup,
Swallows a swinging preparation-cup.
And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
The salve-room all the floor o’erflows,
And the sour savour nauseates ev’ry nose;
She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:
But mutters many a curse against his wife;
And damns himself for choosing such a life.
But of all plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book-learn’d wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table sits
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their
And pities Dido’s agonizing fits. [wits it]
She has so far th’ ascendancy of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is nonplust, in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabor and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab’ring Moon.
E’en wit’s a burden, when it talks too long;
But she, who has no confines of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
And mix among the philosophic herd.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

O what a midnight curse has be, whose side
Is peeter'd with a mood and figure bride: ¹
Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school.
Who cling the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priscian’s, breaks her husband’s head.†
The gaudy gossip, when she’s set agog,
In jewels dress, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justified.
When poor, she’s scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich and fine, a wife’s a very devil.
She duly once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in doubt, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband’s nights; she craves her duet,
He takes all she possesses, and is stuck in glue.
But, to the lov’d adulterer when she steer,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly soe’er she looks at home.
Th’ eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open’d, and restored to every grace,
The crust remove’d, her cheeks as smooth as silk.
Are polish’d with a wash of asses’ milk;
And should she to the farthest north be sent,
A train of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaster’d up before,
’T was so unlike a face, it seem’d a sore.
¹T is worth our while to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o’er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn’d his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser are call’d:
²
The page is strict, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master’s crime:
And he himself is warn’d to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Causts up the day’s account, and still beats on:
² A mood and figure bride! A woman who has learned logic.
† A woman-grammarian, who corrects her husband for speaking false Latin, which is called breaking Priscian’s head.

Th’id out, at length, with an outrageous tone
She bids ‘em in the devil’s name be gone.
Campar’d with such a proud, insulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if she bastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Issa’s church, (the bawdy-house of prayer.)
She hurried all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
Peaces, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers ev’ry sacred hair;
If any stagger from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Peaces is not in fault: but, in the glass,
The dame is offender at her own ill face.
The maid is banish’d; and another girl
More duetrous, manages the comb and curl.
The rest are summon’d on a point so nice;
And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call’d, and so the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wisdom, is renown’d:
Such counsel, such deliberate care they take,
As if her life and honour lay at stake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow’r.
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-leg’d, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
Mean while, her husband’s whole estate is spent;
He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
She minds him not: she lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
Near him in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all his servants and his friends.
Bellona’s priests, a cement at their head,
About the streets a mad procession lead;
The venerable gelding, large, and high,
O’erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His awkward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance.
Guiltless of * * *, they tear their throats,
And squeak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
Meanwhile, his checks the mitred prophet sweeps,
And dire presages of the year foretell.
Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
To expiate, and aver th’ autumnal blast
And add beside a morrow-colour’d vest:†
Which, in their places, may receive the post,
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear.
To purge th’ unlucky omens of the year.
†And add beside, &c.] A garment was given to the priest, which be threw into the river; and that, they thought, bore all the sins of the people, which were drowned with it.
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

Tha astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;
That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.
Through ice they beat, and plunge into the stream,
If so the god has warn'd 'em in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should I (for I's priest I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning sand, [spring]
Through deserts they would seek the secret
And holy water, for lustration, bring.
How can they pay their priests too much respect,
[geist?]
Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains ne-
With him, domestic gods discourse by night:
By day, attended by his quire in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the street,
[cheat.
And smile to see with how much ease they
The ghosts are for the wife's delight,
Who sins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her husband in the holy time
When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
The sweating image shakes his head, but he
With mumbled prayer atones the deity.
The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.
Be sooner these remove, but full of fear;
A gypsy Jewish whispers in your ear,
And bags an alms: a high-priest's daughter she,
Vera'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And prophesies beneath a shady tree.
Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed.
She strolls, and telling fortunes, gains her bread.
Farthing, and some small moneys, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Forestells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweetheart in the sacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obsequy, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
For gain, will his accomplices accuse.
More credul, yet, is to Chaldean giv'n;
What they foretell is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb.
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate.
Of those the most in vogue is he, who sent
Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
His art who to aspiring Oeho sold;
And sure succession to the crown foretold.
* Chaldeans are thought to have been the first astrologers.

For his esteem is in his exile plac'd,
The more believe'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
No astrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife inquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice shall her mother kill.
Her sister's and her uncle's end would know:
But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
And, what's the greatest gift that heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the rest:
If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays
Will interpose, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
Who in these studies does herself delight.
By whom a greasy almanac is born,
With often handling, like shaft amber, worn
Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
If but a mile she travels out of town,
The planetary hour must first be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but aches
Or liches, its decumbiture she takes.
No nourishment receives in her disease,
But what the stars and Poltney shall please.

The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
To chiromancers' cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines
More fair.
But the rich matron, who has more to give,
Her answer from the Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.
The poorest of the sex have still an inch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsoke.
Yet these, though poor, the pain of childish bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the pow'r of herbs: such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever slope she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:

* Poltney A famous astrologer, an Egyptian.
§ The Brachmans are Indian philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after Pythagoras, the translation of souls from one body to another.
Help her to make manslaughter; let her bleed,
And never wait for savin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou mayst be father to an Ethiope's son.*

A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that should he cross the way,
His omen would discolor all the day.
†
So pass the foundling by; a race unknowns,
At doors expose'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment spread, and lope him in the fold,
And covers, with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her blessing: puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.

Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
And makes provision for him as her own.

The craving wife the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable husband buys:
The potion works not on the part designed;
But turns his brains, and stupefies his mind.
The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
Sees his own business by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
Some nimble juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cassoria to her Caius gave:‡

Who, puckering from the forehead of the fool
His mother's love, infused it in the bowl.
The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The Thunderer was not half so much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
What woman will not use the pois'ning trade,
When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made?§

Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
Give 'n a slave'ring, old, unseemly sot;
That only close'd the drivelng dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the skies.

† To an Ethiope's son] His meaning is, help her
to any kind of slops, which may cause her to miscarry,
for fear she may be brought to bed of a black morn,
which thou, being her husband, art bound to father;
and that bastard may by law inherit thy estate.

‡ His omen, &c.] The Romans thought it ominous
to see a black morn in the morning, if he were the
first man they met.

§ Cassoria, wife to Cælius Caligula, the great tyrant;
't is said she gave him a love-potion, which
flying up into his head, disordered him; and
was the occasion of his committing so many acts of
cruelty.

Agrippina was the mother of the tyrant Nero,
who poisoned her husband Claudius, that Nero
might succeed, who was her son, and not Brit-
tannicus, who was the son of Claudius, by a former
wife.

But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword,
Nor sparest the commons, when it strikes the
lord:
So many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single pois'n'er cost mankind.
If step-dames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
'T is venial trespass; let them have their will;
But let the child, intrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
The morsel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.

You think this feig'd: the satire in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his bus'ness to laugh and bite,
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.

Would it were all a fable that you read
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
Two sons despatching at one deadly draught.
What two! two sons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lie;‡

One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they through wrath, or through revenge,

Pursue.

For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurried headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundations torn,
By raging earthquakes, into seas is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Reedemming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lap-dog sooner than their lord.
Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;‡

And Clytemnestras† grow in ev'ry street:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts;

† The widow of Drymon poisoned her sons, that she
might succeed to their estate; this was done either
in the poet's time, or just before it.
‡ Medea, out of revenge to Jason, who had forsaken
her, killed the children which she had by him.
§ The Belides] Who were fifty sisters, married to
fifty young men, their cousin-germanos; and
killed them all on their wedding-night, excepting Eury-
monas, who saved her husband Linus.

† Clytemnestras] The wife of Agamemnon, who, in
favour to her adulterer Agathon, was complicity
for his murder.
in such a case, reserv'd for such a need.
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.
The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven lies within a very small compass. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world, how few know their own good; or knowing it, pursue how void of reason are our hopes and fears! What in the conduct of our life appears so well design'd, so luckily begun, but, when we have our wish, we wish undone? Whole houses, of their whole desires possess'd.
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require, when made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd; some, who the depths of eloquence have found, in that unavangible stream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast;† in that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crow'ded in the chest:
Unwisely sum's of wealth, which higher mount.
Than files of marshall'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Cretan, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.

† Rather than fail it will easily be understood why it was impossible to make a single observation on this Sixth Satire, which, as he finely says in another place, is too foul to name, too fulsome to be read.
Yet when Plautus wrote long notes for the use of the Daunian, under the inspection of Bossuet, Dr. J. W.
† Milo, of Crotos, who, for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perish'd in the attempt; for his arms were caught in the trunk of it, and he was devour'd by wild beasts.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, 'e'en when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each is, to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control.
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl.
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Each chase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways,
One pitied, one contempt'd the woful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes,
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake his sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ache.
Though in his country-town no lectors were,
Nor rods, nor are, nor tribune did appear;
Nor all the sapphish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow:
What had he done, bad he beheld, on high
Our pretor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariots rolling 'o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A snuff of hangings had not more oppress
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw, (call'd a crown,) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head;
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight.
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight,
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rai'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty),
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own nature false and flat'ting tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fence'd, a heaven fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state,
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears
At their vain triumphs, and their vain tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envied pow'r; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke:
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names, *
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pillet brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made
Pans, cans, and pispots, a whole kitchen trade
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along,
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
Here's what a hanging face! By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, Sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more.
He's guilty; and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the same mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd,
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and base;
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispose'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depose'd.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holydays to see a puppet-show.
There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutus in a mortal fright:
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight.
I fear the rage of our offending prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spur the wretched corpse of Cæsar's foe.
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy lovese crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in captivity, and away
That monarch, whom the master'd world obey'd?
While he, intent on secret lusts alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes?
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man's a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
E'en they would have the power, who want the will.
But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which mouldring, crush'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke.

*Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite, and while he continued so, had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him: statues and triumphal chariots were every where erected to him; but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the Emperor, these were all immediately dismounted, and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawn'd on him before.

The island of Capre, which lies about a leagues out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius's pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company; and from thence dispatched all his orders to the senate.

Philus, the slave, who got the better of Pompey, that was styled the Greek.
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school.)
Yet pray, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes: *

But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggerel, or who pun'd in prose.
"Fortune forstun'd the dying notes of Rome:
Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Maevius, thrust for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Phìlipicus, fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor be, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drov'em with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.

Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the clear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the unlucky art of wheeling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Pererian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A clasp-fall's beaver loosely hanging by
The clove's helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below:
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,

* Demosthenes and Tully each died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave his self poison to avoid being carried t. Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by Mark. Antony's order, in return for those invicta's he had made against him.

Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave beneath the guilty monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hanibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with the Atlantic main,

And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrensians past
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast;
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid
And Panics flags on Roman towers display'd.

Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! say,
What rare fifth act to crown this buffing play?
In one deciding battle over come,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wondrous sort of death has heaven design'd,
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind!
No swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody war.
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the b<r>ys, and be a theme at school.
One world sufficed not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd;
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about

The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he ıt tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:

"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds
The mighty soul, how small a body hol'd."

* Babylon, where Alexander died.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Old Greece a tale of Athis would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;*  
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at any army's dinner, to the least;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowey poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Euripus never such hard usage found)
In his [Eolian prisons under ground?]

What good so mean, o'en he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!†
But how return'd he? let us ask again:
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Schoon'd with the slaughter'd hou'se of his train.
For fame he pr'y'd, but let the event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.
Jove, grant me length of life and years good store
Heap on my bending back, I ask no more.
Both sick and healthful, old and young, conspirè
In this one silly mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing, which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A rope chain of rheums; a vagege rough
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
A stick-fall's cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squats, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;
But the same futility doth to age belong.
The saddle pale in both in limbs and tongue,
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain:
Besides the eternal driel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.

His wife and children lose him, and, what's worse
Himself does his offensive career curse:
Plaint'rs forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste, not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Ingrulous from the field of battle flies:
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance?
Add, that embraçour still without effect,
A last more wide, justly we suspect.

Those senses lost, beheld a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, insenstible ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre, he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's nose he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand;
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round?
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguill'd:
How many bouts a day that bitch has tried;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride?
What lands and lordships for their own know
My guandam barber, but his worship now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One, his leg fell, and one, his shoulder pains.
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has for one aiming left.

A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, cram'd by others' hands,
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders tried
Now only yawns, and waits to be supplied;
Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.
His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worse;
His servants' names he has forgot quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.

* Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner, affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Agamemn.; he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad; and ordered a whipping for the winds and sea, because they had once crossed his designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis, and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

* Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and appeared always in arraials between heaven and hell; and mortals used him accordingly, for his steps were anciently placed where roads met, with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the several ways to travellers.
Translations from Juvenal.

So low'd, and such a better'd
That she defies all comers at her door.
Well, y' suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burn'd,
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long:
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong.
Mists always green, a household still in tears,
Sad prospects, a threshold throng'd with daily biers,
And liberates of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Fylian king,
Was longest live'd of any two-legg'd thing:
Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right hand count:
Three hundred sans-nas, guzzling must of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister:

When his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
He saw extend'd; and his beard on fire:
He burn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had cure'd his age to this unhappy time?
Thus mour'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
Troy yet stood; when Hector, with the
Of royal bastards, might his fun'ral grace:
Amidst the toils of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mour'n'd:
Had heav'n so blest him, he had died before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he'd see
To his town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the fecile sire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his scepter for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries:
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow:
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At least, he died a man; his queen surviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

Nestor, king of Pylos, who was 806 years old,
According to Homer's account, at least, as he understood his expiry or.
The ancients courted by their fingers; their left hands served till they could, up to a hundred,
After that they used their r. for to express all greater numbers.
Troy was sack'd by the Greeks, old
King Priam is said to have basking him in his armour
To oppose them: which he had not; nor was done, but
He was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the altar of Jupiter, in his own palace, as
The story first told in Virgil's second A. 9. led.
Hecuba, his queen, escaped the swords of the Greeks, and outlived him. It seems she behaved,
I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates' and rich Croesus' fate,
Whom Sosion wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was' en, in ruined Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young?
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have died of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with about's expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indigent fever sent;**
But public prayers impos'd on heav'n,
To give Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.
Cethegus, though a trustier to the state than he,
And tortur'd, scap'd this ignominious fate;
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely tried,‡‡
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling row she sends
But, for the girls, the railed temple rends.
They must be finish'd pieces; 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Lyston proud,
And pleas'd, to see the wond'ring people pray
To the new rising sister of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virgin would her fate bestow.

herself so densely and uneasiness to her husband's murderers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch, when she died.
† Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world, for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the Great.
‡ Croesus, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solomon how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man: "That no one could pronounce himself happy till he saw what was at an end." The truth of this Croesus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condescended to die.
* Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness at Naples; a great many cities then made public supplications for him; he recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Russia, king of Egypt, and, in stead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order, to please Caesar.
\* Cethegus was one that conspired with Catiline, and was put to death by the Senate.
\* Catiline died fighting.
§§ Virginia was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book: and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemvirs, of whom Appius was one.
The Poems of Dryden.

On Ruilla; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel back.
But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what sights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!

Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners in the house remain,
Inaverted truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infant'd into his soul a sorer grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face.
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors can:)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes and presents can:)
Even with a parent, where persuasions fail.
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of such a tyrant king,
Who felt a boy deform'd, to bear him sing;
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barrow'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your springal, by his beauty curst,
To ills, nor think I have declared the worst:
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madame, and the merchant's wife:

Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are:
Adult'rers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have tried
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs, one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes colon suffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your smooth, smooth-faced boy,
Unvail'd, shall a beautifull dame enjoy:
Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths,
She keeps him high in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his part:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusta, a conscionable queen.

She may be handsome, yet he chaste, you say;
Good observer, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the modest youth his life*
Who shum'd th' embraces of his father's wife?

* Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was loved by his mother-in-law Phaedra, but he not complying with her procured his death.

And was not 'cother stripling force'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny,
And pleaded laws of hospitality?
The ladies charg'd'em home, and turn'd the tale:
With shame they redd'n, and with spite grew pale.
'T is dang'rous to deny the longing dame;
She seeth pity, who has lost her shame.
Now Silius wants thy counsel, give advice,
Wed Caesar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on ev'ry grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state,
The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden drest;
The portion paid, and ev'ry rite express'd
Which in a Roman marriage is protest.
'T is no sto'f wedding this, rejecting awe,
She scarce a year, forced him to sit
In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse
Is present death, besides the night you lose.
If you consent, 't is hardly worth your pains
A day or two of anxious life you gain;
Till loud reports through all the town have past,
And reach the prince: for cuckold hear the last.

Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
For not to take is but the selfsame thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my council, and securely move
Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above,
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel,
Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offering, and our wives are known:
'T is audacious trumpet, and ungracious son.
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain:
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:

* Sestonophon, the son of king Glaucus, resting some time at the court of Peturs, king of the Avgineans, the queen, Sthenobea, fell in love with him, but he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him, and he narrowly escaped Peturs' vengeance.

MESSALINA, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a young youth, forced him to sit with his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cesar was sacrificing at Hostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.
A soul, that can securely die and rest,
And count it nature's privilege, to die;
Serenity, and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercise'd in pain:
Guillotine of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weigh'd, and nothing can admire;
That that which is, and cannot be destroy'd
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow;
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.
The argument.
The poet in this satire proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier: who is only to be judged by a court martial; and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick decision; whereas the townswoman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal when he was a commander in Egypt: he certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

What vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are belonging to the mighty man of war:
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a soldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,†
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.

See what our common privileges are:
As, first, no rusty citizens shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resist:
The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws;

† What vast prerogatives! This satire is much inferior to the rest. The old scholar denites that it is by Juvenal. I suppose Dryden was forced to add it to fill up his volume.—Barthol. Holiday's notes, added to his translation of Juvenal, are worth reading. Dr. J. W.

‡ Juvenal's mother to be the god of war; Venus was his mistress.

Which old Camillus first order'd, to cozen:
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line;
A wise provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be relieved.
So far 'tis well; but with a general cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refuse'd, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease:
This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his foe, and for his client, bawl;
But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs
alone [thy own,]
(Which, hear'n be praise'd, thou yet mayst call
Wouldst thou to run the gauntlet these expose
To a whole company of hob-nailed shoes?)
Surely the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach 'em more good-nature to their
shins.
Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy
Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse:
The judge cries out, your evidence produce,
Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted
hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To touch a truth against a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred landmark from my bounds,

† Camillus, who being first banished by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls, made a law, which prohibited the soldiers from quarrelling without the camp, lest upon that pretence they might happen to be absent when they were called upon duty.

‡ This cause is worthy him, &c. The poet names a Mosaic lawyer, whom he calls Vacellius; who was so impatient that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

† Hob-nailed shoes: The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails, as countrymen do now.

§ Landmarks were met by the Romans, almost in the same manner as now; and as we go once a year in procession, about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stones or land.
The bounds which, with procession and with pray'r,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with patience all the terms attend.
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread.
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed; this
That judge is hot, and fofis his gown, while
O'er night was bouncy, and goes out to piss:
So many rube appear, the time is gone.
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and belman never know these cares,
No time, no trick of law, their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put;
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue still
Remains beyond their boundless right to kill,

The Courts of Judication were hung and spread,
as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit and judge public causes, which were called by lot.

Translations from Persius.

The First Satire of Persius.

Argument of the Prologue.

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero, and aimed particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

Prologue to the First Satire.

I never did on cleft Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain inspir'd,
Was by the Muses into madness fill'd.
My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song;
Headless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,

Their father yet alive, impose'd to make a will:
For, what their prowess gain'd, the law deems
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the beggar,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire;
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain.
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and, rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare;
For 't is a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert: whore
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high,

Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
'T was witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters these.

Let gain, that gilded bait, be hang on high,
The hungry writings have it in their eye;
Pyres, crowns, and dews, poetic presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

The First Satire.

In Dialogue

Between the Poet and his Friend or Monitor.

The Argument.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

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tells us: to ennervate many eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed, and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortune, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, between the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. —The reader may observe, that our poet was a Stoic philosopher: and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

PERSIUS. How anxious are our cares, and yet
The best of our desires! [how vain

FRIEND. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.

PER. This to me?
FRIEND. None; or what’s next to none, but
It is hard, I grant. [two or three.
PEA. It is nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the Town,
Should cry up Labo’s stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend:
To clap with such, who fools and knaves com.
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale,
The conscience is the test of every mind:
Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find.
But where’s that Roman?—Somewhat I would say.

But fear;—let fear, for once, to Truth give
Truth lends the Stoic courage; when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature’s book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To older cares, and man’s severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward;
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok’d, I must speak out, or burst.
FRIEND. Once more forbear.
PER. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, seck’d from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, ’tis all the same;
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Lab’ring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order ev’ry hair:
A gown, or white, or seck’d to whiteness;
Wear;
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.

Next, garish well their throats, and thus prepare.
They mount, a God’s name, to be seen and heard.
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet clear.
And oging all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, e’en the chief of Rome
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The narrow pierces, and invades the chime.
At open fustian bawdy they rejoice,
And slimy jests applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learnt, sayst thou, if thus con
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Darst thou apply that adage of the school;
As if it is nothing worth that lies conceal’d,
And science is not science till reveal’d? Oh, but ‘tis brave to be admired, to see
The crowd with pointing fingers, cry, That ’s he That ’s he, whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown’d;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg’d and flush’d, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note
Snauffling at nose, and creaking in his throat.
Then graciously the mellow audience nod;
Is not th’ immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud appliances they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Moremalice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tables worthy to appear;—
That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer’d thus: if I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that’s a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame’s deserving reward:

¶ The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood; Ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written were fit for no thing but to wrap it up.
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only, cause;
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanitv within it lies.
Like Lebbeus's fields, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.
Then and their woeful works the Muse defies:
Products of citron beds, and golden canopies.*
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert;
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit impart.
Thus brith'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me, friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend.)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high,
Thou write'st not, but thou paintest poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hast thou but, Janus-like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay-mouthes they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst, of an Apulian bitch
But noble scribblers are with flattery fed:
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft, without sense, and without spirit slow.
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall.
FRIEND. Hourly we see some raw pinfeather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
Who for false quantities was whipt at school
But 't other day, and breaking grammar rule,
Whose trivial art was never tried above
The bare description of a native grove;
Who knows not how to praise the country store,
The feast, the banquet, nor the fatted bear;

*Products of citron beds, &c.] Writings of noblemen whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a snout, and asses' ears."
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not buy,
Nor will I change, for all the flashy wit,
That flatter'th Laboe in his illad writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
Who dares, with angry Empoli, to frown;
He, who, with bold Gratianus, is inspir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd;
Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
On this my honest work, though writ in homely style;
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less drossy, read these lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe:
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate;
Whose power extends no farther than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry and numbers toys;
And with his foot the sacred dust destroys;
Whose pleasure is to see a strumet tear
A Cynic's beard, and tug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their afternoon.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS.MACRINIUS, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THE ARGUMENT

This satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the second Alcibiades. Our author has induced it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birthday of his friend; on which occasion, prayers
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

THE IDOLOPHOBES.

were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commanding the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts. The first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the reprehensibility of those prayers and vows, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them; and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

Let this auspicious morning be exprest
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul;
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of heaven will bear;
Nor needst thou take the gods aside, to hear:
While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust;
In private then: — When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or — O thou Thunderer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rakes, upon the clinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground:
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' the head;
I should possess the estate, if he were dead! He's so far gone with rickets, and with the evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rides his house.
But my eternal wish!—Grant heaven I may survive to see the fellow of this day!
Thus, thou mayest the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:

*White stone* The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befell them, with a white stone which they had from the island Crete: and their unfortunate with a coal.

In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash the obscenities of night away:
But pray thee toll me, (tis a small request)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possessed?
Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Staurus chose it:
Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The truer tutor to an orphan heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Staurus, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canst thou indulge him in this villany! [them,
And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience
Can bear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he rolls supine in state,
And leaves his business to be done by fate?
Because his thunder splits some sturdy tree,
And is not darter at thy house and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes?
Fit for Ergynna's pray'r and sacrifice? !
What well-fed offering to appease the god,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? What bribes hast thou prepared,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard.
Our superstitions with our life begin,
The obscene old grandam, or thy next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spirit a lustration makes:
Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Fondling force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a matter'd prayer.
That heaven would make him some rich nester,
Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king; [their
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crane demands
For her lord's nurling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.

† The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their hands and hands every morning; which custom the Turks observe to this day.
1 When any one was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here called Ergynna) immediately required the place to explain the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.
translations from persius.

Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish,
Would stop the grant: the very over-care,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'st with sacrifice of orex slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool: to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st that when the fated flames aspire,
Thou seest the accomplishment of thy desire:
Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
And showers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on.
I'll his lamb pursues declares his money gone.
Should I present thee with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold — rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measurest by thyself the Powers Divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their
Thy puny godlings of inferior race, [shrine.]
Whose humble statues are content with brass.
Should some of these, in visions purg'd from phleum,
Foretell events, or in a morning dream
Ev'n those thou wouldst in veneration hold;
And, if not faced, give 'em beards of gold.
The priests in temples, now no longer care
For Saturn's brass, 3 or Numus's earthenware; 4
Or vestal urns, in each religious rise.
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And enk what please us must please the gods.
Of oil and cassis once the ingredients take,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes;
Another finds the way to dye in grain: [stain;
And make Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Powers to give him more.

As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear:
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a basilisk.

the third satire of persius.

the argument.

Our author has made two satires concerning study,
The first and the third; the first related to men;
this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the Stoic philosophy; he himself sustains
the praise of master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire, where he upbraids the youth
of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he
begins with one scholar reprobate, 3 lagging his slow
students with late rising to their books. After
which he takes upon him the other part of the
teacher.—And addressing himself particularly to
young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of
their high birth, and the great possessions of their
fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds
with precepts of moral philosophy; and withal,
is meant to them the miseries which will attend
them in the whole course of their life, if they do
not apply themselves heartily to the knowledge of
virtue, and the end of their creation, which he
theoretically infuses to them. The title of this sa-
tire, in some ancient manuscripts, was, The Re-
groach of Idleness; though in others of the scho-
lists it is inscribed, Against the Luxury and
Vices of the Rich. In both of which the intention of
the poet is purposed: but principally in the for-
mer.

Is this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noontide rays of summer shun,
Yet plough'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.
This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise;
Then rube his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:

3 As maids to Venus, &c. 4 These baby-toys were little babies, or puppets, as we call them: in Latin
pupae; which the girls, when they came to the age
of puberty, or child-bearing, offered to Venus; as
the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered
their bullae, or boas.
5 I remember I translated this satire, when I was
a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a
Thursday-night's Exercise; and believe that it, and
many other of my Exercises of this nature, in Eng-
lish verse, are still in the hands of my learned
master, the Reverend Doctor Bunyan.

3 For Saturn's brass, &c.] Brazen vessels, in which
the public treasures of the Romans was kept.

4 Under Numa, the second

king of Rome, and for a long time after him, the
bath vessels for sacrifice were of earthenware.
My clothes, make haste: why stay? if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a most clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can writh his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And punctual with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin,
It sinks, nor can the character be seen.
O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who worst meant not to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meal; for thy jugewars try;
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that 's a worse doceat.
Beware the public laughter of the town,
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-baked vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.
Yet, thy moist clay is pellant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou hast land; a country vast secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A tumbling-pan thy Laurus to appease:*
What need of learning when a man 's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, cast thy censor great;
And, loudly, call him cousin in the street.
Such pageantry be to the people shown;
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shabby centre, to thy utmost skin:
Doest thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely dress'd?

* A tumbling-pan, &c. Before setting, it was customary, to cut off some part of the meat, which was first put into a pan, or little dish; then into the fire; and so an offering to the household gods; this they called libation.

But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drunk'd to eat
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep; deep:
Fuddled in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great father of the gods, whose, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true viceregent of thy rage;
Thou punish him: set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity.
Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull,†
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The woman, who sitting at his plentiful board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the painted sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twist,
Did with less dread, and more securely die.
E'en in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife:
Down, down he goes; and from his darling
Conceals the worse his guilty dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a damnable heart:
Though much my master that stern virtuous soul,
Prais'd;†
Which over the vanquisher the vanquish'd And my pleas'd father came with pride to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.
But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dexterously to throw the lucky sixes:
To shun ames-ace, that sweeps my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey False bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive the giddy, till she fall asleep:
Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discover.

† Sicilian tortures, &c.] Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial.

‡ The stretch, who sitting, &c.] He alludes to the story of Damon, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely exalted the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple; but caused a sword with the point down, which he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicacies that were set before him.
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

To whom the Marsians more provision send,§
Than he and all his family can spend.

Gammon, that give a relish to the taste,
And poted fowl, and fish come in so fast,
That, ere the first is out, the second stinks
And mousy mother gathers on the bricks.

But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Shout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more.

Dammec, what's or those book-learn'd blockheads say,
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play.

Top-heavy drones, and always looking down
(As ever-ballasted within the crown!)

Muttering betwixt their lips some mystical thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Mere madmen's dreams: for what the schools
have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing: and, what is, can never turn'd
to nought.

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rage accoutred, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen?

Proceed, my friend, and sail; but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade
Fall sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart;
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong,
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.

The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
And, after, bid him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
This fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
Adjudging him, by all the Powers Divine
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flagon of his heating wine.

He drinks a swilling draught; and, hir'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin.
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'T is nothing, says the foal: But, says the friend,
This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.

Do I not see your droopy-belly swell?
Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.

§ The Marsians and Umbrians were the most plentiful of all the provinces in Italy.
I have already buried two or three
That stood between a fair estate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me, I look ill, and thou look'st worse,
I've done, says the physician; take your course.
The laughing set, all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks
again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching
steam:
Amidst his cups with flaunting shivering sets'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er disease'd;
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
And his tooth chatter, and his eyeballs roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
Then Trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heel stretch'd out, and pointing to the
pace:
And slaves, now manumis'd, on their dead mas-
ter wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy false some parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free;
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those oppress with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart.
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul: 'tis there thou art not sound.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Thee, when she casts on thee a sidelong glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarse salt salad is before thee set;
Bread, with the bran perhaps, and broken
meat.
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate sore?
That bete and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is the unequal temper of thy mind.
Thy passion in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair so brittle with unnately fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With fears upon thy lips, and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st and dost in such outrageous wise:
That mad Orontes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the
two.

THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was con-
temporary and friend to the noble poet Lucas;
both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all
good men, how unskilfully he managed the com-
monwealth; and perhaps might guess at his fu-
ture tyranny, by some passages, during the latter
part of his life; but he broke out into his great excesses,
while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca.
Lucas has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia;
for his very compliment looks asquint, as well as Nero.
Persius has been bold, but with caution likewise.
For here, in the person of young Alci-
bades, he arranges his ambition of meddling with
state affairs, without judgment or experience.
It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire,
sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed
name. And, while, discovers some secret vices
of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and
his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to pub-
lc notice.
He also reprehends the flattery of his
courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices
pass for virtues.
Corzousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here
described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which
was to satirise his prodigality and voluptuous-
ness: to which he makes a transition. I find no
instance in history of that emperor's being a Pa-
thique, though Persius seems to brand him with
It. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called
Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the se-
cond and third satires, but he inverted the order
of them: for the third satire is taken from the first
of those dialogues.
The commentators before Calquenon were igno-
rant of our author's secret meaning; and thought
he had only written against young men.
In general, who were too forward in aspiring to pub-
lc magistracy: but this excellent scholar has un-
veiled the whole mystery; and made it ap-
parent, that the sting of this satire was particu-
larly aimed at Nero.

Who'er thou art, whose forward years are
bent
On state affairs, to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he, at Athens, bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost
prepare
To undertake so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the
beard)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their
tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate,
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty; and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak 'em thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that; 
Nor other question proper for debate. 
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right, 
And give each argument its proper weight; 
Know'st with an equal hand, to hold the scale: 
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail, 
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail. 
And, taught by inspiration, in a trice, 
Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice. *
Leave, leave to fathom high points as these, 
Nor be ambitious, ere thy time, to please: 
Unseasonably wise, till age, and cares, 
Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs. 
Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain; 
Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain: 
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain. 
What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care, 
In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare; 
And, then, to sun thyself in open air. 
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such? 
A good old woman would have said as much. 
But thou art nobly born: 'tis true, go boast 
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valuest most; 
Besides thou art a beau: what's that, my child? 
A pop, well dress'd, extravagant, and wild: 
She that cries herbs has less importunity; 
And in her calling, more of common sense. 
None, none descends into himself, to find 
The secret imperfections of his mind: 
But every one is eagle-eyed, to see 
Another's faults, and his deformity. 
Say, dost thou know Vestidius? Who, the wretch 
Whose lands beyond the Sabineas largely stretch; 
Cover the country, that a sailing kite 
can scarce cower'd 'em in a day and night; 
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store, 
Is ever craving, and will still be poor? 
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doths his coat, 
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat 
Ever a glutton, at another's cost, 
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost? 
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves: 
A verier hind than any of his knaves? 
Born with the curse and anger of the gods, 
And that indulgent genius he defrauds? 

* Cancel punish crimes, &c.) That is, by death. 
When the judges would condemn a malactor, 
They cast their votes into an urn, as according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with θ they signified the sentence of death to the offender, as being the first letter of θερετ, which in English is death. 

At harvest-home, and on the shearing-day, 
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay 
And better Ceres; trembling to approach 
The little barrel, which he fears to broach. 
He 'says the wimple, often draws it back, 
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack. 
To a short meal he makes a tedious grace, 
Before the barley pudding comes in place: 
Then bids fall on; himself, for saving charges, 
A peel'd sile'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice. 
Thus fates the drudge: but thou, whose life's a dream 
Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme. 
'T is all thy business, business how to shun, 
To bask thy naked body in the sun; 
Suppling thy stiff'nd joints with fragrant oil; 
Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while, 
To suck the moisture up, and soak it in. 
And this, thou thinkst, but vainly thinkst, un seen. 
But, know, thou art observ'd: and there are Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose. 
The deploration of thy modest part: 
Thy catamite, the daring of thy heart, 
His engine-hand, and every lewdier art. 
When prone to bear, and patient to receive, 
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give. 
With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek; 
And then thou kemb't the tresses on thy cheek: 
Of these, thy barbers take a costly care, 
While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair. 
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts, 
Can smooth the roughness of thy shamefull parts. 
Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds, 
From the rank soil can root those wicked seeds; 
Though suppl'd first with soap, to ease thy pain, 
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again. 
Thus others we with defamations wound, 
While they stab us; and so the jest goes round, 
Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes; 
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise: 
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal, 
Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound con ceal. 
Say thou art sound and hale in every part, 
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart. 
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud: 
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the crowd. 
But when they praise me, in the neighbour hood, 
When the pleas'd people take me for a god, 
Shall I refuse their incense? Not receive 
The loud applause which the vulgar give? 
If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold 
And greedy art gaping after gold;
THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.
INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR. BOSBY.

THE ARGUMENT.
The judicious Curanthon, in his preem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes, the grammatae, being asked, what poem of Archilochus his iambic he preferred before the rest; answered, the longest. His answer we may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master Dr. Bosby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons, but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of forty-two years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the Stoic philosopher Cornatus, master and tutor of our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued between them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter them- selves in this Institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject; wherein he first complains of the sloth of emollients; and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty; here our author exclaims against the irruption of the Stoics, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free, and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE SPEAKERS OF PERSIUS AND CORNUXUS.

PER. Of ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves a hundred mouths and
gongues

The Poems of Dryden

Whether to the well-bred tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfixed he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

-Cox. And why wouldst thou these mighty
morsels choose,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse?
Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne's or Thyestes' feast they write,
And, for the mouthing act, versus incline.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou were to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder, till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonsense is discharg'd abroad.
Soft eloquence does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to weep at vice.
Receive thy theme, and to the stage permit
Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and bands and
feet,
Ragouts for Tereus or Thyestes drest.

'Tis task enough for thee to expose a Roman
feast.

PER. 'Tis not, indeed, my talent to en-
geage
In lofty trises, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the
naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I desire,
'To tell thee what; a hundred tongues would tire,
Yet never could be worthily express,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robins round'd the
charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden Bulls (hung on high
To household gods) declar'd me past a boy,
And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty
When with my wild companions, I could roll
From street to street, and sit without control:

* Progne was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia.
Tereus fell in love with Philomelea, sister to Progne, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: in revenge of which, Progne killed Iyya, her own son by Tereus, and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father.
* Thyestes and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them.
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS. 331

Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then deposed myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I reposed my head,
And by thy better Socrates was bred.
Then thy strait rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
Our frugal supper did our studies close.
Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or, with the rising Balance we were born;
Both have the same impressions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.
Our Nature is ever various in her frame,
Each has a different will, and few the same;
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering for spices their Italian ware:
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and bathe with his sleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the state,
A second shakes the box, and sits up late:
Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a dodder'd oak, and piececomai falls to ground;
Then his lewd follies be late repented;
And his past years, that in a mist were spent.
Per. But thou art pale, in nightly studies grown,
To make the Stoicst institutes thy own,
Thou long, with studious care, hast tild'd our youth,
And sown our well-pogg'd ears with wholesome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.
Cor. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.
Per. But is one day of ease too much to borrow?
Cor. Yes, sure; for yesterday was once to-morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art cursed,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not the which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles; n'yet to inscribe
Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe;
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Damas, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a seat beside
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Damas is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum.
If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He said it, is enough.
A will is to be proved; put in your claim,
'T is clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe,
What can we farther from our caps receive?
Than as we please without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, says the Stoic, your assumption's wrong:
I grant true freedom you have well defined:
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
Are loosely tack'd, and must be left behind.
What! since the pretor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law.
Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
From those fond notions of false liberty
'T is not the pretor's province to bestow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What, to ourselves, or to our friends we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:

* When a slave was made free, he had the privileges of a Roman born, which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c. which were distributed by the magistrates among the people.
* The Roman people was distributed into several tribes: he who was made free was enrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.
* The master, who intended to enfranchise a slave, carried him before the city pretor, and turned him round, using these words, "I will that this man be free."
* Slaves had only one name before their freedom; after it they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our christian names; so Damas is now called Marcus Dana.
* At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.
* Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them, in sign of their liberty.
As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, the attempt forbear.
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.

Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shood ploughman should he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artless of stars, and as the gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hast thou the skill,
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The bairs of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou cannot wag thy finger, or begin
"The least light motion, but it tends to sin."

How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free or wise.
"Virtue and Vice are never in one soul:
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care, [air-
Can never dance three steps with a becoming pace. In spite of this, my freedom still remains.
[chains?

Cor. Free! what, and fetter'd with so many Canst thou no other master understand Than him that freed thee by the pretor's wand?
[now,
Should be, who was thy lord, command thee With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,

* The pretor held a wand in his hand, with which he usually struck the slave on the head when he declared him free.

To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passion lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still opprest?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap*
Up, up, says Avarice; thou must again,
Stretches thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes;
What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, cantor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear;
'T is wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear;
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Resolv'd for seas, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back;
Nothing retards thy voyage, now unless,
Thy other lord forbids, Volutrio'sness:
And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
What dost thou make a shipboard to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattrass laid
On a brown george, with leary swabbers fed,
Dead wine, that stinks of the borracho, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' the hundred, to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give:
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee: and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour,
Live, while thou livest; for death will make us all
A name, nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, bewiz'tem both, wilt be a slave.
Nor think wiles once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

Says Phædria to his man, Believe me, friend,*
To this uneasy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,
And be the first lawd unfruit of my race?
Shall I the neighbours' nightly ostrov invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,
Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.
Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.

[swear.
She knows her man, and when you rant and
Can draw you to her with a single hair:
But shall I not return? Now, when she sees
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?
Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:
On Herod's head, it is madness to resume your chain.
Ay; there's the man, who lovest from lust
And pelf,
Loses to the pretor owes, than to himself.

But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud
With presents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribe;
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holydays may tell, that such a feast was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy superstition too may claim a share;
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grate'd,
On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou matter'st prayers obscene; nor durst refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtall'd Jews.

Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights;†
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.
Of our grown golding priests thou art afraid:
The timber, and the squinting maid
Of Isis, saw thee: last the gods for sin,
Should, with a swelling droopy, stuff thy skin:
Unless three garlic heads the cure avert
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

This alludes to the play of Terence, called
Ennius, which was excellently imitated of late in
English by Sir Charles Sedley. In the first scene of
that comedy, Phædria was introduced with this
man Pamphilus, discovering, whether he should
leave his mistress Thaisia, or return to her, now
that she had invited him.

This unceasing superstition, concerning egg-
shells; they thought that if an egg-shell were crack-
ed, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were
subject to the power of sorcery.

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st
thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow;
The dull fat captain, with a bound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note;
And prize a hundred Zenos just as much
As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

TO CÆSIUS BASUS, A LYRIC POET;

THE ARGUMENT.

This sixth satire treats an admirable common-place
of Moral Philosophy; of the true Use of Riches.
They are certainly intended, by the Power who
bestows them, as instruments and helps of living
commodiously ourselves, and of administering to
the wants of others who are oppressed by for-
tune. There are two extremes in the opinions of
men concerning them. One error, though on the
right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no
helps to a virtuous life; The other places all our
happiness in the acquisition and possession of
them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse ex-
treme. The mean betwixt these is the opinion of
the Stoics; which is, That riches may be useful
to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly
understand how to give according to right reason,
and how to write what is given us by others.
The virtue of giving well is called Liberality; and
it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire.
whilst he not only shows the lawful use of
riches, but also sharply investigates against the vices
which are opposed to it; and especially of those,
which consist in the defects of giving or spending,
or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bas-
sus, his friend, and a poet also. Inquires first of
his health and studies; and afterwards informs him
of his own, and where he is now resident. He
gives an account of himself, that he is endeavour-
lying by little and little to wear off his vices; and
particularly, that he is combating ambition and the
desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice;
and being sensible that few men either desire or
use riches as they ought, he endeavours to con-
vince them of their folly; which is the main de-
sign of the whole satire.

Has winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy
seat,
And seek, in Sabine air, a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse;
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admird.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Where cliffs on either side their points display;
And, after opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luni, says our learned bard;
Who, in a drunken dream, beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.
Secure and free from business of the state;
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What ruts for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar’s brat in riches flow
Addes not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear [cheer;
My plentiful bowl, nor hate my bounteous
Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flagon drink;
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare:
For men of different inclinations are; [star.
Though born, perhaps, beneath one common
In minds and manners twins oppos’d we see
Is the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, fragl, on his birth-day fears to dine,
Does at a penny’s cost in herbes repine,
And hardly dare to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prep’rd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expense,
Quiffs, cramis, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I’ll use my own; and take my share
Yet will not turbalta for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thurst; or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full thrashing floor,
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live; but friendship’s holy band,
And offices of kindness hold my hand:
My friend is shipwrekt’ on the Britian strand,
His riches in the Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
He wearis the dead gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open side,
And on her shatter’d mast the mews in triumph ride.

From thy new hope, and from thy growing
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.

Come; do a noble act of charity.
A pittance of thy land will set him free
Let him not bear the badges of a wrack;
Nor beg with a blue table on his back: *
Nor tell me that thy frowning heire will say
’Tis mine that wealth thou squanderst thus away:
What is’t to thee, if he neglect thy ure,
Or without spicis lets thy body burn? †
If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cases from the Jews?
All these, the wiser Besteia will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead men’s luxury:
We never knew this vain expense, before
The effeminated Grecians brought it o’er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unseem’d Rome.
Our sweating hands their salads, now, distill,
Infesting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap’st for my estate, draw near;
For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
Hear’st thou the news, my friend? the express
is come
With laurell’d letters from the camp to Rome;
Cesar salutes the queen and senate thus: §
My arms are, on the Rhine, victorious.
From mourning altars sweep the dust away:
Cезar fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.
The goodly empress, ¶ jollily inclin’d,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, setting her good household aside
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.

* Nor beg with a blue table, &c.] The table was painted of the sea colour, which the shipwrecked person carried on his back; expressing his losses thereby, and soliciting the charity of the spectators.
† Or without spicis, &c.] The bodies of the rich, before they were burnt, were embalmed with spicis, or rather spices were put into the urn, with the relics of the ashes.
§ Caesar salutes &c.] The Caesar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britons; and accordingly sent letters, wrapt about with laurels, to the Senate, and the Empresse Casenia, whom I bare call queen, though I know that name was not used among the Romans; but the word Empress would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altar was either the ashes which were left there, after the last sacrifice for victory, or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes which were left on the altars since some former defeat of the Romans by the Germans; after which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.
¶ Casenia, wife to Calus Caligula, who after wands, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.
The captive Germans, of gigantic size,*
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frise:
The spoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.

Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Caesar's health:
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.†
Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expense?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine;
Control me not, for fear I change my will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the Persian king:
Your land does no such large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir:
If thou canst't little, less shall be my care:
Were none of all my father's sisters left,
May, were I of my mother's kin bereft;
None by an uncle's or a grandam's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Maitius in my way.
Him will I choose: What him, of humble birth,
Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?
Obscure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grand sire, and great grand sire too:
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors:
Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of heroes.
Yet why wouldst thou, old covetous wretch, aspire
To be my heir, who mightst have been my sire?
In nature's race, shouldst thou demand of me
My torch, when I in course run after thee?‡
Think I approach thee like the god of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poeta feign?

* The captive Germans, &c.] He means only such as were to pass for German in the triumph; large-bow'd men, as they are still, whom the Em- press clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.† Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators. A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purvey of a private man to give; therefore this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.
‡ Shouldst thou demand of me my torch, &c.] Why shouldst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger. He who was first in the course or race, delivered the torch, while he carried, to him who was second.

Thy modern fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?
Where's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant.
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All spent, and on the selfsame errand gone.
How little thou to my poor share will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son
Put out the principals in trusty hands;
Live of the use; and never dip thy lands;
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend. [friend!
Is not my fortune at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my saluts, boy: Shall I be fed
With sudden nectaries, and a sing'd bow's head?
'Tis holyday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holyday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and Genius chest,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat,
That he may lol at ease; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on glibet pie?
And when his throbbing lust extends the veins,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?
Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
Gone, that men may say, when thou art dead and
See what a vast estate he left his son!
How large a family of braunny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves?
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'Tis done: now double that, and swell the score;
To every thousand add ten thousand more.
Thea say, Chrysippus, [I thou who wouldst confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

§ Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves! Who were famous for their lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to show the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to show their activity, or to excite their appetite.
† Then say, Chrysippus, &c.] Chrysippus, the Stoic, invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is called Socrates, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stunt, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.
TRANSLATIONS FROMHOMEK.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S

ILLIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the
Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis,
who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the
general, whose captive and mistress the young
lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the ve-
nerable old man, and dismisses him with contin-
ually.—The priest curses vengeance of his god; who
sends a plague among the Greeks— which occa-
sions Achilles, their great champion, to summon
a council of the chief officers: he encourages Cal-
chas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the rea-
sion, why the gods were so much incensed against
them.—Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamem-
non, till Achilles engages to protect him; then,
imbattled by the hero, he accuses the general
as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive,
and refusing the presents offered for her ransom.
By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against
his will, to restore Chryseis; with gifts, that
he might appease the wrath of Phoebus; but
at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles,
send to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus
affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and
begrus his revenge his injury, not only on the ge-
eral, but on all the army, by giving victory to
the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sen-
sible of his injustice. At the same time, he re-
tires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws
his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her
son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit.
Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her
husband, for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his
parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them
peacefully to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muses, resound;
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Wore out, in early youth, to shades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife began,
Betwixt Atrides great, and Thetis' godlike son.
What power provok'd, and for what cause, relate,
Bowed, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath provok'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swain with priz'd:
Refus'd his presents, and his prayers denied.
For this the god a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's lib-

Suppliant before the Grecian chief he stood;
Awe'd, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his scap-
tro of command.
His suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the brother-princes thus address'd:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home,
As you receive the ransom which I bring.
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king.)
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire:
And glad with her return her grieving sirv.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks de-

cree
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere ev'ry furtive flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest, not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
Nor thy go'ld crown, my vow'd revenge with-
stand.
Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will resign:
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consumed her prime.
Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend;
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely household-task, shall be her dooms.
Far from thy lord's embrace, and her sweet
native home.
He said; the helpless priest replies no more,
But sped his steps along the hoarse-resounding shore:
Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Dost thou not see his feet, and thus proc'd his god.
O source of sacred light, attend my prayer
God with the silver bow, and golden hair;
Whom Chryses, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad eye their happy sail survey'd;
If, Smithines, I have pour'd before thy ears
The blood of oxen, goats, and addy was.
And larded thighs on loaded altar laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid!
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
How much thy power is injur'd in thy priest.
He pray'd, and Phobus, bearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders throw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground,
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and wumpers sent.
The essay of rage; on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The god nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The teeth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heaven's awful sceptre in her hand,
A council summon'd; for the goddess grieve'd;
Her fav'ring host should perish unreliev'd.
The kings assembled, soon their chief ensemble;
Then from his seat the goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the wat'ry plains,
And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without.
Consult, O king, the prophets of the event:
And whence these ills, and what the god's intent.
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are sent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our spoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero spoke,
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phobus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
And thus bespoke Polites: Care of Jove,
Pav'd with all the immortal Powers above;
Wouldst thou the seeds deep sown of mischief know,
And why provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Flight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths to those,
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate.
Even though the offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breasts,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
Will seize the unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things; and whom my tongue can force offenders secure me then from his foreseen intent.
That what his wrath may dooms, thy valour may prevent.
To this the stern Achilles made reply;
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phobus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good; and speak without control.
His godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
That while my nostrils draw his vital air,
None shall presume to violate these bands;
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands;
E'en not the king of men that all commands.
At this resuming heart, the prophet said:
Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks accru'd this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King; But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the godhead in his injur'd priest:
He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
And presents are refuse'd, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
For this the avenging power employs his darts;
And emptied all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus, will persist, relentless in his ire,
Till the fair slave be render'd to her sire.
And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
With sacrifice to reconcile the god:
Then he, perhaps, attest'st by prayer, may cease
His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.
Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eye with fire;
Which rolling round, he shot in sparkle on the sire:
Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
For not one bless'd event foretold to me
Pav'd through that mouth, or pav'd unwillingly.
And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade.
Obtaining heaven, for whate'er ill befall;
And spattering under venemous thy gall.
Now Phobus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause:
Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize;
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To stand prefer'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytmemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better plied the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my
nuptial bower.
Yet shall she be restor'd; since public good
For private interest ought not to be withheld,
To save the effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
It rests for you to make the equivalent.
'To this the fierce Themistian prince replied:
O first in power, but passing all in pride,
Gripping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely
soild,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before
And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot;
Which to resume, were both unjust and base;
Not to be borne but by a servile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss re-
store,
[more.
And with large interest make the advantage.
'To this Atrides answer'd: Though thy boast
Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
 Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
By priestly glossing on the god's commands?
Resolve on this; (a short alternative,)
Quilt mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despite.
Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain,
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us pass.

A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare,
Proud in her trim; and put on board the fail,
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of
prayer.
The crew well chosen, the command shall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Crete's king, or Ithacus, or, if I please, in
thee:
Most fit thyself to see perform'd the intend
For which my prisoner from my sight is sent,
(Thanks to thy pious care,) that Phobus may
reliant.
At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant; and then replies
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone,
Advance'd to sovereign sway for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor such enforc'd respect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Prismus is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote, could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
And plough the shores of the stormy main?
Then, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on
the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting heaven, on me.
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for still above the rest,
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey,
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet even this little, thou, who wouldst engage
The whole, inastiate, envy't as thy loss.
Know, then, for Pthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public
corn.
[bound.
The king, whose brow with shining gold were
Who saw his throne with sceptred slaves en-
compass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a
fate.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, discussions, uproars are thy joy; Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy. Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone; I have been lent from heaven; and not thy own. Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land, And there thy anti-born Myrmidons command. But mark this menace; since I must resign My black-eyed maid, to please the Powers divine; (A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends, Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,) The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode, Full fraught with holy tributes to the far-shooting god.

This thus despatch'd, I owe myself the care, My fame and injury's honour to repair: From thy own tent, proud man, in thyDespite, This hand shall ravish thy pretended right. Bravis she shall be mine, and thou shalt see What odds of awful power I have on thee: That others at thy cost may learn the difference of degree.

At this the impertinent hero sorely smil'd; His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd, And justly by two tides of equal sway, Stood, for a while, suspended in his way. Betwixt his reason and his rage untam'd; One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd: That only counsel'd to the safer side; This to the sword his ready hand applied. Unpunish'd to support the affront was hard: Nor easy was the attempt to force the guard. But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood; Himself his falchion, and half-sheath'd it stood. In that nice moment, Pallas, from above, Commission'd by the imperial wife of Jove, Descended swift: (the white-arm'd Queen was loath. The fight should follow; for she favour'd both:) Just as in act he stood, in clouds iaspin'd, Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind; Then backward by his yellow curis she draw; To him and him alone confess'd in view. Tun'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise; But by her sparkling eyes, and sardent look, The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke. Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs? To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs? Thus he. The blue-eyed goddess thus rejoin'd, I come to calm thy turbulences of mind, If reason will resume her sovereign sway, And, sent by Jove, her commands obey. Equal she loves you both, and I protect: Then give thy guardian gods their due respect; And cease contention: be thy words sever. Sharp as he merits, but the sword forbear. An hour unhop'd already wings her way, When he his dire affront shall dearly pay: When the proud king shall see, with travail gain, To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain. But thou, secure of my unfalling word, Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword. [Maid, The youth thus answer'd mild; Auspicious Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd. The gods are just, and when, subdued sense, We serve their Powers, provide the recom pense. He said; with surly faith believ'd her word, And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword. Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes, And mix'd among the senate of the gods.

At her departure his disdain return'd: The fire she found'd, with greater fury burn'd Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent: Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might, In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight; When didst thou thrust amid the mingled praise, Content to hide the war aloof in peace? Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul; 'Tis death to fight; but kindly to control. Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power, To peal the chiefs, the people to devour. These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far Than to contend in fields, and toils of war. Nor couldst thou thus have dared the common hate, Were not their souls as abject as their state.

But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear (Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall bear: Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose) That when the Greeks want my wond'ring aid, No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade. When Hector comes, the homidice, to wield His conquering arms, with corpse to strow the field, [fess Then shall thou mourn thy pride; and late con My wrong repented, when 't is past redress. He said: and with disdain, in open view, Against the ground his golden sceptre threw, Then sate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd, And foam betwixt his grating grinders churn'd. But from his seat the Phylan prince arose, With reasoning mild, their madness to compose:
THE FORMS OF DRYDEN.

Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd,
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.
What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these dismember'd heaps. If both the lights
Of Greece their private interest disunite?
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increase'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men,
Than these dim eyes shall ever behold again.
Censure and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Thesus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous foil subdued: yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experience's age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:
But let Peides in his prize rejoice,
Achiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
[ sceptres bend.
Before whose throne s'en kings their lower'd head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchless thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey;
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
The son of Thetis, ramp'dre of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be lost.
Thus Nestor said, and cada'd: Atrides broke his silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial sway.
Controlling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The gods have given him strength: but whence the style
Of lawless power assum'd, or license to revile?

Achilles cut him short; and thus replied:
My worth allow'd in words, is in effect denied.
For who but a poltroon, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy slaves: my free-born soul disdain's
A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
But, she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my dease.
But stand aloof, and think profound to view:
This faction, else, not hitherto withstood,
Their hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.
He said; and rose the first: the council break;
And all their grave consuls dissolv'd in snarks.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen ears:
And next, to reconcile the shooter god,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd;
Chrysea last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plough the liquid seas, and leave the lesser land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-poluted host.
With perfect hecatooms the god they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of savoury stench involve the sky.
These pomp's the royal hypocrite design'd
For show; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talbot's, and Eurybiade the just,
Herald of arms, and ministers of trust,
Hesail's call'd, and thus bespoke: haste bend thy way;

And from the goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if denied,
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
And with arm's multitudes in person come
To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thesalians lay.
Their sovereign seated on his chair they sand;
His pensar tip cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
Without salutations, nor durst they first begin.
Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

He sees, the cause divine'd, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of speech allow.
Interpreters of gods and men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontrold:
How'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
Unpitied perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
For'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend
He said, and soon, obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her seat;
Thon to the intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind,
For'd from the man she lov'd; they led her thence,
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespeake.
Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his kind of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave?
Set by old Ocean's side the goddess bear'd;
Then from the sacred deep her head she roar'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus began
To soothe the sorrows of her plaintive son.
Why cries my race, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy affliction parent share her part.
Then sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the sea goddess thus the goddess-born ad-
dress'd:
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;
The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest,
The proud prerogative had seiz'd the best.
Chrysea is the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chrysea, rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
With profer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.

Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
Awaful, and arm'd with enmity of his god;
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his sceptre of command.

His suit was common, but above the rest
To both the brother-princes was address'd.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.
Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
The good old man, forlorn, of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The godhead gave a favorable ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
And heaped on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length arose
A seer, who well divin'd; and durst disclose
The source of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the sacred slave to be restore'd,
The god appear'd: the swelling monarch storm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given; but, thou, be wise,
If in thy power, to avenge thy nis't son:
Ascend the skies; and supplicating move
Thy just complaint to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urg him by that: for often hast thou said
Thy power was once not useless in his aid,
When, he who high above the highest reigns,
Surprise'd by traitor gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the seas conspire'd,
Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred
(Scall'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Egeus knew)
Twice stronger than his sire, who sits above
Assessor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue,
That action to his grateful mind recall:
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp enclose:
Ours, beaten to the shore, the siege forsake;
And what their king deserves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost.
To whom the Mother-goddess thus replied,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cried,
Ah wretched me! by fate's averse decree'd
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays,
And short and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will ascend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spite.
For yesterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd; 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the gods their solemn revels keep,
And quảff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take:
Knock at the brazen gates, and providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and supplicant to the sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.
She said: and, parting, left him on the place,
Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He writ for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught.
To Chrysa's port: where, entering with the tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he plied.
Fur'd every sail, and, drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd; and made with hawser's fast.
Descending on the plain, achor'd they bring
The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulysses l'd; and thus bespoke her sire.
Reverence be thou, and be thy god ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has restor'd;
And sent by me with presents and with prayer,
He recommends him to thy pious care
That Phobus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glai receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then wash'd; and took the cakes; while Chrysa stood
With hands uplifted, and thus invok'd his god:
God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
The sacred Cilla, thou, whose awful sway,
Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
Against the Grecians, and their prince, pres-sor'd:
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain.
But from the afflicted host and humble prince
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain,
Unheal his bow, and Greece respir'd again.
Now when the solemn rites of prayer were past,
[cast.
Their salted cakes on crackling flames they Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped:
The fatted oxen slow, and they'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next pre-par'd
[laud.
To involve the lean in cans, and mead with Sweet-breeds and collops were with scribes prick'd
About the side; imbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tune
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and, as it burn'd,
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd;
These morsels stay'd their stomachs, then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease.
With savoury meat, and set their minds at ease.
Now when the range of eating was repast'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblet fill'd
The first libations to the gods they pour:
And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy dedbauch! Till day to night they bring,
With hymns and psalms to the bowyer king.
At sun-set to their ship they make return,
And more secure on decks, till rosy morn.
The skies with dawning day were purpl'd o'er;
Awaik'd, with labouring ears they leave the shore:
The Power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
The bullying canvass strutt'd with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the sides, and beaten off aside.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd Superior, till the Trojan port they hold:
Then, hauliing on the strand, their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crook'd shore.
Meantime the goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd.
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head;
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear
The dying sounds.
Now, when twelve days complete had run their race,
The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoe of puny Pow'rs attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursu'd their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood, a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found:
The rest at awful distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one propp'd his chin.
Then thus. If I, celestial sire, in aught
Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece the affront has paid
With double honours; and redeem'd his aid.
She ceas'd, but the considering god was mute:
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit:
Nor lack'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face
That I, of all the gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And sighing first, this answer he return'd.
Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign?
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives license to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial power upbraiid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies the invocable doom:
The sign ordain'd, that what I shall command:
The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
The goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall; the Pow'rs resort,
Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood,
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the god.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent sate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue, (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in raving tone she spoke.
Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that 's your special care,
The consort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage vow, and Jove's own faith is such:
Then thus the Sire of gods, and men below:
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
E'en goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne.
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Though privilege'd to know, but privilege'd in vain?
But well thou dost, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,
Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host.
To whom the Thunderer made this stern reply;
My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye;
Why this vain praying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
Should thy suspicious thoughts divine arise,
Thou but become'st more odious to my sight.
For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
Still watch'd and importun'd, but worse for thee,
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The gods behold, and tremble at their fate:
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand against Omnipotence.
This heard, the impious Queen sate mute
with fear:
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer
Silence was in the court at this rebuke;
Nor could the gods abash'd sustain their sove-
reign's look.
The limping smith observ'd the sudden'ed feast,
And hopping here and there, (himself a jest,) Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove chequiquus, yet his mother's friend. What end in heavens will be of civil war,
If gods of pleasure will for mortals jar? Such discord but disturbs our jocial feast;
One grain of bad imbibers all the best.
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;
"T'is much unsafe my sire to disobey. Not only you provoke him to your cost, But mirth is snuff'd, and the good cheer is lost. Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power To throw you headlong from his heavenly tower.
But one submissive word, which you let fall, Will make him in good humour with us all. He said no more; but crown'd a bowl unbid: The laughing nectar overlock'd the lid: Then put it to her hand; and thus pursued: This cursed quaerel be no more renew'd. Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still: Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's Will.
I would not see you beaten; yet afraid Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour When I and all the gods employ'd our power To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew, And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw:
All day I fell; my flight at morn begun, And ended not but with the setting sun.
P'pitch'd on my head, at length the Lusian ground Receiv'd my better'd skull, the Sinhian heald my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd, And smiling took the cup the clowns had fill'd:
The reconciler-bowl went round the board, Which, emptiest, the rude skinkur still restor'd. Loads five of laughter seiz'd the guests to see The limping god so dast at his new ministry. The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas night.
Nor wantet rulearp harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre. Drunk in at last, and drowse they depart, Each to his house; adorna'd with labourd art Of the same architect: the thundering god Even he withdrew to rest, and had his head. His swimming head to needful sleep appli'd; And Jove lay unheed'd by his side.

THE LAST PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE Iliad.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

Thus having said, brave Hector went to see His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache. He found her not at home; for she was gone, Attended by her maid and infant son, To climb the steepy tower of Iliun: From whence, with heavy heart, she might survev The bloody business of the dreadful day. Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain, And sought the lord of her desires in vain. But he, who thought his peopled palace bare, When she, his only comfort, was not there, Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one, Which way she took, and whither she was gone. If to the court, or, with his mother's train, In long procession to Minerva's fane? The sargents answer'd, Neither to the court, Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort Nor to the temple she went, to more With prayers the blue-eyed progeny of Jove, But more solicitous for him alone, Than all their safety, to the tower was gone, There to survey the labours of the field, Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield; Swiftly she pass'd with fear and fury wild; The sargeant went lagging after with the child. This heard, the noble Hector made no stay; The admitting throng divide to give him way: He pass'd through every street, by which he came, And at the gate he met the mornful dame. His wife beheld him, and with eager pace Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace: His wife, who brought in dover Cilicia's crown, And in herself a greater dewer alone: Aetone's heir, who on the woody plain Of Hippoplaus did in Thebe reign. Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild; The sargeant came lagging after with the child. The royal babe upon her breast was laid; Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd. Beamundrus was his name, which Hector gave. From that fair flood which Jliun's wall did lave! But him Astyanax the Trojans call, From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a silent smile:
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
To whom the noble Hector thus replied.
Press’d in her own, his warlike hand she took,
That and the rest are in my daily care:
Then sigh’d, and thus prophetically spoke.
But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains
Nor dost thou pity with a parent’s mind,
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear;
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav’st behind;
But lost of honour is my only fear.
Nor me, the unhappy partner of thy bed,
Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led;
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
With many, will oppress thy single might:
And still have been the foremost in the fight:
Better it were for miserable me
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
To die before the fate which I foresee.
And am the champion of my father’s crown,
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage;
To Hector’s widow, after Hector’s death?
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
And universal ruin cover all.
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
His fatal hand my royal father slew:
Whose valour yet defends the unhappy town;
He slew Action, but despoil’d him not;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
And nor his fate the funeral rites forgot;
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
And reverence’d thus the manes of his foe:
Subjected to the victor’s cruel power;
A tomb he rais’d: the mountain crumbles around
Led hence a slave to some insulating sword,
Encloe’d with planted elms the holy ground.
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
A spectacle in Argos, at the boom,
To death’s dark mansions took the mournful way;
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
My mother, who the royal sceptre sway’d,
While groaning under this laborious life,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
They insolently call thee Hector’s wife;
And hither led; but hence redeem’d with gold,
Uphra’d thy bondage with thy husband’s name:
Her native country did again behold,
And from my glory propagate thy shame.
And but held: for soon Dianna’s dart,
This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
In an unhappy chase, transfus’d her heart.
With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one.
But I, oppress’d with iron sleep before,
O kill not all my kindred o’er again
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
Thy tempts the dangers of the dusty plain;
He said—
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
In thy ruin lost:
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy.
This is a husband’s and a father’s post.
The Scæan gate commands the plain below;
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go.
The fearful infant turn’d his head away,
And hence with other bands repel the foe.
And on his nurse’s neck reclining lay.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
His unknown father shunning with astright,
And thither all their powers are daily bent;
And looking back on so unscathed a sight;
The two Ajaxes have I often seen,
Daunted to see a face with steel o’er-spread,
And his high plumes that nodded o’er his head.
And his sire and mother smil’d with silent joy;
And Hector hasten’d to relieve his boy;
With him his greater brother; and with these
Dismiss’d his burnish’d helm, that shone afar,
Fierce Diomed and bold Meriones;
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
The illustrious babe, thus reconcile’d, he took:
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
Rugg’d in his arms, and kiss’d, and thus he spoke.
Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright symph of the powers above;
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with reason,
To shield thy people, and assert the crown:
That when hereafter he from wars shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, The son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.
Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
The Illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.

He, wiping her fair eyes, bid all her grief,
And ease her sorrows with this last relief.
My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad on omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
The irrevocable doom of destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become,
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd:
Home when she came, her secret wo she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud lament's;
These loud lament's her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplores.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This translation of Monsieur Belzeau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1689, by Sir William Soame of Buffold, Baronet; who being very intemately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his revisal of it. I saw the manuscript in Mr. Dryden's hands for above six months, who made very considerable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto; and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers, than keep to the French names, as it was first translated, Sir William desired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.
The poem was first published in the year 1689; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of King James, but died in the voyage.

RAISE author, 'tis a vain presumption, crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence:
In thy strain genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phoebus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme;

Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Sponser sing Rosalind in pastoral:
But authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme;
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Describ'd the Israelites' triumphant flight,
And following Moses o'er the sandy plains,
Perish'd with Pharaoh in the Arabian main.
Whatever you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme:
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close:
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But if neglected will as easily stray,
And master reason, which she should obey.
THE ART OF POETRY.

Love reason then; and let what'oe'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers, mounted on a reedy muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural;
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go as often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it's over-wrought:
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are bashful with gold;
Then count the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragales":
'Tis'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vein fully see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
A verse was weak, you turn it, much too strong,
Add grow obscure, for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise,
In writing vary your discourse and phrase;
A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none;
Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe:
His works will be admir'd wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
In all you write be neither low nor vile;
The meanest theme may have a proper style.
The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate:
Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen:
Disgus'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which first in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly overran;
The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd:
But this love stuff the town at last despis'd,
And scorn'd the folly that they once had prized;
Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Flecknoe's reign.

Let not so mean a style your muse debase;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the slain";
Nor with Dubarton bridge up the floods.
And perriw with wool the baldpate woods.
Choose a just style; be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint;
Write, what your reader may be pleas'd to hear:
And for the the measure have a careful ear.
On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
Of jarring sounds avoid the obious noise:
The fullest verse and the most labour'd sense
Displease us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmusser'd, overcogg'd with rhymes.
Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage:
Spenser did next in Pastoral excel,
And taught the noble art of writing well;
To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then D'Avenant came; who, with a new found art,
Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and bad his way apart;
His haughty muse all others did despise,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times,
In their Mock-Gondibert, expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuse,
And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring muse.
This headstrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.
Wallace came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart;
That of a well-pleas'd word could teach the force,
And show'd for poetry a nobler course:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join;
His verses to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verses you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray;
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

There is a kind of writer plea'd with sound,
Whoseonian head with clouds is compass'd round,
No reason can disperse them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with ease we can express:
Words to the notions flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And savor not from it in your lowest sight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if in English give offence:
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flow'ry mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said:
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit:
Each object must be fit'd in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace:
Till a curious art dispose'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces joint'd.
Keep to your subject close in all you say;
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic write their darling follies love:
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
A sycophant will every thing admire:
Each verse, each sentence sets his soul on fire:
All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways:
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your headless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verses to rule and order will confine.

Reprove of words the too affected sound;
Here the sense flags, and your expression is round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
Thus, 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use;
But authors, partial to their darling muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretense,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.
Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: That, Sir, 's the properest place.
This turn I like not; 'T is approv'd by all.
Thus, resolve not from one fault to fail,
If there's a syllable of which you doubt,
'T is a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults compose,
And over him your power is absolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'T is a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can want a not to praise his rhymer;
The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for his support;
And in all times a forward scribbling fool
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But without gold, or pearl, or costly scars,
Gathers from neighboring fields her ornaments;
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse:
There native beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.
But in this style a poet often speaks,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frightened nymphs dive down into the floods,
Oppos'd to this another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth, and crowning or the ground;
THE ART OF POETRY.

You 'a swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
Again was quarrelling to the country swains,
And changing without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocritus:
Be their just writings, by the gods inspir'd,
Your constant pattern practis'd and admired.
By them alone you 'l see early comprehend
How poets, without shame, may convey ascend
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ODE.
The Elegy that loves a mournful style,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile,
It paints the lovers' torments and delights,
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites:
But well these raptures, if you 'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.
I hate those lukewarm authors, whose fire'd fire
In a cold style describes a hot desire,
That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood:
Their feign'd transports appear but flat and vain;
'Tho' always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
Mako sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'T was not of old in this affectèd tone,
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when instructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elogies forms the discourse.

ODE.
The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
M. inting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amidst the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course:
To Simis' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And make the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd remove,
That what she grants may seem to be by force:

Her generous style at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shows her art.
Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
In all their raptures keep exactest time,
That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all turns by strictest rules of art:
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said that, once the humorous god
Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound;
Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
The easy running and alternate rhyme;
But above all, those licenses denied
Which in these writings the lame sense supplied:
Forbad a useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless Sonnet, faithful thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phonix found;
When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free.
The rest but little read, disregardless,
Are shovell'd to the pastry from the press.
Closing the senses within the measured time,
'T is hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

EPIDRAM.
The Epigram, with little art composed,
Is one good sentence in a distich close'd.
These points that by Italians first were prized,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd:
The vulgar dazled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite,
But public favour so increased their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parmaecus with their tide.
The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites.
A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted reason look'd about,
And from all serious matters shut them out.
Declair’d that none should use them without shame,  
Except a scattering in the Epigram;  
Provided that by art, and in due time  
They turr’d upon the thought and not the rhyme.  
Thus in all parts disorders did abate:  
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate;  
Inspired jesters, and unpleasant fools,  
A corporation of dull punning drolls.

"Tis not, but that sometimes a dexterous muse  
May with advantage a turn’d sense abuse,  
And on a word may trifle with address;  
But above all avoid the fond excess; [lame,  
And think not, when your verse and sense are  
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.  
Each poem his perfection has apart;  
The British round in plainness shows his art.  
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,  
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;  
The Madrigal may softer passions move,  
And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.  
Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,  
Arm’d Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,  
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,  
Protected humble goodness from reproach,  
Show’d worth on foot, and rascals in the coach;  
Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,  
And none uncensor’d could be fool or mad;  
Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be  
Squar’d to the rules of their sharp poetry.  
Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,  
Affectcd brevity in all he writ;  
And Juvenal, learn’d as those times could be,  
Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;  
Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,  
In what he writes there’s something of divine,  
Whether he blames the Capesan debauch,  
Or of Sejanus’ fall tells the approach,  
Or that he makes the trembling senate come  
To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;  
Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shows,  
And paints an empress reeking from the stews;  
In all he writes appears a noble fire:  
To follow such a master then desire.  
Chaucer alone, fix’d on this solid base,  
In his old style conserves a modern grace:  
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes  
Offended not the method of our times.  
The Latin writers decency neglect;  
But modern authors challenge our respect,  
And at inmodest writings take offence,  
If clean expression cover not the sense.  
I love sharp Satire, from obsceneness free;  
Not impudence that preaches modesty:

Our English, who in malice never fail,  
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;  
Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes  
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows  
Our freedom in our poetry we see,  
That child of joy begot by liberty.  
But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you choose  
God for the subject of your impious muse;  
At last, those jests which libertines invent,  
Bring the lewd author to just punishment.  
Even in a song there must be art and sense;  
Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance, [mettle,  
Have warm’d cold brains, and given dull writers  
And furnish’d out a scene for Mr. Settle.  
But for one lucky bit that made thee please,  
Let not thy folly grow to a disease,  
Nor think thyself a wit: for in our age  
If a warm fancy does some folb engage,  
He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,  
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.  
Nay, ’tis a wonder, if in his dire rage  
He prints not his dull follies for the stage;  
And in the front of all his senseless plays,  
Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

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CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

There’s not a monster bred beneath the sky,  
But, well-dispós’d by art, may please the eye:  
A curious workman by his skill divine,  
From an ill object makes a good design.  
Thus to delight us, Tragedy, in tears  
For ÕEdipus, provokes our hopes and fears:  
For parricide Orestes asks relief;  
And to increase our pleasure causes grief.  
You then that in this noble art would rise,  
Come; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.  
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,  
And for your judges summon all the towns?  
Would you your works for ever should remain,  
And after ages past be sought again?  
In all you write, observe with care and art  
To move the passions and incline the heart.  
If in a labour’d act, the pleasing rage  
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,  
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise;  
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays  
Your cold discourse can never move the mind  
Of a stern critic, naturally unfind;  
Who justly critic with your pedantic flight,  
Or fails asleep, or ceases all you write.  
The secret is, attention first to gain;  
To move our minds, and then to entertain:

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THE ART OF POETRY.

That from the very opening of the scenes,
The first may show us what the author means;
I'm th'ird to see an actor on the stage,
That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unravelling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd;
Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
The subject's never soon enough express'd;
Your place of action must be fix'd; and rest.
A Spanish poet may, with good event,
In one day's space whole ages represent;
There oft the hero of a wandering stage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we, that are by reason's rules confin'd,
Will that with art the poem be design'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
A foolish wonder cannot entertain:
My mind's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
When a well-woven subject long disguis'd,
You on a sudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At first the Tragedy was void of art;
A song; where each man dance'd and sung his part;
And of all Bacchus roaring out the praise,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
Theopis was first, who, all beas'm'd with leas,
Began this pleasure for posterity:
And with his carted actors, and a song,
Arm'd the people as he pass'd along.
Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
And with a better mask his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increase'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:
He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and profane, abhorr'd the stage;
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 't is said,
Proudly seizes, scandalously play'd,
Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
And show'd the folly of their ill- plac'd zeal,
Silence those nonconformists of the age,
And raise'd the lawful heroes of the stage:
Only the Athenian mask was laid aside,
And chorus by the music was supplied.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
Pain then, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love,
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrnis seen,
Or for a Cyrus show an Artamen:
That struggling off his passions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design;
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.
Those little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part;
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites austere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different customs grow
And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
An antique hero like some modern ass;
Who made old Romans like our English more
Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errors are excuse'd:
There's enough that, reading, we're amus'd;
Rules too severe would there be useless found
But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with itself agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own design:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write;
Chapman in Bussy D'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to hush and fight.
Wise nature by variety does please;
Clothe differing passions in a differing dress;
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And show a ranting grief upon the stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His seven-fold waters to the Euxine shore:
These swon expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow you must softer methods keep;
And to excite our tears yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from arts that in sadness drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:
An author cannot easily purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to biss, and blame:
You may be judged by every ass in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must every where abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line;
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that tragedy maintain:

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join:
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face;
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'T is not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky;
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
Echo's no more an empty airy sound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind
The poet does a thousand figures find;
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strews with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'T is not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore;
From faithless fortune this is no surprise,
For every day, 't is common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy:
That Aesopus with the fierce goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steer:

[A fear; these are the springs that move our hopes and
Without these ornaments before our eyes,
The unine'd poem languishes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken authors tried
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel;
The mysteries which Christians must believe,
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The bowings of repining Lucifer,
Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the prize.
Tasso you'll say has done it with applause;
It is not here I mean to judge his cause;
Yet though our age has so extol'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'T is not, that Christian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common subject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments;
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat,
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his stye, his wings, and
And every where as 't were idolatry; 
Glass.
Banish descriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To choose king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill applied
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tir'd?
Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd,
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Caesar or like Scipio frame his mind,
And not like CEdipus his perjur'd race:
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
THE ART OF POETRY. 403

Choose not your tale of accidents too full;  
Too much variety may make it dull;  
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,  
Abounds only does a whole illad fill.  
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;  
In your descriptions show your noblest art:  
There's is your poetry may be employ'd;  
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.  
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe  
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,  
Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass,  
The fishes staring through the liquid glass;  
Describ'd a child, who with his little hand  
Pluck'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.  
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;  
Allow your work a just and nobler light,  
Be your beginning plain: and take good heed  
Toos soon you mount not on the airy steed;  
Nor tell your reader in a thund'r'ing verse,  
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."  
What can an author after this produce?  
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.  
Much better are we pleas'd with his address,  
Who without making such vast promises,  
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,  
"I sing the combats of that pious prince,  
Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,  
And landed first on the Larvian shore."  
His opening muse sets not the world on fire,  
And yet performs more than we can require:  
Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame  
And future glory of the Roman name;  
Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,  
And Osman's wandering in the Elysian woods:  
With figures numberless his story grace,  
And every thing in beauteous colours trace  
At once you may be pleasing and sublime:  
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:  
I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,  
Than a dull author always stiff and stale,  
Who thinks himself honour'd in his style,  
If on his works the Graces do but smile.  
'T is said, that Homer, matchless in his art,  
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:  
His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,  
And whatsoever he touches turns to gold:  
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;  
He always pleases, and can never tire.  
A happy warmth he every where may bestow;  
Nor is he in too long digressions lost:  
His verses without rule a method find,  
And of themselves appear in order join'd;  
All with it trouble answers his intent;  
Each syllable is tending to the event.  
Let his example your endeavours raise:  
To love his writings is a kind of praise.  

A poem, where we all perfections find,  
Is not the work of a fantastic mind:  
There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains;  
Not the first heat of unexperienced brains.  
Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage  
of a warm fancy does their minds engage,  
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,  
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;  
Their fustian muse each accident confounds  
Nor can she fly, but rises by leaps and bounds,  
'Till their small stock of learning quickly spent,  
Their poem dies for want of nourishment.  
In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool deceives,  
No branding censure can unroll his eyes;  
With impudence the laurel they invade,  
Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.  
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;  
And Homer understood not poetry;  
Against their merit if this age rebel,  
To future times for justice they appeal.  
But waiting till mankind shall do them right,  
And bring their works triumphantly to light;  
Neglected heaps we in by-corners lay,  
Where they become to worms and moths a pray;  
Forgot, in dust and cobwebes let them rest,  
Whilst we return from whence we first discover'd.  

The great success which tragic writers found,  
In Athens first the comedy renown'd,  
The abusive Grecian there, by pleasing ways,  
Dispere'd his natural malice in his plays:  
Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,  
Were subject to buffooning insolence:  
Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,  
That vice extoll'd, and virtue set a nought:  
A Socrates himself in that loose age,  
Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.  
At last the public took in hand the cause,  
And cur'd this madness by the power of laws;  
Forbad at any time, or any place,  
To name the person, or describe the face.  
The stage its ancient fury thus let fall;  
And comedy diverted without gall:  
By mild reproofs recover'd minds dispose'd,  
And sparing persons innocently pleas'd.  
Each one was nicely shown in this new glass,  
And smil'd to think he was not meant the as:  
A miser oft would laugh at first, to find  
A faithful draught of his own sorrid mind  
And stops were with such care and cunning writ,  
They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.  
You then that would the cosmic laurels wear,  
To study nature be your only care;  
Whose' er knows man, and by a curious art  
Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

He who observés and naturall can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning sycoonchant,
A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May safely in those noble lists engage,
And make them act and speak upon the stage,
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the sight.

Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise;
But every man has not discerning eyes.
All-changing time does also change the mind;
And different ages different pleasures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is easily led away;
Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
In censure, rash; in pleasures, all on fire.

The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his soul employ:
Against the turn of fate he sets his mind;
And by the past the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age still adding to his stores,
For others keeps the treasure he adores;
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Past times exoils, the present to debase;
Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
In others blames what age does him refuse.

Your actions must by reason be control'd;
Let young men speak like young, old men like old:
Observe the town, and study well the court;
For thither various characters resort:
Thus't was great Joson purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, less desirous of the people's praise,
He had not with low farces debauch'd his plays.
Mixing dull buffonery with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.

When in the Fox I see the tortoise hist,
I lose the author of the Alcymist,
The comick wit, born with a smiling air,
Most tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With bawdy jests amuse the populace:
With well-bred conversation you must please,
And your intrigue unravel'd be with ease:
Your action still should reason's rules obey,
Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
Your humble style must sometimes gently rise;
And your discours severe, and wise;
The passions must to nature be confin'd;
And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit must not unseasonably play;
But follow business, never led the way.
Observe how Terence does this error shun;

careful father chides his amorous son:

Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
Forget those orders, and pursue his love:
'T is not a well-drawn picture we discover:
'T is a true son, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reform's the age,
And keeps the right decorum of the stage:
That always pleasures by just reason's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays
Let him be gone, and on two trestles raise
Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The scourge of God, and terror of the town.
Who all the cast of physic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public mischief was his private gain;
Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain:

A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
Some bloodless died, and some by opium slept.
Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unskil'd by drugs, of all his store,
In his new country-house affords him place,
'T was a rich abiot, and a building ass:
Here first the doctor's talent came in play,
He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Designs the staircase at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his mason send:
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail,
In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous science does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.

In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason, 't is a useful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade account,
Admits no mean between the best and worst.
In other sciences, without disgrace,
A candidate may fill a second place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader suffers an indifferent wit;
The ruin'd stationers against him bawl,
And Herringman degrades him from his stall.
Burlesque at least our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.
The counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Then the stiff formal style of Gondibert.
THE ART OF POETRY.

Be not affected with that empty praise
Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
"The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when exposed to censure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.
A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not sold.
Hear all the world; consider every thought;
A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your fire;
Nor imitate the settsles of our times,
Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who seize on all the acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the passengers that walk the street:
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defence from their pursuing muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blam;
To alter for the better is no shame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes concealed skeptics, void of sense,
By their false taste, condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art.
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are satisfied;
And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:
Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound;
To shun the storm they run your verse aground,
And thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd.
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide.
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous muse may sometimes take her flight:
When too much fatter'd with the rules of art,
May from her stricter bounds and limits part:
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhym'er knows not poetry;
Nay some there are for writing verse extoll'd,
Who know not Lucian's dress from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
In prudent lessons every where abound;
With pleasure join the useful and the sound;
A sober reader a vain tale will slight;
He seeks as well instruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not those loose writers, who employ
Their guilty muse, good manners to destroy:
Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
And show us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen muse approve,
Who from all modest writings banish love;
That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lightest love, if docently expresst,
Will raise no vicious motions in our breast.
Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;
I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief.
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart:
His heat will never cause a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your desire.
In vain your art and vigour are exprest;
The obscene expression shows the infected breast.
But above all base jealousies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares liberally commend;
And scourns to grudge at his deserving friend.
Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
By standing up, and pulling others down.
Never debate yourself by treacherous ways,
Nor by such adjutant methods seek for praise;
Let not your only business be to write;
Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But strive your conversation be desir'd:
Write for immortal fame; nor ever choose
Gold for the object of a generous muse.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor those writers, who despise
Their honour; and alone their profit prize;
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
And of a noble science make a trade.
Before kind reason did her light display,
And government taught morals to obey,
Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew:
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
Committed murder without punishment:
Reason at last by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd these savages, and turn'd their hearts
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace.
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

These benefits from poets we receive'd,
From whence are rais'd those fictions since belief'd,
That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains,
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Thoban towers:
These miracles from numbers did arise:
Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes rais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd:
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were by the poets' aid,
In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;
First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The muse thus their reputation rais'd,
And with just gratitude in Greece were rais'd.
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
And sacrific'd to their divinity;
But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
Desire to gain dazzling the poets' eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
Thus medy wits a vile revenue made,
And verse became a mercenary trade.
Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:
If gold must be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly the unfruitful Heliaconian strand,
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
Or relishes the Heliaconian streams.
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
And free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'T is true; but verse is chevish'd by the great,
And now non's famish who deserve to eat:
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
Receive the stars' propitious influence?
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Sponor raise his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;
Wall's age renew, and offerings bring;
Our monarch's praise let bright-eyed virgins sing;
Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,
And his great models form by this design:
But where's a second Virgil, to rehearse
Our hero's glories in his epic verse?
What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and forests move again:
Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I speak, new glories strike my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itself does give, and prize,
Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,
V anish with all the ministers of hell:
His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:
"T is he alone our safety did create,
His own firm soul secure'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Boutefeus of the state.
Authors for him your great endeavours raise;
The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,
And never durst heroic measures tread;
Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield;
Offer you lessons, that my infant muse
Learn'd, when she Horace for her guide did choose:
Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
And shaf off hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if zealous for the right,
A strict observer of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I separate the alloy,
And show how hasty writers sometimes stray;
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.
ON THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. STAFFORD.

HYMN FOR ST. JOHN'S EVE.

O SYLVAN prophet! whose eternal fame
Echos from Judah's hills and Jordan's stream;
The music of our numbers raise,
And tune our voices to thy praise.
A messenger from high Olympus came
To bear the tidings of thy life and name;
And told thy sire each prodigy
That heaven designed to work in thee.
Hearing the news, and doubting in surprise,
His fault'reign speech in fettered accents dies;
But Providence, with happy choice,
In thee restored thy father's voice.
In the recess of nature's dark abode,
Though still enclosed, yet knewest thou thy God,
While each glad parent told and blest
The secrets of each other's breast.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE FAIR AND VIRTUOUS LADY,
MRS. ANASTASIA STAFFORD,
WITH THAT TRULY WORTHY AND PIUS SUST. GEORGE HOLMAN, ESQ.

I.

When nature, in our northern hemisphere,
Had shorten'd day-light, and deform'd the year;
When the departing sun
Was to our adverse tropic run;
And fair St. Lucy, with the borrow'd light,
Of moon and stars, had lengthen'd night:
What more then summer's day slip in by chance,
To beautify the calendar?
What made a spring, in midst of winter to advance,
And the cold seasons leap into a youthful dance,
To rouse the drooping year?
Was this by miracle, or did they rise
By the bright beams of Anastasia's eyes?
To light our frozen clime,
And, happily for us, mistook their time?
'Twas so, and 'twas imported in her name;
From her, their glorious resurrection came,
And she renew'd their perish'd flame.
The God of nature did the same:
His birth the depth of winter did adorn,
And she, to marriage then, her second birth,
Was born.
Her pious family, in every state,
Their great Redeemer well can imitate.
They have a right in heaven, an early place;
The beauteous bride is of a martyr's race:
And he above, with joy looks down,
I see, I see him blaze with his immortal crown.

Second Part.

Now, let the reasonable beast, call'd man,
Let those, who never truly scan
The effects of sacred Providence,
But measure all by the gross rules of sense,
Let those look up and steer their sight,
By the great Stafford's light.
The God that suffer'd him to suffer here,
Rewards his race, and blesses them below
Their father's innocence and truth to show;
To show he holds the blood of martyrs dear:
He crown'd the father with a deathless diadem;
And all the days from him he took,
He number'd out in his eternal book;
And said, let those be safely kept for them,
The long descendants of that hallow'd stem.
To dry the mournful widow's tears,
Let all those days be turn'd to years,
And all those years be whiten'd too:
Still some new blessing let 'em bring,
To those who from my martyr spring;
Still let them bloom, and still bestow
Some new content upon his race below.
Let their first revolution
Bestow a bride upon his darling son,
And crown those nuptials with a swift increase,
Such as the emptied ark did bless:
Then, as the storms are more alloy'd,
And waves decay'd,
Send out the beauteous blooming maid,
And let that virgin dove bring to her house again,
An olive branch of peace, in triumph o'er the main.
For whom, ye heavens! have ye reserv'd this joy?
Let us behold the man you chose:
How well you can your cares employ,
And to what arms your maid dispose:
Your maid, whom you have chang'd, but cannot lose:
Chang'd as the morn into the day,
As virgin snow that melts away,
And, by its kindly moisture, makes new flowers to grow.
See then, a bridegroom worthy such a bride!
Never was happy pair so fitly tied;
THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

Never were virtues more allied;
United in a most auspicious hour—
A martyr's daughter wed a confessor!
When innocence and truth became a crime,
By voluntary banishment,
He left our sacrilegious clime,
And to a foreign country went;
Or rather, there, by Providence was sent:
For Providence design'd him to reside,
Where he, from his abundant stock,
Might nourish God's afflicted flock,
And as his steward, for their wants provide.
A troop of exiles on his bounty fed,
They sought, and found with him their daily bread;
As the large troop increas'd, the larger table spread.
The cruse ne'er emptied, nor the store
Decreas'd the more;
For God supplied him still to give, who gave in God's own stead.
Thus, when the raging dearth
Afflicted all the Egyptian earth;
When scanty Nile no more his bounty dealt,
And Jacob, even in Canaan, famine felt;
God sent a Joseph out before;
His father and his brethren to restore:
Their sacks were fill'd with corn, with generous wine
Their souls refresh'd their ebbing store,
Still when they came, supplied with more,
And doubled was their corn,
Joseph himself by giving, greater grew,
And from his loins a double tribe increas'd the chosen crew.

TO MATILDA.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

When first, in all thy youthful charms,
And dazzling beauty's pride,
Heighten'd by infant Love's alarms,
The nuptial knot was tied,
Which gave thee to my longing arms,
A blooming, blushing bride:

Entranc'd in Hymen's blissful bowers,
We hail'd each rising sun,
While wing'd with joy the rosy hours
In ecstasy flew on;
And still we blest the heavenly powers,
Who join'd our hearts in one.

Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
Time steals our years away,
Thy mildly beaming virtues spread
Soft influence o'er life's way
Insuring to our peaceful shed,
Love's bliss without decay.

END OF VOL. I.
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