

Examen poeticum: being the third part of Miscellany poems / Containing variety of new translations of the ancient poets, together with many original copies, by the most eminent hands.

Contributors

Dryden, John, 1631-1700.

Everingham, Robert, active 1680-1700

Publication/Creation

London : Printed by R.E. for Jacob Tonson..., 1693.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/ntv68ndq>

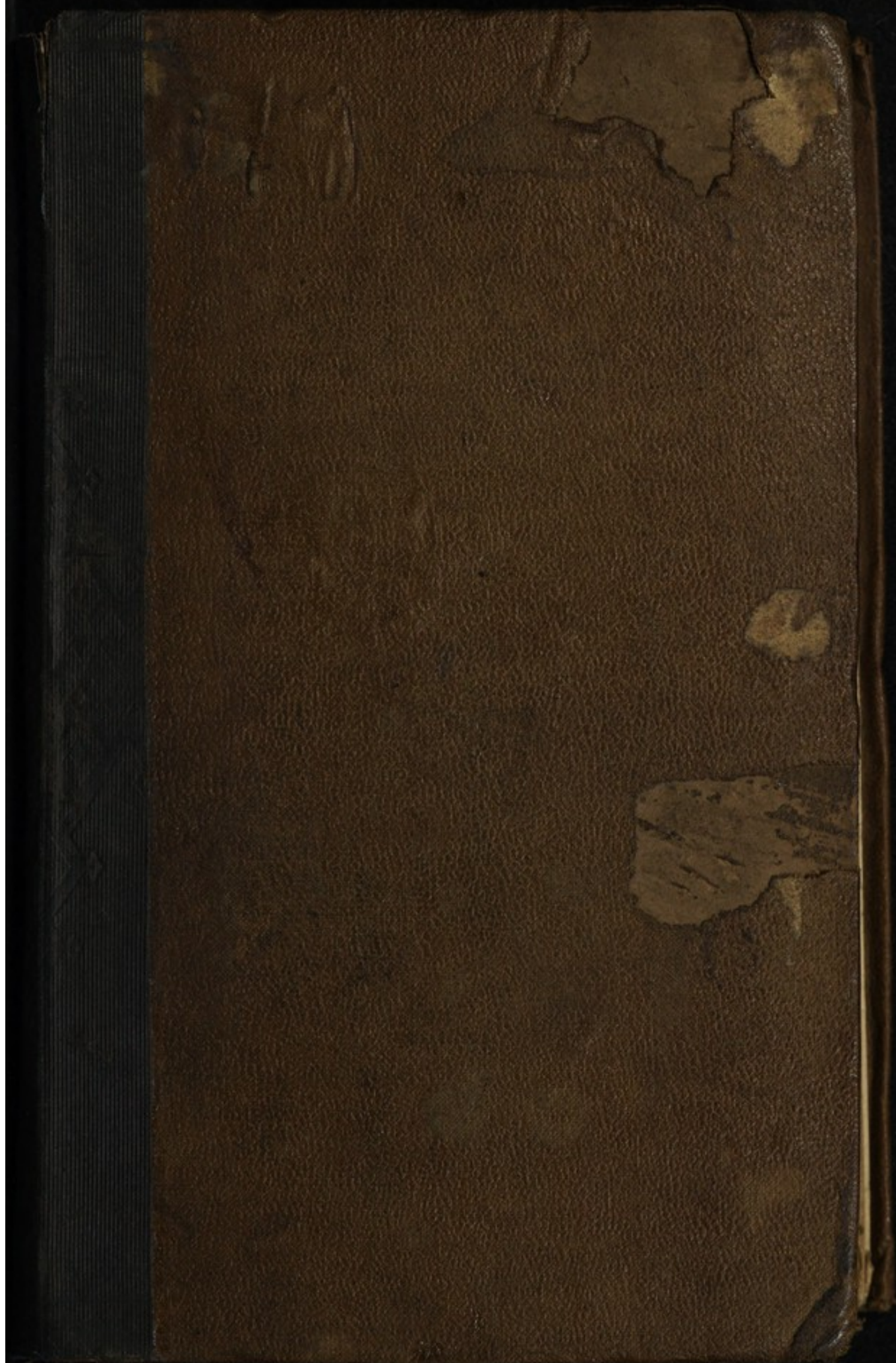
License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



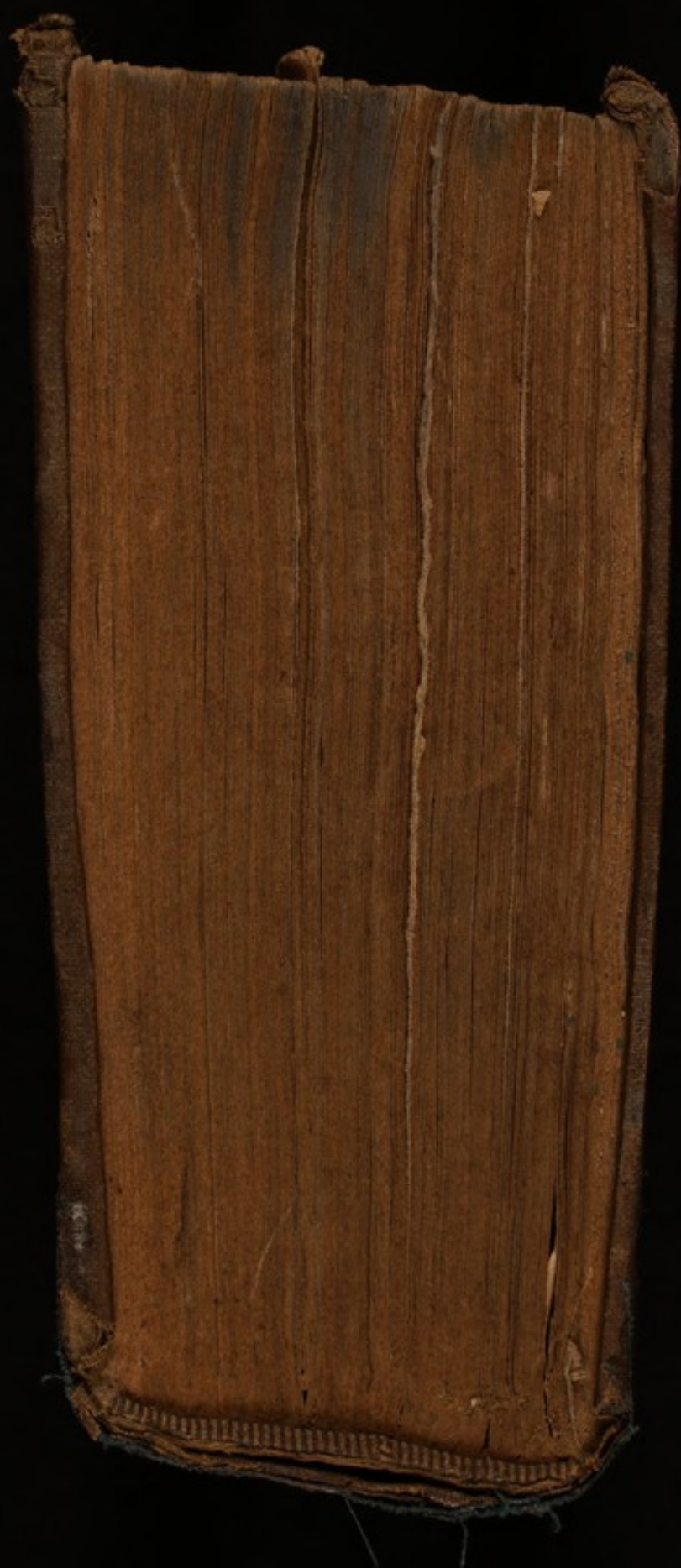
Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>











140
DRYDEN (John) **EXAMEN POETICUM**,
being the **THIRD PART OF MISCELLANY**
POEMS, containing of variety of new
translations of the Ancient Poets, together
with many original copies, by the most
eminent hands, tk. cr. 8vo, cloth, 7s6d 1693

Edited by Dryden, who contributed a number of
Poems and 24 pages of Introduction. The above
copy contains the rare supplement, "Syphilis,"
written in Latin by Frascatorius, and translated
by Mr. Tate (84 pages).

20937/B

EX BIBLIOTHECA



CAR. I. TABORIS.

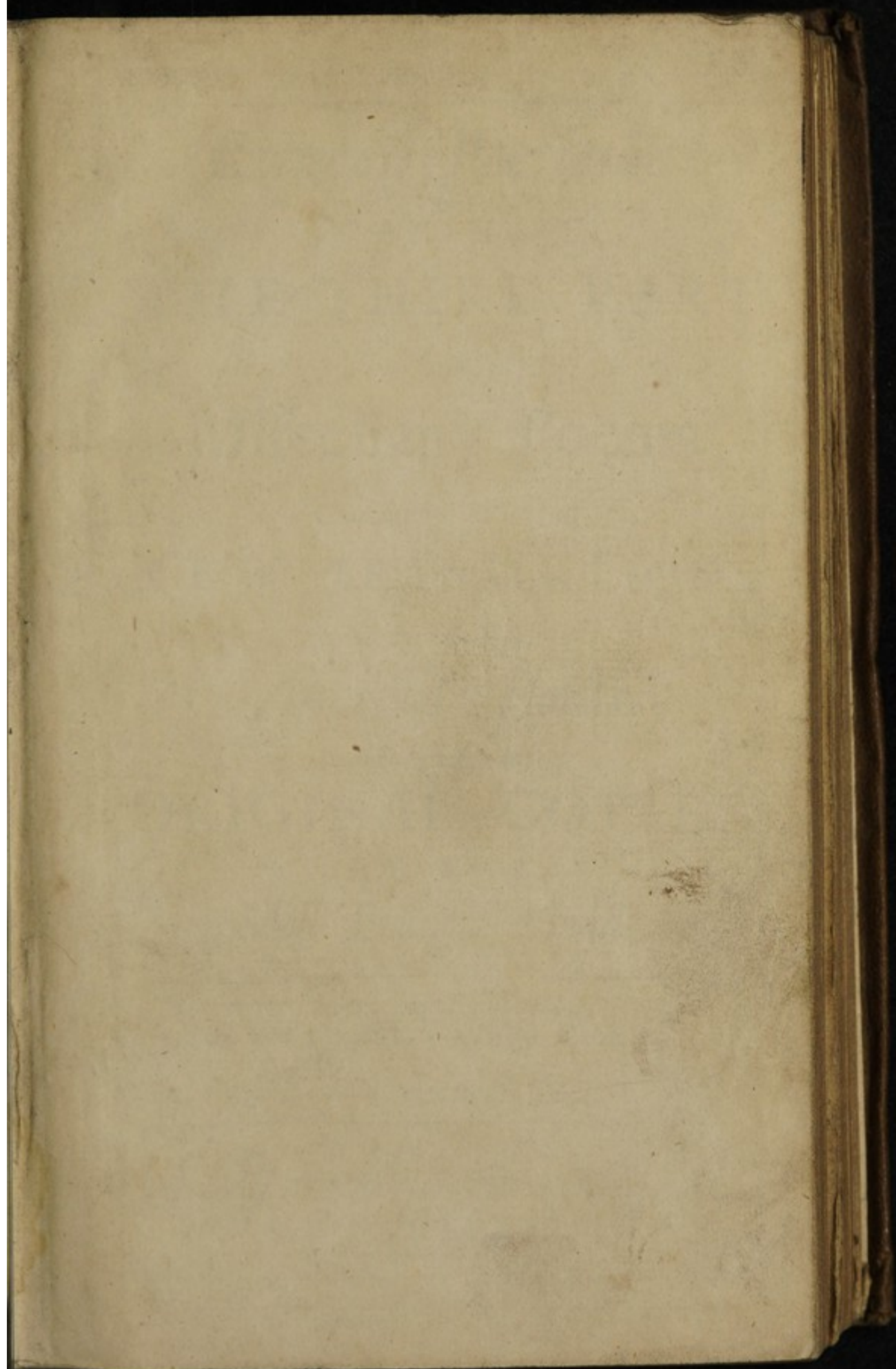
1
218
224
229
234

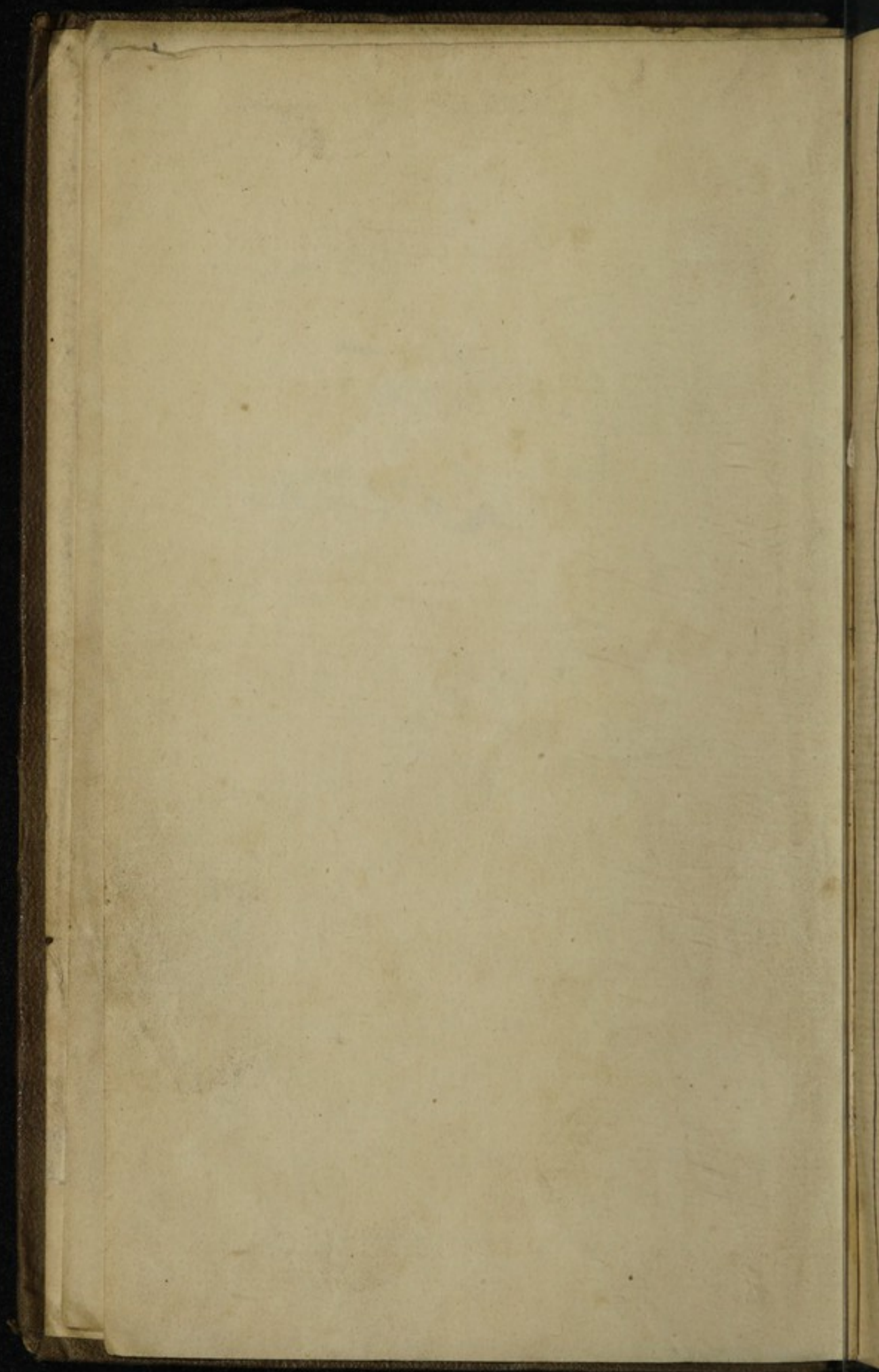
Dryden

Martin
London

R/s

Handwritten signature or name, possibly "M. J. ..."





59975

Examen Poeticum :
BEING
THE THIRD PART
OF
Miscellany Poems.

Containing Variety of
NEW TRANSLATIONS
OF THE
Ancient Poets.

Together with many
ORIGINAL COPIES,
BY THE
Most Eminent Hands.

*Hæc potior soboles : hinc Cæli tempore certo,
Dulcia mella premes. — Virgil. Geor. 4.*

In medium quæsitâ reponunt. Ibid.

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. E for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges
Head in Chancery-Lane, near Fleetstreet.

M DC XCHL



TO THE
Right Honourable,

MY

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 deriv'd from your own Merit, the exactness of your Judgment in Poetry, and the candour of your Nature; easie to forgive some trivial faults when they come accompanied, with countervailing 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. 'Tis

The Dedication.

a vanity common to all Writers, to over-value their own Productions; and 'tis better for me to own this failing in my self, 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 rais'd me to any Honours of the Gown, which are often given to Men of as little Learning and less Honesty than my self. No Government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein Time-servers and Blockheads will not be uppermost. The Persons are only chang'd, but the same juglings in State, the same Hypocrisie in Religion, the same Self-Interest, and Mis-mannagement, will remain for ever. Blood and Mony will be lavish'd in all Ages, only for the Preferment of new Faces, with old Consciences. There is too often a Jaundise 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

The Dedication.

their own distemper'd Sight. These Considerations, have given me a kind of Contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not asham'd to be Little, when I see them so Infamously 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 Idea's which are In-born in Mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be Disingenuous, 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 Critick: I mean of a

The Dedication.

Critick in the general acceptation of this Age: For formerly they were quite another Species of Men. They were Defendours of Poets, and Commentators 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 ostentatious of his Wit; and, in short, to shield him from the Ill-Nature of those Fellows, who were then call'd *Zoili*, and *Momi*, and now take upon themselves the Venerable Name of Censors. But neither *Zoilus*, nor he who endeavour'd to defame *Virgil*, were ever Adopted into the Name of Criticks by the *Ancients*: what their Reputation was then, we know; and their Successours in this Age deserve no better. Are our Auxiliary Forces turn'd our Enemies? Are they, who, at best, are but Wits of the Second Order, and whose only Credit amongst Readers, is what they obtain'd by being subvervient 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

The Dedication.

them, are they from our Seconds, become Principals against us? Does the Ivy undermine the Oke, which supports its weakness? What labour wou'd it cost them to put 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 prevail'd upon his Judgment, to fall on *Lucan*, he fell himself in his attempt: He perform'd worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the Authour of the *Pharsalia*: and avoiding his Errours, has made greater of his own. *Julius Scaliger*, wou'd 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 Humane Kind; But who had not rather be that *Homer* than this *Scaliger*? You see the same Hypercritick, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of *Claudian*, (a faulty Poet, and Living in a Barbarous Age;) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such Verses of his own, as deserve the *Ferula*. What a Cen-
sure

The Dedication.

sure has he made of *Lucan*, that he rather seems to Bark than Sing? Wou'd any but a Dog, have made so snarling a Comparison? One wou'd have thought, he had Learn'd Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, *Lucan*; he call'd 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 pretence of Respect, to the Dramatick Writers of the last Age, only scorn and vilifie 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, Sepultis; nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.* 'Tis not with an ultimate intention to pay Reverence to the Manes of *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben Johnson*, that they commend their Writings, but
to

The Dedication.

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 wou'd thrust out us their Lawful Issue, and Govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of Reformation. If they could compass their intent, what wou'd 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 betwixt 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 'tis evident we never sate to them: They are all Grotesque; the products of their wild Imaginations, things out of Nature, so far from being Copy'd from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of Insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our Poetical Church and State. Who allow no
thing

The Dedication.

thing to their Country-Men, either of this or of the former Age. These 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 *Shakespear*, and *Ben Johnson*: None of the Living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our Predecessours, so they were our Masters. We Trayl our Plays under them: but, (as at the Funerals of a *Turkish* Emperour,) our Ensigns are furl'd, or dragg'd 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 Undermin'd: I think shall be able to defend my self, when I am openly Attacqu'd. And to shew besides, hat the *Greek* Writers only gave us the Rudiments of a Stage, which they never
finish'd

The Dedication.

finish'd. That many of the Tragedies in the former Age amongst 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. 'Tis 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 *quantum mutatus* may be remember'd 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 *Miscellany Poems* to *Modern Tragedies*: But I have the ordinary Excuse of an Injur'd Man, who will be telling his Tale unseasonably 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 your self a Critick of the Genuine sort, who have Read the best Authours, 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 Dedication.

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, betwixt arguing like *Perault*, in behalf of the *French* Poets, against *Homer* and *Virgil*, and betwixt giving the *English* Poets their undoubted due, of excelling *Æschylus*, *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*, cou'd never totally exclude it, as we have done, who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of Entertaining it amongst us; and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a Publick Charge. Neither can we accept of those Lay-Bishops, as some call them, who under pretence of reforming the Stage, wou'd intrude themselves upon us, as our Superiours, 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

The Dedication.

behalf of all my Fellows, that when they come to Exercise a Jurisdiction over us, they shall have the Stage to themselves, as they have the Lawrel. As little can I grant, that the *French* Dramatick Writers, excel the *English*: Our Authours as far surpass them in Genius, as our Souldiers Excel theirs in Courage: 'Tis true, in Conduct they surpass us either way: Yet that proceeds not so much from their greater Knowledge, as from the difference of Tasts in the two Nations. They content themselves with a thin Design, without Episodes, and manag'd by few Persons. Our Audience will not be pleas'd, but with variety of Accidents, an Underplot, and many Actours. They follow the Ancients too servilely, in the Mechanick Rules, and we assume too much License to our selves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our Audience had their Tasts, our Poets could more easily comply with them, than the *French* Writers cou'd come up to the Sublimity of our Thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our Designs. However it be, I dare establish it, for a Rule of Practice

The Dedication.

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 Poetasters, for the defence of their *SCRIPTIONS* as they call them. There is a sort of Merit in delighting the Spectatours; which is a Name more proper for them, than that of Auditours: Or else *Horace* is in the wrong, when he commends *Lucilius* for it. But these 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 chusing 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 wou'd not be equally receiv'd, in this Satirical, and Censorious Age. That which cannot without Injury be deny'd 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 wou'd dwell
on

The Dedication.

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 guess'd, 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, amongst her other high Perfections, has deriv'd from him a Charming Behaviour, a winning Goodness, and a Majestick 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 my self the liberty of going farther; for 'tis so sweet to wander in

The Dedication.

a pleasing way, that I shou'd never arrive at my Journeys end. To keep my self 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 my self the Priviledge, of Inscribing to you, the Works of others who are join'd 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 seem'd not to be displeas'd 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 easie 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

The Dedication.

equal to the best. But as his Verse came easily, he wanted the toyl of Application to amend it. He is often luxuriant, both in his Fancy and Expressions; and as it has lately been observ'd, not always Natural. If Wit be pleantry, he has it to excess: but if it be propriety, *Lucretius*, *Horace*, and above all *Virgil* are his Superiours. I have said so much of him already, in my Preface to his Heroical Epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place. For my own part, I have endeavour'd to Copy his Character what I cou'd in this Translation, even perhaps, farther than I shou'd have done; to his very Faults. Mr. *Chapman* in his Translation of *Homer*, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically; and that on set purpose; 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, 'tis much more pardonable, than that of those, who run into the other extream, of a literal, and close Translation, where the Poet is confin'd

The Dedication.

so streightly 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 serv'd by the so much admir'd *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 Liv'd: They neither knew good Verse, nor lov'd it; they were Scholars 'tis true, but they were Pedants. And for a just Reward of their Pedantick pains, all their Translations want to be Translated, into *English*.

If I Flatter not my self, or if my Friends have not Flatter'd me, I have given my Author's Sense, for the most part truly: for to mistake sometimes, is incident to all Men:

The Dedication.

Men : And not to follow the *Dutch* Commentatours alwaies, may be forgiven to a Man, who thinks them, in the general, heavy gross-witted Fellows ; fit only to gloss on their own dull Poets. But I leave a farther Satire on their Wit, till I have a better opportunity, to shew 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 endeavour'd to avoid them, as often as I cou'd : I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the Words and on the Thought: Which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have Copyed them : and so may others, if they use the same diligence : But certainly they are wonderfullv Gracefull in this Poet. Since I have Nam'd the *Synalepha*, which is the cutting off one Vowel, immediately before another, I will give an Example of it, from *Chapman's Homer* which

The Dedication.

yes before me ; for the benefit of those who understand not the *Latine Prosodia*. Tis in the first Line of the Argument to the First *Iliad*.

Apollo's Priest to th' Argive Fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not the *Argive*, but th' *Argive*, 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 word *the Armies*, the ending with a Vowel, and *Armies* beginning with another Vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been th' *Armies*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding-gap betwixt those Words. I cannot say, that I have every way observ'd the Rule of this *Synalepha*, in my Translation ; but wheresoever I have not, 'tis a fault in sound: The

French

The Dedication.

French and *Italians* have made it an inviolable Precept in their versification; therein following the severe Example of the *Latin* Poets. Our Countrymen have not yet Reform'd their Poetry so far; but content themselves with following the Licentious Practice of the *Greeks*; who though they sometimes use *Synalepha's*, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one Vowel upon another; as *Homer* does, in the very first line of *Alpha*. Μῆνιν ἄειδε Θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆϊ. 'Tis true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words *μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς*, and *ἀλγὰ ἔδνηκεν*, the *Synalepha* in revenge is twice observ'd. But it becomes us, for the sake of *Euphony*, rather *Musas colere severiores*, with the *Romans*; than to give into the looseness of the *Grecians*.

I have tir'd my self, and have been summon'd by the Press to send away this Dedication; otherwise I had expos'd 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 Majestical; and might be reduc'd into

The Dedication.

a more harmonious sound. But for want of Publick 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 my self. 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, surpass'd his Author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to *Homer*, that he is much more capable of exciting the Manly Passions, than those of Grief and Pity. To cause Admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an Epick Poem: And in that he has Excell'd even *Virgil*. Yet, without presuming to Arraign our Master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too Talkative,
and

The Dedication.

and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be deny'd, 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 Bed-fellow for many Years together : And if he knew it, then it must be confess'd, that *Homer* in this 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 oppress'd her, without running for assistance to her Family. *Virgil*, I am confident, wou'd have omitted such a work of supererogation. But *Virgil* had the Gift of expressing much
in

The Dedication:

in little, and sometimes in silence: For though he yielded much to *Homer* in Invention, he more Excell'd him in his Admirable Judgment. He drew the Passion of *Dido* for *Eneas*, in the most lively and most natural Colours that are 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 Corps, which was drag'd after the Chariot of *Achilles*; and then in the Lamentation which was made over him, when his Body was redeem'd 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 oblig'd to the Translator than the Poet. For *Homer*, as I observ'd before, can move rage better than he can pity: He stirs up the irascible appetite, as our Philosophers call it, he provokes to Murther, and the destruction of God's Images; he forms and equips those ungodly Man killers, whom we Poets, when we flatter them, call Heroes;

The Dedication.

roes ; 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. *Waller*, two the best Judges of our Age, have assur'd me, that they cou'd 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 monstrous length of Verse cou'd carry him. What then wou'd he appear in the Harmonious Version, of one of the best Writers, Living in a much bet-

The Dedication.

ter Age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the Art of Numbers; for in the *Drama* we have not arriv'd to the pitch of *Shakespear* and *Ben Johnson*. But here, my Lord, I am forc'd to break off abruptly, without endeavouring 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's 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 to your Forgiveness.

I am

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most

Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

HAVING formerly Printed two Parts of *Miscellany Poems*, they were so very kindly receiv'd, that I had long before now Endeavour'd to obtain a Third, had I not almost ever since the Publishing of the Second been Solliciting the Translating of *Juvenal*, and *Persius*. Soon after the Publishing of that Book I waited upon several Gentlemen to ask their Opinion of a Third *Miscellany*, who encourag'd me to endeavour it, and have considerably help'd me in it.

Many very Ingenious Copies were sent to me upon my giving publick notice of this Design; but had I Printed 'em all, the Book wou'd have swell'd to too great a bulk, and I must have delay'd the Publishing of it 'till next Term: But those omitted, shall upon Order from the Authors be restored;

or

The Bookseller to the Reader.

or if the Gentlemen will be pleas'd to stay 'till next year, I shall take it as a favour to insert them in another Miscellany, which I then intend, if I find by the Sale that this proves as Entertaining as the former.

Several Reasons encourage me to Proceed upon the endeavouring a Fourth Volume: As, That I had assurance of many Copies from Persons now out of England; which, though not yet arriv'd, I am confident will be sent in a short time, and they come from such Hands, that I can have no reason to doubt of their being very much esteem'd.

I would likewise willingly try if there could be an Annual Miscellany, which I believe might be an useful diversion to the Ingenious. By this means care would be taken to preserve ev'ry Choice Copy that appears; whereas I have known several Celebrated Pieces so utterly lost in three or four years time after they were written, as not to be recoverable by all the search I cou'd make after 'em.

I was for some years together possess'd of several Poems of Sir Carr Scrope's, written with his own Hand, which I in vain of late strove to recover; for as I forgot to whom I lent 'em, so I believe the Person to whom they were lent does not remember where they were borrowed: But if the present Possessour of them reads this, I beg their being return'd.

If

The Bookseller to the Reader.

If I should go on with the Design of an Annual Miscellany, after I have procur'd some Stock to proceed upon, I will give Publick Notice of it. And I hope the Gentlemen who approve of this Design, will promote it, by sending such Copies as they judge will be acceptable.

Your very humble Servant

JACOB TONSON.

THE

The Book of the Revelation

If I should go outside the Door of my House
I should find I have found it. I have found it to be
good, good, I will give it to the Notice of the
people the Gentlemen who appear of the Nation will
be interested in by finding the Copies in the hands of
the Gentlemen.

Your very humble servant

JACOB TONSON

J. H. E.

THE CONTENTS.

T HE First Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses Translated into English Verse, by Mr. Dry- den.	Page 1
<i>The Golden-Age.</i>	8
<i>The Silver Age.</i>	10
<i>The Brazen Age</i>	11
<i>The Iron Age.</i>	Ibid.
<i>The Gyant's War.</i>	13
<i>The Transformation of Daphne into a Lawrel.</i>	39
<i>The Transformation of Io into a Heifer.</i>	49
<i>The Eyes of Argos Transform'd into a Peacocks Train.</i>	58
<i>The Transformation of Syrinx into Reeds.</i>	60
<i>The Fable of Iphis and Ianthe, from the Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses, Englished by Mr. Dryden.</i>	70
<i>The Fable of Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea, from the Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses, Englished by Mr. Dryden.</i>	84
<i>On Mr. Hobbs. By the Earl of Mulgrave.</i>	99
<i>On the Death of the Learned Mr. John Selden.</i>	104
<i>Against Immoderate Grief. To a young Lady weep- ing.</i>	b

The Contents.

<i>ing. An Ode in imitation of Casimire.</i>	By Mr. Yalden.	111
<i>To the Returning Sun.</i>	By J. H.	114
<i>Against the Fear of Death.</i>	By a Person of Honour.	117
<i>The Dream: Occasioned by the Death of the most Noble and Vertuous Lady, Elizabeth Seymour, Mother to his Grace the Duke of Somerset.</i>	By Mr. J. Talbot.	121
<i>A Hymn to the Morning. In Praise of Light. An Ode.</i>	By Mr. Yalden.	127
<i>A Hymn to Darknes.</i>	By Mr. Yalden.	132
<i>Æneas his meeting with Dido in the Elysian Fields. being a Translation of the Sixth Book of Virgil's Ænids.</i>	By Mr. Wolsley.	138
<i>Out of the Italian of Fulvio Testi, to Count Montecuccoli. Against Pride upon sudden Advancement.</i>		143
<i>Catullus. Epig. 19.</i>	By the same Hand as the former.	148
<i>Out of the Greek of Menage.</i>	By the same Hand as the former.	150
<i>Invitation into the Country. In imitation of the 34th Epig. of Catullus.</i>	By the same Hand as the former.	151
<i>On Mrs. Arabello Hunt Singing. A Pindarique Ode.</i>	By Mr. Congreve.	153
<i>To a Person of Honour. Upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem.</i>	By Mr. Waller.	159
<i>On the same by Dr. S——</i>		162
<i>Another on the same.</i>	By Mr. Mat. Clifford.	164
	On	

The Contents.

<i>On the same. By the Ld. V.—</i>	165
<i>On two Verses out of the same. By the Duke of Buckingham.</i>	166
<i>To the Prince and Princess of Orange, upon their Marriage. By Nat. Lee.</i>	168
<i>Against Sloath. When the King was at Oxford.</i>	175
<i>What art thou Love! By Mr. J. Allestry.</i>	178
<i>Verses spoken before the Duke and Dutcheſs of York, and Lady Anne, in Oxford Theatre. By the Ld. S.—and Mr. C.—</i>	181
<i>Humane Life, ſuppos'd to be ſpoken by an Epicure, in imitation of the ſecond Chapter of the Wiſdom of Solomon. A Pindarique Ode. Inſcribed to the Lord Huſnſdon. By Mr. Yalden.</i>	188
<i>To Mr. Waller: Upon the Copy of Verſes made by himſelf on the laſt Copy in his Book.</i>	197
<i>Elogy: Occaſion'd by the Reading and Tranſcribing Mr. Edmund Waller's Poem of Divine Love, ſince his Death. By Mr. J. Talbot.</i>	199
<i>Moſchus: Idyl. 1ſt. Done into Engliſh by Mr. J. R.</i>	201
<i>Againſt Enjoyment. By Mr. Yalden.</i>	204
<i>Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles, for the Body of his Son Hector. Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer. By Mr. Congreve.</i>	207
<i>The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen, over the dead Body of Hector. Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer. By Mr. Congreve.</i>	215
<i>Paraphraſe upon Horace. Ode 19. Lib. 1. By Mr. Congreve.</i>	227

The Contents.

Horace, <i>Lib. 2. Ode 14. Imitated by Mr. Congreve.</i>	229
<i>An Ode, in Imitation of Horace, Ode 9. Lib. 1. By Mr. Congreve.</i>	234
<i>To the Dutcheſs, on her Return from Scotland, in the Year 1682. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	239
<i>A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687. Written by John Dryden Eſquire, and Compos'd by Mr. John Baptiſt Draghi.</i>	242
<i>To Mr. Dryden: By Mr. Jo. Addiſon.</i>	247
<i>To Mr. Dryden, on his Translation of Perſius. By Mr. B. Higgons.</i>	250
<i>To Sir Godfrey Kneller, drawing my Lady Hides Picture. By Mr. B. Higgons.</i>	253
<i>Song on a Lady indispos'd. By Mr. Higgons.</i>	254
<i>Song to a Fair, young Lady, going out of the Town in the Spring. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	255
<i>A Song by my Ld. R.—</i>	258
<i>A Song by my Ld. R.—</i>	259
<i>A Pæan, or Song of Triumph, on the Translation and Apotheſis of King Charles the Second. By my Ld. R.—</i>	260
<i>Out of Horace. By my Ld. R.—</i>	262
<i>To a Lady, who Raſſling for the King of France's Picture, flung the higheſt Chances on the Dice. By Mr. B. Higgons.</i>	264
<i>On my Lady Sandwich's being ſtay'd in Town by the immoderate Rain. By Mr. B. Higgons.</i>	266
<i>Ovid's Love-Elegies. Book 1. Eleg. 7. To his Miſtreſs whom he had beaten. By Henry Cromwell, Eſq;</i>	268
	Ovid's

The Contents.

Ovid's <i>Love-Elegies</i> . Book 1. Eleg. 8. Of Love and War. By Henry Cromwell, Esquire.	273
Ovid's <i>Love-Elegies</i> . Book 1. Eleg. 10. To his Mercenary Mistress. By Henry Cromwell, Esquire.	277
Ovid's <i>Love-Elegies</i> . Book 1. Eleg. 15. Of the Immortality of the Muses. Inscríb'd to Mr. Dryden. By Henry Cromwell, Esquire.	282
Ovid's <i>Love-Elegies</i> . Book 3. Eleg. 2. To his Mistress at the Horse-Race. By Henry Cromwell, Esquire.	286
Ovid's <i>Love-Elegies</i> . Book 3. Eleg. 3. Of his Perjur'd Mistress. By Henry Cromwell, Esq;	291
To the Lady Castlemain, upon her encouraging his first Play. By Mr. Dryden.	295
Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1681. By Mr. Dryden.	299
Prologue by Mr. Dryden.	302
Considerations on the Eighty Eighth Psalm. By Mr. Prior.	305
Veni Creator Spiritus, Translated in Paraphrase. By Mr. Dryden.	307
The Curse of Babylon. Paraphras'd from the Thirteenth Chapter of Isaiah. A Pindarique Ode. By Tho. Yalden.	310
Out of Horace. Lib. 2. Ode. 3.	321
The Grove.	325
Love but One.	326
To the Author of Sardanapalus; upon that and his other Writings.	328
Of	

The Contents.

<i>Of my Lady Hide. Occasion'd by the sight of her Picture. By Mr. George Granville.</i>	329
<i>An Imitation of the second Chorus in the second Act of Seneca's Thyestes. By Mr. George Granville.</i>	331
<i>Amor omnibus idem : Or the Force of Love in all Creatures ; being a Translation of some Verses in Virgil's third Georgick, from verse 209. to verse 285.</i>	335
<i>To Mr. Congreve. An Epistolary Ode. Occasion'd by his Play. From Mr. Yalden.</i>	343
<i>On his Mistress drown'd. By Mr. S——</i>	349
<i>To the Pious Memory of the Accomplisht young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew, Excellent in the two Sister-Arts of Poesie and Painting. An Ode. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	351
<i>To the Earl of Carlisle, upon the Death of his Son before Luxemburgh.</i>	364
<i>The Insect. Against Bulk. By Mr. Yalden.</i>	370
<i>Written in a Lady's Advice to a Daughter.</i>	373
<i>Written in a Lady's Waller.</i>	375
<i>Written in the Leaves of a Fan</i>	377
<i>An Incomparable Ode of Malherb's. Written by him when the Marriage was a foot between the King of France, and Anne of Austria. Translated by a Person of Quality, a great Admirer of the easiness of the French Poetry.</i>	378
<i>On the Dutchess of Portsmouth's Picture.</i>	380
<i>A Song. By the Earl of Rochester.</i>	381
<i>Song for the King's Birth-Day.</i>	383
<i>A Song.</i>	387

The Contents.

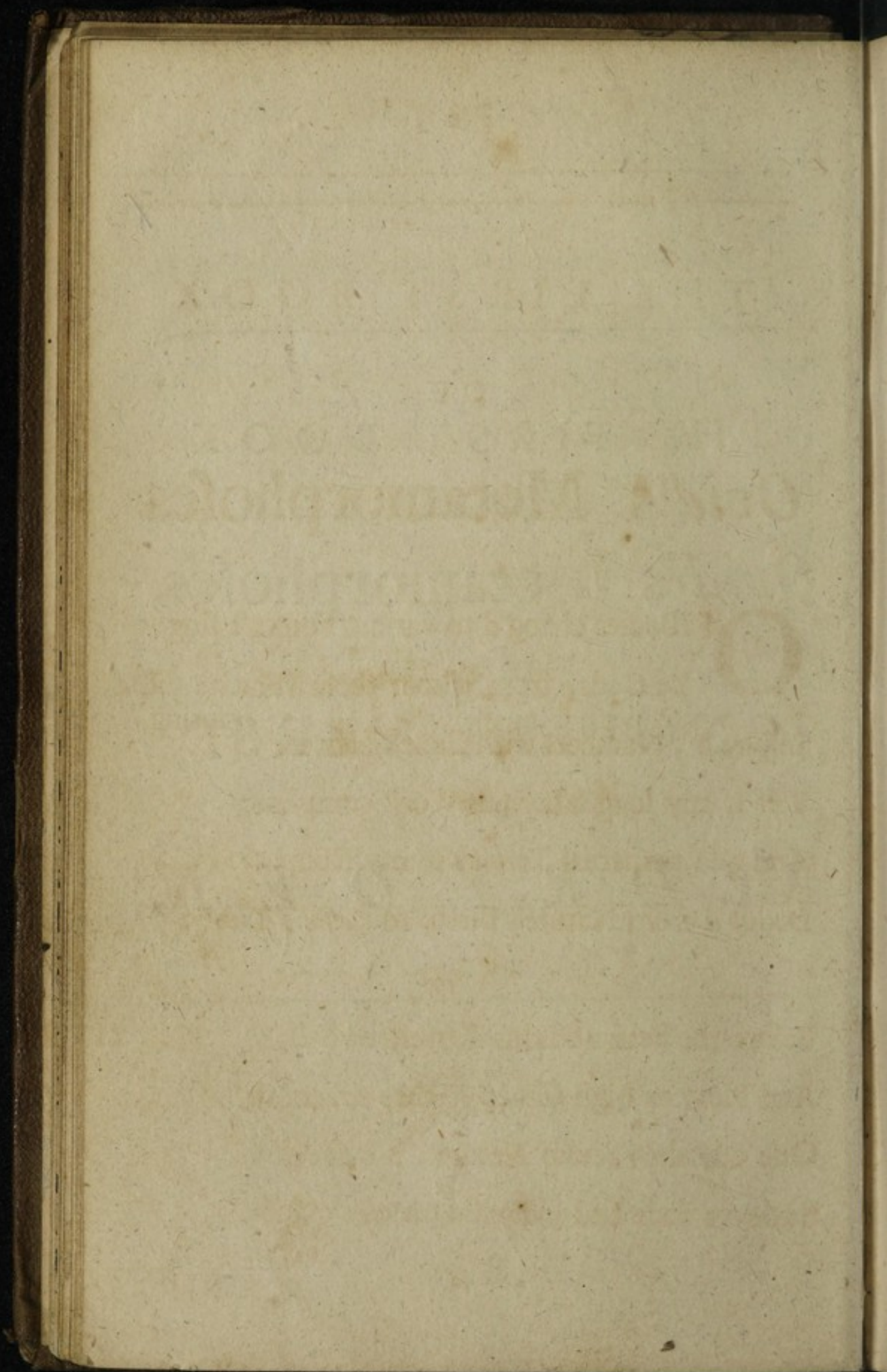
<i>A Song.</i>	389
<i>Song.</i>	391
<i>Song.</i>	393
<i>To the King. In the Year 1686. By Mr. George Granville.</i>	394
<i>Harry Martyn's Epitaph, by himself</i>	396
<i>To his Friend Captain Chamberlain; in Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea. In allusion to the 4th Ode of Horace. Lib. 2. By Mr. Yalden.</i>	397
<i>A Song. By a Lady.</i>	401
<i>Written by a Lady.</i>	403
<i>Paraphras'd out of Horace, the 23d Ode. of the 2d. Book. By Dr. Pope.</i>	405
<i>Love's Antidote.</i>	407
<i>Anachreon Imitated.</i>	409
<i>Anachreon Imitated.</i>	411
<i>Anachreon Imitated.</i>	412
<i>From Virgil's first Georgick. Translated into English Verse, by H. Sacheverill. Dedicated to Mr. Dryden.</i>	413
<i>A French Poem: With a Paraphrase on it in English.</i>	418, 419
<i>A Song: by Sir John Eaton.</i>	422
<i>Another Song in imitation of Sir John Eaton's Songs. By the late Earl of Rochester.</i>	424
<i>A Song: By Sidney Godolphin, Esquire, on Tom Killigrew, and Will Murrey.</i>	425
<i>Rondelay. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	429
<i>In a Letter to the Honourable Mr. Charles Montague. By Mr. Prior.</i>	431

The Contents.

<i>An Ode. By Mr. Prior.</i>	433
<i>To a Lady of Quality's Playing on the Lute. By Mr. Prior.</i>	437
<i>An Epitaph on the Lady Whitmore. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	441
<i>An Epitaph on Sir Palmes Fairborne's Tomb in Westminster-Abby. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	442
<i>To the Reverend Dr. Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, on his Practical Discourse concerning Death. By Mr. Prior.</i>	444
<i>On Exodus 3. 14. I am that I am. A Pindarique Ode. By Mr. Prior.</i>	449
<i>The Last Parting of Hector and Andromache. From the Sixth Book of Homer's Iliads. Translated from the Original by Mr. Dryden.</i>	456
<i>Syphilis.</i>	ult.

T H E

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
Ovid's Metamorphoses,
Translated into
ENGLISH VERSE
BY
Mr. *DRYDEN*.



THE FIRST BOOK

OF

Ovid's Metamorphoses.

OF Bodies chang'd to various Forms I sing:
 Ye Gods, from whom these Miracles did
 Inspire my Numbers with Cœlestial heat; (spring,
 Till I, my long laborious Work compleat:
 And add perpetual Tenour to my Rhimes,
 Deduc'd from Nature's Birth, to *Cæsar's* Times.

Before the Seas, and this Terrestrial Ball,
 And Heav'ns 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 Skye;
Nor pois'd, did on her own Foundations lye:
Nor Seas about the Shoars their Arms had thrown;
But Earth and Air and Water were in one.
Thus Air was void of light, and Earth unstable,
And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable.
No certain Form, on any was impress;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold, were in one Body fixt;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.

But God or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine Discords put an end: (driv'n,
Then Earth from Air, and Seas from Earth were
And grosser Air, sunk from Ætherial Heav'n. Thus

Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin, contiguously embrace;
And Foes are sunder'd, by a larger space.
The force of Fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted Skie:
Then Air succeeds, in lightness next to Fire;
Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of pondrous, thick, unweildy Seeds along.
About her Coasts, unruly Waters roar;
And, rising on a ridge, insult the Shoar.
Thus when the God, what ever 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 bad 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, disimbogu'd, are lost.
He shades the Woods, the Vallies he restrains
With Rocky Mountains, and extends the Plains.

And as five Zones th' Ætherial 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 th'extreams, two happier Climates, hold
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.
The Feilds of liquid Air, inclosing all,
Surround the Compass of this Earthly Ball:

The lighter parts, lye next the Fires above;
The groſſer near the watry Surface move:
Thick Clouds are ſpread, and Storms engender
there,
And Thunders Voice, which wretched Mortals
fear,
And Winds that on their Wings, cold Winter bear.)
Nor were thoſe bluſtring Brethren left at large,
On Seas and Shoars, their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the World, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the Rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt *Eurus* to the riſing Morn is ſent,
(The Regions of the balmy Continent;)
And *Eastern* Realms, where early *Persians* run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the Sun.

Westward, the wanton *Zephyr* wings his flight ;
 Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light :
 Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-spring, Issues forth
 T'invade the frozen Waggon of the *North*.
 While frowning *Auster*, seeks the *Southern Sphere* ;
 And rots with endless Rain, th' unwholsom year.

High o're the Clouds and empty Realms of wind,
 The God a clearer space for Heav'n design'd ;
 Where Fields of Light, and liquid *Æther* flow ;
 Purg'd from the pondrous dregs of Earth below.

Scarce had the Pow'r distinguish'd these, when
 freight

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 their Heav'nly

Then,

Then, every void of Nature to supply,
With Forms of Gods he fills the vacant Skie :
New Herds of Beasts, he sends the plains to share :
New Colonies of Birds, to people Air :
And to their Oozy 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 Heav'nly Fire
The God of Nature did his Soul Inspire,
Or Earth, but new divided from the Skie,
And, pliant, still, retain'd the Ætherial Energy :
Which Wise *Prometheus* temper'd into paste, (cast,
And mixt with living Streams, the Godlike Image
Thus, while the mute Creation downward bend
Their Sight, and to their Earthy Mother tend,

Man

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 New,
No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew :
And, with a Native bent, did Good pursue.
Un-forc'd by Punishment, un-aw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his Soul sincere :
Needless was written Law, where none oppress'd ;
The Law of Man, was written in his Breast :
No suppliant Crowds, before the Judge appear'd,
No Court Erected yet, nor Cause was hear'd :
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.

The

The Mountain Trees in distant prospect please,

E're yet the Pine descended to the Seas :

E're Sails were spread, new Oceans to explore :

And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,

Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shoar.

No walls, were yet ; nor fence, nor mote nor mownd,

Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpets angry sound :

Nor Swords were forg'd ; but void of Care and

The soft Creation slept away their time. (Crime,

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, furnisht out a Feast.

The Flow'rs un-sown, in Fields and Meadows

reign'd :

And *Western* Winds, immortal Spring maintain'd.

In

In following years, the bearded Corn ensu'd,
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
From Veins of Vallies, Milk and Nectar broke;
And Honey sweating through the pores of Oak.

The Silver Age.

But when Good *Saturne*, banish'd from above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove*.
Succeeding 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.
Then Air with sultry heats began to glow;
The wings of winds, were clogg'd with Ice and Snow;
And

And shivering Mortals, into Houses driv'n,
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n:
Those Houses, then, were Caves, or homely Sheds;
With twining Oziers fenc'd; and Moss their Beds.
Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And Oxen labour'd first, beneath the Yoke.

The Brazen Age.

To this came next in course, the Brazen Age:
A Warlike Offspring, prompt to Bloody Rage,
Not Impious yet—

The Iron Age.

—————Hard Steel succeeded then:

And stubborn as the Mettal, were the Men.

Truth,

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;
E're Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry Plain.

Then Land-marks, 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 Entrails first the precious Oar;
Which next to Hell, the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring ill, to sight displaid.
Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold;

And

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 Bands;
No Rights of Hospitality remain:
The Guest by him who harbour'd him, is slain.
The Son in Law pursues the Father's life;
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife.
The Step-dame Poyson 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 Heav'n returns.

The Gyants War.

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd Heav'n, the Gyants move:

Hills

Hills pil'd on Hills, on Mountains, Mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the Skie.
Till *Jove*, no longer patient, took his time
T'avenge with Thunder their audacious Crime;
Red Light'ning plaid, along the Firmament,
And their demolish'd Works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the Flames, and with the Bolts transfixt
With Native Earth, their Blood, the Monsters mixt:
The Blood, indu'd with animating heat,
Did in th' Impregnant Earth, new Sons beget:
They, like the Seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the Gods, Immortal Hatred nurs't.
An Impious, Arrogant, and Cruel Brood:
Expressing their Original from Blood.

Which, when the King of Gods beheld from high,
(Withal revolving in his memory,

What

What he himself had found on Earth of late,
Lycaon's Guilt, and his Inhuman Treate,)
He sigh'd; nor longer with his Pity strove;
But kindl'd to a Wrath becoming *Jove*:

Then, call'd a General Council of the Gods;
Who Summon'd, Issue from their Blest Abodes,
And fill th' Assembly, with a shining Train.
A way there is, in Heavens 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 the
Lyes open to the Thunderer's Abode; (Road
The Gods of greater Nations dwell around,
And on the Right and Left, the Palace bound;
The Commons where they can, the Nobler fort
With Winding-doors wide open, front the Court,

This Place, as far as Earth with Heav'n may vie,

I dare to call the *Loovre* of the Skie.

When all were plac'd, in Seats distinctly known,

And he, their Father, had assum'd the Throne,

Upon his Iv'ry Sceptre first he leant,

Then shook his Head, that shook the Firmament:

Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty nod:

And with a gen'ral fear, confess'd the God.

At length with Indignation, thus he broke

His awful silence, and the Pow'rs 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 imbrace:

For tho' the Foe was fierce, the Seeds of all

Rebellion, sprung from one Original;

Now,

Now, wheresoever 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 try'd whatever in the God-Head lay :
But gangreen'd Members, 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, tho not worthy yet, in Heav'n to live,
Let'em, at least, enjoy that Earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I my self, who no Superior know,
I, who have Heav'n and Earth at my command,
Have been attempted by *Lycaon's* Hand ?

At this a murmur, thro' the Synod went,
And with one Voice they vote his Punishment.

Thus, when Conspiring Traytors dar'd to doom
The fall of *Cæsar*, and in him of *Rome*,
The Nations trembled, with a pious fear;
All anxious for their Earthly Thunderer:
Nor was their care, O *Cæsar*! less esteem'd
By thee, than that of Heav'n for *Jove* was deem'd.
Who with his Hand and Voice, did first restrain
Their Murmurs, then resum'd his Speech again.
The Gods to silence were compos'd, and fate
With Reverence, due to his Superior State.

Cancel your pious Cares; already he
Has paid his Debt to Justice, and to me.
Yet what his Crimes, and what my Judgments
were,
Remains for me, thus briefly to declare.
The Clamours of this vile degenerate Age,
The Cries of Orphans, and th' Oppressor's Rage

Had

Had reach'd the Stars ; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud Complaint a Lye.
Disguis'd in Humane Shape, I Travell'd round
The World, and more than what I hear'd, I found.
O're *Mænalus* I took my steepy way,
By Caverns infamous for Beasts of Prey :
Then cross'd *Cyllenè*, and the piny shade
More infamous, by Curst *Lycaon* made.
Dark Night had cover'd Heav'n and Earth, before
I enter'd his Unhospitable Door.
Just at my entrance, I display'd the Sign
That somewhat was approaching of Divine.
The prostrate People pray ; the Tyrant grins ;
And, adding Prophanation to his Sins,
I'll try, said he, and if a God appear
To prove his Deity, shall cost him dear.
Twas late ; the Graceless Wretch, my Death prepares,
When I shou'd soundly Sleep, oppress'd with Cares :

This dire Experiment, he chose, to prove
If I were Mortal, or undoubted *Jove* :
But first he had resolv'd to taste my Pow'r ;
Not long before, but in a luckless hour
Some Legates, sent from the *Molossian* State,
Were on a peaceful Errant come to Treat :
Of these he Murders one, he boils the Flesh ;
And lays the mangl'd Morsels in a Dish :
Some part he Roasts; then serves it up, so drest,
And bids me welcome to this Humane Feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the Table I o're-turn'd ;
And with avenging Flames, the Palace burn'd.
The Tyrant in a fright, for shelter, gains
The Neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the
 plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he wou'd have spoke ;
But Humane Voice, his Brutal Tongue forsook.

About

About his lips, the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating Flock, his fury turns.
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back, a famish'd face he bears.
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chace of Prey.
He grows a Wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other Members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space:
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of face.

This was a single ruine, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a Monster, and th' Ungodly times
Confed'rate 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 Heav'nly Spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of humane birth,
What he wou'd do with all this waste of Earth:
If his dispeopl'd 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 reply'd,
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

Already had he tofs'd the flaming Brand;
And roll'd the Tunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on Seas and Land:
But stopt, for fear thus violently driven,
The Sparks should catch his Axle-tree of Heav'n.
Remembring in the Fates, a time when Fire
Shou'd to the Battlements of Heav'n aspire.
And all his blazing Worlds above shou'd burn;
And all th' inferiour Globe, to Cinders turn.
His dire Artill'ry thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer Punishment.
Concludes to pour a Watry 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 Foggs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.

From

From his divided Beard, two Streams he pours,
His head and rumy eyes, distill in showers.
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow :
And lazy mists, are lowring on his brow ;
Still as he swept along, with his clench't fist
He squeez'd the Clouds, th' imprison'd Clouds resist :
The Skies from Pole to Pole, with peals resound ;
And show'rs 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 Burden bends :
Defrauded Clowns, deplore their perish'd grain ;
And the long labours of the Year are vain.

Nor from his Patrimonial Heav'n alone
Is *Jove* content to pour his Vengeance down,

Aid from his Brother of the Seas he craves ;
To help him with Auxiliary Waves.
The watry Tyrant calls his Brooks and Floods,
Who rowl from mossie Caves (their moist abodes;)
And with perpetual Urns his Palace fill :
To whom in breif, he thus imparts his Will.

Small Exhortation needs ; your Pow'rs employ :

And this bad World, so *Jove* requires, destroy.
Let loose the Reins, to all your watry Store :
Bear down the Damms, and open every door.

The Floods, by Nature Enemies to Land,
And proudly swelling with their new Command,
Remove the living Stones, that stopt their way,
And gushing from their Source, augment the Sea.

Then

Then, with his Mace, their Monarch struck the
Ground :

With inward trembling, Earth receiv'd the
And rising streams a ready passage found. ^{(wound;}

Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain :

They flote the Fields, and over-top the Grain ;

Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,

Bear Flocks and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away.

Nor safe their Dwellings were, for, sap'd by Floods,

Their Houses fell upon their Household Gods.

The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,

High o're their Heads, behold a watry 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 born ;
And Ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.

Others

Others o're Chimney tops and Turrets row,
And drop their Anchors, on the Meads below :
Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender Vine,
Or tost aloft, are knock't against a Pine.
And where of late, the Kids had cropt the Grass,
The Monsters of the deep, now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the Cities ride,
And wondring Dolphins o're the Palace glide.
On leaves and masts of mighty Oaks they brouze ;
And their broad Finns, entangle in the Boughs.
The frighted Wolf, now swims amongst the Sheep ;
The yellow Lyon wanders in the deep :
His rapid force, no longer helps the Boar :
The Stag swims faster, than he ran before.
The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,
Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.
Now Hills and Vales, no more distinction know ;
And levell'd Nature, lies oppress'd below.

The

The most of Mortals perish in the Flood:
The small remainder dies for want of Food.

A Mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt th' *Athenian* and *Bæotian* Lands,
The bound of fruitful Fields, while Fields they were,
But then a Field of Waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts through the Clouds, and mates the lofty
High on the Summit of this dubious Cliff, (Skies.
Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little Skiff.
He with his Wife were only left behind
Of perish'd Man; they two, were Humane Kind.
The Mountain Nymphs and *Themis* they adore,
And from her Oracles relief implore.
The most upright of Mortal Men was he;
The most sincere and holy Woman, she.

When

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 loos'd the Northern Wind; fierce *Boreas* flies
 To puff away the Clouds and purge the Skies:
 Serenely, while he blows, the Vapours, driven,
 Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.
 The Billows fall, while *Neptune* lays his Mace
 On the rough Seas, and smoothes 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 writhen Shell he takes; whose narrow vent
 Grows by degrees into a large extent,

Then

Then gives it breath ; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide Circuit of the World around :
The Sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling Eccho's in the West.
The Waters, listning to the Trumpets roar,
Obey the Summons, and forsake the Shoar.

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

Nature beheld her self, and stood aghast,
A dismal Desert, and a silent waste.

Which when *Deucalion*, with a piteous 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 joyn'd,
Of Multitudes, who breath'd the common Air,
We two remain; a Species in a pair:
The rest the Seas have swallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.

The Clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second Deluge, o're our heads may break.

Shou'd I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or Partner of thy pain,
How cou'd'st thou such a wretched Life sustain?

Shou'd I be left, and thou be lost, the Sea
That bury'd her I lov'd, shou'd bury me.
Oh cou'd our Father his old Arts inspire,
And make me Heir of his informing Fire,
That so I might abolisht Man retrieve,
And perisht People in new Souls might live.
But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, th' Examples of Mankind, remain.
He said; the careful couple joyn their Tears;
And then invoke the Gods, with pious Prayers.
Thus, in Devotion having eas'd their grief,
From Sacred Oracles, they seek relief.
And to *Cephus* Brook, their way pursue:
The Stream was troubl'd, but the Foord 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 Roofs were all defil'd with Moss, and Mire,
The Desert Altars, void of Solemn Fire.
Before the Gradual, prostrate they ador'd;
The Pavement kiss'd, and thus the Saint implor'd.

O Righteous *Themis*, if the Pow'rs above
By Pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love,
If humane 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 loosn'd Zones,
Throw each behind your backs, your mighty
Mother's bones.

Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
Till *Pyrrha* first refus'd the dire command.

Forbid it Heav'n, said she, that I shou'd tear
Those Holy Reliques from the Sepulchre:
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sence; and long they fought in vain:
At length *Deucalion* clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said, the dark *Ænigma* will allow
A meaning, which if well I understand,
From Sacrilege will free the Gods Command:
This Earth our mighty Mother is, the Stones
In her capacious Body, are her Bones.
These we must cast behind: with hope and fear
The Woman did the new solution hear:
The Man diffides in his own Augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the Mount, they first unbind
Their Vests, and veil'd, they cast the Stones behind:
The Stones (a Miracle to Mortal View,
But long Tradition makes it pass for true)

Did

Did first the Rigour of their Kind expell,
And, suppl'd into softness, as they fell,
Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grew warm;
And took the Rudiments of Humane Form.
Imperfect shapes: in Marble such are seen
When the rude Chizzel 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 Bodies 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 Pow'r 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 receiv'd their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the Sun's Ætherial 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 *Nile* from *Pharian* Fields is fled,
And seeks with Ebbing Tides, his ancient Bed,
The fat Manure, with Heav'nly Fire is warm'd ;
And crufted Creatures, as in Wombs are form'd ;
These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find ;
Some rude ; and yet unfinish'd in their Kind :

Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth ;
One half alive ; and one of lifeless Earth.

For heat and moisture, when in Bodies joyn'd,
The temper that results from either Kind
Conception makes ; and fighting till they mix,
Their mingl'd 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 besmear'd, (the fæces of the Flood)
Receiv'd the Rays of Heav'n ; and sucking in
The Seeds of Heat, new Creatures did begin :
Some were of sev'ral sorts produc'd before,
But of new Monsters, Earth created more.

Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, *Python* too, the wondring World to fright,
And the new Nations, with so dire a fight:
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast Body, and long Train embrace.
Whom *Phæbus* basking on a Bank espy'd;
E're now the God his Arrows had not try'd
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 'twas long before
Th' expiring Serpent wallow'd in his Gore.
Then, to preserve the Fame of such a deed,
For *Python* slain, he *Pythian* Games decreed.
Where Noble Youths for Mastership shou'd strive,
To Quoit, to Run, and Steeds and Chariots drive;

The Prize was Fame: In witness of Renown
 An Oaken Garland did the Victor crown.
 The Lawrel was not yet for Triumphs born;
 But every Green, alike by *Phæbus* worn,
 Did with promiscuous Grace, his flowing Locks ad-
 dorn.

*The Transformation of Daphne
 into a Lawrel.*

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

Know such atchivements 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 fry.
To whom the Son of *Venus* thus reply'd,
Phæbus thy Shafts are sure on all beside,
But mine on *Phæbus*, mine the Fame shall be
Of all thy Conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight :
Nor stopt but on *Parnassus* airy height:
Two diff'rent Shafts, he from his Quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One Shaft is pointed with refulgent Gold ;
To bribe the Love, and make the Lover bold :

One blunt, and tipt with Lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt, against the Nymph he drest:
But with the sharp, transfixt *Apollo's* Breast.

Th' enamour'd Deity, pursues the Chace;
The scornful Damsel shuns his loath'd Embrace:
In hunting Beasts of Prey, her Youth employs;
And *Phæbe* Rivals in her rural Joys.
With naked Neck she goes, and Shoulders bare;
And with a Fillet binds her flowing Hair.
By many Suitors fought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd Virginitie maintains.
Impatient of a Yoke, the name of Bride
She shuns, and hates the Joys she never try'd.
On Wilds and Woods she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what Youth and kindly Love inspire.

Her

Her Father chides her oft; thou ow'st, says he,
A Husband to thy self, a Son to me.

She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed:

She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.

Then casting round his Neck her tender Arms,

Sooths him with blandishments, and filial Charms:

Give me, my Lord, she said, to live and die

A spotless Maid, without the Marriage Tye.

'Tis but a small request; I beg no more

Than what *Diana's* Father gave before.

The good old Sire, was softn'd to consent;

But said her Wish wou'd prove her Punishment:

For so much Youth, and so much Beauty joyn'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 mis-led.

And

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 a fruitless Fire :
Her well-turn'd Neck he view'd (her Neck was bare)
And on her Shoulders her dishevel'd Hair,
Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Wou'd every waving Curl, become her Face!
He view'd her Eyes, like Heavenly Lamps that
He view'd her Lips, too sweet to view alone, (shone,
Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breast;
He praises 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

Stay Nymph, he cry'd, I follow not a Foe.
Thus from the Lyon, trips the trembling Doe;
Thus from the Wolf the frightn'd Lamb removes,
And, from pursuing Faulcons, fearful Doves,
Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn shou'd pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shou'd'st fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor Shepherd's Swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my Superior State;
And, from that ignorance, proceeds thy hate.
Me *Claros*; *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey,
These Hands the *Patarezian* Scepter sway.
The King of Gods begot me: What shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I see.

Mine is th' invention of the charming Lyre ;
 Sweet notes, and Heav'nly 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 Forrests, all their pow'rs I know ;
 And am the great Physician call'd, below.
 Alas that Fields and Forrests can afford
 No Remedies to heal their Love-sick Lord !
 To cure the pains of Love, no Plant avails :
 And his own Physick ; the Physician fails.

She heard not half ; so furiously she flies ;
 And on her Ear, th' imperfect accent dies.
 Fear gave her Wings ; and as she fled, the wind
 Increasing, spread her flowing Hair behind :
 And left her Legs and Thighs expos'd to view ;
 Which made the God more eager to pursue.

The

The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty Compliment.
But led by Love, and fir'd with such a sight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight:

As when th' impatient Greyhound slipt from far,
Bounds o're the Glebe to course the fearful Hare,
She in her speed, does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the Prey;
O're-runs her at the fitting turn, and licks
His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix,
She scapes, and for the neighb'ring 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 chace :
Now breaths upon her Hair, with nearer pace ;
And just is fast'ning 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 cry'd, in this extreamest need,
If Water Gods are Deities indeed :
Gape Earth, and this unhappy Wretch intomb ;
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.
Scarce had she finish'd, when her Feet she found
Benumm'd with cold, and fasten'd to the Ground :
A filmy rind about her Body grows ;
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs :
The Nymph is all into a Lawrel gone :
The smoothness of her Skin, remains alone.

Yet *Phæbus* loves her still, and casting round
Her Bole, his Arms, some little warmth he found.
The Tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part :
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart.
He fixt his Lips upon the trembling Rind ;
It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd.
To whom the God, because thou can'st 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 *Cæsar's* Triumph grace ;
When Poms shall in a long Procession pass.
Wreath'd on the Posts before his Palace wait ;
And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate.

Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,
 Unfading as th' immortal Pow'rs above :
 And as the locks of *Phæbus* are unshorn,
 So shall perpetual green thy Boughs adorn.
 The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he fed;
 And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

*The Transformation of Io
 into a Heyfar.*

An ancient Forrest in *Theffalia* grows ;
 Which *Tempe's* pleasing Valley does inclose :
 Through this the rapid *Peneus* takes his course ;
 From *Pindus* rowling with impetuous force :
 Mists from the Rivers mighty fall arise ;
 And deadly damps inclose the cloudy Skies :
 Perpetual Fogs are hanging o're 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 Decrees
To Rivers, his dependant Deities.
On this occasion hither they resort ;
To pay their homage and to make their Court.
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His Daughter's Honour, or lament her Fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with Poplar, first appears ;
Then old *Apidanus* came crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, *Amphrisos* tame ;
And *Æas*, last with lagging Waters came.
Then, of his Kindred Brooks, a numerous throng,
Condole his loss ; and bring their Urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watry Train,
That fill'd his Flood, or mingl'd with the Main :
But *Inachus*, who in his Cave, alone,
Wept not anothers 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 fear'd 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 sed,
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 yon 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 Pow'r, but he whose high Command
Is unconfi'd, who rules the Seas and Land;
And tempers Thunder in his awful hand.

Oh fly not; (for she fled from his Embrace,)
 O're *Lerna's* Pastures, he pursu'd the Chace:
 Along the Shades of the *Lyrnæan* 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 shou'd over-run
 The face of Day-light, and obscure the Sun.
 No Nat'ral cause she found, from Brooks, or Bogs,
 Or marshy Lowlands, to produce the Fogs:
 Then round the Skies she sought for *Jupiter*;
 Her faithless Husband; but no *Jove* was there:

Suspecting

Suspecting now the worst, or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight:
Dispels the shadows of dissembled Night;
And to the day restores his native light.
Th' Almighty *Leacher*, 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 slick her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n *Juno* did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a Rival of her Love;
And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of *Jove*:
Of what fair Herd, and from what Pedigree?
The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a lye:
And said she sprung from Earth; she took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous Heyfar of her Lord.

What should he do, 'twas equal shame to *Jove*
Or to relinquish, or betray his Love:
Yet to refuse so slight a Gift, wou'd be
But more t' increase his Consort's Jealousie:
Thus fear and love, by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure, at length prevail'd:
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous Queen
Had not the Mistress through the Heyfar seen.
The cautious Goddess, of her Gift possess'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falshood 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 Fair.

The head of *Argus* (as with Stars the Skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.

But

But two by turns their lids in slumber steep ;
The rest on duty still their station keep ;
Nor cou'd the total Constellation sleep. }
Thus, ever present, to his eyes and mind,
His Charge was still before him, tho' 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 ty'd her to the Stall.
On Leaves of Trees, and bitter Herbs she fed,
Heav'n was her Canopy, bare Earth her Bed :
So hardly lodg'd, and to digest her Food,
She drank from troubl'd Streams, defil'd with Mud,
Her woeful Story, fain she wou'd 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 low'd :

Affrighted

Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd t' 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 her self she wou'd have fled.
Her fellow Nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
Ev'n *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 Heyfar stands,
And her Neck offers to their stroaking Hands.
Her Father gave her Grass; the Grass she took;
And lick'd his Palms, and cast a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes, she spoke.

She

She wou'd have told her name, and ask't relief,
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 mournful Father cry'd,]
She, with a sigh, to wretched me reply'd ;
About her Milk-white neck, his arms he threw ;
And wept, and then these tender words ensue.
And art thou she, whom I have sought around
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 deny'd, by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing I, prepar'd thy Bridal Bed ;
With empty hopes of happy Issue fed.

But

But now the Husband of a Herd must be
Thy Mate, and bell'wing Sons thy Progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring relief;
But now my God-head, 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 Pasture; 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 cou'd her suff'rings bear;
But call'd in haste his airy Messenger,
The Son of *Maya*, with severe decree
To kill the Keeper, and to set her free.

With

With all his Harnes soon the God was sped,
His flying Hat was fastned on his Head,
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his Hand,
He holds the Virtue of the Snaky Wand.
The liquid Air, his moving Pinions wound,
And, in a moment, shoot him on the ground,
Before he came in fight, the crafty God
His Wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his Rod :
That Sleep procuring Wand, wise *Hermes* took,
But made it seem to fight, a Shepherd's Hook.
With this, he did a Herd of Goats controul ;
Which by the way he met, and flily stole.
Clad like a Country Swain, he Pip'd and Sung ;
And playing drove his jolly Troop along.

With pleasure, *Argus* the Musician heeds ;
But wonders much at those new vocal Reeds.

And

And whosoe're thou art, my Friend, said he,
Up hither drive thy Goats, and play by me: }
This Hill has browz for them, and shade for thee;
The God, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began Discourse to pass away the time;
And still betwixt, his Tuneful Pipe he plyes;
And watch'd his Hour, to close the Keeper's Eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not suff'ring 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 *Hermes* thus; a Nymph of late there was,
Whose Heav'nly Form, her Fellows did surpass.

The

The Pride and Joy of Fair *Arcadia's* plains,
 Belov'd by Deities, Ador'd by Swains :
Syrinx her Name, by *Sylvans* oft pursu'd,
 As oft she did the Lustful Gods delude :
 The Rural, and the Woodland Pow'rs disdain'd ;
 With *Cynthia* Hunted, and her Rites maintain'd :
 Like *Phæbe* clad, even *Phæbe's* self she seems,
 So Tall, so Streight, 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 *Lycæus*, *Pan* admires
 The Matchless Nymph, and burns with new De-
 fires.

}
}

A Crown of Pine, upon his Head he wore ;
 And thus began her pity to implore.
 But e're he thus began, she took her flight
 So swift, she was already out of sight.

Nor

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 tyr'd before ;
Relief from water Nymphs her Pray'rs implore.

Now while the Lustful God, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict Embrace,
He fill'd his Arms with Reeds, new rising on the
place.

And while he sighs, his ill-success to find,
The tender Canes were shaken by the wind :
And breath'd a mournful Air, unheard before ;
That much surprizing *Pan*, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new Musick, thou, he sed
Who can't not be the Partner of my Bed,
At least shalt be the Consort of my Mind :
And often, often to my Lips be joyn'd.

He

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 drowfie slumber, on the lids to creep,
 'Till all the Watchman was, at length, asleep.
 Then soon the God, his Voice and Song suppress;
 And with his pow'rful Rod, confirm'd his rest:
 Without delay his crooked Faulchion, drew,
 And at one fatal stroak, the Keeper flew.
 Down from the Rock, fell the dis sever'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 clos'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 furies frights her, from her Native Home;
And drives her gadding, round the World to roam.
Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the *Pharian* Shore.
At length, arriving on the Banks of *Nile*,
Weary'd with length of ways, and worn with toil,
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 Heav'n and her ungrateful *Jove*.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd, 'twas all she cou'd;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the God.

Last, with an humble Pray'r, she begg'd Repose,
Or Death at least, to finish all her Woes.

Jove heard her Vows, and with a flatt'ring look;
In her behalf, to jealous *Juno* spoke.

He cast his Arms about her Neck, and sed,
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 *Io* to her former shape restor'd.

The rugged Hair began to fall away ;

The sweetness of her Eyes did only stay ;

Tho' not so large ; her crooked Horns decrease ;

The wideness of her Jaws and Nostrils cease :

Her Hoofs to Hands return, in little space :

The five long taper Fingers take their place.

And nothing of the Heyfar now is seen,

Beside the native whiteness of the 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 lowings when she speaks:
A Goddess now, through all th' *Egyptian* State:
And serv'd by Priests, who in white Linnen wait.

Her Son was *Epaphus*, at length believ'd
The Son of *Jove*, and as a God receiv'd:
With Sacrifice ador'd, and publick Pray'rs,
He common Temples with his Mother shares.
Equal in years and Rival in Renown
With *Epaphus*, the youthful *Phaeton* }
Like Honour claims; and boasts his Sire the Sun.
His haughty Looks, and his assuming Air
The Son of *Isis* cou'd no longer bear:
Thou rak'st thy Mother's word, too far, said he,
And hast usurp'd thy boasted Pedigree.

Go base Pretender to a borrow'd Name.
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with shame;
But shame repress'd his Rage: the daunted Youth
Soon seeks his Mother, and enquires the truth:
Mother, said he, this Infamy was thrown
By *Epaphus* on you, and me your Son.
He spoke in publick, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Even I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my Tongue.
To hear an open Slander is a Curse;
But not to find an Answer, is a worse.
If I am Heav'n-begot, assert your Son
By some sure Sign: and make my Father known,
To right my Honour, and redeem your own.
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her Neck, and begg'd her to resolve the Doubt.

'Tis hard to judge if *Climenè* were mov'd
More by his Pray'r, whom she so dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her Name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common Fame.
She stretch'd her Arms to Heav'n, and fix'd her Eyes
On that fair Planet, that adorns the Skies;
Now by those Beams, said she, whose holy Fires
Consume my Breast, and kindle my desires;
By him, who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him the publick Minister of light,
I swear that *Sun* begot thee; if I lye
Let him his chearful Influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd Creature see;
And shine on all the World, but only me:
If still you doubt your Mother's Innocence,
His Eastern Mansion is not far from hence,

With

With little pains, you to his *Levè* go,
And from himself, your Parentage may know.
With joy, th' ambitious Youth, his Mother heard,
And eager, for the Journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the World beneath him to survey;
To guide the Chariot; and to give the day.
From *Meroe's* burning Sands, he bends his course,
Nor less in *India*, feels his Father's force:
His Travel urging, till he came in sight;
And saw the Palace by the Purple light.

*The End of the First Book of Ovid's
Metamorphoses.*

THE FABLE
OF
IPHIS and *IANTHE*,

From the
Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

English'd by Mr. *Dryden*.

THE Fame of this, perhaps, through *Crete* had
flown :

But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,
In *Iphis* chang'd : For, near the *Gnoſſian* bounds,
(As loud Report the Miracle reſounds)
At *Phæſtus* 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

Who to his Wife, before the time assign'd
For Child-birth came ; thus bluntly spoke his mind.
If Heav'n, said *Lygdus*, 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 throws, in bringing forth :
Besides when born, the Titts are little worth.
Weak puling things, unable to sustain
Their share of Labour, and their Bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a Creature shalt produce
Of so great Charges, and so little Use,
(Bear witness Heav'n, with what reluctancy,)
Her hapless Innocence I doom to dye.
He said, and tears the common grief display
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.

Yet *Teletbusa* still persists to find,
Fit Arguments to move a Father's mind :

T' extend

T' extend his Wishes to a larger scope;
And in one Vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And she her heavy load cou'd scarcely bear:
When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of Night,
Before th' 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 dappl'd Bull were waiting by;
Osyris, fought along the Banks of *Nile*;
The silent God; the sacred Crocodile:
And, last, a long procession moving on,
With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a Voice, that thus distinctly spake.

My

My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend ;
Nor fear to save what're 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 Pow'rs, their Gift to ratifie.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throws,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'Twas of the beauteous Kind : and brought to light
With secrecie, to shun the Father's sight.
Th' 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

And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name
Which either Sex, with equal right may claim.
Iphis, his Grandfire was; the Wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud, by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful Name was us'd without deceit,
And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.
The Habit shew'd a Boy, the beauteous Face
With manly fierceness mingl'd Female grace.

Now thirteen years of Age were swiftly run,
When the fond Father thought the time drew on }
Of settling in the World, his only Son,
Iantbe was his choice; so wondrous fair
Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare;
A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree;
And not more blest with Fortunes Goods than he.

They

They soon espous'd; for they with ease were joyn'd,
Who were before Contracted in the Mind.
Their Age the same, their Inclinations too:
And bred together, in one School they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with Hope, one languish'd in Despair.
The Maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her Despair, adds fuel to her fire;
A Maid with madness does a Maid desire.

And, scarce refraining tears, alas, said she,
What issue of my love remains for me!

How

How wild a Passion works within my Breast,
With what prodigious Flames am I possess'd!
Cou'd I the Care of Providence deserve,
Heav'n must destroy me, if it wou'd preserve.
And that's my Fate; or sure it wou'd have sent
Some usual Evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly Curse; to rage and burn
Where Nature shews 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 chuse.
Her Females Nature guards from Female flame,
And joyns two Sexes to preserve the Game:
Wou'd 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 desir'd,
 And yet ev'n then, a Male, a Female fir'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.
 Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,
 Shou'd *Dædalus* 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

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 her self 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:
'Tis past the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my Pray'r.
Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n 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 refus'd, makes all their Bounty vain.

And

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 com'st thou, *Juno*, to these barren Rites,
To bless a Bed, defrauded of delights ?
Or why shou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on high,
To see two Brides in cold Embraces lye ?

Thus love-sick *Iphis* her vain Passion mourns :
With equal ardour fair *Ianthe* burns :
Invoking *Hymen's* Name and *Juno's* Pow'r
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 whate're she cou'd devise,
And empty'd all her Magazine of lies,
The time approach'd: the next ensuing day
The Fatal Secret must to light betray.
Then *Teletusa* had recourse to Pray'r,
She and her Daughter with dishevell'd hair:
Trembling with fear, great *Isis* they ador'd;
Embrac'd her Altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, whodost on fruitful *Egypt* smile,
Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle,
And sev'n-fold falls of disimbogueing *Nile*;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant Mother, and a mournful 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

The Glorious Train, that compass'd thee around ;
And heard the hollow Timbrels holy sound,
Thy Words I noted, which I still retain ;
Let not thy Sacred Oracles be vain.
That *Iphis* lives, that I my self am free
From shame and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy Protection, all our hopes depend :
Thy Counsel sav'd us, let thy Pow'r 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 *Isis*, cast a blaze around ;
The trembling Timbrel, made a murm'ring sound.

Some hopes these happy Omens did impart ;
Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart :

Not much in fear, nor fully satisfi'd;
But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteness of her Skin forsook her Face;
Her looks emboldn'd, with an awful Grace;
Her Features and her Strength together grew;
And her long Hair, to curling Locks withdrew.
Her sparkling Eyes, with Manly Vigour shone,
Big was her Voice, Audacious was her Tone.
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Man.
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,

Now, when the Star of Day had shewn his face,
Venus and *Juno* with their Presence grace
The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above
Descending to compleat their happy Love:
The Gods of Marriage, lend their mutual aid ;
And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.

G 3

THE

THE FABLE
OF
ACIS,
POLYPHEMUS,
AND
GALATEa,

From the
Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses,
By Mr. DRYDEN.

GALATEA *relates the Story.*

ACIS, the Lovely Youth, whose loss I mourn,
From *Faunus* and the Nymph *Symetis* born,
Was both his Parents pleasure: but, to me
Was all that Love cou'd make a Lover be.

The

The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did joyn ;
I was his only Joy, as he was mine.
Now sixteen Summers the sweet Youth had seen ;
And doubtful Down, began to shade his Chin :
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 high'r,
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 Heav'n and Earth obey ;
Immense thy Pow'r, and boundless is thy Sway.
The *Cyclops*, who desl'd th' Ætherial Throne,
And thought no Thunder louder than his own,
The terrour of the Woods, and wilder far
Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Forrests are,
Th' Inhumane Host, who made his bloody Feasts
On mangl'd 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 Sythe his Beard he fleeks;
And mows the stubborn Stubble of his Cheeks:
Now, in the Crystal Stream he looks, to try
His Simagres, and rowls 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 Tracts of every Bird that flew,
And sure Presages from their flying drew,)
Foretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulysses* hand
In his broad eye, shou'd thrust a flaming Brand.

The

The Giant, with a scornful grin reply'd,
Vain Augur, thou hast falsely prophes'd;
Already Love, his flaming Brand has tost;
Looking on two fair Eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the Margine of the briny Flood,
With heavy steps: and weary, fought agen,
The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.

A Promontory sharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a Wedge, and over-looks the Seas:
On either side, below, the water flows;
This airy walk, the Giant Lover chose.
Here, on the midst he sate: 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

He weilded for a Staff; his steps to guide :
But laid it by, his Whistle while he try'd.
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 watry 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.

Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far
Than falling Snows, and rising Lillies are;
More flowry 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

Than Apples fairer, when the boughs they lade,
 Pleasing as Winter Suns or Summer Shade :
 More grateful to the sight, than goodly Planes ;
 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 they.

Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke,
 Than Bullocks, unreclaim'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 ;
 Immoveable and fixt in thy disdain ;
 Rough as these Rocks, and of a harder grain.

More

More violent than is the rising Flood;
And the prais'd Peacock is not half so proud.
Fierce 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 fleetier, 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 wou'd not shun
My Love, but to my wish'd Embraces run:
Wou'd languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.

My

My Palace, in the living Rock, is made
By Nature's hand; a spacious pleasing 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 reserv'd for you.
Red Strawberries, in shades, expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal Cornels, latter Fruit provide;
And Plumbs to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone
As in *Phæacian* 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

The Flocks you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that Woods, and winding Vallies 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 Cattel, trust not me;
But judge your self, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling Dugs; the sweepy weight
Of Ews that sink beneath the Milky freight;
In the warm Folds, their tender Lambkins lye;
Apart from Kids, that call with humane cry.
New Milk in Nut-brown Bowls, is duely serv'd
For daily Drink; the rest for Cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these House-hold Dainties all my Store:
The Fields and Forrests will afford us more; }
The Deer, the Hare, the Goat, the Salvage Boar. }

All sorts of Ven'son ; and of Birds the best ;
 A pair of Turtles taken from the Nest.
 I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs I found,
 (Whose Dam had left 'em on the naked ground,)
 So like, that no distinction cou'd be seen :
 So pretty, they were Presents for a Queen ;
 And so they shall ; I took 'em 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 watry Glas ;
 And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
 Survey my towring Stature, and my Size :
 Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you dream that rules the Skies
 Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread :
 My Locks, (the plenteous Harvest of my head)

Hang

Hang o're my Manly Face ; and dangling down
As with a shady Grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd ; what fouler sight can be
Than the bald Branches of a leafless Tree?
Foul is the Steed, without a flowing Main :
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 Heav'n, the Radiant Sun
Is Nature's eye ; and is content with one.
Add, that my Father sways your Seas, and I
Like you am of the watry Family.
I make you his, in making you my own ;
You I adore ; and kneel to you alone :

Jove

Jove, with his Fabled Thunder I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair Nymph; yet I cou'd bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the *Cyclops*, and prefer
The Love of *Acis*, (Heav'ns) I cannot bear.
But let the Stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, tho' that's the thing I most abhor,
The Boy shall find, if e're 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 born:
Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph, and fate shall find
That way for thee, and *Acis* to be joyn'd.
For oh I burn with Love, and thy Disdain
Augments at once my Passion, and my pain.
Translated *Ætna* flames within my Heart,
And thou, Inhumane, wilt not ease my smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the Neighb'ring 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 *Ætna* to rebound;
And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous Voice, I fled,
And in the Neighb'ring Ocean, plung'd my head.

Poor

Poor *Acis* turn'd his back, and help, he cry'd;
 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*; 'twas too late to save,
 But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave:
 That *Acis* to his Lineage should return;
 And rowl, among the River Gods, his Urn.
 Straight issu'd from the Stone, a Stream of blood;
 Which lost the Purple, mingling with the Flood.
 Then, like a troubl'd 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 hollow 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 bulk augmented, 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 rows along the Plains

With rapid motion, and his Name retains.

ON

ON
Mr. HOBBS.
Written by
The E. of MULGRAVE.

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,
The Art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and Fools alone
Admire at Wit, because themselves have none.
Yet, whatsoe're is by vain Criticks thought,
Praising is harder much, than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the *Dutch* excel,
Italians only can draw Beauty well.

As Strings alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;

From a like cause Satyrs have pleas'd so much,
We sympathize with each ill natur'd touch :
And, as the sharp Infection spreads about,
The Reader's Malice helps the Writer out.
To blame, is easie ; to commend, is bold ;
Yet, if the Muse inspires it, who can hold ?
To Merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a Cause.

While in dark Ignorance Men lay afraid
Of Fancies, Ghosts, and ev'ry empty Shade ;
Great *Hobs* appear'd, and by his Reason's light
Put such Fantastick Forms to shameful flight :
Fond is their fear, who think we needs must be
To Vice enslav'd, if from vain Terrours free ;
The Wise and Good Morality will guide,
And Superstition all the World beside.

In other Authors, tho the sense be good,
'Tis not sometimes so eas'ly understood,
That Jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd,
Some words shou'd be left out, and some explain'd:
So that in search of sense we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way:
But here bright Eloquence does always smile
In such a choice, yet unaffected stile,
As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,
The force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
As smooth as Woman, but as strong as Man.

Bacon himself, whose Universal wit
Does admiration through the World beget,

Not more his Age's Ornament is thought,
Nor has more credit to his Country brought.

While Fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Envy pursues her, like some Bird of Prey;
But once on wing, then all the dangers cease,
Envy her self is glad to be at peace;
Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight,
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight:
He, to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
Might have look'd down with Pride, on Dangers
(past.

But such the frailty is of Humane Kind,
Men toil for Fame, which no Man lives to find;
Long rip'ning under ground this *China* lies;
Fame bears no Fruit, till the vain Planter dies.

And

And Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
So vast a Soul unable to supply,
To save her self, was forc'd to let him die.

ON

ON THE
DEATH
Of the LEARNED
Mr. *JOHN SELDEN*.

SO fell the Sacred *Sybill*, when of old
Inspir'd with more than Mortal Breast cou'd
The gazing Multitude stood doubtful by (hold,
Whether to call it Death, or Extasie :
She silent lies, and now the Nations find
No Oracles but the Leaves she left behind.

Monarch of Time and Arts, who travel'd'st o're
New Worlds of Knowledge, undescry'd before,
And hast on Everlasting Columns writ
The utmost Bounds of Learning and of Wit.

Had'st

Had'st thou been more like us, or we like thee,

We might add something to thy memory.

Now thy own Tongues must speak thee, and thy
Praise

Be from those Monuments thy self did'st raise;

And all those * Titles thou did'st once display

Must yield thee Titles greater far than they.

Time which had Wings till now, and was not
To have a Being but by being gone, (known

You did arrest his Motion, and have lent

A way to make him fixt and permanent;

Whilst by your Labours Ages past appear,

And all at once we view a *Plato's* year.

Actions and Fables were retriev'd by you;

All that was done, and what was not done too.

* Titles of Honour.

Which

Which in your Breast did comprehended lye,
As in the Bosom of Eternity ;
You purg'd Records and * Authors from their rust,
And sifted Pearls out of *Rabinick* dust.
By you the † *Syrian* Gods do live and grow
To be Immortal, since you made them so.
Inscriptions, Medals, || Statues look fresh still,
Taking new Brass and Marble from your Quill ;
Which so unravels time, that now we do
Live our own Age, and our Forefathers too,
And, thus enlarg'd, by your discoveries, can
Make that an Ell, which Nature made a Span.

If then we judge, that to preserve the State
Of things, is every moment to create,
The World's thus half your Creature, whilst it stands
Rescu'd to memory by your Learned Hands.

* *Edmerus, Fleta.* † *De diis Syris.* || *Marmora Arundeliana.*

And unto you, now fearless of decay,
Times past owe more, than Times to come can
pay.

How might you claim your Country's just applause,
When you stood square and upright as your Cause
In doubtful times, nor ever would forego
Fair Truth and Right, whose Bounds you best did
know.

You in the Tow'r did stand another Tower,
Firm to your self and us, whilst jealous Power
Your very Soul imprison'd, that no thought
By Books might enter, nor by Pen get out;
And, strip'd of all besides, left you confin'd
To the one Volume of your own vast Mind;
There Vertue and strict Honour past the Guard,
Your only Friends that could not be debarr'd;

And

And dwelt in your Retirement ; arm'd with these
You stood forth more than *Admiral* of our Seas.
Your Hands enclos'd the * Watry Plains, and thus
Was no less Fence to them, than they to us ;
Teaching our Ships to conquer, while each fight
Is but a Comment on those Books you write.

No foul Disgraces, nor the worst of things,
Made you like him (whose Anger *Homer* sings)
Slack in your Country's Quarrel, who adore
Their Champion now, their Martyr heretofore :

Still with your self contending, whether you
Cou'd bravelier suffer, or cou'd bravelier do.
We ask not now for Ancestors, nor care
Tho *Selden* do nor Kindred boast, nor Heir,

* *Mare Clausum.*

Such worth best stands alone, and joys to be
To th' self at once both Founder and Posterity!
As when old *Nilus* who with bounteous flows
Waters an hundred Nations as he goes,
Scattering rich Harvest keeps his Sacred Head
Amongst the Clouds still undiscovered.

Be't now thy *Oxford's* Pride, that having gone
Through East and West, no Art, nor Tongue un-
known ;

Laden with Spoils thou hang'st thy Arms up here,
But set'st thy great Example every where.

Thus when thy Monument shall it self lie dead,
And thy * own Epitaph no more be read,

* His Epitaph made by himself in the Temple Chappel.

When all thy Statues shall be worn out so,
That even *Selden* should not *Selden* know ;
Ages to come shall in thy Vertue share :
He that dies well makes all the World his Heir.

R. B. T. Co. Oxon.

Decemb. 19. 54.

Against

AGAINST

Immoderate G R I E F.

T O

A young LADY weeping.

A N O D E

In Imitation of CASIMIRE.

By Mr. T A L D E N.

Cou'd mournful Sighs, or floods of Tears pre-
The ills, unhappy Men lament: (vent

Cou'd all the anguish of my Mind,

Remove my Cares, or make but Fortune kind;

Soon I'd the grateful Tribute pay,

And weep my troubl'd Thoughts away:

To Wealth and Pleasure every Sigh prefer,

And more than Gems esteem each falling Tear.

I

2. But

2.

But since insulting Cares are most inclin'd
To triumph o're th' afflicted Mind:
Since Sighs can yield us no Relief,
And Tears, like fruitful Showers, but nourish Grief;
Then cease, fair Mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish, such bright Streams, in vain:
But still with chearful thoughts thy Cares beguile,
And tempt thy better Fortunes with a Smile.

3.

The generous Mind is by its Sufferings known,
Which no Affliction tramples down:
But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of Cares, and soar above.
Thus the young Royal Eaglet tries
On the Sun-beams his tender eyes:
And if he shrinks not at th' offensive light,
He's then for Empire fit, and takes his soaring flight.

4. Tho'

4.

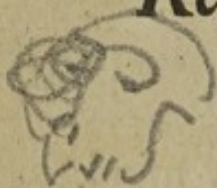
Tho' Cares assault thy Breast on every side,
Yet bravely stem th' impetuous Tide:
No tributary Tears to Fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler Day.

But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better Lot behind:
Amidst afflictions let thy Soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better State.

5.

Then, lovely Mourner, wipe those Tears away,
And Cares that urge thee to decay:
Like Ravenous Age thy Charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful Brow, and blooming Beauties
But keep thy looks, and mind serene, (blast.
All gay without, and calm within:
For Fate is aw'd, and adverse Fortunes fly,
A chearful look, and an unconquer'd Eye.

TO THE
Returning SUN.



By J. H.

Welcome thou glorious Spring of light, and
heat,

Where hast thou made thy long Retreat?

What Lands thy warmer Beams possessest,
What happy *Indian* Worlds thy fruitful Presence
blest?

Where deep in the dark bosom of the Ground,

Thy wondrous Operation's found,

Even there thy Beams the Earth refine,

And mix, and stamp thy Lustre through the
dazling Mine.

Since thy retreat so far from our cold Isle,
She never wore a lovely Smile,
No joy her wither'd Brow adorn'd,
In dark unlovely Days, and in long Nights she
mourn'd.

The poor dejected Beasts hung down their heads,
And trembled on their naked Beds;
No footsteps of green life remain,
But dying Fields, and Woods, and a bare, bleak Plain.
The drooping Birds were silent in the Groves,
They quite forgot their Songs and Loves,
Their feeble Mates fate sullen by,
We thought the feather'd World resolv'd their Kind
shou'd die.

But see the Land revives at thy approach,
She blooms and quickens at thy touch,
Her kindled Atoms life receive,
The Meadows, and the Groves, begin to stir and live.

Mixt with thy Beams the Southern breezes blow,
And help the sprouting Births below,
The Infant Flowers in haste appear,
And gratefully return Perfumes to the kind Air.
The Trees, and Fields agen look fresh and gay,
The Birds begin their softer Play,
Thou hast their Life, nay more, their Love
restor'd,
Their late, and early Hymns praise thee, their wel-
come Lord.
The spreading Fire glides through the Plains, and
Woods,
It even pierces the cold Floods:
The duller Brutes feel the soft Flame,
The Fishes leap for joy, and wanton in their Stream.

AGAINST

AGAINST
THE FEAR
OF
DEATH.
BY A
Person of HONOUR.

SINCE all must certainly to Death resign,
Why should we make it dreadful, or repine?
How vain is Fear where nothing can prevent
The loss, which he, that loses, can't lament.

The Fear of Death is by our Folly brought,
We fly th' acquaintance of it, in a thought;
From Something into Nothing is a change
Grown terrible, by making it so strange.
We always shou'd remember, Death is sure,
What grows familiar most, we best endure;
For Life and Death succeed like Night and Day,
And neither gives encrease, nor brings decay.
No more or less by what takes Birth or dies,
And the same Mass the teeming World supplies.
From Death we rose to Life; 'tis but the same,
Through Life again to pass, from whence we came.
With shame we see our Passions can prevail,
Where Reason, Certainty, and Vertue fail.
Honour, that Empty Name, can Death despise,
Scorn'd Love to Death as to a Refuge flies,
And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.

Hope

Hope triumphs o're the thought of Death, and Fate
Cheats Fools, and flatters the Unfortunate.

Perhaps, deceiv'd by Lust-supplying Wealth,
New enjoy'd Pleasures, and a present Health,
We fear to lose, what a small time must waste,
Till Life it self grows the Disease at last :
Begging for Life, we beg for more decay,
And to be long a dying only pray.

No just and temperate thought can tell us why;
We should fear Death, or grieve for them that die;
The Time we leave behind, is ours no more,
Nor our concern, than Time that was before.

'Twere a fond sight, if those that stay behind
For the same passage, waiting for a wind

To drive them to their Port, sho'ud on the Shore
Lamenting stand, for those that went before.

We all must pass through Death's dead Sea of
To reach the Haven of Eternal Light. (Night

THE

THE
DREAM:

Occasion'd by

The Death of the most Noble
and *Virtuous* Lady,

Elizabeth Seymour,

Mother to His GRACE the
Duke of *Somerset.*

BY

Mr. J. TALBOT.

IF Righteous Souls in their bless'd Mansions know,
Or what we Do, or Suffer here below,
And any leisure from their Joys can find,
To visit those whom they have left behind,

To

To view our endless Griefs, our groundless Fears,
Our hopeless Sorrows, and our fruitless Tears,
With pity, sure, they see the kind mistake,
Which weeping Friends at their departure make:
They wonder why at their Release we grieve,
And mourn their Death, who then begin to Live.

Tir'd with the Care and Sorrow of the day,
In silent night the sad *Mecænas* lay,
His mind still lab'ring with the deadly weight
Of his dear Parent's much lamented Fate;
Till weary Nature with its Load oppress'd,
Compos'd the tempest of his troubled Breast,
And borrow'd from his Grief some time for rest :
When Sleep (Death's Image) to his fancy brought
The hourly Object of his waking Thought;
And lo ! his Mother's awful Shade appears,
Not pale and ghastly, as the fullen Fears

Of brain-sick Minds their dismal Phantomes paint,
But bright and joyful as a new-made Saint.
A Crown of Glories shone around her Head;
She smil'd, and thus the happy Spirit said.

Hail, Noble Son, whom pow'rful Fates design
To fill the Glories of thy mighty Line,
In whom the Good is mingled with the Great,
As generous Light unites with active heat:
For thee I thought Life pleasant, and for thee
I after Death endur'd this World to see,
And leave a while the Dwellings of the Blest,
Where Heav'nly Minds enjoy Eternal Rest;
Where having reach'd the Universal Shore,
I fear the Winds and Billows now no more;
No more in anguish draw a painful Breath,
Nor wrestle with that mighty Tyrant, Death,

Who

Who cannot boast he gave the Fatal blow,
I conquer'd Sin, from whence his Pow'r did flow :
The proud Insulter threatn'd me in vain,
For Heav'n increas'd my Patience with my Pain,
Till my unfetter'd Soul at last took Wing,
The Grave its Conquest lost, and Death its Sting.

No longer then these Pious Sorrows shed,
Nor vainly think thy happy Parent dead;
Whose deathless Mind from its weak Prison free,
Enjoys in Heav'n its Native Liberty :
I soon distinguish'd in that blissful Place
Thy God-like Ancestors, a numerous Race ;
There plac'd among the Stars, in them I see
A Glorious Destiny reserv'd for thee.

Then weep no more ; ev'n here I still survive
In thee, and in thy Virtuous Fair I live :

I saw her happy Mother shine on high,
A brighter Spirit ne're adorn'd the Skie;
With Joy she met me at the Crystal Gate, (State,
And much enquir'd her beauteous Daughter's }
She Wish'd her there; but Heav'n ordains it late,
And long defers her Joys, that she may be
A mighty Blessing to this World, and Thee.
Long shall she live, and Ages yet to come
Shall bless the happy Burden of her Womb:
Still shall her Off-spring, with her Years, increase,
With both, her Virtues, and thy Happiness.
In all thy Race the wondring World shall find
The Noble Image of each Parent's Mind.
Thus bless'd in her and hers, thou shalt receive
The richest Bounties Heav'n and Earth can give.
Nor shall my Care be wanting to your aid,
My faithful Spirit shall hover o're thy head, }
And round thy lovely Fair a large Protection spread: }

Till

Till crown'd with Years and Honours here below,
And ev'ry Gift kind Nature can bestow,
You both retire to Everlasting Rest,
And late increase the Joys and number of the Blest.

She spoke: her Fellow-Angels all around
With joyful Smiles the happy Omen own'd ;
All blest'd the Noble Pair, and took their flight
To the bright Regions of unfading Light.

A

A
H Y M N
TO THE
M O R N I N G.

I N
Praise of Light.

A N
O D E.

By` Mr. T A L D E N.

I.

Parent of Day! whose beauteous Beams of Light
Spring from the darksom Womb of Night:
And midst their Native horrors show,
Like Gems adorning of the *Negro's* Brow.

K

Not

Not Heaven's fair Bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy Drapery :
Thou first Essay of Light, and pledge of Day !
That usher'st in the Sun, and still prepar'st his way.

2.

Rival of Shade, Eternal Spring of Light !
Thou art the Genuine Source of it :
From thy bright unexhausted Womb,
The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.
Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
But spight of Time thou'rt ever young :
Thou art alone Heavens modest Virgin light,
Whose Face a Veil of blushes hides from human sight.

3.

Like some fair Bride thou risest from thy Bed,
And dost around thy Lustre spread :
Around the Universe dispense
New life to all, and quick'ning influence.

With

With gloomy Smiles thy Rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of Light:
Not all the Wealth she views in Mines below,
Can match thy brighter Beams, or equal Lustre show.

4.

At thy approach Nature erects her head,
The smiling Universe is glad:
The drowsie Earth and Seas awake,
And, from thy Beams, new life and vigour take.
When thy more chearful Rays appear,
Even Guilt and Women cease to fear:
Horror, Despair, and all the Sons of Night,
Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty flight.

5.

To Thee, the grateful East their Altars raise,
And sing with early Hymns thy praise:
Thou dost their happy Soil bestow,
Enrich the Heav'ns above, and Earth below.

Thou risest in the fragrant East,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy Nest :
No Altar of the Gods can equal Thine,
The Air is richest Incense, the whole Land thy
(Shrine.
6.

But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary stay :
Too soon thou'rt ravisht from our sight,
Bore down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd
with light.

Thy Beams to their own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last :
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State,
Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

7.

Before the Almighty Artist fram'd the Skie,
Or gave the Earth its Harmony :

His

His first Command was for thy Light,
He view'd the lovely Birth, and blessed it.
In purple Swadling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for Day:
Old *Chaos* then a chearful Smile put on,
And from thy beauteous Form, did first presage its
(own.

8.

Let there be Light, the Great Creator said,
His Word the active Child obey'd:
Night did her teeming Womb disclose,
And then the blushing Morn, its brightest Off-spring
rose.

A while the Almighty wond'ring view'd,
And then himself pronounc'd it good:
With Night, said He, divide the Imperial Sway,
Thou my first Labour art, and thou shalt bless the
Day.

A
HYMN
TO
DARKNESS.

BY
Mr. TALDEN.

I.

DARKNESS, thou first kind Parent of us all,
Thou art our great Original:
Since from thy Universal Womb,
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous Off-
spring come.

2.

Thy wondrous Birth is even to Time unknown,
Or like Eternity thou'dst none:

Whilst

Whilst Light did its first Being owe,
Unto that awful Shade, it dares to rival now.

3.

Say in what distant Region dost thou dwell!

To Reason inaccessible:

From Form, and duller Matter, free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of Man's Philosophy.

4.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,

Thou art our Refuge too in Death:

Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb,
Where e're our Souls shall go, to thee our Bodies
(come.

5.

The silent Globe is struck with awful fear,

When thy Majestick Shades appear:

Thou dost compose the Air and Sea;

And Earth a Sabbath keeps, Sacred to Rest, and Thee.

6.

In thy serener Shades our Ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the Night:
In Vaults, and gloomy Caves, they stray,
But fly the Mornings beams, and sicken at the day.

7

Tho' solid Bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest Ray admit:
No Substance can thy Force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost at the Center
(dwell.

8.

The sparkling Gems, and Oar in Mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe:
Tho' form'd within the Womb of Night,
Bright as their Sire they shine, with Native Rays of
(Light.

9.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine Night array'd:

Thy

Thy *Negro* Beauties then delight,
Beauties like pollish'd Jeat, with their own Darkness
(bright.

10.

Thou dost thy Smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Tho' Light distinction makes, thou giv'st Equality.

11.

Thou Darknes art the Lovers kind retreat,
And dost the Nuptial Joys compleat:
Thou dost inspire them with thy Shade,
Giv'st vigour to the Youth, and warm'st the yield-
(ing Maid.

12.

Calm, as the blest above, the *Ancorites* dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy Cell:
Their minds with Heav'nly Joys are fill'd,
The Pleasures Light deny, thy Shades for ever yield.

13. In

13.

In Caves of Night, the Oracles of old,
Did all their Mysteries unfold :
Darkness did first Religion grace,
Gave terrours to the God, and reverence to the place.

14.

When the Almighty did on *Horeb* stand,
Thy Shades inclos'd the Hallow'd Land :
In Clouds of Night, he was array'd,
And venerable Darkness his Pavillion made.

15.

When he appear'd arm'd in his Power and Might,
He vail'd the beatifick Light :
When terrible with Majesty,
In tempests he gave Laws, and clad himself in Thee.

16.

E're the Foundation of the Earth was laid,
Or brighter Firmament was made :

E're

E're Matter, Time, or Place were known,
Thou Monarch Darknes sway'dst these spacious
(Realms alone.

17.

But now the Moon, (tho' gay with borrow'd light)

Invades thy scanty Lot of Night :

By Rebel Subjects thou'rt betray'd,

The Anarchy of Stars depose their Monarch shade.

18.

Yet fading Light its Empire must resign,

And Nature's Power submit to Thine :

An Universal ruin shall erect thy Throne,

And Fate confirm thy Kingdom, evermore thy own.

ÆNEAS

ÆNEAS

HIS

Meeting with DIDO

In the

ELYZIAN FIELDS.

Being a

*Translation of part of the sixth Book
of Virgil's Æneids, beginning
at Hic quoque durus A-
mor, &c.*

By Mr. WOLSLEY.

HERE those, who by Love's Cruelty have dy'd,
Thick Myrtle Groves, and dark Retire-
ments hide ;

Vex'd with old Griefs, and pale with long Despairs,
Death cannot free them from their lasting Cares.

Among

Among the Trees *Pasiphae* does appear,
Phedra, and *Procris*, and *Evadne*, here,
Sad *Eriphyle* makes unpity'd moan,
Pointing to Wounds, that still accuse her Son.
For her lost Honour, *Cæneus* mourns in vain,
By Death transform'd to her own Sex again.
And *Laodamia*, with the numerous throng
Of hapless Lovers, weeping goes along.
Among the rest forsaken *Dido*, round
The Desert wanders, with a gaping Wound,
Whom soon as near the *Trojan Hero* drew,
And that upbraiding injur'd Ghost through glim-
mering Shadows knew.

(As he who sees by the faint gloomy Light
A rising Moon half hid in Clouds and Night)
Straight into Tears his penitent Pity broke,
And to her, in the kindest terms of Love unfeign'd
he spoke.

The

The killing News that did my flight pursue
I find, alas, (unhappy Queen) is true!
Your mark still fresh upon your *Breast* I see,
That bleeding Wound you gave your self for Me.
Ah, 'tis too true! I was th' unlucky Cause
Of your hard fate! curs'd wretched Man! I was.
By all the *Gods*, who rule above, I vow,
And by that Faith (if any be) which Sacred is
below,

Compell'd, and threaten'd, sad, and discontent,
From your lov'd Shore, and dear Embrace, I went :
That awful Pow'r, whose high Will to obey,
Even now thro' these Infernal Shades and dismal
paths I stray;

Thro' endless Night, and unknown Desert Lands
Force me, delaying, by his dread Commands.

Nor

Nor cou'd I think the loss of me wou'd touch
Your Heart so deep!—You valu'd me too much!
Oh stay, and take not from my Eyes, unkind,
A Face for ever present to my mind!
Whom do you fly? see him you held so dear!
His just defence and last farewell do not refuse to hear.

With such soft words th' afflicted *Hero* strove
To sooth her Anger, and revive her Love.
While rising Sighs oft stopt him as he spoke,
And falling tears the tender accents broke.

The *Queen*, who still resented his last flight,
Now turns her Eyes from his unwelcome sight,
And on the ground, with sad remembrance strook,
She fix'd a sullen and dejected look.

Deaf

Deaf to his Vows, regardless of his Tears,
Hard as a Rock her once kind Heart appears,
And his vain Courtship unconcern'd she hears.
Frowning at length, averse to all he said,
Into the thickest of the Wood she fled;
Where her first Love attracts her just desires,
Shares all her Grievs, and burns in equal Fires.

Wounded afresh with that reproachful sight,
Afar the Prince pursues her scornful flight,
And long lamenting her unhappy Fate,
With fruitless Sorrow pities her too late.

Out of the
ITALIAN
OF
FULVIO TESTI.
TO
Count *Montecuccoli*.
AGAINST
Pride upon sudden Advancement.

Ruscelletto Orgoglioso, &c.

I.

Proud and foolish noisie Stream!
Who to some muddy Plash thy *Birth* dost owe,
Which casually a *Brook* became,
Assisted by the Rain, and melting Snow:
Tho' now thou boasts thy swelling Tide,
August will soon be here, and end thy *short-liv'd Pride*;

L

2. The

2.

(*Thames*
The *Thames*, great King of Floods! the
With peaceful Course hastes gently to the Main;
Yet He upon his silent Streams
The tallest Vessels does with ease sustain:

And while one Summer Thee devours,
His Flood shall ne're decrease, not Time contract his
(Shores.

3.

Thou foam'st, and boil'st along the Plain,
The Flocks, and Shepherds threatening by the way;
Through borrow'd Waters basely vain,
Lift'st up thy head, and do'st regardless stray,
Troubled, Oblique, and this alone,
Thy noisie Pride is *All* which thou canst call Thy
(own.

4.

I know, Sir, you may well admire,
To hear me Reason with a deaf'ning Stream,

But

But thus the Muse oft strikes the Lyre,
When she'd most Lofty, and Majestick seem,
And in Mysterious Numbers shrowd
Deep Oracles, too deep, for the unthinking Croud.

5.

While thus I spake, there did appear,
Phæbus the God of every tuneful Lay,
A Lawrel crown'd his beamy Hair,
Which with a brighter Light improv'd the Day;
And thus he, what I saw, apply'd,
Short is th' incertain Reign, and Pomp of Mortal
(Pride.

6.

New turns, and changes every day,
Are of inconstant Chance the constant *Arts*,
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts;
But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy, or little Sorrow shows.

L 2

7. Good

7.

Good is the Pilot, who preserves
His shatter'd Vessel on the Stormy Main;
But he no less applause deserves,
Who fears the Flattery of the Watry Plain;
Who never trusts the fairest Gale,
But dreads to be o'reset, and spreads but little Sail.

8.

Of all the Heroes known of old,
I honour most *Agathocles's* Name;
Who, tho' he made the sparkling Gold
In polish'd Goblets on his Table flame:
To temper, and rebate its Ray,
He mixt his Father's Trade, the good old Potter's
(Clay.

9.

While thus the Charming God went on,
And fixt in Wonder, and Delight I stood:

Behold!

Behold ! the Upstart Stream was gone,
No drop remain'd of its insulting Flood :

But the worst Cattle of the Plain, (dain.
Trod o're the thirsty Sand, and spurn'd it with dis-

L 3

Catul-

C A T U L L U S.

EPIG. 19.

Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probè nôsti.

B Y

The same Hand as the former.

SUFFENUS whom you know, the Witty,
 The Gay, the Talkative, and Pretty;
 And, all his Wonders to rehearse,
 The *THING* which makes a World of Verse,
 I'm certain I shou'd not bely him,
 To say he has several thousands by him,
 Yet none deform'd with Critick blot,
 Or wrote on Vellom to rub out.
 Royal Paper! Scarlet Strings!
 Gilded Backs! and such fine things!

But

But——When you read 'em, then the Witty,
The Gay *Suffenus*, and the Pretty :
Is the dullest, heaviest Clown,
So alter'd, he can scarce be known.

This is strange ! that he who now
Cou'd so flatter, laugh, and bow,
So much Wit, such breeding shew,
Shou'd be so ungentle a Wight,
Whenever he attempts to write,
And yet the Wretch is ne're so pleas'd,
As when he's with this madness seiz'd.

Faith, Sir, w'are all deceiv'd alike,
All Labour in the same mistake,
Nor is the best of Men so clear
From every Folly, but somewhere
Still the *Suffenus* will appear.

Quickly we others Errors find,
But see not our own Load behind.

Out of the
G R E E K
O F
M E N A G E.
B Y T H E
Same Hand as the former.

WHile here for the fair *Amarillis* I die,
She o're Rocks, and o're Streams from
my Passion does fly;

O bring her, kind *Venus*! bring her here back again,
And the best of my Heifers on thy *Altar* lies slain:
But if she's appeas'd, if to Love she incline,
Take all my whole Herd, my little Herd is all thine.

Invi-

Invitation into the
C O U N T R Y.
I N

Imitation of the 34th EPIG.
O F

C A T U L L U S.

By the same Hand as the former.

G O——for I'm impatient grown,
Bid him leave the noisie Town.

Charge him he no longer stay,

But with haste devour the way.

Tho' a thousand times he's staid

By that fond, bewitching Maid:

Tho' she summon all her Charms,

Kiss him, press him in her Arms.

Let him not the *Syren* mind,

Tears are Water, Sighs are Wind.

Tell him how kind Nature here,
Dresses up the Youthful Year,
Strowing on the thoughtless Hours,
Opening *Buds*, and new-born Flow'rs;
Tell him underneath this Shade,
Innocence and Mirth are laid;
Not without forbidden Claret,
Books or Musick, if he'll hear it.
See the Lawrel, and the Vine,
Round about that *Arbour* twine,
So we Wit, and Pleasure joyn;
So *Horace*, and *Anacreon* meet
The Jolly God, within that Seat.
Thus from Noise and Care set free,
The snares of *Beauty* we despise.
Let him them no longer stay,
But with haste devour the way.

On Mrs. Arabella Hunt
Singing.

PINDARIC ODE,
By Mr. CONGREVE.

I.

L Et all be husht, each softest Motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,

And ev'ry ruder Gasp of *Breath*

Be calm, as in the *Arms* of Death.

And thou most fickle, most uneasie Part,

Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,

Be still; gently, ah gently, leave,

Thou busie, idle thing, to heave.

Stir not a Pulse; and let my *Blood*,

That turbulent, unruly Flood,

Be softly staid: •

Let me be all, but my attention, dead.

Go

Go, rest, y'unnecessary Springs of Life,
Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
For I wou'd hear her Voice, and try
If it be possible to dye.

II.

Come all ye Love-sick Maids and wounded Swains,
And listen to her Healing Strains.
A wondrous *Balm*, between her Lips she wears,
Of Sov'reign Force to soften Cares;
'Tis piercing as your Thoughts, and melting as
(your Tears:
And this, through ev'ry Ear she does impart,
(By tuneful *Breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.
Swiftly the gentle Charmer Flies,
And to the tender Grief soft *Air* applies,
Which, warbling Mystick Sounds,
Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.
But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:
Let no unpleasing Murmur or harsh Groan,
Your

Your slighted Loves declare :
Your very tend'rest moving Sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boistrous here.
Hither let nought but Sacred *Silence* come,
And let all sawcy Praise be dumb.

III.

And lo ! *Silence* himself is here ;
Methinks I see the Midnight God appear,
In all its downy Pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend *Shade* :
An ancient Sigh he fits upon,
Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his Throne :
Beneath two soft transparent Clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer Feet.
A melancholy Thought, condens'd to *Air*,
Stol'n from a Lover in Despair,

Like

Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap
In *Fluid* Folds, his *visionary Shape*.

A wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,
Where curling Mists supply the want of Hairs :
While the still Vapors, which from Poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
And *Silence* now is drown'd

In Extasy of Sound.

How on a suddain the still *Air* is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were just alarm'd!

And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and Chill'd.

See how the Heavenly Choir
Come flocking, to admire,
And with what Speed and Care,
Descending *Angels* cull the thinnest *Air*!

Haste

Haste then, come all th' immortal Throng,
And listen to her Song ;
Leave your lov'd Mansions, in the Sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly ;
Your Loss of Heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
While she sings, 'tis Heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd, see how the little Cherubs
(skip!
While others sit around her Mouth, and sip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.
Those Lips, where in Surprise of *Bliss* they rove ;
For ne're before were *Angels* blest
With such a luscious Feast
Of Musick and of Love.

Prepare then, ye immortal Choir,
Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
And with her Voice in Chorus joyn,
Her Voice, which next to yours is most divine.

Bless

Bless the glad Earth with heavenly Lays,
And to that Pitch th' eternal *Accents* raise,
Which only *Breath* inspir'd can reach,
To Notes, which only she can learn, and you
(can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd Excess,
Are wrapt in sweet Forgetfulness
Of all, of all, but of the present Happiness:
Wishing, for ever in that State to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

To

TO A

Person of HONOUR :

UPON HIS

Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem.

By Mr. Waller.

SIR.

YOU have oblig'd the *Brittish* Nation more
Than all their *Bards* cou'd ever do before :
And (at your own Charge) Monuments as hard
As Brass, or Marble, to your Fame, have rear'd.
For as all Warlike Nations take Delight
To hear how their brave Ancestors cou'd fight,
You have advanc'd to Wonder their Renown,
And no less Vertuously improv'd your own ;

M

That

That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a Nobler height.

You (of your Ancient Princes) have retriev'd
More than the Ages knew in which they liv'd;
Explain'd their Customs, and their Rights anew,
Better than all their *Druids* ever knew:

Unriddled those dark Oracles as well
As those that made 'em, cou'd themselves foretell.

For as the *Brittains* long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur wou'd come to Govern them again:

You have fulfill'd that Prophecie alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his Throne.

Such Magick Power has your prodigious Pen,
To raise the Dead, and give new Life to Men;
Make Rival Princes meet in Arms, and Love,
Whom distant Ages did so far remove.

For as Eternity has neither past,
Nor future, (*Authors* say) nor first, nor last;

But

But is all instant : Your Eternal Muse
All Ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should You (whose Miracles of Art
Can Life at Pleasure to the Dead impart)
Trouble in vain your better busi'd Head,
T' observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead.
For, since you have such *Arbitrary* Pow'r,
It were defect in Judgment to go low'r;
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the Vulgar Latitude.
For no Man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your Wit.
As Light can no way but by Light appear,
He must bring Sense, that understands it here.

On the same.

By Dr. S—

YOur Book our old Knight Errants Fame revives,
Writ in a Stile agreeing with their Lives.

All Rumours strength their Prowess did outgo,
All Rumours Skill your Verses far outdo :
To praise the *Welsh* the World must now combine,
Since to their Leeks you do your Lawrel joyn:
Such lofty strains your Country's Story fit,
Whose Mountains nothing equals, but your Wit.

Bonduca, were she such, as here we see
(In *Brittish* Paint) none cou'd more dreadful be :
With naked Armies she encounter'd *Rome*,
Whose Strength with naked Nature you o'ecome.
Nor let small Criticks blame this mighty Queen,
That in King *Arthur's* time she here is seen :

You

You that can make immortal by your Song,
May well one Life four hundred Years prolong.
Thus *Virgil* bravely dar'd for *Dido's* Love,
The settled course of Time and Years to move.
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things else you borrow help from none :
No *Antick* Tale of *Greece* or *Rome* you take,
Their Fables and Examples you forsake.
With true Heroick Glory you display
A Subject new, writ in the newest way.

Go forth, great *Author*, for the World's delight ;
Teach it, what none e're taught you, how to write :
They talk strange things that Ancient Poets did ;
How Trees, and Stones they into Buildings lead :
For Poems to raise Cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at least, will build half *Paul's* Church-yard.

Another on the same.

By Mr. Mat. Clifford.

With Envy, Criticks, you'l this Poem read,
Whose *Author's* Wit does more than Man
exceed;

Where all's so good alike, no Man can say
This may be added, or that par'd away:
Where all's so new, no search can ever trace
The Persons mention'd, in their Time, or Place.
Great Soul of Nature, which dost Books defie,
And their weak aid in this thy History:
Thou art no Slave to Rule, or President;
Where others imitate, thou dost invent.
It is, we grant, all thy Invention;
The Language too, intirely is thy own:

Thou

Thou leav'st as Trash, below thy great pretence,
Grammar to Pedants; and to plain Men, Sense:
But as, in this thy matchless Poetry,
Thou follow'st none, so none can follow Thee.

On the same.

By the Ld. V.

Wonder not, Sir, that Praises yet ne're due
To any other, are yet heap'd on You:
'Twas Envy robb'd you of your Praise before;
Men see their faults, and Envy now no more.
'Tis but your Merit, nor can justly such,
Which gave too little once, now give too much.
Your Princes do all Poetry surpass
As much as *Pen-main-maur* exceeds *Parnass*.

It is so great a Prodigy of Wit,
That Art and Nature both fall short of it;
For leaving Art, and left of Nature too,
Your Poem has no other Muse than You.

On these two Verses.

Out of the same.

*But Fame had sent forth all her nimble Spies
To blaze this Match, and lend to Fate some Eyes.*

By the Duke of Buckingham.

BUT wherefore all this pother about Fame?
A Man might say, says one: the very same
Demand might well be made, another cries,
Of Fate; and how it got, from Fame, such Eyes?

'Tis

'Tis well; you're witty Persons both, say I;
Yet to your Wit this boldly I'll reply:
Fate is the Twin of Chance, by which you find
Fate must needs see, except that Chance were blind:
For, among Friends, 'twere Inequality
To think one shou'd be blind, and t'other see.
Now tell me, Criticks, do not all the Wise
Profess that which they see, they see with Eyes?
And the same Figure do not I advance,
When I protest, I saw a thing by Chance?
Since then so various things by Chance we see,
Fate might have Eyes to multiplicity;
But our mild *Author* says, it has but some;
Thus, Critick vile, thus I have struck thee dumb:
And thus subscribe my self, with Heart, and Hand,
The *Author's* Friend, most Humble Servant, and

Buckingham.

TO THE
PRINCE and PRINCESS
OF
ORANGE,
Upon Their
MARRIAGE.

Written by
Mr. NAT. LEE.

HAIL, happy Warriour! hail! ^{(have won} whose Arms
The fairest Jewel in the *English* Crown.
Happy in famous Dangers in the Field,
Happy in Courts which brightest *Beauties* yield.
Oh Prince! whose Soul is known so justly great,
As if that Heav'n took leisure to create;

First

First, the rich Oar refin'd, then did allay,
Stamp't thee his own, not shuffl'd thee away.
With wonder thus we all thy temper prize,
Not but th'art bold and brave, as thou art wise.
Like the cool *English*, who approach their Fate
With awe, and gravely first with Death debate.
They kindle slowly, but when once on Fire,
Burn on, and in the blaze of Fame expire.

Hail Princess! hail! thou fairest of thy Kind!
Thou shape of Angels, with an Angel's Mind!
Whose Vertues shine, but so as to be born,
Clear as the Sun, and gentle as the Morn.
Whose brighter Eyes like lambent Glories move,
And ev'ry glance wounds like a Dart of Love.
How well, oh Prince, how nobly hast thou fought,
Since to thy Arms the Fates such *Beauty* brought!

Methinks

Methinks I hear thee in thy Nuptial Bed,
When o're the Royal Maid thy Arms were spread.

Enough, kind Heav'n, well was my Sword employ'd,

Since all the Bliss Earth holds shall be enjoy'd.

Pains I remember now with vast delight,

Well have I brav'd the thund'ring *French* in fight,

My hazards now are Gains, and if my Blood

In Battel mix and raise the vulgar Flood,

Her Tears (for sure she'll be so good to mourn)

Like *Balm* shall heal the Wounds when I return.

But heark, 'tis rumour'd that this happy pair

Must go, the Prince for *Holland* does declare,

Call'd to the Business of Important War.

Go then, if thy Departure be agreed,

Your Friends must weep, your Enemies shall bleed.

And

And if in Poets minds, those vaster Souls,
Where all at once the vast Creation rould,
To whom the Warriour is as much oblig'd,
As to Relievers Towns that are besieg'd.
(For Death would to their Acts an end afford,
Did not Immortal Verse out-do the Sword)
If ought of Propheſie their Souls inſpire,
And if their fury gives a ſolid Fire,
Soft ſhall the Waſtage be, the Seas and Wind,
Calm as the Prince, and as the Princeſs kind.
The World, why ſhould not Dreams of Poetſtake,
As well as Prophets who but dream awake?
I ſaw them launch, the Prince the Princeſs bore,
While the ſad Court ſtood crowding on the Shore.
The Prince ſtill bowing on the Deck did ſtand,
And held his weeping Princeſs by the hand.

Which

Which waving oft, she bid them all farewell,
And wept as if she wou'd the Ocean swell.

Farewel! thou best of Fathers, best of Friends!
While the mov'd Duke, with a heav'd Sigh, com-
mends
To Heav'n the Care; in Tears his Eyes wou'd
swim,

But Manly Vertue binds them to the brim.
Farewel (she cry'd) my Sister, thou dear part,
Thou sweetest part, of my divided Heart.
To whom I all my Secrets did unfold,
Dear Casket! who did all my Treasures hold.
My little Love! her Sighs she did renew,
Once more (oh Heavens) a long and last a-
dieu!

Part!

Part! must I ever lose those pretty Charms?
Then swoons, and sinks into the Prince's Arms.
The Court beheld, and wept.

Streight from their Griefs the *pompous Navy* fled
So fast, as if our Sighs increas'd their speed.
When of a sudden, from the Reedy Court,
The *Trytons* all with their griev'd God resort;
In Troops upon the wandring Waves they glide,
And round their lifted Lord in Triumph ride.
At their first call the singing *Mermaids* come,
While the crown'd *Dolphins* lash the Silver Foam.

Thus waited, the glad Prince beheld from far
The *Belgick* Shore, and heard the sound of War.
Some Hand unseen Heav'ns *Azure* Curtains drew
To make this Mighty Triumph Great and New,
A thousand Golden Heads peep'd forth to view.

Cries,

Cries, Shouts, and clapping Hands, all Extasie,
A hundred Cannons thundred to the Skie.

The Thunder answering did my Dream destroy,
And wak'd me from the Visionary Joy.

AGAINST

AGAINST
S L O T H.

When the King was at Oxford.

*Hoc agite, ô Juvines, circumspicit, & stimulat vos,
Materiamq; sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit.*

I.

HENCE, vain Attempter of the Good and Great;
Be gone from our secure Retreat,
With all thy dull unweildy Train
That clog and curb the active Brain,
Which else wou'd, like a metall'd Steed, run o're
Vast Nature's yet unnumber'd Store;

N

O're

O're flow'ry Meads, and painted Fields,
And all the pleasant Scenes that beauteous Learning yields.

2.

We're doubly arm'd against thy Cheats, and Thee,
(Thy Cheats which only find a place
Among the Ignorant and Base,)
By Knowledge, and by Majesty.
Thou, constant Guest of every Popish Cell,
Which dost with Monks and Hermits dwell,
Must leave, with them, this Sacred Ground;
Banish'd from King and Court, at least, for ten
Miles round.

3.

She's gone; and now, methinks, an active fire
Does all my willing Veins inspire:
My drowfie Senses all anew
Are waken'd by His pow'rful view:

The

The Glorious Ruler of the Morning, so,
But looks on Flow'rs, and streight they grow;
And when his Beams their Light unfold,
Ripens the dullest Earth, and warms it into Gold.

N 2

What

What art thou, Love!

Written by

Mr. J. ALLESTREE.

1.

What art thou Love! whence are those (Charms!
That thus thou bear'st an Universal
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms, (Rule!
The King turns Slave, the wise Man Fool.

2.

In vain we chase thee from the Field,
And with cool thoughts resist thy Yoke:
Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
And all those high Resolves are broke.

3. Can

3.

Can we e're hope thou shou'd'st be true,
Whom we have found so often base ?
Cozn'd, and cheated, still we view,
And fawn upon the treacherous Face.

4.

In vain our Nature we accuse ;
And doat, because she says we must :
This for a Brute were an excuse,
Whose very Soul and Life is Lust.

5.

To get our likeness! what is that!
Our likeness is but Misery ;
Why shou'd I toil to propagate
Another thing as vile as I ?

6.

From Hands Divine our Spirits came,
And Gods, that made us, did inspire
Something more Noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of Earthly Fire.

Verses

V E R S E S

Spoken before the
Duke and Dutcheſs of YORK,
AND
Lady ANN,

In Oxford Theatre, May the 21^{ſt}. 1683.

By the Ld. S—— and Mr. C——.

Ld. S——

Great Sir,

When laſt your Royal Brother bleſt this (Place,
And all about did his kind *Beams*
A Joy Divine was ſeen in ev'ry Face, (diſpenſe;
Till Faction drove our Guardian Angel hence.

Mr. C——

Heav'n well did know how much our Frame cou'd
Mingling our Rapture with ſome fit allay; (bear;

And that, for future Bliss, we might prepare :
 Wisely reserv'd the Blessing of this day.

To the Duke.

We miss a Royal Brother by his side ;

Ld. S——

We long'd to see those Charms which him o're-
 (came,

Mr. C—— To the Dutchesse,

You, Madam, was our only Joy and Pride,

To the Lady Ann.

Who represented half the *Stuarts* Name.

Ld. S——

Wou'd you then know how much you're welcome
 here?

Think what a Joy in Loyal Breasts did flow,
 When fatal *Gloster* all our hopes did bear,
 Which the Gods lost to shew their Care of *You*.

When Fears and Jealousies ran high, and loud ;
 And Zeal mistaken, blinded wilful Eyes,

Heav'n

Heav'n shook the Rod to the Rebellious Croud,
Threat'ning to snatch the Gem, they cou'd not prize.

Mr. C——

Oxford (we hope) will not displease your view,
Where *York* first learn'd the Rudiments of War;
Those early Vertues here in Blossom grew,
Which now in growth, and full Perfection, are.
Tho' here new Towers and Buildings daily rise;
And *Arms* thrown off, we wear the peaceful
Gown:

Our Breasts admit no change, know no disguise;
Prepar'd with Swords and Pens t' assert the Crown.

Ld. S——

This is the place, in which the Sacred Names
Of Kings and Heroes annually resound;
The Triumphs, War and Peace, of *Charles* and
James,
From Age to Age, are with fresh Lawrels Crown'd.

Mr. C——

Mr. C——

As when a Prince's long expected Birth,
GladseveryHeart, and each *Muse* tunes her Voice:
Or when the Captive Monarchs of the Earth

To the Lady Ann.

Beg to be Slaves, and in Your Chains rejoyce.

Ld. S——

But why, in lasie Numbers, do we bind
Our thoughts? which shou'd in active Raptures (fly;
As the Cœlestial Circles unconfin'd,
And tun'd to their Eternal Harmony.
Musick's the Dialect of happy Souls,
When sever'd from the Earth's unweildy Load;
The Universal Language of both Poles,
Of the vast distant Natives understood.
Let Instruments and Voices both combine
To Celebrate the Glories of this Day:
Let Art and Extasies their Forces joyn,
And in melodious Paths of Errour stray. *Here*

*Here they fate down, and Musick play'd ;
which being ended, they stood up again,
and spoke by way of Pastoral.*

Ld. S—— Damon.

Mr. C—— Thyrsis.

Damon.

A *H! Thyrsis, how shall humble Swains,
As thou and I, perform such strains ?
Can we a fitting Present make
For us to give, or These to take ?*

Thyrsis.

*The Garland, Chloris made, I'll bring,
When I threw Strephon from the Ring :*

Though

*Though it shou'd Cæsar's Birth-day Crown,
Fresh Roses will for that be blown.*

Damon.

*I have a Lamb as white as Snow,
Though half engag'd to Pan by Vow:
I'll sacrifice it here, for He
Pan, or some greater God must be.*

Thyrsis.

*Why dost thou talk of Sacrifice,
These seem no angry Deities.
Wou'd cruel Sylvia were here,
She'd learn to think her self less fair,
And, in a Noble mixture, find
Humility with Beauty joyn'd.*

Damon.

*Then may it please the Royal Three
T'accept one hearty Wish from me:*

By

*By all true Swains be Daphnis fear'd,
And no Whig-Wolves come nigh his Herd.*

Both together.

*Then Tearly Hecatombs we'll pay,
If every Spring bring such a May.*

Human

HUMAN LIFE:

*Suppos'd to be spoken by an Epicure,
in imitation of the second Chapter
of the Wisdom of Solomon.*

A

Pindarique ODE.

Inscribed to the

Lord HUNSDON.

By Mr. TALDEN.

I.

Then will penurious Heav'n no more allow!
No more on its own Darling Man bestow!

Is it for this he Lord of all appears,

And his great Maker's Image bears!

To

To toil beneath a wretched State,
Opprest with Miseries and Fate:
Beneath his painful Burthen groan,
And, in this beaten Road of Life, drudge on!
Amidst our Labours we possess
No kind allays of Happiness:
No softning Joys can call our own,
To make this bitter Drug go down;
Whilst Death an easie Conquest gains,
And the insatiate Grave in endless Triumph Reigns.
With Throes, and Pangs, into the World we come,
The Curse and Burthen of the Womb:
Nor wretched to our selves alone,
Our Mothers Labours introduce our own.
In Crys and Tears our Infancy we waste,
Those sad Prophetick Tears that flow,
By instinct of our future Woe;
And even our dawn of Life with Sorrow's overcast.

Thus

Thus we toil out a restless Age,
Each his laborious part must have,
Down from the Monarch to the Slave,
Act o're this Farce of Life, then drop beneath the
Stage.

2.

From our first drawing Vital breath,
From our first starting from the Womb,
Until we reach the destin'd Tomb,
We all are posting on, to the dark Goal of Death.
Life, like a Cloud that fleets before the Wind,
No Mark, no kind Impression, leaves behind;
'Tis scatter'd like the Winds that blow,
Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where
they go.

Here we're detain'd a while, and then
Become Originals again:

Time,

Time shall a Man to his first self restore,
And make him intire nothing, all he was before.

No part of us, no remnant shall survive!

And yet we impudently say, we live:

No! we but ebb into our selves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

3.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wise!

Unriddle me these Mysteries:

What is the Soul, the Vital Heat

That our mean Frame does animate?

What is our breath, the breath of Man,
That buoys his Nature up, and does even Life sustain?

Is it not Air, an empty Fume,

A Fire that does it self consume?

A warmth that in a Heart is bred,

A lambent Flame with heat and motion fed:

Extinguish that, the whole is gone,
This boasted Scene of Life is done :
Away the Phantome takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathsom Grave, and an Eternal Night.
The Soul, th' Immortal part we boast,
In one consuming Minute's lost :
To its first Source it must repair,
Scatter with Winds, and flow with common Air.
Whilst the fall'n Body, by a swift decay,
Resolves into its Native Clay :
For Dust and Ashes are its second Birth,
And that incorporates too, with its great Parent
(Earth.

4.

Nor shall our Names, or Memories survive,
Alas, no part of Man can live!
The empty blasts of Fame shall die,
And even those Nothings taste Mortality.

In vain, to future Ages, we transmit
Heroick Acts, and Monuments of Wit :

In vain, we dear-bought Honours leave,
To make our Ashes gay, and furnish out a Grave.

Ah Treacherous Immortality !

For thee, our stock of Youth we waste,

And urge on Life, that ebbs too fast ;

To purchase thee with Blood, the Valiant fly,
And to survive in Fame, the Great and Glorious die.

Lavish of Life, they squander this Estate,

And for a poor Reversion wait :

Bankrupts and Misers, to themselves they grow,

Imbitter wretched Life, with Toils and Woe,

To hoord up endless Fame, they know not where, or
(how.

5.

Ah think, my Friends, how swift the Minutes haste!

The present Day intirely is our own,

Then seize the Blessing e're 'tis gone :
To Morrow, fatal sound ! since this may be our last.
Why do we boast of Years, and sum up Days !
'Tis all imaginary space :
To day, to day is our Inheritance,
'Tis all penurious Fate will give,
Posterity'll to Morrow live, (hence.
Our Sons crowd on behind, our Children drive us
With Garlands then your Temples Crown,
And lie on Beds of Roses down :
Beds of Roses we'll prepare,
Roses that our Emblems are.
A while they flourish on the Bough,
And drink large draughts of Heav'nly Dew :
Like us, they smile, are young, and gay,
And like us too, are Tenants for a day,
Since with Night's blasting breath, they vanish swift
away.

6.

Bring chearful Wine, and costly Sweets prepare!

'Tis more than frenzy now to spare:

Let cares and ~~business~~ wait a while,

Old Age affords a thinking Interval;

Or if they must a longer hearing have,

Bid them attend below, adjourn into the Grave.

Then gay and sprightly Wine produce,

Wines that Wit and Mirth infuse:

That feed, like Oyl, th'expiring Flame,

Revive our drooping Souls, and prop this tottering

Frame.

That when the Grave our Bodies has engross,

When Vertues shall forgotten lie,

With all their boasted Piety,

Honours, and Titles, like our selves, be lost;

Then our Recorded Vice shall flourish on,

And our Immortal Riots be for ever known.

This, this is what we ought to do,
The great Design, the grand Affair below!
Since bounteous Nature's plac'd our *Stuard* here,
Then Man his ~~Grandure~~ shou'd maintain,
And in excess of Pleasure Reign,
Keep up his Character, and Lord of all appear.

T O

TO
Mr. WALLER,
UPON THE

*Copy of Verses made by himself on the
last Copy in his Book.*

I.

WHEN Shame, for all my foolish Youth had
writ,
Advis'd, 'twas time the Rhyming Trade to quit,
Time to grow wise, and be no more a Wit—
The Noble Fire, that animates thy Age,
Once more enflam'd me with Poetick Rage.

2.

Kings, Heroes, Nymphs, the Brave, the Fair, the
Young,
Have been the Theme of thy Immortal Song;

A Nobler Argument, at last, thy Muse,
Twothings Divine; Thee, and Her self, does chuse.

3.

Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar Spirits bend,
Gives Wings to thine, and bids it upward tend.
No more confin'd, above the Starry Skies,
Out, from the Body's broken Cage, it flies.

4.

But oh! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,
To joyn with, and compleat th' Etherial Quire!
Still here remain! still on the *Threshold* stand;
Still at this distance view the promis'd Land,
Tho' thou may'st seem, so Heav'nly is thy Sense,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

ELEGY:

E L E G Y :

Occasion'd

By the Reading and Transcribing
Mr. Edmund Waller's Poem,

O F

DIVINE LOVE,

Since his Death.

By *Mr. J. TALBOT.*

Such were the last, the sweetest Notes that hung
Upon our dying Swan's melodious Tongue :
Notes, whose strong Charms the dullest Ear might
move,

And melt the hardest Heart in flames of Love:

Notes

Notes, whose *Seraphic* Raptures speak a mind
From Human Thoughts, and Earthly Dross refin'd ;
So just their Harmony, so high their flight,
With Joy I read them, and with Wonder write.

Sure, happy Saint, this Noble Song was giv'n
To fit Thee for th' approaching Joys of Heav'n :
Love, wondrous Love, whose Conquest was thy
Theme,
Has taught thy Soul the airy way to climb ;
Love snatch'd Thee, like *Elijah* to the Skie,
In Flames that not consume, but purifie :
There with thy *Fellow-Angels* mixt, and free
From the dull load of dim Mortality ;
Thou feel'st new Joys, and feed'st thy ravish'd sight
With unexhausted Beams of Love and Light :
And sure, blest Spirit, to compleat thy Bliss,
In Heav'n thou sing'st this Song, or one like This.

MOSCHUS :

M O S C H U S :

IDYL 1st.

Done into ENGLISH

BY

Mr. J. R.

HER Son not heard of, and by none descry'd,
In a shrill voice thus penfive *Venus* cry'd.
He who can News of a stray *Cupid* tell,
My Run-a-way, shall be rewarded well.
His Fee for the obliging News is this,
He may come hither, and demand a Kiss.
But if he can the Vagabond restore;
He shall have Kisses, and have somewhat more.
Amongst a Hundred you the *Boy* may know,
Large are his Tokens, and his Marks enow.

Not

Not white his body, but resembling Flame;
His Eyes all cruel, and his Heart the same:
Soft are his words, where he designs no Love,
Nor do his Heart and Tongue together move.
Sweet is his Voice as Honey when he's pleas'd,
But when enrag'd, how hard to be appeas'd!
He always lies: 'tis a pernicious Boy,
Fraud is his Sport, and Tyranny his Joy.
Bold are his Eyes, divinely curl'd his Hair;
Small are his Hands, but oh! they kill from far!
How great, how large is their extensive Pow'r,
From which great *Pluto's* self is not secure!
Close are his Thoughts and Soul, his Body bare:
Swift as a Bird, he strikes an amorous Pair,
Invades the inmost Fortrefs of the Fair.
Small is his *Bow*, nor are his *Arrows* great,
And yet ev'n These have reach'd the Heav'nly Seat.

A Golden Quiver on his back he ties,
Where his *Artillery* in dreadful order lies.
All cruel, all—but oh! the cruel *Boy*
Does with his Taper *Phæbus* self annoy;
Torments ev'n me, his Mother, ruins all my Joy.
Charge him from me, if seen, with an arrest;
Let pity be a Stranger to your breast.
If you can seize him, lead the Captive bound,
Let no compassion for his tears be found.
Avoid his kisses, and his amorous wiles,
There's worse than Poison in his treacherous smiles.
Nay, shou'd he offer you his arms, beware,
Of *Arrows* tipt with Fire have a care.

AGAINST

AGAINST
ENJOYMENT.

By Mr. T A L D E N.

WE Love and Hate, as restless Monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's Right:
Yet when thro' all the dangerous toils they've run,
Ignobly quit, the Conquests they have won;
Those *charming hopes* that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with Enjoyment, makes them Cowards now.

Our Passions only form our Happiness,
Hopes still enlarge, as Fears contract it less:
Hope with a gaudy Prospect feeds the Eye,
Sooths every sense, does with each wish comply;
But false Enjoyment, the kind Guide destroys,
We lose the Passion in the treacherous Joys.

Like

Like the gay Silk-worm, when it pleases most,
In that ungrateful Web it spun, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloy's the Appetite,
More does the Conquest, than the prize delight:
One Victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our restless Wishes cannot be confin'd.
Like boisterous waves, no settl'd bounds they know,
Fix at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,
Tis rais'd by Wishes, by Fruition lost:
We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.
Wishes, like painted Landscapes, best delight,
Whilst distance recommends them to the sight:
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear,
But show their course, and nauseous colours, near.

Thus

Thus the fam'd *Midas*, when he found his Store,
Increasing still, and wou'd admit of more :
With eager arms his swelling bags he prest,
And expectation only made him blest :
But when a boundless Treasure he enjoy'd,
And every wish was with fruition cloy'd :
Then damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with Oar,
He curst that Gold, he doated on before.

PRIAM'S
Lamentation and Petition
TO
ACHILLES,
For the Body of his Son
HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of
Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήεις ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον
Ἑρμείας: —

ARGUMENT Introductory to this Translation.

Hector's Body, (after he was slain) remain'd still in
the Possession of Achilles; for which, Priam made
great Lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and

P

sent

sent Iris to comfort and direct him, after what manner he should go to Achilles's Tent, and how he should there ransom the Body of his Son. Priam accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian Camp, accompany'd by nobody but his Herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's Command, meets him by the way, in the Figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his Chariot, unobserved, through the Guards, and to the door of Achilles's Tent: which having perform'd, he discover'd himself a God, and giving him a short Instruction, how to move Achilles to Compassion, flew up to Heaven.

SO spake the God, and Heav'nward took his flight:
When Priam from his Chariot did alight;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
With Solemn pace, into Achilles Tent.
Heedless, he pass'd through various Rooms of State,
Until approaching where the Hero fate;
There at a Feast, the good old Priam found
Jove's best belov'd, with all his Chiefs around:

Two only were t' attend his Person plac'd,
Automedon and *Alcymus*; the rest
At greater distance, greater State express'd.

Priam, unseen by these, his entrance made,
And at *Achilles* Feet his *Aged Body* laid,
About his Knees, his trembling *Arms* he threw,
And clasp'd 'em hard, as, they together grew;
Then, caught his Hands, and press'd, and kiss'd
'em close;

Those Hands, th' inhumane Authors of his Woes;
Those Hands, whose unrelenting Force had cost
Much of his blood, (for many Sons he lost)
Now bath'd in tears, he to his Cheeks did lay,
As if he meant to wash their Guilt away.

But, as a Wretch who has a Murder done,
And seeking Refuge, does from Justice run;

Entring some House, in haste, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers on:
So did *Achilles* gaze, surpriz'd to see
The Godlike *Priam's* Royal Misery;
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their Eyes.
Till he at length the Solemn silence broke;
And thus the venerable Suppliant spoke.

Divine *Achilles*, at your Feet behold
A prostrate King, in wretchedness grown old:
Think on your Father, and then, look on me,
His hoary Age and helpless person see;
So furrow'd are his Cheeks, so white his Hairs,
Such, and so many his declining Years;
Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
Cou'd you imagine such, his Misery!

Yet

Yet it may come, when, he shall be oppress'd,
And Neighb'ring Princes lay his Country waste;
Nay, at this time perhaps some pow'rful Foe,
Who will no Mercy, no Compassion show,
Ent'ring his Palace, sees him feebly fly,
And seek Protection, where no help is nigh.
In vain, he may your fatal absence mourn,
And wish in vain for your delay'd return;
Yet, that he hears you live, some comfort gives,
And while he hopes (tho' vainly) he believes:
It glads his Soul to think, he once may see
His much-lov'd Son; wou'd that were granted me!
But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
Of all my Royal Sons, how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly Youths I had to boast,
When firsts the *Greeks* invaded *Ilion's* Coast:
Nineteen, the joyful Issue of one teeming Womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful Tribute to one Tomb;

Merciless War, this devastation wrought,
And their strong Nerves to Dissolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
My Age's comfort, and his Country's prop;
Hector, my Darling, and my *last Defence*,
Whose life alone, their deaths cou'd recompence:
And, to compleat my store of countless Woe,
Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too!

For his sake only, hither am I come;
Rich Gifts I bring, and Wealth, an endless Sum;
All to redeem that fatal Prize you won,
A worthless Ransom for so brave a Son.

Fear the just Gods, *Achilles*; and on me
With pity look, think you your Father see;

Such

Such as I am, he is, alone in this,
I can no equal have in Miseries ;
Of all Mankind, most wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with such weight, as never has been born ;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come ;
With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's Bane,
And kiss those hands, which have my Children slain.
He spake.——

Now, sadness o're *Achilles* face appears,
And viewing *Priam*, for his Father fears ;
That, and Compassion melt him into Tears. }
Then, gently with his hand he put away
Old *Priam's* Face, but he, still prostrate lay,
And there with tears, and sighs, afresh did moan
Th' untimely death, of his beloved Son.

But Passion diff'rent ways, *Achilles* turns,
Now, he *Patroclus*, now, his Father mourns:
Thus both with Lamentations fill'd the place,
Till Sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

THE

THE
LAMENTATIONS

OF

Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen,

Over the Dead Body of

HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of
Homer. Ἰλιάδ. ω.

By Mr. CONGEEVE.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ὃ κεκρόπεπλος ἐκιδναῖο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connexion of this with the former Translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to Compassion, and after having made him Presents of great value, obtains the Body of his Son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the Morning, and advises him to haste away

away with the Body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the Camp: He himself helps to harness the Mules and Horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, Chariot and all, from among the Grecian Tents; then flies up to Heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the Body toward Troy.

NOW, did the Saffron Morn her beams display,
Gilding the Face of Universal Day;

When mourning Priam to the Town return'd;
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The Mules, beneath the mangled Body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of Woe.
To Pergamus high top, Cassandra flies,
Thence, she afar, the sad Procession spies:
Her Father and Idæus first appear,
Then Hector's Corps extended on a Bier;
At which, her boundless grief, loud Cries began,
And, thus lamenting, thro the Streets she ran:

Hither,

*Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all !
Behold the Godlike Hector's Funeral !
If e're you went with Joy, to see him come
Adorn'd with Conquest and with Lawrels home,
Assemble now, his Ransom'd Body see,
What once was all your Joy, now, all your Misery !*

*She spake, and streight the num'rous Crow'd obey'd,
Nor Man, nor Woman, in the City staid ;
Common consent of Grief had made 'em one,
With clam'rous moan to Scæas Gate they run,
There, the lov'd Body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings, greet.
His Rev'rend Mother, and his Tender Wife,
Equal in Love, in Grief had equal strife :
In Sorrow, they no Moderation knew,
But wildly wailing, to the Chariot flew ;*

There

There, strove the rowling Wheels to hold, while each
Attempted first his breathless Corps to reach;
Aloud they beat their *Breasts*, and tore their *Hair*,
Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.

Now had the throng of People stop'd the way,
Who wou'd have there lamented all the day,
But *Priam* from his Chariot rose, and spake,
Trojans enough; Truce with your Sorrows make;
Give way to me, and yield the Chariot room,
First let me bear my Hector's Body home,
Then mourn your fill. At this the Crowd gave way,
Opening a Pass, like Waves of a divided Sea.

Idæus to the Palace drove, then laid,
With care, the *Body* on a Sumptuous *Bed*,
And round about were skilful Singers plac'd,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
Their

Their Moan; *All*, in a *Chorus* did agree
Of Universal, Mournful *Harmony*.

Andromache alone, no Notes cou'd find,
No *Musick* wild enough for her distracted Mind;
Her Grief, long smother'd, now from silence broke;
And thus (close pressing his pale Cheeks) she spoke:

Andromache's Lamentation.

O my lost Husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early Fate, and too untimely Urn:
In the full Pride of Youth thy Glories fade,
And thou in ashes must with them be laid.

Why is my Heart thus miserably torn!
Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing, a *Widow* left?
Why do I live, who am of Life bereft!

Yet

Yet I were blest, were I alone undone ;
Alas, my Child! where can an Infant run ?
Unhappy Orphan! thou in Woes art nurs't ;
Why were you born?—I am with blessings curs't !
For long e're thou shalt be to Manhood grown,
Wide Desolation will lay waste this Town :
Who is there now, that can Protection give,
Since *He*, who was her strength, no more doth live ?
Who, of her Rev'rend Matrons, will have care ?
Who, save her Children from the Rage of War ?
For *He* to *all* Father and Husband was,
And all are *Orphans* now, and *Widows* by his loss.
Soon will the *Grecians*, now, insulting come
And bear us Captives to their distant home ;
I, with my Child, must the same Fortune share,
And all alike, be Pris'ners of the War ;
'Mongst base-born Wretches, he, his Lot must have,
And be to some inhuman Lord, a Slave.

Else

Else some avenging *Greek*, with Fury fill'd,
 Or for an only Son, or Father kill'd
 By *Hector's* hand, on him will vent his Rage,
 And, with *his Blood*, his thirsty grief assuage;
 For many fell by his relentless hand,
 Biting that ground, which, with their *Blood* was
 (stain'd.

Fierce was thy Father (O my Child) in War,
 And never did his Foe in *Battel* spare;
 Thence come these suff'rings, which, so much have
 Much woe to all, but sure, to me the most. (cost,
 I saw him not, when in the pangs of Death,
 Nor did my Lips receive his latest breath;
 Why held he not to me his dying hand?
 And why receiv'd not I his last Command?
 Something he wou'd have said, had I been there,
 Which I shou'd still in sad remembrance bear;

For

For I cou'd never, never words forget,
Which, Night and Day, I wou'd with Tears repeat.

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around,
A gen'ral *Sigh*, diffus'd a mournful sound.

Then, *Hecuba*, who long had been oppress'd
With boiling Passions, in her *Aged Breast*,
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
A Lamentation for her Darling Son.

Hecuba's Lamentation.

Hector, my Joy, and to my Soul more dear
Than all my other num'rous Issue were ;
O my last Comfort, and my best belov'd !
Thou, at whose fall, ev'n *Jove* himself was mov'd,
And sent a *God* his dread Commands to bear,
So far thou wert High Heav'n's peculiar care !

From

From fierce *Achilles* Chains thy Corps was freed;
 So kind a Fate was for none else decreed:
 For all my other Sons, ta'ne by his hands,
 Were sold like Slaves, and shipt to Foreign Lands.
 Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous Doom,
 And dragg'd when dead, about *Patroclus* Tomb,
 His lov'd *Patroclus* whom thy hands had slain:
 And yet that Cruelty was us'd in vain,
 Since all cou'd not restore his life again.
 Now fresh and glowing, even in death thou art,
 And fair as he who fell by *Phæbus* Dart.

Here weeping *Hecuba* her Passion stay'd,
 And Universal moan, again was made;
 When *Helen's* Lamentation, hers supply'd,
 And thus, aloud, that fatal *Beauty* cry'd.

Helen's Lamentation.

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my Heart,
 No *Brother* there had half so large a part:

Q

Scarce

Scarce my own Lord, to whom such love I bore,
That I forlook my Home; scarce he had more!

O would I ne're had seen that fatal day,
Would I had perish'd, when I came away.
Now, twenty Years are past, since that sad hour,
When first I landed on this ruin'd Shoar.
For Ruin (sure) and I, together came!
Yet all this time, from thee I ne're had blame,
Not one ungentle word, or look of Scorn,
Which I too often have from others born;
When you from their Reproach have set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their Cruelty:
If by my Sisters, or the Queen revil'd,
(For the good King, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still, has all my grief beguil'd.
Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no Friend alive, but you alone:

All

All will reproach me now, where e're I pass,
And fly with Horrour from my hated Face.
This said; she wept, and the vast throng was mov'd,
And with a gen'ral *Sigh* her Grief approv'd.
When *Priam* (who had heard the mourning Crowd)
Rose from his Seat, and thus he spake aloud.

*Cease your Lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
And fell down Trees to build a Fun'ral Pile;
Fear not an Ambush by the Grecians laid,
For with Achilles, twelve days Truce I made.*

He spake, and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and Mules and Oxen joyn'd;
Forth from the City all the People went,
And nine days space was in that labour spent:
The tenth, a most stupendious *Pile* they made,
And on the top the Manly *Hector* laid,

Then gave it fire, while all, with weeping eyes
Beheld the rowling Flames and Smoak arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd,
But when the Rosie Morn with day return'd,
About the *Pile* the thronging People came,
And with black Wine quencht the remaining Flame.
His *Brothers* then, and Friends search'd ev'ry where,
And gath'ring up his Snowy Bones with care,
Wept o're 'em ; when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple *Palls*, and richly wrought,
In which the Sacred *Ashes* were inter'd ;
Then o're his Grave a *Monument* they rear'd.
Mean time, strong Guards were plac'd, and careful
To watch the *Grecians*, and prevent surprize. (Spies,
The Work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning People, went to *Priam's* Court ;
There, they refresh'd their weary Limbs with rest,
Ending the Fun'ral with a Solemn Feast.

PARAPHRASE

UPON

Horace. Ode. 19. Lib. I.

By Mr. CONGREGATE.

Mater sæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THe Tyrant Queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly Wine
And wanton Ease, conspires
To make my Heart its peace resign,
And re-admit Loves long rejected Fires.
For beauteous *Glycera*, I burn,
The Flames so long repell'd with double force return:
Endless her Charms appear, and shine more bright
Than polish'd Marble when reflecting light;
With winning coyness, she my Soul disarms,
And when her looks are coldest, most she warms:

Q 3

Her

Her Face darts forth a thousand Rays,
Whose Lustre, an unwary sight betrays,
My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

2.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my Veins!
At once all *Venus* enters and at large she reigns!
Cyprus, no more with her abode is blest,
I am her Palace, and her Throne my *Breast*.
Of Savage *Scythian Arms*, no more I write,
Or *Parthian Archers*, who in flying fight
And make rough War their sport;
Such idle Themes, no more shall move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import:
And what's of high import, but Love?
Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
With Wine of two years old, your Cups be fill'd:
After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
The Goddess may incline her Heart to yield.

HORACE.

HORACE, *Lib. II. Ode 14.*

Imitated by Mr. Congreve.

*Eheu Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.*

I.

AH! No, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis
'This Pious Artifice.

Not all these Prayers and Alms, can Buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity*.

Eternity! that boundless Race,

Which, *Time* himself can never run:

(Swift, as he flies, with an unweari'd pace,)

Which, when Ten Thousand, Thousand Years
(are done,

Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd are those Limits, which prescribe
A short Extent to the most lasting Breath,

And though thou couldst for Sacrifice, lay down
Millions of other Lives to save thine own;

'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One Supernumerary Gasp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy Inexhausted Store

Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r,

Thy Honours, Titles; all must fail,
Where Piety it self does nought avail.

The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,

Must all be huddl'd to the Grave,

With the most Vile and Ignominious Slave,

And undistinguish'd lie in Dust.

In vain, the Fearful, flies Alarms,

In vain, he is secure, from wounds of Arms,

In vain, avoids the Faithless Seas,

And is confin'd to Home and Ease,

Bounding his Knowledg, to extend his Days.

In vain, are all those *Arts* we try,
All our Evasions, and Regret to Die :
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free :
And no Retreat
Is so Obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must my Friend ;
(The very Hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thine end,)
Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life ;
Leave the warm Bosome of thy tender Wife,
And all the much lov'd Offspring of her
(Womb,
To moulder in the Cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All must be left, and all be lost ;
Thy House, whose stately Structure so
(much cost,
Shall

Shall not afford
Room for the stinking Carcass of its Lord.
Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grots, and
(Bowers,
Thy Costly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and
(Flow'rs:

Nought shalt thou save;
Unless a sprig of Rosemary thou have,
To wither with thee in the Grave:
The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
Their Transitory Master Dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting Heir,
A Joyful Mourning wear:
And Riot in the waste of that Estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
All thy hid Stories he shall unfold,
And set at large thy Captiv'd Gold.

That

That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee
To Vaults and Prisons, shall again be free :
Buried alive, tho' now it lies,
Again't shall rise,
Again its sparkling Surface show,
And free as Element, profusely flow.
With such choice Food he shall set forth his
(Feasts,
That Cardinals shall wish to be his Guests ;
And pamper'd Prelates see
Themselves out-done in *Luxury*.

An

An ODE,

In imitation of HORACE,
Ode IX. Lib. I.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Vides ut alta, &c.—————

I.

Bless me, 'tis cold! how chill the *Air*!
How naked does the World appear!
But see (big with the Off-spring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth.
A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain,
Falls, to new-cloath the Earth again.
Behold the Mountain-Tops, around,
As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd:
And lo! how by degrees
The universal Mantle hides the Trees,

In

In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky,

Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply:
Trembling, the Groves sustain the Weight,
(and bow

Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,
And each late living Stream, is num'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the *Air*;
Let cheerful Fires *Sol's* feeble Beams repair;

Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine;

Let's drink, till our own Faces shine,

Till we like Suns appear,

To light and warm the Hemisphere.

Wine can dispence to all both Light and Heat,

They

They are with Wine incorporate :
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares
(mix,
Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix :
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis Heav'ns Concern ; and let it be
The Care of Heaven still for me :
These Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough
(the Seas ;
Great *Jove* can, if he please,
With one commanding Nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to Morrows Doom ;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present Moment's all our Store :
The next, shou'd Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more :
So all our Life is but one instant *Now*.

Look

Look on each Day you've past
To be a mighty Treasure won :
And lay each Moment out in haste ;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit Age will fly ;
Sweets that wanton i'th' Bosome of the Spring.
In *Winter's* cold Embraces dye.

IV.

Now, Love, that everlasting Boy, invites
To revel while you may, in soft Delights :
Now, the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
Slowly she promises at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter
(Feet.
To gloomy Groves and obscure Shades she flies,
There

There vails the bright Confession of her Eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,

Would more unwillingly depart,

And in soft Sighs conveys

The Whispers of her Heart.

Still she invites and still denies,

And vows she'll leave you if y'are rude;

Then from her Ravisher she flies,

But flies to be pursu'd:

If from his Sight she does her self convey,

With a feign'd Laugh she will her self betray,

And cunningly instruct him in the way.

T O
The Dutcheſs,
On Her Return from
S C O T L A N D,
In the Year 1682.
By Mr. D R Y D E N.

W HEN Factious Rage to cruel Exile, drove
The Queen of *Beauty*, and the Court of
(Love;
The Muſes droop'd, with their forſaken Arts,
And the ſad *Cupids* broke their uſeleſs Darts.
Our fruitful Plains to Wilds and Deſarts turn'd,
Like *Edens* Face when baniſh'd Man it mourn'd:
Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
The great Supporter of his awful Throne.
Love cou'd no longer after *Beauty* ſtay,
But wander'd Northward to the verge of day,
As if the Sun and He had loſt their way.

R

But

But now th' Illustrious Nymph return'd again,
Brings every Grace Triumphant in her Train:
The wondring *Nereids*, tho' they rais'd no storm,
Foreflow'd her passage to behold her form:
Some cry'd a *Venus*, some a *Thetis* past:
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife and Pride:
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
What e're we suffer'd from our fullen Fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easie rate:
Three gloomy Years against this day were set:
But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the Debt.
Like *Joseph's* Dream, but with a better doom;
The Famine past, the Plenty still to come.
For Her the weeping Heav'ns become serene,
For Her the Ground is clad in cheerful green:
For Her the Nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for Her delay'd the Spring.

The

The Muse resumes her long-forgotten Lays,
And Love, restor'd, his Ancient Realm surveys;
Recalls our *Beauties*, and revives our Plays.
His Wast Dominions peoples once again,
And from Her Presence dates his second Reign.
But awful Charms on her fair Forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit.
Pleasing, yet cold, like *Cynthia's* silver Beam,
The Peoples Wonder, and the Poet's Theam.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the Church, and tear the State;
No more shall Faction civil Discords move,
Or only Discords of too tender Love:
Discord like that of Musick's various parts,
Discord that makes the harmony of Hearts,
Discord that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the Duke, and serve the King.

A
SONG
FOR
St. *CECILIA*'s Day, 1687.

Written by

John Dryden, Esq;

And Compos'd by

Mr. John Baptist Draghi.

I.

From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony
This Universal Frame began.

When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring Atoms lay,

And cou'd not heave her Head,

The tuneful Voice was heard from high,

Arise

Arise ye more than dead.

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,

And MusICK's Pow'r obey.

From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony

This Universal Frame began :

From Harmony to Harmony

Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

2.

What Passion cannot MusICK raise and quell !

When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
His list'ning Brethren stood around
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound.

Less than a God they thought there cou'd not dwell

Within the hollow of that Shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What Passion cannot MusICK raise and quell!

3.

The TRUMPETS loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundring DRUM
Cries, heark the Foes come;
Chare, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4.

The soft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.

5. Sharp

5.

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

6.

But oh ! what Art can teach
What human Voice can reach
The sacred ORGANS praise ?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their Heav'nly ways
To mend the Choires above.

7.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race;
And Trees unrooted left their place;
Sequacious of the Lyre:
But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the wonder high'r;

R 4

When

When to her ORGAN, vocal Breath was giv'n
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

Grand CHORUS.

*As from the pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd 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 MUSICK shall untune the Sky.*

T O

TO
Mr. DRYDEN.

BY
Mr. JO. ADDISON.

HOW long, Great Poet, shall thy Sacred Lays,
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our
Can neither Injuries of Time, or Age, (Praise?
Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?
Not so thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his *Breast*, and checkt his *rising Thought*;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The *Roman* Genius in its last Decays.

Prevailing Warmth has still thy Mind possess'd,
And second Youth is kindled in thy *Breast*.

Thou

Thou mak'st the *Beauties* of the *Romans* known,
And *England* boasts of Riches not her own;
Thy Lines have heighten'd *Virgil's* Majesty,
And *Horace* wonders at himself in Thee.
Thou teachest *Perfius* to inform our Isle
In smother Numbers, and a clearer Stile;
And *Juvenal* instructed in thy Page,
Edges his Satire, and improves his Rage.
Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
And still out-shines the bright Original.

Now *Ovid* boasts th' advantage of thy Song,
And tells his Story in the *Brittish* Tongue;
Thy charming Verse, and fair Translations show
How thy own Lawrel first began to grow;
How wild *Lycaon* chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the
Woods.

O may'st

O may'st thou still the Noble Tale prolong,
Nor Age, nor Sickneſs interrupt thy Song :
Then may we wondring read how Human Limbs,
Have water'd Kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in Streams ;
Of thoſe rich Fruits that on the Fertile Mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold :
How ſome in Feathers, or a ragged Hide
Have liv'd a ſecond Life, and different Natures try'd.
Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal
A Nobler Change than he himſelf can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon,
June 2. 1693.

T O

TO
Mr. *DRYDEN*,
On His
TRANSLATION
OF
PERSIUS.
BY
Mr. *B. HIGGONS*.

AS Mariners at Sea, far off descry
Some unknown Land, and pass regardless by,
Their Charts some eminent Cape, or Mountain tell,
And all the rest but Blanks and Cyphers fill;
So we at distance gloomy *Persius* view'd,
But none approach'd, and his rough Tracts pursu'd,
Till

Till mighty *Dryden* ventur'd first on Shoar,
And the dark unknown Region did explore:
Drest by thy artful Hand, he does appear
Bright and perspicuous, as he is severe:
With this rich Present you oblige our Isle,
And in his Urn make *Perfius* Ashes smile;
By thee preserv'd from the ignoble Grave,
Whose Reputation will his Credit save.
If with another's Arms so keen you fight,
How will your own well-pointed Satire bite?
Our Vices, as old *Rome's*, are not so few,
And we do wait to be chastis'd by you;
To see unchain'd thy Generous Muse's Rage,
At once t' oblige, and lash an Impious Age:
What don't the wondring World expect from thee?
Thou hast more cause, a greater *Perfius* we.

Nor

Nor is thy Talent to our Art confin'd,
But Universal as thy boundless Mind:
Thy knowing Muse all sorts of Men does teach,
Philosophers instructs to live, Divines to preach,
States-men to govern, Generals to fight,
At once Mankind you profit and delight.
Virtue so lovely drest by thee, doth shine,
So bright appears in each instructing Line:
Vast the Ideas which from thee we take,
While the dull Pulpits no impression make.

But where to Love thy softer thoughts unbend,
There all the Graces on thy Muse attend.
Thy charming Numbers do our Souls inthrall,
The Rigid melt, and we turn Lovers all;
The *Cupids* dance in ev'ry Ladies eye,
Who reading Love as they were acting, die.

T O
Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
Drawing
My Lady *Hide's* Picture.

By Mr. B. HIGGONS.

THe *Cyprian* Queen drawn by *Apelles's* hand,
Of perfect *Beauty* did the Pattern stand,
But then bright Nymphs from ev'ry part of *Greece*,
Did all contribute to adorn the Piece,
From each a several Charm the Painter took,
(For no one Mortal so divine cou'd look)
But, happier *Kneller*, Fate presents to you
In one that finish'd *Beauty*, which he drew.
But oh, take heed, for vast is the design,
And Madness were for any Hand but thine.
For mocking Thunder bold *Salmonius* dies,
And 'tis as rash to imitate her Eyes.

SONG

SONG on a
LADY Indispos'd.

By Mr. B. HIGGONS.

F *LAVIA's* Eyes, like Fires supprest,
More fiercely flame again,
Nor can her *Beauty* be decreast,
Nor alter'd by her Pain;

Those various Charms which round her play,
And do her Face adorn,
Still as they ripned fall away,
Fresh *Beauties* still are born:

So doth it with the Lovers fare,
Who do the Dame adore,
One fit of Love kill'd by Despair,
Another rages more.

SONG

S O N G
T O A
Fair, Young LADY,
Going out of the TOWN
In the
S P R I N G.

By Mr. D R I D E N.

I.

ASK not the Cause, why fullen *Spring*
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling Birds forget to sing,
And Winter Storms invert the Year?

S

Chloris

Chloris is gone ; and Fate provides
To make it *Spring*, where she resides.

2.

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 !

3.

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 ev'ry Land ?
Where thou hadst plac'd such Pow'r before,
Thou shou'dst have made her Mercy more.

4. When

4.

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,
Adoring Crowds before her fall;
She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
And ev'ry Life but mine recall.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the Victim for Mankind.

S 2

A

A S O N G.

B Y

My Ld. R.

WHile in Divine *Panthea's* Charming Eyes,
I view the naked *Boy*, that basking lies,
I grow a God ; so blest, so blest am I,
With Sacred Rapture, and Immortal Joy.

But absent, if she shines no more,
And hides the Suns that I adore ;
Straight, like a Wretch, despairing I
Sigh, Languish in the Shade, and die,

Oh, I were lost in endless Night,
If her bright Presence brought not Light !
Then I revive, blest as before ;
The Gods themselves can be no more.

A
S O N G.

B Y

My Ld. R.

PITY, Fair *Sapho*, one that dies
A Victim to your beauteous Eyes:
For while on them I dare to gaze,
Their dazling Glories so amaze,
My Soul does melt with new Desire,
I rave, I burn with secret Fire,
And, Blessing the dear Cause, expire.

A
PÆAN, or SONG
OF
TRIUMPH,
ON THE

Translation and Apotheosis

Q. F.

King Charles the Second.

By my Ld. R.

O Muse, to whom the Glory does belong,
To make Great Men live in Immortal Song!
In lofty Numbers, teach me how to sing,
To tune the Lyre, and strike the sounding String:
Good Kings are number'd with Immortal Gods,
When hence translated to the blest Abodes;

For

For Princes (truly Great) can never dye,
 They only lay aside Mortality ;
 So *Charles* the Gracious is not dead,
 But to his Kindred Stars is fled ;
 There happy, and Supremely blest,
 With Mighty *Jove*, his Sire, does feast.
 See how with Majesty Divine,
 And dazling Glory, his bright Temples shine :
 He now an equal God, by Gods is Crown'd,
 While Golden Harps and Trumpets sound,
 And to his Health the *Nectar-Bowl* goes round :
 Cœlestial Concerts *Io-Pæan* sing,
 And Heav'ns grand Chorus makes *Olympus* ring.

OUT OF
H O R A C E.

B Y

My Ld. R.

H E.

WHile I was Monarch of your Heart,
 Crown'd with a Love, where none had
 Each Mortal did with Envy die, (part,
 No God but wish'd, that he were I.

S H E.

While you ador'd no Charms but mine,
 And vow'd that they did all out-shine;
 More Celebrated was my Name,
 Than that of the bright *Grecian* Dame.

H E.

Chloe's the Saint that I implore,
Chloe's the Goddess I adore;

For

For whom to die the Gods I pray'd,
If Fates wou'd spare the Charming Maid,

S H E.

Amyntas is my Lover's Name,
For whom I burn with mutual Flame;
For whom I twice wou'd die with Joy,
If Fates wou'd spare the Charming Boy.

H E.

If I once more shou'd wear your Chain,
And take my *Lydia* back again;
If banish *Chloe* from my Breast,
That you may there for ever rest.

S H E.

Tho he is Charming as a God,
Serene and Gay, Divinely good,
You rough as Billows raging high,
With you I chuse to live, and die.

TO A
L A D Y,

W H O

*Raffling for the King of France's Picture,
flung the highest Chances on the Dice.*

B Y

Mr. *B. HIGGONS.*

Fortune exerts her utmost pow'r for you,
Nor cou'd she more for her own *Louis* do;
She thought some mighty Kingdom was the Stake,
And did this throw for the great Monarch make;
But as all Princes at far distance woe,
First send their Image where their Heart is due:
So now, thrice happy Nymph, wou'd you resort,
Where Fate invites you, to the *Gallick* Court:

That

That lucky Genius which the Picture gave,
Wou'd make the great Original your Slave;
He, like the Piece, can only be your Prize,
Who never yields, but to the brightest Eyes.

ON

ON
My Lady *SANDWICH*'s

Being stay'd in

T O W N

BY THE

Immoderate Rain.

BY

Mr. *B. HIGGONS.*

THE Charming *Sandwich* wou'd from Cities
While at her Feet adoring Princes lie; (fly,
And all her Nobler Conquests wou'd forego,
Less glorious Slaves, and Peasants to subdue:
Thus Conqu'ring Monarchs who have Kingdoms
won,
And all their *Neighb'ring States* with Arms o're-run;

For

For want of work, their Armies to imploy,
Remote and Salvage Provinces destroy :
But Heav'n in pity weeps, while we complain,
Or else our tears exhal'd, drop down in Rain.
The darkn'd Sun does scarce through Clouds appear,
And Tempests rage to keep our Wishes here.
The Floods free passage to her Scorn deny,
And Nature disobey's her Cruelty.
But cou'd the Waves rise equal to our Flame,
We'd drown the World, to stop the flying Dame.

OVID's

OVID's Love-Elegies.

BOOK I. ELEG. VII.

*To his Mistress whom he had
beaten.*

By Henry Cromwell, Esq;

Come, if y'are Friends, and let these hands be
bound,

Which cou'd with impious Rage a Mistress wound ;

What more did *Ajax* in his fury do ?

When all the Sacred grazing Herd he slew ;

Or * He who spar'd not her who gave him breath ;

So ill the Son reveng'd his Father's death !

Then I had broke the most Religious Ties

Both to my Parents, and the Deities :

* *Orestes.*

I tore (oh Heavens) her finely braided Hair;
 How charming then look'd the disorder'd Fair!
 So *Atalanta* in her Chase is drawn
 Where the *Arcadian* Beasts her Empire own:
 So *Ariadne*, left upon the Shore,
 Does all alone her lost Estate deplore,
 Curses the Winds and Seas which perjur'd *Theseus* }
 Who would not then have rail'd and talk'd aloud?
 (Which to the helpless Sex might be allow'd;)
 She only did upbraid me with her Eye,
 Whose speaking Tears did want of words supply, }
 'Twas but too much (ye Gods) to make me die: }
 O that some merciful Superiour Pow'r
 Had struck me lame before that fatal hour,
 And not have suffer'd me to pierce my Heart
 So deeply, in the best and tend'rest part;
 To make a Lady that Subjection own,
 Which is not to the meanest *Roman* known;

'Twas

'Twas *Diomed*, who first a Goddess strook,
I from his hand that curst Example took;
But he was far less Criminal than I,

I was a Lover, He an Enemy :

March like a Conquerour in Triumph now,
With Lawrel-wreaths encompassing your brow,
And render to the mighty Gods your Vow ;
So, as you pass, th' attending gazing Crowd,
By their applause shall speak your Courage loud;
Let your sad Captive in the Front appear
With streaming Cheeks, and with dishevell'd Hair,
Through all her Grief and Wounds most eminent-
ly fair.

Such Lips were form'd for kinder wounds than these,
Wounds made by Lovers furious Extasies :
Though like a Torrent I was hurried on,
A Slave to Passion, which I cou'd not shun ;

I might

I might have only pierc'd her tender Ear
 With threatning Language, such as Virgins fear:
 Fear having chill'd the current of her blood,
 Pale as a *Parian* Marble Statue stood
 The senseless Frame——Then shook her trembling
 Knees,
 As when the Winds do whistle through the Trees,
 Or softly curl the surface of the Seas:
 So slender Rushes, easily inclin'd
 By every blast, are ruffled by the Wind;
 Tears, which suspense did for a while restrain,
 Gush'd forth, and down her Cheeks the Deluge ran,
 As when the Sun does by a pow'rful Beam
 Dissolve the Frost, it runs into a Stream:
 The lamentable Object struck me dead,
 And tears of *Blood* to quench those tears I shed:
 Thrice at her feet the prostrate Suppliant fell,
 And thrice did she repulse the Criminal:

T

What

What wou'd I not, your anger to abate,
Redeem your favour,——or remove your hate?
To your revenge no means or method spare;
Revenge, alas! is easie to the Fair:
But lest some eloquent remaining Sign
Shou'd still reproach me with so black a Crime,
Let no disorder in your Face appear,
From your bright eyes let there not 'scape a tear,
And once again compose your scatter'd hair.

OVID's

OVID's Love-Elegies.

BOOK I. ELEG. VIII.

Of Love and War.

By Henry Cromwell, Esquire.

TRust me, my *Atticus*, in Love are Wars;
And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as *Mars*:
The Age that's fit for War best suits with Love,
The old in both unserviceable prove,
Infirm in War, and impotent in Love:
The Souldiers which a General does require
Are such as Ladies wou'd in Bed desire:
Who, but a Souldier and a Lover, can
Bear the Night's cold in show'rs of Hail and Rain?
One in continual Watch his station keeps,
Or on the Earth in broken slumbers sleeps;

The other takes his still repeated round
By's Mistress's House—then lodges on the ground:
The Souldiers long and tedious Marches make:
The active Lover, for his Mistress sake,
Will any toils and dangers undergo;
Not rugged Mountains, nor untrodden Snow,
Rivers by Floods increast, no raging Sea,
Nor adverse Winds can ever make him stay,
When *Love* commands, and *Beauty* leads the way.
Souldiers and Lovers, with a careful Eye,
Observe the motions of the Enemy:
One to the Walls makes his approach in form,
Pushes the Siege, and takes the Town by Storm;
The other lays his close to *Celia's* Fort,
Presses his point, and gains the wish'd-for Port:
As Souldiers, when the Foe securely lies
In Sleep and Wine dissolv'd, the Camp surprize

So when the jealous to their rest remove,
 And all is hush,——the others steal to Love:
 Uncertain is the State of Love and War,
 The vanquish'd rally, and their loss repair,
 Regain the ground, and rout the Conquerour.
 You then, who think that Love's an idle fit,
 Know, that it is the exercise of Wit:
 In flames of Love the fierce *Achilles* burns,
 And quitting Arms, absent *Briseis* mourns:
 From the Embraces of *Andromache*
 Went *Hector* arm'd for War and Victory:
 As *Agamemnon* saw *Cassandra* pass
 With Hair dishevell'd, and disorder'd Dress,
 H' admir'd the *Beauties* of the Prophetess:
 The God of War was caught in th' act of Love;
 A Story known to all the Court above:
 Once did I pass my hours in sloth and ease,
 Cool Shades, and Beds of Down cou'd only please;

When a commanding *Beauty* rais'd my mind,
I left all little trifling thoughts behind,
And to her Service all my Heart resign'd:
Since, like an active Souldier, have I spent
My time, in toils of War, in *Beauties* Tent;
And for so sweet a pay all dangers underwent:
You see, my *Atticus*, by what I prove,
Who wou'd not live in Idleness,——must love.

OVID's

OVID's Love-Elegies.

BOOK I. ELEG. X.

To his Mercenary Mistress.

By *Henry Cromwell*, Esquire.

AS *Helen*, when to *Troy* she did escape,
And *Greeks* with Fire and Sword pursu'd the
As *Leda*, when the God his Love-trick play'd, ^{(Rape;}
Under the Figure of a Swan, betray'd;
As *Amymone*, wandring o're the Plains,
That rural Fair, admir'd by all the Swains;
So fair was You, so much in Love was I,
I ran to the extreams of Jealousie,
Fear'd Eagles, Bulls, and every shape that *Jove*
Had e're transform'd himself into, for Love:
Now free from Love or Fears, my Mind's at ease,
Nor does that *Beauty* any longer please:

This humour, you may say, is wondrous strange,
And ask the reason of this sudden change;
Once, when your undesigning Heart was kind,
Fair was your Face, and perfect was your Mind;
But now the flighter *Beauties* of the Skin
Do yield to the prevailing Vice within:
Love is a Child, who uses no deceit,
Nor wears he Cloaths to cover any cheat,
Accepts no bribes;—why for a wretched Fee
Shou'd you then prostitute his Deity?
Make *Venus* to her Son serve every day,
And drudge i'th' meanest Offices, for pay?
They're softly bred, and wou'd not work, but play:
The Whore, to whom each Purchaser has right,
Forces for gain decaying appetite,
Yet there's a Bawd to whom the Spoils accrue;
She fain wou'd shun what you by choice pursue:

These

These sordid ways the very *Brutes* reprove,
 Who by their practice teach you how to love;
 The lusty Bull his Female does enjoy,
 Nor can a bribe their mutual Loves destroy:
 Woman alone rejoyces in the Spoil,
 And makes advantages of every smile,
 Rates at her pleasure the high-priz'd delight,
 And Men must purchase every happy night;
 Yet does she meet him with as much desire,
 And no less fierce and raging is the fire;
 Since with an equal pace our passions move,
 Why shou'd one buy, and th' other sell in Love?
 Why, since the pleasures mutual, shou'd it be
 To you advantage, and a loss to me?
 The way is infamous a Witness takes,
 Who of his Perjury a living makes;
 So for the raising of a low Estate
 To set your *Body* at a common rate!

Can

Can you to such mean ends as these employ
The gifts by Nature's bounty you enjoy?
Grant but the Blessing freely, and you may
An everlasting Obligation lay;
But where's the mighty favour, when we pay?
Forbear, ye fair, to make a Trade of Love,
The Wealth that's got so ill can ne're improve;
Justly the * Vestal by their *Armour* sell,
Who wou'd her Honour for their *Bracelets* sell:
The rich your Wishes are oblig'd to meet,
And lay their frequent Presents at your feet;
Alcinous Orchards Fruit enough can spare,
From the full Vines the Grapes in clusters tear,
And ease th' o're-loaded boughs which numerous
Apples bear:

Let Faith and Love supply my little Store,
The Will shall ne're be wanting to the Pow'r:

* *Tarpeia.*

Verse is the greatest Tribute I can bring ;
Your Charms I cou'd to future Ages sing ;
Jewels and Gold will perish,——but the Fame
The Muses give shall ever be the same :
You check my generous passion when you crave,
Not that I'm loth to part with what I have,
Had you not ask'd me, I had freely gave.

OVID's

OVID's Love-Elegies.

BOOK I. ELEG. XV.

Of the Immortality of the Muses.

Inscrib'd to

Mr. D R Y D E N.

By Henry Cromwell, Esquire.

THY well-known malice, fretful Envy, cease,
Nor tax the Muse and me——
With a weak Genius, and inglorious ease;
What—I shou'd then, whilst *Youth* does *vigour* yield,
Pursue the dusty Glories of the Field:
Our Father's praise! or bend my utmost care
To the dull noise of the litigious Bar;

No!

No! these must die;—but the most noble Prize,
That which alone can Man immortalize,
Must from the Muses Harmony arise:

Homer shall live, whilst *Tenedos* shall stand,
Or *Ida's* top survey the Neighb'ring Strand,
Whilst *Simois* Streams along the Vallies glide,
And in the Sea discharge their rapid tide:—

Hesiod shall live, till Corn is not in use,
Till the plump Grape denies its wealthy juice:—
The World *Callimachus* shall ever prize,
For what his Fancy wants, his *Art* supplies:—

The Tragedies of Mighty *Sophocles*
Shall in no Age their just applauses miss:—
So well *Aratus* of the Planets wrote,

That Sun and Moon must fail when he's forgot:—
When crafty *Davus* a hard Father cheats
To serve the Son,—when easie Cully treats

Shall we, O sweet *Tibullus*, love each line
 That comes from that soft moving Pen of thine:—
 Both East and West resound with *Gallus* Fame,
Gallus and his *Lycoris* are their Theme:—
 Statues and Tombs with Age consume and die;
 'Tis Verse alone has Immortality:
 To Verse must yield the greatest acts of Kings;
 Riches and Empire are but empty things,
 Without the lasting Fame a Poet brings:
 Let vulgar Spirits trivial Blessings chuse;
 May thy *Castalian* Spring inspire my Muse,
 O God of Wit! and Myrtles wreath my hair;
 Then the too fearful Lover may repair
 To what I write, to free his Breast from care:
 As living worth Detraction still attends,
 Which after death a juster Fame defends;
 So I shall my last Funeral flame survive,
 And in my better part for ever live.

OVID's

OVID's Love-Elegies.

BOOK III. ELEG. II.

*To his Mistress at the
Horse-Race.*By *Henry Cromwell*, Esquire.

NOT in the *Circus* do I sit to view
The running Horses, but to gaze on you;
Near you I chuse an advantageous place,
And whilst your eyes are fixt upon the Race,
Mine are on you—Thus do we feast our sight,
Each alike pleas'd with Objects of delight ;
In softest whispers I my Passion move,
You of the Rider talk, but I of Love.
When, to please you, I streight my Subject quit,
And change my Wishes to your Favourite ;

Oh

Oh might I ride, and be so much your care,
 I'd start with courage from the Barrier,
 And with a swift short compass brush the Goal——
 Unless the sight of you my course restrains,
 And makes my hands forgo the loosned Reins;
 As *Pelops* gaz'd on *Hippodamia's* face,
 Till he had almost lost th' important Race;
 Yet he his Mistress by her Favour won;
 So may our Prize assist us when we run.

What mean these starts? you must not, ^{(move;} can't re-
 This kind auspicious place was fram'd for Love.
 I fear you're crowded,——Gentlemen, forbear,
 Pray let your Arms and Knees the Lady spare;
Madam, your *Gown* hangs down——nay, pray let me——
 Oh Heavens! what fine, what curious Legs I see!
 Sure, who *Diana* in a Forrest drew,
 Coppi'd in this, the gracefull'st part from you;

Such *Atalant* discovering as she ran,
What rapt'rous Wishes seiz'd *Minalion*.
I burn'd and rag'd before—what then are these,
But Flames on Flames, and Waters to the Seas ?
By these a thousand other Charms are guest,
Which are so advantageously suppress.
Oh for some air! this scorching heat remove,
Your Fan wou'd do't—but 'tis the heat of Love.

But now the Pomp appears, the *Sacred* throng,
Command applauses from the Heart and Tongue ;
First Victory with expanded Wings does move,
Be near (O Goddess!) to assist my Love ;
To *Mars* let Warriours Acclamations raise,
The *Merchants Tongues* resound with *Neptune's* Praise ;
Whilst I, whom neither Seas nor Arms invite,
In Love alone, the fruit of Peace delight ;

To their *Apollo* let the Prophets pray,
And Hunters to *Diana* Homage pay,
Let the Mechanicks to *Minerva* vow,
Rusticks to *Ceres* and to *Bacchus* bow ;
Whilst I devote my self to thee alone,
Kind *Venus*, and the powerful God thy Son ;
O be propitious to my Enterprize,
Inform with all thy softness these fair Eyes,
And to Love's Cause her gentle *Breast* incline ;
She grants, and has confirm'd it with a Sign ;
Do you assure it too, you who're to me ;
(With *Venus* leave) the mightier Deity.
By all these Heav'nly Witnesses, to you
Will I be ever faithful, ever true.

Now in the open Cirque the Game's begun,
The Prætor gives the signal, now they run ;

I see which way your Wishes are inclin'd,
To him a certain Conquest is design'd,
For ev'n the Horses seem to know your mind. }
He takes too large a compass to come in,
And lets his *Adversary* get between;
Recall him, *Romans*, for a second heat,
And clear the Course,——
Now see your ground you better do maintain,
This Lady's Favour and your Fame regain;
The Prize is his,—As yours successful prove,
So let my Wishes, which are all for Love;
I'm yet to conquer, and your Heart's the Prize;
Something she promis'd with her sparkling Eyes,
And smil'd;——Enough, did I transported cry,
The rest I'll leave to Opportunity.

OVID's

OVID's Love-Elegies.

BOOK III. ELEG. III.

Of his Perjur'd Mistress.

By *Henry Cromwell*, Esquire.

CAN there be Gods?—has she not falsly sworn?
Yet is the *Beauty* that she was before!

The curious Tresses of her dangling Hair,
As long and graceful still as e're they were;
That same inimitable White and Red,
Which o're her Face was so distinctly spread,
The Roses and the Lillies keep their place,
And every Feature still as justly grace,
Her sparkling Eyes their Lustre still retain,
That form, that perfect shape does still remain,
As if she ne're had sin'd:—And Heav'n, ('tis plain)

Suff'ring the fairer *Sex* to break their Vows,
To the Superiour Power of *Beauty* bows.
T'inforce my credit to her Perjuries,
Oft wou'd she swear by those persuasive Eyes;
As if that Charm had been too weak to move,
Sh'as added mine;—tell me, ye Powers above,
Why all this pain? why are these guiltless Eyes,
For her Offence th' attoning *Sacrifice*?
Was't not enough *Andromeda* has dy'd,
An Expiation for her Mother's pride?
Is't not enough that unconcern'd you see,
(Vain Witnesses for Truth, for Faith, for me,)
Such an affront put on Divinity?
Yet no Revenge the daring Crime pursue,
But the deceiv'd must be her Victim too.
Either the Gods are empty Notions, crept
Into the minds of Dreamers as they slept,

In vain are fear'd, are but the tricks of Law,
To keep the foolish cred'lous World in awe;
Or, if there be a God, he loves the Fair,
And all things at their sole disposal are.
For us are all the Instruments of War
Design'd, the Sword of *Mars*, and *Pallas* Spear,
'Gainst us alone *Apollo's* Bows are bent,
And at our Heads *Jove's* brandish'd Thunder sent;
Yet of the Ladies, oh! how fond are they!
Dare not the Injuries, they receive, repay,
But those, who ought to fear'em, they obey. }
Jove to his Votaries is most severe,
Temples nor Altars does his Lightning spare,
Obliging *Semele* in Flames expires,
But those who merit, can escape the Fires;
Is this the justice of your Powers Divine?
Who then will offer Incense at a Shrine?

Why do we thus reproach the Deities?
Have they not Hearts?—and surely they have Eyes,
Nay had I been a God, I had believ'd
The lovely Criminals, and been deceiv'd,
Had wav'd the Judgments to their Perj'ries due,
And sworn my self that all they spoke was true;
Since then the Gods such ample Gifts bestow,
As make you absolute o're Men below;
Pray let me find some Mercy in your Reign;
Or spare at least your Lover's Eyes from pain.

TO THE
Lady CASTLEMAIN,

UPON

Her encouraging his first Play.

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

AS Seamen, Shipwrack'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 much envy'd Muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness.

Once

Once *Cato's* Vertue did the Gods oppose;
While they the Victor, He the Vanquish'd chose:
But you have done what *Cato* cou'd not do,
To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still Triumph, and gain their Cause
By their Deserts, or by the *World's Applause*;
Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Lawrels give,
But let me happy by your Pity live.
True Poets empty Fame, and Praise despise,
Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the Prize:
You sit above, and see vain Men below
Contend, for what you only can bestow:
But those great actions, others do by chance,
Are, like your *Beauty*, your *Inheritance*:
So great a Soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
Cou'd only spring from Noble *Grandison*:
You, like the Stars, not by Reflection bright,
Are born to your own Heav'n, and your own light;
Like

Like them are good, but from a *Nobler* Cause,
 From your own Knowledge, not from *Nature's* Laws.
 Your Pow'r you never use, but for Defence,
 To guard your own, or others Innocence :
 Your Foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
 And Vertue may repel, tho' not invade.
 Such Courage did the *Ancient Heroes* show,
 Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the
 With such assurance as they meant to say, (blow :
 We will o'ecome, but scorn the safest way.
 What further fear of danger can there be,
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free ?
 Posterity will judge by my success,
 I had the *Grecian* Poet's happiness,
 Who, waving Plots, found out a better way,
 Some God descended, and preserv'd the Play.
 When first the Triumphs of your Sex were sung
 By those old Poets, *Beauty* was but young,

And

And few admir'd the native Red and White,
Till Poets drest them up, to charm the sight;
So *Beauty* took on trust, and did engage
For Sums of Praises, till she came to *Age*.
But this long growing Debt to Poetry
You justly (*Madam*) have discharg'd to me,
When your *Applause* and *Favour* did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
OXFORD, 1681.

BY
Mr. D R Y D E N.

THE fam'd *Italian* Muse, whose Rhymes ad-
vance
Orlando, and the *Paladins* of *France*,

Records, that when our Wit and Sense is flown,

'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon

In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither soar'd,

Set to his Nose, snufft up, and was restor'd.

Whar e're the Story be, the Moral's true,

The Wit we lost in Town, we find in you.

Our

Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy Heads with sober Sense.
When *London* Votes with *Southwark's* disagree,
Here they may find their long lost Loyalty.
Here busie Senates, to th' old Cause inclin'd,
May snuff the Votes their Fellows left behind:
Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain grows
May come and find their *last Provision* here: (dear,
Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one Cross;
We look'd what Representatives wou'd bring,
But they help'd us, just as they did the King.
Yet we despair not, for we now lay forth
The *Sybill's* Books, to those who know their worth:
And tho 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

He, whose undaunted Muse, with Loyal Rage,
Has never spar'd the Vices of the Age,
Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raise,
Is forc'd to turn his Satire into Praise.

P R O-

PROLOGUE.

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

G Allants, a bashful Poet bids me say
He's come to lose his Maidenhead to day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of *Age*;
And ne're, till now, debauch'd upon the Stage.
He wants the suff'ring part of Resolution;
And comes with blushes to his Execution.
E're you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the Pit
Will make some Settlement upon his Wit.
Promise him well, before the Play begin;
For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail;

To

To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
 And put you in the new Deserters Bill:
 Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we see;
 Enow to fill another Mercury!
 But this the Ladies may with patience brook:
 Their's are not the first Colours you forlook!
 He wou'd be loath the *Beauties* to offend;
 But, if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend.
 He's a young Plant, in his first Year of bearing,
 But his Friend swears, he will be worth the reering.
 His gloss is still upon him: tho 'tis true
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
 You think an *Apricot* half green is best;
 There's sweet and sour: and one side good at least.
 Mango's and Limes, whose nourishment is little,
 Tho' not for Food, are yet preserv'd for Pickle.
 So this green Writer, may pretend, at least,
 To whet your Stomachs for a better Feast.

He makes this difference in the Sexes too,
He sells to Men, he gives himself to you.
To both, he wou'd contribute some delight;
A mere Poetical Hermaphrodite.

Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;
With *Arms* offensive, and defensive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

RON-

CONSIDERATIONS
ON THE
Eighty Eighth Psalm.
BY
Mr. PRIOR.

H Eavy, O Lord, on me thy Judgments lie,
And curs'd I am; for God neglects my cry.
O Lord, in Darkness and Despair I groan;
And every place is Hell; for God is gone.
O Lord, arise, and let thy Beams controul
Those horrid Clouds, that press my frighted Soul:
O rise, and save me from Eternal Night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
There none obtain thy Aid, none sing thy Praise.

Soon I shall lie in Death's deep Ocean drown'd:
Is Mercy there ; is sweet Forgiveness found?
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;
Rebuke the Storm, and set me safe to Land.
O make my Longings and thy Mercy sure,
Thou that art the God of Power.

Behold the wearied Prodigal is come
To Thee, his Hope, his Harbour, and his Home :
No Father he cou'd find, no Friend abroad,
Depriv'd of Joy, and destitute of God.
O let thy Terrours and his Anguish end !
Be thou his Father, and be thou his Friend :
Receive the Son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

VENI

Veni Creator Spiritus,

Translated in

PARAPHRASE.

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The World's Foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry 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 promis'd *Paraclete*!
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire;

X 3

Come,

Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring
To Sanctifie us, while we sing!

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'n-fold Energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth command:
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispence,
And crown'st thy Gift, with Eloquence!

Refine and purge our Earthy Parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our Hearts!
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul;
Submit the Senses to the Soul;
And when Rebellious they are grown,
Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chace from our Minds th' Infernal Foe ;
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow :
And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,
And practise, all that we believe :
Give us thy self, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal Honour, endless Fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :
The Saviour Son, be glorify'd,
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :
And equal Adoration be
Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.

The CURSE of
B A B Y L O N.
PARAPHRAS'D
From the Thirteenth Chapter
O F
I S A I A.
A
Pindarique *O D E.*
B Y
THO. YALDEN.

I.

Now let the *fatal Banner* be display'd!
Upon some lofty Mountain's top,
Go set the *dreadful Standard* up!
And all around the Hills, the *bloody Signals* spread.

For

For lo, the numerous Hosts of Heav'n appear !
Th' imbattl'd Legions of the Skie,
With all their dread *Artillery*,
Draw forth in bright Array, and muster in the Air.
Why do the Mountains tremble with the noise !
And Valleys eccho back their Voice :
The Hills, tumultuous grow and loud,
The Hills that groan beneath the *gathering Multitude*.
Wide as the Poles of Heav'n's extent,
So far's the dreadful Summons sent :
Kingdoms, and Nations, at his Call appear,
For ev'n *the Lord of Hosts* commands in Person
(there.

2.

Start from thy Lethargy, thou drowsie Land,
Awake, and hear His dread Command !
Thy black tempestuous Day comes loursing on,
O fatal Light ! O inauspicious Hour !

Was

Was ever such a Day before !
So stain'd with *Blood*, by marks of *Wengeance* ^{(known.}
Nature shall from her steady Course remove,
The well-fix'd Earth be from its *Basis* rent,
Convulsions shake the Firmament,
Horror seize all below, Confusion reign above.
The Stars of Heav'n shall sicken at the sight,
Nor shall the Planets yield their light:
But from the wretched Object fly,
And like extinguish'd Tapers, quit the *darkned Skie*.
The rising Sun as he was conscious too,
As he the fatal bus'ness knew:
A deep, a bloody Red shall stain,
And at his early dawn shall set in Night again.

3.

To the destroying Sword *I've said*, Go forth,
Go fully execute my Wrath !

Command

Command my Hosts, my willing Armies lead,
For this Rebellious Land and all therein shall bleed.

They shall not grieve me more, no more transgress,

I will consume the stubborn Race:

Yet *Brutes* and *Salvages* I justly spare,

Useless is all my Vengeance there,

Ungrateful Man's the greater Monster far.

On guiltless *Beasts* I will the Land bestow,

To them th' Inheritance shall go,

Those elder *Brothers* now, shall Lord it here below.

And if some poor remains escape behind,

Some Relicts left of lost Mankind:

The astonish'd Herds shall in their Cities cry,

When they behold a Man, Lo there's a Prodigy!

4.

The *Medes* I call to my assistance here,

A People that delight in War:

A generous Race of Men, a Nation free
From Vicious Ease, and *Persian* Luxury.
Silver is despicable in their Eyes,
Contemn'd the useless Metal lies :
Their conqu'ring Iron they prefer before
The finest Gold, even *Ophir's* tempting Oar.
By these the Land shall be subdu'd,
Abroad their *Bows* shall overcome,
Their *Swords* and *Flames* destroy at home,
For neither *Sex* nor *Age* shall be exempt from *Blood*.
The Nobles, and the Princes of thy State,
Shall on the Victor's Triumphs wait :
And those that from the *Battel* fled,
Shall be with Chains oppress'd, in cruel *Bondage* led.

5.

I'll visit their Distress with Plagues and Miseries,
The throws that Womens Labours wait,

Con-

Convulsive Pangs, and bloody Sweat,
Their *Beauty* shall consume, and vital Spirits seize.

The ravish'd Virgins shall be born away,

And their dishonour'd Wives be led,

To the insulting Victor's *Bed*,

To brutal Lusts expos'd, to Fury left a Prey.

Nor shall the teeming Womb afford

Its forming *Births* a Refuge from the Sword:

The Sword, that shall their pangs increase,

And all the throws of Travel, curse with *Barrenness*.

The Infants shall expire with their first breath

And only live in pangs of death:

Live, but with early crys to curse the Light,

And at the dawn of Life, set in Eternal Night,

6.

Even *Babylon* adorn'd with ev'ry grace,

The *Beauty* of the Universe:

Glory

Glory of Nations ! the *Caldeans* pride,
And joy of all th' admiring World beside.
Thou *Babylon* ! before whose Throne
The Empires of the Earth fall down :
The prostrate Nations Homage pay,
And Vassal Princes of the World obey.
Thou that with Empire art exalted now,
Shalt in the dust be traml'd low :
Abject and low upon the Earth be laid,
And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious Head.
Thy strong amazing Walls, whose impious height
The Clouds conceal from human sight :
That proudly now their polish'd Turrets rear,
Which bright as Neighbouring Stars appear,
Diffusing Glories round th' inlightn'd Air ;
In flames shall downwards to their Center fly,
And deep within the Earth as their Foundations
lie.

7.

Thy beauteous Palaces (tho' now thy Pride!)
Shall be in heaps of Ashes hid:
In vast surprizing heaps shall lie,
And even their ruines bear the Pomp of Majesty.
No bold Inhabitant shall dare,
Thy raz'd Foundations to repair:
No pitying hand exalt thy abject State;
No! to succeeding Times thou must remain,
An horrid exemplary Scene,
And lie from *Age* to *Age*, ruin'd and desolate.
Thy fall's decreed, (amazing turn of Fate!)
Low as *Gomorrhah's* wretched State:
Thou *Babylon* shalt be like *Sodom* curst,
Destroy'd by flames from Heaven, and thy more
(burning Lust)

8.

The day's at hand, when in thy fruitful Soil,
No Labourer shall reap, no Mower toil:

His

His Tent the wandring *Arab* shall not spread,
Nor make thy cursed Ground his *Bed*;
Tho' faint with Travel, tho' oppress'd with thirst,
He to his drooping Herds shall cry aloud,
Taste not of that imbitter'd Flood,
Taste not *Euphrates* Streams, they're pois'nous all
and curst.

The Shepherd to his wandring Flocks shall say,
When o're thy *Battlements* they stray:
When in thy Palaces they graze,
Ah fly unhappy Flocks! fly this infectious place.
Whilst the sad Traveller that passes on,
Shall ask, lo where is *Babylon*!
And when he has thy small remainder found,
Shall say I'll fly from hence, 'tis sure accursed ground.

9.

Then shall the *Savages* and *Beasts* of Prey,
From their deserted Mountains haste away;

Every

Every obscene and vulgar *Beast*,
Shall be to *Babylon* a Guest :
Her Marble Roofs, and every Cedar *Rome*,
Shall Dens, and Caves of State to Nobler *Brutes*
become.

Thy Courts of Justice, and Tribunals too,
(O *Irony* to call them so !)
There, where the Tyrant and Oppressour bore
The Spoils of Innocence and *Blood* before ;
There shall the Wolf and Savage Tyger meet,
And griping Vulture shall appear in State,
There *Birds* of prey shall rule, and ravenous *Beasts*
Those uncorrupted shall remain, (be great.
Those shall alone their genuine use retain,
There Violence shall thrive, Rapine and Fraud shall
reign.

10.
Then shall the melancholy Satyrs groan,
O're their lamented *Babylon* ;

Y

And

And Ghosts that glide with horror by,
To view where their unbury'd *Bodys* lie;
With doleful crys shall fill the *Air*,
And with amazement strike the affrighted Traveller.
There the obscener *Birds* of Night,
Birds that in gloomy Shades delight,
Shall solitude enjoy, live undisturb'd by light.
All the ill Omens of the *Air*,
Shall scream their loud presages there.
But let them all their dire Predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortifi'd with woe,
Heaven shall in vain its future vengeance (show:
For Thou art happily insensible,
Beneath the reach of Miseries fell,
Thou need'st no desolation dread, no greater Cur-
ses fear.

Out

Out of *Horace*, *Lib. II. Ode 3.*

Æquam Memento——

I.

BE calm, my *Delius*, and serene,
However Fortune change the Scene!

In thy most dejected state,

Sink not underneath the weight;

Nor yet, when happy Days begin,

And the full Tide comes rowling in,

Let a fierce unruly Joy

The settled quiet of thy Mind destroy:

However Fortune change the Scene,

Be calm, my *Delius*, and serene!

II.

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,

Life ebbs out at the same rate still:

Y 2

Whether

Whether with busie Cares oppress'd,
You wear the sullen time away ;
Or whether to sweet Ease and Rest,
You sometimes give a day ;
Carelessly laid,
Underneath a friendly Shade
By Pines, and Poplars, mixt embraces made ;
Near a River's sliding Stream,
Fetter'd in Sleep, bless'd with a Golden Dream.

III.

Here, here, in this much envied state,
Let every Blessing on thee wait ;
Bid the *Syrian Nard* be brought,
Bid the Hidden Wine be sought,
And let the Roses short-liv'd Flower,
The smiling Daughter of an Hour,
Flourish on thy *Brow* :
Enjoy the very, very now !

Whilst

While the good Hand of Life is in,
While yet the Fatal Sisters' spin.

IV.

A little hence my Friend, and Thou
Must into other hands resign
Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing name of *Thine* !
Thy Meadows, by whose planted Tides,
Silver *Tyber* gently glides !
Thy pleasant Houses ; all must go,
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too ;
A jolly Heir shall set it free,
And give th' Imprison'd Monarchs Liberty.

V.

Nor matters it, what Figure here,
Thou dost among thy Fellow Mortals bear ;
How thou wert born, or how begot ;
Impartial Death matters it not :

With what Titles Thou dost shine,

Or who was First of all thy Line:

Life's vain amusements ! amidst which we dwell ;
Not weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim God of
Hell !

VI.

In the Same Road (alas!) All Travel on !

By All alike, the Same sad Journey must be gon !

Our blended Lots together lie,

Mingled in One common Urn ;

Sooner or Later out they fly :

The fatal *Boat* then wafts us to the Shore,

Whence we never shall return,

Never ! — never more !

The G R O V E.

See how *Damon's Age* appears,
This Grove declares his fading years:
For this he planted once, and eat
The Maiden Fruits of what he set.
Young It was then, like him; but now,
Sapless, and old, is every *Bow*.
Thus, my *Lesbia*, will it be
In time to come with Thee, and Me.
Come then, in Love, and youthful play
Let's pass the smiling Hours away,
Before this tender Amorous Mark
Grow wide upon it's fading *Bark*;
And show, like *Damon's Grove*, that We
Are Old, and Gray, as well as He.

Love but one.

I.

SEE these two little *Brooks* that slowly creep,
In Snaky Writings through the Plains,
I knew them once one River swift and deep,
Blessing and blest by Poets strains.

2.

Then toucht with awe, we thought some God did ^{(pour}
Those Floods out of his Sacred Jar;
Transforming every Weed into a Flow'r,
And every Flower into a Star.

3.

But since it broke it self, and double glides,
The Naked *Banks* no dress have worn;
And yon dry barren Mountain now derides
These Vallies, which lost Glories mourn.

4. Such

4.

Such, *Chloris*, is thy Love; which, while it ran,
Confin'd within a single Stream,
Fir'd every tuneful Son of mighty *Pan*;
And thou wert mine, and all Mens Theam.

5.

But when imparted to one Lover more,
It in two Streams did faintly creep;
The Shepherds common Muse grew low and poor,
And Mine, as lean as these my Sheep.

6.

Alas! that Honour, *Chloris*, thou hast lost,
Which we to thy full Flood did pay!
While now, that Swain, that swears he loves thee
Slakes but his thirst, and goes away! (most,

T O

To the AUTHOR of*SARDANAPALUS;*
UPON

That, and His other Writings.

THo' Teaching thy peculiar business be,
Learn this one Lesson, Schoolmaster, of me;
Where good Sense fails, the best Description's vile;
And a rough Verse the noblest Thoughts will spoil.
Think it not Genius, to know how to scan,
Nor great, to show a Monster for a Man.
Wound not the Ear with ill-turn'd Prose in Rhime;
Nor mistake furious Fustian for Sublime:
Believe this truth, and thy vain tumbling quit:
What is not Reason, never can be Wit.
From the *Boy's* hand, take *Horace* into thine,
And thy rude Satires by his Rules refine.
See thy gross faults in *Boy leau's* faithful Glass,
And get the sense, to know thy self an *Ass*.

O F

My Lady *H Y D E*.

Occasion'd by

The fight of Her PICTURE.

B Y

Mr. George Granville.

THe Painter with Immortal Skill may trace
 A *Beauteous Form*, or shew a *Heav'nly Face*;
 The Poet's *Art*, less straitned and confin'd,
 Can draw the Virtues, and describe the Mind,
 Unlock the Shrine, and to the sight unfold
 The Secret Gems, and all the inside Gold.

This dazling *Beauty* is a lovely Case
 Of shining Virtues, spotless as her Face;
 With Graces that attract, but not ensnare,
 Divinely Good, as she's Divinely Fair.

Two

Two only Patterns do the Muses name,
Of perfect *Beauty*, but of guilty Fame ;
A *Venus* and a *Helen* have been seen,
Both perjur'd Wives, the Goddess and the Queen ;
In this the third, are reconcil'd at last
Those jarring *Attributes* of Fair and Chast ;
This matchless Charmer is a beam of Light,
Without a Cloud or spot, for ever bright,
With *Beauty*, nor affected, vain, nor proud,
With greatness, easie, affable, and good,
The Soul, and Source of all that we admire,
Of every Joy, but hope to our desire :
Like the chaste Moon, she shines to all Mankind,
But to *Endymion* is her Love confin'd ;
What cruel Destiny on *Beauty* waits,
When on *one Face* depend so many Fates ;
Oblig'd by Honour, to relieve but *One*,
By thousands we despair, and are undone.

An Imitation

*Of the second Chorus, in the second
Act of Seneca's Thyestes.*

By Mr. George Granville.

AT length the Gods, propitious to our Pray'rs,
Compose our Tumults, and conclude our
(Wars,
The Sons of *Inachus* repent the Guilt
Of Crowns usurpt, and blood of Parents spilt ;
For impious Greatness, Vengeance is in store,
Short is the date of all ill-gotten Pow'r.

Give ear, ambitious Princes, and be wise,
Listen, and learn wherein true Greatness lies ;
Place not your Pride in Roofs that shine with Gems,
In purple Robes, nor sparkling Diadems,
Nor in Dominion, nor extent of Land ;
He's only Great who can himself command.

Whose Guard is peaceful Innocence, whose Guide
Is faithful Reason, who is void of Pride,

Checking

Checking *Ambition*, nor is idly vain
Of the false Incense of a popular Train.

Who without strife or envy can behold
His Neighbour's Plenty, and his heaps of Gold,
Nor covets other Wealth, but what we find
In the Possessions of a Virtuous Mind.

Fearless he sees, who is with Virtue crown'd,
The Tempest rage, and hears the Thunder sound,
Most truly Noble, who contemning Fate,
In midst of Spears and Javelins keeps his State,
Compos'd and firm he stands, nor shrinks to feel
The piercing *Arrow*, or the pointed Steel;
Disdaining Chance, regardless he looks down,
Ever the same, whether she smile, or frown:
Serenely as he liv'd, resigns his breath,
Meets Destiny half way, nor grieves at Death.

Ye Sovereign Lords, who sit like Gods in State,
 Awing the World, and bustling to be Great ;
 Boast not of Pow'r, nor of Imperial Sway,
 Vassals your selves, who every Lust obey ;
 The Reins of Empire, ill besit those Hands,
 Where Passion governs, and where Rage commands.

What is this Fame, for which our Kings are Slaves?
 The breath of Fools, and blast of flattering Knaves.
 A peaceful Conscience, and a generous *Breast*,
 Of all the Gifts of Fortune are the best.

What need of *Arms*, and Instruments of War,
 Or battering Engines which destroy from far ?
 Who Lord of his own *Appetites* can be,
 The greatest King and Conquerour is He,
 Blest with a Pow'r, which nothing can destroy,
 And each is his own Master to enjoy.

Whom

Whom worldly Luxury, and Poms allure,
They tread on Ice, and find no footing sure;
Place me, ye Gods, in some obscure retreat,
Oh! keep me innocent, make others Great:
In quiet shades, content with Rural Sports,
Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts,
Where free from Hopes or Fears, in humble Ease,
Unheard of I may live, and dye in Peace.

Happy the Man, who thus retir'd from sight,
Studies himself, and seeks no other Light!
But most unhappy He, who sits on high,
Expos'd to every Tongue, and every Eye,
Whose Follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a secret to himself alone:
Worse is an Evil Fame, much worse, than none.

Amor omnibus idem :

Or, the

Force of *Love* in all *Creatures*;

Being a

*Translation of some Verses in Virgil's third
Georgick, from Verse 209 to
Verse 285.*

WHether the nobler Horses breed you raise,
Or duller Herds your fertile Pastures graze;
Nothing will more a vigorous strength produce,
Than to forbid them the licentious use
Of Love's enfeebling Rites: Be therefore sure,
Your *Bulls* are pastur'd by themselves secure;
Let some broad River, or a rising Hill
Be interpos'd; or let them take their fill

In cloſer Stalls: For wanton Love's deſire
Is kindled at the Eyes; whoſe waſtful fire
Conſumes them by degrees, and makes them ſlight
Their Food, while they behold the pleaſing fight.
Beſides the fierce Encounters that enſue,
When *Rival Bulls* th' alluring Object view:
Who, both inſpir'd with Jealouſie and Rage,
For the fair Female bloody *Battels* wage:
Till with black *Blood* their ſides are cover'd o're,
And their curl'd Foreheads meet with hideous roar,
Which neighbouring Groves, and diſtant Caves re-
And great *Olympus* ecchos back the ſound, ^{(bound,}
Whiſt the glad Victor does the Spot maintain,
And of his warlike hazards reaps the gain:
The conquer'd Foe forſakes the Hoſtile place,
With deep Reſentments of his paſt Diſgrace:
The ignominious Wounds the Conquerour gave,
In his griev'd mind no ſlight Impreſſion leave:

Departing

Departing he his absent Love does moan,
 Looks back with longing Eyes, and many a Groan
 On those his ancient Realms, where once he
 Rul'd alone.

Then with redoubled Care his Strength supplies,
 Rough on the flinty Ground all Night he lies,
 And *Shrubs*, and prickling *Thistles* for his Food suffice.
 Then runs his Horns into some solid Oak,
 Whose reeling Trunk does scarce sustain the stroke.
 With vain *Affaults* provokes the yielding *Air*,
 And makes his Flourishes before the War.
 Then with his Force and Strength prepar'd, does go
 With headlong Rage against th' unwary Foe:
 Like a white Wave that is descry'd from far
 Rolling its Vastness towards the frighted Shore;
 Till with loud Noise against the pointed *Beaks*
 Of solid Rocks, the moving Mountain breaks;

Whilst the chafte *Billows* from the bottom throw
The rising Sands, that on the Surface flow.

All Creatures thus the Force of Love do find;
For, whether they be those of Human Kind,
Or *Savage Beasts*, or *Neptune's* spawning Fry,
Or wanton Herds, or painted *Birds* that fly, }
They all the like transporting Fury try.

'Tis with this Rage the *Lyoness* is stung,
When o're the Forrest (mindless of her Young)
She sternly stalks: 'Tis then the shapeless *Bear*
With fierce desire does to the Woods repair;
And wide Destruction makes: 'Tis then we see
The *Savage Boar's* and *Tyger's* Cruelty.

Let then the Sun-burnt Traveller forbear
In *Lybia's* Sandy Desarts to appear.

See

See how the Winds the trembling Stallions fray,
 When first to their sagacious Nostrils they
 The distant Female's well-known scent convey!
 Then no restraining Curbs, nor cruel blows
 Nor hollow Caves, nor obvious Rocks oppose
 Their passage, nor the Sea's objected Force,
 That bears the Mountains down its violent Course.
 The *Sabine Boar* does then prepare to wound,
 And whets his foamy Tusks, and paws the Ground:
 His Sides against the rugged Trees does tare,
 And hardens both his Shoulders for the War.

What does the * Youth in whose enraged Veins
 The heat of Love's distemper'd Fever reigns?
 Through stormy Seas he his bold Fortune tries,
 Tho' in his Face the obvious *Billows* rise,

* *Leander.*

And dash him back to Shore; whilst from the *Throne*
Of Heav'n its loud *Artillery* rattles down
On his devoted Head: Nor can the sound
Of Waters which against the Rocks rebound
Recall his desperate Course, nor all the Tears
Occasion'd by his careful Parents fears,
Nor his lov'd* *Nymph* who soon the self-same *For-*
tune shares.

'Twere long to tell the spotted *Linx's* Wars,
By Love excited: Or the furious Jars
Of prowling Wolves, or Mastives head-strong Rage:
Ev'n tim'rous Stags will for their Hinds engage.

But most of all in Mares the amorous Fire
Appears; whom *Venus* did Her self inspire.

* *Hero.*

What time that *Potnian Glaucus* (to improve (Love;
Their speed) with-held them from the Rites of
With Rage incens'd they struck their Master dead,
And on his mangled Limbs by piecemeal fed.
O're craggy Mountains Love their way does guide,
And spurs them through the depths of Rivers wide:
When Spring's soft Fire their melting Marrow burns
(For 'tis in Spring the lusty warmth returns)
They to the tops of steepest Hills repair,
And with wide Nostrils snuff the *Western Air*,
Wherewith conceiving, (wonderful to tell)
Without the Stallions help their *Bellies* swell:
Whose frantick Fury makes them scour amain
O're solid Rocks, and through the liquid Plain,
Nor Hills, nor streightning Vales their giddy
Course restrain:
Nor do they tow'ards the Suns uprising steer
Their head-strong way, nor towards the frozen *Bear*,

Nor towards the place where tepid *Auster* pours
Upon the pregnant Earth his plenteous Showers:
Till from their lustful Groins at last does fall
Their Off-spring, which the Shepherds rightly call
Hippomanes: A slimy, poisonous Juice,
Which muttering *Step-Dames* in *Incantments* use, }
And in the *mystick Cup* their powerful *Herbs* infuse. }
But time is lost, which never will renew,
Whilst ravish'd, we the pleasing Theam pursue.

T O

TO
Mr. CONGREVE.
AN
EPISTOLARY ODE.

Occasion'd by his late Play.
From Mr. YALDEN.

I.

FAm'd *Wits* and *Beauties*, share this common fate,
To stand expos'd to publick Love and Hate,
In ev'ry *Breast* They diff'rent Passions raise,
At once provoke our Envy, and our Praise.
For when, like you, some noble Youth appears,
For Wit and Humour fam'd above his Years:
Each emulous Muse, that views the Laurel won,
Must praise the worth so much transcends their
own,

And, while his Fame they envy, add to his renown.

But sure like you, no youth, cou'd please,

Nor

Nor at his first attempt boast such success:
Where all Mankind have fail'd, you glories won:
Triumphaut are in this alone,
In this, have all the *Bards* of old outdone.

II.

Then may'st thou rule our Stage in triumph long,
May'st Thou it's injur'd Fame revive,
And matchless proofs of Wit, and Humour, give,
Reforming with thy Scenes, and Charming with
thy Song.

And tho' a Curse ill-fated Wit persues,
And waits the Fatal Dowry of a Muse:
Yet may thy rising Fortunes be
Secure from all the blasts of Poetry;
As thy own Laurels flourishing appear, Fear.
Unfully'd still with Cares, nor clog'd with Hope and
As from its want's be from its Vices free,
From nauseous servil Flattery:

Nor

Nor to a Patron prostitute thy Mind,
Tho' like *Augustus* Great, as Fam'd *Mæcenæ*s kind.

III.

Tho' great in Fame! believe me generous Youth,
Believe this oft experienc'd Truth, (worth.
From him that knows thy Virtues, and admires their

Tho' Thou'rt above what vulgar Poets fear,

Trust not the ungrateful World too far ;

Trust not the Smiles of the inconstant Town :

Trust not the Plaudits of a Theater,

(Which *D—fy* shall, with *Thee*, and *Dryden* share)

Nor to a Stages int'rest Sacrifice thy own.

Thy *Genius*, that's for Nobler things design'd,

May at loose Hours oblige Mankind :

Then great as is thy Fame, thy Fortunes raise,

Joyn thriving int'rest to thy barren *Bays*,

And teach the World to envy, as thou do'st to praise.

The *World*, that does like common *Whores* embrace,

Injurious still to those it does caress : Inju-

Injurious as the *tainted Breath* of Fame,
That *blasts* a Poet's *Fortunes*, while it *sounds* his *Name*.

IV.

When first a *Muse* inflames some *Youthful Breast*,
Like an unpractis'd *Virgin*, still she's kind:
Adorn'd with *Graces* then, and *Beauties* blest,
She *charms* the *Ear* with *Fame*, with *Raptures* fills the
Then from all *Cares* the *happy Youth* is free, ^{(Mind.}

But those of *Love* and *Poetry*:

Cares, still allay'd with pleasing *Charms*, ^{(Arms.}
That *Crown* the *Head* with *Bays*, with *Beauty* fill the
But all a *Woman's* *Frailties* soon she shows,
Too soon a *stale* *domestick* *Creature* grows:
Then wedded to a *Muse* that's *nauseous* grown,
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the *Pleasure's*
For tempted with *imaginary Bays*, ^{(gon.}
Fed with *immortal Hopes*, and *empty Praise*:
He *Fame* pursues, that *fair*, but *treacherous*, bait,
Grows *wise*, when he's *undone*, repents when 'tis too

late.

V. Small

V.

Small are the Trophies of his boasted *Bays*,
The Great Man's promise, for his flattering *Toyl*,
Fame in reversion, and the publick smile,
All vainer than his Hopes, uncertain as his Praise.
'Twas thus in Mournful Numbers heretofore,
Neglected *Spencer* did his Fate deplore :

Long did his injur'd Muse complain,
Admir'd in midst of *Wants*, and *Charming* still in vain.

Long did the Generous *Cowley* Mourn,
And long oblig'd the *Age* without return :
Deny'd what every Wretch obtains of Fate,
An humble Roof, and an obscure retreat,
Condemn'd to *needy Fame*, and to be *miserably great*.
Thus did the World thy great Fore-Fathers use,
Thus all the inspir'd *Bards* before,

Did their hereditary Ills deplore :
From tuneful *Chaucer's*, down to thy own *Dryden's*
Muse.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet pleas'd with gaudy ruin Youth will on,
As proud by publick Fame to be undone:
Pleas'd tho' he does the worst of Labours chuse,
To serve a *Barb'rous Age*, and an ungrateful *Muse*.
Since *Dryden's* self, to Wit's great Empire born,
Whose Genius and exalted Name,
Triumph with all the *Spoils of Wit and Fame*;
Must midst the loud *Applause* his barren *Laurels*
mourn.

Even that Fam'd *Man* whom all the *World* ad-^{(mires,}
Whom every Grace adorns, and *Muse* inspires:
Like the great injur'd *Tasso* shows,
Triumphant in the midst of Woes;
In all his Wants Majestick still appears,
Charming the *Age* to which he owes his Cares,
And cherishing that *Muse* whose fatal *Curse* he bears.

From Mag. Col. Oxon.

ON
His *Mistress* drown'd.

BY
Mr. S——

Sweet Stream, that dost with equal pace
Both thy self fly, and thy self chace,
Forbear a while to flow,
And listen to my Woe.

Then go, and tell the Sea that all its brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine;
Inform it that the gentler Dame,
Who was the life of all my Flame,
In the Glory of her *Bud*
Has pass'd the fatal Flood.

Death

Death by this only stroak triumphs above

The greatest power of Love:

Alas, alas! I must give o're,
My sighs will let me add no more.

Go on, sweet Stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubl'd Breast ;
And if my sad Complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears shall mend thy way.

TO

To the Pious Memory

Of the Accomplisht Young LADY
Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW.

EXCELLENT

In the two Sister-Arts of Poësie, and Painting.

An O D E.

B Y

Mr. D R Y D E N.

I.

THou youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last Promotion of the *Blest* ;
Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,
In spreading *Branches* more sublimely rise,
Rich with Immortal Green above the rest :

A 2

Whether,

Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,
Thou rol'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,
Or, in Proceſſion fixt and regular,
Mov'd with the Heavens Majestick Pace;
Or, call'd to more Superiour *Bliss*,
Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast *Abyss*.
What ever happy Region is thy place,
Cease thy Celestial Song a little space;
(Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,
Since Heav'ns 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 Poëſie were giv'n;
To make thy self a welcome Inmate there:
While yet a young Probationer,
And Candidate of Heav'n.

2.

If by Traduction came thy Mind,
 Our Wonder is the less to find
 A Soul so charming from a Stock so good;
 Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood*:
 So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
 (An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)
 But if thy Præexisting Soul
 Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,
 It did through all the Mighty Poets roul,
 Who *Greek* or *Latine* Laurels wore.
 And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, O *Heav'n-born Mind*!
 Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy Rich Ore:
 Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,
 Than was the *Beauteous* Frame she left behind: }
 Return, to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial }
 kind.

3.

May we presume to say, that at thy *Birth*, *(Earth.*
 New joy was sprung in *Heav'n*, as well as here on
 For sure the Milder Planets did combine
 On thy *Auspicious* Horoscope to shine,
 And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.

Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*
 Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,
 That all the People of the Skie
 Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.

And then if ever, Mortal Ears
 Had heard the Musick of the Spheres!
 And if no clust'ring Swarm of *Bees*
 On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,
 'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles,
 Heav'n had not Leasure to renew:

For all the *Blest* Fraternity of Love
 Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy Holyday

4.

O Gracious God ! How far have we
 Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy ?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd 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 hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adult'rate age,
 (Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)
 T'increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage ?
 What can we say t'excuse our *Second Fall* ?
 Let this thy *Vestal*, Heav'n, atone for all !
 Her *Arethufian* Stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmixt with Forreign Filth, and undefil'd,
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a
 Child !

5.

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 'twas 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 read.
And to be read her self she need not fear,
Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.
Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse exprest)
Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her
Breast:
Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,

So

So cold her self, whilst she such Warmth exprest,
'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

6.

Born to the Spacious Empire of the *Nine*, (tent
One wou'd have thought, she shou'd have been con-
To manage well that Mighty Government ;
But what can young ambitious Souls confine ?
To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,
For *Painture* near adjoyning lay,
A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.
A *Chamber of Dependences* was fram'd,
(As Conquerors will never want Pretence,
When arm'd, to justifie th' Offence)
And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.
The Country open lay without Defence :
For Poets frequent In-rides there had made,
And perfectly cou'd represent
The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament ;

A a 4

And

And all the large Demains which the *Dumb-sister*
 All bow'd beneath her Government, (sway'd,
 Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe're she went.
 Her Pencil drew, what e're her Soul design'd,
 And oft the *happy Draught* surpass'd the *Image* in her
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks, (*Mind.*
 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 Floods,
 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 Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*.

Whose

Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,
 And tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye,
 What *Nature*, *Art*, bold *Fiction* e're durst frame,
 Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.
 So strange a Concourse ne're was seen before,
 But when the peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation bore.

7.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look
 Our Martial King the sight with Reverence strook:
 For not content t'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 Magick, Ghosts are made appear. }

Our Phenix Queen was portrai'd too so bright,
Beauty alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right:
 Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly Face.

With

With such a Peerless Majesty she stands, (hands:
As in that Day she took the Crown from Sacred
Before a Train of Heroins was seen,

In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!

Thus nothing to her *Genius* was deny'd,
But like a *Ball* of Fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater *Blaze* she shone,

And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.

What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,
That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

8.

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,
Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;
In Earth the much lamented Virgin lies!

Not Wit, nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent;

Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content

To

To finish all the Murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her *Life*, and *Beauty* too;
But, like a hardn'd Fellow, took a pride
To work more Mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O double Sacrilege on things Divine,
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine!

But thus *Orinda* dy'd:

Heav'n, by the same Disease, did both translate,
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

9.

Mean time her *Warlike Brother* on the Seas
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,
And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.

Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,
The Winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!

No

No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the *Pleiad's* a New-kindl'd Star,
If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

10.

When in mid-Air, the Golden Trump shall sound,
To raise the Nations under ground;
When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*,
The Judging God shall close the book of Fate;
And there the last *Affizes* keep,
For those who Wake, and those who Sleep;
When ratling *Bones* together fly,
From the four Corners of the Skie,
When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,
Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;

The

The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
And formost from the Tomb shall bound :
For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground,
And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,
Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing.
There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,
As Harbinger of Heav'n, the Way to show,
The Way which thou so well hast learn'd below.

TO

TO THE
Earl of *CARLISLE*,
UPON THE
DEATH of His SON
BEFORE
LUXEMBURG.

HE's gone, and was it then by your Decree,
Ye envious Powers, that we shou'd only see
This Copy of your own Divinity?
Or thought ye it surpassing Human State,
To have a Blessing lasting as 'twas Great?
Your cruel Skill you better ne're had shown,
Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
Such torturing Favours to the Damn'd are given,
When to encrease their Hell, you show 'em Heav'n.

Was

Was it too Godlike, he shou'd long inherit
 At once his Father's, and his Uncle's Spirit?
 Yet as much *Beauty*, and as calm a *Breast*
 As the mild Dame, whose teeming Womb he blest.
 H' had all the Favours Providence cou'd give,
 Except its own Prerogative to live:
 Reserv'd in Pleasures, and in Dangers bold,
 Youthful in Action, and in Prudence old:
 His humble Greatness, and submissive State,
 Made his Life full of Wonder, as his Fate.
 One, who to all the heights of Learning bred,
 Read Books, and Men, and practis'd what he read.
 Round the wide Globe scarce did the busie Sun
 With greater haste, and greater Lustre run.
 True Gallantry and Grandure he descry'd
 From the *French* Fopperies, and *German* Pride.
 And like th' industrious *Bee*, where e're he flew,
 Gather'd the Sweets which on sweet *Blossoms* grew.

Babel's

Babel's confused Speeches on his Tongue,
With a sweet Harmony and Concord hung.
More Countries than for *Homer* did contest,
Do strive who most were by his Presence blest.
Nor did his Wisdom damp his Martial Fire,
Minerva both her Portions did inspire,
Use of the *Warlike Bow*, and *Peaceful Lyre*.
So *Cæsar* doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Showing like Wit, as Valour, when he fought.

If God (as *Plato* taught) Example takes
From his own Works, and Souls by Patterns makes,
Much of himself in him he did unfold,
And cast him in his Darling *Sidney's* Mold,
Of too refin'd a Substance to be old.
Both did alike disdain an Hero's Rage,
Shou'd come like an Inheritance by *Age*.

Ambitiously

Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
 Bays with the Ivy, which their Temples kist:
 Scorning to wait the slow advance of Time,
 Both fell like early *Blossoms* in their Prime,
 By blind Events, and Providence's Crime.
 Yet both, like *Codrus*, o're their yielding Foe
 Obtain'd the Conquest, in their Overthrow;
 And longer Life do purchase by their Death,
 In Fame compleating what they want in breath.
 Oh! had kind Fate stretcht the contracted Span,
 To the full Glories of a perfect Man;
 And as he grew cou'd every rolling Year
 A new addition to our Wonder bear,
 H' had paid to his Illustrious Line that Stock
 Of ancient Honour, which from thence he took.
 But oh!
 So hasty Fruits, and too ambitious Flowers,
 Scorning the Midwifery of ripening Showers,

In spite of Frosts, spring from th' unwilling Earth,
But find a nip untimely as their birth.
Abortive Issues so delude the Womb,
And scarce have *Being*, e're they want a Tomb.

Forgive (my Lord) the Muse that does aspire
With a new breath to fan your raging Fire;
Whose each officious and unskilful sound
Can with fresh Torture but enlarge the wound.
Cou'd I, with *David*, curse the guilty Plain
Where one more lov'd than *Jonathan* was slain:
Or cou'd I flights high as his Merits raise,
Clear as his Vertue, deathless as his Praise,
None who (tho' Laurels crown'd their aged Head)
Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more Devotion shou'd enroll his Name
In the long Consecrated List of Fame.

But

But since my artless and unhallow'd Strain
Will the high worth, it should commend, prophane;
Since I despair my humble Verse shou'd prove
Great as your loss, or tender as your Love;
My Heart with sighings, and with tears mine Eye,
Shall the defect of written Grief supply.

B b 2 THE

THE
I N S E C T.AGAINST
B U L K.*Inest sua gratia parvis.*

By Mr. T A L D E N.

WHere Greatness is to Nature's Works deny'd,
In *Worth* and *Beauty* it is well supply'd:

In a small space the more Perfection's shown,
And what is exquisite, in Little's done.

Thus *Beams* contracted in a narrow Glas,
To Flames convert their larger useless Rays.

'Tis Nature's smallest products please the Eye,
Whilst greater *Births* pass unregarded by:

Her

Her Monsters seem a Violence to fight,
They're form'd for Terroure, Insects to delight.
Thus when she nicely frames a piece of *Art*,
Fine are her strokes, and small in every part;
No Labour can she boast more wonderful,
Than to inform an *Atom* with a Soul:
To animate her little beauteous Fly,
And cloath it in her gaudy'st Drapery.

Thus does the little Epigram delight,
And charm us with its minature of Wit:
Whilst tedious *Authors* give the Reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in less Volumes we more pleasure find,
And what diverts, still best informs the Mind.

'Tis the small Insect looks correct and fair,
And seems the product of her nicest Care.

When weary'd out with the stupendious weight,
Of forming Prodigies, and *Brutes* of State:
Then she the Insect frames, her Masterpiece,
Made for Diversion, and design'd to please.

Thus *Archimedes*, in his Crystal Sphere,
Seem'd to correct the *World's Artificer*:
Whilst the large Globe moves round with long de- (lay,
His beauteous Orbs in nimbler Circles play;
This seem'd the Nobler Labour of the two,
Great was the Sphere above, but fine below.

Thus smallest things have a peculiar Grace,
The great w' admire, but 'tis the little please;
Then since the least so beautifully show,
B' advis'd in time, my Muse, and learn to know
A Poet's Lines shou'd be correct, and few.

Written

Written in a

LADY's Advice
TO A
DAUGHTER.

TIs true—in these well-polish'd Lines,
The *Author's* Noble Genius shines:

A happy Wit, a thought well weigh'd,

And in a Charming Dress convey'd,

Adorn each curious Page—'tis true:

But what's all this, fair Maid, to You?

Have lovely Faces need of Paint?

Are Manuals useful to a Saint?

Let careless Nymphs be ply'd with Rules,

Let Wit be thrown among the Fools:

In both of these You boast a Store,

Compar'd with which, our *Author's* poor.

Alas! as He directs his Pen
To Maids, shou'd You advise the Men;
Shou'd You your easie Minutes vex,
To make Reprisals on the Sex,
We great Pretenders then shou'd find
Our Selves, our Darling Selves, out-shin'd,
Not more in *Body*, than in *Mind*:
She-Wit and Sense wou'd mount the Throne,
And our lov'd *Salic-Law* be gone.

Written

Written in a

LADY'S WALLER.

THE Lovely Owner of this *Book*
Does here on her own Image look:

Each happy Page, each finish'd Line
Does with Her matchless Graces shine;
And is, with Common Verse compar'd,
What She is among *Beauty's* Herd.
The Poet boasts a Lofty thought,
In Softest Numbers Smoothly wrought;
Has all that pleases the Severe,
And all that charms a List'ning Ear.
And such the Nymph is—blest with all
That we can Sweet, or Noble call:
For never sure was any Mind,

Of all that from Heav'n's Treasury came,

Of

Of better Make, and more Refin'd,
Or lodg'd within a Fairer Frame.
Such *Angels* seem, when pleas'd to wear
Some lovely Dress of colour'd *Air*!
Oh! had she liv'd, before the old
Bard had so many Winters told;
Then, when his Youthful Veins ran high,
Enflam'd with Love, and Poetry;
He only to This shining Maid
The Tribute of his Verse had paid:
No meaner Face, no lesser Name
Had fix'd his Eyes, or fed his Flame;
Her *Beauties* had employ'd his Tongue,
And *Sacharissa* dy'd unsung.

Written in the

Leaves of a *FAN*.

F*LAVIA* the least and lightest Toy
Can, with resistless *Art*, employ.
This Fan, in meaner Hands, wou'd prove
An Engine, of small Force, in Love.
Yet she, with Graceful *Air* and *Meen*,
(Not to be told! or safely seen!)
Directs its wanton Motions so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's Bow*:
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To every other *Breast* a Flame.

A N

A N
 Incomparable O D E
 O F
 M A L H E R B's.

Written by

Him when the Marriage was afoot
 between this King of France, and
 Anne of Austria.

Translated by a Person of Quality, a great
 Admirer of the easiness of the French
 Poetry.

Cette Anne si belle,
 Qu'on vante si fort,

Pourquoy ne vient Elle ?

Vrayment, Elle a tort !

THis Anna so Fair,
 So talk'd of by
 Fame,

Why don't she appear ?

Indeed, she's to blame !

Son

<i>Son Louïs soupire</i>	} {	Lewis sighs for the sake
<i>Après set Appas :</i>		Of her Charms, as they
		say :
<i>Que veut elle dire,</i>	} {	What excuse can she
		make,
<i>Que elle ne vient pas ?</i>	} {	For not coming away ?
<i>Si il ne la possède,</i>	} {	If he does n't possess,
<i>Il s'en va Mourir ;</i>		He dies with Despair ;
<i>Donnons y Remede,</i>	} {	Let's give him redress,
<i>Allons la Querir.</i>		And go find out the Fair.

NOTE.

The Translator propos'd to turn this Ode with all imaginable Exactness ; and he hopes he has been pretty just to *Malherb*, only in the sixth Line he has made a small Addition of these three words— *as they say*— which he thinks is excusable, if we consider that the *French* Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the King's Passion, as if the King himself had owned it to him. The Translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in *Malherb* to pretend to have the Account of it only by *Hear-say*.

ON

On the

Dutcheſs of *Portsmouth's* PICTURE.

HAD ſhe but liv'd in *Cleopatra's Age*,
When *Beauty* did the Earth's great Lords en-
Brittain, not *Egypt*, had been Glorious made;
Augustus then, like *Julius*, had obey'd:
A Nobler Theam had been the Poet's boaſt,
That all the World for Love had well been loſt.

A

A
S O N G.

By the

Earl of *Rochester*.

INsulting *Beauty*, you mispend
Those Frowns upon your Slave;
Your Scorn against such Rebels bend,
Who dare with confidence pretend,
That other Eyes their Hearts defend,
From all the Charms you have.

Your conquering Eyes so partial are,
Or Mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in Despair,
Many proud senseless Hearts declare,

They

They find you not so killing Fair,
To wish you merciful.

They an Inglorious Freedom boast ;
I triumph in my Chain ;
Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost ;
Nor you unpunish'd, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your Disdain.

SONG

S O N G

For the

K I N G's Birth-Day.

S Hine forth, bright Sun, and gild the Day,
With a more than common Ray.

The Day that gave us more,
Than all the rolling Years that Thou
Hast number'd out, cou'd e're bestow,
Or *Brittain* wish before.

From greenness of *Youth*, to ripeness of *Age*,
With what dangers, what troubles did *Cæsar* en-
In the Field, on the Flood, (gage
Through the Waves, and through *Blood*,
The Race of bright Honour he ran!
How Great in Distress,

C c

How

How Calm in Success!

In both, how much more than Man!

CHORUS.

Where-e're his *Birth* had been by Fortune plac'd,
Such Vertue Heav'n must needs have crown'd at last.

Heav'n has been just, and Right has prevail'd,
Tho' by Hell's Malice and Forces assail'd;
Rebellion and Faction are sunk whence they rose,
And *Cæsar* the Wounds of his Nation does close,
Rewarding his Friends, and forgiving his Foes.

In the Glory gain'd by War,
Vulgar Hands and Fortune share;
But the more Noble and Solid Renown
That arises from Pardon to Penitents shown,
All render to *Cæsar*, 'tis *Cæsar's* alone.

Cæsar

Cæsar nobly does disdain
Over less than Hearts to Reign;
Let Tyrants force th' ignobler part,
God and *Cæsar* claim the Heart.

Hark how the Nation United rejoyces
In the glad Consort of Hearts and of Voices!
What Thanks they express
For their Plenty and Peace,
And the long desir'd *Blessings* of Freedom and Ease.

Hark, the joyful Song goes round,
'Tis the Universal Sound:
Long may Heaven and *Cæsar* smile,
Heaven on Him, and He on us;

Long, long may he Rule our Isle,
And long, long Rule it thus!
As lov'd in Peace, as fear'd in Arms,
And ever blest in *Gloriana's* Charms.

A

A
SONG.

I.

AFTER the fiercest Pangs of hot Desire,
Between *Panthæa's* rising Breasts,
His bending Breast *Philander* rests:
And vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire,
Close hugs the Charmer, and asham'd to yield,
Tho' he has lost the day, yet keeps the Field.

2.

When, with a sigh, the fair *Panthæa* said,
What Pity 'tis, ye Gods, that all
The Noblest Warriours soonest fall:
Then with a Kiss she gently rear'd his Head;
Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the Combat than the Victory.

C c 3

3. But

3.

But more enrag'd, for being beat before,
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War;
Nor ceas'd he till the Noble Prize he bore:
Ev'n her much wondrous Courage did surprise,
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dies.

A
S O N G.

I.

THrough *mournful Shades*, and *solitary Groves*,
Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful Loves,
Wild with Despairs, young *Thyrsis* strays,
Thinks over all *Amyra's* Heav'nly Charms,
Thinks he now sees her in another's *Arms*;
Then at some Willow's Root himself he lays,
The Loveliest, most unhappy Swain;
And thus to the wild Woods he does complain.

2.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thyrsis*, since the time
When thou cou'dst love, and hope without a Crime;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,
As through her shady Evening Grove she past,

And a new day did all around her cast;
Cou'd see, nor be offended at the sight:
The melting, sighing, wishing Swain,
That now must never hope to wish again.

3.

Riches and Titles! why shou'd they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?

Lovely *Amyra*, shou'dst thou prize
The empty noise that a fine Title makes;
Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, nor Triumph in the Slain.

SONG.

S O N G.

YOU say you love! Repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing Sound;

Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The Cure of ev'ry Wound.

What you to thousands have deny'd,

To me you freely give;
Whilst I in humble Silence dy'd,
Your Mercy bid me live.

So on cold *Latmos* top each Night,

Endymion sighing lay,
Gaz'd on the Moon's transcendant Light,
Despair'd, and durst not Pray.

But

But Divine *Cynthia* saw his Grief,
Th' effect of conquering Charms;
Unask'd, the Goddess brings relief,
And falls into his *Arms*.

SONG.

SONG.

Fairest of thy Sex, and best,
Admit my humble Tale;
Twill ease the Torment of my *Breast*,
Tho' I shall ne're prevail.

No fond *Ambition* me does move
Your Favour to implore,
I ask not for return of Love,
But Freedom to adore.

TO

To the King.

In the Year 1686.

BY

Mr. *George Granville.*

Heroes of old, by Rapine and by Spoil,
In search of Fame, did all the World embroil.
Thus to their Gods each then ally'd his Name,
This sprang from *Jove*, and that from *Titan* came;
With equal Valour, and with like Success,
Dread King, might'st thou the Universe oppress;
But Christian Rules constrain thy Martial Pride;
Peace is thy Choice, and Piety thy Guide:
By thy Example Kings may learn to sway,
Heroes are taught to fight, and Saints to pray.

The

The *Grecian* Chiefs had Vertue but in share;
Nestor was wise, but *Ajax* brave in War:
Their very Deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the Courage, *Jove* the Thunder bore:
But all Perfections meet in *James* alone,
And *Brittain's* King is all the Gods in one.

HARRT

HARRY MARTEN'S
E P I T A P H,
BY
H I M S E L F.

HEre, or elsewhere (all's one to you, to me)
Earth, Air, or Water gripes my Ghostless
Dust,

None knowing when brave Fire shall set it free;
Reader, if you an oft try'd Rule will trust,
You'll gladly Do and Suffer what you must.

TO

To his Friend

Captain Chamberline ;

In Love with a Lady he had
taken in an *Algeriene* Prize
at Sea.

In Allusion to the 4th Ode of Horace, Lib. the 2d.

B Y

Mr. YALDEN.

I.

TIs no disgrace (brave Youth) to own
By a fair Slave you are undone :

Why dost thou blush to hear that Name !

And stifle thus a Generous Flame !

Did not the fair *Briseis* heretofore

With powerful Charms subdue ?

What

What tho' a Captive, still she bore
Those Eyes that Freedom cou'd restore,
And make her haughty Lord, the proud *Achilles*
(bow.

2.

Stern *Ajax*, tho' renown'd in *Arms*,
Did yield to bright *Tecmessa's* Charms :
And all the Laurels he had won,
As Trophies at her Feet were thrown.
When beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning Fair,
The Hero felt her Power :
Tho' great in Camps, and fierce in War,
Her softer looks he cou'd not bear,
Proud to become her Slave, tho' late her Conquerour.

3.

When *Beauty* in Distress appears,
An irresistible Charm it bears :
In every *Breast* does pity move,
Pity the tender'st part of Love.

Amidst

Amidst his Triumphs great *Atrides* shew'd
Unto a weeping Maid :
Tho' *Troy* was by his *Arms* subdu'd,
And *Greece* the bloody Trophies view'd,
Yet at a Captive's feet the imploring Victor laid.]

4.

Think not, thy Charming Maid can be
Of a base Stock, a mean Degree :
Her Shape, her Air, her every Grace,
A more than *Vulgar Birth* confess.
Yes, yes, my Friend, with *Royal Blood* she's great,
Sprung from some Monarch's bed :
Now mourns her Family's hard Fate,
Her mighty Fall, and abject State,
And her Illustrious Race conceals with Noble Pride.

5.

Ah think not an Ignoble House !
Cou'd such a Heroine produce :

D d

Not

Nor think such generous *sprightly Blood*,
Cou'd flow from the corrupted Crowd.
But view her Courage, her undaunted Mind,
And Soul with Vertues crown'd:
Where dazling Int'rest cannot blind,
Nor Youth, nor Gold admittance find,
But still her Honour's fix'd, and Vertue keeps its
(Ground.

6.

View well her great Majestick *Air*,
And modest Looks Divinely Fair:
Too bright for Fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy Noblest Love.
But yet suspect not thy officious Friend,
All jealous thoughts remove:
Tho' I with Youthful heat commend,
For Thee I all my Wishes send,
And if she makes Thee blest, 'tis all I ask of Love.

A

A
S O N G.

BY
A L A D Y.

I.

YE Virgin Powers, defend my Heart
From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
From sawcy Love, or nicer Art,
Which most our Sex beguiles;

2.

From Sighs and Vows, from awful Fears,
That do to pity move;
From speaking Silence, and from Tears,
Those Springs that water Love.

D d 2

3. But

3.

But if through Passion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide;
And where frail Nature seems inclin'd,
There place a Guard of Pride.

4.

An Heart whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs every Vertues aid;
And she who thinks her self secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

Written

Written by a

L A D Y.

STREPHON hath Fashion, Wit, and Youth,
With all things else that please;
He nothing wants but Love and Truth
To ruin me with ease.

But he is Flint, and bears the *Art*
To kindle fierce Desire,
Whose Pow'r enflames another's Heart,
And he ne're feels the Fire.

O how it does my Soul perplex,
When I his Charms recall,
To think he shou'd despise our Sex;
Or, what's worse, love 'em all.

So that my Heart, like *Noah's Dove*,
In vain has sought for rest,
Finding no hopes to fix my Love,
Returns into my *Breast*.

PARA-

P A R A P H R A S ' D

*Out of Horace, the 23d Ode
of the 2d Book.*

B Y

Dr. P O P E.

THe wary Gods lock up in Cells of Night
Future Events, and laugh at Mortals here.
If they to pry into 'em take delight,

If they too much presume, or too much fear.

O Man ! for thy short time below

Enjoy thy self, and what the Gods bestow :

Unequal Fortunes here below are shar'd,

Life to a River's course may justly be compar'd :

Sometimes within its bed,

Without an angry Curl or Wave,

D d 4

From

From the Spring head
It gently glides to the Ocean, its Grave.
Then unawares, upon a sudden Rain,
It madly overflows the Neighb'ring Plain:
It ploughs up beauteous Ranks
Of Trees, that shaded and adorn'd its *Banks*:
Overturns Houses, Bridges, Rocks,
Drowns Shepherds and their Flocks:
Horror and Death rage all the Valley o're,
The Forrefts tremble, and the Mountains roar.

LOVE's

LOVE's Antidote.

W^Hen I sigh by my Mistress, and gaze on
those Eyes

Where all-conquering Love in Garrison lies.

When her Nose I commend with a true *Roman* bend,

And run on in Flattery World without end :

On her ample high Forehead, and her little soft hand,

To which, if compar'd, the best Ivory is tann'd :

On the words which with Grace from her Rosie

Lips flow,

And such Harmony make, as was ne'er heard below,

Then she bridles the Pride, and swells with Disdain,

And flights her *Adorer*, now fast in her Chain.

With Scorn in her haughty looks, and in her

words Thunder,

Then drunken with Love do I reel to the *Wonder* :

There

Then with three or four Glasses my languishing
passes,

And off slides the Load, Love lays on his *Asses*.

Then I swear I'll for ever keep out of the scrape,

Love's Sovereign *Antidote* is the blood of the
Grape.

Ana-

Anacreon imitated.

OFT the Reverend Dotards cry,
Why so loving, *Daphnis*, why?

Love's a thing for *Age* alone:

Love's a God, and you're too young.

Let the Harvest crown your *Brow*,

And adorn your Head with Snow:

Love may boldly enter then:

Years will countenance your Flame.

Fruits, unripe, disgust the taste;

Falling ripe they please us best.

Colts are skittish; but the Dam,

(Once a Colt) is still and tame:

Reverend Dotards, why so wise?

Why these Reverend Fooleries?

Who

Who neglects to back the Horse,
Till his Years compute him worse?
Generous *Brutes* that latest die,
Early to Enjoyment fly :
Vigorous Nature scorns a Tie.
Gather'd Fruit are best of all ;
We despise them when they fall.
Thus your Follies show to me,
What my Reverend *Age* shall be.
Bring the Glass then, bring the Fair,
Fill it, 'tis a Health to her.
For experimental I
Will a great Example be
To convince such Reverend Fools
Of their own mistaken Rules.

Ana-

Anacreon imitated.

OH how pleasant is't! how sweet!

While with *Beauties* exquisite

Nature paints the fragrant Grove,

Thus to walk and talk of Love.

Here no envious Eastern Gale

Sells us Pleasure by Retail.

Western breezes here dispence

Joys so full, they cloy the sense.

Gods! oh Gods! how sweet a Shade

Has that Honey-Suckle made,

Clasping round that spreading Tree,

Clasping fast, and apeing me.

Me who, there with *Celia* laid,

First inform'd this lovely Maid

So to clasp, and so to twine.

Oh! how sweet a life is mine!

Ana-

Anacreon imitated.

Come fill't up, and fill it high,
The barren Earth is always dry;
But we'll steep't in kindly Show'rs,
It laughs in Dew, and smiles in Flow'rs.
The Jovial Gods did, sure, design,
By the Immortal Gift of Wine,
To drown our Sighs, and ease our Care,
And make's content to Revel here.
To Revel, and to reign in Love,
And be throughout like those above.

From

FROM

Virgil's 1st Georgick,

Beginning at

Imprimis venerare Deos, &c.

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

H. SACHEVERILL.

Dedicated to

Mr. D R Y D E N.

First let thy *Altars* smok with Sacred Fire,
Thy Earthly Labours the just Gods require.

Let *Ceres* Blessings usher in the Year,
To give an Omen to thy future Care.

With

With Sacrifice adorn her Grassy Shrine,
With Milk, with Honey, and with flowing Wine.
Then go, the mighty Goddess to adore,
When Spring buds forth, and Winter is no more:
Then well-fed Lambs thy plenteous Tables load,
And mellow Wines give appetite to Food.
Whilst the cool Shade by small refreshing Streams
Invite soft Sleep, and gentle pleasing Dreams.
The Rustick Youth the Goddess shou'd implore
To bless their Fruits, and to encrease their Store.
Thrice let the Sacrifice in Triumph led
Crown the new Off-spring of her fruitful *Bed*.
A joyful Quire shall sing her Praises round,
And with unequal Motions beat the Ground.
Whilst Oaken *Branches* on their Temples twine,
To shew the better use of Corn and Wine.
The Goddess thus appeas'd, will bend her Ear,
And with a *plenteous Harvest* will reward your Care.

The

The certain Seasons of the Year to know
 Great *Jove* has taught us, and from whence they } (flow,
Droughts, Rains, and Winds their certain *Signs* forego. }

Those Messengers of Fate fly to provide the way,
 To give the Signal of a gloomy Day.

The Moon her Tokens constantly fulfils,
 And with her *Beams* points out th' approaching Ills.
 Her waning Orb puts on a various Form
 To give the Sign of an impending Storm.

When South Winds rise the Herdsmen justly fear,
 And seek a Shelter when the Tempest's near.

First from a gentle blast the Winds arise,
 Whose Infant Voice in whisp'ring Murmurs flies, }
 Then with loud Clamours fills the troubled Skies. }

By small degrees advanc'd, it stronger grows,
 Till every Point each other does oppose.

Then through the jarring Zones it frets and roars,
 And lifts the swelling *Billows* to the Shores.

Vast watry Mountains rowl upon the Sand,
And angry Surges beat the trembling Land.
A harsh, shrill noise the ecchoing Caverns fills,
And strikes the Ear from the resounding Hills;
Whose *Reverend Tops*, with aged Pine-trees crown'd,
Rock with the Wind, and tremble with the sound.
Then threatning Surges hardly can forbear
The tatter'd Vessel, while the Seamen fear
Each rowling *Billow* shou'd their last appear. }
The frightned Native of the troubled Waves
His long accustom'd Habitation leaves.
Now born aloft a winged *Army* soar
To seek for safety on a calmer Shore.
The More-Hen, conscious of the Tempest near,
Plays on the Sand, and so prevents her fear.
The Hern forsakes his ancient marshy *Bed*,
And tow'rs to Heav'n while Clouds bedew his head.
Sometimes he's met by a descending Star,
Which warns the Tempest rushing from afar. The

The headlong Planet glides in fiery Streams,
 And shoots through Darkness with its *Radiant Beams*.
 It cuts the Shadows with a Train of Light,
 And makes a Medley of the Day and Night.
 A sportive Whirlwind lifts the moving Sand;
 In mystick Circles dancing on the Land.
 Now wanton Feathers whiten all the Flood;
 And sapless Leaves fly o're the shaken Wood,
 At distance black'ning in a dusky Cloud.
 But when a *new-fledg'd Storm* comes blust'ring forth;
 And quits the thund'ring Regions of the North:
 When East and West in distant Poles conspire,
 Uniting Rage, to swell the Deluge higher,
 With rapid Streams the full-charg'd Channels flow;
 Collecting Forces as they farther go.
 Th' unruly Tide no sturdy *Banks* controul,
 O're unknown Plains the furious Torrents rowl.
 The Reapers mourn to see the Deluge bear
 Their long expected Labours of the Year:

L A jeune Iris aux cheveux gris
Disoit à Theodate,
Retournons, mon cher à Paris,
Avant que l'on combatte ;

Vous me donnés trop de souci,
Car Guillaume ne raille.
Helas ! que feriez-vous icy ?
Le jour d'une bataille.

Il est vray que vous partirés
Sans Lauriers & sans Gloire,
Et que vous Embarrasserés
Ceux qui font Vòtre Histoire ;

Mais

A Paraphrase on the French.

IN Gray-hair'd *Celia's* wither'd *Arms*

Whilst Mighty *Lewis* lay,

She cry'd, if I have any Charms,

My Dearest let's away.

I tremble for you when I hear

Of Drums the dreadful Rattle:

Alas, Sir! what shou'd you do here

In dreadful day of battle.

Perhaps you'll ask what can repair

The Ruines of your Glory:

'Tis fit you leave so mean a Care

To those who Pen your Story.

Mais vous devés laisser ces soins

A D'Espreaux & Corneille ;

Vous ne les payeriés pas moins,

Quand vous feriés merveille.

Vous punirez une autre-fois

Ces gens qui m'ont pillée.

Qu'elle honte qu'à Charleroy

Ils m'ûssent ameneé !

Quoy que je sois ainée de vous,

Et que je sois bien sage,

Faurois passé parmy ces fous

Pour un-Rebut de Page.

Are

Are not *D'Espreaux* and *Corneile* paid
For Panegyrick writing?
They know how Heroes may be made
Without the help of fighting.

Your Foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Put six good Horses in your Coach,
And carry Me to *Marly*.

Let *Bouffers*, to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town, or buy it;
Whilst you, great Sir, at *Nostredame*,
Te Deum sing in quiet.

A
SONG
BY
Sir JOHN EATON.

1.

Tell me not I my time mispend,
'Tis time lost to reprove me;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end
So *Chloris* only love me.

2.

Tell me not others Flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
Who more abound with Milk and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

3. Tire

3.

Tire others easier Ears with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He never felt the World's Disease
Who car'd not for its Glories.

4.

For pity Thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine;
Let me alone with my own Heart,
And I'll ne're envy thine.

5.

Nor blame him who e're blames my Wit,
That seeks no higher Prize,
Than in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

Ano-

Another SONG

In Imitation of

Sir - JOHN EATON's Songs.

By the Late

Earl of ROCHESTER.

TOO late, alas! I must confess
You need no *Arts* to move me:
Such Charms by Nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a Heart you may surprise,
And give my Tongue the Glory
To boast, tho' my unfaithful Eyes
Betray a kinder Story.

A

A
SONG
BY
SIDNEY GODOLPHIN, Esq;
ON
Tom. Killigrew and Will. Murrey.

I.

TOM and *Will* were Shepherds twain,
Who Liv'd and Lov'd together,
Till Fair *Pastora* crost the Plain,
Alack, why came she thither!
Pastora's Fair and Lovely Locks
Set both their Hearts on fire,
Although they did divide their Flocks,
They had but one desire.

Tom

2.

Tom came of a Gentile Race,

By Father and by Mother,

Will was Noble, but alas,

He was a Younger Brother.

Neither of them no Huntsman was,

No Fisher, nor no Fowler ;

Tom was stil'd the prop'rer Lad,

But *Will* the better Bowler.

3.

Tom wou'd Drink her Health and Swear,

The Nation cou'd not want her ;

Will wou'd take her by the Ear,

And with his Voice Enchant her.

Tom was always in her sight,

And ne're forgot his Duty ;

Will was Witty, and cou'd write

Sweet Sonnets on her Beauty.

Which

4.

Which of them she Loved most,
Or whither she Lov'd either;
Twas thought they found it to their cost,
That she indeed Lov'd neither.
And yet she was so sweet a She,
So comly of behaviour;
That *Tom* thought He, and *Will* thought He,
Was greatest in her Favour.

5.

Pastora was a Beauteous Lass,
Of a charming sprightly Nature,
Divinely Good and Kind she was,
And smil'd on ev'ry Creature.
Of Favours she was provident,
But yet not over sparing,
She gave no loose Encouragement,
Yet kept Men from despairing.

Now

6.

Now flying Fame had made report
Of Fair *Pastora's* Beauty,
That she must needs unto the Court,
There to perform her Duty.
Unto the Court *Pastora's* gone,
(It were no Court without her,)
The Queen her self, with all her Train;
Had none so Fair about her.

7.

Tom hung his Dog, and flung away
His Sheep-hook and his Wallet;
Will broke his Pipes, and curst the day
That e're he made a Ballet.
Their Nine-pins and their Bowls they broke,
Their Tunes were turn'd to Tears,
'Tis time for me to make an end,
Let them go shake their Ears.

RON.

RONDELA Y.

B Y

Mr. D R Y D E N.

I.

CHLOE found *Amyntas* lying
All in Tears, upon the Plain ;
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain !
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

2.

Sighing to himself, and crying
Wretched I, to love in vain :
Ever scorning and denying
To reward your faithful Swain :
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

3. Ever

3.

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful Swain ;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain :
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

4.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain :
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again :
Kiss'd him up, before his dying ;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

A N

In a Letter to the Honourable
Mr. *Charles Montague*.

By Mr. *P R I O R*.

H^{1.}OWE'RE, 'tis well, that whilst Mankind,
Through Fate's Fantastic Mazes errs,
He can imagin'd Pleasures find,

To combat against real Cares.

Fancies and Notions we pursue,^{2.}

Which ne're had *Being* but in thought;

And like the doating *Artist* woo,

The Image we our selves have wrought.

Against Experience we believe,^{3.}

And argue against Demonstration;

Pleas'd that we can our selves deceive,

And set our Judgment by our Passion.

The hoary Fool, who, many Days,^{4.}

Has struggled with continued Sorrow;

Renews his Hope, and blindly lays

The desp'rate Bet upon to Morrow.

To Morrow comes, 'tis Noon,⁵ 'tis Night,

This day like all the former fled;

Yet on he runs to seek Delight

To Morrow, till too Night he's dead.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring⁶ Falcons, aim

At Objects in an *Airy* height,

But all the Pleasure of the Game,

Is afar off to view the Flight.

The worthless Prey but only shows,⁷

The Joy consisted in the Strife;

Whate're we take, as soon we lose,

In *Homer's* Riddle, and in Life.

So whilst in Fev'rish Sleeps we think⁸

We taste what waking we desire,

The Dream is better than the Drink,

Which only feeds the sickly Fire.

9.

To the Minds Eye things well appear,
At distance through an artful Glas;
Bring but the flatt'ring Objects near,
They're all a senseless gloomy Mass.

10.
Seeing aright, we see our Woes,

Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows,

The only wretched are the Wise.

11.
We wearied shou'd lie down in Death,

This Cheat of Life wou'd take no more;
If you thought Fame but stinking Breath,
I, *Phillis* but a perjur'd Whore.

An ODE.

By Mr. PRIOR.

1.
WHilst blooming Youth and gay Delight
In all thy Looks and Gestures shine;

F f 2

Thou

Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
To Rule this destin'd Heart of mine ;
My Reason bends to what your Eyes ordain,
For I was born to love, and you to reign.

But wou'd you meanly then rely^{2.}
On Power, you know I must obey ;
'Tis but a Legal Tyranny
To do an Ill, because you may.

Why must I thee, as *Atheists* Heav'n adore,
Not see thy Mercy, and but dread thy Pow'r.

Take heed, my Dear,^{3.} Youth flies apace,
Time equally with Love is blind ;
Soon must those Glories of thy Face
The Fate of *Vulgar Beauty* find.

The thousand Loves that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

Then thou wilt sigh,^{4.} when in each Frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears ;

And

And putting peevish humours on,

Seems but the sad effect of Years :

Even Kindness then too weak a Charm will prove

To raise the Ghost of my departed Love.

Forc'd Compliments^{5.} and formal Bows

Will show Thee Just above Neglect,

The heat with which thy Lover glows

Will settle into cold Respect;

A talking dull Platonick I shall turn,

Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

Then shun the ill,^{6.} and know, my Dear,

Kindness and Constancy will prove

The only Pillars fit to bear

So vast a weight as that of Love:

If thou canst wish to make my Flames endure,

Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

Haste^{7.} *Celia*, haste, whilst Love invites,

Obey the Godhead's gentle Voice,

Fill every Sense with soft Delights,
And give thy Soul a loose to Joys;
Let millions of repeated *Blisses* prove
That thou art Kindness all, and I all love.
Be mine, and only mine, take care^{8.} (to guide
Your Looks, your Thoughts, your Dreams
To me alone, nor come so far,
As liking any Youth beside:
What Men e're court thee, fly 'em, and believe
They're Serpents all, and thou the tempted *Eve*.
So shall I court thy dearest Truth^{9.}
When *Beauty* ceases to engage;
And thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o're again in Age.
So time it self our Raptures shall improve,
And still we'll wake to Joy, and live to Love.

TO A
LADY of Quality's
Playing on the Lute.

By Mr. PRIOR.

WHAT Charms you have, from what high
Race you sprung,
Have been the Subject of our Daring Song;
But when you pleas'd to show the lab'ring Muse
What greater Theams your Musick could produce;
Our Babling Praises we repeat no more,
But hear, rejoyce, stand silent, and adore.

The *Persians* thus, first gazing on the Sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
But, as *his Pow'r* was known, *their Thoughts* were rais'd,
And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's Glory lives in *Spencer's* Song,
And *Cowley's* Verse keeps fair *Orinda* young:
That you in *Beauty*, and in *Birth* excell,
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell;
Your *Art*, no other *Art* can speak, and you,
To shew how well you play, must play anew:
Your Musick's pow'r your Musick must disclose,
For what Light is, 'tis only Light that shows.
Strange force of Harmony that thus Controuls
Our inmost Thoughts, and sanctifies our Souls:
Whilst with its utmost *Art* your Sex could move
Our Wonder only, or at best our Love.
You far beyond both these your God did place,
That your high power might worldly
thoughts destroy,
That with your Numbers you our Zeal might (raise,
And, like himself, Communicate your Joy.

When

When to your Native Heaven you shall repair,
And with your Presence Crown the Blessings there
Your Lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their Notes to that Immortal Quire.
Your *Art* is perfect here, your Numbers do,
More than our *Books*, make the rude *Atheist* know }
That there's a Heaven, by what he hears below.

As in some Piece, whilst *Luke* his Skill exprest,
A Cunning *Angel* came and drew the rest:
So, whilst you play, some Godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, Divinity helps Art;
Some Cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a Miracle improves a Tune.

To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
Viewing your Face, no more he had survey'd

The

The *reigning flames*, but struck with strange surprize,
Confess 'em less than those of *Anna's Eyes*.

But, had he heard thy Lute, he soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd;

Thine, like *Amphion's Hand* had rais'd the Stone,

And from Destruction call'd a Fairer Town;

Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,

Nor could he Burn so fast, as thou couldst Build.

AN

An EPITAPH
ON THE
Lady WHITMORE.
BY
Mr. DRYDEN.

F*Air, Kind, and True, a Treasure each alone ;
A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one ;
Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's cost,
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.*

*Come Virgins, e're in equal Bands you join,
Come first and offer at her Sacred Shrine ;
Pray but for half the Vertues of this Wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer Life,
And wish your Vows like hers may be return'd,
So Lov'd when Living, and when Dead so Mourn'd.*

AN
EPI TAPH,
ON
Sir Palmes Fairborne's TOMB
IN
Westminster-Abby.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Sacred

To the Immortal Memory of Sir Palmes Fairborne,
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 46th,
year of his Age. *October 24th. 1680.*

Y E Sacred Relicks which your Marble keep,
Here undisturb'd by Wars in quiet sleep:

Discharge the trust which when it was below
Fairborne's undaunted Soul did undergo,
And be the Towns Palladium from the Foe.
Alive and dead these Walls he will defend,
Great Actions great Examples must attend.

The

*The Candian Siege his early Valour knew,
 Where Turkish Blood did his young hands imbrew.
 From thence returning with deserv'd Applause,
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'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 Vertues shone more bright,
 Like rising flames expanding in their height,
 The Martyr's Glory Crown'd the Soldiers Fight.
 More bravely Brittish General never fell,
 Nor General's Death was e're reveng'd so well,
 Which his pleas'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.*

To the Reverend

Dr. *SHERLOCK*,

Dean of *St. Paul's*;

ON

His Practical Discourse

Concerning *DEATH*.

BY

Mr. *PRIOR*.

Forgive the Muse, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his God detains:
For sure, what e're you do, where e're you are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one constant Pray'r.
Forgive her: and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind acceptance come,
To raise her Numbers to that blest Degree
That suits a Song of Piety and Thee.

Wond

Wondrous good Man! whose Labours may repel
The force of Sin, may stop the Rage of Hell:
Who, like the *Baptist*, from thy God wert sent
To be the Voice, and bid the World repent:
Thee, Youth shall study; and no more engage
His flatt'ring Wishes for uncertain *Age*;
No more, with fruitless Care, and cheated Strife,
Chace fleeting Pleasure through this Maze of Life;
Finding the wretched All He here can have
But present Food, and but a future Grave;
Each, great as *Philip's* Son, shall sit and view
This sordid World, and, weeping, ask a New.
Decrepit *Age* shall read Thee, and confess
Thy Labours can assuage, where Medicine's cease:
Shall bless thy Words, their wounded Souls relief
The drops that sweeten their last Dregs of Life;

Shall

Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath,
Own Riches gather'd Trouble; Fame, a breath;
And Life an Ill, whose only Cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know,
Yet to that height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught :
Easie in words thy Style, in Sense sublime,

On its blest Steps each *Age* and *Sex* may rise,
'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
Its foot on Earth, its height beyond the Skies.

Diffus'd its Vertue, boundless is its Pow'r,
'Tis publick Health, and Universal Cure :
Of Heav'nly Manna 'tis a second Feast,
A Nation's Food, and All to every taste.

To

To its last height mad *Brittain's* Guilt was rear'd,
 And various Deaths for various Crimes she fear'd;
 With your kind Works her drooping Hopes revive,
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live.
 You wrest the Bolt from Heav'n's avenging hand,
 Stop ready Death, and save a sinking Land.
 O save us still ! still bless us with thy stay !
 O want thy Heav'n, till we have learnt the way !
 Refuse to leave thy destin'd Charge too soon,
 And for the Church's good, defer thy own !
 O live ! and let thy Works urge our belief !
 Live to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life ;
 Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
 Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety,
 Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die ;
 Then in full Age, and hoary Holiness
 Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd *Bliss*:

Untoucht thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Dust,
As thy own Fame amongst the future Just,
Till in last Sounds the dreaded Trumpet speaks,
Till Judgment calls, and quickned Nature wakes,
Till through the utmost Earth, and deepest Sea
Our scatter'd *Atoms* find their hidden way,
In haste to cloath their Kindred Souls again,
Perfect our State, and build Immortal Man:
Then fearless, Thou, who well sustain'dst the Fight,
To Paths of Joy, and Worlds of endless Light,
Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd;
'Midst thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd,
And glad all Heav'n with Millions thou hast sav'd.

ON

ON
E X O D U S 3. 14.

I am that I am.

A
Pindarique *O D E.*

B Y
Mr. *P R I O R.*

MAN! foolish Man!
Scarce know'st thou how thy self began,
Scarce hast thou *Thought* enough to prove *Thou art*,
Yet steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye
Through the mysterious Gulph of vast Immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, and much impart,
Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride,

Mortifie thy Learned Lust;
 Vain are thy thoughts, whilst thou thy self art Dust.
 Wisdom her Oars, and Wit her Sails may lend,
 The Helm let Politick Experience guide,
 Yet cease to hope, thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride
 Down spreading Fate's unnavigable Tide.

What tho' still it farther tend?

Still 'tis further from its end,
 And in the bosom of that boundless Sea
 Loses it self, and its increasing way.

2.

With daring Pride and insolent Delight (crown'd,
 You boast your Doubts resolv'd, your Labours
 And "Eureka" your God, forsooth, is found
 Incomprehensible and Infinite.
 But is he therefore found? Vain Searcher! no:
 Let your imperfect Definition show (finer know.
 That nothing less than nothing you the weak De-

3. Say

3.

Say why shou'd the collected Main
It self within it self contain ?

Why to its Caverns shou'd it sometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence sleep

On the lov'd Bosom of its Parent Deep?

Why shou'd its numerous Waters stay
In comely Discipline, and fair Array,

Prepar'd to meet its high Commands,
And with diffus'd Obedience spread

Their op'ning Ranks o're Earth's submissive head :

And march through different Paths to different
(Lands?

Why shou'd the constant Sun

With measur'd steps his Radiant Journeys run ?

Why does he order the Diurnal Hours

To leave Earth's other part, and rise in ours ?

Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,

And, filling her willing Lamp with liquid Light,

Commanding her with delegated Power
To beautifie the World, and bless the Night?
Why shou'd each animated Star
Love the just Limits of its proper Sphere?
Why shou'd each consenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine
To keep in order, and gird up the regulated Year?

4.

Man does with dangerous Curiosity
These unfathom'd Wonders try,
With fancy'd Rules and *Arbitrary* Laws,
Matter and Motion he restrains,
And studied Lines and fictitious Circles draws;
Then with imagin'd Sov'raignty
Lord of his new *Hypothesis* he reigns.
He reigns: how long? till some Usurper rise,
And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wise,
Studies new Lines, new Circles feigns,

On

On t'other's Ruine rears his Throne,
And shewing his mistakes, maintains his own.
Well then! from this *new toil* what *Knowledge* flows!

Just as much, perhaps, as shows
That former Searchers were but bookish Fools,
Their choice Remarks, their Darling Rules, }
But canting Error all, and *fargon* of the Schools.

5.

Through the aerial Seas, and watry Skies,
Mountainous heaps of Wonders rise;
Whose tow'ring Strength will ne're submit
To Reason's Batteries, or the Mines of Wit.
Yet still Enquiring, still Mistaking Man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward press,
And levelling at God his wandring Guess,
(That feeble Engine of his Reasoning War,
Which guides his Doubts, and combats his
Despair,)

Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give,
Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will,
Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill,
And tell us how all *Beings* are, and how they move
and live.

Vain Man! that pregnant Word sent forth again,
Through either Ocean,
Might to a World extend each *Atom* there;
And for each drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for e-
(very Star.

6.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide,
And only lift thy staggering Reason up
To trembling *Calvary's* astonish'd top; (*Pride,*
Then mock thy *Knowledge*, and confound thy
By telling thee, Perfection suffer'd Pain,

An Eternal Essence dy'd;
Death's Vanquisher by vanquish'd Death was slain,
The promis'd Earth prophan'd with Deicide.

Then

Then down with all thy boasted Volumes down,
Only reserve the Sacred One ;
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow ;
Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes,
Deject thy self, that thou may'st rise ;
And to see Heaven be blind to all below.
Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her Immortal Perspective ;
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve :
Then thy enliv'ned Soul shall know
That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
With all their Comments, never cou'd invent
So politick an Instrument,
So fit, as *Jacob's* Ladder was to scale the distant
Skie.

THE
Last parting
OF
Hector and Andromache.
FROM
THE SIXTH BOOK
OF
Homer's Iliads.

Translated from the Original
BY
Mr. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the Field of Battel, 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

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 Tow'r of *Ilion*.

From whence with heavy Heart she might survey
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 ev'ry 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

The Servants answer'd, neither to the Court
Where *Priam's* Sons and Daughters did resort,
Nor to the Temple was she gone, to move
With Prayers the blew-ey'd Progeny of *Jove* ;
But, more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the Tow'r 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 Nurse went lagging after with the Child.

This heard, the Noble *Hector* made no stay ;
'Th' admiring Throng divide, to give him way :
He pass'd through every Street, by which he came,
And at the Gate he met the mournful Dame.

His Wife beheld him, and with eager pace,
Flew to his *Arms*, to meet a dear Embrace :

His

His Wife, who brought in Dow'r *Cilicia's* Crown;

And, in her self, a greater Dow'r alone:

Aëtion's Heyr, who on the Woody Plain

Of *Hippoplacus* did in *Thebe* reign.

Breathless she flew, with Joy and Passion wild,

The Nurse came lagging after with her Child.

The *Royal Babe* upon her *Breast* was laid;

Who, like the Morning Star, his beams display'd.

Scamandrius was his Name which *Hector* gave,

From that fair Flood which *Ilion'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,

His tender Wife stood weeping by, the while:

Prest in her own, his Warlike hand she took,

Then sigh'd, and thus Prophetically spoke.

Thy

Thy dauntless Heart (which I foresee too late,)
Too daring Man, will urge thee to thy Fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a Parent's mind,
This helpless Orphan whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy Partner of thy *Bed*;
Who must in Triumph by the *Greeks* be led:
They seek thy Life; and in unequal Fight,
With many will oppress thy single Might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die before the Fate which I foresee.
For ah what comfort can the World bequeath
To *Hector's* Widow, after *Hector's* death!

Eternal Sorrow and perpetual Tears
Began my Youth, and will conclude my Years:
I have no Parents, Friends, nor Brothers left;
By stern *Achilles* all of Life bereft.

Then

Then when the Walls of *Thebes* he o'rethrew,
His fatal Hand my Royal Father slew;
He slew *Aëtion*, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the Funeral Rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below;
And reverenc'd thus the Manes of his Foe:
A Tomb he rais'd; the Mountain Nymphs around,
Enclos'd with planted Elms the Holy Ground.

My sev'n brave *Brothers* in one fatal Day
To Death's dark Mansions took the mournful way:
Slain by the same *Achilles*, while they keep
The bellowing Oxen and the bleating Sheep.
My Mother, who the Royal Scepter sway'd,
Was Captive to the cruel Victor made:
And hither led: but hence redeem'd with Gold,
Her Native Country did again behold.

And

And but beheld: for soon *Diana's* Dart
In an unhappy Chace transfix'd her Heart.

But thou, my *Hector*, art thy self alone,
My Parents, Brothers, and my Lord in one:
O kill not all my Kindred o're again,
Nor tempt the Dangers of the dusty Plain;
But in this Tow'r, for our Defence, remain.
Thy Wife and Son are in thy Ruin lost:
This is a Husband's and a Father's Post.
The *Scæan* Gate commands the Plains below;
Here marshal all thy Souldiers as they go;
And hence, with other Hands, repel the Foe.
By yon wild Fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their Pow'rs are daily bent:
The two *Ajaces* have I often seen,
And the wrong'd Husband of the *Spartan* Queen:

With

A spectacle in *Argos*, at the Loom,
Gracing with *Trojan* Fights, a *Grecian* Room;
Or from deep Wells, the living Stream to take,
And on thy weary Shoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious Life,
They insolently call thee *Hector's* Wife.
Upbraid thy *Bondage* with thy Husband's name ;
And from my Glory propagate thy Shame.
This when they say, thy Sorrows will encrease
With anxious thoughts of former Happiness ;
That he is dead who cou'd thy wrongs redress.
But I oppress'd with Iron Sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing Cries no more.

He said.

Then, holding forth his *Arms*, he took his *Boy*,
(The Pledge of Love, and other hope of *Troy*;) }
The fearful Infant turn'd his Head away;
And on his Nurse's Neck reclining lay,

His unknown Father shunning with affright,
And looking back on so uncouth a fight.
Daunted to see a Face with Steel o're-spread,
And his high Plume, that nodded o're his Head.
His Sire and Mother smil'd with silent Joy ;
And *Hector* hasten'd to relieve his Boy ;
Dismiss'd his burnish'd Helm, that shone afar,
(The Pride of Warriours, and the Pomp of War :)
Th' *Illustrious Babe*, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his *Arms*, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of Gods, and Men, propitious *Jove*,
And you bright Synod of the Pow'rs 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 Renown :
To shield the People, and assert the Crown :

That,

That, when hereafter he from War 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
Out-goes the Mark; and drowns his Father's Name:
That at these words his Mother may rejoyce:
And add her Suffrage to the publick 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
Th' Illustrious Infant to her fragrant *Breast*.
He wiping her fair Eyes, indulg'd her Grief,
And eas'd her Sorrows with this last Relief.

My Wife and Mistress, drive thy fears away;
Nor give so bad an Omen to the Day:

Think

Think not it lies in any *Grecian's* Pow'r,
To take my Life before the fatal Hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' 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 Woe she vents,
And fills the Palace with her loud Laments :
Those loud Laments her echoing Maids restore,
And *Hector*, yet alive, as dead deplore.

STPHI.

S Y P H I L I S.

Written

(I N L A T I N)

By that Famous

POET *and* PHYSICIAN

Fracaſtorius.

ENGLISH'D BY

Mr. T A T E.

2 Y P H I L I S

Written

(I N L A T I N)

By that Famous

POET AND PHYSICIAN

Frascatorius.

ENGLISHED BY

Mr. T A T E.

**THE
TRANSLATOR
TO**

Dr. THO. HOBBS.

A Ccept, great Son of *Art*, this faint effect
Of a most active, and unfeign'd Respect:
Numbers that yield (Alas!) too just survey
Of Physick's growth and Poetry's decay.
That shew a generous Muse impair'd by Me,
As much as th' Author's skill's out-done by Thee.
This *Indian Conquerer's* fatal March he sung,
To the same Lyre his own *Apollo* strung;

Whose Notes yet fail'd the Monster to assuage,
 Revenging Here, invading *Spaniard's* Rage.

Dear was the Conquest of a new found World,
 Whose Plague e're since through all the Old is
 hurl'd.

Had *Fracastorius*, who in Numbers told
 (Numbers more rich than those new Lands of
 Gold)

This great Destroyer's Progress, seen this *Age*
 And thy Success against the Tyrant's Rage,
Bembus, had then been no immortal Name,

Thou and thy *Art* had challeng'd all his Flame!

Thou driv'st th' Usurper to his last Retreats,
 Repairing as Thou go'st the ruin'd Seats:

Thus while the Foe is by thy *Art* remov'd,

The Holds are strengthen'd, and the Soil im-
 prov'd.

Thy happy Conquest do's at once Expell

Th' Invader's force, and inbred Factions quell.

Thy

Thy Patients and *Augusta's* fate's the same,
To rise more fair and lasting for the *Flame*:
While meaner *Artists* this bold Task essay,
I'th' little *World of Man* they lose their way.
Thou know'st the secret Passes to each Part,
And, skill'd in *Nature*, can'st not fail in *Art*.

Thy Patients and Alas! the fate's the same,
To rise more fair and lasting for the Flame:
While manner dwells this bold Task essay,
Th' little World of Man they lose their way.
Thou know'st the secret Passes to each Part,
And skill'd in Nature, can'st not fail in Art.

A n d 3 T H E

THE LIFE OF Fracastorius.

Fracastorius was descended from the *Fracastorian* Family of great Antiquity in *Verona*. He seemed not only to rival the Fame of *Catullus* and *Pliny*, who had long before made that City renowned, but to have very far exceeded all his Contemporaries, for Learning and Poetry. His Parents were *Paulo-Philippus Fracastorius*, and *Camilla Mascarellia*, both of great Reputation. He was so well educated by his Father, that he gave early proofs of a great Genius, so that in his Childhood all men conceived hopes of an extraordinary man. Nor was Providence wanting to give him a signal Testimony, forasmuch as when he was an Infant in the Arms of his Mother, a sudden Tempest arising, in which the Mother was struck dead by

The Life of Fracastorius.

Lightning, the Child received no harm. He was sent for literature while very young to *Padua*, where even in that Age with indefatigable labour, he opened his way to that height of Glory which he afterwards attained: After the initiatory Arts he applied himself to the secrets of distinct Sciences, but infinitely delighted with the Mathematicks, in all, assisted by a Memory equal to his Ingenuity. After several years spent in Philosophical studies under the Tutorship of *Peter Pomponatius* of *Mantua*; he devoted himself by the dictates of his Genius to Physick, with such resolution and success, that in the School disputations, not only his fellow Students, but most experienc'd Doctors, were sensible that he was designed by Providence for great Undertakings. Accordingly they then gave him the honour of the Pulpit, which had never before been permitted to any person till they had perfected their studies, and were arrived to the years of Manhood. This School being dissolv'd by the breaking out of the War, while he had thoughts of returning to his Countrey (his Father being then dead) he was on honourable conditions invited by *Livianus*, General of the *Venetian* Forces, and a noble Patron of Wit, to the College *Forojulienfis*, &c.—and lodged in the same apartment of *Andrea Naugerus* and *Johannes Cottac*, two excellent Poets. He had not long resided here before he published Verses on every extraordinary Occasion that happened, which were received with such general applause throughout *Italy*, that their fame has to this day stifled the performances of his Companions. Having afterwards accompanied *Livianus* through many Wars, the General being at last overthrown and taken Prisoner by the *French* at *Abdua*; he returned late into his native Countrey,

The Life of Fracastorius.

Countrey, where in the general devastation he found his Patrimony almost utterly destroyed.

He marry'd, but was soon unhappy in the loss of two Sons, whose untimely Death he bewailed in a most passionate Elegy. He was low of Stature, but of good bulk, his Shoulders broad, his Hair black and long, his Face round, his Eyes black, his Nose short and turning upwards by his continual contemplation of the Stars, a lively air was spread over his Countenance, that displayed the Serenity and Ingenuity of his Mind. He affected a quiet and private life, as being a Man free from ambitious desires; contenting himself with a moderate fortune, and placing his happiness in improvement of his knowledge. He was cheerful though frugal at his Table, having a constant regard to his health; his Wit being always the best part of his Banquet. He was notwithstanding sparing in his Speech, and affecting no vanity in his Dress: he was never censorious of other Mens performances, but always glad of an occasion to commend; for which he was deservedly celebrated by *Johannes Baptista* in a noble Epigram. He spent his time in curing the diseased, a divine Power seeming always to attend his endeavours, above the sordid desire of gain, and thought himself best rewarded in the health of his Patient. By these means he contracted many friendships, and had (deservedly) no Enemy.

He was not only esteemed for his skill in his own Countrey, but was sought to by foreign Princes in desperate sickness, for which though vast rewards were offered, he brought nothing home beside their Friendship.

In his leisure he diverted himself with reading History, at which time *Polybius*, or *Plutarch* were never
out

The Life of Fracastorius.

out of his hands. He sometimes relieved his Studies with Mathematicks and Musick, and made no small performances in Cosmography. He was much alone, yet always employed; and though by reason of his backwardness to discourse, he seemed of a Saturnine Temper, yet none were more chearful and pleasant when entred into Conversation. He performed wonders by his exact knowledge of Herbs and Simples, by searching the best Books of the Ancients. That most excellent Antidote called *Diascordium*, was of his preparing; we are likewise beholding to his judgment for specifying many useful Herbs, of which the Ancients had left uncertain description. The Age in which he lived saw nothing equal to his Learning, but his honesty. In his retreat from the City, while the Pestilence raged, he found leisure to compose the following Poem, a work of such elegance, that *Sanazarius* freely acknowledged it to excell his own, *De partu Virginis*, that had cost him above twenty years labour and correction. His Treatises in Prose and efforts of Poetry are too numerous to be recited on this occasion.

In all which he affected so little vanity, that he never preserv'd a Copy; and we are beholding for what are extant, to the Industry of his Friends that collected them after his death.

He was above 70 years old when he dyed, which was by an Apoplexy that seiz'd him while he was at Dinner at his Countrey seat. He was Sensible of his malady, though speechless, often putting his Hand upon the top of his Head, by which sign he would have had his Servants administer a Cupping-Glass to the part affected, by which he had formerly cured a Nun in *Verona*, labouring under the same Distemper. But his

The Life of Fracastorius.

his Domesticks, not conceiving his meaning, apply'd first one thing and then another, till in the Evening he gently Expired. He was Interr'd at *Verona*: His Statue, together with that of *Andrea Naugerus*, delicately cast in Brass, was erected in the School of *Padua* by *Johannes Baptista Rhamnusius*. His fellow Citizens of *Verona*, not to be behind *Rhamnusius* in respect (two years after the erecting the brazen Statue in *Padua*) set up his Image in marble at *Verona*, in imitation of their Ancestours, who had performed the same honour to their *Catullus* and *Pliny*; with Laurel round their Heads.

T O

The Life of Tricallottus.

his Domesticks, not conceiving his meaning, apply'd first
one thing and then another, till in the Evening he
gently expired. He was buried at Lyons: His Star-
ve, together with that of a young Virgin, delicately
call'd in France, was erected in the School of Paris by
Johannes Baptista Adamus. His Relics, thirteen of
years, not to be believ'd, remaining in respect (two
years after the erecting the brass Statue in Paris)
set up his Image in marble at Lyons, in imitation
of their Ancestors, who had performed the same ho-
nour to their Canons and Bishops: with Laurel round
their Heads.

T O

T O
His Friend,

The Writer of the
ENSUING TRANSLATION.

WELL has thy Fate directed thee to chuse
An Author, worthy of the noblest Muse:

His learned Pen has, what was long unknown,

In Roman language, like a Roman shown.

And thine as sweet, in British numbers taught

The Labours of his vast Poetick thought.

Of Earth, of Seas, of putrid Air He sung,

To search from whence that dire Contagion sprung,

Which now does worse than fellest Plagues deface

The beauteous Form of God's resembling Race.

From

*From the Malignant influence of the Skies,
'Tis sure the Seeds of most Diseases rise.*

*But if this merciless, consuming Flame,
From Vapours, or infectious Planets came;
Why rag'd it not much more in ancient Times,*

*From Exhalations of impurer Climes?
Besides; no settled Consequence can spring*

From whatsoe're contingent Causes bring.

The raging Pestilence, that long lays waste

The spotted Prey, devours it self at last.

And sure had this been ne're so strong entail'd,

The vile succession must e're now have fail'd.

*Blame not the Stars; 'tis plain it neither fell
From the distemper'd Heavens, nor rose from Hell.*

Nor need we to the distant Indies roam;

The curst Originals are nearer home.

Whence should that foul infectious Torment flow,

But from the baneful source of all our wo?

That

*That wheedling, charming Sex, that draws us in
To ev'ry punishment and ev'ry sin.*

*While Man, by Heav'n's command, and Nature led,
Through this vast Globe his Maker's Image spread;
The Godlike Figure form'd in ev'ry Womb
Prolifick stems, for Ages yet to come.
Uncurst, because he did not vainly toil,
On barren Mountains, or impregnant soil;
Healthful and vigorous, He, o're the face
Of the wide Earth, dispers'd the Sacred race.
But now, that Tribe, who all our Rights invade,
Pervert the wise Decrees which Nature made.*

*Prompt to all ill, Insatiately they fire
At ev'ry pamper'd Brutes untam'd desire:
And while they prostitute themselves to more
Than Eastern Kings had Concubines before;
The foul Promiscuous Coition breeds,
Like jarring Elements, those pois'nous seeds,*

Which

*Which all the dreadful host of Symptoms bring;
 And with one curst Disease a Legion spring.
 Were the decay'd, degen'rate race of Man,
 Untainted now, as when it first began;
 And there were no such tort'ring Plague on Earth,
 The first inconstant Wretch wou'd give it birth.
 Shun her, as you wou'd fly from splitting Rocks;
 Not Wolves so fatal are to tender Flocks:
 Though round the world the dire Contagion flew,
 She'll poison more, than e're Pandora flew.*

SYPHI-

A
 POETICAL
 HISTORY
 OF THE
 FRENCH DISEASE.

Through what adventures this unknown Disease
 So lately did astonisht *Europe* seize,
 Through *Asian* Coasts and *Libyan* Cities ran,
 And from what Seeds the Malady began,
 Our Song shall tell: To *Naples* first it came
 From *France*, and justly took from *France* his
 Companion of the War———(Name,

B

The

The Methods next of Cure we shall exprefs,
The wondrous Wit of Mortals in diftrefs :
But when their Skill too faint Refiftence made,
We'll fhew the Gods descending to their aid.
To reach the fecret Causes we muft rife
Above the Clouds, and travell o'er the Skies.
The daring Subject let us then purfue,
Transported with an Argument fo new,
While fpringing Groves and tunefull Birds invite,
And Mufes that in wondrous Theams delight.

O *Bembus*, Ornament of *Italy*,
If yet from Cares of State thou canft be free,
If *Leo's* Councils yet can spare thy skill,
And let the Bufinefs of the World ftand ftill ;
O ftal a vifit to thofe cool retreats,
The Mufes deareft moft frequented Seats ;
And, gentle *Bembus*, do not there difdain
A Member of the *Efculapian* Train,

Attempt

Attempting Physicks practice to rehearse,
And clothing low Experiments in Verse.
A God instructs, these mysteries of old
By great *Apollo's* self in equal streins were told.
The smallest objects oft attract our Eyes,
But here, beneath a small appearance, lies
A Source, that greatest wonder will create,
Of Nature much and very much of Fate.

But thou, *Urania*, who alone canst trace
First Causes, measure out the Starry space;
That know'st the Planets number, force and use,
And what Effects the vari'd Orbs produce:
So may the Sphears thy Heavenly Course admire,
The Stars with envy at thy Beams retire;
As thou a while shalt Condescend to dwell,
With me on Earth, and make this Grove thy Cell;
While *Zephyrus*, can my head, with Myrtle bound,
And imitating Rocks my Song resound.

Say, Goddess, to what Cause we shall at last
Assign this Plague, unknown to Ages past;
If from the Western Climes 'twas waisted o'er,
When daring *Spaniards* left their Native shore;
Resolv'd beyond th' *Atlantick* to descry,
Conjectur'd Worlds, or in the search to dye.
For Fame Reports this Grief perpetual there,
From Skies infected and polluted Air :
From whence 'tis grown so Epidemical,
Whole Cities Victims to its Fury fall ;
Few scape, for what relief where vital Breath,
The Gate of Life, is made the Road of death ?
If then by Traffick thence this Plague was brought,
How Dearly Dearly was that Traffick bought !
This Prodigy of sickness, weak at first,
(Like Infant Tyrants and in secret Nurst)
When once confirm'd, with sudden rage breaks forth
And scatters desolation through the Earth.

So,

So while the Shepherd travelling through the dark
Strikes his dim Torch, some unsuspected Spark
Falls in the Stubble, where it smothers long
But by degrees becomes at last so strong,
That now it spreads o'er all the Neighbouring foil,
Devours at once the Plowmans hope and Toil;
The sacred Grove next Sacrifice must be,
Nor *Jove* can save his dedicated Tree;
The Grove Foments its Rage from whence it flies
In curling flames and seems to fire the Skies.
Yet observation rightly taken draws
This new Distemper from some newer Cause;
Nor Reason can allow that this Disease,
Came first by Commerce from beyond the Seas;
Since instances in divers Lands are shown,
To whom all *Indian* Traffick is unknown:
Nor could th' Infection from the Western Clime
Seize distant Nations at the self same time;

And in Remoter parts begin its Reign,
As fierce and early as it did in *Spain*.
What slaughter in our *Italy* was made
Where *Tiber's* Tribute to the Oceans paid;
Where *Poe* does through a hundred Cities glide,
And pours as many Streams into the Tide.
All at one Season, all without relief,
Receiv'd and languisht with the common grief,
Nor can th' Infection first be charg'd on *Spain*,
That fought new Worlds beyond the Western
Since from *Pyrene's* foot, to *Italy*, (Main.
It shed its Bane on *France*, while *Spain* was free.
As soon the fertile *Rhine* its fury found,
And Regions with eternal Winter bound:
Nor yet did Southern Climes its vengeance shun,
But felt a flame more scorching than the Sun.
The Palms of *Ida* now neglected stood,
And *Egypt* languisht while her *Nile* o'erflow'd;

From

From whence 'tis plain this Pest must be assign'd
To some more pow'rfull Cause and hard to find.

In all productions of wise Nature's hand,
Whether Conceiv'd in Air on Sea or Land ;
No constant method does direct her way,
But various Beings various Laws obey ;
Such things as from few Principles arise,
In every place and season meet our eyes ;
But what are fram'd of Principles abstruce,
Such places onely and such times produce,
Effects of yet a more stupendious Birth,
And such as Nature must with pangs bring forth,
Where violent and various Seeds unite,
Break slowly from the Bosome of the Night ;
Long in the Womb of Fate the Embryo's worn,
Whole Ages pass before the Monster's born.

Diseases thus which various Seeds compound,
As various in their Birth and date are found.

Some always seen, some long in darkness hurld,
That break their chains at last to scourge the World.
To which black List this Plague must be assign'd,
Nights foulest Birth and Terrour of Mankind.
Nor must we yet think this escape the first,
Since former Ages with the like were curst.
Long since he scatter'd his Infernal flame,
And always Being had, though not a Name,
At least what Name it bore is now unfound:
Both Names and things in times Abyss lye drown'd.
How vainly then do we project to keep
Our Names remembred when our Bodies sleep?
Since late Succession searching their descent,
Shall neither find our dust nor Monument.
Yet where the Western Ocean finds its bound
(The World so lately by the *Spaniards* found)
Beneath this Pest the wretched Natives groan
In every Nation there and always known,

Such

Such dire Effects depend upon a Clime,
On varying Skies and long Revolving time :
The temper of their Air this Plague brought forth,
The Soil it self dispos'd for such a Birth.
All things conspir'd to raise the Tyrant there,
But time alone cou'd fix his Conquest here.
If therefore more distinctly we would know
Each Source from whence this deadly Bane did
His Progress in the Earth we must survey (flow,
How many Cities groan beneath his sway.
And when his great Advancement we have trac'd,
We must allow his Principles as vast.
That Earth nor Sea th' Ingredients cou'd prepare
And wholly must ascribe it to the Air,
The Tyrant's seat, his Magazine is there.
The Air that do's both Earth and Sea surround,
As easily can Earth and Sea confound ;

What

What Fence for Bodies when at every pore
The soft Invader has an open door? (Breath,
What fence, where poyson's drawn with vitall
And Father Air the Authour proves of Death?
Of subtile substance that with ease receives
Infection, which as easily it gives.
Now by what means this dire Contagion first,
Was form'd aloft, by what Ingredients nurst,
Our Song shall tell; and in this wondrous Course,
Revolving times and varying Planets force.

First then the Sun with all his train of Stars,
Amongst our Elements raise endless Wars;
And when the Planets from their Stations Range,
Our Orb is influenc'd, and feels the Change.
The chiefest instance is the Suns retreat,
No sooner he withdraws his vital heat,
But fruitless Fields with Snow are cover'd o'er,
The pretty Fountains run and talk no more,

Yet

Yet when his Chariot to the *Crab* returns,
The Air, the Earth, the very Ocean burns.
The Queen of Night can boast no less a sway,
At least all humid things her power obey.
Malignant *Saturn's* Star as much can claim,
With friendly *Jove's*, bright *Mars*, and *Venus*
flame,
And all the host of Lights without a Name.
Our Elements beneath their influence lye,
Slaves to the very Rabble of the Sky.
But most when many meet in one abode,
Or when some Planet enters a new road,
Far distant from the Course he us'd to run,
Some mighty work of Fate is to be done.
Long tracts of time indeed must first be spent,
Before completion of the vast event;
But when the Revolution once is made
What mischiefs Earth and Sea at once Invade!

Poor

Poor Mortals then shall all extremes sustain
While Heav'n dissolves in Deluges of Rain;
Which from the mountains with impetuous course,
And headlong Rage, Trees, Rocks and Towns
shall force,

O'er swelling *Ganges* then shall sweep the Plain,
And peacefull *Poe* outroar the Stormy Main.

In other parts the Springs as low shall lye,
And Nymphs with Tears, exhausted streams
supply.

Where neither Drought nor Deluges destroy,
The winds their utmost fury shall employ;
While Hurricans whole Cities shall o'erthrow,
Or Earthquakes Gorge them in the depths below.
Perhaps the Season shall arrive (if Fate
And Nature once agree upon the date)
When this most cultivated Earth shall be
Unpeopled quite, or drench'd beneath the Sea;

When

When ev'n the Sun another Course shall steer,
And other Seasons constitute the year :
The wondring North shall see the springing Vine,
And *Moors* admire at Snow beneath the Line.
New *Species* then of Creatures shall arise
A new Creation Nature's self surprise.
Then Youth shall lend fresh vigour to the Earth,
And give a second breed of Gyants birth.
By whom a new assault shall be perform'd,
Hills heap'd on Hills, and Heaven once more
be storm'd.

Since Nature's then so lyable to change,
Why should we think this late Contagion strange ;
Or that the Planets where such mischiefs grow,
Should shed their poyson on the Earth below ?
Two hundred rowling years are past away,
Since *Mars* and *Saturn* in Conjunction lay.

When

When through the East an unknown Fever Rag'd,
Of strange Effects and by no Arts Asswag'd;
From suffocated Lungs with pain they drew
Their breath, and blood for spittle did ensue;
Four days the wretches with this Plague were
griev'd,

(Oh dismal sight) and then by death reliev'd.
From thence to *Persia* the Contagion came,
Of whom th' *Affyrians* catch'd the spreading flame.
Euphrates next and *Tigris* did complain,
Arabia too stil'd happy now in vain;
Then *Phrygia* mourn'd, from whence it crost the
(Too small to quench its flame) to *Italy*. (Sea

Then from this lower Orb with me remove
To view the Starry Palaces above,
Through all the Roads of wandering Planets rove.
To search in what position they have stood,
And what Conjectures were from them made good.

To

To find what Signs did former times direct,
And what the present Age is to expect :
From hence perhaps we shall with ease descry
The Source of this stupendious Malady.
Behold how *Cancer* with portentous harms
Before Heav'ns Gate unfolds his threatning Armes;
Prodigious ills must needs from thence ensue,
In which one House we may distinctly view
A numerous Cabal of Stars conspire,
To hurl at once on Air their bainfull fire.
All this the Rev'rend Artist did descry
Who nightly watch'd the Motions of the Sky,
Ye Gods (he cry'd) what does your rage prepare,
What unknown Plague engenders in the Air ?
Besides, I see dire Wars on *Europe* shed,
Ausonian Fields with Native Gore o'erspread.
Thus Sung the Sage, and to prevent ~~de~~late,
In writing left the Story of our Fate.

When

When any certain Course of years is run
E'er the next Revolution be begun,
Heavens Method is, for *Jove* in all his State,
To weigh Events and to determine Fate ;
To search the Book of destiny and show
What change shall rise in Heav'n or Earth below.
Behold him then in awfull Robes array'd,
And calling his known Counsel to his aid ;
Saturn and *Mars* the Thundring Summons call,
The *Crab's* portentous Armes unlock the Hall,
Mark with what various meen the Gods repair,
First *Mars* with sparkling Eyes and flaming Hair,
So furious and addicted to Alarms,
He dreams of Battels, though in *Venus* Armes.
But see with what august and peacefull brow
(Of Gold his Chariot if the Fates allow)
Great *Jove* appears, who do's to all extend
Impartial Justice, Heav'n and Nature's friend.

Old *Saturn* last with heavy pace comes on,
Loath to obey the Summons of his Son;
Oft going stopt, oft pender'd in his mind
Heaven's Empire lost, oft to return inclin'd;
Thus, much distracted, and arriving late,
Sits grudging down beside the Chair of State.
Jove now unfolds what Fate's dark laws contain,
Which *Jove* alone has Wisdom to Explain:
Sees ripning Mischiefs ready to be hurl'd,
And much Condoles the Suffrings of the World:
Unfolded views deaths Adamantine Gates,
War, Slaughters, Factions and subverted States.
But most astonish'd at a new Disease,
That must forthwith on helpless Mortals seize,
These secrets he unfolds, and shakes the Skies:
The Gods Condole and from the Council rise.
Hell's Agent thus no sooner quits his Cage,
But on the starting Spheres he hurles his rage:

The purer Orbs disdain th' Infernal foe,
And shake the Taint upon the Air below.
The groffer Air receives the banefull Seeds,
Converting to the Poison which it feeds :
Whether the Sun from Earth this Vapour drew,
In late Conjunction with his fiery Crew ;
Or from Fermenting Seas by *Neptune* sent
In Envy to the higher Element,
Is hard to say ; or if more Powers combin'd,
Sent forth this Prodigy to fright Mankind.
The Offices of Nature to define,
And to each Cause a true effect assign,
Must be a Task both hard and doubtfull too,
Since various consequences oft ensue :
Nor Nature always to her self is true.
Some Principles shall on the Instant work,
Whilst others shall for tedious Ages lurk :

Besides,

Besides the Power of Chance shall oft prevail,
On Natures force, and cause Events to fail.
Nor is the influence of Maladies
Less various than the Seeds from whence they rise.
Sometimes th' infected Air hurts Trees alone,
To grafs and tender flowers pernicious known.
The blast sometimes destroys the furrow'd foil,
With mildew'd Ears not worth the Reapers toil.
Or if some Dale with Grain seems more enrich'd,
It moulds and rots before the sheaves are pitchd.
When Earth yields store, yet oft some strange
Shall fall and onely on poor Cattel seize. (Disease
Here it shall sweep the Stock, while there it sheds
Its fury onely on devoted Heads.
My own Remembrance to this hour retains,
An Autumn drown'd with never ceasing Rains:
Yet this Malignant Luxury the breed
Of Goats alone did rue, the rest were freed.

See how at break of day their number's told,
See how the Keeper drives them from the Fold:
Behold him next beneath a hanging Rock,
And chearing with his Reed the browzing Flock,
While them he charms nor is himself less
pleas'd,
With a sharp sudden Cough some darling Kid is
(feiz'd
The Cough his Knell, for with a giddy round
He whirls, and streight falls dead upon the ground.
This fever thus to Goats and Kids severe
While *Autumn* held, confined his Vengeance there;
Next Spring, both lowing Herd and Bleating
Flock
At once it feiz'd, spar'd none but swept the Stock:
With such uncertainty from tainted Skies
In Bodies plac't on Earth effects arise.

Since then by dear experiment we find
Diseases various in their Rise and Kind:

Of

Of this Contagion let us take a view,
More terrible for being Strange and new,
That with the proudest Son of Slaughter vies,
And claims no lower kindred than the Skies;
And as he did aloft conceive his Flame,
The proud Destroyer seeks no common Game,
He scorns the well finn'd Sporters of the Flood,
He scornsthe well plum'd Singers of the wood;
Disdains the wanton Browzers of the Rock,
Disdains the lowing Herd and bleating Flock;
With Wolf or Bear, despizes to engage,
Nor can the generous Horse provoke his rage:
The Lords of Nature onely he annoys,
And humane frame, Heav'ns Images, destroys.
The bloud's black viscous parts he seizes first,
By whose malignant Aliments he's nurst;
And e'er he can the fierce Assault begin,
Factions of humours take his part within;

The strongest Holds of nature thus he gains,
Quar'tring his cruel Troop throughout the veins,
While some more noble Seat the Tyrant's Throne
contains.

Such principles brought this Distemper forth,
Such Aliments maintain'd the dreadful Birth.
His certain signs and symptoms to rehearse,
Is the next taske of our instructing Verse.
O, may it prove of such a lasting date,
To conquer Time, and Triumph over Fate.
Apollo's self inspires the usefull Song,
And all that to *Apollo* do's belong,
Like him, should ever, live and be for ever young.
How shall Posterity admire our skill,
Taught by our Muse to know the lurking ill,
And when his dreadful Visage they behold,
Cry, this is the Disease whose Signs of old
Th' inspir'd Physician in bright numbers told.

For

For thô th' infernal Pest should quit the Earth,
Absconding in the Hell, that gave it Birth;
Yet after lazy Revolutions past
The unsuspected Prodigy at last,
Shall from the womb of Night once more be hurl'd,
T' infect the Skies, and to amaze the World.
What therefore seems most wondrous in his course
Is that he should so long conceal his Force;
For when the Foe his secret way has made,
And in our Intrails strong detachments laid;
Yet oft the Moon four monthly rounds shall steer
Before convincing Symptoms shall appear;
So long the Malady shall lurk within,
And grow confirm'd before the danger's seen;
Yet with Disturbance to the wretch diseas'd,
Who with unwonted heaviness is seiz'd,
With drooping Spirits, his affairs persues,
And all his Limbs their offices refuse,

The chearfull glories of his Eyes decay,
And from his Cheeks the Roses fade away,
A leaden hue o'er all his Face is spread,
And greater weights depress his drooping Head;
Till by degrees the Secret parts shall show,
By open proofs the undermining Foe;
Who now his dreadfull ensigns shall display,
Devour, and harass in the sight of day.
Again, when chearfull Light has left the Skies,
And Night's ungratefull shades and Vapors rise;
When Nature to our Spirits sounds retreat,
And to the Vitals calls Her stragling Heat;
When th' out works are no more of warmth possess'd,
Bloudless, and with a load of humours prest;
When ev'ry kind Relief's retir'd within,
'Tis then the Execrable Pains begin;
Armes, Shoulders, Legs, with restless Aches vex'd,
And with Convulsions ev'ry Nerve perplex'd;

For

For when through all our Veins th' Infection's
spread,

And by what e'er should feed the Body fed;
When Nature strives the Vitals to defend,
And all destructive humours outward send:
These being viscous, gross and loath to start,
In its dull March shall torture ev'ry Part;
Whence to the Bloudless Nerves dire Pains ensue,
At once contracted, and extended too;
The thinner Parts will yet not stick so fast,
But to the Surface of the Skin are cast,
Which in foul Botches o'er the Body spread,
Prophane the Bosome, and deform the Head:
Here Puscles in the form of Achorns swell'd,
In form alone, for these with Stench are fill'd,
Whose Ripness is Corruption, that in time,
Disdain confinement, and discharge the slime;

Yet

Yet oft the Foe would turn his Forces back,
The Brawn and inmost Muscles to attack,
And pierce so deep, that the bare Bones have been
Betwixt the dreadfull fleshy Breaches seen;
When on the vocal parts his Rage was spent,
Imperfect sounds, for tunefull Speech was sent,
As on a springing Plant, you have beheld
The juice that through the tender Bark has swell'd,
That from the Sap's more viscous part did come,
Till by the Sun condens'd into a Gumm:
So when this Bane is once receiv'd within,
With such Eruptions he shall force the Skin;
And when the Humour for a time has flow'd,
Grow fixt at last, and harden to a Node.
Hence some young Swain, as on the Rocks he stood,
To view his Picture in the crystal Flood,
And finding there his lovely Cheeks deform'd,
Against the Stars, against the Gods he storm'd:

Mean

Mean while the Sable Wings of Night are spread,
And balmy Sleep on ev'ry creature shed.
These wretches onely no Repose could take,
By this tormenting Fiend still kept Awake;
Impatient till the Morn restor'd the Light,
Then curst her Beams, and wish'd again for Night.
Ceres in vain her blessings did afford,
In vain the flowing Goblet crown'd the Board;
No comfort they in large Possessions had,
Of Farms, or Towns, but e'en in Banquets sad:
In vain the Streams, and Meads they did frequent,
The dismal Thought persu'd wheree'er they went;
And when for Prospect they would climb the Hill,
The dire Remembrance Hagg'd their Fancy still:
In vain the Gods themselves they did invoke,
Adorn'd their Shrines, and made their Altars smoak:
They Brib'd and Pray'd, yet still reliefless lay,
Their offer'd Gumms consum'd less fast than they.

Shall

Shall I relate what I my self beheld,
Where *Ollius* stream with gentle plenty swell'd?
In those fair Meads where *Ollius* cuts his way,
A Youth of Godlike form I did survey,
By all the World besides unparallel'd,
And ev'n in *Italy* by none excell'd;
First Signs of Manhood on his Cheeks were shewn,
A tender Harvest, and but thinly sown,
Besides those charms that did his Person grace,
Descended from a rich and noble Race:
What transport in Spectatours did he breed,
Mounted, and managing the fiery Steed,
What Joy at once, and Terrour did we feel,
When he prepar'd for Field, and shone in Steel?
Of equal Strength and Skill for Exercise,
All conflicts try'd, but never lost a Prize;
Oft in the Chase his Courser he'd forgo,
Trust his own Feet, and turn the swiftest Roe.

For

For him each Nymph, for him each Goddess strove,
Of Hill, of Plain, of Meadow, Stream and Grove;
Nor can we doubt that in this numerous Train,
Some One (neglected) did to Heaven complain,
Who though in vain She lov'd, yet did not Curse
in vain;

For whilst the Youth did to his Strength confide,
And Nerves in ev'ry Task of hardship try'd.
This finish'd Piece, this celebrated Frame,
The Mansion of a loath'd Disease became:
But of such banefull, and malignant Kind, (find.
As Ages past ne'er knew, and future ne'er shall
Now might you see his Spring of Youth decay,
The Verdure dye, the Blossoms fall away;
The foul Infection o'er his Body spread,
Prophanes his Bosome, and deforms his Head;
His wretched Limbs with filth and stench o'erflow,
While Flesh divides, and shews the Bones below.

Dire

Dire Ulcers (can the Gods permit them) prey
On his fair Eye-balls, and devour their Day,
Whilst the neat Pyramid below, falls Mouldring
quite away.

Him neighbouring *Alps* bewail'd with constant
Ollius; no more his wonted Passage knew (Dew,
Hills, Valleys, Rocks, Streams, Groves, his Fate
Bemoan'd,

Sebinus Lake from deepest Caverns groan'd.

From hence malicious *Saturn's* Force is known,
From whose malignant Orb this Plague was thrown,
To whom more cruel *Mars* assistance lent,
And club'd his Influence to the dire Event:
Nor could the malice of the Stars suffice,
To make such execrable Mischief rise;
For certainly e'er this Disease began,
Through Hells dark Courts the cursing Furies ran,

Where

Where to astonisht Ghosts they did relate,
In dreadfull Songs, the Burthen of our Fate;
The *Stygian* Pool did to the bottome rake,
And from its Dregs the curst Ingredients take,
Which scatter'd since through *Europe* wide and far,
Bred Pestilence, and more consuming War.

Ye Deities who once our Guardians were,
Who madeth' *Ausonian* fields your special Care,
And thou O *Saturn*, Father of our Breed,
From whence do's this unwonted Rage proceed
Against thy ancient Seats?
Has Fate's dark Store a Plague yet left, which we
Have not sustain'd ev'n to Extremity?
First let *Parthenope* her griefs declare,
Her Kings destroy'd her Temples sack't in War.
Who can the Slaughter of that Day recite,
When hand to hand we joyn'd the *Gauls* in fight,

When

When *Tarrus* Brook was so o'er-swell'd with Bloud
Men, Horses, Arms, rowl'd down th' impetuous
Eridanus in wandring Banks receives (Flood?
The purple Stream, and for our Fate with Brother
To what estate, O wretched *Italy* (*Tarrus* grieves.
Has civil Strife reduc'd, and mouldr'd Thee!
Where now are all thy ancient Glories hurl'd?
Where is thy boasted Empire of the World?
What nook in Thee from barb'rous Rage is freed,
And has not seen her captive Children bleed?
That was not first to savage Arms a Prey,
And do's not yet more savage Laws obey?
Answer ye Hills where peacefull Clusters grew,
And never till this hour disturbance knew,
Calm as the Flood which at your Feet ye View;
Calm as *Erethenus* who on each side,
Beholds your Vines, and ravisht with their Pride,
Moves slowly with his Tribute to the Tide.

O *Italy*

O *Italy*, our Ancient happy Seat,
Glory of Nations, and the Gods Retreat,
Whose fruitfull Fields for peopled Towns provide,
Where *Athesis*, and smooth *Benacus* glide,
What words have force, thy Sufferings to relate,
Thy servile Yoke, and ignominious Fate.
Now dive, *Benacus*, thy fam'd course give o'er
And lead thy Streams through Laurel-Banks no
more.

Yet, when our Mis'ries thus were at their height,
As if our Sorrows still had wanted weight,
As if our former Plagues had been too small,
We saw our Hope, *Minerva's* Darling fall,
Thy Funeral, *Marcus*, we did then survey
Snatcht from the Muses Armes before thy day,
Benacus Banks at thy Interment groan'd,
And neighbouring *Athesis* thy Fate bemoan'd;

D

Where

Where by the Moon's pale Beams, *Catullus* came,
And nightly still was heard to sound thy Name,
His Songs once more his native Seats inspire,
The Groves were charm'd, and knew their
Master's Lyre.

'Twas now the *Galls* began their fierce Alarms,
And crush'd *Liguria* with victorious Arms,
While other Provinces as fast expire
By *Cæsar's* Sword, and more destructive Fire;
No Latian Seat was free from Slaughter found,
But all alike with Tears and Bloud were drown'd.

Now for our second Task, and what Relief
Our Age has found against this raging Grief,
The Methods now of Cure we will express,
The wondrous Wit of Mortals in distress.
Astonisht long they lay, no Remedy
At first they knew, nor Courage had to try,

But

But learnt by slow Experience to appease,
To check, and last to vanquish the Disease.
Yet after all our Study we must own
Some Secrets were by Revelation known:
For though the Stars in dark Cabals combin'd,
And for our Ruine with the Furies join'd,
Yet were we not to last Destruction left,
Nor of the Gods Protection quite bereft.
If strange and dreadfull Maladies have reign'd,
If Wars, dire Massacres we have sustain'd,
If Flames have laid our Fields and Cities waste,
Our Temples too in common Rubbish cast;
If swelling Streams no more in Banks were kept,
But Men, Herds, Houses with the Flood were swept;
If few surviv'd these Plagues, and Famine flew,
The greater Part of that surviving Few.
Yet of such great Adventures we are proud,
As Fate had to no former Age allow'd.

For, what no Mortals ever dar'd before,
We have the Ocean stemm'd from sight of Shore;
Nor was't enough, by *Atlas* farthest bound,
That we the fair *Hesperian* Gardens found,
That we t' *Arabia* a new Passage sought,
While Ships for Camels the rich Lading brought:
To th' outmost East, we since a Voiage made,
And in the rising Sun our Sails display'd,
Beyond the *Ind* large tracts of Land did find,
And left the World's reputed bounds behind,
To pass the World's reputed bounds was small
Performances, of greater Glory call
Our fam'd Adventures on the western Shore,
Discovering Stars, and Worlds unknown before;
But waving these, our Age has yet beheld
An inspir'd Poet, and by none excell'd,
Parthenope extoll'd the Songs he made,
Sebethe's God, and *Virgil's* sacred Shade,

From

From Gardens to the Stars his Muse would rise,
And made the Earth acquainted with the Skies.
His Name might well the Ages pride sustain,
But many more exalted Souls remain;
Who, when Expir'd, and Envy with them dead
To equal the best Ancients shall be said:
But, *Bembus*, while this List we do unfold,
In which Heav'n's blessings on the Age are told,
Leo, the most illustrious place do's claim,
The great Restorer of the *Roman* Name;
By whose mild Aspects, and auspicious Fire,
Malignant Planets to their Cells retire.
Jove's friendly Star once more is seen to rise
And scatters healing Lustre through the Skies,
He, onely He, our Losses could repair,
And call the Muses to their native Air,
Restore the ancient Laws of Right and Just,
Polish Religion, from Barbarian Rust.

For Heav'n, and *Rome* engag'd in fierce Alarms,
With pious Vengeance, and with sacred Arms,
Whose terrour to *Euphrates* Banks was spread,
While *Nile* retir'd t' his undiscover'd Head,
And frighted *Doris* div'd into his oozy Bed.

While some more able Muse shall sing his Name,
In Numbers equal to his Deeds and Fame.

While *Bembus* thou shalt this great Theme rehearse,
And weave his Praises in eternal Verse,

Let me, in what I have propos'd, proceed
With Subject suted to my slender Reed.

First, then your Patient's Constitution learn,
And well the Temper of his Bloud discern,
If that be pure, with so much greater ease
You will engage, and vanquish the Disease,
Whose venome, where black Choler choaks the
Takes firmer hold, and will exact more Pains (Veins,

More

More violent Assaults you there must make,
And on the batter'd Frame no pity take.
Who e'er can soon discern the lurking Grief,
With far less labour may expect Relief;
But when the Foe has deeper inroads made,
And gain'd the factious humours to his Aid,
What Toil, what Conflicts must be first sustain'd
Before he's dispossest, and Health regain'd;
Therefore with Care his first approaches find,
And hoard these usefull Precepts in thy Mind.

From noxious Winds preserve your self with }
And such are all that from the South repair (care, }
Of Fens and Lakes, avoid th' unwholsome Air. }
To open fields and sunny Mountains fly
Where *Zephyr* fans, and *Boreas* sweeps the Sky:
Nor must you there indulge Repose, but stray,
And in continu'd actions spend the Day;

With ev'ry Beast of Prey loud War proclaim,
And make the grizly Boar your constant Game,
Nor yet amongst these great Attempts disdain,
To rouse the Stag, and force him to the Plain.
Some I have known to th' Chase so much inclin'd,
That in the Woods they left their Grief behind,
Nor yet think scorn the fordid Plow to guide,
Or with the pondrous Rake the Clods divide,
With heavy Ax, and many weary blow,
The towring Pine, and spreading Oak o'erthrow;
The very House yields Exercise, the Hall
Has room for Fencing, and the bounding Ball.
Rouze, rouze, shake off your fond desire of Ease,
For Sleep foment and feeds the foul Disease,
'Tis then th' Invader do's the Vitals seize.
But chiefly from thy Thoughts all sorrows drive,
Nor with *Minerva's* knotty Precepts strive,

With

With lighter Labours of the Muses sport, (resort.
And seek the Plains where Swains and Nymphs
Abstain however from the Act of Love,
For nothing can so much destructive prove:
Bright *Venus* hates polluted Mysteries,
And ev'ry Nymph from foul Embraces flies.
Dire practice! Poison with Delight to bring,
And with the Lovers Dart, the Serpent's sting.

A proper Diet you must next prepare, (care;
Than which there's nothing more requires your
All Food that from the Fens is brought refuse, }
Whate'er the standing Lakes or Seas produce, }
Nor must long Custome pass for an Excuse; }
Therefore from Fish in general I dissuade,
All these are of a washy Substance made,
Which though the luscious Palate they content,
Convert to Humours more than Nourishment;

Ev'n

Ev'n Giltheads, though most tempting to the sight,
And sharp-fin'd Perch that in the Rocks delight.
All sorts of Fowl that on the Water prey,
By the same Rule I'd have remov'd away,
Forbear the Drake, and leave *Rome's* ancient Friend
The Capitol and City to Defend.
No less the Bustard's luscious Flesh decline,
Forbear the Back and Entrails of the Swine,
Nor with the hunted Boar thy Hunger stay,
Enjoy the Sport, but still forbear the Prey.
I hold nor Cucumber nor Mushrooms good,
And Artichoke is too salacious Food:
Nor yet the use of Milk would I enjoin,
Much less of Vinegar or eager Wine,
Such as from *Rhetia* comes, and from the *Rhine*;
The *Sabine* Vintage is of safer Use,
Which mellow and Well-water'd fields produce:

But

But if your Banquets with the Gods you'd make
Of Herbs and Roots the unbought Dainties take;
Be sure that Mint and Endive still abound,
And Sowthistle, with leaves in Winter crown'd,
And *Sian* by clear Fountains always found;
To these add Calamint, and Savery
Burrage and Balm, whose mingled sweets agree,
Rochet and Sorrel I as much approve:
The climbing Hop grows wild in ev'ry Grove,
Take thence the infant Buds, and with them join
The curling Tendrells of the springing Vine,
Whose Armes have yet no friendly shade allow'd,
Nor with the weight of juicy Clusters bow'd.
Particulars were endless to rehearse,
And weightier Subjects now demand our Verse.
We'll draw the Muses from *Aonian* Hills,
To Natures Garden, Groves and humble Rills,

Where

Where if no Laurels spring, or if I find
That those are all for Conquerours design'd;
With Oaken Leaves at least I'll bind my Brow,
For millions fav'd you must that Grace allow.

At first approach of Spring, I would advise,
Or ev'n in Autumn months if strength suffice,
To bleed your Patient in the regal Vein,
And by degrees th' infected Current drein:
But in all Seasons fail not to expell,
And purge the noxious Humours from their Cell;
But fit Ingredients you must first collect,
And then their different Qualities respect,
Make firm the Liquid and the Gross dissect.

Take, therefore, care to gather, in their prime,
The sweet Corycian and Pamphilian Tyme,
These you must boil, together with the Rest
In this ensuing Catalogue exprest:

Fennel

Fennell and Hop that close Embraces weaves,
Parsley and Fumitory's bitter Leaves;
Wild Fern on ev'ry Down and Heath you'll meet
With Leaves resembling *Polypus's* shagg'd feet,
And Maiden-hair, of virtue strange, but true }
For dipt in Fountains, it reteins no Dew : }
Hart's-tongue and Citarch must be added too. }

The greater Part, and with success more sure,
By Mercury perform the happy Cure;
A wondrous virtue in that Mineral lies,
Whether by force of various Qualities
Of Cold and Heat, it flies into the Veins,
And with a fiercer Fire their Flame restrains,
Conqu'ring the raging Humours in their Seat,
As glowing Steel exceeds the Forge's heat,
Or whether his keen Particles (combin'd
With strange connexion) when th' are once disjoin'd,

Disperse,

Disperse, all Quarters of the Foe to seize,
And burn the very Seeds of the Disease;
Or whether 'tis with some more hidden force
Endow'd by Nature to perform its Course,
Is hard to say, but though the Gods conceal
The virtual Cause, they did its use reveal. (shew,
Now by what means 'twas found our Song shall
Nor may we let Heav'ns Gifts in Silence go.

In *Syrian* Vales where Groves of *Osier* grow,
And where *Callirrhoe's* sacred Fountains flow.
Ilceus the Huntsman, who with Zeal ador'd
The rural Gods, with Gifts their Altars stor'd;
Was yet afflicted with this restless Grief,
And, if Tradition may obtain belief,
As he was watering there each spicy Bed,
Thus to entreat the *Sylvan* Pow'rs, is said.

You Deities by me ador'd, and Thou,
Callirrhoe, who do'st Relief allow

'Gainst

Gainst all Diseases, as I flew for Thee
The Stag, and fix'd his Head upon a Tree;
A Tree that do's with lesser Branches spread,
Than those that join to that most horrid Head:
You sacred Pow'rs if you'll remove away (Day,
This plague that Racks my Frame all Night and
I, all the mingled glories of the Spring,
Lilies and Violets to your Seats will bring,
With Daffadills first budding Roses weave,
And on your Shrines the fragrant Garland leave.
He said, and down upon the Herbage lay,
Tir'd with the raging Pain, and raging Day.
Callirrhoe (bathing in the neighbouring Well,
With Musk that grew in Plenty round the Cell)
Heard the Youth's pray'r and streight in soft repose,
Th' indulgent Nymph his heavy Eyes did close,
Then to his Fancy, from her sacred Streams,
Appear'd and charm'd him with prophetick
Dreams.

Ilceus

Ilceus (said she) my Servant, and my Care,
The Gods at last have hearken'd to thy Pray'r;
Yet, on the Earth, as far as *Sol* can spy,
For thy Disease remains no Remedy.
Cynthia and *Phæbus* too at her Request,
Into thy tortur'd Veins have sent this Pest,
The Stag to her was sacred which you slew,
And this the Punishment that did ensue,
For which the Earth, as far as *Sol* can see,
The spacious Earth, affords no Remedy:
Then since her Surface no relief can lend,
To her dark Entrails for thy Cure descend;
A Cave there is its self an awfull shade,
But by *Jove's* spreading Tree more dreadfull made,
Where mingling Cedars wanton with the Air,
Thither at first approach of Day repair;
A jet-black Ram before the Entrance slay,
And cry, these Rites great *Ops* to Thee I pay.

The

The lesser Pow'rs, pale Ghosts and Nymphs of
Night,

The Smoak of Yew and Cypress shall invite;
These Nymphs shall at the outmost Entrance stay,
And through the dark Retreats conduct thy way.
Rise, rise, nor think all this an idle Dream,
For know I am the Goddess of this Stream,
This for thy pious Homage to my Cell —
So spake the Nymph, and div'd into the Well.

The Youth starts up astonish'd, but restor'd,
With gratefull pray'rs th'obliging Nymph ador'd:
Thy Voice, bright Goddess, I'll with speed Obey,
O still assist and bless me on my Way.
With the next Dawn the sacred Cave he found,
With spreading Oaks and towring Cedars crown'd;
A jet-black Ram did at the Entrance stay,
And cry'd these Rites, great Ops, to thee I pay:

The lesser Pow'rs, pale Ghosts and Nymphs of
Night,

The Smoak of Yew and Cypress did invite.

His Voice resounding through the hollow Seats,

Disturb'd the Nymphs within their deep Retreats.

Those Nymphs that toil in Metals underground,

Gave o'er their Work at th' unexpected Sound;

Some Quicksilver and Sulphur others brought,

From which calcin'd, the golden Oar was wrought;

Of pure Ætherial Light a hundred beams,

Of Subterranean fire a hundred Streams,

With various seeds of Earth and Sea they joyn'd,

For humane Eyes too subtle and refin'd.

But *Lipare* who forms the richer Oar,

And to the Furnace brings the Sulph'rous store,

To *Ilceus* through the dark Recesses broke,

And in these words the trembling Youth bespoke:

Ilceus

Ilceus (for I have heard your Name and Grief)
Callirrhoe sends you hither for relief;
Nor has the Goddess counsell'd you in vain,
These Cells afford a Med'cine for your Pain;
Take courage therefore, and the Charge obey,
She said, and through the Cavern leads the way.
He follows wondring at the dark aboads,
The spacious Voids and Subterranean Roads;
Astonisht there to see those Rivers move,
Which he observ'd to lose themselves above:
Each Cave, cry'd *Lipare*, some Pow'r contains,
I'th lowest Mansion *Proserpine* remains;
The middle Regions *Pluto's* Treasure hold,
And Nymphs that work in Silver, Brass and Gold,
Of which rich Train am I, whose Veins extend,
And to *Callirrhoe's* Stream the smoaking Sulphur
send.

Thusthrough theRealms ofNight they took their
way,

And heard from far the Forge and Furnace play.

These (said the Nymph) the Beds of Metals are,

That give you wretched Mortals so much Care.

By thousand Nymphs of Earth and Night enjoy'd,

Who yet in various Tasks are all employ'd.

Some turn the Current, some the Seeds dissect

Of Earth and Sea, which some again collect,

That, mixt with Lightning, make the golden Oar,

While others quench in Streams the shining store.

Not far from hence the *Cyclop's* Cave is found,

See how it glows, hark how their Anvils found.

But here turn off, and take the right-hand way,

This Path do's to that sacred Stream convey,

In which thy onely Hope remains: She said,

And under golden Roofs her Patient led,

Hard by, the Lakes of liquid Silver flow'd,
Which to the wondring Youth the Goddesses show'd;
Thrice washt in these (said she) thy Pains shall end,
And all the Stench into the Stream descend.
Thrice with her Virgin hands the Goddess threw
On all his suffering Limbs the healing Dew:
He, at the falling Filth admiring stood,
And scarce believ'd for joy, the virtue of the Flood.

When therefore you return to open Day,
With Sacrifice *Diana's* Rage allay,
And Homage to the Fountain's Goddess pay. }
Thus spake the Nymph, and through the Realms
of Night,
Restor'd the gratefull Youth to open Light.

This strange Invention soon obtain'd belief,
And flying Fame divulg'd the sure Relief.
But first Experiments did onely joyn,
And for a Vehicle use lard of Swine:

Larch-gum and Turpentine were added next,
That wrought more safe and less the Patient vex;
Horse-grease and Bears with them they did com-
Bdellium and Gum of Cedar usefull found; (pound,
Then Myrrh, and Frankincense were us'd by some,
With living Sulphur and *Arabian* Gum;
But if black Helebore be added too,
With Rain-bow Flowers your Method I allow;
Benzoin and Galbanum I next require,
Lint-Oil, and Sulphur's e'er it feels the Fire.

With these Ingredients mix'd, you must not fear
Your suffering Limbs and Body to besmear,
Nor let the foulness of the Course displease,
Obscene indeed, but less than your Disease:
Yet when you do anoint, take special care
That both your Head and tender Breast you spare,
This done, wrapt close and swath'd, repair to Bed,
And there let such thick Cov'rings be o'er-spread,

Till

Till streams of Sweat from ev'ry pore you force:
For twice five Days you must repeat this Course;
Severe indeed but you your Fate must bear,
And signs of coming Health will streight appear.
The Mass of Humours now dissolv'd within,
To purge themselves by Spittle shall begin,
Till you with wonder at your feet shall see,
A tide of Filth, and bless the Remedy.
For Ulcers that shall then the Mouth offend,
Boil Flowers that Privet and Pomgranets send.
Now, onely now, I would forbid the Use
Of generous Wine that noble Soils produce;
All sorts without distinction you must fly,
The sparkling Bowl with all its Charms deny.
Rise, now victorious, Health is now at hand,
One labour more is all I shall command,

Easie and pleasant; you must last prepare
Your Bath, with Rosemary and Lavander,
Vervain and Yarrow too must both be there;
'Mongst these your sleeping Body you must lay,
To chear you, and to wash all Dreggs away.

But now the verdant Blessings that belong
To new discover'd Worlds demand our Song.
Beyond *Herculean* bounds the Ocean roars
With loud applause to those far distant Shoars.
The sacred Tree must next our Muse employ,
That onely could this raging Plague destroy;
Just Praise (*Urania*) to this Plant allow,
And with its happy Leaves upon thy Brow,
Through all our *Latian* Cities take thy way,
And to admiring Croud the healing Boughs display;
E'en I my self shall prize my Streins the more,
For Blessings never Seen nor Sung before.

Perhaps

Perhaps some more exalted Poet (warm'd,
For Martial Streins) with this new subject Charm'd
Shall quit the noble business of the Field,
Bequeath to Rust the Sword and polish'd Shield,
Leave wrangling Heroes that o'ercome or Dye,
Both shrouded in the same obscurity;
Pass o'er the harast Soil and bloody Stream,
To prosecute this more delightfull Theme;
To tell how first auspicious Navies made
More bold attempts, and th' Ocean's bounds essay'd;
To sing vast Tracts of Land beyond the Main,
By former Ages guess'd, and wisht in Vain,
Strange Regions, Floods and Cities to rehearse,
And with true Prodigies adorn their Verse;
New Lands, new Seas, and still new Lands to spy,
Another Heaven, and other Stars descry.
When this is done resume their Martial Strein,
And crown our Conquests in each savage Plain,
That

That ev'n from Vanquishment advantage draws,
Enrich'd with *European* Arts and Laws,
Shall sing (what future Ages will confound)
How Earth and Sea one Vessel did Surround.
Thrice happy to Bard whom indulgent Heav'n,
A Soul capacious of this Work has giv'n.
My weaker Muse shall think her Office done,
Of all these wonders to record but one:
One single Plant which these glad Lands produce
To specify and shew it's sov'reign Use,
By what adventures found, and wafted o'er
From unknown Worlds to *Europe's* wondring shore.

Far Westward hence where th' Ocean seems to
Beneath fierce *Cancer*, lies a spacious Isle, (boil
Descry'd by *Spaniards* roving on the Main,
And justly honour'd with the Name of *Spain*.
Fertile in Gold but far more blest to be,
The Garden of this consecrated Tree:

Its

Its Trunk erect, but on his Top is seen,
A spreading Grove with Branches ever Green ;
Upon his Boughs a little Nut is found,
But poignant and with Leaves encompass'd round ;
The stubborn Substance toothless makes the Saw,
And scarcely from the Axe receives a flaw ;
Dissected, various Colours meet your view,
The outward Bark is of the Laurel hue ;
The next like Box, the parts more inwards set,
Of dusky grain but not so dark as Jet ;
If to these mixtures you will add the Red,
All colours of the gaudy Bow are spread.
This Plant the Natives conscious of its use
Adore, and with religious Care produce ;
On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Vale 'tis found,
And held the greatest Blessing of the ground
Against this Pest that always Rages there,
From Skies infected and polluted Air :

The

The outward Bark as useles they refuse,
But with their utmost force the Timber bruise,
Or break in Splinters, which they steep a while
In fountains, and when soak'd, in Vessels boil,
Regardless how too fierce a fire may make
The juice run o'er, whose healing Froth they take,
With which they Bath their Limbs where Pustles
And heal the Breaches where dire Ulcers feed. (breed,
Half boil'd away the Remnant they retain,
And adding Hony boil the Chips again:
To use no other Liquor when they Dine,
Their Countries Law, and greater Priest enjoyn:
The first Decoction with the rising Light
They drink, and once again at fall of Night;
This course they strictly hold when once begun,
Till *Cynthia* has her monthly Progress run,
Hous'd all the while where no offensive Wind,
Nor the least breath of Air can entrance find.

But

But who will yield us credit to proceed,
And tell how wondrous slenderly they Feed;
Just so much Food as can bare Life preserve,
And to its joint connect each feeble Nerve:
Yet let not this strange Abstinence deter,
And make you think the Method too severe.
This Drink it self will wasted Strength repair,
For *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* too are there;
All offices of Nature it maintains,
The Heart refreshes, and recruits the Veins.
When the Draught's tane, for two hours and no
The Patient on his Couch is cover'd o'er; (more
For by this means the Liquor with more ease,
Expells in streams of Sweat the foul Disease.
All Parts (O prodigy!) grow sound within,
Nor any Filth remains upon the Skin;
Fresh youth in ev'ry Limb, fresh vigour's found,
And now the Moon has run her monthly Round.

What

What God did first the wondrous use display,
 Of this blest Plant, what chance did first convey
 Our *European* Fleet to that rich shore,
 That for their Toil so rich a Traffique bore,
 Our Song shall now unfold; a Navy bound
 For no known Port nor yet discover'd Ground,
 Resolv'd the secrets of the Main to find,
 And now they leave their Native shore behind,
 Clap on more Sail and skudd before the Wind.
 Thus on the spreading Ocean they did stray,
 For many Weeks uncertain of their way:
 The thronging Sea-Nymphs wondring at the
 Of each tall Ship appear above the Tide, (Pride,
 And with proportion'd speed around them glide,
 Charm'd with each painted Stern and golden
 Witheach gay Streamer, striving as they go (Prow,
 To catch their Pictures in the Flood below.

'Twas

'Twas night, but *Cynthia* did such beams display,
So strong as more than half restor'd the Day.
When the bold Leader of this roving Train,
(The bravest Youth that ever stemm'd the Main;)
As on the Decks he lay with anxious care,
And watchfull o'er his charge, conceiv'd this Pray'r;
Bright Goddess of the night (said he) whose sway,
All humid Things and these vast Seas obey;
Twice have we seen thy infant *Crescents* spring,
And twice united in a glorious Ring,
Since first this Fleet commenc'd her restless toil,
Nor yet have gain'd the Sight of any Soil.
O Virgin Star, of nightly Planets chief,
Vouchsafe your weary Wanderers relief;
Let some fair Continent at last arise,
Or some less distant Isle salute our Eyes;
At least some Rock with one small Rill and Port,
For these o'er-labour'd Boats and Youths support.

The

The Goddess heard not this Address in Vain,
But leaves to her nocturnal Steeds the Rein,
And like a Sea-Nymph floats upon the Main:
So well disguis'd That *Clotho's* self might be
Deceiv'd, and take her for *Cymothoe*;
With such a meen she cut the yielding Tide,
And in these words bespoke the wandring Guide;
Take courage, for the next approaching Day,
Shall see these Ships safe riding in the Bay;
But stay not long where first your Anchors fall,
The Fates to yet more distant Regions call;
Find *Ophyre* high-seated in the Main;
Those Seats for you the Destinies ordain.
She said, and pusht the Keel; a brisker Gale
Forthwith descends and pregnates ev'ry Sail:
Now from the East the Sun invites their Eyes,
As fast they westward see the Mountains rise

Like

Like clouds at first, but as they nearer drew,
Rocks, Groves and Springs were open'd to their
High on the Decks the joyfull Sailers stand, (View;
And thrice with Shouts salute th' expected Land.
Then safely Anchor'd in the promis'd Bay,
First to the Gods their just Devotion pay.
Four days, no more, are spent upon this Soil,
To fit their shatter'd Ships for farther Toil,
Each hand once more is to his Charge assign'd,
All take advantage of the friendly Wind;
A swift and steddy course they now maintain,
And leave *Anthylia* floating on the Main:
With *Hagia's* coast, and tall *Ammeria's* Isle,
The Cannibals most execrable Soil,
O'er all the Deep they now see Turrets rise,
And Islands without number meet their Eyes;

F

'Mongst

'Mongst these they singled one from whence they
 hear'd
 Streams fall, while spreading Groves aloft appear'd,
 Charm'd with these Objects there they put to shore,
 Where first the Islands Genius they adore,
 Then spread their Banquet on the verdant ground,
 Whilst Bowls of sparkling Wine go nimbly round;
 Refresh'd, they separate, some to descry
 The country, others more o'er-joy'd to spy
 Beneath the Flood pure Gold lye mixt with Sand,
 And seize the shining Oar with greedy hand.
 At length a Flock of painted Birds they view,
 With azure Plumes and Beaks of Coral-hue,
 Which fearless through the Glades did seem to rove,
 And perch'd securely in their native Grove;
 The Youths to temper'd Engines have recourse
 That imitate the Thunders dreadfull Force,

Vulcan's

Vulcan's invention while with wondrous Art,
He did to Men the Arms of Jove impart;
Each takes his Stand and singles out his Mark,
The dire Ingredients with a sudden Spark
Enflam'd, discharge with rage the whizzing Ball,
The unsuspecting Birds by hundreds fall;
The Air with Smoak and Fire is cover'd round,
The Groves and Rocks astonisht with the sound,
And shaking Sands beneath the Seas rebound. }
The Remnant of the Flock with terrour fly
To Rocks whose Turrets seem'd to pierce the Sky;
From whence with humane Voice (O dire Portent!)
One of this feather'd Tribe these Numbers sent.

You who have Sacrilegiously assay'd,
The Sun's lov'd Birds, and impious slaughter made,
Hear what th' enrag'd avenging God prepares,
And in prophetick Sounds by me declares.

Know, you at last have reacht your promis'd foil,
For this is *Ophyre's* long expected Isle,
But destin'd Empire shall not yet obtain
Of Provinces beyond the western Main,
The Natives of long Liberty deprive,
Found Cities, and a new Religion give,
Till Toils by Earth and Sea are undergone,
And many dreadfull Battels lost and won;
For, most shall leave your Trunks on foreign Land,
Few shatter'd Ships shall reach your native Sand;
In vain shall some Sail back again to find,
Their wretched Comrades whom they left behind;
Whose Bones of flesh devested shall be found,
For *Cyclops* too in these dire Coasts abound:
Your Foes o'er-come, your Fleet in Civil Rage
Shall disagree, and Ship with Ship engage.
Nor end your sufferings here, a strange Disease,
And most obscene shall on your Bodies seize;

In

In this distress your Errour you shall mourn,
And to these injur'd Groves for Cure return;
This dreadfull Doom the feather'd Prophet spoke,
And sculkt within the Covert of the Rock.

Astonisht with the unexpected sound,
Th'offending Men fell prostrate on the ground;
Forgiveness from the sacred Flock to gain,
But chiefly *Phæbus* Pardon to obtain.
The Guardians of the Grove to reconcile,
And once more hail the fair *Ophyrian* Isle.
These Rites perform'd, returning on their way,
A race with humane Shape they did survey,
But black as Jet, who sally'd from the Wood,
And made the Vale more dark in which they stood;
No Garment o'er their Breasts or Shoulders spread,
And wreaths of peacefull Olive on their Head;
Unarm'd, yet more with wonder struck than fear,
They view'd the Strangers, and approach'd more
near;

Astonisht at their glittering Arms, but more
At each proud Vessel lodg'd upon the Shore,
The Flags and Streamers sporting with the Wind,
And thought their Owners more than humane
Some Gods or Heroes to the Gods ally'd, (kind,
And more than Mortal reverence apply'd;
But to our Chief their first Respect they paid,
And cheap, but yet most royal Presents made,
Rich golden Oar, of use and worth unknown,
And onely priz'd by them because it shone,
With which the blessings of their Fields were born,
Ripe blushing Fruits and pondrous Ears of Corn;
Unpolisht but capacious Vessels fill'd
With Hony from each fragrant Tree ^{distil}l'd,
Which did from Heaven in nightly Dew arrive,
Without the tedious labours of the Hive.

With

With them our Garments like Reception found,
And now the Tribes fate mingled on the Ground,
With *Indian* Food and *Spanish* Vintage crown'd:
Who can express the Savages delight,
As if the Gods some Mortal shou'd invite
To heavenly Courts, and with the *Nectar*-bowl
Into a Deity exalt his ravisht Soul.

By chance the solemn Day was drawing near,
The greatest Festival of all the Year;
And to the Sun their greatest God belong'd,
To which from ev'ry part the Natives throng'd,
With whom their Neighbours of *Hesperia* met;
And now within the sacred Vale were set
Each Sex, and all degrees of Age were seen,
But plac'd without distinction on the Green;
Yet from the Infant to the grizled Head,
A cloud of Grief o'er ev'ry Face was spread,

All languish'd with the same obscene Disease,
And years, not Strength distinguisht the Degrees;
Dire flames upon their Vitals fed within,
While Sores and crufted Filth prophan'd their Skin.
At last the Priest in snowy Robes array'd,
The Boughs of healing Guiacum display'd,
Which (dipt in living Streams) he shook around
To purge, for holy Rites the tainted Ground.
An Heifer then before the Altar flew,
A Swain stood near on whom the Bloud he threw;
Then to the Sun began his mystick Song,
And streight was seconded by all the Throng.
Both Swine and Heifers now by thousands bleed,
And Natives on their roasted Entrails feed.

Our Train with wonder saw these Rites, but
Astonisht at the Plague unseen before: (more
Mean while our Leader in his carefull breast,
Form'd sad Conjectures of this dreadfull Pest,

This,

This, this said he (the Gods avert our Fate)
Is that dire Curse which *Phæbus* did relate;
The Birds prodigious Song I now recall,
The strange Disease that on our Troops shou'd fall.
As therefore from the Altar they retir'd,
Our Gen'ral of the Native Prince enquir'd,
To what dread Power these Off'rings did belong?
What meant that languishing infected Throng?
And why the Shepherd by the Altar stood?
And wherefore Sprinkled with the gushing blood?
To which the Island Monarch, noble Guest,
With annual Zeal these Off'rings are addrest,
To *Phæbus* enrag'd Deity assign'd,
And by our Ancestours of old enjoin'd;
But if a foreign Nations toils to learn,
And less refin'd be worth your least concern,
If you have any Sense of Strangers fate,
From its first source the Story I'll relate:

Perhaps

Perhaps you may have heard of *Atlas* name,
From whom in long descent great Nations came;
From him we sprang, and once a happy Race,
Belov'd of Heav'n while Piety had place,
While to the Gods our Ancestours did Pray,
And gratefull Off rings on their Altars lay.
But when the Powers to be despis'd began,
When to leud Luxury our Nation ran;
Who can expresse the Mis'ries that ensu'd,
And Plagues with each returning Day renew'd?
Then fair *Atlantia* once an Isle of fame,
(That from the mighty *Atlas* took its Name,
Who there had govern'd long with upright Sway)
Was gorg'd intire, and swallowed by the Sea.
With which our Flocks and Herds were wholly
Not one preserv'd or ever after found. (drown'd,
Since when outlandish Cattle here are slain,
And Bulls of foreign Breed our Altars stain;

In

In that dire Season this Disease was bred,
That thus o'er all our tortur'd Limbs is spread:
Most universal from it Birth it grew,
And none have since escap'd or very few;
Sent from above to scourge that vicious Age,
And chiefly by incens'd *Apollo's* Rage,
For which these annual Rites were first ordain'd,
Whereof this firm Tradition is retain'd.

A Shepherd once (distrust not ancient Fame)
Possess'd these Downs, and *Syphilus* his Name.
A thousand Heifers in these Vales he fed,
A thousand Ews to those fair Rivers led:
For King *Alcithous* he rais'd this Stock,
And shaded in the Covert of a Rock,
For now 'twas *Solstice*, and the *Syrian* Star
Increas'd the Heat and shot his Beams afar;
The Fields were burnt to ashes, and the Swain
Repair'd for shade to thickest Woods in vain,

No

No Wind to fan the scorching Air was found,
No nightly Dew refresht the thirsty Ground:
This Drought our *Syphilus* beheld with pain,
Nor could the suff'rings of his Flock sustain,
But to the Noon-day Sun with up-cast Eyes,
In rage threw these reproaching Blasphemies,
Is it for this O *Sol*, that thou art styl'd
Our God and Parent? how are we beguil'd
Dull Bigots to pay Homage to thy Name?
And with rich Spices feed thy Altar's flame:
Why do we yearly Rites for thee prepare,
Who tak'st of our affairs so little Care?
At least thou might'st between the Rabble Kine
Distinguish, and these royal Herds of Mine.
These to the great *Alcithous* belong,
Nor ought to perish with the Vulgar throng.
Or shall I rather think your Deity
With envious Eyes our thriving Stock did see?

I grant

I grant you had sufficient cause indeed,
A thousand Heifers of the snowy Breed,
A thousand Ews of mine these Downs did feed;
Whilst one Etherial Bull was all your stock,
One Ram, and to preserve this mighty Flock,
You must forsooth your *Syrian* Dog maintain,
Why do I worship then a Pow'r so Vain?
Henceforth I to *Alcithous* will bring
My Off'rings and Adore my greater King,
Who do's such spacious Tracts of Land possess,
And whose vast Pow'r the conquer'd Seas confess.
Him I'll invoke my Suff'rings to redress.
Hee'll streight command the cooling Winds to blow,
Refreshing Show'rs on Trees and Herbs bestow,
Nor suffer Thirst, both Flock and Swain to kill:
He said, and forthwith on a neighbouring Hill
Erects an Altar to his Monarch's name,
The Swains from far bring Incense to the Flame;

At

At length to greater Victims they proceed,
Till Swine and Heifers too by hundreds Bleed,
On whose half roasted Flesh the impious Wret-
ches feed.

All quarters soon were fill'd with the Report,
That ceas'd not till it reacht the Monarch's Court ;
Th' aspiring Prince with Godlike Rites o'er joy'd,
Commands all Altars else to be destroy'd,
Proclaims Himself in Earth's low sphere to be
The onely and sufficient Deity ;
That Heav'nly Pow'rs liv'd too remote and high,
And had enough to do to Rule the Sky.
Th' all-seeing Sun no longer could sustain
These practices, but with enrag'd Disdain
Darts forth such pestilent malignant Beams,
As shed Infection on Air, Earth and Streams;
From whence this Malady its birth receiv'd,
And first th' offending *Syphilus* was griev'd,
Who

Who rais'd forbidden Altars on the Hill,
And Victims bloud with impious Hands did spill;
He first wore Buboës dreadfull to the sight,
First felt strange Pains and sleepless past the Night;
From him the Malady receiv'd its name,
The neighbouring Shepherds catcht the spreading
At last in City and in Court 'twas known, (Flame:
And seiz'd th' ambitious Monarch on his Throne;
In this distress the wretched Tribes repair
To *Ammerice* the Gods Interpreter,
Chief Priestess of the consecrated Wood,
In whose Retreats the awfull Tripod stood,
From whence the Gods responsal she exprest;
The Crowd enquire what Cause produc'd this Pest,
What God enrag'd? and how to be appeas'd,
And last what Cure remain'd for the Diseas'd?
To whom the Nymph reply'd—the Sun incens'd,
With just revenge these Torments has commenc'd.

What

What man can with immortal Pow'rs compare?
Fly, wretches, fly, his Altars soon repair,
Load them with Incense, Him with Pray'rs invade,
His Anger will not easily be laid ; (swear,
Your Doom is past, black *Styx* has heard him
This Plague should never be extinguish'd here,
Since then your Soil must ne'er be wholly free,
Beg Heav'n at least to yield some Remedy :
A milkwhite Cow on *Juno's* Altar lay,
To Mother Earth a jet-black Heifer slay ;
One from above the happy Seeds shall shed,
The other rear the Grove and make it spread,
That onely for your Grief a Cure shall yield.
She said: the Croud return'd to th' open'd Field,
Rais'd Altars to the Sun without delay,
To Mother Earth, and *Juno* Victims slay.
'Twill seem most strange what now I shall declare,
But by our Gods and Ancestours I swear,
'Tis

'Tis sacred Truth —

These Groves that spread so wide and look so green
Within this Isle, till then, were never seen,
But now before their Eyes the Plants were found
To spring, and in an instant Shade the ground,
The Priest forthwith bids Sacrifice be done,
And Justice paid to the offended Sun;
Some destin'd Head t' atone the Crimes of all,
On *Syphilus* the dreadfull Lot did fall,
Who now was plac'd before the Altar bound,
His head with sacrificial Garlands crown'd,
His Throat laid open to the lifted Knife,
But interceding *Juno* spar'd his Life,
Commands them in his stead a Heifer slay,
For *Phæbus* Rage was now remov'd away.
This made our gratefull Ancestours enjoin,
When first these annual Rites they did assign,

G

That

That to the Altar bound a Swine each time
Should stand, to witness *Syphilus* his Crime.
All this infected Throng whom you behold,
Smart for their Ancestours Offence of old:
To heal their Plague this Sacrifice is done,
And reconcile them to th' offended Sun.
The Rites perform'd, the hallow'd Boughs they
The speedy certain Cure for their Disease. (seize,
With such discourse the Chiefs their Cares de-
Whose Tribes of different Worlds united live, (ceive,
Till now the Ships sent back to *Europes* shore,
Return and bring prodigious Tidings o'er.
That this Disease did now through *Europe* rage,
Nor any Med'cine found that cou'd assuage,
That in their Ships no slender Number mourn'd,
With Boils without and inward Ulcers burn'd.
Then call'd to mind the Bird's prophetick sound,
That in those Groves Relief was to be found.

Then

Then each with solemn Vows the Sun entreats,
And gentle Nymphs the Gardians of those Seats.
With lusty Strokes the Grove they next invade,
Whose weighty Boughs are on their Shoulders laid,
Which with the Natives methods they prepare,
And with the healing Draughts their Health repair,
But not forgetfull of their Country's good,
They freight their largest Ships with this rich Wood,
To try if in our Climate it would be
Of equal use, for the same Malady :
The years mild Season seconds their desire,
And western Winds their willing Sails inspire.
Iberian Coasts you first were happy made
With this rich Plant, and wonder'd at its Aid;
Known now to *France* and neighbouring *Ger-*
Cold Scythian Coasts and temp'rate *Italy*, (many
To *Europe's* Bounds all bless the vital Tree.

Hail heav'n-born Plant whose Rival ne'er was seen,
 Whose Virtues like thy Leaves are ever green;
 Hope of Mankind and Comfort of their Eyes,
 Of new discover'd Worlds the richest Prize.
 Too happy would Indulgent Gods allow,
 Thy Groves in *Europe's* nobler Clime to grow:
 Yet if my Streins have any force, thy Name
 Shall flourish here, and *Europe* sing thy Fame.
 If not remoter Lands with Winter bound,
 Eternal Snow, nor *Libya's* scorching Ground;
 Yet *Latium* and *Benacus* cool Retreats,
 Shall thee resound, with *Athetis* fair Seats.
 Too, blest if *Bembus* live thy Growth to see,
 And on the Banks of *Tyber* gather thee,
 If he thy matchless Virtues once rehearse,
 And crown thy Praises with eternal Verse.

FINIS.

ERRATA. Page 5. line 12 for never yeade never, p. 35. l. 3. for wandring
 v. wondring, p. 58 l. 5. for, to Bard v. Bard 10.

J. M. Carter

Mr. M. M. M.

