

Callipædia. A poem. In four books. With some other pieces / Written in Latin by Claudius Quillet, made English by N. Rowe, Esq; to which is prefix'd, Mr. Bayles's account of his life. [One line in Latin].

Contributors

Quillet, Claude, 1602-1661.
Rowe, Nicholas, 1674-1718.
Sewall, George, -1726.
Cobb, Samuel, 1675-1713.
Diaper, William, -1717.

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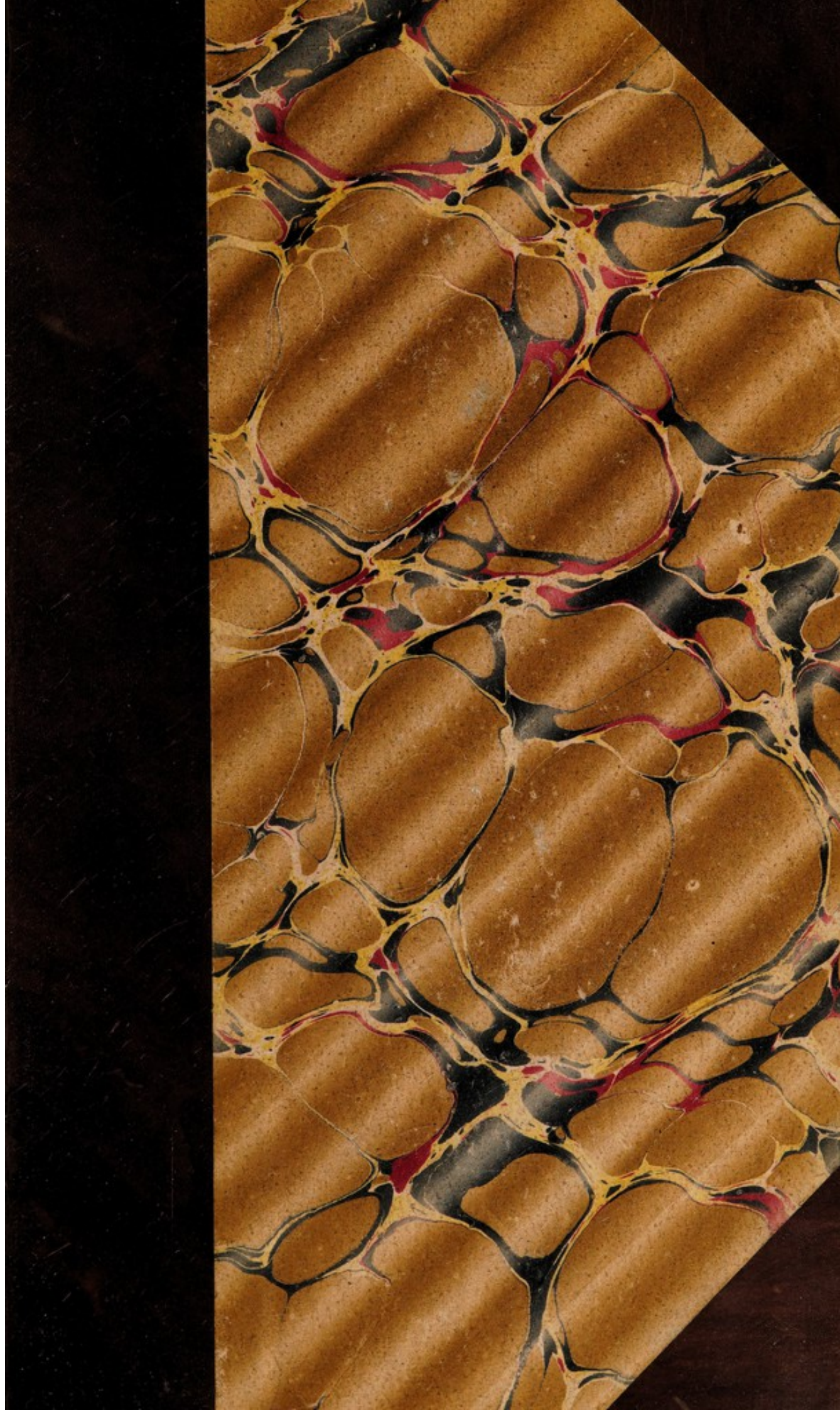
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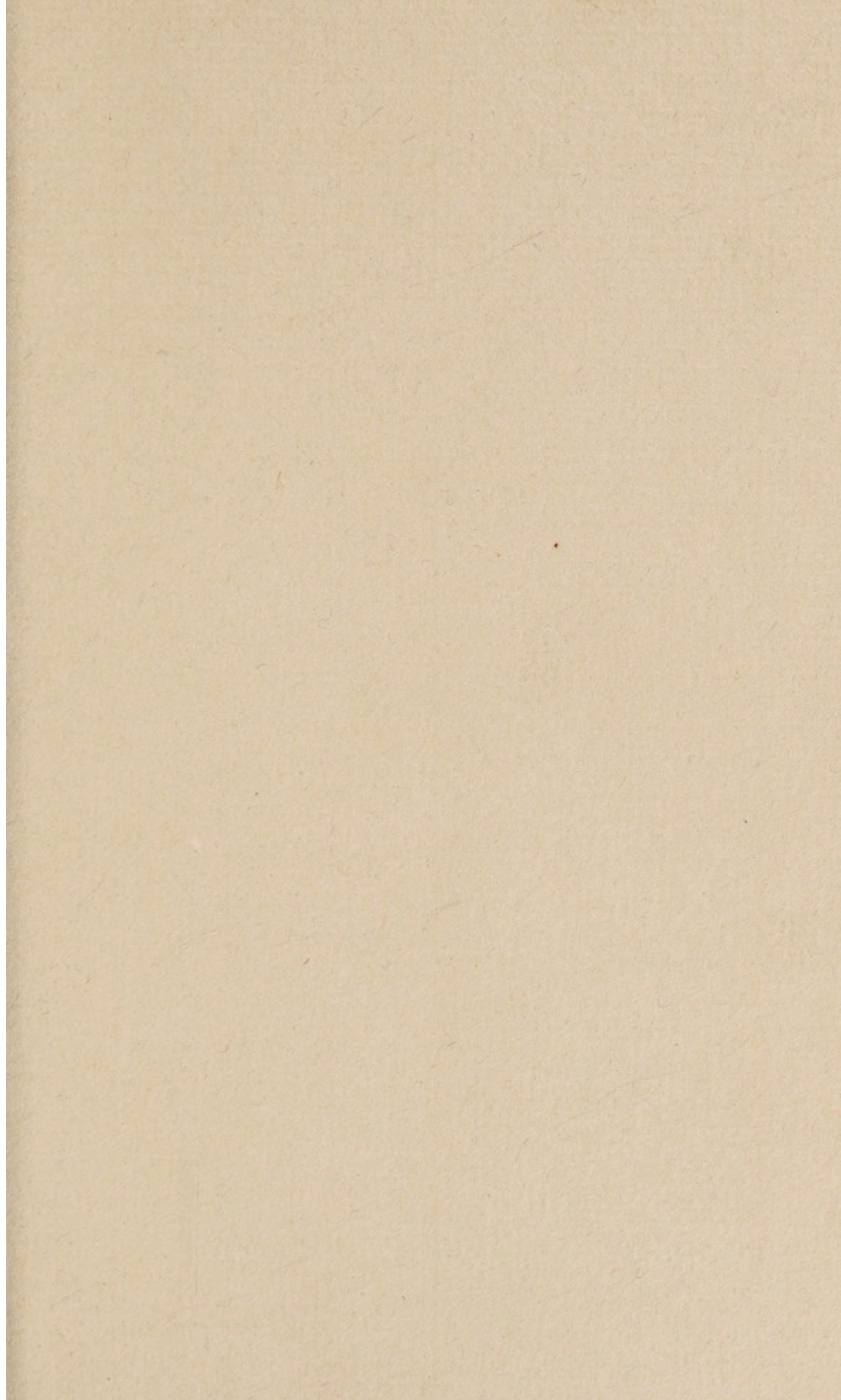
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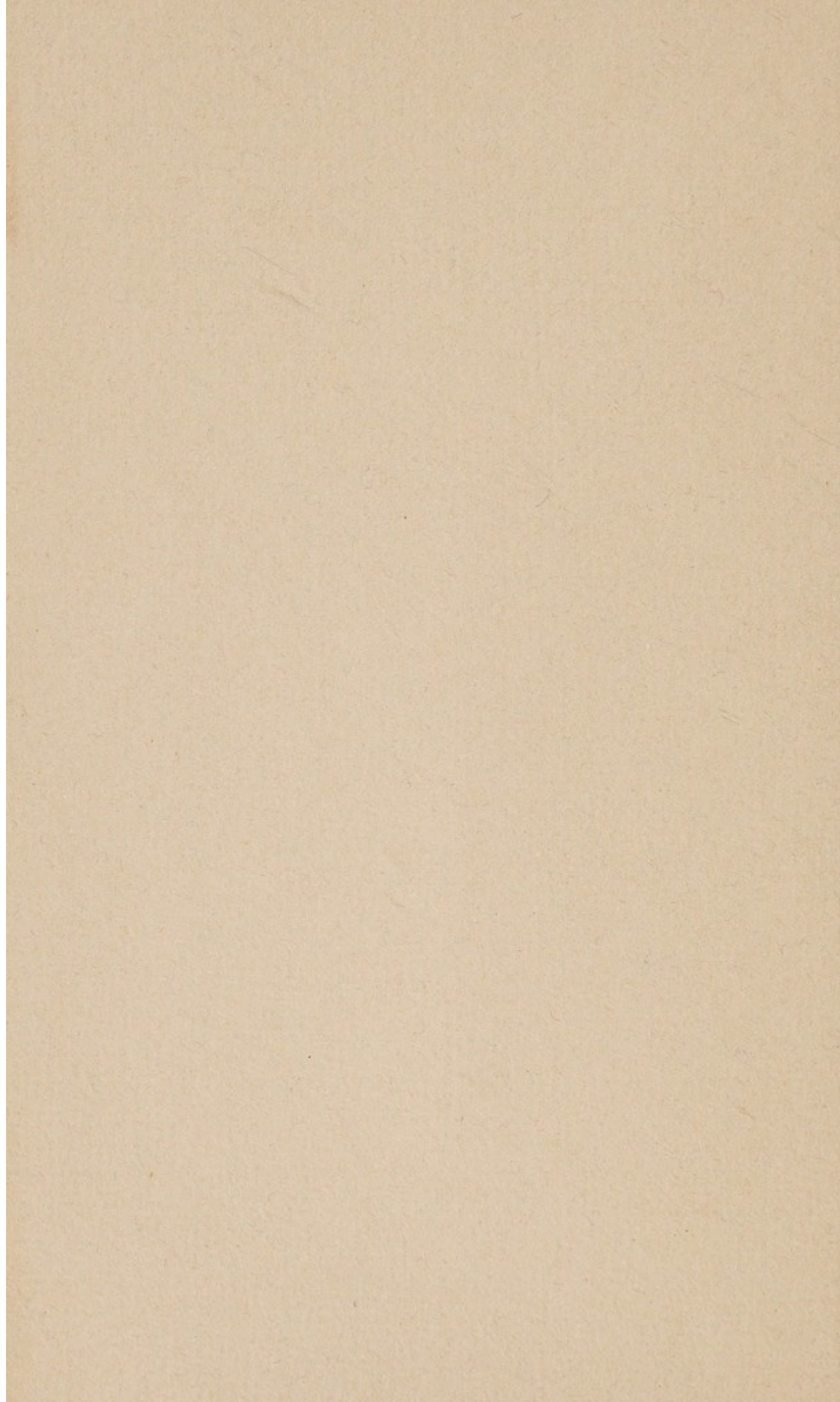



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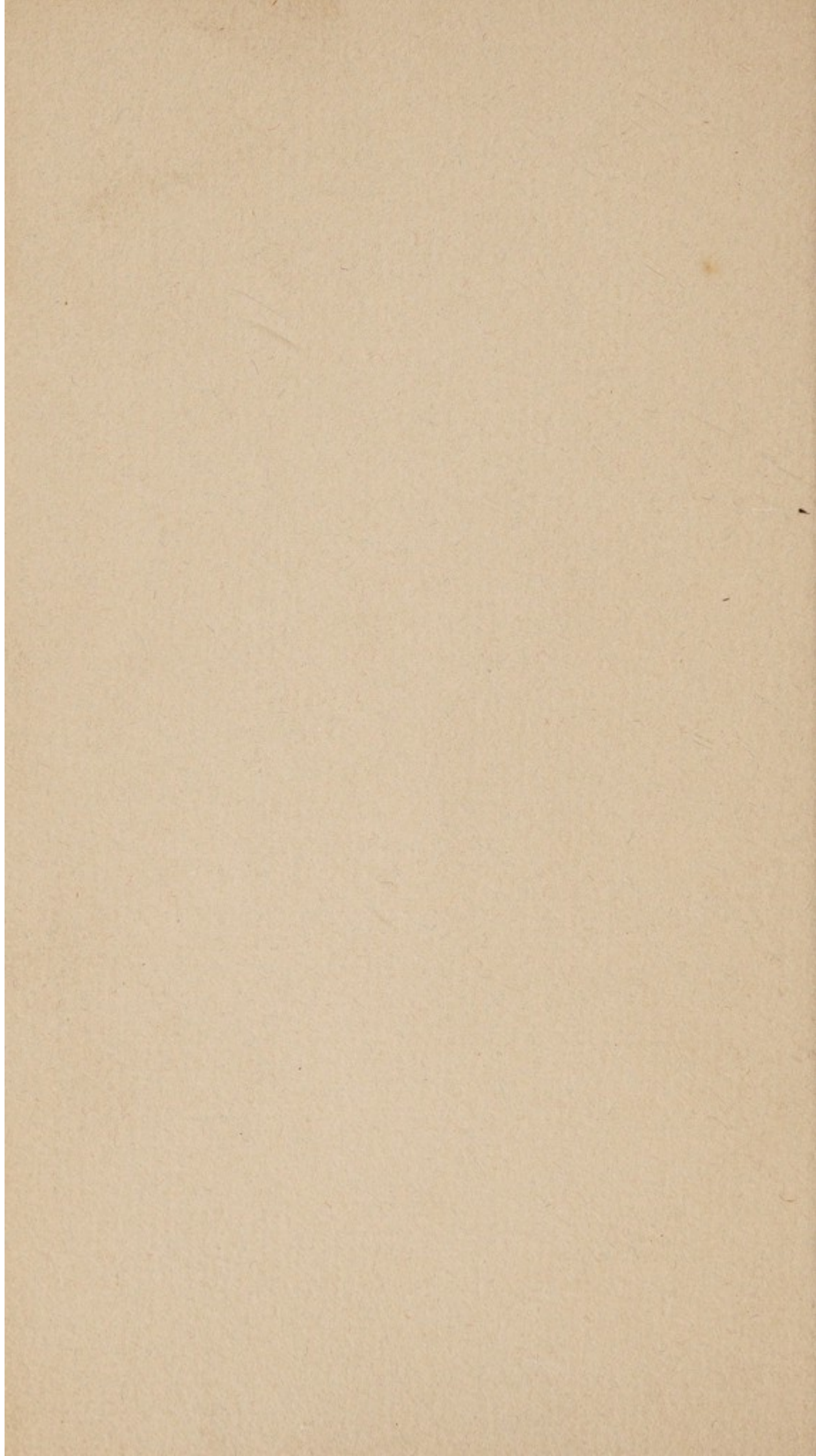






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CALLIPÆDIA.
A
P. O E M.
IN
FOUR BOOKS.

WITH
Some Other PIECES.

Written in Latin
By CLAUDIUS QUILLET,
The first Book.
Made English

By N. ROWE, Esq;
by M^r. Jewell, 3^d. by M^r. Lobb, 4th. by M^r. Diaper & M^r. (63)

To which is Prefix'd,
Mr. BAYLE's Account of His LIFE.

—Pulchrâ faciat te prole Parentem.

L O N D O N,
Printed for E. SANGER at the Posthouse, and E. CURRIE
at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church in
Fleetstreet. M. DCC. XII. Price 4s.

P. O. F. M.

FOUR BOOKS



By CLAUDIUS QUILLET

By M. R. O. W. E. F. L. P.





P R E F A C E.

I Hope we need not make any Apology for endeavouring to do Justice to so Useful and Beautiful a Poem, as the *CALLIPÆDIA*. The Subject is certainly very Noble, and of great Importance to Mankind; and the Poet has handled it in a way not at all offensive to Decency and good Manners. He seems to have taken in all that was necessary to make his Work complete, and industriously declin'd running out too far upon so nice a Subject. His Precepts are plain and short, as they ought to be, but his Illustrations are always full of Reason and Philosophy, and turn'd with the peculiar Happiness of sound Judgment and fine Poetry. If he ever leans towards Indecency

a in

P R E F A C E.

in a descriptive Part, he first begs Pardon, or excuses it by the necessary Relation it bore to his Scheme, which must have been deficient without that Description. However, in the *English* the Terms of Art have so shadow'd these Parts, that they will be intelligible only to Physical Readers, who meet with the same in every Book of Anatomy they Read. As to his Philosophy, He has given us the best of the Age he flourish'd in, tho' later Improvements discover his Mistakes in some Instances: This we did not think fit to alter, intending only to show (as well as we could) his Beauties, not to correct his Faults.

The Present pretends not to the Name of a literal or close Translation, but gives the Author's meaning with a freedom of Verse, that was necessary to make it agreeable to the *English* Reader. The many Patterns of this way of Translating, is sufficient to recommend it; and the Success of which has justified their Judgment who departed from the old scrupulous Conformity to their Author. And indeed it is a wonder

P R E F A C E.

der that this Method was not sooner follow'd, since it has the Authority of *Quintilian*, who lays down the following words as a general Rule for Translation, *Neque Paraphrasin esse interpretationem tantum volo, sed circa eosdem sensus certamen atque æmulationem.* And it is Mr. COWLEY's Opinion, That Translators should add by their own Wit and Invention, not deserting the Subject; he thus proceeds, *The not observing of this, is the Cause that all Translations that I ever yet saw, are so much inferior to their Originals. The like happens too in Pictures, from the same Root of exact Imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of Servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble.* However we could not at the same time take the Liberty of altering any of the Characters, either of Panegyric, or Satire, that *Quillet* has made upon particular Persons and Nations. The Reader is only desir'd to observe on this Point, that the Verses between the Black Lines in the First and Fourth Book, which reflect on Cardinal *Mazarine*, were left out of the *Paris* Edition: And

P R E F A C E.

that the Character he gives of our own Nation was in the time of the Civil War; which makes that severe Censure agree very well with those Days of Villany and Confusion.

CON-

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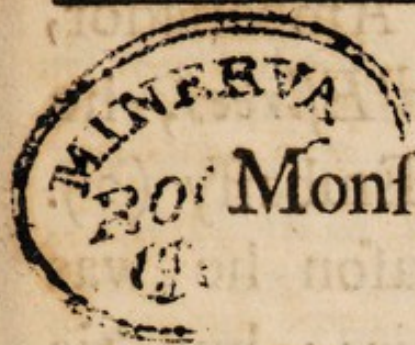
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Monsieur



20 Monsieur *BAYLE*'s †

A C C O U N T
O F T H E
A U T H O R.



CLAUDIUS QUILLET,
a Native of *CHINON* in
Touraine, was one of the mo
celebrated Poets of the XVII
Century. I have mention'd in another
B Place

† See, *BAYLE*'s Dictionary, last *Dutch* Edition, Articles of
GRANDIER and QUILLET.

Place (1), the Occasion which oblig'd him to retire into *Italy*. I now add That being at *Rome*, and frequenting the House of the *French* Ambassador, who was the *Mareschal d'Estrees*, he was made Secretary to the Embassy (2). I don't know for what Reason he was angry with Cardinal *Mazarine*; but 'tis certain, that he spoke very Ill of his Eminency in a *P O E M* which he publish'd in the Year 1655. The Cardinal receiv'd the Insult with a great deal of Mildness, and was so easily satisfy'd with the Excuses of the Author (3), that he promis'd him an Abby. The *POEM* I speak of, contains some Things which Mr. *Baillet* (4) condemns very much. The Abbot *Quillet* writ some other Books (5), which have not been publish'd.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1.) Monsieur *Bayle* in his Dictionary, under the Article of *GRANDIER*, (who was burnt as a Magician, for Possessing the *Ursuline* Nuns at *Loudun*) cites the following Passage out of the *Sorberiana*, Pag. 172. ‘ Monsieur *Quillet* challeng’d the Devil of those Nuns, and made him Speechless, and that all the Devils-Craft was non-plus’d; That Mr. *Laubardemont* was offended at it, and issued out a Warrant against *Quillet*; who, perceiving that this Mummery was carried on by Cardinal *Richlieu*, to intimidate the late King, (this is a wrong Expression; it signifies *Henry IV.* but the Author means *Lewis XIII.*) who was naturally very fearful of the Devil, thought it was not safe for him to be at *Loudun*, or in *France*, and went into *Italy*.

Naude confirms what concerns the Disgrace of this Challenger. These are his Words: (*Dial. de Mascurat*, Pag. 310.) ‘ *Duncam* and *Quillet* having oppos’d the Imposture of the Nuns of *Loudun*; the former was reprimanded for it, and severely threaten’d by Cardinal *Richelieu*; and the latter was forc’d to go and serve the Marquis de *Cæuvre* at *Rome*.

(2.) ‘ This Place was contended for by Mr. de *Lionne*; but *Quillet* carried it, and de *Lionne* put him-

4 *Monfr. BAYLE's Account*

‘ himself into the Service of Cardinal *Mazerine*,
 ‘ for want of a better Employment, and at *Quil-*
 ‘ *let's* Refusal, who chose the worst, as the Event
 ‘ has verifi'd it : For one dy'd without raising
 ‘ himself higher, and the other has been promoted
 ‘ to the chiefest Places in the State. See, *Sorbe-*
 ‘ *xiana*, Pag. 137, *Dutch Edition*.

(3.) The *CALLIPÆDIA* (says the *Mena-*
 ‘ *giana*), Pag. 130, 131.) of Mr. *Quillet*, disguis'd
 ‘ under the Name of *Calvidius Latius*, is a very
 ‘ fine *Latin Poem*. Being somewhat Disconten-
 ‘ ted he inserted in it some Verses against Car-
 ‘ dinal *Mazarine*, and his Family. He Printed
 ‘ that Book in *Holland*. The Cardinal being
 ‘ inform'd of it, sent to speak with Mr. *Quil-*
 ‘ *let*, and instead of shewing any Resentment, he
 ‘ only complain'd very mildly of the little Re-
 ‘ gard he had shewn for him in that *Poem*. You
 ‘ know, added he, *that I have had an Esteem for*
 ‘ *you a long time, and if I have done nothing for*
 ‘ *you, 'tis because importunate People get all my Fa-*
 ‘ *vours ; but I now promise you the first Abby that shall*
 ‘ *be Vacant*. Mr. *Quillet*, affected with the Car-
 ‘ dinal's Goodness, threw himself at his Feet, ask'd
 ‘ his Pardon, and promis'd to correct his *Poem* in
 ‘ such a manner as would please him ; praying,
 ‘ at the same time, that he might Dedicate it to
 ‘ him, which the Cardinal granted. According-
 ‘ ly, he Printed the Second Edition corrected, in
 ‘ 80.

‘ 8°. at *Paris*, 1656. and Dedicated it to the
 ‘ Cardinal, who a little while before had given
 ‘ him a considerable Abby ; but Death prevented
 ‘ his enjoying it long. The first Edition which
 ‘ is the most Scarce, was Printed at *Leyden*,
 ‘ in 4°. 1655. that of *Paris* is larger.

(4.) ‘ This Abbot (says Mr. *Baillet*, *Jug. de Poet.*
 ‘ *Tom. 5. Pag. 61, 62.*) being desirous to teach
 ‘ the Art of Getting fine Children, has endea-
 ‘ vour’d to reduce all the Precepts of his New
 ‘ Art into Four Books in *Latin* Verse, Intitul’d,
 ‘ C A L L I P Æ D I A. Tho’ he does not tell
 ‘ the Public from whence he had so many Rari-
 ‘ ties, yet it appears, that for an Abbot he knew
 ‘ more of the Matter than the most experienc’d
 ‘ Laymen, and that he was able to teach Nature
 ‘ it self, (according to the *Menagiana* above-
 ‘ mention’d, He was not an Abbot when he
 ‘ made that *Poem.*) ’Tis said, that there are
 ‘ some Things in it finely touch’d ; but that
 ‘ it contains some Descriptions concerning Gene-
 ‘ ration, which are very infamous, and unbe-
 ‘ coming a Man who has any Sense of Modesty,
 ‘ and that he seems thro’ the whole Work to
 ‘ make a Pride of his reading of *Petronius*,
 ‘ and therefore the Praises which *Costar* bestow’d
 ‘ on the C A L L I P Æ D I A, in a Letter to
 ‘ the Author, (’tis the 250th Letter of *Costar*’s,
 ‘ *Tom. 2. Pag. 598, 599.*) must be look’d upon
 ‘ as meer Compliments of Civility.

Since

6 *Monfr. BAYLE's Account*

Since the first Edition of my Dictionary, I have read the *CALLIPÆDIA*, printed at *Paris*, in the Year 1656. which Mr. Bourdelot was pleas'd to send me; the Title of it runs thus, *Cl. Quilleti Callipædia seu de pulchræ prolis habendæ ratione, Poema Didacticum. Cum uno & altero ejusdem Authoris carmine: (viz. ad Eudoxum Epistola. et, in Obitum Petri Gassendi.)* The Preface mentions the Verses that are added to the *Paris* Edition, which are more in Number than those that were left out. 'Tis a very fine Piece as to the Versification; the reading of *Lucretius* appears much more in it than that of *Petronius*. Those who told Mr. Baillet, that the Author speaks very freely of what concerns Generation, were not mistaken; but it is not true, that this is unbecoming a Man who has any Sense of Modesty; for the Abbot *Quillet* says nothing but what is to be found in many Books of Physic written by grave Authors. I don't know whether he had any other Masters; but I am sure, that the Reading of the most serious Writers is sufficient to teach one all the Precepts that he prescribes. He is call'd *Abbas Dudavilleus* at the end of the Licence, and *Abbas*, D. S. in the Epistle Dedicatory.

(5.) The Abbot *de Marolles* having mention'd (in the Enumeration of those who presented him with Books) the *CALLIPÆDIA*, and some other *French* and *Latin* Verses which *Quillet* had sent to him, goes on thus, 'He had compos'd
ano-

‘ another large Poem in *Latin*, Intitul’d, H E N-
 ‘ R I C I A S, in Honour of King *Henry IV.* but
 ‘ I don’t know whether that Work, and his Tran-
 ‘ slation of all the *Satires* of *Juvenal* into *French*
 ‘ Verse, will ever appear in Print; since the Edi-
 ‘ tions of the best Poems, written by the most
 ‘ excellent Poets, must be paid for now-a-days;
 ‘ and those that have been Printed, which are
 ‘ very many even in *Latin*, are scarce read now.
 ‘ I shall forbear making an Enumeration of ’em;
 ‘ the Reader would be surpriz’d at it.

I believe the following Passage of *Costar*, is to
 be understood of the H E N R I C I A S.

‘ I am sorry (says he, in his Letter to *Quillet* be-
 ‘ fore mention’d) you have taken from me the
 ‘ Words *Convoiter* (to covet) and *Convoitise* (Co-
 ‘ vetousness or Desire;) for I would make use of
 ‘ ’em very much to the Purpose, in order to express
 ‘ the great Desire I have to see the Continuation
 ‘ of your Divine *Latin* Poem, the Beginning of
 ‘ which you have been pleas’d to send me. If the
 ‘ remaining Part is like the Beginning, that Poem
 ‘ is-as-much beyond the fine C A L L I P Æ D I A,
 ‘ as the C A L L I P Æ D I A is beyond all the
 ‘ Works of that Nature which our Age has pro-
 ‘ duc’d. What a Pleasure will it be for me, Sir,
 ‘ if you keep your Word, and bring me four
 ‘ Thousand Verses as fine as those which I have
 ‘ just now read.

T O

another large Poem, I have, I think, in the
RICHARD, in the same way, I have
I don't know whether I have, and his I think
I think of all the Poems of the same kind
I think, will ever appear in print; since the Po-
tions of the self Poems, written by the most
ancient Poets, must be paid for now-a-days;
and those that have been printed, which are
very many even in Latin, are scarce read now.
I think I have, making an Enumeration of them;
the Reader would be surprised to find

I believe the following Passage of Cicero is to
be understood of the H. RICHARD.

I am sorry (says he in his Letter to Quintus) to
find (mentioned) you have taken from me the
Words Carver (to cover) and Carver (to
verobach in Deane); for I would make use of
them very much to the Purpose, in order to express
the great Deane I have to see the Continuation
of your Divine Latin Poem, the Beginning of
which you have been pleased to send me. If this
remaining Part is like the Beginning, that Poem
is as much beyond the first CALLIPEDIA
as the CALLIPEDIA is beyond all the
Words of that Nature, which our Age has pro-
duced. What a Pleasure will it be to me, if
it you keep your Word, and bring me the
finished Poem as fast as those which I have
just now read.



To His EMINENCY

CARDINAL

Julius Mazarine,

PRINCE *of the Holy* ROMAN Church.

May it please Your EMINENCY,

I Have long consulted with my self,
whether it became a prudent Man,
to suffer a POEM of this NATURE
to take Sanctuary under the Pro-
tection of Your Sacred NAME. The
a Levity

DEDICATION

Levity of the Subject, as it appear'd to some at first View, put no small Discouragement on my Resolution: Many were of Opinion, that, by laying before Your *Eminency* so light a Discourse, I should rather be guilty of an unpardonable Crime, than express the Veneration I owe to one of so exalted a Character and Dignity. For who (said those censorious Gentlemen) can forbear Arraigning him of Vanity and Arrogance, who is so injurious to the Public Interest, as to take off the Mind of the First Minister of the *GALLIC* Empire, from his more important Concerns, by the slight Diversion of a ludicrous *CALLIPÆDIA*? But some Reasons, however unacceptable to others, were so prevailing with me, as to remove all Scruple. This *P O E M*, begun at *R O M E*, in Your *Eminency's* Own Native Soil; carry'd on, and brought to Perfection at *P A R I S*, in the spacious Theatre of Your Virtue and Glory, with
all

to Cardinal MAZARINE.

all Submission and Chearfulness courted the Honour of Your Patronage. Thus the Divine *VIRGIL* inscrib'd his *Georgics* (the Model and Idea of which I have in-
deavour'd to keep in View, tho' at a great Distance) to *CAIUS CILNIUS MECÆNAS*, Minister of the Roman Empire, and the Emperour *AUGUSTUS* himself; by which Means both the Poet and the Patron of the P O E M, are jointly transmitted down to Posterity with equal Honour and Immortal Reputation. I dare not, I confess, draw any Parallel between the *Callipædia* and the *Georgics*; for then I should justly incur the Censure of an over-weening Presumption, should I offer to compare my Littleness to his lofty Performance.

-----*Sic parvis componere magna pueret.*

Yet without the least Reflection, or Vanity, I dare be bold to affirm, that

DEDICATION

the Subject, on which I write, is far Superiour to that of *VIRGIL*'s. For who, but one of a very partial or weak Judgment, would not blush to prefer a fruitful *Harvest* to a plentiful *Family*: *Vines*, when join'd to *Elms*, to a *Bride* and *Bridegroom*, marry'd for the noble Purposes of procreating a *Beauteous Race*; the Keeping of a numerous Stock of *Cattle*, to the Care of *Man* himself, as he is forming in the Womb, coming into the World, and ripening into Perfection?

Neither have we omitted, no more than *VIRGIL* has done in his *Georgics*, to touch in the following P O E M upon that Noble Science, so worthy an ingenuous Education, *Astronomy*; for there we relate, under what Star, a fair Offspring may be conceiv'd, in a Way not unaccurate, and, perhaps, not altogether disagreeable and un-diverting.

Here

to Cardinal MAZARINE.

Here give me Leave, *My LORD*, to add one Reason, which may seriously recommend This Work of mine, to the Perusal of *KINGS*, and *GOVERNORS* of *Kingdoms*. For since their Empire, and Administration of it, is not so immediately concern'd with the Care of *Corn* or *Cattle*, as in a more proper and peculiar Manner with *Men* themselves ; who will not readily grant, that these Precepts of ours, concerning *the Generation of a Beautiful Human Offspring*, are not conducive to the Strength and Glory of *Kingdoms*, and deserving to be annex'd even to the *SALIC* Laws?

Accept therefore, *Most Eminent Cardinal*, this Genuine Progeny of my *Muse*, which may lay some Title to Commendation, if not on Account of the Elegance of the Style, yet certainly for the Dignity of the Subject ;

---Et

DEDICATION

--- *Et jam nunc votis assuesce vocari.*

It would indeed be necessary here, that I, who have undertaken to manage so nice and delicate an Argument, should have done it in a suitable and extraordinary Way, with the utmost Vigour of Spirit, and in a Style above the Relish of the Vulgar. But I must plead the Narrowness of too circumscrib'd a Genius. However, My LORD, You, I hope, will vouchsafe to supply the Place of *MECÆNAS* to me; and as You infinitely excell Him in the skilful Administration of Government, and the other Arts both of Peace and War; so is it agreeable to the Greatness of Your *Eminency's* Soul, not only to imitate, but overcome Him, in Affability, Gentleness, Condescension, and a profuse and undisguis'd Affection

to Cardinal MAZARINE.

fection for the Lovers of the Politer
Learning. So live, and enjoy the Favour
of all good Men, and continue Yours to,

My LORD,

Your Eminency's

Most Devoted,

Most Oblig'd and

Most Obedient Servant,

C L. QUILLET.

to Cardinal Mazarin

section for the House of the Pope
Learning to love and enjoy the favour
of all good Men and continue Yours to

My Lord

Your Humility's

Most Devoted

Most Oblig'd and

Most Obedient Servant

C. L. OUBERT



THE
CONDUCT
OF THE
CALLIPÆDIA.

This POEM is divided into FOUR BOOKS.

ARGUMENT of the FIRST BOOK.

The PROPOSITION. *An Invocation of the most Beautiful DEITIES. The POET deduces the Cause of BEAUTY, according as it is esteem'd in different Countries by applying the Story of PANDORA to his Purpose. He sets down the Conditions of chusing a fit PAIR to procreate a Hand'som Offspring, and ends with the approach-*
ing

The Conduct of the Callipædia.

ing Nuptials. He likewise by Way of Digression inveighs against the Covetousness of the AGE, which blindly seeks after a large PORTION rather than an AGREEABLE TEMPER and CONSTITUTION. An Apostrophe to the present KING of France, wherein he proposes what kind of LADY he would wish him to chuse for his ROYAL CONSORT, who might bring him a Beautiful Race of Children.

ARGUMENT of the SECOND BOOK.

This BOOK begins with a Relation of the Diversions on the DAY of MARRIAGE; and touches on the LAWS which are to be kept when the Married Couple come together. It gives some Astrological Cautions, shewing how conducive the Influence of the STARS is, towards the Procreation of FAIR Children; and then adjoining some Precepts, which tend to the begetting of a MALE Offspring, concludes with the CONCEPTION.

The

The Conduct of the *Callipædia*.

ARGUMENT of the THIRD BOOK.

The Tokens of CONCEPTION. Precepts to the BRIDE, when Breeding. The Power of IMAGINATION. The Epifode of CHIRON. The Centaur. His Formation and Birth is describ'd. The Causes of this deduc'd from the Principles of the EPICUREAN Philosophy. Some Errors of the Pregnant, by which the Embryo is distorted. Description of the Grove of Elms on the Banks of the Sein. The Danger of too much Riding in a Coach, Dancing, &c. The Peculiar Effect which the Small Pox has in spoiling a Comly Face.

ARGUMENT of the FOURTH BOOK.

This BOOK (which is much longer than the rest) treats of VIRTUE; which is more Amiable when it proceeds from a FAIR Body. The Beauty both of the MALE and FEMALE Mind, which Springs from the Power of the UNDERSTANDING and WILL. The Difference of the Italian and French GENIUS.
Re-

The Conduct of the Callipædia.

Reflections on Noblemen, who suffer their SONS, when they have scarce come from their Tutors, to mingle themselves in all Companies without Distinction. Of TRAVEL. The whole concludes with a Poetical Prophecy of the PYRENEAN Peace then just on Foot, from whence the AUTHOR promises Felicity to the MUSES, and a Right Use of his CALLIPÆDIA.

CALL

ARGUMENT of the FOURTH BOOK.

This Book (which is much longer than the rest) treats of VIRTUE; which is more Abstruse when it proceeds from a RARE BODY. The body of the MATHS and FEMALE Mind, which springs from the Power of the UNDERSTANDING and WILL. The Difference of the Italian and French GARDENS. &c.

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the FIRST.

Made English by N. ROWE, Esq;

THE ARGUMENT.

The Proposition. An Invocation of the most Beautiful Deities. The Poet deduces the Cause of Beauty, according as it is esteem'd in different Countries, by applying the Story of Pandora to his Purpose. He sets down the Conditions of chusing a fit Pair to procreate a Handsom Offspring, and ends with the approaching Nuptials. He likewise by Way of Digression inveighs against the Covetousness of the Age, which blindly seeks after a large Portion rather than an Agreeable Temper and Constitution. An Apostrophe to the present King of France, wherein he proposes what kind of Lady he would wish him to chuse for his Royal Consort, who might bring him a Beautiful Race of Children.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

CALLIPEDIA.

Book the First.

Made English by N. ROWE, Esq.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Proposition. An Invention of the most beautiful Deities. The Power
of the Cause of Beauty, according as it is effected in different
Constitutes, is applied to the Story of Pandora to his Purpose. The first
shows the Condition of things a fit Time to procure a Resolution of
firing, and ends with the approaching Punishment. The second by way of
Digression investigates against the Consequences of the Age, which climaxes
for a large Portion rather than an agreeable Temper and
Constitution. An Apophthegm to the effect, King of France, wherein
he proposes what kind of Lady he would wish him to have for his Royal
Consort, who might bring him a beautiful Race of Children.

L O W D O W,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.



CALLIPÆDIA.



BOOK I.



H A T crowns the fruitful Mar-
riage Bed with Joy,
What forms the Lovely Girl and
Manly Boy,

What kindly Stars the juster Features trace,
What happy Influence bestows the Grace,
And breaths the Bloom Divine upon the beau-
teous Face ;

What secret Springs the Forming Fancy move,
What Force the Mind exerts in genial Love,
How the fair Soul is in the Body seen,
And outward Beauty speaks the Worth within,
In flowing Verse attempts the willing Muse,
And tunefully the pleasing Theme pursues.

Hear oh! ye fairest of the Nymphs Divine,
Ye Graces hear, and to the Task incline:

And thou great Mother of Almighty Love,
If once in Phrygian *Ida's* sacred Grove

Thy Form victorious did the Prize obtain,
By the just Judgment of the Righteous Swain,
Hear and inspire thy soft *Idalian* Strain.

So shall Delight my happy Labours bless,
And pleasing Thoughts, in pleasing Numbers dress:
So shall my grateful Verse thy Laws impart,
And teach Mankind with Joy the genial Art.

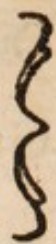
When e'er in times to come it shall betide,
 That the kind Bridegroom would instruct his Bride,
 My Verse shall by the skillful Youth be read,
 To the dear Partner of his Nuptial Bed;
 The Muse instructive shall their Off-spring grace,
 And form the Future Honours of their Race:
 Beauty the long successive Line shall crown,
 And no deform'd unfightly Birth be known:
 In ev'ry Face the *Cyprian* Queen shall reign,
 And mutually adorn the Nymph and Swain.
 You who a Parents pleasing Hopes conceive,
 Who lovely Patterns of your selves would leave;
 You to whose Care the Rites of Love belong,
 Attend and listen to my useful Song.
 If soft the Verse, if sweet the Numbers flow,
 A Myrtle Wreath my just Reward bestow,
 And bind with grateful Hands your Poet's learned
 Brow.

But first my Muse describe the doubtful Fair,
Beauties Celestial Essence first declare,
The sacred Substance of the Goddess tell,
And in what Forms she most Delights to dwell:
What Honours on the Noblest Fronts are spread,
What Roses paint the Cheeks with brightest red;
What Colours best become the flowing Hair,
What Locks most graceful wanton in the Air;
What Lips the sweetest Breathe the fragrant Bliss,
And swell the Softest to the melting Kiss;
What Hands are fashion'd in the finest Mold,
What circling Arms do best the Lover hold,
And press him with the closest, kindest Fold?

But oh! confus'd and dark the Question lies,
Perplex'd the Cause, and Doubts on Doubts arise.

Each

Each as he loves his diff'ring Praise bestows,
This Youth to snowy *Amaryllis* Bows,
While that to brown *Lycoris* pays his Vows.



Daphnis in *Flavia's* yellow Ringlets bound,
Admires the Nymphs with golden Tresses crown'd.
While *Thyrsis* doating on the Jetty black,
Starts at the burning Gold, and flies with Horror
back.

Some Eyes all Hearts with lively grey subdue,
Some with the Languish of the lovely blue,
Some the Fond Rage with sparkling black in-
spire,

Quick shoot the Flames and kindle up the Fire.

Some Swains the slender Wasted Virgin prize,

And loath the bulky Fat's unweildy Size:

While some the thin, the shadowy Form detest,

And choose to press the plump luxuriant Breast,

On full Delights their Wishes to Employ,
Grasp the substantial Fair, and sate themselves with
Joy.

Such are the various Springs our Passions move,
And such the many Heresies of Love;
Thus is the Mind by blind Desire betray'd,
Thus by fantastick Fancy are we sway'd,
We like, we love, then Deify the Maid.

Nor only Man to various Thoughts inclin'd,
Finds differing Beauties in the softer kind,
But ev'n his own majestick Form surveys,
As partial Nations differ in their Praise.

Mark how the swarthy *Æthiop* fond of Night
Disdains the Cheeks with blended Roses bright,
And paints the Fiends and Stygian Furies white.

How did the servile flattering *East* Commend,
The Nose high rising with an Arched Bend;

When

When first that semblant Form was fam'd to grace
The Mighty *Median* Monarch's warlike Face,
Cyrus, whose Hand did *Asia's* Scepter Sway,
And taught the wealthy *Cræssus* to obey;
Wide o'er the *Lydian* Realm he stretch'd his Reign,
And bound the Royal Miser in his Chain.
Here might my Verse the fairest *Gaul* Recount,
Here Paint his flowing Curls and spacious Front.
Or here the Tawny *Spaniard* might I trace
His Looks obscure describe, his gloomy Grace,
And rusty Blood diffus'd upon his dusky Face. }
Full of himself the Pigmy Form appears,
Swells to the Clouds and menaces the Stars;
Ev'n he, tho' by unhappy Lot he lies
Beneath unkindly Suns, and Western Skies,
Disdains the *German* manly made and strong,
And calls the fashion of his Arms too long;

Prunes his hard Visage up, and with a Smile
Scorns the soft Bloom of *Britains* happy Isle.

But say, my Muse, whence things that seem so
clear,

So doubtful to discording Man appear ;
From happier Times of old deduce thy Verse,
And how it first befell, in Order just rehearse.

When first this Infant World its Form put on,
When Time and beauteous Order first begun,
And Rich with native Grace, the new Creation
shone,

No wicked Iron Age, as yet control'd,
The Lustre of the pure primæval Gold ;
Around Heaven's azure Arch serenely bright,
Unfullied shone the sparkling Gems of Light,

No Fogs did then, no lazy Vapors rise,
Nor with their dull Pollution stain the Skies;
Thro' Heavens wide Plains the glorious God of
Day,

Prince of the Stars, unclouded held his Way:
While in her turn the Silver Queen of Night,
Successive roll'd her limpid Orb of Light.

The Mother Earth adorn'd by what she bred,
With Rocks, Hills, Trees, with Fruits and
Flowers was spread,

And every living Thing on her green Bosom fed.

The well digested Mass untainted yet,
Did no Rank Steams nor pois'nous Damps emit,
But healthy Spirits breathing from the Ground,
Diffus'd their wholesome Fragrancies around.

'Twas then, in those good Times for ever blest,
That happy Man his Innocence Possess'd:

When

When yet he had not learn'd in Reason's Spight,
Perverse to turn, and wander from the Right,
Forfaking Heavens reveal'd, and Nature's inborn
Light.

Then Holy Arts and Priestcraft were not known,
Religion then was simple, plain and one :

Lust had not kindled then her guilty Flame,
Ambition had not cheated Fools with Fame,
Nor vex'd the World with Honour's angry Name.

Nor was the Form of Man beneath his Soul,
But equal, proper Beauties grac'd the Whole.

Then *Temperance* just Goddesses did prevail,
And rightly held creating Nature's Scale,

Dispos'd the sev'ral Parts with prudent Care,
And form'd with nicest Symmetry the Fair.

Then was the Reign of Beauty in Mankind,
Then Universal Empress, well she join'd
The Faultless Body and the Blameless Mind.

Soon

Soon as great *Jove* from high *Olympus* Brow,
Beheld the sacred Harmony below,
Add we one Master-piece of Art he said,
Earth, Heaven, and all ye Gods afford your Aid,
Your each Perfection join, and form one lovely
Maid.

He spoke, and strait obedient to his Word,
Each willing Species to the Work concurr'd,
The Chrystal Orbs of *Æther* first prepare
The Limbs and Substance, for the future Fair,
While the Sun curl'd his Beams and hung 'em
for her Hair.

Her Front like Marble smooth, like Lilies white,
Fair *Cynthia* Luster'd o'er with Silver Light;
Upon her Cheeks *Aurora* Roses spread;
And dy'd 'em in the Morning's brightest Red;

Venus

Venus the sweetly charming Smile imprest,
And her soft Lips with balmy Pleasures blest :
While Love the God himself o'er all the Mass,
Dancing delightful show'd his heavenly Face,
Led on the laughing Joys, and every Sister grace.
Thus form'd, thus finish'd out the beauteous
whole,
Creating *Jove* Infus'd the living Soul ;
And since from every God the Graces came,
He bad *Pandora* be the Fair one's Name.
Then bending kindly down his Gracious Look,
Thus to the New-made Nymph th' Almighty
Father spoke.

Daughter of Gods descend, thou Work divine,
Vouchsafe on Earth, celestial Fair, to shine,
Diffuse the Blessings of thy Radiant Face,
And Chear the Labours of the Mortal Race :

For

For thus the Gods, thus *Jove's* high Will ordains,
While Man his native Innocence Retains;
Be thou his Bliss, his great Reward be thou,
Thy full Perfection, Heaven's fair Pattern show,
And teach him by thy self thy Native Skies to
know.

But oh! if Pity touch thy tender Breast,
If for Mankind thy Care wou'd be express'd,
Keep close this fatal Casket I bestow,
Nor seek the Secrets lodg'd within to know.
If thy frail Hand too curious, shou'd incline
To pry, and disobey the Will divine,
Straight forth ten thousand winged Plagues shall
fly,
And scatter swift Contagion thro' the Sky.
Thee too, thou Fairest, shall the Ruin seize,
Pain shalt thou feel, and Languish with Disease.

Deformity thy lovely Looks shall blast,
And foul Pollution lay thy Beauties wast.

He said, And downward swift she bent her
Flight,
To spread around on Earth, the Beams of Beauties Light.

Nor did she there with *Epimetheus* Dwell,
Shut up and Cloister'd in a lonely Cell,
As old Greek Tales of Dreaming *Hesiod* tell.
But bounteous of Delight and unconfin'd,
She made the Blessing common to Mankind,
Design'd a Publick Good still passing on,
On undistinguish'd Crowds alike she shone.

The stupid Herd with pleasing Dread amaz'd,
Dumb with Attention, stood, and glad some gaz'd,

Some ravish'd with her Mien so graceful were,
Some with the Ringlets of her Amber Hair,
Some with her Iv'ry Front, and Face so
heav'nly Fair.

From her each Part Ambrosial Odours flow'd,
And breath'd a balmy Blessing on the Crowd,
While her bright Eyes (which scarce the Muse
had told,
Unless by sacred Inspiration Bold)
With Light effulgent, Darted forth a Ray,
That Chear'd Mankind, and made the World look
Gay.

So when *Aurora* in the Rosy East,
Lifts her fair Head, with radiant Honours
Drest,
O'er Natures Face a various Smile she spreads,
And paints a-new the Fields and Flow'ry Meads,

Ten-thousand-colour'd dyes her Beams unfold,
The Limpid Stream in Silver Waves is Roll'd,
And all the Green-Wood shade is burnish'd
o'er with Gold.

Such Beauty was, in our first Fathers Time,
While yet the Youthful World was in its Prime,
The mingling Graces of the Sexes met,
And full Perfection made the Form compleat;
While Man yet free from Avarice, or Pride,
The Ways of Wickedness had never try'd,
Nor warping from the Right, Perversly turn'd
aside.

But when Pernicious Change invading spread,
And Error blind mistaking Reason led,
The swift Contagion reach'd the lovely Maid.

Pandora tainted by an Impious Age,
Pursu'd each fond Desire, and each fantastic Rage:
Curious to know, the Box disturb'd her Rest,
Jove's hard Commands sat heavy on her Breast,
And Woman, Woman the frail Nymph confest:
Resolv'd at length, whatever *Jove* forbid,
She eas'd her longing Mind, and broke the Lid :
When steaming, strait, a deadly Vapour rose,
Long Trains of waiting Plagues it did disclose,
Diseases, Miseries, and mortal Woes.
First the fell Poison seiz'd the curious Maid,
First on her Youth, her blooming Roses prey'd ;
Her Eyes no more their starry Fires could boast,
But dim and dull in cloudy Mists were lost ;
No Part was left untainted in the whole,
But all that once was fair, was loathsome now and
foul.

Nor stop'd the Ruin with the wretched Maid,
But growing still, around diffusive stray'd ;
Error, Disease and Death like Victors dread,
Wide-waisting, o'er the World, their Legions spread,
And vanquish'd Minds and Bodies captive led.
Hid in deep Shades benighted Reason lay,
Shut from the Beams of Truth's Ethereal Day.
From that sad *Æra* Ignorance begun,
Thence a dull Train of doubting Ages run,
And Beauty's sacred Form remains unknown.
Oh then, to guide the wand'ring Muse aright,
To pierce the Shades of this substantial Night ;
Phæbus be kind, to thee for Aid we bow,
Thou Joy of Gods above, and Men below !
Patron of Verse, and Ruler of the Day !
Do thou shoot swift before thy Golden Ray,
At once inspire her Flight, and point her out the
Way.

Tho' all around the wide Contagion spread,
Like Streams far stretching from some fatal Head ;
Yet was it various in it's baleful Course,
And now renew'd, and now repress't its Force.
Where round the Poles the frozen Circles turn,
Or where near neighb'ring Suns too fiercely burn,
There Nature's Shame, mishapen Forms abound,
And Monsters people the devoted Ground.
Far in the *North*, where Winter's hoary Bed
Is with eternal Snows and Ice dispread ;
Or where the fam'd *Magellan's* Southern Tide
Does barbarous *Patagonian* Shores divide ;
Nations deform'd, fierce Salvage Tribes are seen,
Of Bulk unwieldy and Gigantic Mien ;
Each a huge heavy lazy Mass of Might,
Unfit for Use, and loathsome to the Sight ;

While in the Regions of the burning *Zone*,
 No Visage but the footy Black is known ;
 Short woolly Locks their Horrid Fronts embrace,
 Thick Lips grin fearful with a Fiend-like Grace,
 And Night, the Beldam, broods, on each Barbarian
 Face.

Nor here unfitly to my Verse belong,
 Arts which were once the Princely *Arab's* Song.
 Long since the *Bard* in Native Numbers taught,
 How the midGlobe, with temp'rate Regions fraught,
 Feels not the dire Extremes of Cold and Hot.
 Where in the Midst the just *Æquator* lies,
 Sweet is the Air, and undisturb'd the Skies ;
 There, Heav'ns bright Scale well-blended Seasons
 weighs,
 Nature the Poles at equal Distance lays,
 And righteously divides the Nights and Days :

There

There, nor the Sun's bright Flames malignant burn,
 Nor chilly Moons with nipping Frosts return ;
 Thence, with Luxurious Births each pregnant Year,
 Twin Seasons does, and double Plenties bear ;
 Twice yellow *Ceres* crowns the Summer Fields,
 And twice his rich Increase ripe Autumn yields ;
 Twice gentle Winter comes with sober Grace,
 And twice the blooming Spring renews her blissful
 Face.

Here, if aright the Poets Song divin'd,
 The justest Forms of Beauty might we find :
 From Constitutions rightly temper'd, here
 Fair Harmony and Order should appear,
 And all Mankind be Lovely like the Year. }
 But the known Clime must o'er the Verse prevail,
 And Truth refute the false *Arabian* Tale :
 Since black Deformity usurps alone
 The sultry Regions of the *Torrid Zone*,

The fiery God too near 'em runs his Race,
And leaves his footy Marks on ev'ry hideous Face.

Then, oh my Muse, forsake the scorching Line,
And to the cooler Pole thy Flight incline ;
Seek in the midway space some balmy Air,
A Land Delightful, and a People Fair;
Where Beauty long her Residence has plac'd,
And reign'd in Sov'reign State for Ages past.
Nor cease thy curious Search, nor yet remain
Fix'd in warm *Italy*, or swarthy *Spain*:
Still spread thy Wing, and reach that happy Coast,
Where *Europe* does her fav'rite Country boast,
Where sweetest Airs, and kindest Heav'ns she
yields,
Where *Gallia* spreads her fair *Elysian* Fields ;
But thee *Turonia* chief I would select,
Thy pleasing Soil with various Prospect deck'd,
Where

Where winding Vales run rich with frequent Rills,
And verdant Plains are crown'd with rising Hills;
Where gentle *Liger* slowly seeks the Sea,
Scattering full Plenty in his peaceful Way,
Where near proud *Angier's* Walls his Waves are
roll'd,

And thro' their Chrystal clear display the sandy Gold.
Here lovely Maids of Form Divine abound,
With ev'ry Grace and just Perfection crown'd;
Here still the Marks of Heav'ns first Work they
wear,
And like the first *Pandora* still are faultless Fair.

Mark how their Statures due Proportion know,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too meanly low;
No meager bony Jaws deform the Face,
Nor puffy Sides the taper Shape disgrace,
But ev'ry part alike becomes its Place.

Behold

Behold, how lovely smooth the Forehead shines,
How milky White the soft Descent inclines,
How fitly to the sparkling Eyes it joins !

While gaily pleasing they, and sweetly bright,
Fill each Beholder's Heart with dear Delight ;
See on the blooming Cheeks, so freshly spread,
So duly mixt, the Native White and Red ;
Mark what full Roses on the Lips appear,
What Sweets they breath, what balmy Dew they
wear !

But lost and endless were my Pain, to trace
The vast Infinity of Beauty's Grace :
Why shou'd the Muse in lavish Numbers speak,
The golden Tresses, or the Iv'ry Neck ?
Why shou'd the bashful Nymph attempt to tell,
What soft round Globes on rising Bosoms swell ?
What secret Charms——Since Modesty denies,
And bars the bold Access of Wanton Eyes ;

Blushing

Blushing with decent Grace, her Veil she draws,
 And Shields the Fair from Shame by Custom's
 Rev'rent Laws.

Nor do we less our Manly Beauty boast,
 Prov'd often to the Love-sick Virgin's Cost.

In either Sex, her Skill, Dame Nature shows,
 And equally her fairest Gifts bestows.

Mark when the Downy Plumes at first begin
 To Promise early Manhood on his Chin :

How goodly grac'd the Rising Youth is seen,
 His Form, how Noble, and how great his Mien.

From vital Juices well and kindly mixt,
 The Constitution just and firmly fix'd ;

No meagre Pale, upon his Visage spread,
 Taints with unwholsom hew the Native Red.

But healthy Sanguine, of the *Tyrian* Dye,
 Laughs in his Looks, while from his Front on high,
 In large descending Locks his Auburn tresses fly. }

Nor Boast his other Parts less Grace Divine,
Sweet Loveliness with comely Strength combine,
Each Limb on well-compacted Muscles turns,
And just Proportion the fair Whole adorns.
Such equal Tempers happy GALLIA knows,
Such are the Forms our kinder Heav'n bestows.
Far from the Clime where Sultry Suns arise,
Far from the Wintry *North's* inclement Skies,
In the *Mid-Space* the Queen of Nations lies ;
With softest Airs with Sweetest is she blest,
And gentle Heats brood on her Balmy Breast.

If then the *Genial* Arts thou seek to know,
Attend to what the skillful Muse can show,
Sweet are her Sacred Rules and tunefully they
flow.

‘ Not every Man or Woman was design’d,
‘ To Propagate and Multiply their Kind ;

‘ Forbid

‘ Forbid we Rightly the Deform’d and Foul,
‘ To Cloath with ill-shap’d Limbs the Heav’nly
Soul.

Has not the Poets Song Divinely told,
Of Births detested in the Days of Old ?
How dreadful PHLEGETON did Night Invade,
Comprest the *Beldam* in her own dire Shade.

Hence sprung the Sisters, (horrible to Sight !)
Whose hellish Heads with hissing Snakes affright.
Who Shudders not at PLUTO’s odious Bed ?

What Virgin would a One-ey’d CYCLOPS Wed ?
Were I to judge no VULCAN e’er should prove

A horrid Husband to the QUEEN of LOVE,
Some fitter Task his barren Age should find,
In hamm’ring Bolts for JOVE to Plague Mankind,
Doom’d to old *Aetna*’s Forge he should remain,
And Drudge out dull Immortal Years in vain.

But he, who judges right of what is Fair,
With healthy Sons will healthy Daughters Pair.

As unperforming, useles *Drones*, will drive,
The *Weak* and *Sickly* from the *Marriage Hive*.

Whether a Man by frequent Visits feel
The gnawing Torments of the *Gouty Ill*.

Or, sudden *Epilepsies* seize his Mind,

Or, *bilious Cholic* rack his *Breast* with Wind.

Or, on his wasted *Lungs* an *Ulcer* prey,

Or, a *Consumption*, lingringly Betray

His pining Life, and Murder by Delay.

For, MAN's new curious System to compose,
An equal Portion every Limb bestows,
From every Nerve collected Nature flows.

Whence by Traduction from the Father run,
Ill Habitudes intail'd upon the Son.

The

The latent Poison in the Bowels grows,
And Propagates a Family of Woes.
How oft do Men their ill-star'd Birth bewail,
Condemn'd to a diseasfull Body's Jayl!
How oft with vain Complaints they load the Skies,
And guiltless Gods accuse with fruitless Cries!
When the true Cause of their repeated Blame,
From a distemper'd feeble Marriage came.
Let then a healthy *Bridegroom* and a *Bride*,
Be in connubial Leagues of Love ally'd,
If they Desire that future Times should know,
To what a lovely Origin they owe
A Race of Men, for all that's generous Born,
Or to Defend their Country, or Adorn.
The prudent Farmers, who of Heaven implore
A plenteous Harvest, and increasing Store;
The finest of their Wheat for Seed retain,
Nor Sow their Acres with corrupted Grain.

Hence

Hence loaded Fields their Annual Wealth unfold,
And smiling CERES waves in Sheafy Gold.

Thus lab'ring Hinds, for a rich Crop of Corn,
Improve their Ground, while you Neglect with
Scorn,

The grateful Soil, from whence Mankind is Born.
Unwilling or unmindful to Produce,
From a hale Body, pure and generous Juice.

Which in clear Channels may unblended run,
From the bright FATHER to the brighter SON.

Is then the Price of Man no better known,
Or God, who form'd Thy Image from his Own?

Cannot that Soul which does with Art Survey
The Stars, and Travels o'er the Milky Way,
Erect thy Spirits, and refine thy Clay?

Does Sloth supine in such strong Fetters bind
Your abject Sense, and make you less inclin'd,
To found a beauteous Temple for th' Æthereal
Mind.

Ye

Ye Gods, who to a Human Birth repair,
 And watch the Cradle with a Guardian's Care,
 From *Nuptial Banns* exclude a weakly Pair.

Left Execrations from their Children's Throat,
 Their wretched Parents to the Fiends devote.

And Thou, *Great Father* of all Human Race,

Whose Hand preserves this Globe in strict Embrace,

No longer let the wicked Custom reign,

Nor the just Beauty of thy Labour stain.

Let a new Genius from the Skies descend,

With better Nature, and Mankind befriend:

Who may this Theme with well-wrote Rules adorn.

And give Instruction to an Age unborn.

Nor is't enough, that Marriages agree,

In mutual Vigour, and from Sicknefs free;

If you Desire an Offspring, you must learn,

Another Lesson of the First Concern.

The Nuptial Knot should be with Equals ty'd ;
 No Sanguine Bridegroom to a Sapless Bride ;
 Nor should a bloomy Nymph entomb her Charms,
 In an old Husband's Monumental Arms.

HYMEN will such an ill-yok'd Couple blame,
 And JUNO kindle an unhappy Flame.

ALECTO, frowning on the Luckless Pair,
 Shakes her sulphureous Torch, and snaky Hair.

See, how young CHLOE, keen with strong Desires,
 From her old wither'd Spouse with Scorn retires,
 His frigid Kisses shuns, and languid Fires. }

With frequent Tears Bedews her Face, and quits
 Her idle Drudge, and the detested Sheets.

Thee, Happy ATYS, RHEA from above,
 Pursu'd with chaste Desires, and honest Love.

Had th' antiquated Goddess thee carest,
 And with cold Kisses in her Bosom prest,

Thy waſting Youth had found its certain Doom,
 Unſinew'd of its Strength, and ſpringing Bloom.
 For the dull Dryneſs of Old Age deſires
 More Aliment to feed its dying Fires,
 And luſty Nature's whole vivific Stock requires.
 So, ever burning Sands in *Libyan* Plains,
 Suck in with greedy Thirſt the falling Rains,
 And ſtill unfated with the watry Store,
 Their Drought increaſing, make Demands for
 more.

Yet more from Diſcord of unequal Seed,
 When Youth and Age are Coupled for the breed:
 Diſeaſes in a ſickly Train proceed.
 And if at laſt a weakly Offspring's born,
 How oft his wretched Being will he mourn?
 How oft a Life in Miſery extend,
 Unuſeful to his Country, or his Friend?

Nor can we here forget the Modish Crime,
Which flights the Rules of our instructing Rhyme.
How ill-advising Thirst of Gold supplies
The Want of Passion, and perverts our Eyes:
Which, to a Face Superior and Divine,
Prefers the Monarch's Image on the Coin,
How, fashionably vain, large Portions prove
Rebellious Subjects to commanding Love:
For if the Chests of a rich Father hold
The sacred Load of Writings, or of Gold;
If he can Jointure a consenting Mate
With the gay Ruin of a vast Estate;
Blind with the shining Hopes, each Nymph will
run
With proffer'd Beauty to the charming Son,
While the fond Parents wish her wealthily undone.

Tho' the pale Wretch, with sure Contagion, kills,
Infected with an Hospital of Ills,
And every vile Disease which crouds the *Weekly*
Bills.

Tho' pining in the last Decline of Life,
A fruitless Burden to his longing Wife,
How hard her Fate, who in her Youthful Pride
Finds a dry Monster, snoring by her Side,
A married Virgin She, and widow'd Bride!
Of her lost Bloom how oft will she complain,
And wet the Joyless Sheets with nightly Rain!
How will she Childless mourn! or what is worse,
Loath her detested Race, a heavier Curse.
Besides, if prompted by her strong Desires,
She seeks new Springs to cool her wanton Fires;
If Wand'ring in the search of Bliss she flies,
To seek what her enervate Drudge denies,

(For who wou'd With a loathfom Joy to
 prove,

Or Languish in the Arms of sickly Love?)

What rank Adulteries thy House will stain,
 And croud it with a long promiscuous Train,
 Which Thou, Good-natur'd Cuckold, must
 maintain !

'Tis true, the Boy, not Thine, will bear thy
 Name,

Tho' Twenty Fathers have a better Claim.

Here shall his Features, and his Mien express

A Baronet ; and there his Groom confess.

Here a young Colonel's warlike Look, or there

A sneaking Citizen's submissive Air.

•Then shall the hoarded Sums, and glittering
 Heap,

Which Thou hast labour'd anxiously to keep :

Then shall the Acres of thy rented Ground,
The Flocks and Herds with which thy Fields
abound,
All which to Thee by long Descent have run,
Be spent in Riot by a spurious Son.

Nor does a private Family alone
Beneath the Mischief of this Poison groan ;
In Palaces the growing Evil spreads,
And impudently climbs Imperial Beds.
When Kings, infeebled by Luxurious Ease,
Or latent Seeds of some uncur'd Disease,
By the warm Sides of Youthful Consorts freeze ;
No longer now at the soft Anvil sweat,
Too impotent to Govern, or Beget.
Hence Infants sometimes may a Kingdom guide,
Tho' Royal only by the Mother's side.

Hence

Hence the deluded Sire's oblig'd to Own
 The doubted Offspring of a Blood unknown,
 And willingly adopts the Bastard to his Throne.

Nor is our Sex less faulty than the Fair;
 Alike we fall within the Golden Snare.
 For, if a Matron's Fortune can supply
 The want of each indearing Quality;
 Tho' fitter for a Tomb than Bridal Bed,
 Tho' Time sits Hoary on her shaking Head;
 Tho' from her Eyes the Brackish Humour breaks,
 And trickles down the Furrows of her Cheeks:
 Tho' here and there a stragling Tooth is set,
 A thin Plantation, and deform'd with Jet:
 Tho' husky Coughs make an ungrateful Din,
 And *Phtysicks* rattle from her Lungs within:
 Yet if this complicated Ill, Desire,
 With HYMEN'S Torch to Light her dying Fire;

If

If for connubial Joys enrag'd she Thirst,
 To Sate her greedy and impetuous Lust,
 Some Younger Brother will perhaps incline
 To pay his Homage at her Golden Shrine :
 Who with dissembled Love will fondly run
 To Kiss the wither'd, wealthy Skeleton;
 Will fold the *Beldam* in his Arms to Rest.
 And with Dissembled Joy pant on her Leathern
 breast.

But ah ! This Husband of a large Estate
 Soon Flags, and turns by quick Degrees to Hate ;
 Quits the dull Carcass of the nauseous Dame,
 Slights her dry Embers for a brisker Flame,
 And seeks with eager Heat a Nobler Game. }
 Some tender Yeilding Maid he longs to prove,
 Or some coæval Wife's unlawful Love ;
 While, single, his neglected Confort Ties,
 And wastes the joyless Night in empty Sighs.

Hence

Hence Tears, preluding to destructive Jars,
And sad Complaints to unassisting Stars !

Hence deep Resentments rack her jealous Head,
For her wrong'd Honour, and deserted Bed !

Hence Study of Revenge her Love repells,
And all the Woman rises and rebels !

In Wicked Arts and deadly Drugs she deals,
And with dissembled Duty rage conceals.

While careless He, and Indolent of Thought,
Drinks sure Destruction in some fatal Draught.

Did not the Tenets of Religion bind
To sacred Counsels my obedient Mind,
Love should be *Liking* ; nor the Nuptial League
Be ty'd by Compact, or design'd Intrigue
Of selfish Parents, who in Wedlock joyn
Their Sons, to raise their Wealth, and not their
Line.

For,

For, should wise Nature, for the *Cyprian* Joys
 Direct a Couple in their mutual Choice,
 They would, by Reason, not by Custom led,
 Ne'er Tye a Living Body to a Dead.
 Be banish'd then, unfit for Amorous Sport,
 The Fribling Dotard from the *Paphian* Court!
 Let Youth their Strength on Youth alone employ,
 And burn with equal Love and healthy Joy;
 To propagate Mankind, and people Earth,
 With a sound Offspring, and a generous Birth.

Nor, while I dictate these important Truths,
 Grateful to Maidens, and unmarried Youths,
 Would I to an Extream as bad incline;
 And beardless Boys with unfledg'd Virgins joyn,
 New to a Blush, and Fond without Design.
 For prudent Nature, who has then began
 To knit the Joynts, and to confirm the Man,

Has not as yet her genial Power distill'd,
Nor with prolific Juice the Vessels fill'd.
If then a Damsel, who designs to Wed,
Would reap the Pleasures of the Nuptial Bed;
Let her (for THEMIS these strict Rules ordains,
To curb too forward Nymphs, and eager Swains)
Expect with Patience, till the rowling Sun
Has twice Six times his Annual Journey run,
Till her maturing Years begin to Bloom,
And Promise early Offspring to the Womb.
For when the swelling Mass is firmly knit,
And the Ripe Virgin glows with perfect Heat:
Then, Rosy Streams from secret Springs abound,
Which kindly bath the Fruitful Womb around;
By Nature's prudent Care provided well,
To feed the sleeping Infant in his Cell.
Then her soft Breasts the Lover's Heart inspire,
With tempting Heavings, and provoke Desire.

So should the Youth attend, till Time begin
 With mossy Down to cloath and fledge the Chin :
 Till the firm Channels swell with vigorous Blood,
 And rowl, impetuous, a prolific Flood.
 Then, if kind JUNE his Endeavours bless,
 He safely may the wedded Fair carefs,
 And venture on Love's soft and close Recess.
 If Youths and Virgins would these Rules obey,
 And wisely follow where I Chalk the Way,
 What beauteous Blossoms would their Labours
 bring?

What Fruits would in the Bridal Chamber spring?
 Would they with equal Constitutions join,
Man would be all Harmonious, all Divine,
 And *Angels* heav'nly Looks would in *God's*
 Image shine,

Mean time, while Lab'ring in this pleasing Art,
 The Sacred Laws of Nature I impart ;

While to the married Pair the willing Muse,
 Gives sound Instructions of important Use :
 Lo ! A young HEROE of Imperial Race,
 With early Manhood and Superiour Grace,
 Mounts the Paternal Throne of *France*, and brings
 New Glory to the Blood from whence he springs,
 The worthy Successor of *Ancient Kings*.

LEWIS ! Heav'ns darling Offspring, from above
 Sent to Command with Equity and Love.
 By wholsom Laws the Factionous World to bind,
 And be a present Succour to Mankind.

What Royal Mien ! What mingled Graces rise
 In every Part, and lighten from his Eyes !
 What Majesty of Soul, aspiring to the Skies !
 A Thousand Goddesses admire his Charms,
 His Princely Air a Thousand Nymphs alarms,
 A thousand Sighs they send, to languish in his Arms.

Him the bright Nymph of AUSTRIA's Blood adores,
Who burns, where TAGUS gilds *Iberian* Shores.

The gentle Winds tell every secret Groan,
And waft her Wishes to the *Gallic* Throne.

If Mighty Prince, Thou to the Match incline,
SPAIN, and her *Indian* Treasures shall be Thine.

For THEE the tender *Lusitanian* Dame
Consumes, and Rivals the *Hesperian* Flame.

For THEE she pines ; for THEE the Beauties glow,
Which drink the *German* RHINE, and *Latian* Po.

All Stung alike, and emulous to tread
The Bridal Room, and mount Thy lofty Bed.

But Thou ! the Hope of the *Borbonian* Line,

A Foreign HYMEN's Sacred Torch decline.

Of those refulgent Stars, which croud our Sky,
And Sparkle in the *Celtic* Galaxy,

Thy

A Hundred Beauties in thy Court are seen,
Deserving the High Title of thy QUEEN.

On whose fair Birth a Planet, like thy Own,
With friendly Influence, propitious, shone;
Whence kindly Seeds arise, and Kisses not un-
known.

Nor be to fond Desires so blindly lost,
To chuse a Nymph, whom turbid TYBER'S
Coast,

Or whom *Aufonia's* petty Princes boast.

Nor, mindless of the Blood which Swells each
Vein,

Admit, as Consort of Thy Glorious Reign,
Such humble Births, a mean, degenerate Strain.

Consult thy Royalty with nicest Care,
And fix with Judgment on the chosen Fair,

Worthy

Worthy to languish by a Monarch's Side ;
 Nor sue by Proxy to an absent Bride.
 Survey in Person the delicious Prize,
 And drink in Love, at Thy own piercing Eyes ;
 Demand her Person on a double Score,
 Much for her Beauty, for her Virtue more.
 Mad Custom ! Where a Queen is led to Climb
 (Unseen before) the Royal Bed Sublime.
 Where Kings are guided by another's Voice,
 And follow Blindfold the deputed Choice.
 Be this thy first and latest Wish to prove,
 In silken Chains of Matrimonial Love,
 Some charming Heroine of high Descent,
 The Part'ner of Thy Breast and Government.
 From whose celestial Loyns may spring an Heir,
Great, like his Father, like his Mother, Fair.
 Whose Native Charms with an ingaging Art,
 Win the glad Soul, and steal upon the Heart.

The

The conscious People willingly Obey,
 When e'er designing Destiny makes Way,
 By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.

When they behold a Royal Infant born,
 Whose starry Temples shall the Crown adorn.

Where is the mighty Gain, that from a Stem
 Of Kings, a Juno share thy Diadem,

If you Attempt th' Embraces of a Queen

In Body foul, with swarthy Cheeks obscene;

How will she damp thy Flames, thy Pleasures cloy?

What Love can she Inspire? What real Joy?

What just Materials bring for thy succeeding
 Boy?

Unfit for Scepters, his unprincely Face,

Abhorring from the Brightness of thy Race,

Thy Subjects shall pervert, thy Throne disgrace.

Whose Native Charms with an engaging Air,

With the glad Soul, and steal upon the Heart.

Nor is the Secret to the Muse unknown,
 How Courts, to frequent Wantonesses prone
 By loose Defires, and high Examples led
 Stain the chaste Honours of the Royal Bed.
 How a young *Monarch*, to His QUEEN unjust,
 Oft licenses the fashionable Lust.
 So in *Olympus* once, Adult'rous JOVE
 Left his loath'd JUNO for a Human Love.
 In Earth and Heaven his spurious Offspring sow'd,
 Profusely scatter'd his Immortal Blood,
 And stock'd the Sky with a promiscuous Brood.
 GREAT SIRE, abandon this opprobrious Life,
 Contented with a lov'd, and loving Wife.
 Let the pure Issue of unspotted Flames
 Thy Scepter wield, and shun lascivious Dames.

But if my private Muse, without Offence,
May freely utter her impartial Sense:
There might be found a more adapted Mate
Of higher Virtues, tho' of humbler State.
Who with requiting Fires Thy Fires would meet,
Of Temper equal, and of Form complete.
Whose Looks might soften and unbend Thy Care,
And ease the Burden of the Gold You wear.
Others, who court Alliance to Thy Throne,
Seek but to strengthen, and secure their Own.
So the weak Branches of the tender *Vine*
In circling Folds the married *Elm* intwine.
But KINGS, who to themselves their Grandeur owe,
Self-ballanc'd, on unmov'd Foundations grow:
Safe in their People's Strength, from Princes near
They seek no Succours, and no Forces fear.

But while we wait, from what cœlestial Worth
From what Great Princess of exalted Birth,
New CÆSARS shall arise to rule the *Gallic* Earth.
Me, PHÆBUS, guide with thy informing Light,
While useful Laws for Husbands I indite;
Smile on my pleasing Toil, and aid my daring Flight.



CALLI-

LONDON,
Printed in the Year MDCCLXII.

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CALLI

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

A Relation of the Diversions on the Day of Marriage; the Laws which are to be kept when the Married Couple come together. Some Astrological Cautions, shewing how conducive the Influence of the Stars is, towards the Procreation of Fair Children; some Precepts adjoin'd, which tend to the Begetting of a Male Offspring, concluding with the Conception.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

CALLEPEDIA.

Book the Second.

The Argument.

Relation of the Disposition on the Part of Marriage; the Effect
of the same to be kept when the Married Couple come together; some
Astronomical Causes, showing how conducive the Influence of the
Stars is, towards the Preservation of Fair Children; some Remarks
upon the Manner of the Begotting of a Male Offspring, and its
Relation to the Conception.

L O N D O N.

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.



CALLIPÆDIA.



BOOK II.



U T now the Ceremonial Part is
done,

And the Fair Couple are for ever
One;

Their eager Wishes meet, and burn to prove
The future Joys of unexperienc'd Love.

4 CALLIPÆDIA. Book II.

All Offices now past, which *Forms* require,
 With cheerful Hearts the feasted Friends retire.
 BACCHUS himself, well fated with the Store,
 Scarce carries his enormous Paunch before ;
 Scornful he views th' inverted Cups around,
 And draws the fuming Vapours from the Ground.
 The weary'd Youth's more slowly now advance,
 To join the Virgins in the winding Dance,
 While the soft Music measures out the Bound,
 And works the trembling Feet to ev'ry Sound.
 Then the great Master, to the speaking Strings,
 The Sweets of Matrimonial Pleasure sings,
 Kisses, and Smiles, and the preluding Toys,
 And last, the Product of substantial Joys,
 The beauteous Female Births, and lovely graceful
 Boys.

Again he turns the Song, and PALLAS blames,
 And rash DIANA, foolish, Maiden Names,

Book II. C A L L I P Æ D I A. 5

But He, Thee VENUS, sings in kinder Airs,
Propitious Goddess, to our mortal Pray'rs;
Source of all Joy, and Easer of all Grief;
Thou giv'st the Thunderer himself Relief.
Thee, beauteous PARIS, he in Raptures prais'd,
And, high above the Stars, thy Merit rais'd;
Who, to fair VENUS more prevailing Eyes,
Impartially adjudg'd the Golden Prize,
Tho' PALLAS frown'd, and JUNO in a Storm,
Roughen'd her Features to a scornful Form.
Nor fear'd he PHŒBUS, Anger to provoke,
And give his Passion a feverer Stroke;
Who on a Boy his barren Love employ'd,
And the dear Object, which he lov'd, destroy'd.
The Majesty of Heav'n himself, great Jove,
He ridicul'd for his unlucky Love,
All Flames he blam'd, that far from Nature rove,
In idle Essays of unfruitful Love;

But

But prais'd the Kisses, which alternate please,
 And both the Giver and Receiver ease.
 The Matrons smil'd, and ancient Sires severe,
 Skrew'd a divided Laugh, and flouting Leer.

But see! the failing Day to Night resigns,
 And VENUS Star, to VENUS Rites inclines :
 Away then Modesty, nor dare appear
 With thy false Scruples, and fantastick Fear ;
 But come, Thou HYMEN, with thy sacred Light,
 The little Train of smiling *Loves* excite :
 Thee too, SATURNIA, now the Pair require,
 In Circles wave thy Torch, at their Desire,
 Emblem of constant Love, and still succeeding
 Fire.

Ye Mothers also, who these Joys have known,
 Assist me, and unloose the Virgin Zone ;

With

With me, to cheer the fearful Maiden strive,
And tell her, she may see the Morn alive ;
For now the Spouse, impatient for Delight,
Warms with the Thought, and struggles for the
Fight.

‘ Let us engage, he crys, nor longer stay,
‘ And waste the Time of Love, in dull Delay ;
‘ No more, my Friends, th’ expected Lifts deny,
‘ Nor enviously resist a Bliss so nigh :
‘ Why should we not the happy Combat prove,
‘ Free, as we are, and give a Loose to Love.

Hold, furious Youth — Better thy Heat
allwage,
And moderate, a while, thy eager Rage ;
For if the Genial Sport you now compleat,
Full of the Fumes of undigested Meat,

A thin, diluted Substance shalt thou place,
 Too weak a Basis for a Manly Grace,
 To rise in Figure just, and dignify thy Race.
 Advis'd, defer the Work, till Time produce
 A more mature, and well-concocted Juice :
 Hard is the Rule, and Lovers oft complain ;
 Tho' hard, yet proper for a vig'rous Strain.

For this, the Wise, by Nature's Course, are taught,
 That when the Work is in the Morning wrought,
 The Rudiments of Man, more aptly take
 A just Proportion, and a finish'd Make.
 This Reason proves ; for, when by Sleep oppress'd,
 At Night the weary'd Limbs relax with Rest ;
 The Warmth more slowly thro' the Skin perspires,
 And to the Seats of inward Life retires ;
 There with a peircing, and more subtle Heat,
 It forcibly ferments the passive Meat ;

Which

Which by the Fibres of the Stomach wore,
And for Digestion half prepar'd before,
Lessen'd and chang'd, a milky Colour takes,
And a quick Passage to the Liver makes;
There chang'd again, a ruddy Tincture gains,
And flowing onward, flushes in the Veins.

From hence the Parts impregnated below,
With new redundant Tides of Juices flow,
For as the Streams are in the Vessels roll'd,
Thro' interwoven Network Fold, on Fold,
Mix'd, and remix'd with Spirits as they pass,
Enrich'd they rise into a Vital Mass;
The Forms thus fix'd, the Principles refin'd,
Frame a fit Lodging for the heav'nly Mind.

This Caution then observe, and now forbear,
With ill-tim'd Kisses to provoke the Fair,

Least Nature hurry'd by too fierce a Toil,
 Her lovely, secret Operation spoil,
 And the best, blissful Work imperfect done,
 Be curs'd hereafter by thy future Son.

Who has not heard, how the Great *Thund'ring*
 God,

One heav'nly Holiday had got his Load,
 And warm with *Nectar*, reeling to his Rest,
 Unseasonably his Consort JUNO prest?
 From that Embrace the Monster VULCAN
 sprung,

Whom his own Father from OLYMPUS flung:
 So dead his Features, and so foul his Face,
 The Gods deny'd him at their Feasts a Place;
 So soon rejected where he once apply'd,
 That homely PALLAS scorn'd to be his Bride;

And

And Taunting bid him with Dame VENUS
treat,

Who might his ill-shap'd Mass in Wedlock meet,
Not from her Choice, but more abundant Heat ;
She too abhors him, and promiscuous lies,
With Gods and Men of ev'ry Sort, and Size,
And Plants, for all the Sacred Marriage Vows,
Many fair Antlers on his ugly Brows.

Nor is this Rule enough, to Check thy Haste,
And not the Genial Heat untimely waste ;
Before the Food is from the Stomach thrown ;
A Second hear, and hearing make thy own.

‘ Skilfull observe the Skies, what Planet shines,
‘ When to the close Embrace thy Soul inclines,
‘ When Nature stretching from the barren Kifs,
‘ Flies to the sweet Extremity of Blifs.

The Reason this ; the Care is not so great,
 Nor carries with it half so much of Fate,
 Under what Star, or what prevailing Ray,
 The crying Infant breaks th' implicit Way,
 And springing from the Prison struggles into Day ;
 As at *Conception* chief what Stars preside,
 The just Concretion of the Seed to guide ;
 For then the *Fluid* in the Womb enclos'd,
 To a due Cement by the Heat dispos'd,
 Feels the sure Influence which the Stars create,
 More forcibly Affect its forming State,
 Then, at that Instant, as the Planets Sway,
 The tender, *Ductile* Matter must Obey.

But oh ! What Mortal Science can unfold,
 The fatal Mysteries above enroll'd ?
 Thou Goddess, Thou of high Celestial Birth,
 Scornful of lower Air, and fordid Earth,

To whom the willing Gates of Heav'n disclose,
 Each Starry Orb that in her Bosom glows;
 Do thou URANIA Aid me, and Inspire
 Thy Heav'nly Poet with a Heav'nly Fire;
 Hard is the Task the beauteous Theme to raise,
 But well-sung Beauty will Reward with Praise;
 If thou thy Influence shed, and guide my Tongue,
 Sweet shall the tuneful Numbers flow along,
 And own Thee Patroness of my Harmonious
 Song.

This arched *Concave* of the World behold,
 Studded with Stars, and skirted round with Gold;
 Think not those shining Luminaries Blaze,
 That idle Man may on the Prospect Gaze:
 For, highest Jove, whose forming Hand they boast,
 Sow'd not the Heaven's with that unnumber'd
 Host,

That

That we might upward cast our wondring Eyes,
And Praise the curious Picture of the Skies,
From deeper Reasons of the *Makers* Thought
Was that fine System of Creation wrought.

Obſerv'ſt thou not the Fluxes here below,
As diff'rent Stars their diff'rent Faces ſhew,
How Heats they cauſe, or Show'rs and Tempeſts
range,

And ev'ry Element alternate Change.

Who doubts the HYADES moist Seasons Form?
Or that ORION enters in a Storm?

See ! How the *Dog-Star's* Fire the Meadows Burns,
Drinks Rivers up, and Drains their Thirsty Urns.

Nor need I direful Unions now relate,

Authors of Ill, and Arbiters of Fate;

SATURN, tremendous with his Scythe from far,

JOVE stain'd with Blood, and MARS denouncing
War ; Should

Should they alas ! In one sad Juncture shine,
 Their Rage augmented in fierce LEO's Sign ;
 How many Nations would to Sorrows turn,
 And see their Country waste, their Cities burn !
 How would Triumphant *Discord* on the Plain,
 Free as the Wind the Steeds of War unrein,
 And with Varieties of Death her Purple Gar-
 ment stain !

Then Ancient Thrones, and Empires would Decay,
 And own a New, Usurping Tyrant's Sway ;
 Such fatal Stars did once before Inspire,
 The Rival Chiefs, to set the World on Fire :
 Here POMPEY, there Victorious CÆSAR stood,
 And dire *Pharsalia* blush'd in *Roman* Blood.
 (And if a Poet's Song may Credit gain)
 The same destructive Stars at present Reign,
 That shake the *Gaul*, and *Spaniard* with Alarms,
 And drive contending Monarchies to Arms ;

For

For SATURN, JOVE, and MARS, with mingl'd
Rays

In CHIRON's ruddy Arms, malignant Blaze.

Beside, beneath these Stars that Plague arose,
Which fiercely in the Seats of Pleasure glows;
That the sweet Purpose of our Kind destroys,
And or Forbids, or Poisons all our Joys.
For so the Tales of late Tradition run,
That when the fatal Malady begun
To spread, and shew the lurking Cause within
By putrid Stains, and a discolour'd Skin.
Then MARS shone Adverse, and in CANCER set,
With livid SATURN inauspicious met,
Their Influence join'd more Pestilential grew,
And with their Rays th'envenom'd Vapour flew.
But why the Gods presume I to Display,
And Mortal, tread their Everlasting Way?

Why

Why search I Causes of portentous Weight,
Or doubtfully pursue retiring Fate?
Better absolve my Promise, and unfold
What proper Stars work up the beauteous Mold,
And tell, what PHÆBUS to his Poet told.

Mankind, (as FAME reports) of Old oppress,
To Heav'n their supplicating Sighs addrest,
Much did the sad, degen'rate Race complain,
How wide *Deformity* had spread her Reign,
How more than half their Kind were loathsom Born,
Scandals of Nature, and their Parents Scorn.
Unknown the Cause; whether the Air supply'd
With tainted Particles the Vital Tide;
Or the containing Womb the Venom bred,
And it's own Shame the vicious *Stamen* fed,
'Tis certain Beauty then but thinly grew,
Few were the charming Wives, the comely Husbands
few. C When

When Jove thus saw the Realms of *Beauty* waste
And his own Image in Mankind debast,
A Synod of those *Gods* he calls, whose Care
Presides peculiar o'er the wedded Pair.
First JUNO, Regent of the Marriage Flame,
Bore on the Wings of painted *Peacocks* came;
The QUEEN of LOVE her bridl'd *Turtles* drew
Thro' the wide *Azure*, Billing as they flew.
Next did the *Planter* of the *Vine* appear,
And CERES, Mother of the *Golden Ear*!
(For who unaided by their kindly Heat,
Can love with Rapture, or with Force repeat?)
APOLLO for eternal Bloom ador'd,
Last took his Place, and crown'd the Sacred Board.
Then from the Throne on High, the Council fate,
The King Supreme began the Great Debate.

Briefly

Briefly his Words our Human Sorrows trace,
And Earth dishonour'd by a fightless Race.

Then PHÆBUS rising, Leave of Speech obtain'd,
Thus to his Fellow-Gods the Cause explain'd.

'Mankind this Evil on themselves have brought,
'From ill-tim'd Pleasure, and from want of Thought,
The Course of Heav'n unknown, the World annoys
With shapeless *Females*, and uncomely *Boys*.

Since then whatever Stars or Planets shine,
Each in their various Spheres depend on mine;
Let me their Virtues, and their Force explore,
And tell you Sacred Truths unheard before.

Where the stop'd *Zodiac* o'er the Globe extends,
And backward from the *Pole* it's Circle bends;
Ye view the figur'd *Stars* that there appear,
Their Number *Twelve*, the Name of *SIGNS* they
bear,

Thro' these my Course revolves, and finishes the Year.

From these *Deformity*, or *Beauty* trace,
 Hence Spring the well-turn'd Limbs, the bloomy
 Grace,
 Hence the dark Figure, and forbidding Face.

First, If the *Ram*, EUROPA'S Bearer rise,
 And with his fiery *Fleece* infest the Skies,
 When bound in strict Embrace the Couple meet,
 When the warm *Fluid* glows with fruitful Heat,
 The Wife that Reckons from that Luckless Date,
 Shall view an Offspring she her self will Hate.
 That Product shall Disgrace his Parent's Bed,
 With lank *Crane-Neck*, and spiral Length of Head :
 His Legs un-pair'd, of disproportion'd Size,
 A stupid, leaden Look, and downcast Eyes ;
 Thick Scales shall plaite his Skin, and arm his Hand,
 Or horrent with a furrow'd Roughness stand,

O'er

O'er his broad Shoulders, and Athletic make,
 Bright silver Locks in wanton curls shall shake,
 That ill-match'd Beauty, hideous to the Sight,
 Will more Deform the Monster-finish'd Wight.
 But chief, if MARS shall then infect the Earth,
 Or SATURN envious Glance upon his Birth;
 For they are Foes to Beauty, and Difarm
 Each graceful Member of each killing Charm,
 Nor leave one single Feature of Esteem,
 That can from Scorn the wretched Mass redeem.

Nor more the *Bull* adorns, or fiercer *Eye*
 That dart his Beams obliquely from the Sky,
 Ye too, ye PLEIADES destructive shine,
 And marr the Beauties of a lovely Line;
 Your selves tho' Brightest in th' *Ætherial* Plains,
 Tho' ev'ry Face fair PLEIONE retains,
 And in each *Daughter-Star* the lovely *Mother*
 reigns; Yet

Yet ah! No Joy arises from your Sway,
 If CYNTHIA Blend not her ore'ruling Ray;
 She Forms the waxen Arms, the Limbs refines,
 By her the Skin, a polish'd Surface shines,
 And *Beauty* follows as she draws the Lines.

Why should I with the *Bull* my Numbers stain,
 Or paint the Birth beneath his brutal Reign?
 Flatted his Nose, his Nostrils gaping wide,
 Shall Stretch protuberant from Side to Side;
 Thick Rolls of Fat around his Neck shall lie,
 And a foul Fierceness threaten in his Eye;
 Red Locks shall Glitter on his fiery Head,
 And disagreeing Black his Eye-brows spread;
 From his unweildy Trunk, in broken Note,
 His Voice shall Jarr, and Rattle in his Throat.

Not so the *Twins*, for they by Force innate,
 Soft Sweetness, and Harmonious Forms create,

Them-

Themselves all Harmony, a Friendly Pair,
 Who both their Mothers Charms, and Sisters share,
 Gentle as LEDA, and as HELEN fair.

These JOVE preferr'd amid the *Starry* space,
 And bid them still appear in kind Embrace,
 Fraternal Smiles, and lovely Looks assume,
 To bless the growing Product of the Womb.
 Hence they not only outward Charms supply,
 Smiles in the Cheek, and Lustre in the Eye,
 Or on the Skin a shining *White* display,
 And smooth the Surface with an even Ray;
 But to the Soul their Sacred Influence dart,
 Manners refin'd, and pleasing Wit impart,
 And to the Force of Nature, add the Charms of Art,
 Persuasive Speech, and melting Tongues afford,
 While Eloquence informs, and Breaths in ev'ry Word.
 For MERCURY himself their *Aspect* guides,
 And with Superiour Energy presides;

From

From hence are all the Graces of the Mind
To the just Beauties of the Body joyn'd.

Ah ! How unlike do *Cancer's* Beams succeed !
How shoot they Adverse, and corrupt the Breed !
The foul *ASELLI* in his Sphere he draws,
And fierce Unclenches his extended Claws ;
By him the Limbs mishap'd, the Strain is crost,
The Eyes are almost in their Socket lost ;
The Teeth discolour'd with a loathsome Jett,
Or widely Gaping, or uneven Set ;
Tumours appear, the Back-Bone bow'd within,
Upheaves the Chest to meet the hanging Chin ;
The huddl'd Piece to Pigmy-size is ty'd,
And the lank Arms hang dangling by the Side.

See ! Next, the great *ALCIDES* Trophy rise,
The fiery *Lion* raging in the Skies ;

His

His Pow'r in yellow Locks is seen exprest,
In flashing Eyes, and ample Width of Chest,
In large and brawny Limbs, in Feature bold,
And Stature of a tall Gigantic Mould.
From him can ought or kind or lovesom flow,
The Terror of *Athenian* Swains below ?
'Till HERCULES advanc'd and fav'd the Land,
A Conquest worthy of the Hero's Hand.
So fierce his Rage, that * My ferener Reign
Can scarce the Fury of his Beams restrain ;
And when abated by these milder Heats,
The *Lion* still obtains, and sullenly retreats.

Then *Virgo*, fairest Star, exerts her Light,
And kind ASTREA, Patroness of *Right*,
Her Refuge Heav'n, when scar'd by brutal Rage,
She fled the bloody World, and Iron Age ;

* APOLLO *speaks.*

Fast by her Side observe the *Spike* dispence
 Her friendly Beams, and shine in Innocence ;
 Not Jove himself a purer Flame bestows,
 Or on the Womb with kinder Lustre glows ;
 Then shall kind *Virgo* blest thy promis'd Breed,
 And cherish safe the Vegetative Seed,
 Harmonious Shapes, and Airs serenely mild,
 And Looks of Love shall beautify the Child.

From rising *Libra* equal Beauty glides,
 Since VENUS there eternally resides ;
 There is her Throne, the GRACES there appear,
 Join with their QUEEN, and wanton in the Sphere :
 The Goddess hence the new-born Infant arms,
 And Male and Female glitter in her Charms.
 Yet SATURN often with a spiteful Gleam
 Rebates the Brightness of her purer Beam ;

His Rays o'er other Parts the Reign assume,
 And deep encloud them with a dusky Gloom ;
 But VENUS still more prevalently bright,
 Breaks thro' the fullen Horror of his Light,
 Preserves the Face, and Silvers it with *White*.

But who can *Scorpio's* foul Impression view,
 The fordid Features, and the sickly Hue ?
 He fatally unfurls his pois'nous Folds,
 And half the Firmament encompass holds ;
 Red Hair and little Eyes attend his Fates,
 The Legs he lengthens, and the Feet dilates ;
 Such odious Forms the Monster's Birth betray,
 Sprung from rude Principles of slimy Clay.

The *Centaur* scatters not so much Disgrace,
 Nor will so fure the forming Limbs debase ;

CHIRON, who once the great ACHILLES fway'd,
 The Tutor nodded, and the Youth obey'd;
 But now that Heav'n he graces, which before
 He taught unknowing Mortals to adore.
 For if above the parting Waves he show
 His Head, or Shoulders, or his *Cretan* Bow,
 The happy Star agreeing Traces leaves,
 And blesses ev'ry Womb which then conceives.
 But if he drag the *Horses Tail* behind,
 The brutal part prevails, and proves unkind.

Too well the shaggy *Goat's* dull Flame is known,
 Whom grisly SATURN's dire Dominions own:
 The Child shall prove, beneath their Aspects got,
 From Head to Foot one universal Blot.

Fruitful the Drops from *Hyla's* Pitcher flow,
 And cheer the corresponding Womb below;

The smiling Boy in his Effects is shown,
In lovely Charms, and Beauties like his own.

The briny *Fishes* last compleat the Round,
Thin Humours there, and watry Parts abound;
Small Heads and puny Arms on them depend,
And Shapes which in distorted Postures bend;
Their Size to Dwarfish Littleness confin'd,
Seems an imperfect Model of Mankind.

Why should I show the moving Planets Foes,
Or Star to Star, and Sign to Sign oppose?
In *Quadrate* how destructive they combine,
Friendly in *Sextile*, and Harmonious *Trine*?
Happy, if VENUS, or thou, Father JOVE,
Temper their Influence, and in Concert move;
Then quick the Principles of Being shoot,
And bloom, and ripen into lovely Fruit,

The Seasons too observ'd of sov'reign Use,
 Much to a beauteous Progeny conduce ;
 Of all, the *Spring*-Embraces best succeed,
 Productive of the strongest, sanguin Breed.
 Then *Nature* kindly animates the Earth,
 And quickens with an universal Birth ;
 The Air impregnated with fruitful Rays,
 Reviving Force and genial Warmth conveys.
 But *Summer*-Heats the flowing *Bile* inflame,
 And prey too fiercely on the vital Frame ;
 The Strength still wasting as the Spirits fly,
 Defrauded Nature wants a due Supply.
 Nor less will *Autumn*'s sickly Turns impair,
 Nor the rough raging of a *Wintry* Air.

Thus *Man* misled by Ignorance or Lust,
 Is to his Kind, and to himself unjust ;

Of Choice regardless, he disdains to know
What *Stars* above, what *Seasons* here below,
In Love's soft Battles most successful are,
And surest mark the future Offspring Fair.

APOLLO's Speech the heav'nly Congress moves,
And JOVE with a superiour Nod approves ;
The *Muse* by his Command the Rules receives,
And deep engraves them in eternal Leaves.
In *Pindus* long the Treasure lay unknown,
Till She, who makes my sacred Song her own,
These Laws before from mortal Eyes conceal'd,
URANIA to her Favourite Bard reveal'd.
Then you, who would a *Father's* Honour claim,
And hear with Joy the soft endearing Name ;
Who would bright Patterns of your kind convey,
In Them reviving, as your Selves decay ;

Observe exact the Season and the Hour,
In which each rising *Sign* exerts its Pow'r ;
Attend if SATURN, or the *God* of *War*,
Or JUPITER o'er-rule th' inferiour Star ;
Whether the *Sun* on VENUS darts his Fires,
Or with the *Moon* or MERCURY conspires.

Start not, ye Fair, nor from my Verse retreat,
Thinking the Study of the Science great ;
For all these mighty Volumes of the Sky,
Explain'd in short, and easy Tables lie ;
Fear not to read these Precepts, which so well
Each Annual common Kalendar can tell.

This gen'ral Rule apply to ev'ry Case,
In twice twelve Hours, the whole Ætherial Space
Turns round from *East* to *West*, and finishes its
Race.

Such Choice there is, when you incline to kifs,
That you can never want a *Sign* for Blifs:
Nor is it only proper to impart
How far the heav'nly System suits our Art,
And how the nicest Time of Joy to chuse,
Still hear, ye Husbands, my instructive Muse.

“ Prefs not your Wives tho’ heighth’ned Lust incite

“ The Soul to try the pleasurable Fight,

“ While the *Blood Monthly* rushing from the Veins,

“ The flowing Womb with foul Pollution stains.

For then the Seed unfructifying lies,

Or downward with the blended Torrent flies,

And in the common Mass of Nature dies;

Vain are thy Hopes, thy Punishment is just,

And Childless thou shalt mourn thy forward Lust.

So the Grain scatter’d by the careless Clown,

While frequent Show’rs the moisten’d Furrows

drown,

Will no Increase, no Golden Harvest yield,
To load the Barn, and beautify the Field.
But if by Chance the Seeds concurring fix,
And with th' impurer Drofs of Nature mix,
What a detested, miscreated *Thing*,
From fuch ill-fuited Principles muft fpring?
Foul *Leprous* Spots fhall with his Birth begin,
Spread o'er his Body, and encrust his Skin;
For the fame Poifon which that Stream contains,
Transfer'd affects the forming Infant's Veins,
Inbred it fixes deep, and radically reigns.
For Nature's common Bosom nothing breeds,
That this malignant Female Filth exceeds;
Let this infect the tender nurfling Vine,
Its Beauty withers, and its Arms recline;
On Corn, or blooming Buds the Venom caft,
They fade, as at the Lightning's fatal Blaft;

Lick'd by the *Dog* it proves his certain Bain,
And heats to giddy Whirls his madding Brain.
Ye Husbands then such foul Embraces fly,
And tho' provok'd the nauseous Bliss deny;
Let Nature for a clean Receiver stay,
The Fruit will well reward thy wise Delay.

“ Ye too, fond Wives, who in Excess of Joy

“ Snatch at the Bliss, and Heat, and Strength

“ employ,

“ Be modest; nor to show the *Woman's* Force,

“ Disgrace the Sex, and spoil the Genial Course,

The rude Concussion of such frequent Strokes

Too much the desultory Womb provokes;

And thus the vital Tide is backward cast

Through the same Channels, which before it pass'd,

But if the Womb the fruitful Seed retains,

Compute the worthless Product of thy Pains;

The shatter'd *Fluid* tofs'd from Side to Side,
Will strain the *Fœtus*, and the Parts divide ;
The Threads spun out to an unfinew'd Length,
Nor active Spring shall boast, nor manly Strength.

Forgive me, Nymphs, if by my Subject led
Thro' ev'ry winding Turn, and mazy Thread,
I follow *Nature* to her Fountain-Head.

As I describe, let the pursuing Eye
The Form and Fashion of the *Womb* descry.

Beneath those Parts, where stretching to its
Bound,

The low *Abdomen* girds the Belly round,
The Shop of Nature lies ; a vacant Space
Of small Circumference divides the Place,
Pear-like the Shape ; within a *Membrane* spreads
Her various Texture of Mæandrous Threads ;

These

These draw the Vessels to a purfy State,
And or contract their Substance, or dilate.
Here Veins, Nerves, Arteries in Pairs declare
How nobler Parts deserve a double Care ;
They from the Mass the Blood and Spirits drain,
That irrigate profuse the thirsty Plain ;
The Bottom of the *Womb* 'tis call'd ; the Sides are
cleft,

By Cells distinguish'd into Right and Left.
'Tis thought that *Females* in the Left prevail,
And that the Right contains the sprightly *Male*.
A Passage here in Form oblong extends,
Where fast compress'd the stiffen'd *Nerve* ascends,
And the warm *Fluid* with concurring *Fluids* blends.
The *Sages* this the Womb's Neck justly name ;
Within the Hollow of its inward Frame,
Join'd to the Parts, a small Protub'rance grows,
Whose rising Lips the deep Recesses close.

For while the *Tiller* all his Strength collects,
 While Hope anticipates the fair Effects,
 The lubricated Parts their Station leave,
 And closely to the working Engine cleave;
 Each Vessel stretches, and distending wide,
 The greedy Womb attracts the glowing Tide,
 And either Sex commix'd, the Streams united
 glide.

But now the Womb relax'd, with pleasing Pain
 Gently subsides into it self again;
 The Seed moves with it, and thus clos'd within
 The tender Drops of Entity begin.
 What Joy the Fibres of the Stomach feel,
 Long pinch'd with Hunger, at a grateful Meal,
 Such tickling Pleasure thro' the Womb is sent,
 When first the Particles of Life ferment.
 This easy Picture of the Parts explains,
 How frequent Motion no effect obtains;

The Seed and Pleasure lost in eager Strife,
A useful Lesson to the forward Wife.

Most Parents Wishes in one Channel run,
Most think they are not blest without a Son,
Let such attentive my Prescriptions read,
That teach to propagate the manly Breed.
Nor do I partial to their Vows incline,
Since *Males* support the Titles of the Line,
And in their Ancestors transmissive Glory shine.

Tho' some to Satire form'd, and born to vex,
Dare impiously prophane the softer Sex,
As Nature careless from her Purpose stray'd,
And puny Girls by Accident were made;
By this Mistake her Operation lame,
Unwillingly she huddled up the Frame,
And thence the lovely, charming monstrous Crea-
ture came.

But better Judges scorn this idle Dream,
 And still shall Beauty hold its due Esteem,
Man still shall praise, and *Woman* be the Theme.

But yet we must our destin'd Task pursue,
 And tell what Precepts for a *Male* are due;
 That a long Race of future Sons may claim
 The mighty, venerable, *Regal* Name,
 And Honours which on Princely Lines attend,
 From Son to Son successively descend.

The *Sages* grant, what they on Reason found,
 That Heat and Vigor in the *Male* abound;
 This Truth by plain Experiment is seen,
 In *Man's* excelling Strength, and portly Mein,
 In well-knit Limbs, and closer Parts confest,
 And turgent Spirits heaving in the Breast:
 This too from their superiour Soul is prov'd,
 Unshock'd by Danger, and by Fear unmov'd,

From Parts to Business turn'd, from Wit refin'd,
And the long Studies of th' unwearied Mind.
A proper Diet then become thy Care,
A hotter *Regimen* thy Veins repair,
To fill the Blood with a Sublimer Fire,
If to a *Male* thy eager Hopes aspire.
For all must own the Generative Flood
Is form'd, and temper'd from the Mass of Blood.
These Parts anew the flowing Spirits range,
And to a frothy *White* their Substance change.
This may direct thee in the Choice of Meat,
In such as most partake of Juice and Heat.
Thus as these Springs the lower Vessels drain
The working Seed may to a *Male* attain.
Yet more, if much thy longing Wish incline
To prop with gen'rous *Males* the certain Line;
'Tis fit thou should'st thy craving *Genius* treat
With Food of more spirituous Parts replete,

The Womb these finer Vapours will require,
And still receiving more, will more desire.

What Foods more aptly to the Work belong
Should be the Subject of my present Song;
But Nature in her Course, profusely kind,
Courts ev'ry Taste, and leaves lame Art behind.

With open Hand her various Blessings sows,
And, unrepenting, all her Good bestows.

Suffice it only, in a grateful Verse
Thy joyous Gift, Kind BACCHUS, to rehearse.

The *Vine* affords the gen'rous sparkling Juice,
Which will to *Male-Productions* most conduce,
That chief, which reddens on *Burgunda's* Plain,
Where scarce the Skins the swelling Flood contain;

And the sweet *Nectar* which *Campania* fills,
Or that which gladdens our *Aisian* Hills.

Hear then, ye Wives, who to a *Male* incline,
Nor blush, to heighten your Repast with Wine;

And

And let the Spouse, agreeing in the End,
Drink moderate, and social Glasses blend.
For Nature, when she moulded *Woman's* Frame,
Gave Moisture to her Womb, her Temper, Flame.
And these exalted by the *Vinous* Heat,
A proper Mixture for a *Male* complete.
Nor yet too frequent to the Liquor press;
The Juice is Noxious taken to Excess:
It floats in heavy, and unactive Streams,
And damps the native Heat with sickly Steams.
Nature, oppress'd, in her Foundation fails,
Too gross from thence to form the vig'rous *Males*.
Remember, how, once BACCHUS fluster'd came,
And hot with Wine compress'd the *Cyprian* Dame;
Folding the Goddess in his drunken Arms,
Glowing he Kist, and Rioted in Charms.
The crude warm Seed thus immaturely wrought,
A foul, obscene, disfigur'd Daughter brought,

The GOUT her Name: of pale and squallid Face;
 Limping she walk'd, and hobbled in her Pace.

Let Prudence then thy flowing Cup restrain,
 And Golden *Moderation* hold the Rein.

Nor must thou only Father BACCHUS spare;
 Th' *Idalian* Mother asks an equal Care,
 Forbear on either bad Extreme to touch,

✍ *Kiss not too often, nor yet Drink too much;*

If e'er thy eager Wishes hope to hear

The Name of *Son* found grateful in thy Ear.

For frequent Joys too much the Spirits tire,

And spoil that Fuel, which should feed the Fire;

Hence thin and watry Particles they breed,

And *Female* Births betray the weaker Seed.

When VENUS then at Intervals pursu'd,

Has giv'n kind Nature time to work her Food;

When the distended Vessels proudly show

How full within the vital Humours glow;

Then

Then let the Pair my just Directions use,
And a *Male-Star* for their Embraces chuse ;
They warmest influence the Nuptial Bed ;
Such Force the *Twins*, the *Ram*, and *Lion* shed.
The same in CHIRON's lovely *Star* prevails,
In HYLÀ's *Urn*, and in ASTREA's *Scales*.

Yet more the *Bards* by their URANIA taught,
Have to their useful Art the *Planets* brought ;
They tell that SATURN, MARS, and warmer JOVE
For a *Male-Offspring*, most propitious prove.
And Thou too, PHŒBUS, whose reviving Ray
Cheers all Mankind, and gilds the joyous Day ;
Then heed the time when JOVE, or PHŒBUS shine
In a *Male-Star*, and influence thy Line :
Then Nature's Dictates usefully pursue,
Then the soft Work, the pleasing Toil renew.

Again ; the Morning for a *Male* is best,
The Seed maturing in the Time of Rest,

A firm and well-cemented *Basis* lays,
From whence the lusty nervous Boys to raise.

Nor must thou only this thy Care believe,
That the close Womb the fruitful Seed receive.
But when the Streams of either Parent mix'd,
Are in their proper Receptacle fix'd ;
Let the *Wife* mindful of the kind Design,
Turn to the *Right*, and there at Ease recline.
For in that Cell the Seeds of Life begun
Will surest work the *Fluid* to a Son.

Who knows not that the *Right* the *Left* excells,
That there superiour Heat, and Vigour dwells;
From thence new Life distends each sinking Vein,
And re-inspires the languid Pulse again?
Hence they, who *Nature* with Attention read,
Think from the *Right* the vig'rous *Males* proceed.

Some too, who would advance *the Rules of Love*,
Defective Nature thus by Art improve ;

They

They the *left Testicle* with Force restrain,
That Nature may a fuller Stream maintain ;
And thro' *the Right* the whole collected Tide
Rushing with more Prolific Virtue glide.
So when the *Swains* a lusty Race intend,
That scorn beneath the weighty *Toke* to bend ;
Soon as the youngest of the *Herd* they find,
They fast the *Left*, and weakest Vessels bind ;
And thus secur'd, he multiplies his Kind.
Such Care to propagate the *Male* obtains,
And thro' each Species undistinguish'd reigns.

Why should I more ? or why offend the Sight,
With nauseous Images of foul Delight ?
Why paint inverted Acts of lustful Strife,
The passive Husband, and the active Wife ?
Why tell from whence mishapen Births arise,
Of Form distorted, and enormous Size ?

Monsters, *Hermaphrodites*, a direful Scene,
 Too foul to mention, and for Verse too mean.
 The Muse appears—and with a modest Grace,
 A decent Blush diffus'd upon her Face,
 In gentle Murmurs she her Poet chides,
 And far from this ungrateful Subject guides.
 Stop thy rash Pen, and let thy Art appear
 Grateful and modest to the tender Ear,
 And such as Maiden Innocence may hear.
 Far from the Secrets of the *Paphian* Quire
 Let the unmarried *Bard*, and *Virgin* Muse retire.

Willing I follow where the *Muse* invites
 Declining VENUS more mysterious Rites.
 Next sing we how the *Fætus* first is wrought,
 By rip'ning Time to due Dimensions brought
 And MAN appears a perfect *Master-Draught*.



CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Tokens of Conception. Precepts to the Bride when breeding. The Power of Imagination. The Episode of Chiron the Centaur. His Formation and Birth is describ'd. The Causes of this deduc'd from the Principles of the Epicurean Philosophy. Some Errors of the Pregnant, by which the Embryo is distorted. Description of the Grove of Elms on the Banks of the Sein. The Danger of too much Riding in a Coach, Dancing, &c. The peculiar Effect which the Small Pox has in spoiling a Comly Face.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

CALLIPEDIA

Book the Third.

THE ARGUMENT

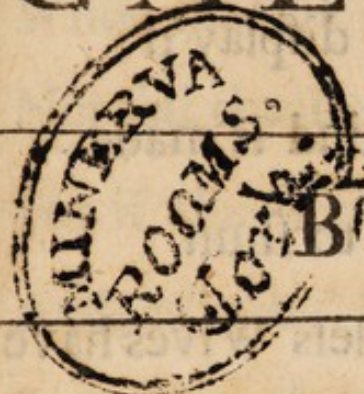
The subject of Conception, Precedent to the Birth when breeding. The
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in speaking a Comely Face.

L O W D O W

Printed in the Year MDCCXII



CALLIPÆDIA.



BOOK III.



OW the sure Tokens of Conception
heed :

A thrilling Joy attends th' ejected
Seed ;

Th' impetuous Sally of a pleasing Pain
Invades the Nerves, and stretches ev'ry Vein.
The *Months* retain'd, the Womb begins to close,
And from the swelling Breasts a milky Fountain
flows.

A

Then

Then, marry'd Nymphs, imploy your nicest Care ;
If like your selves you wish an Offspring fair.
Neglect do's oft the hopeful Bud destroy,
And blasts the Promise of a comely Boy.

But since kind Nature has to me display'd
Those sweet Recesses where Mankind is made :
Ye pregnant Matrons, who design to shun
Those Rocks on which some careless Wives have
run,
Mark me your Pilot : If you ask a Race
Of a hale Body and a beauteous Face,
(The Product of a pure prolific Juice ;)
Observe the Lessons of th' instructive Muse.

But you chaste Sisters of th' *Aonian* Throng,
Who with new Graces have adorn'd my Song ;

Forgive

Forgive your Poet, nor his Numbers blame,
If they too often sound the *Cyprian* Name.

Venus no more with a Lascivious Smile

Shall Taint my Verse, and Blot my chaster Stile.

At *Paphos* let the *Harlot Goddess* stay,

While modest Wives abhor her wanton Way,

Nor foil the Beauties of their first Essay.

For if the Womb then Glow with Lustful Fire,

And, ev'n tho' Pregnant, rage with fresh Desire;

Some shapeless Creature will perhaps proceed

From the ill-tim'd Embrace, and mar the Breed.

Or a too violent Motion may bring forth

A half-begotten, or abortive Birth.

As in the youthful Spring we often see

The flowry Blossoms on some blooming Tree

Which promises delicious Fruit, and keeps

The Sanguine Cherry for the Lady's Lips.

But if some Wind, or ruder Clown shall shake
The hopeful Boughs, or tender Branches break,
The Longings of the Teeming Wife are crost,
And all the early Hopes of Summer lost.
Ye Husbands then, if Prudence guides, forbear
Your dang'rous Kisses to the breeding Fair.
Enough is paid to Love's indearing Charms,
And fatal now becomes the Circle of your Arms.
Lascivious Goats and Wolves, by Nature wise,
When big with Young, the vigorous Leap despise.

Here should I sing what necessary Food
Suits with the pregnant Dame, and forms a gen'rous
Brood;

But I omit: Let *Sammarthanus* tell,
Who on that Subject has prescrib'd so well.

Soon

Soon as the *Fætus* to the Womb is join'd,
And founds a Temple for th' Immortal Mind.
' Beware, ye Matrons, how with Vapours preſt,
' You form fantaſtic Viſions in your Breſt.
' Guard well your Eyes from Monſters, and
beware
' No *Æſop* or *Therſites* enter there,
' But all diverting Sights, but Pleaſing all and Fair.
For when the Work of Generation grows,
And from the Brain a ſubtle Spirit flows,
Which mingling in the Womb with genial Heat,
Does there the fructifying Humour meet,
With arbitrary Power it ſtamps it there,
And binds th' obedient Maſs the Form impos'd to
wear.
But then this Power is often apt to err,
And oft imprints a harſh rude Character.

So have I seen the Baker's Hand bestow
All sorts of Figures upon the kneaded Dough.
In Beasts, in Birds, in Men the Paste is drest,
And in tenthousand Shapes adorns the various Feast.
Thus Fancy does the pliant *Fætus* wind,
Thus makes Impressions on the feeble Mind.

Nor are these Notions fanciful and vain,
No wild *Chimæra's* of some Modern Brain;
But the just Lessons of an ancient Age,
By *PLUTARCH* taught of old, and many a learn'd Sage:
Who knows not, *CHIRON*, how th' afflicted Earth
Curst thy half-monstrous, and half-human Birth.

When *PHILLYRA* had fir'd old *Saturn's* Blood,
And his chill Veins swell'd with a warmer Flood:
A second Youth return'd, The impatient Sire
Goaded with Lust, and raving with Desire,

For

For the bright Virgin spreads each subtle Snare,
Tries every Art, to win the tender Fair :
Her, with the Blue-ey'd *Nereids* in her Train,
By chance disporting on her native Plain,
The *Heav'nly Letcher* seiz'd : and bore away
To lonesome, shady Groves, the beauteous Prey.
What Sighs ! what Groans she sent ! what Tears
she shed

For her Fame lost, and spotless Honour fled !
With piercing Shrieks she mov'd the neighb'ring
Shore,

And ecchoing Rocks around were heard to roar :
While with unequal Strength the Nymph withstood
The rank Embraces of the shaggy God.

But the * *Great Mother* with Resentment saw
The faithless Breach of Matrimonial Law ;
And from above descended to destroy
Th' adult'rous Kisses, and dishonest Joy.

* *Cybele.*

The *Goatish* God his jealous Wife to 'scape,
Drop'd his own Form; and in a Horse's Shape,
With fearful Voice thro' the thick Forest neigh'd:
While to sad Plaints, beneath some Poplar Shade,
Resign'd the hapless and deserted Maid.
There injur'd she laments her cruel Doom,
And the lost Honours of her Virgin-Bloom.

Mean time what beauteous Progeny could rise
From so deform'd a Cause, and foul Disguise?
Fancy improves the Objects of the Sight,
And takes more strong Impressions from a Fright.
Now were her thrice three tedious Months expir'd,
And Nature to discharge the full-grown Babe
desir'd.

When an unheard of Prodigy befell;
(How my Heart shudders, and recoils to tell!)

Lo!

Lo! from her Womb a horrid Form appears,
With Human Face erect, and shaggy Hairs,
With horny Hoofs, and Saddle-back the *Half-*
Beast Infant scares.

Who can express what Terrour and Surprise
Seiz'd on the Mother Nymph, and swell'd her
Eyes?

When the new Monster, ignominious Brood!
Call'd to her flushing Face the *conscious* Blood.
Say, ye mild *Nereids*, who from *Ocean* came,
How much you suffer'd for your Sister's Shame?
How, when wrong'd *Phillyra* began to pine,
Your gushing Tears increas'd your native Brine?
How sighing Winds, and wailing Waters moan'd,
And pitying Caves, reverberating, groan'd.

And was I born for this, she cry'd, to see
A Progeny so vile arise from me?

Ill the Great Father of the Gods repays
 My Loss of Honour with a Birth so base.
 Be witnesses for me, all ye Powers Divine!
 If I have Sin'd, it is no Fault of mine.

O chaste *Lucina*, wou'd thy angry Dart
 In my first painful *Throws* had pierc'd my Heart!
 Or wou'd some inauspicious Star had shed
 Malignant Beams on my devoted Head!
 Better I ne'er had seen th' unwelcome Light
 Of hated Day, than this more hated Sight.

Wou'd I——but here a Tyde of Anguish sprung
 Loose on her fault'ring Lips, and choak'd her
 Tongue.

More had she said: But sunk upon the
 Place;
 While a cold Sweat stuck on her clammy Face;
 Her Rosy Colour fled, and every blooming Grace.

Here

Her frighted Sisters to her Aid repair,
Their Love expressing by their timely Care,
And Rich Electral *Spirits* instantly prepare:
These Father *Ocean* from his Bosom throws,
To rouze the drooping Soul, when sunk with Woes.
Which, mixt with Cordial Juice, remove the

Smart

Of anxious Minds, and chear the drooping Heart.
To Life return'd, the Nymph again complains,
To Grief recover'd and restor'd to Pains.

Oft was she heard to curse the joyless Light,
And wish her Shame hid in eternal Night.
Till stealing through her Limbs, a gentle Sleep
Does in soft Chains her wearied Body keep.
With various Figures of a pleasing Kind,
Her Brain refreshes, and regales her Mind.

But, as in sweet Repose she slumbring lay,
Fatigu'd with the sad Business of the Day ;
An *airy Nymph* appear'd, whose splendid Show
Out-shone the Colours of Heav'n's *gaudy Bow*.
Phantasia hight, who, with lascivious Pride,
By Twin *Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
Sometimes her *Pygmy Littleness* Delights,
And sometimes her *Gygantic Stature* frights.
Now like the Day she shines with silver Rays,
Now a black Night deforms her footy Face.
Round her all Natures various *Species* stand,
And follow her *unlimited* Command.
A Sea rowls on with harmless Fury here,
Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear.
Here in a Moment are vast Armies made,
And a quick Scene of War and Blood display'd.

At last from different Forms *Phantasia* took
A chearful Air, and with a jocund Look,
In Words like these the sleeping Fair bespoke.

Enough of Tears :O *Phillyra*, forbear
To vex thy lovely Cheeks, and golden Hair.
Dry up those Eyes, from which alone proceed
Thy numerous Woes, and this *unnatural* Breed.
Oft have they figur'd *Saturn* to your Brain,
With hideous Neighings, and a spreading Main ;
And oft have I (who all Complexions shew,
And paint all *Species* to th' internal View)
His hairy Limbs Thee meditating seen,
And dwelling on his Form with pensive Mien.
When, rustling thro' the Wood, with winged Hoof
He flew amain, to shun his injur'd Wife's
Reproof.

And

And Thee, deflower'd, to thy Woes resign'd,
 Revolving his foul Image in thy Mind ;
 Whence to a Human Head, a Horse's Back was
 join'd.

But if, when pregnant, thou hadst thought aright,
 Nor forc'd me to depaint this odious Sight :

A pure, unblended Offspring had been Thine,
 With Heav'nly Beauty grac'd, and Shape Divine.

Yet, *hapless Nymph*, to mitigate Thy Smart,
 And ease with Comfort Thy afflicted Heart :

Not wholly lost to Hope, enjoy Thy Woe ;
 Oft from black Clouds the Beams of *Phæbus* flow,
 And oft reviving Joys from past Misfortunes
 grow.

Hear then, what I, prescious of coming Fate,
 Nor always feigning idle Dreams, relate.

Thy present Sorrows, this *prodigious Boy*
 Shall largely recompence with future Joy.

When

When, in the full Maturity of Age,
His prudent Hand shall write Life's manly Page;
Then shall his vast, surprizing *Genius* shine,
All Eyes amazing, as his Birth does Thine.
He shall the Level of Mankind disdain,
And speak and think above a Human Strain.
His searching Mind shall Nature's Wealth explore
Her inmost Rooms, and undiscover'd Store.
Of Earth and Ocean shall the Secrets know,
Of Plants and Herbs, and for what Use they grow,
Of Metals, Gems, and all the *living World* below.
Nor thus contented with a narrow Flight,
From the scorn'd Globe shall soar, and lessening to
the Sight,
Shall Heav'n's bright Volumes read, and scan
each starry Light.
Nor shall his hairy Hyde, and Shape so foul,
Disgrace his lofty and sagacious Soul.

Thetis,

Thetis, the Seed of *Nereus*, shall prepare
Her own *Achilles* for thy Offspring's Care.
His Skill the youthful Hero shall inspire
To rule the fiery Steed, and touch the tuneful Lyre.
His *martial Pupil* shall his Youth employ
In Arms, and, when betray'd to War, destroy
Dardanian Towers, and *Priam's* lofty *Troy*.
Then, when thy *Chiron's mortal half* shall die,
His Soul shall mount aloft, and sparkle in *the Sky.
She said, and strait dissolv'd to empty Air,
Her *Phantoms* with her fled, and left the waking Fair.
She now reliev'd, from her tormenting Pains,
Feels a new Life rekindle in her Veins.
Her lazy Blood flows with a brisker Stream,
Her Strength recover'd by the pleasing Dream,
Whose

* *Chiron after his Death was made a Constellation, call'd Sagittary.*

Whose healthy Joys her better Mind restore,
 Her Heart, which ruffling Storms had vex'd be-
 fore,

Is all a gentle Calm, tumultuous now no more.

Wak'd from deep Thinking, she begins to find
 Light to her Eyes, and Comfort to her Mind.

But since an Object, which disturb'd her Sight,
 Produc'd this length of Woes, and sad affright:

Her Eyes no more Survey the monstrous Whale,
 With spouting Jaws, and huge extended Tail.

The slimy † *Phoca*, basking on the Shore,
 Or sailing on the Deep, delight no more.

The wanton *Dolphins* now her Senses shock,
 And various *PROTEUS* with his scaly Flock;

Or bloated *Tritons*, who, with ratling sound
 Of Coral, shake the wat'ry World around.

C. Taught

† The *Phoca*, is an Amphibious Animal, and breeds on Land.

Taught by Experience of her past Disgrace,
She shuns the Converse of the Finny Race.
None but Bright Objects, her peculiar Care;
Young Blooming *Nereids* her Companions are,
Sea-born, like VENUS, and like VENUS, fair.

If then, ye Matrons, who Conceive, design
A future Offspring, which may grace your Line :
Let not your Fancy at all Objects fly,
But keep strict Reins upon your roving Eye.
Shun every Thing which Shocks your Sense, and
View

Ingenuous Looks alone of shining Hew.
If for a Boy with comely Face you long,
See the *Bright God*, who from *Latona* sprung,
APOLLO, ever Fair, and ever Young.
Or view ALEXIS, whom the *Mantuan* Swain
Pursu'd with fruitless Love, and mournful Strain.

But,

But, if a Progeny of Female Race,
 With unresisted Charms, and lovely Grace,
 Delight you more: the *Paphian Goddess* view,
 Such as the Pencil of fam'd TITIAN drew:
 Or DANAE's alluring Looks behold,
 While *Genial* Jove descends in Liquid Gold.

Or if a Beauty of the Modern Age
 Shall your Attention and Delight engage;
 To my fair PHYLLIS let your Eyes incline;
 For fair SHE was, or such SHE seem'd to mine.
 When Her unhappy Love my Heart possest,
 And scorch'd with furious Flames my burning
 Breast.

O, with what Bloom, what Flower of Youth, she
 shone!

How Her Cheeks blush'd a Colour, all Her own,
 A genuine Red, like Roses newly blown!

What Nymph with PHYLLIS could pretend to vie
A whiter Forehead, or a livelier Eye?

Whose Frame was, like the World : An eloquent Soul
Spoke in each Part, and sparkl'd thro' the Whole.

Each Limb did wanton *Loves* and *Graces* bear ;

There lodg'd their Arms, their Bows and Arrows
there.

But oh ! On what imperceptible Strings

Depends th' inconstant Fate of Human Things !

That Face, in which the Gods might take delight,
Is now grown hideous, and forbids the Sight.

With cruel Scythe, inexorable Time,
Mows down her Youthly Bloom, and Beauty's
Prime.

Now wrinkly Age begins to draw his Plow

On that once-Smooth, once-Snowy, spacious Brow.

Now, where her Teeth took up their Ivory seat,
Is all an empty Space, or Scene of Jet.

Her

Her Head, which once with golden Tresses shone,
 Is silver'd o'er with Hairs but thinly sown:
 And now the Flame, which on my Marrow prey'd,
 Begins to languish; and the Heat's decay'd.
 PHYLLIS no more can now her Charms employ,
 But damps Desire, and frights the *Cyprian* Boy.
 Deform'd, she cures the Wound her Beauty gave,
 And She, whose Eyes could kill me, now can save.
 Since then the Honours of her Face are lost,
 Shun her, ye Pregnant, as a living Ghost.
 Left with her sight your Fancy be defil'd,
 And fix her horrid Image on the coming Child.

And now let CHARICLÆA's Birth be sung,
 Who from an *Æthiopian* Mother sprung.
 Her sooty Sire was stounded at the sight,
 With all his swarthy Lords, in deep affright,
 To see the new-born Babe deform'd with milky
 white. For

For as PERSINA cherish'd in her Womb
 The growing *Fœtus*, in the Royal room
 The Picture of * ANDROMEDA was seen,
 Painted with snowy Brow, and comly Mien.
 Which while the Mother with a greedy view
 Intent devour'd, White *Images* she drew.
 From whence a Birth of unknown Whiteness came,
 A Colour, devious from the Royal Stem.

But who can any Cure or Comfort bring,
 Where Jealousie has stuck her pois'nous sting?
 Th' afflicted Monarch thinks his Bed defil'd,
 And wreaks his Malice on the harmless Child.

Th'

* Here seems to be a Mistake of the Author, who makes Andromeda of a White Complexion, whereas she was the Daughter of Cepheas King of Æthiopia; and if she was a Beauty, she must be a Black one, according to Ovid:

Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo
 Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ.

Ep. Sappho to Phaon.

Th' unknowing tender Babe is now resign'd
 To raging Billows, and each boist'rous Wind.
 From Dangers to repeated Dangers tost,
 To all, but Providence's Favour, lost:
 What shapes of Death she saw! what Hazards
 bore!

Pursu'd where'er she flies, to Sea and Shore,
 By angry Tempests, but a Father more.
 Till learn'd SISIMETHRES, in Nature skill'd,
 A sage *Gymnosophist*, the Cause reveal'd.
 From whence that strange degenerate Colour
 rose,
 Which soil'd with White th' unhappy Daughter's
 Brows.

How some fair Object of a sim'lar kind
 Work'd on her pregnant Mother's longing Mind.
 The King was pleas'd with his convincing Sense,
 Which vindicated injur'd Innocence.

But

But tho', O *Meroe's* Priest, you reason right,
That such an Object, working on the sight,
Stamp'd this Complexion on the Virgin's Face,
New, and abhorring from her Father's Race :
Yet, since you leave us in the dark to know
How *Images*, which on our Vision flow,
Are with such Force indu'd, and Power so
 strange,
Sufficient to produce this wondrous Change ;
This my inquiring Muse presumes to tell,
And solve mysterious Nature's Miracle !

Nor am I chain'd to ARISTOTLE's Rules,
So often prated in the wrangling Schools.
To me his vain Opinions dark appear,
And want a stronger Light to make them clear.
Me, EPICURUS, in thy Walks admit,
To raise my Fancy, and improve my Wit.

The purest Knowledge in Thy Garden Springs,
In that, the hidden Principles of Things.

Thence will I take my Flight and numerous
Strain,

And fear no Errour in a Path so plain.

Our own GASSENDUS shall direct my View,

For the Terraqueous Globe is his *Parlieu*.

He chases Nature, wheresoe'er she Flies,

O'er Earth and Seas, in Air or Starry Skies.

In vain Her Swiftnefs would assist the Dame,

Hot in pursuit of Wisdom, and of Fame,

His penetrating Mind o'ertakes the Noble

Game.

FIRST, look around : Whatever meets your Eye,

In the wide Universe of Earth and Sky,

Scatters small Atoms in the ambient Air,

Scal'd from each Body, and Whirl'd here and there

In a continual Fluor : These we call
The Elements of Things which form'd this All.
These, with Swift violent Motion, wander o'er
Each Sense, and penetrate the smallest Pore.
But think not here, by these continual Flows,
That a Corporeal Object lesser Grows ;
For that Deficiency, and quick Decrease,
Of Subtile Bodies, is supply'd with Ease :
A new Accession does the want repay,
With Atoms Subtile and as fine as They.
These *Images* are so concise and fine,
That were it possible for you to joyn,
And heap together, all which in the Air
Have fluctuated for a hundred Year,
They scarce would by the naked Eye be read,
Or Spin a little Spider's smallest Thread.
Nor do they less out-strip in rapid Flight,
The darting Sun-Beams, and the nimble Light,
And

And the swift Planets of th' Æthereal World ;
 With such a strong Velocity they're hurl'd.

Those which from fair and comely Objects fly,
 By their own Smoothness please th' affected Eye :
 Thro' the Sight's Pores round little Globules steal,
 And the charm'd Senses a strange Pleasure feel.

With secret Joy the Soul it self is seiz'd,
 And with th' agreeable *Idolum* pleas'd.

Which wand'ring from the Eyes by Ways un-
 known,

O'er the soft Bowels and warm Heart is thrown,
 And ming'ling in the Womb the fair *Idea*'s sown.

By which kind Nature models her Design ;
 With forming Hand she Works each beauteous
 Line,

And all delightfom Things in the Composure
 joyn.

But if th' *Idola* from foul Figures rise,
 Their roughness Shocks the Soul, and Wounds the
 Eyes.

And, as with Spears, which grow from bladed
 Corn,

Invade the Mind, and make the Senses mourn.

Whence strange Dislike surprizes every Part,

And fills with Horrour the recoiling Heart ;

Which, thus Contract, does th' ill-form'd Image
 throw

Into the Womb, and there th' unpleasing Figure
 sow.

By which Direction, Nature shapes her Aim,	}
Distorts the Limbs, or does the Piece Defame	
With Features most Deform'd ; the weeping Mo-	
ther's Shame.	}

And, as we often by Experience find,

If a vile Body cloth as vile a Mind,

The

The World, which by the Looks does Actions scan,
Will in the Child condemn the future Man.

Nor wonder, that the *Fætus* should become,
So pliant to Impressions in the Womb;
And yet the Mother should untouch'd escape,
Retain her Beauty still, and comely Shape.
For, as young Fruits, which on the Tree depend,
Maturing, may the loaded Branches bend,
Yet are no equal Combat to repell
The Shocks of roaring Winds, and ratling Hail:
Nor can the Buffets of a Storm defy,
Like the tough Trunk, which dares the angry Sky.
So soft the *Fætus*, can so quickly feel,
Obnoxious to receive the slightest Ill.

'Tis certain then, this *Image* does remain,
For Nine Months space, deep rooted in the Brain:

And

And this alone does frequently Controul
The beauteous Labour of the forming Soul.

True: Nature, entring on her just Design
To build an Human Frame; a Work Divine:

After long Study, does at last begin
To Weave the Bowels of the Mass within.

And then to Knit the various Limbs proceeds,
And with first Blood the recent Vessels feeds.

Her next peculiar Care is, to supply
With Flesh, the well-join'd Arm, and finewy
Thigh.

Last, with th' extended Skin's becoming Grace,
She spreads the Forehead, and adorns the Face.

Now well secure your Thoughts, nor look too near,
Or steddily, on what may Cost you dear;

For, you may, dissonant Impressions take,
From Nature's Law, and mar the beauteous Make.

Nor is 't enough to Sooth your longing Sight
 With only what Affects you with Delight;
 Or from uncouth, unsightly Things to run,
 You must immoderate, frequent Dancings shun.
 And take peculiar Caution how you move
 Too Violent, when you first Conception prove:
 Or when the *Embryo*, lab'ring to break forth,
 Shall give sure Promise of th' approaching Birth.
 For at both Times, the *Fætus* in suspense,
 Cleaves to the Womb by slender *Ligaments*.
 And, if a Matron, who would fain excell,
 For a light nimble Heel, and Dancing well;
 Shall at such Time, delight to throw around
 Her spreading Arms, and Skim along the Ground,
 She's justly Punish'd, if from thence proceed,
 Or an Untimely, or mishapen Breed.
 As a young teeming Nymph, who, by a Strain
 In Dancing, struggled with a wrecking Pain;

Sent for the † *Coan* Sage, (than whom was found
None more in the * *Chironian* Art renown'd)
Who told her, whence she was so sadly crost,
And the first Promise of an Offspring lost;
How too much Motion, and too violent Speed,
Had kill'd the Product of th' enliv'ning Seed;
When the Formation was but just begun,
And the thin Thread of Life but newly Spun.
So, if a Matron, Eight Months gone with Child,
Dance, like a *Bacchanalian*, loose, and wild,
She surely brings the Birth before the Time,
And dearly Suffers for her foolish Crime.
What Man can then endure th' undecent Sight,
Who, at a Ball, on some Rejoycing Night,
A pregnant Lady in the Dance beholds,
And mutual Arms lock'd in alternate Folds?

Yet

† Hippocrates, a famous Physician, born in the Island Cos.

* Chiron, first found out the Art of Physic.

Yet tho' my Muse the breeding Fair would fright
From those Diversions, which her Sex delight,
She should not therefore to Inaction lean,
But follow Reason, and her *Golden Mean*.
For both Extremities alike displease,
Immoderate Motion, or immoderate Ease.
Sloth, with gross Humours, loads the racy Blood,
And choaks the Passage of the vital Flood;
That sprightly Virtue and ingenit Heat,
Which should the *Fætus* in just Form complete,
Opprest by Inactivity, retire,
Unable to exert their generous Fire.

But well-us'd Exercise will chear the Mind,
And free the Spirits, which have slept confin'd
Beneath a sluggish Heap of misty Fumes,
Till the Soul wakes, and all her Native warmth
resumes.

Hence the *young Pris'ner in the Womb* transpires
With greater Freedom, and sound Health acquires,
Well-limb'd and Hale, when stranger to the Day
On the World's Stage he makes Life's first Essay.

But what Diversion, by the Rules of Art,
What gentle Labour will the Muse impart,
The Joynts to supple, and inlarge the Heart?
Whether, to slacken and unbend her Care,
The pregnant Matron to the Fields repair,
In Coach, or open Chaise, imbibe the Morning
Air.

Where chiefly the tall *Elms* in shady Rows,
Nor to bleak *Winds* nor burning *Suns* expose.
Where silver *Sequana's* indulgent Tyde
Does *Paris* with his glassy Streams divide,
Inriching, as he flows, each thirsty Meadow's
Side.

O! with what secret Joy the Heartstrings Dance,
To see the blooming Youth, and Flow'r of *France*,
In sparkling Numbers o'er the Park advance.

To taste new Pleasures, and new Pleasures bring,
When on the Plain the winged Coursers spring,
And flying Chariots kindle in the Ring.

Here a young Lord of wond'rous Hopes behold,

Drawn in a splendid Coach, adorn'd with Gold.

His Garb all killing, and each Gem a Dart

Which finds a Passage to the Lady's Heart.

Down on his Ivory Neck the flowing Hair,

And silver Plumes, which nod and sport in Air,

Command the Passion, and engage the Fair.

There shines a Nymph, of more than Human
Race,
With genuine Beauty, and unborrow'd Grace,
And flashes, as she flies, in each Admirer's Face.
Her Eyes all Flaming, and her rising Breast
Courting the Hand, and suing to be prest.
Her, the pleas'd Lover, prostrately, adores,
And to the Goddess his best Wishes pours.
She with a Smile his Compliment returns,
And cools the fev'rish Flame, with which he burns.

Becoming pleasurable Sights, like these,
Will sooth the Senses, and the Pregnant please ;
But when bent homeward ev'ry Coach retires,
And the Diversion with the Day expires,
Then each *Automedon*, with furious Speed,
Drives on the kindling Wheels, and Whips the
foaming Steed, Loosens

Loosens his Reins, and fearing to be Late,

Contends to be the foremost at the Gate.

He pushes forward, eager to displace

His Fellow-Driver in the rapid Race.

Hence the soft Nymph a secret Horror feels,

From an ungrateful Din of crashing Wheels.

Hence an unlucky Fall unveils to Sight,

What her chaste Garments would conceal from

Light ;

Misfortune's Crime ! The frightened Virgin shrieks,

Mourns her bruis'd Forehead, or her bleeding

Cheeks,

Or swelling Eyes, which oft, alas ! disgrace

The budding Honours of her injur'd Face.

Therefore, O Pregnant, with a cautious Care,

Those dangerous Strifes and Rivalries beware :

With Pride let others in the Front appear,

Take thou the safe Dishonour of the Rear.

For grant, your Coach unhurt, your Self secure,
Yet where's the Harm in being *slow and sure*?
Perhaps the Fear of falling will bring forth
A worfe Misfortune, an Abortive Birth.
For when the Blood shall with a sudden Start,
Run to the Caverns of the Womb and Heart,
A chilling Fear will all your Hopes defeat,
Whose Icy Flood destroys the forming Heat,

If then you would not willingly Despair,
Of a fine Offspring, or a beauteous Heir,
The Ring, where rattling Chariots run, forbear.
In flow'ry Meads, and silent Fields be seen,
Haunt the neat Garden, or the pleasing Green,
And taste salubrious Air, and *Zephyr's* Breath
Serene.

But

But whither shall the Pregnant Lady run,
 The biting Cold, and nipping Frost to shun?
 When *Northern* Winds the Lakes and Rivers freeze,
 Uncloath the Meadows, and disrobe the Trees.
 Shall She at Home, like a *Recluse*, confin'd,
 Mock the vain Malice of the pinching Wind?
 And wedded to a close warm Room despise
 The dreadful Season, and inclement Skies?
 I grant it Proper, in a cover'd Place,
 Secure from Cold, to pass the wintry Days,
 And breed a jolly, strong and healthy Race. }
 But in the keenest Winters we behold,
 Some Sprinklings of the *Sun's* refreshing Gold,
 When, the *Winds* silent, from the Sky he gleams,
 And sparingly bestows his smiling Beams;
 Then may the Pregnant to her Neighbours roam,
 And chearfully resign her closer Home:

Return a Visit, and, o'er harmless *Tea*,
 Or sprightly *Wine*, be jocular and free.
 Beguile the Minutes, till approaching Night,
 In merry Tales, and innocent Delight.

And, which the Muse should have prescrib'd
 before,

First, the *Great Father* of all Things adore,
 Through him thy Womb conceiv'd, his heavenly
 Pow'r,

Preserves the *Fætus* till the promis'd Hour.

Frequent his Church, thy best Devotions Pay,

And Holy Off'rings on his Altars lay,

Imploring, that the future *Maid* or *Boy*,

May all their Hours religiously employ,

Do Actions worthy of an honest Fame,

Till the Soul quit the Body's weakned Frame,

Returning to the Sky, from whence it came.

From the first Moment you Conception find,
Observe these Rules, and hoard them in your Mind.
Till, gathering Strength, and ripening into Birth,
The young Increaser of the peopled Earth,
Starts from the *Barriers* of the Womb to run
The Race of Life, when his first Thread is Spun.

And when, by racking Pangs the Mother torn,
The full-grown Infant labours to be Born,
And struggling into Air, explores his Way
For more extended Room, and larger Day :
Then chiefly, then your nicest Care employ,
Nor spoil the Figure of the coming Boy,
Nor with distorted Limbs the beauteous Work
destroy.

His little Joynts are pliant to Command,
Tender, and waxen to the moulding Hand.
Then the least want of Caution, or of Skill,
May swell the Shoulders with a rising Hill,

With crooked Knees, or ill-turn'd Shape debase
Th' imperfect Praise of a well-featur'd Face.
If tow'rd the opening Womb the Infant bend
His forward Feet, or either Hand extend,
Or Back obverted to the Face expose,
And double the tormented Mother's Throws,
Let the wise Midwife's gentle Hand restrain
The dangerous Errour, and relieve her Pain.
The tortur'd Matron of her Load discharge,
And from his Prison the new Babe inlarge.
Compose his Frame, and so your Art apply,
That his Head first Salute the Upper Sky.
In every Birth the Head first visits Day ;
'Tis Nature's Rule, which all born Things obey.

And now the Mother, when her Griefs are done,
Sees her fair Self in a delicious Son.

The lawful Issue of the Nuptial Bed,
Must now be cherish'd, and in Cradle laid.
Here let the careful Nurse, with easie Hand,
Bind round his Waste the Purple Swadling Band.
Lest she Deform the soft and lovely Boy,
And dash th' expecting Parents future Joy.
For, at his Entrance in Life's early Scene,
Too tight a Swathing will Distort his Mien.
And the base World with a malicious Sneer
Will the foul Burthen on his Shoulders jeer.

Besides, if for your Offspring you desire
To keep his Native Elegance entire,
You must with speedy Remedies displace
Those Foes, which oft invade the Childish Race.
Chiefly the *Measles* and *Small Pox* beware,
Those *Goths* and *Vandals* to the tender Fair.

Which Plant thick Ulcers, and young Beauty blight
With pimpled Sores, ungrateful to the Sight.

Strait for Relief to some MACHAON fly,

Left a foul Scar affect the sparkling Eye,

Or Nose, or roſie Cheek, or dimpled Chin,

Or roughen the ſmooth Surface of the Skin.

How did AMINTA, in her flow'ry Spring,

Shine in the Box, and Sparkle in the Ring?

Who could alas! Her numerous Graces tell,

E're to this Plague a Sacrifice ſhe fell?

What *Lillies* from her Forehead did it tear,

And kill'd the little Loves which ſported there?

Not CYTHEREA could of late compare

With GALATEA'S Smiles, and winning Air:

What Hecatombs of Lovers would ſhe Slay,

Till ſhe became this Tyrant's mournful Prey!

Who with Devoted, Sacrilegious Arms,

Rob'd her bright Temple of a thouſand Charms,

Her

Her dented Cheeks, where Roses grew before,
And dropping Eyes, distribute Death no more.

DAPHNIS was once the Beauty of the Plain,
Till this Contagion seiz'd the lovely Swain.

How was He Courted ! How the Idol grown,
Of the Fair Sex ; and darling of his own !

DAPHNIS the Breast of each Beholder fir'd,

DAPHNIS alone the longing Nymphs desir'd ;

But now they Pity, whom they once Admir'd.

But this is foreign to the Poet's Art,

This pious Care is the Physician's Part ;

Who can endure my Rashness, or Excuse

The bold Presumption of my daring Muse ?

Unequal to the Province she resigns

The Charge to SAMMARTHANUS learned Lines.

Nor will she tread where he has gone before,

But stand Aloof, and silently Adore.

If then, ye Matrons, you affect to know
From whence these Spots, the worst of Judgments,
flow.

If from a beauteous Face you would remove
Those Stains, which damp the Sparks of kindling Love;
Read what the Rules of SAMMARTHANUS tell,
And hourly on his useful Pages dwell.
Not indigent of Fame, with happy flight,
His Wings have reach'd *Parnassus* double Height;
All *Helicon* flows in his Strains Divine,
Rowls with luxuriant Streams in every Line,
While whole APOLLO's Beams in his bright Num-
bers shine.

And now 'tis time to Bait, and kindly Chuse
Some small Refreshment for the breathing Muse:
She, who encourag'd by *Phaëan* Heat
Soar'd with no vulgar Wing to th' Gods upper Seat,
Who

Who, with disdainful Smile, but now Survey'd
 The subject Clouds, and Earth's inferiour Shade,
 Now courts soft Quiet, and the pleasing Glade.

But if by Chance the *Goddeſs* ſhall return,

And my warm Breſt with a new PHÆBUS burn,

I may hereafter feel my ſelf inclin'd,

To ſing the Nuptials of the beauteous MIND,

And an unblemish'd SOUL to a fair BODY joyn'd.

For who can bear the foul, forbidding Sight

Of well-born Beauty, warping from the Right,

Prowling with greedy and diſhoneſt Eyes,

For Scenes of Luſt, Debauchery, and Vice?

Should Souls, deſcending from a Heavenly Race,

With low Deſires their lofty Birth Diſgrace?

But the wild Madneſs of this *Iron Age*

Is undeſerving of th' inſtructive Page.

The World has baniſh'd, as an Idle Name,

The love of *Virtue*, and the fear of *Shame*.

'Tis hard among a Thousand now to find
One with incocted Honesty of Mind.

Since FRANCE with endless Wars familiar grown,
Adopted Forreign Manners for her own.

Ye *Guardian* GODS, Distributers of Fate,
Ye watchful *Angels* of th' *Hectorean* State!

If e're the GALLIC Glory was your Care,
Hold your Commission'd Anger, and forbear,
Remove your Sword, and the griev'd Nation spare!
Hush the loud *Trumpets*, bid the *Drum* be Mute,
And Kingdoms listen to the softer *Lute*.

So golden PEACE shall spread her downy Wings,
ARTS shall return, the Favourites of KINGS,
And LAURELS flourish to Reward what the bold

POET sings.



CALLI-

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Of Virtue; which is more Amiable when it proceeds from a Fair Body. The Beauty both of the Male and Female Mind, which springs from the Power of the Understanding and Will. The Difference of the Italian and French Genius. Reflections on Noblemen, who suffer their Sons, when they have scarce come from their Tutors, to mingle themselves in all Companies without Distinction. Of Travel. This Book concludes with a Poetical Prophecy of the Pyrenæan Peace, then just on Foot, from whence the Author promises Felicity to the Muses, and a right Use of his Callipædia.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

Book the Fourth

The Argument


Of Virtue; which is more valuable when it proceeds from a Fair Body.
The History of the Affairs and Persons of the House of Commons, from
the Time of the Understanding and Will. The Difference of the
Interest and Power of the House of Commons, who have
been long, when they have been more than one, to which
the House is in a Company without Division of Interest. The House
considered as a Political Society of the Pyrenean House, then and
now, from whence the House has been taken to the House, and a
right of the Constitution.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.



CALLIPÆDIA.



BOOK IV.



HY must the pensive Muse her
Labours cease,
Forget her grateful Toil, and rust in
Ease?

Shall *Phæbus*, in perpetual Slumbers dream,
Heedless of Verse, and a more noble Theme?

Thus far the Song of Love and Pleasure treats,
 To bless the Issue of the lawful Sheets,
 To form the envy'd Pride of either Sex,
 And mould proportion'd Limbs, and paint the
 Blooming Cheeks:

A greater Task remains to crown the Whole,
 The innate Virtues of a spotless Soul.
 How lovely are the Graces of the Mind,
 With Heav'nly Forms, and youthful Beauty joyn'd!

Thou, Goddess, whom no guilty Passions move,
 Sprung from the teeming Brain of chaster Jove,
 To whose blest Influence, Mankind below,
 Ingenuous Arts, and virtuous Manners owe,
 Assist the Song; the Theme is all Divine;
 May ev'ry Thought, and ev'ry Word be Thine.

The Muse no more the wanton Lay approves,
 Or tells of youthful Toys, and softer Loves:
 Warm'd with a brighter Spark of Heav'nly Fire,
 She sees the frowning *Cupids* all retire.
 (Fond Joys may please awhile, but end in Shame;
 A smoaky Stench furrounds the guilty Flame:
 The noisom Fires, at best, obscurely burn,
 And the gross Fuel will to Ashes turn.)

When first *Prometheus* did stol'n Life convey,
 And warm'd with sacred Fires the moulded Clay,
 Man walk'd Erect, with a Majestic Grace,
 And Heav'nly Bloom adorn'd his smiling Face:
 A Ray Divine, pluck'd from th' immortal Skies,
 Shone in his Cheeks, and sparkled in his Eyes.
 But soon the Wretch fell from a juster Pride,
 Tho' to primæval Light, and Heav'nly Spheres
 ally'd ;

Still

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Still querulous, and prone to vain Complaint,
 He talks of trifling Ills, and fancy'd Want :
 That Heav'n regards his Happiness the least,
 More just to Brutes, and kind to ev'ry Beast.
 With fruitless Discontent the fond Ingrate
 Blasphemes the Gods, and blames indulgent Fate ;
 And thinks it hard, that Man (the Lord of All)
 Should from the warmer Womb, a *Naked Infant*,
 crawl.

What, tho' my Mind (says he) with Notions
 fraught,
 Boasts an unlimited Extent of Thought ;
 And tho' ambitious Hopes, and vast Desires
 Confess a Soul ting'd with immortal Fires,
 If I must be a rude unfinish'd Sketch,
 By Nature form'd, and born a helpless Wretch ?

Man

Man, the kind Womb, by Force, unwilling leaves,
And with just Tears th' untimely Exit grieves ;
Heav'n no Defence to him, no Cov'ring gives,
And thus the hard, cold Earth the shivering Babe
receives.

While the blest Brutes, tho' form'd of courser Mold,
Are not expos'd to Famine, or to Cold ;
Less Miseries attend th' ignoble Birth,
Tho' their dull Souls bend down their Looks to
Earth,

They by unerring Instinct, all are taught,
Ills to be shun'd, and Pleasures to be sought.
No outward Force the fearless Savage harms,
Bold with his Strength, and fenc'd with Native
Arms.

On ev'ry Hide, thick, shaggy Ringlets grow
That dare the Club, and mock the coming Blow.

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The vigorous Bull the fierce Assailant scorns,
 And paws the Ground, and sets his bending Horns.
 The scaly Fish sport in their native Sea,
 And thus secur'd, they force the liquid Way.
 The Birds on Wings well-pois'd, with emulous
 Pride,
 Race thro' aerial Tracks, and cut the yielding
 Void.

The pregnant Earth each worthless Insect treats
 With ready Viands, and unlabour'd Meats.
 While'she on hated Man no Food bestows,
 But got by weary'd Limbs, and sweating Brows.
 Beside that heav'nly Spark, and active Fire,
 That do's sound Sence, and solid Worth inspire;
 That innate Reason, we so greatly boast,
 Is oft by Ignorance dull'd, by Passion crost,
 In winding Doubts, and mazing Errors lost.

When

When first the Wretch a slumb'ring Infant lies,
 No Gleams of Thought, no Starts of Passion rise :
 The Notions all are sullied, and dispers'd,
 While the sad Mind, in grosser Clay immers'd,
 In Darkness sleeps ; and an unthinking State,
 More happy thus, than when she feels the pressing
 Weight.

For when slow Time, and studious Care reveals
 Where sacred Truth is hid, and Honour dwells,
 When by an odious Train of formal Rules,
 And the rough Discipline of tedious Schools
 Man comes to Reason, and begins to know,
 The glimmering Lights, at best, imperfect show
 What is our Good, but cannot Good bestow.
 For ah ! what Pains and Doubts distract the Soul,
 While fond Desires the Judgments Choice controul?

How hard a Task to guide th' unruly Will,
Or fix the certain Bounds of Good and Ill!
To still vain Hopes, and sudden Fears subdue,
And flying Truths with steddy Eyes pursue,
Or Virtue's doubtful Ways to guess aright,
While Error's pleasing Paths our straying Steps
invite?

How great a Toil to stem the raging Flood,
When Beauty stirs the Mass of youthful Blood?
When the swoln Veins with circling Torrents rise,
And softer Passions speak thro' wishing Eyes.
The Voice of Reason's drown'd; in vain it speaks,
When hasty Anger dies the glowing Cheeks,
And vengeful Pride hurries the Mortal on,
To Deeds unheard before, and Cruelties unknown.
Such is the Thing call'd M A N; and this is Life,
An endless War of Thoughts, and an eternal Strife.

Thus

Thus the bold Wretch — Ah ! too profanely
Wife,

And partial to himself, incessant cries ;
A Judge unfit to search Heav'n's secret Ways,
Too oft blasphemes the Powers, he ought to praise.

But groundless Murm'rings are with Ease
reprov'd ;

Say, is not Man by every God belov'd ?
Man, Lord of all, and the Earth's darling Pride,
Tho' form'd of *Æther*, and to Heav'n ally'd :
By Reason taught, and, touch'd with purer Light,
O'er all beside He claims a Sov'raign Right ;
The kinder Pow'rs infus'd a nobler Mind,
To Sway the World, and Rule the Bestial Kind.
What, tho' the Babe begins his Life with cries,
When sudden Light disturbs his weaker Eyes ;

Tho' new-born Man, unlike the hairy Beast,
 Comes from the Womb (as from his Bed) undrest ?
 Since the kind Mother, with indulgent Care,
 Will Swathing Bands, and soft Array prepare,
 To wrap the tender Limbs, and skreen the
 piercing Air :

She safe Defends him from attending harm,
 And Hugs him close, and keeps the Infant warm ;
 Till settled Limbs support the darling Boy,
 Who wanton Smiles, and runs to ev'ry Toy :
 Then trivial Knowledge, and first Thoughts
 commence,

And Reason's twilight Gleams in lisping Sense.
 But when it Shines in full Perfection bright,
 The conscious Mind pursues her boundless Sight.
 Man sees thro' all ; one view t' his Knowledge
 brings,
 The Chain of Causes, and Result of Things.

The

The Creatures all Obey ; He gives the Word,
 They patient Yeild, and own their destin'd Lord.
 While Wisdom's Clue guides thro' Life's wild'ring
 Maze,

Shows Virtue's Path, and Sin's declining Ways.

(The different Tracks of Infamy, and Praise)

And specious Ills unmasks, and hidden Good
 displays :

It Marks the Road direct to real Bliss,

And Secret tells him, when he Acts amiss.

Hence well-form'd States are prop't with wholsom
 Laws,

And just Decrees support the rightful Cause,

Arts are improv'd, and Turrets high-adorn'd,

Despise the ruder Caves, by Nature form'd ;

Bright Palaces o'erlook the neighb'ring Woods,

And smoaky Towns encrease the flitting Clouds.

Nature in vain conceals her precious Ore,
 Men rifle all, and search the hidden Store;
 They ev'ry Right, and ev'ry Pow'r invade;
 The passive Elements, by Duty sway'd,
 Now dread the awful Tyrant, whom they
 made.

The Soul ('tis true) condemn'd a while by Fate,
 To this dull Prison, grieves the pressing weight.
 Continu'd Doubts, and endless Tumults rise,
 While Reason dictates still, what Sense denies:
 Prest down by Clay, she stoops to low Desires,
 And dotes on Earth, and fancy'd Good admires:
 But when the rising Mind, impartial views
 Her wond'rous Self, and her own Thought pursues,
 How vain the transient Show of Things around,
 What worthless Baits are guilty Pleasures found!

She spurns her Cage, and takes unbounded Flight
To Heav'n, her blisful Home, and to Ætheria
Light.

Not that the Soul at once her Freedom fees;
The mighty Work is form'd by slow Degrees.
First wholsom Rules restrain unheedful Youth,
And reconcile the sickly Mind to Truth.
Duty enforc'd, and Virtue's Sacred Lore
Timely imbib'd, will Sov'raign Health restore.
'Tis true, an high Descent, an antient Line,
And th' envy'd Honours of a Race Divine,
Th' ambitious Soul to generous Acts incline:
The purer Blood with nobler Warmth inspires,
And virtuous Sons descend from virtuous Sires.
But ah! Neglected Blooms will soon decay:
A thousand Baits unguarded Youth betray,

'Till kind Instruction has the Mind improv'd,
 (For Truths oft Taught are not with ease remov'd)
 But if this first great Task be left undone,
 We soon shall Mourn a loose degenerate Son;
 The Work is ruin'd, tho' so well begun.

Say therefore, are not those absurdly vain,
 Who cause their Children's Fate, and then com-
 plain ;

Who with a hopeful beauteous Offspring blest,
 Forget themselves, and hire unwholsom Breasts?
 And to some common Wretch commit the Care,
 Of Infant-CÆLIA, or the future Heir :
 Beside Diseases, and unnumber'd Ills,
 That latent Spread, and flow in Milky Rills,
 That from bad Teats, and putrid Channels pass,
 And taint the Blood, and mingle with the Mass ;

The noxious Food conveys a greater Curse,
 And gives the meaner Passions of the Nurse;
 Th' unthinking Babe sucks in the deadly Bane,
 And new-form'd Lusts the native Virtue stain;
 Who draws the flaggy Breasts of wanton Dames,
 Shall base Desires imbibe, and burn with guilty
 Flames.

Thus the *Great Founder* of the ROMAN State
 Was fam'd for brutal Rage, and boundless Hate,
 Which crush'd a Brother with untimely Fate.
 By Rapes he peopled, what he built with Blood,
 And ROME to mighty Guilt her Grandeur ow'd.
 The savage Dam had sower'd with *Wolfish* Spleen
 The manly Soul, distain'd with Lust unclean.
 Hence wild Revenge glow'd in his Royal Breast;
 Who was his Nurse, his Actions plain confest,
 And whose the Pap which first the Infant prest.

But when the kind, the prudent Dame is found,
 Wholesom, and chaste, in Mind and Body found.
 The next great Lesson bids with early Pain,
 Inform the Infant-mind, and mould the yielding
 Brain.

For tho' a Wretch to foul Attempts incline,
 Meerly by Nature urg'd, and not Design ;
 Tho' tainted Juices in the Womb prevail,
 And stain the Birth, and secret Guilt entail ;
 (As oft ill Humours will affect the Mind
 While shut in Body, and to Earth confin'd)
 Yet virtuous Rules will new Desires instill,
 And streiten to themselves the warping Will ;
 Precepts well-urg'd will rising Lusts controul,
 Give a new Turn, and Beauty to the Whole,
 And from its winding Track restrain the byass'd
 Soul.

Thus SOCRATES was obstinately good,
 Virtuous by Force, by Inclination lewd ;
 When secret Movements drew his Soul aside,
 He quell'd his Lusts, and stem'd the swelling Tide ;
 Sustain'd by Reason still, unmov'd, he stood,
 And steady bore against th' opposing Flood.
 He durst correct, what Nature form'd amiss,
 And forc'd unwilling Virtue to be His ;
 Fame circling flies thro' ev'ry *Grecian* Town,
 Proclaims the *Sage*, and makes the HERO known ;
 Applause from Men might not alone suffice :
 They stil'd him Good, but Heaven pronounc'd him
 Wife.

But if the painful Muse with anxious Care,
 Should ev'ry Truth, or e'vry Rule declare ;
 And on each Branch with tedious Niceness dwell,
 To endless Tomes the mighty Task would swell.

Yet those first Maxims, which will Vice remove,
 Childhood correct, and blooming Youth improve,
 The Verse shall tell; and with what studious Care,
 Indulgent Parents form the growing Heir:
 While yet the helpless Babe, unthinking, lies
 Still mute, but when he tells his Pain in Cries;
 While yet the Parts with softning Moisture fill'd,
 Sink at the Touch, and to Impression yield;
 While the lax Sinews have no vigorous Spring,
 Then mould, and shape the soft, the tender Thing.
 In Little let the future Man be seen,
 And form the Body to a graceful Mien.
 Nought now demands the Parents daily Care,
 But how to warm, and feed the Infant Heir;
 By easie Motion, and indulgent Arts
 Now shape the Limbs, and fix the hardning Parts.
 No Time as yet to teach, or change the Will,
 No busie Thoughts distinguish Good from Ill.

Unus'd to Clay, a-while th' imprison'd Mind
 Is at a Loss to think, when thus confin'd ;
 But slumbering lies, and pent in Darknes shows
 No active Force ; no Spark of Reason glows,
 And scarce the Soul her own Existence knows.

So when the coming Morn looks faintly bright,
 And gilds the Mountain-tops with weaker Light ;
 When first the *Sun*, unwilling, leaves the *Sea*,
 And ruddy Dawn begins the early Day ;
 The watry Drops still hang upon his Beams,
 And trembling Light breaks in imperfect Gleams ;
 But when the GOD has shook his dewy Head,
 And cooling Moisture falls on ev'ry Mead,
 His brighter Orb its wonted Force regains,
 And spreads diffusive Heat, and chears the smiling
 Plains.

But when the stronger Limbs to Firmness grow;
And Babes begin their Parents Voice to know;
When toying Childhood grateful Mirth affords,
And tells its trifling Sense in fault'ring Words,
Then strengthen too the Mind, as yet but weak,
Teach then the conscious Soul her God to seek,
And let her lisp the Praise, she cannot speak.
Oft talk of Him, and tell the Awful Name,
And how this ALL from that *First Being* came,
And whose kind Influence still preserves the beautiful Frame.

When bursting Vapours eccho in the Skies,
And flashing Lightnings strike the trembling Eyes;
Tell him, 'tis Heaven incens'd that thus repeats
Affrighting Sounds, and speaks in angry Threats,
When heedless Men forget the sacred Law;
Thus Teach the Child, and thus the Infant Awe.

These early Traces in the tender Brain
Will fix the Notions, which will long remain.

Meer Reason, by its own Reflection taught,
May find a God, and seek the nobler Thought;
May searching guess the Origin of Man,
And how it self, and how the World began.
But ah!—— if not improv'd by friendly Art,
Reason untaught these Truths will flow impart.
Thus in the Western World, so lately found,
Tho' circling Years have past their constant Round;
Tho' tedious Ages have successive rol'd,
No Length of Time could this great Truth unfold.
Here all her Pride has bounteous Nature shown,
And sports her self in Forms to Us unknown.
But tho' each blushing Fruit, or smiling Flow'r
Declares a God, and speaks his Awful Pow'r,

Yet the dark *Indians* never will reflect,
No Deity adore, no Heav'n expect.

Thoughtless they live, nor heed an After-state,
Intent on Earth, and careless of their Fate.

'Tis hard to Wake, when drowzy Mists arise,
And pleasing Slumbers close the willing Eyes;
Such is the Toil for an un-tutor'd Mind
To rouse it self, or hidden Truths to find.

The Youth thus taught, how Heaven will be
Obey'd,

And what Returns of Duty must be Paid;
Then farther Teach, and let him early Know,
What to our selves, and what to Men we Owe.

Now ev'ry tender Sentiment improve,
And let the Heart with softer Passions move.

When Vices first their baneful Influence show,
And when his little Cheeks with Anger glow;

When once the Seeds of partial Hate appear,
 Or envious Rage lets fall a silent Tear,
 Then Parents, if you love your growing Heir,
 Be justly angry, nor Correction spare,
 But kill the noxious Weeds with timely Care.

Now Wrong forbid, and teach what Rules are just,
 And what the Ties of Love and mutual Trust;
 What Honour bids, and Gratitude requires,
 And what Respect is paid to hoary Sires.
 A Father's Love and Mother's Care commend,
 And tell what Pains the anxious Birth attend.
 What Wretch when thus inform'd will not obey
 The Author of himself, and grateful Honours
 pay?

Then fix the Bands of Government, and show
 Who are the Sov'reign Pow'rs which rule below;
 Who by just Laws, and an Impartial Sway,
 Protect the Good, and make the Ill obey.

But when the reasoning Soul extends her View,
And dares look round, and the vast Search pursue ;
By Learning then the ruder Ore refine,
Polish the whole, and make the Work divine ;
Ingenuous Arts will mildly purge away
The drossy Substance, and the base Allay.
Say, is not this the soft, the docil Age,
Whose Actions will the future Man engage ?
Now vig'rous Streams spout from the lab'ring Heart,
And ready Wit and lively Sense impart.
Lose not the time : the moist, the tender Brain
Is easy form'd, and will each Hint retain.
The Soul's prepar'd for Wisdom's sacred Lore :
Ransack the *Grecian* and the *Roman* Store.
Let the Youth labour with incessant Pains,
And hourly read, and search the Great Remains.

Nor Authors of a modern Date disdain,
 Whose worthy Labours antient Truths explain.
 The Muse will still admire the *Latian* Groves,
 She the blest Soil, and happy Climate loves.
 The *French* in Language pure, in Sense polite,
 The willing Reader to the Task invite.
 The lofty *Spaniard* is instructive found,
 Though soaring in his Flights, and fond of pompous
 Sound.

By a just History the Mind's improv'd,
 For Men are ever by Example mov'd.
 It shows the World, and to Reflection brings
 The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings.
 It brings back Time, and the past Age retrieves,
 And here th' immortal Chief unenvy'd lives.

Actions thus told Heroic Worth inspire,
 And kindle in the Soul an active Fire,
 And stir the Breast with emulous Desire.
 But those who wild Romantick Stories feign,
 The Fustian Hero beyond Nature strain;
 They form new Worlds, and tell of Kings
 unknown,
 Battles ne'er fought, and Victories ne'er won,
 Of monstrous Giants, and unequal Fights,
 And Dragons fell engag'd by doughty Knights;
 The fairy Scene by pompous Show delights:
 By Fancy rul'd, weak Judgments please themselves
 With Chiefs enchanted, and with wand'ring Elves.
 But let the Youth the empty Tale despise,
 Remove the vain Amusement from his Eyes;
 For false Ideas, if indulg'd, at last
 Deprave the Morals, and debauch the Taste.

But still the Muses claim a just Esteem :
The Bard fees Visions, but Romancers dream.
The Moral Verse will alway be admir'd,
Poets may teach, for Poets are inspir'd.
Virtue thus drest, is lovely in Disguise,
And Verse will find him, who a Sermon flies.

And now the Voice to manly Accent breaks,
And the first Down o'erspreads the blooming
Cheeks.

When thus encreasing Strength, and youthful Fire
Forward to Action, vigorous Thoughts inspire,
And push him on to Love, and gay Desire.

Then restless Passions with a sudden Flood,
Disturb the Man, and stir the rising Blood.

Now the Tides swell, and foamy Billows roul,
And rapid Torrents hurry on the Soul.

Youth fondly mocks the Dictates of the Wife,
 And scornful Smiles, when hoary Hairs advise;
 The wanton Swain, when flush'd in blooming Years,
 The least Restraint (ah too impatient) bears.
 Yet a bright Ray may pierce the yielding Shade,
 And sudden shine around the darksome Glade.
 Wisdom will buoy the sinking Soul, and save
 Amidst the Floods, and dare the coming Wave.
 But ah ! unwearied watch, with Caution steer,
 And careful look, when winding Gulphs appear;
 Or soon in the swift circling Current tost,
 You'll whirl around, and be in Eddies lost.

But would you thoroughly purge the vicious Stain,
 Exert the Man, and let no Passion reign;
 Believe the Soul, when freed from pressing Clay,
 Will to some unknown Region wing away.

Think righteous Heav'n will its own Laws regard,
 And punish those whom Justice can't reward.
 But if no Fiends in gloomy Darknes howl,
 Nor Ghosts in airy Forms confess the Soul :
 If sulph'rous Lakes, and livid Fires below,
 To *Priests* their Being, or to *Statesmen* owe ;
 If vain we hope a bright Expanse above,
 Where Spirits riot in Excess of Love ;
 If after Death be Nothing, nothing Death,
 But th' utmost Limits of a Gasp of Breath ;
 If these are all Dreams, Whimsies, and no more,
 First made by Fear, and then enforc'd by Pow'r,
 What Motive can reclaim the careless Boy ?
 He'll give a Loose, and grasp the fleeting Joy ;
 Greedy indulge what Pleasures now invite,
 And snatch the present Moments of Delight.
 But future Joys believ'd, or future Pain,
 Will curb the wild Desire, and ev'ry Lust restrain.

To trace th' intelligible World, and find
 Th' immortal Nature of an active Mind,
 Is th' utmost Height, and most exalted View,
 That Reason here can reach, or Thought pursue.
 To know our God, and know our selves, is all
 That we can Happiness or Wisdom call.

Just Notions will into good Actions grow,
 And to our Reason we our Virtues owe :
 False Judgments are th' unhappy Source of Ill,
 And blinded Error draws the passive Will ;
 Deceiv'd by Show, we seldom think with Care,
 While with false Beauty and affected Air,
 Too often 'tis the Dress that makes the Fair ;
 But let not specious Errors soon betray,
 Unmask the Cheat, and chace the Clouds away,
 Long doubt, and oft reflect, and firm Assent
 delay.

But ah ! the Race of Life is easy run,
While tedious Science is as yet begun ;
Thought must the previous Strokes of Sense attend,
And huddled Images but slow ascend.
From earthy Dregs the circling Fogs arise,
And misty Vapours skim before our Eyes ;
The Soul is forc'd, while pent in darksome Clay
To grope in Shades, and guess the doubtful way :
Great is the Toil, but glorious is the Prize ;
Who would not alway labour to be *Wise* ?
Thus Heav'n decrees, and we must search to find,
Or wink for ever, be for ever blind.

Nor may we hence indulge a wild Conceit,
And vainly hope to climb the utmost Height ;
To view the inmost Essences of things,
And Nature's hidden Laws, and secret Springs :

She coyly hides, and shifts her various Shapes,
 Slips from th' Embrace, and ev'ry Eye escapes.
 Knowledge has Bounds, that stint th' unwilling Soul,
 For finite Reason cannot grasp the Whole.
 We see enough t' employ the lab'ring Mind,
 Nor may we search, what Heaven forbids to find.
 Mark how the Orbs their finish'd Course renew,
 Still move alike, and constant Rules pursue.

Look up, and then conceive, how vast, how bright,
 That inexhausted Source of joyous Light!
 Think, if the sluggish Earth be downward prest
 By its own Weight, and courts unactive Rest,
 Th' unweary'd God to dayly Toil succeeds,
 And drives th' ætherial Stage, and guides the flying
 Steeds;
 While we, dull and unmov'd, see all beside
 Dance the swift Round, and circle thro' the Void:

But if the Sun, fixt in his Central Throne,
Attracts the Planets, and commands alone,
He tunes the Spheres, and they harmonious found;
Earth too becomes a Star, and keeps the constant
Round.

But whate'er System Fancy may approve,
Whether we like to rest, or chuse to move,
Th' Effect's the same, and one Almighty Cause
The Motion first began, and fix'd th' unerring Laws.

The *Atomist* may groundless Schemes pursue,
T' explain the old World, or create a new;
Well-pleas'd he may indulge his wandring Thoughts,
And endless Voids conceive, and flying Motes;
But let these roul long in the boundless Space,
Then meet, and form an indigested Mass.
If Motion thus with thoughtless Chance combine,
And huddled Bodies close without Design,

A rude, and shapeless Chaos will arise ;
No smiling Meads below, above no vaulted Skies :
Till some blest Pow'r at length reduce the whole,
Divide the Parts, and give an active Soul.
Ah ! might Reflection to the Mind disclose
What different Particles this All compose,
Might we but trace the Springs as yet unseen,
And secret Movements of the vast Machine,
The several Figures and the Motions know,
To which the Species their Distinction owe !
Tho various Forms adorn the beauteous Frame,
Matter (unlike it self) is all the same.
From the same blended Elements proceed
The scented Flower, and Pestilential Weed ;
They form the yielding Grass, and flinty Stone,
And waving Crops, by sportive *Zephyrs* blown.
Hence in cool Shade the humble *Myrtle* grows,
And high the *Oak* extends his leavy Boughs.

The living World has the same common Birth ;
Here flower Insects cling to Parent Earth ;
Now bleating Flocks we hear, and lowing Herds,
And the more grateful Harmony of Birds ;
While sportive Fish thro' watry Mazes roam,
And with a silent Joy possess their native home.

Causes remote from our Observance fly,
We have a nobler Object always nigh ;
MAN, lordly Creature ! in whom Beauties meet,
Unnumber'd, and the lovely Frame complete.
Mark the nice Structure, and the wond'rous Art ;
How just the whole, how curious ev'ry part.
By the Child's Features we the Parent guess,
And Looks divine an heav'nly Sire confess.
Man amiably Majestick Walks erect,
And from th' inferiour World commands Respect ;

Reason curbs Force, and gives to Fury Laws,
 And fiercest Creatures to Subjection A ws.
 They conscious yield, and own the righteous Sway,
 And their just Sovereign passively obey.
 Man is the Universe, in little shown,
 The scatter'd Beauties here are joyn'd in one,
 In him the several Motions are explain'd,
 And the great World is in the less contain'd.
 For as th' *Almighty's* Throne is fix'd on high,
 (Far from these lower Spheres, and arched Sky)
 Where *Seraphs*, and *Cherubic* Orders stand,
 Attend the Nod, and wait the blest Command;
 Then with Angelic Motion swift obey,
 And instantly themselves to farthest Worlds convey.
 Thus seated in the Brain the reasoning Soul
 Exalted sits, and there directs the whole.
 At the least Hint the conscious Spirits start;
 Loaden with Images from ev'ry part

In branched Tubes the subtle Atoms rove,
 And from each Sense bring fresh Advices home.
 The Immaterial Mind attends above,
 While they inform how outward Objects move.
 The God of Light sends down his streaming Rays
 On the warm'd Earth, and cheers with smiling Days.
 And thus the central Heart the Source contains
 Of vital Heat, and in its Cavern strains
 The bubbling Streams, that stretch the swelling
 Veins.
 Still it conveys the swift returning Blood,
 And restless thus maintains the circling Flood.
 The *Sun* (when Summer-heats the Spring succeed)
 Changes the tarnish'd Verdure of the Mead:
 The dry'd up Rills no longer murmuring creep
 O'er the smooth Pebbles, and invite to sleep,
 But buzzing Insects make an uncouth Noise,
 And sulph'rous Vapours thunder in the Skies.

So when the Heart tumultuous Passions move,
If melting in the softer Flames of Love
With quicker Strokes the hasty Pulses beat,
And glowing Cheeks confess the inward Heat:
Or if fierce Rage provoke, and vengeful Ire,
The Eyes then sparkle with unusual Fire:
Ah! soon the Flames their rapid Fury spread,
And colour all with a malignant Red.
Curfes and Oaths th' unthinking Wretch repeats,
And the Tongue falters in half-utter'd Threats.
How like the Earth mix'd with the watry Mass,
Where troubled Seas the slimy Land embrace,
Are Man's less noble Parts, th' inferiour Drain,
Where forc'd the cruder Sediments remain?
Here stagnate Filth, and Acid worthless Lees,
And noisom Heaps from various Foods encrease.
Hence windy Fumes, and sudden Vapours spread,
That swell the Breast, and rack the aching Head,

Till forc'd by stronger Nature to retreat,
 They melting fall, and all dissolve in Sweat:
 Dispers'd in watry Drops they pain no more,
 But work insensibly thro' ev'ry Pore.
 And as the Sun by his own Heat exhales
 Clouds from the Sea, and Fogs from marshy Vales;
 Which (tho' base-born) ambitious higher move,
 Prevent the Light, and hide the Worlds above.
 So from corporeal Dregs the Mists condense,
 And intercept the Messengers of Sense.
 Hence the clog'd Spirits their Confinement mourn,
 And Reason waits in vain the swift Return.
 The clouded Images their March delay,
 Till the rous'd Soul, by a superiour Ray
 Breaks thro' the Shade, and urges on the Day.

But if external Features may surprize,
 And a just Texture charm th' unweari'd Eyes;

What are the Godlike Beauties we admire,
 When conscious Souls within themselves retire ?
 Th' Angelic Natures, tho' a while immur'd,
 Yet know, they are from Age, and Death secur'd.
Matter, however moulded or refin'd,
 Can ne'er be thought to form a thinking Mind.
 When the sick, weak, dissolving Body lies,
 And rigid Death has fix'd the languid Eyes ;
 Freed from those irksom Bands th' immortal Fair
 Mounts up unseen, and spurns the grosser Air.
Brutes by meer Sense, or secret Impulse move,
 Hate without Thought, and without Reason love.
 But she from simple Terms Conclusions draws,
 Notions abstract, and universal Laws,
 And from the Effect pursues th' undoubted Cause.
 Too bright for Sense, such Notions are innate ;
 Heav'n must at first imprint, or Souls create.

With Pleasure these th' attentive Mind employ,
And conscious of her self she feels a secret Joy.

Thus Nought without the First great Cause affects,
Tho' He moves all, and ev'ry Spring directs;
Did not his Care the steady Frame preserve,
Things would all clash, and from their Order swerve,
Nought can eternal Happiness remove,
Infinites neither lessen, or improve,
Myriads of Ages, e'er the World was made,
Or th' Arches turn'd, or the Foundations laid,
The Deity, unchang'd, was fully blest,
Nor with Creation was his Joy increast.
Full of Himself, th' Almighty is the same,
Tho' He dissolve the Universal Frame,
And Time, and Motion, have no more a Name,

But when the *Soul* believes Her self Divine,
 Will she to mean, or bestial Acts incline?
 Or thus inform'd be mov'd with ev'ry Toy
 That gives to tickled Sense a tranfient Joy.
 Or can th' immortal Mind, which knows her Self
 Stoop to base Gain, and pine for sordid Pelf?
 Will present Fame a real Pleasure give
 To Things, which must ev'n time it self out-live?
 If sinning Souls are doom'd to snaky Fiends,
 And flaming Gulphs, and Pain, which never ends;
 And they, who alway act, as Heav'n approves,
 Enjoy eternal Rest in peaceful Groves;
 Who would not labour with unweary'd Pain
 To curb Desires, and vicious Thoughts restrain;
 To guide his doubtful Steps by Reason's Clue,
 And the right Path thro' mazing Labyrinths pursue?

Who would add Fuel to a guilty Flame,
And forfeit future Joy for present Shame?
Or greedy still indulge the craving Taſt ;
And thoughtleſs Time in noify Riots waſt ?
Who on this Thing call'd *Life*, has ſerious Thought,
How ſhort, how fooliſh, and how ſoon forgot ;
With Scorn the Hurry of the World attends,
While buiſy Men purſue unworthy Ends.
The Rubs of Life without Concern he meets,
Braves ev'ry noify Blaſt, and careleſs fits.
A Soul thus buoy'd, no ſudden Storms can drown ;
Virtue dares ſmile, when Fortune ſeems to frown :
Whate'er befalls, the virtuous Man is bleſt,
Tho' pin'd by Sickneſs, or by Want oppreſt.
Tho' the great Vulgar, and the Little, rail,
And blaſting Tongues o'er weaker Truth prevail ;
Arm'd, and ſecure within himſelf he lies,
Will mock their Cenſure, and their Fame deſpiſe.

Hardships encountred make the Hero great,
 And real Worth will rise by pressing Weight.
 Tho' envious Mounds th' increasing Stream oppose,
 It grows more rapid, when it overflows.
Man was not made to please himself alone;
 No, the least part of Life we call our own.
 The Soil, where first we drew the vital Air,
 Commands a grateful Sense, and claims our Care.
 Relative Duties our Amusements cross,
 And all our Minutes to themselves engross.
 The Offices of Love, and mutual Trust
 Cement the whole, and make the Order just.
 What Wretch (ingrate!) to such respects as these
 Prefers his Sloth, and courts inglorious Ease?
 All Men are useful, when they wise approve
 What Heav'n allows, nor too excentric move,
 And sink below themselves, or soar above.

Careful observe, what Byass guides the Mind,
And how the ruling Genius is inclin'd.

Ambitious Chiefs the Trumpet's Call obey,
More pleas'd than with the Shepherds humble Lay.

By Dangers never aw'd, nor chill'd by Fear,

They grasp th' avenging Sword, and couch the Spear.

While those, whose Veins feel no such vigorous Fire,

To silent Glades, and thoughtful Groves retire.

The kinder Fates produce the rural Swain,

To sing, and love, and guard his native Plain,

Or bid the fluent Scribe harangue the Town,

And reap the peaceful Honours of the Gown.

But when shamm'd Treaties, or ambitious Aims

Force injur'd States to prove their rightful Claims ;

When muster'd Legions to the Field are led,

And widow'd Dames mourn their deserted Bed ;

Then (if inclin'd) while youthful Vigour last,

E'er the first lovely Bloom of Life be past,

Make the Campaign, and 'midst the Heroes shine,
And boldly charge, and force th' opposing Line.

But ah ! in Camps a thousand Vices reign,
Which blast their Laurels, and their Glories stain.

False Honour justifies the bravely lewd,
And Men are infamous, who dare be good.

Just Right, and Pow'r in War are all the same;
The longest Sword decides the doubtful Claim.

Hence martial Fires degenerate into Rage,
And oft to Murders, or to Rapes engage.

Ah ! let the Muse the moving Camp attend,
The virtuous Muse, that best, and kindest Friend;

She will harsh Sounds correct by gentler Notes,
And charm the troubled Mind, and calm the

Thoughts.

She in bright Colours real Worth displays,

And tells what Deeds deserve Heroic Praise :

Informs, when Reason speaks, or Passions rave,
And who the Cruel are, and who the Brave.
Virtue (that shines thro' Mail) has greater Charms,
And we by Justice ought to guide our Arms.
Unlike the Natives of the *Thracian* Hills,
Who ravage all, and glory in the Spoils;
No kind Remorse they feel, no Pity show,
And PALLAS only by her Armour know;
But often she retires to peaceful Groves,
And Gowned Arts, and harmless Study loves.
Letters alone correct the Soldiers Heat,
And MARS and PHŒBUS make the Man compleat.
Think on your future Hopes, and settled State,
But slow resolve, or you will grieve too late:
What now seems good, may not hereafter please;
View then the World, and travel Lands and Seas.

Manners observ'd, and foreign Customs known,
 And Laws, and Governments unlike our own,
 Inrich with Notions, and inlarge the Mind;
 The Judgment is improv'd, the Taſt refin'd.
 A juſt Experience will alike reclaim,
 From Noiſe, and empty Flaſh, and awkward Shame.
 The Soul thus pois'd, keeps a proportion'd mean
 Betwixt the Baſhful, and the Bold-obſcene.
 Gay and polite the Youths from Travel come,
 And leave the Prejudice, and Ruſt of Home.
 With graceful Mien, and unaffected Air
 They pleaſe the Friend, and captivate the Fair.
 Peculiar Virtues every Climate bleſs,
 And Vices in their proper Soil increaſe.
 Obſerve the differing Nations, and purſue
 The pleaſing Toil; then various Scenes review,
 Impartial judge, and give to each their Due.

When first you weary'd leave the *Alpine* Rocks,
 And see the distant Plains, and hear the bleating
 Flocks ;
 Here *Italy* the ambient Sea divides,
 On either side embrac'd by swelling Tides.
 She the known World one mighty Empire made,
 And Provinces remote her Laws obey'd ;
Rome o'er the farthest Isles her Eagles spread,
 And vanquish'd Kings before her Legions fled ;
 Religion only now exalts her Tow'rs,
 And Papal Censure awes the Civil Pow'rs.
 The *Latian* Youth enervate now forget
 The hardy Toil, nor prone to Martial Heat,
 Unactive lie, and please their wanton Thoughts
 By murm'ring Fountains, or in sleepy Grots.

But great Remains show, what the Whole has been,
And the vast Pile is in its Ruin seen ;
The *Latian* Soil, whose pregnant Womb replete
With vig'rous Motion, and enliv'ning Heat,
Blest Souls produc'd, wise, diligent, and brave
Heroes design'd to rule Mankind, and save ;
Decay'd by Age, yet in her weaker Veins
Prolific Warmth, and active Seed retains ;
Oft from the Palaces of modern *Rome*
Fam'd Sages, and immortal Worthies come ;
Who Kingdoms prop, and make the Nations blest ;
On whom th' united World might safely rest.
Such JULIUS now o'er GALLIA's Realm presides,
Directs her Counsels, and her People guides ;
His Conduct steady, and unmov'd his Soul,
Whose fix'd Resolves no adverse Pow'rs controul.

The ancient *Roman* is in JULIUS seen,
What once the SCIPIO's were, and FABII have been.
With dusky Discontent the *Spaniards* low'r,
And curse the Hand that checks their growing Pow'r.
But him no Anger moves ; nor rancour'd Hate,
Tho' hellish Furies would distract the State.
Curst Fiends, from pensive Night, and Chaos sent,
To stir up mutual Wars, and Strife foment.
Envy her self recalls her snaky Brood,
And has unwilling own'd their Rage subdued :
Their fast'ning Teeth still unsuccessful were ;
Themselves they gnaw, and their own Bowels
tear.

But tho' His vengeful Arm might crush with Ease
Those foolish Malecontents, whom none can please ;
Like CÆSAR he forgives their causeless Hate,
And by his Mercy would reclaim th' Ingrate.

JULIUS inherits all of CÆSAR's Fame,
And the same Virtues now adorn the sacred Name.
But ITALY no longer can assume
The glorious Name of Old, *Cæsarean* ROME:
For into various States and Dukedoms tost,
She keeps the Title; but the Grandeur's lost.
Fled is the Vigour of her Ancient Race,
And Subtilty and Fraud supply the Place.
A Cunning, oil'd with Words, is now their Choice,
A soothing Temper, and bewitching Voice.

The sottish World, not circumscrib'd by Arms,
Yields to prevailing Eloquence's Charms.
The supple Nation with a servile Fear
Now fawns and flatters in a Prince's Ear.
A poor *Italian* Starveling is so low,
He'll creep, and cringe, and to the Devil go:

Bid fair for Hell, with all his Might and Main,
If by the way he can a Penny gain.

Familiar to all Shapes, this Slave to Time
Will shun no Danger, and refuse no Crime.
Yet think the Nation not so lost to Shame,
Without one Virtue to redeem its Fame.

Th' *Italian Genius* claims a Sovereign part,
For every Science form'd, and every Art.
No Cloud embraces, but his sober Views
With indefatigable Pain pursues.
And, fast'ning on his Wishes and Desires,
No distant Hopes, no Time his Courage tires.
He does no Hazards fly, no Labour spare,
But shuns Expence with Providential Care.
Hence Fortune his superior Mind bestrides,
And equally her faithless Smiles derides:

Alike regardless of her threatning Frowns,
While Industry th' *Italian* Name renowns:
Nigh *Tyber's* Banks still PHŒBUS does inspire
Illustrious Wits, still tunes the *Roman* Lyre.
Still on their well-known Hills the Muses rove,
New VIRGILS sing of Arms, New OVIDS love,
And HORACES still haunt the fam'd *Ausonian*
Grove.

Yet is it strange that Monarchs should obey
A Nation, fall'n from high Imperial Sway.
Bred in a crafty Politician's School,
From subject *Italy* they learn to Rule.
She sends us Statesmen, and new Kings submit
Their conquering Gold to Her commanding Wit.

If, roaming thence, your curious Eye designs
To see those Regions, where the Sun declines;

If you determine for the Coasts of *Spain*,
And the stern Nations of the *Western* Reign,
There hardy Valour, and ambitious Pride,
With Vanity and Avarice reside.
The Thirst of Empire leads the Madmen on,
And for Their Glory, *Europe* is undone.
Kingdoms must fall, and Kings like Victims dye,
To raise their airy Column to the Sky.
But while she aims to keep the World in awe,
And Yoke it to Her Universal Law,
Till her Designs are to Perfection brought,
She tries the last Extent, and Pain of Thought.
She wants nor Art, nor Labour, but inspires
Her enterprizing Sons with high Desires.
She knows no Limits, and no Law will keep,
Tho' Crowns on Crowns are pil'd on Her Trium-
phant Heap.

New *Winds* may mutter, and new *Oceans* roar,
And vainly bellow on a Foreign Shore ;
In other Skies malignant Stars may shine,
And scaly Monsters rowl the *Western* Brine,
Yet nor their Courage flock, nor check their bold
Design.

Nought can their itching Lust of Empire cure,
They flight all Dangers, and all Toils endure.
To gain a Scepter through the Globe they run,
Freeze in all *Snows*, and Fry in every *Sun*.
Nor parching Thirst can this strong Wish restrain,
Nor Hunger scaring with her grisly Train.
Yet, tho' this haughty and affecting State
Thus labours with a Passion to be Great ;
Tho' none more thirsty of Superiour Sway ;
None with a more submissive Mind obey,
No Hardship their experienc'd Valour damps,
Inur'd to Wars, and Old in frequent Camps.

Their

Their passive *Souls* adore a *General's* Nod,
And every Frown's the Thunder of a God.

Such is the Temper of this Martial Race,
By this they Rule, in this their Virtue place.

Intent on Glory, they are seldom found
To manage and improve their Native Ground.

To Till and Sow are things beneath their Care ;

To conquer Countries is their Grand Affair.

Hence BACCHUS mourns in the neglected Vines,
And flighted CERES in the Valleys pines.

For them the Sword and glittering Spear was made ;
For Clowns, the Plough, the Pruning-hook, and
Spade.

Nor are the *Spaniards* fam'd for Arms alone :

Intrigues of State, and Counsels are their own.

In their close Breast they brood, secure from Sight,
Deep as the Grave, and silent as the Night.

Nay, to their Guilt they Saints and Angels ask,
And play the Villain in Religion's Mask.

Hence often palming on the thoughtless Croud,
They dim their Senses with a pious Cloud.

But who with Patience hears them, when they speak,
And windy Bombast swells the bladder'd Cheek?

With the curst Plague of Vanity chaftis'd,

And All despising, are by All despis'd.

If for another Clime your Fancy's bent,

Surmount the *Pyreneans* high Ascent.

From whose aerial Eminence repair

To cooler Plains, and taste a milder Air.

The *Gallic* Region has a different View,

Various the Climate, and the People new.

The *French* and *Spaniard* equally are brave,

But *This* as much too Light, as *That* too Grave.

The *French*, Affronts and Kindnesses regard

Alike, nor These Revenge, nor Those reward.

Yet to this Native Lenity is joyn'd
A Martial Virtue, and undaunted Mind.
A temper'd Courage, which no Fears can shake,
Nor Death in all his frightful Figures break.
What strange convulsive Horrors have they spread
O'er trembling *Rome*, the World's once boasted
Head?

When BRENNUS ravag'd, and when BOURBON led.
Through *Latian* Fields the *Gaulish* Squadrons ran,
And shook the *Capitol*, and *Vatican*.
Why should the Muse their numerous Laurels boast
Of conquer'd Nations on the *Eastern* Coast?
Why should she tell their Trophies and their Spoils,
Their *Asian* Labours, and their *Lybian* Toils?
These Triumphs Ancient Histories rehearse,
And Poets sing them in Eternal Verse.
But, like a Mistress, does good Fortune play,
Fond is her Courtship, and as short her Stay.

The *French* can Conquer, but some cross Event
Treads on Success, and blasts a brave Intent.

Whether the Cause from too much Flame arise,
And Valour, by Excess of Valour, dies:

Or they the conquer'd Foe too much despise:

By vaunting Insolence Unhappy made,

And to unactive Luxury betray'd.

Or that their Genius prompt them to pursue

Things different in their kind, and always new.

By which Inconstancy their *Bays* are seen

To wither on their Brows, and seldom Green.

Yet still their Prince they worship, like a God,

Obedient Servants to His sacred Nod.

To Monarchy devote, they chuse to bear

Whatever Yoke their Kings command to wear.


This is a true and undisputed Sway,

Nor is the *Turk* more absolute than they,

Nor *Russian* Slaves more willingly obey.

Their

Their Wills are Statutes, and a Law alone,
Whene'er they please to thunder from the Throne.
And if a Child the Scepter should enjoy,
The *Gallic* World bows to the Royal Boy.
If sprung from Ancestors, in Council wise,
And fam'd in Arms, he by Succession rise;
Hereditary Right's so much their Choice,
In Him, as in a NESTOR, they rejoyce,
And passively obey his lisping Voice.



Why should I tell, how friendly *Gallia* pours
Her highest Favours on *Trinacrian* Shores?
Gallia, to Strangers hospitably kind,
Submits to Foreign Rule her lofty Mind;
And oft to Those, who from far Countries came,
Has to Her Bounty sacrific'd Her Fame.

Gallia, so prodigal to Strangers grown,
 Folds with a fast Embrace a People, not Her Own.
 And if she finds them fit for Grand Affairs,
 Of Prudence, equal to a Kingdom's Cares,
 She loads with Titles their deserving Wits,
 And to the private Cabinet admits.
 So He, who now assists the *Gallic* Crown,
 Whom *Rome* has honour'd with the Scarlet Gown,
 Is to her Bosom taken, and repays
 Whate'er she gives in Dignity or Praise.
 This new ALCIDES on his Neck sustains
 The Globe of *France*, and holds the Empire's Reins.
 Inur'd to Conquest, and his Foes to bruise,
 He *Spain's* GERYON with his Club subdues.

Nor winning Manners, and a Chearful Face
 Will recommend alone the *Gallic* Race;

Whose Conversation's sweet, ingaging Air
Pleases alike the Witty, and the Fair.

The Light and Grave in just Proportion joyn'd,

Divert the Passions, and instruct the Mind.

From disagreeing Concord they produce

A Harmony of valuable Use,

And marry solid Wisdom to the sprightly Muse.

To them the *Deities* disclose their Springs,

Their brightest Fancies, and abstrusest things:

MINERVA teaches, and APOLLO sings.

Whate'er in eloquent *Platonic* Lines,

Whate'er in HOMER or in VIRGIL shines,

Whate'er *Venusium's* Poet did inspire,

The *French* have follow'd with an equal Fire,

And imitate the Trumpet, and the Lyre.

Whether they sing of Battels and of Arms,

Or Woods resound fair GALATEA's Charms,

In them the *Roman* and the *Greek* are found,
And *Eccho* never heard a sweeter Sound.

If then from *Calais* you design to land
On *England's* vile, unhospitable Strand,
There shall you find a Race of monstrous Men,
Where mangled Princes strew the *Cyclops* Den.
A false, ungrateful, and rebellious Brood,
New from a slaughter'd Monarch's sacred Blood.
They break all Laws, all Fancies they pursue,
And follow all *Religions*, but the *True*.
All there are Priests, each differently prays,
And worships Heaven ten thousand various ways.
If by the Mob the canting Fool's admir'd,
The Brother's gifted, and the Saint's inspir'd.
Hence the *Fanatics* rave, and wildly storm,
Convert by *Pistol*, and by *Pike* Reform.

Nor are th' Enthusiaſts ſo abhorrent grown
To holy, ceremonious Rites alone.

An *English-man* on all Extremes will run,
And by Conſent be wilfully undone.

If an Opinion thwart what Ancients wrote,
He catches it, and boſoms up the Thought.

ALCIDES would his Club as ſoon reſign,
As He a darling Hereſy decline.

Yet we muſt do the Sons of *England* right,
Some Stars ſhine thro' the Horror of her Night,
For Navigation, and for Skill renown'd,
In Sailing the Terraqueous Globe around,
To them no Shore's untry'd, no Sea's unknown,
Where Waves have murmur'd, and where Winds
have blown.

TIPHYS, and JASON, who in *Argo* came,

Lay no Pretensions to so just a Fame,

As CANDISH, WILLOUGHBY, and DRAKE'S Im-
mortal Name.

The *Dutch* and *Celtæ* in some kind agree,
Divided only by a Narrow Sea.

But that, detesting a Monarchic Reign,

The *Dutch* revolting from the Crown of *Spain*,

Have tugg'd for Freedom thro' a Crimfon Flood ;

So much more dear their Liberty than Blood !

Then, if you visit the *Germanic* Soil,

You'll find it worth your Travel and your Toil.

The Martial People's Arms once kept in Awe

Old *Rome*, which gave the World Imperial Law.

Of fiery Visage, and uncommon Size

They flash'd in Her undaunted Eagles Eyes.

Their

Their honest Hearts abhor the least degree
Of winding Craft, and tricking Knavery.

They scorn all Masks of Prudence, all Disguise,
And Politicians, serpentinely wise.

Whether, that born beneath a cold, thick Air,

Wit seldom falls to the dull *German's* Share ;

Or frequent Fudling does their Spirits drain,

And BACCHUS stupify their foggy Brain.

For there they gage the Largeness of your Soul

By Bumpers, and the bigness of your Bowl.

With them a swelling Paunch, and studded Face

Is always reckon'd a becoming Grace ;

And He, who can the twentieth Bottle stand,

Is the best Heroe of the *Drinking Land*.

Nay, Father BACCHUS all their Councils guides,

Dictates at Treaties, and at Leagues presides ;

No mutual Friendship for sincere will pass

Without the Pleasure of a plenteous Glass ;

It then grows strongest, when most Healths they
toast,

And He's the Truest Heart, who drinks the most.

So flush'd, and swoln with his accustom'd Load

SILENUS prais'd of old the jolly God.

His mellow Train would in the Chorus join,

And bless the Riches of the Purple Vine.

The live-long Night the merry *Satyrs* sung,

EVIUS the Subject of each fault'ring Tongue;

EVIUS the Hills around and hollow Valleys rung.

Nor tho' the *German* is so much inclin'd

To quaff full Bowls, and drown th' æthereal Mind,

Is every part so sottish, and so wild,

As if no *Genius* o'er the Nation smil'd.

Some bold, bright Spirits have been known to blaze

For Learning, Wit, and Arts of wond'rous Praise.

Wh

Who has not heard what Kings their Ruin owe
To the forg'd Thunder * of Mankind below?
How from *Germanic* Skill th' Invention came,
Whose dire Exploſion ſets the World in flame.
When the loud *Cannon* miſſive Iron pours,
Or from the ſlaughtering *Bomb* GRADIVUS roars.
Nor muſt we his Immortal Name † forget,
To whom we owe the Monuments of Wit,
Whence what the Muſe has ſung, or Heroe fought,
In Characters indelible is wrote.
All Times, all Nations ſhall the *German* know,
While Arts ſhall flouriſh; or the *Rhine* ſhall flow.

Here muſt I tell how a *Teutonic* Soul
Bred up in ſtern BELLONA's active School,

* Guns firſt found out by a German, 1280.

† Printing was firſt invented by John Gutenbergen of Mentz in Germany, 1450.

Is unacquainted with inglorious Ease,
 And scorns the happy Luxury of Peace.
 For if their quiet Prince has no Demand
 With hostile Arms upon a Neighb'ring Land,
 So much for Fighting is their ruling Lust,
 That, left in Sloth and Lethargy they rust,
 In murdering Wars they serve for Foreign Pay,
 And prostitute their Venal Hands to Slay.

Now *Northward* bend your Travel, nor disdain
 To view the Countries nigh the *Baltic* Main,
 The warlike *Sweed*, the *Polander*, and *Dane*.
 If nigh the *Poles* the *Muses* like to dwell,
 Their heavenly Heat will nipping Colds expel:
 They fear no Danger from the freezing Air,
 Or horrid Influence of the *Greater Bear*.

But

But You, perhaps, are not inclin'd to roam
Such distant Lengths, from your dear Native Home.
Nor will your Parents, and your Friends forego,
Nor by fatiguing Journeys seek to know
The Men, or Tempers of unequal Skies,
Nor will you at the vast Expence be Wise.
For things of this important Use and Weight
Require sound Bodies, and a large Estate,
To view the various World: the Weak and Poor
Can nor the Labour nor the Cost endure.
The Rich and Healthy should alone sustain
Hazards by Land, and Dangers on the Main.

But when your Blood is to due Temper wrought,
And Time has mellow'd you to riper Thought,
Then fix your Soul, and your Career restrain,
And prudently draw in the slacken'd Rein.

On Civil Life now seriously attend,
To serve your Country, and oblige your Friend.

For this with nicest Observation try
Whatever moves your Mind, or meets your Eye;
Whatever from a due Reflection springs,
In wealthy Cities, or the Courts of Kings;
O'er in your Mind their Foreign Manners run,
Their Virtues follow, and their Vices shun.
In a just Mixture of their Arts excel,
In acting worthily, and thinking well.
So through *Sicilian Hybla's* pleasing Groves
The *Bee*, intent on his sweet Labour, roves.
Sav'ry and *Thyme* the little Drudge devours,
And gleans his Harvest from the fragrant Flow'rs;
Does the Blew *Violets* and *Roses* chuse,
And sucks fresh Virtue from the Morning Dews,
To load his waxen Chambers with *Nectarean* Juice.

Mean time Inure your self to Thought, and strive
 To keep the noble, inborn Heat alive.
 Improve whate'er your Reason has acquir'd,
 The Soul is active, and can ne'er be tir'd;
 In valu'd Books your vacant Hours employ,
 And, what your Travels could not give, enjoy.
 To read good Authors, of a Taste refin'd,
 Heightens the Stature of the lofty Mind.
 If you delight to hear the Actions told,
 Of Heroes prudent, resolute and bold,
 And every glorious Thing perform'd of Old:
 To wise Historians for Instruction fly,
 And read them over with a curious Eye.
 LIVY will tell you, how the *Roman* Pile
 Rose to such Grandeur, in as grand a Stile;
 And PLUTARCH mentions with a Master's Stroke,
 How Captains battled, and how Sages spoke.

Or if you seek to know, with learned Toil,
 The Dispositions of each Sky and Soil,
 The Climes and Regions never seen before,
 Roul STRABO, PTOLEMY, and CLUVER o'er;
 And ev'ry Author, whose prevailing Light
 May chase away the Clouds of Error's Night,
 Inrich the Mind, and set the Judgment right.

But, Lastly, let your Conversation turn
 On what is Good, and from the Wisest learn.
 If Human Nature you desire to know,
 And from what secret Springs the Passions flow.
 When there are chose and cull'd, for noble Ends,
 Some bright Companions, and well-natur'd Friends,
 Knowledge and Virtue, on a worthy Mind
 Steal silently, and propagate their Kind.

Here

Here must I needs exclaim, nor can forbear,
On Noblemen's Improvidential Care ;
Who to their forward Sons give loose the Reins,
And taint the generous Blood, which fills their
Veins ;
Whose lewd Associates commonly are known
For Sots, and Scandals of the Court and Town.
For soon as Tutors have resign'd their Charge
Of my young Lord, to let him live at large ;
He, who writes Man, must what he pleases do,
Indulge his Fancy, his own Course pursue.
Yet think not that this hopeful Babe of Grace
Will follow Counsel, and the best embrace ;
No : He'll to *Brothels* or the *Tavern* run,
And whore, and guzzle till the Morning Sun.
Or at *Groom-Porters* He his Elbow shakes,
Accompany'd by Scoundrels, Pimps and Rakes ;

Who

Who with false Pleasures the soft Peer intice,
Then plunge the Bubble in the Gulf of Vice.

Nor are this vile and ignominious Race
Content True Honour from his Breast to chase.
They shut his Eyes to beauteous Truth, and blind
With giddy Notions his unpractis'd Mind.
Soon as my easy and too generous Lord
With ample Feasts has crown'd the loaded Board,
Down strait the Parasitic Blockheads sit,
To scatter their insipid, flatt'ring Wit:
This fordid Crew of Rascals, without Sense,
Praise every Bit they eat, at his Expence.
The Viands some extol, and some the Wine,
And every Glass they drink, cry, *Wondrous fine!*
Here a stanch Sot takes up the foaming Bowl,
And swears his Lordship has a Noble Soul.

There a pert Coxcomb of a different Stile,
A mere *Sir Fopling*, with affected Smile,
Does Beauty's Queen, and Lady's Love commend,
And vows there's nothing like a Female Friend;
With luscious Words excites his Patron's Fire,
And kindles into Lewdness young Desire.

- ' Did not your Lordship a soft Damsel spy,
- ' How You she ogled with a roguish Eye ;
- ' She tip'd a wanton Wink, and smil'd, and sigh'd,
- ' As if for You the tender Victim dy'd.
- ' I know Your Heart is to Compassion prone,
- ' True Flesh and Blood, not made of Steel or Stone.
- ' Can you withstand the Torrent of her Charms ?
- ' Who would not languish in her snowy Arms ?
- ' Mind not what dull and fullen CATOS say,
- ' Or canting SOLONS: You're as wise as they.

‘ Now your first Blood and springing Youth

‘ employ

‘ In Amorous Sports, and give a Loose to Joy.

Such are the Guests which you at board maintain,

Such the raw Mind in Vice and Nonsense Train ;

The common Chat of th’ unreflecting Crew,

Who drop whatever’s Great, or Good, or True.

While I new Matter for a Verse prepare,

What heavenly Voice affects my listning Ear ?

What *Deity* a Human Form assumes,

And with *Ambrosial* Breath the Air perfumes ;

All things around with Beams of Beauty shine,

And *Roses* spring beneath Her Feet divine :

I see (nor does my Fancy cheat my Sight)

CALLIOPE, in all her Graces bright.

What awful Lustre lightens from her Face !

The Goddess known by her Majestic Pace !

Why deigns the Muse to quit the Learned Throng,
 And PINDUS Hill, for my advent'rous Song?
 Say, art Thou come My Labours to espouse,
 And with *Parnassian* Bays adorn my Brows?

Go on, said She, in Thy Immortal Theme
 To merit Mine, and all the World's Esteem.
 Improve Thy Song, and in thy Sacred Breast
 Admit with Joy a Second, Heavenly Guest.
 'Tis not enough that your auspicious Care
 Has furnish'd *Man*, if You neglect the *Fair*.
 Shall Arts and Learning be alone confin'd
 To the *Male Image* of th' Eternal Mind?
 Nature, who gave, till she could give no more,
 On WOMAN lavish'd all her precious Store.
 Who now courts solid and substantial Praise,
 Nor values Beauty, wedded to a Face.

Her Mind peculiar Ornaments desires,
 And Virtues proper to her Sex requires.
 And since my tuneful Sisters all delight
 In comely Forms, obliging to the Sight :
 Since we alone can tell what softer Art
 Suits with the Genius of a Virgin's Heart :
 I leave the learned Mountains to disclose
 What well Thy lov'd CALLIOPEA knows.
 Be Thou attentive, while I deign to shine
 On thy smooth Page, and brighten every Line.

'Tis true that MAN is more sublime and bold,
 But WOMAN's figur'd of a finer Mold.
 Hence the soft Nature of her plyant Clay
 Will all Impressions take, all Forms obey.
 Who then excludes the Virgins, as unfit
 For the high Arts, and Mysteries of Wit ?

Or why should base, invidious Man deny
 The Search of Truth to their discerning Eye?
 Why, when Ingenit Reason shoots her Ray
 To light us all, are they Forbid the Day?
 Why should th' implanted Energy of Mind
 Grow faint, and slacken in the *Female* kind?
 Impartial Jove forbids so great a Crime,
 Nor was APOLLO only born to climb
Aonian Hills; we too inhabit there,
 The Muses, ever Tuneful, ever Fair.
Tritonian PALLAS does Her *Aegis* wield,
 Nor will to PHŒBUS or GRADIVUS yield,
 But rules in *Athens*, and commands the Field,

Yet (O the Folly of the *Gallic* Race!)
 No Princely Nymph does here our Rites embrace.
 With Thee, VALOIS, all Female Wit is fled,
 With Thee is every Grace and Beauty dead.

No more *Fine Arts* are of this Country's Growth
 With Modern Ladies, so supine in Sloth.
 The MIND lies fallow, and none care to toil
 In the good Ground, and sow the noble Soil.

But if we bend far Northward, to behold
 A People, horrid with the *Arctic* Cold,
 There does CHRISTINA, Queen of *Vandals* reign,
 And kindly welcomes the *Pierian* Train.
 From Southern Climes the flighted Muses flown,
 Find safe Protection in the *Frigid* Zone.
 She peaceful Arts with Arms delights to joyn,
 And with Her Father's Laurels mingle Mine.
 Who can the Counsels of the Gods relate,
 And dark Designs of Providence and Fate?
 The *Goths*, a Nation barbarous and rude,
 An ignorant, unletter'd Multitude,

Who o'er the World once, like a Deluge, broke,
 And chain'd the *Roman* Empire to their Yoke.
 When trampled Arts did every where expire,
 Spoils of the greedy Sword, or raging Fire;
 Have lost their rugged and uncourtly Mien,
 Fil'd into Smoothness by so wise a Queen.
 And amply now to Learning have repaid
 For the wide Wounds their bloody Fathers made.

Ye *Gallic* Matrons, if you scorn to know
 The Pleasures, which from polish'd Letters flow :
 If you delight not to inform your Soul,
 At least preserve your Body chaste, and whole,
 Whether the Loom you for Employment chuse,
 Or else the Distaff, or the Needle use,
 Let Virtue be the Business of your Life,
 And take Example by a *Sabine* Wife.

Who is not shock'd to see the beauteous Fair,
With Looks obscene, and Meretricious Air?

LAIS and FLORA modest Swains despise,
Their wanton Words, lewd Smiles, and swimming
Eyes ;

And all the Tricks, by which loose Nymphs disgrace
The chaster Honours of the Female Race.

By no such Charms did PSYCHE from above
Allure and captivate the God of Love.

By graceful Innocence alone she won
The melting Heart of CYTHEREA'S Son :

A Beam from her Ethereal Virtue came,
And lighted up the pure, the Virgin-Flame.

She said, and strait she vanish'd into Air,
And me surrender'd up to gloomy Care.

Confounded at her sudden Flight I spoke,
And into these despairing Raptures broke :

O Goddess, could my Voice or Reason fway
So far upon Thee, to demand thy Stay !
In Words and Numbers never heard before,
I would Thy Presence once again implore :
Thou shouldst instruct me, and inspire my Song,
To tell what Arts to Government belong :
What Qualities a Hero most adorn,
What Virtues suit a Mind to Scepters born ;
These wou'd the Heavenly Youth descend to
hear,

Whose Kingly Hands now move the *Gallic* Sphere.
At whose Paternal Throne his People bow,
And whom before they lov'd, they worship now.
Should I pursue my Labour, and rehearse
Thy sacred Dictates in well-polish'd Verse ;
Should I to Him thy pleasing Offerings bring,
A Present worthy so Divine a King ;

Should I declare the Methods to maintain
His Subject's Love, the *Manna* of his Reign:
He would, perhaps, with willing Ears attend,
Approve my Duty, and the *Muse* commend.

But what Imprudence does our Mind confound?
How can a Prince, whom clashing Arms surround,
Whom Wars loud Music stuns with rattling Noise,
Hear the soft Lute, and CLIO's gentle Voice?

Prime Ministers unlearned Kings misguide,
Who have nor Sense nor Courage on their Side:
By Guilt they govern the deluded Throne,
And sacrifice all Realms to save their Own.

For while at *All* th' unbridled *Spaniard* aims,
And *Europe's* Universal Empire claims;

Who ravishes the World with eager Lust,
Stung with Ambition's unextinguish'd Thirst.
Contending Monarchs nothing can dissuade
From carrying on BELLONA's bloody Trade.
The quiver'd God of Light no longer sings,
But twangs his Silver Bow, his Harp unstrings.
Farewell, my Muse ! do Thou no more inspire
My fainting Breast, but let thy Flames expire
In languid Embers ; and lay down thy Lyre.

Perhaps, when Fate, which *Gallia's* Peace debars,
And hides in Mists the Darling of the Stars,
LEWIS, the choicest Gift from Heaven above,
The Wonder of this Age, and Fortune's Love,
Shall chase the Darkness of opprobrious Night,
Then shall He Foreign Aid and Lustre flight,
And shine HIMSELF, with Beams of inborn Glory
bright.

So frequent Fogs the Face of TITAN shroud,
 Veil'd with thick Air, or mantled in a Cloud.
 Till breaking through the Vapours of the Night
 He shoots his Beams abroad, a Flood of Light.
 To Heaven and Earth he vindicates his Sway
 And Absolute Prerogative of Day.

The Time will come (nor may the Fates incline
 To draw a wicked Length the Silver Twine!
 When, vainly practis'd in the Sports of War,
Spain, weary'd out with Hatred, shall give o'er,
 And Wrath, and Blood, and Strife be seen no
 more.

Then proud *Hesperia*, from her Dangers wise,
 Turns all her Counfels, and with asking Eyes
 For PEACE to *Gallia*'s pious Hero flies.

Who

Who takes the suppliant Nation to his Arms,
 Grants their Request, and with his Goodness charms.
 Hence muttering Drums, and murd'ring Cannons
 cease,

And the calm World is lull'd in soothing Peace.

War, Envy, and Ambition's haughty Train
 Bound, with a fullen Pride, and stern Disdain,
 Growl on their hundred Knots, and bite the
 brazen Chain.

While LEWIS with Angelic Smile looks down
 On the tame Horrour of each idle Frown.
 See where he comes! in God-like Beauty new,
 And *Olive* crowns the Brows, where *Laurel* grew.
 With smiling Air, and condescending Grace
 He meets advancing the *Castalian* Race,
 And to the *Louvre* and *Versailles* admits
 The Sacred Poets, and Cœlestial Wits.

Whose lofty Songs shall strike the lifting Sky,
 Round the charm'd Court the Melody shall fly,
 And *Eccho* in Harmonious Raptures die.

The MUSE transported in *Mæonian* Verse
 Shall War's foul Causes and Beginnings curse
 Which twice ten Years has delug'd out a Flood
 Of Crimson Dye, and mingled Blood with Blood.
 While stiff in Steel, for many dire Campaigns,
 The *French* and *Spaniard* battled on the Plains.
 What numerous Navies with encountring Trees
 Have planted the wide Wilderness of Seas!
 What Fleets were lost! what Towns in Ashes laid!
 How on each side inconstant Fortune play'd,
 With all the various Chance of Wars severer Trade.
 Then, as to Pity, Grief or Rage succeeds,
 And in the Song the warlike Hero bleeds.

The frighted Nymph dies at the horrid Sounds
Of fancied Groans, and sight of absent Wounds.

Then shall EUTERPE strike the peaceful Shell;
And Triumphs in alluring Numbers tell :
Triumphs, which more than Victories will please,
Of Learned Leisure, and improving Ease.

In various Verse shall various Pleasures show,
And make dull Life worth living for below.
Plump BACCHUS, and the Patroness of Corn
Shall with full Canisters the Feast adorn.

The generous Grape and golden Grain shall pour,
And rain promiscuous Fruits, a plenteous Shower.

Chiefly the turgid and luxuriant Vine

On laughing Hills shall wantonly recline.

Then shall in Matrimonial League be ty'd

The loving *Bridegroom* and the longing *Bride*,

In lawful Kiffes their sweet Hours employ,
And court the Combat of the *Cyprian* Joy.
And, for their beauteous Child, with grateful Tongue
Shall blefs the MUSE, who fo divinely fung.

SO when Great JOVE did with the Gyants Fight,
To Heaven asserting his undoubted Right,
CÆUS and Vast ENCELADUS he flew,
With Lightning fndg'd the Bold conspiring Crew,
And lodg'd them in the Mountáins, which they
threw.

In *Ætna's* Caves, a Sacrifice to Pride,
They breed new Earthquakes, as they shift their
fide.

Then the fair Sisters of th' *Aonian* Throng
Met the Victorious God with lofty Song.
Curst the Rebellion of Earth's impious Race,
Who durst with JOVE dispute superiour Place.

Peals of Applause thro' the bright Palace rung,
And the charm'd *Stars* danc'd, as the *Muses* fung.
Gods were with *Gods* in strict Embraces bound,
Full Bowls of Nectar walk'd the pleasing Round,
And Mirth, and Joy, and Peace sincere, the
Heavenly Banquet crown'd.



FINIS.

Feats of Appaloche the bright Palace rung
And the charmed steers danced as the May's rung
Gave with God in his Embrace bound

Full Bowls of Sweet
And Mirth and
Heavenly Band



FINIS

A N
EPISTLE
T O
E U D O X U S.

Suppos'd to be written about the Year 1646.



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year M D C C X I I.

EPISTLE

TO THE
E U D O X U S

Supposed to be written about the Year 1644.



Printed in the Year MDCXLII



A N
EPISTLE
T O
EUDOXUS.

*Our AUTHOR wrote this about Ten Years ago *,
and inscrib'd it to a COURTIER, whom he
industriously conceals under a fictitious Name.*

LONG have I ask'd of my unfriendly Fate,
A private Living with a small Estate,
Far from the splendid Tumults of the Great.

* This Piece was Printed in the Year 1656.

4 *An* EPISTLE to EUDOXUS.

But me, alas ! th' imagin'd Pleasure flies,
And some unkind Deity denies
To my importune Pray'rs the court'd Prize.
Since then, *EUDOXUS*, Fortune has declin'd
To grant these Favours to my longing Mind ;
Since then the Muse delights in easy Strain
To sing the Blessings, which she can't obtain ;
What can you hope ? Or what can she bestow
In humble Rhymes, like her Condition, low ?

Me neither Heaps of golden Treasure move,
Nor the sweet Poison of enchanting Love.
Unwilling and unskilful to sustain
The Cares of State, and Honour's glitt'ring Pain.
None but Your Self can, like a Pilot, steer
The Nation's Vessel, but with anxious Fear.
A thousand Troubles your Delights destroy,
And rob you of that Rest, which Swains enjoy.

The *Dutch* at last, as runs a feint Report,
 Have just concluded with the *Spanish* Court
 A Peace so oft refus'd; and now intrigue
 To break with *France*, their long-establisht League
Austrians have brib'd the *Boian* to her Side,
 And in that false ungrateful Duke confide:
 Nor has their ancient Faith the *Germans* ty'd.
 Displeasing News! nor has our Fleet been more
 Crown'd with Successes, nigh the *Tuscan* Shore.
 But by her quick Return, without Renown,
 Has freed from a long Siege a paltry Town,
 This galls your Heart, this does your Pleasures
 drown.

If a Chance-Ball a hopeful Youth destroy,
 His Father's Comfort, and his Mother's Joy,
 The giddy Rout unanimous exclaim
 On impious Wars, and stern *Gradivus* blame.

6 *An* EPISTLE to EUDOXUS.

Distracted thro' the mutt'ring Streets they run,
And load with many a Curse the guiltless Throne ;
But chiefly Him, who sitting at the Helm,
Advises Taxes, and confounds the Realm.

All in this Cry agree, and jointly swear,
They cannot, nay, they will no longer bear
The Charges of a tedious, bloody War.

Hence Fears and Horrors in the Statesman's Soul,
Hence the *Militia's* rais'd, and *Guards* patrol ;
Lest mad Sedition, with her lighted Brand,
Should kindle to a Flame the murm'ring Land.

Why should I mention Envy's various Arts ?
By what sinister Fraud she strikes at Hearts ?
By Stabs or Poisons brings a Monarch's Fate,
And rids him of a Kingdom's pond'rous Weight.
Deluded Man ! who, by a silken Thread,
Sees the drawn Sword impending o'er his Head ;

Who leaps the Precipice he ought to shun,
Industrious to be wretched and undone.

How much more sweet, and worth our constant
Pray'r,

A Mind unshaken by the Storms of Care !
Which can a Vain and empty World despise,
And with an upward Flight affect the Skies ;
Which the gay Trappings of the Great contemns,
Their sounding Titles, and their shining Gems,
Discharg'd of all which Happiness debars,
She plants her Conversation in the Stars ;
Looks on the Clouds and lower Earth with Scorn,
And seeks that Country, where she first was born.
Soon as the Eastern Sun begins to gleam,
And sprinkles from above a rosie Beam,
She leaves her Prison of inferiour Clay,
And springs with Freedom to a better Day,

8 *An* EPISTLE to EUDOXUS.

The Father of the Gods and Men adores,
And purest Off'rings on his Altar pours ;
Then our Religion's Mysteries recounts,
Dwells on our FAITH, which shallow Sense
 furmounts ;

On fallen Man restor'd to heav'nly Bliss !
Unfathom'd Love ! deep, wond'rous deep Abyss !

Then, launching out, the penetrating Soul,
Travels with winged Thought from Pole to Pole ;
Surveys Earth's Fabric, exquisitely Fair,
Which rowl'd from Nothing, and is hing'd on Air.
How the contending Elements renew
Perpetual Quarrels, and their Course pursue.
How Stars, distinguish'd o'er th' Etherial Space,
Shed their auspicious Beams on Human Race.
How Times and Seasons by just Turns succeed ;
How Earth, impregnate with a Vernal Breed,

Shoots.

Shoots Violets and Roses from her Womb,
 Whose od'rous Sweets the fanning Air perfume.
 How CERES, golden by APOLLO's Rays,
 His Kindness with a yellow Year repays.
 How plump POMONA does in Summer shoot,
 And knots her ripening Blossoms into Fruit.
 How BACCHUS, from Autumnal Grapes exprest,
 Makes with *Nectar* Juice the Vintage blest.
 Rich, florid Wine, which mingling in the Blood
 The Heart enlarges, with a generous Flood;
 Cheers our dull Life, and noble Thoughts inspires;
 Nor asks the Poet for PHÆBEAN Fires,
 Whose Brain with this enlivening Liquor glows,
 Tho' the keen Breath of freezing BOREAS blows,
 And warms the feeded Ground with wintry Snows.

Nor is the Soul unactive, or supine ;
 But sees the radiant Beam of Thought Divine,
 As MOSES did of old, in budding Bushes shine.
 Each Herb and Tree does Heavenly Knowledge
 give,
 And every growing thing's *Demonstrative* :
 By turns they Perish, and by turns they Live.
 Such shall they be; till, when Times's Sand is run,
 All Worlds shall in their own Materials burn,
 And to Their *empty Origin* return.

Nor does the Mind on these alone revolve,
 But, wand'ring far, improves her grand Resolve.
 She makes her Voyage o'er the liquid World,
 Where Winds have bluster'd, and the Billows curl'd.
 She views the numerous Nations of the Deep,
 Where vast *Leviathans* their Empire keep.

In Air and Land, with swift, admiring Eyes,
Or painted Birds, or shaggy Monsters spies,
Or frightful *Behemoth's* prodigious Size.

And chiefly MAN, who o'er Earth, Air, and Main
Extends his wide and undisputed Reign.

What Theme more noble can our Thoughts employ?

How can we better Reason's Strength enjoy?

If by Reflection, her unerring Ray

Our guilty selves within our selves display.

If her brave Valour, like her Birth, sublime,

Break thro' the double Ranks of Vice, and Crime.

For where's our Dignity of Nature shown,

If we, so fear'd in Sin, so callous grown,

Tame others Passions, and Carefs our own?

How weak that Monarch, who with Sovereign

Sway

Commands, nor follows the directed Way,

But teaches all his Slaves to disobey?

How can Physicians a Contagion heal,
 Who labour with the same infectious Ill ?
 I, whose last Scene of Life has long declin'd,
 Opprest in Body, but confirm'd in Mind ;
 From jutting Rocks, and from invidious Sand,
 Reclining on the Beach, and welcome Strand,
 Bless my Escape, and re-salute the Land.

The fatal Prospect I remember yet,
 Nor my past Dangers can so soon forget ;
 Nor those disorder'd Torrents, which opprest
 My swelling Heart, and labour'd in my Breast.
 When with fantastic Pleasure's gay Pretence
 My tender Reason was subdu'd by Sense :
 When my warm wanton Youth, which scorn'd a
 Guide,
 Was hurry'd downward by th' impetuous Tide,

An EPISTLE to EUDOXUS. 13

When sanguin in my Hopes, and fondly vain,
I launch'd my slender Vessel on the Main :
Studious of Honour, and, affecting Fame,
An Enemy to Life without a Name,
With hot Pursuit I panted to be Great,
And manage dark Intrigues of Court and State.
But since ripe Years, and Times more fit for Thought,
Have my wild Senses to cool Judgment brought;
Since Age has conquer'd my unruly Heat,
I seek a Learned Ease, and Wise Retreat.

Thrice Happy They ! who in Retirement find
The sweetest Joys of an ingenuous Mind.
Whose Barks have escap'd the Shipwracks of a Court,
And ride at Anchor in a quiet Port.

Yet think me not so stupid to commend
A lazy Leisure to an active Friend.

Nor

14 *An* EPISTLE to EUDOXUS.

Nor am I of that Philosophic Herd
Which a dull Sloth, and Solitude prefer'd ;
But fruitful Fields, and steepy Hills allow
To those, who prune the Vine, and guide the Plough.
Some Nature fashion'd of a better Clay,
For high Employments, and superiour Sway ;
A Genius, form'd to hold a Kingdom's Reins,
Should flight the loytering Life of idle Swains.
DAMON may tend his Flocks, his Cattle feed,
And warble AMARYLLIS on his Reed.
But His large Soul, which, like the common Air,
The World demands, and all Mankind should share,
Th' alluring *Syrens* of soft Ease should scorn,
Not for Himself, but for his Country Born.
O FRANCE ! what Trophies had you never won !
What Cities, Kingdoms, never call'd your own !
What People never had your Laws obey'd,
Had Heaven, and MAZARINE deny'd their Aid !

O JULIUS, Glory of *Aufonia's* State,
Thou ruling Engine of auspicious Fate!
Thou with a strong Maturity of Soul
Dost curb the *Spaniard*, and his Heat controul.
Powerful alike to Conquer, and to Free,
And ROME's *Cæsarean* Genius reigns in Thee.

But few are favour'd with the Smiles of JOVE,
Who can the whirling Orb of Empire move.
None but an ATLAS can be found to bear
The ponderous Heavens, and shoulder up the Sphere.
None but ALCIDES can oppose his Breast
To cope with Tyrants, who the World infest.

Mean time the Man, to whom the MUSE is kind,
And breathes *Ambrosia* on his sacred Mind,
Who with chaste Love the peaceful Paths pursues,
Of Virtue, and imbibes *Castalian* Dews,

Laughs

16 *An* EPISTLE to EUDOXUS.

Laughs with a scornful Pleasure at the Rage
 And the vain Labours of a Frantic Age ;
 Visits *Aonian* Mountains in his Flight,
 And with his Song surmounts their starry Height.
 Whose double Tops perpetual Laurels bear,
 Which none but Poets, and their Heroes wear ;
 Which shall their Brows eternally adorn,
 And hand their mingled Fame to Worlds unborn.

To these thy usual, sprinkling Dew impart,
 And nurse the Darlings grafted in thy Heart.
 This, O EUDOXUS, every MUSE desires,
 This PHÆBUS, Father of the MUSE, requires,
 And this the *Virtue* which thy Breast inspires.



A

Panegyrical Elegy

On the DEATH of

GASSENDUS,

The Celebrated

Astronomer and Philosopher.

INSCRIB'D to the

Reverend Mr. *Flamsteed*,

O F

GREENWICH.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

Physiological Essay

On the Death of

GASSENDUS

Astronomer and Philosopher.

Inscribed to the

Reverend Mr. Flampstead,

GREENWICH.

LONDON.

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

TO
Mr. FLAMSTEED.

SIR,

I Here present You with a POEM on a Gentleman, whose Name is no Stranger to You. It was written about threescore Years ago, by one of the Best French Poets then living. The Character of GASSENDUS, as here describ'd, is so exactly Your own, that I thought my self oblig'd in Justice to Inscribe the following Lines to Your NAME, which will be as much Admir'd by the discerning part of the Next Age, as it is Envy'd by the Malicious of This.

I am, SIR,

Your Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

Samuel Cobb.

M O R R E Y's
Account of GASSENDUS.

GASSENDUS (PETER) of Digne in
Provence, D. D. one of the greatest
Ornaments of France, was Born Anno 1592.
and Died 1655. leaving behind him Three
Volumes of EPICURUS's Philosophy: Six o-
thers, containing his own Philosophy, his Astro-
nomical Works, with the Lives of EPICURUS,
COPERNICUS, TYCHO-BRAHE, REGIO-
MONTANUS, PEIRESKIUS, with Epistles,
&c. All the Learned Men of his Time had a
Great Esteem for him, and sought his Acquain-
tance, especially SAMMARTHANUS, VOSSIUS,
HOBBS, MAGNANUS, MERSENNUS, and
the Cardinal of Lyons, who procur'd him a
Chair of Royal Professor of Mathematicks, An-
no 1645.



On the DEATH of
GASSENDUS.

YE Nymphs, residing by *Aonian* Springs,
To mournful Notes now tune your gladfom
Strings.

And Thou, URANIA, Fairest of the Nine,
Partner of Grief, in the sad Confort joyn.
Heav'ns vaulted Roof with endless Clamour rend,
And all Thy *Helicon* in Tears expend.
Knock on thy Breast, and the big Loss deplore,
Thy Lover's dead: GASSENDUS is no more.
Thee, Thee alone, GASSENDUS once carest
With faithful Love, and clasp'd Thee to his Breast.

22 *On the Death of* GASSENDUS.

For Thee he open'd his desiring Arms,
 Rewarded amply with Thy dearest Charms.
 Oh ! how he courted his alluring Muse,
 When watry Clouds distill'd Nocturnal Dews !
 With watchful Look familiar to behold
 The Skies, distinguish'd with Sydereal Gold.
 Thee, Goddess, on *Parnassian* Hills he fought,
 And with each rough, inclement Season fought.
 The freezing MOONS were oft amaz'd to see
 Their Winter slighted by his Flames for Thee.
 And when the Summer SUN began to beat,
 Thy cooling Breath temper'd his glowing Heat.
 And when worn Nature longer Help deny'd,
 In thy Embraces the lov'd Martyr dy'd.
 For, while he searches the hid Cause of things,
 From whence the constant Revolution springs
 Which turns the World : while, penetrating far,
 His curious Mind examines every Star :

While

On the Death of GASSENDUS. 23

While he rowls o'er the Volumes of the Skies,
Consum'd in the Divine Excess he dies.

His Soul, disdaining this ignoble Earth,
In yon bright Heav'n renews her second Birth.

While Thee, fair Muse, he Courts with Am'rous
Fires,

Thy dear GASSENDUS in the Flame expires.

But why, *Castalian* Nymph, should I accuse,

Or Thee with plaining Elegies abuse?

Since the Creating Breath demands his Own,

We must surrender, and resign the Loan:

He snatch'd GASSENDUS from our longing Eyes,

Who now with nigher View surveys the Skies.

He sees from what Eternal Fountain flow

The Things and Causes which he sought below.

The lucid Orbs beholds with wondring Thought,

Fill'd with the Knowledge of that Art he taught.

Who more deserving of that blissful Place,
 To feast with Saints, and the Seraphic Race?
 If poor, imperfect *Man* can lay pretence
 To Merit, or by Piety, or Sense,
 None more intitled, by a Knowledge joyn'd
 With an unblemish'd Singleness of Mind.
 When e'er to Heaven he made his chaste Address,
 'Twas all a decent, manly Holiness.
 Sober, well-temper'd, humble and sincere,
 Nor stain'd by selfish Pride, nor aw'd by Fear.

Tho' to the utmost Earth his Fame was known,
 Where Seas have murmur'd, or where Stars have
 shone;
 Tho' thro' the *Zones* his Name diffusive run,
 Both with the rising, and declining *Sun*;

Yet, with a Blush, he heard the praising Crowd,
When every Tongue, except his Own, was loud.
A learned Leisure with his Muse he join'd,
And True Religion center'd in his Mind.
A little, but a competent Estate
Was all he wish'd, but with that all was Great.

I know, (for Envy's never heard to spare
The Good, the Wise, the Virtuous and the Fair)
How a vile * Wretch against the Torrent strove,
Croak'd, like a Raven, at the Bird of Jove.
But none are Losers by that Poet's Spleen,
Harmless his Malice, and his Numbers mean.
Let him write on, and with his filthy style
Debauch the Paper, and whole Reams defile.
'Tis gilding Dirt to answer such a Tool,
No SOCRATES would e're indict a Fool.

* A French Poet, whom Quillet calls by the Name of Bavius, had abus'd Gassendus.

26 *On the Death of* GASSENDUS.

GASSENDUS pardon'd the reviling Slave,
 Who could not rail more fast, than He forgave.
 The Goodness of his Nature would commend
 True Merit, in a Foe, as well as Friend.
 But chiefly car'd to do the Learned Right,
 His darling Labour, and his best Delight.
 PEIRESKIUS, Glory of *Narbonian* VAR,
 And TYCHO, *Denmark's* most illustrious Star.
 PURBACH, and fam'd COPERNICUS, who found
 The Motion of the Earths revolving Round.
 And Thou, who from a * Royal Mount they call,
 All glorious Souls, URANIA's Lovers All,
 Be witness, how your Excellencies shone
 More lively in His Writings, than Your Own.
 Blest Souls! tho' Victims to impartial Death,
 In his Immortal Leaves again you breath.

* Regiomontanus.

While We, who once the Living Hero knew,
Repay to him, what he has paid to you.
Each pious Muse shall to his *Manes* sing,
And from his Tomb shall flowry Harvests spring.

But O MONMOUR ! Thou, whose endearing Love
Cherish'd the Soul, which rules a Star above,
Picture of all His Virtues ! for we see
A new GASSENDUS flourishing in Thee.
Since at Thy Roof he took his latest Rest,
Which long had welcom'd the Cælestial Guest ;
Impart those Volumes to Thy Charge consign'd,
Nor lock those precious Treasures of his Mind.
The Wife for such unvalu'd Jewels wait,
Which only can repair a Loss so great.

So will the World be thankful, and expire
To Thee indebted at its Funeral Fire.
So with GASSENDUS shall Thy deathless Name

28 *On the Death of GASSENDUS.*

Be Partner of an everlasting Fame.

So shall Posterity applaud thy Care,

And pay Joynt Offerings to the Sacred Pair.

And Thou, O CHAPELAIN, the surviving part
Of Thy GASSENDUS and his other Heart!

Thou whom APOLLO and the Nine inspire,

Immortal Glory of the tuneful Quire!

Pay the last Debt of Friendship to his Herse,

In flowing Tears, and never-dying Verse.

From Me, too late an Object of his Love,

Some Angel snatch'd him to the Spheres above.

Yet on his Ashes I these Tears bestow,

And in officious Strains express my Woe.

Beneath a Marble Stone, which seems to weep,
The mortal Relicks of GASSENDUS sleep.

On the Death of GASSENDUS. 29

His *Soul*, which once from Earth did Heav'n descry,
Now *Earth* despises from her Parent Sky.

Believe Me, FLAMSTEED, 'tis the Heart that speaks,
And willingly in thankful Numbers breaks,
GASSENDUS now the verdant Bays declines,
And all his Laurels to Thy Brows resigns.

In *France* Our EDWARDS play'd the Heroes part,
But Thine are Triumphs of a Nobler Art.

My honest Muse no selfish Ends betrays,
She scorns to Flatter, but is proud to Praise.

And were her Strength proportion'd to her Will,
No Worlds should be a Stranger to Thy Skill.

The Spangled Globe should Thy Deserts proclaim,
And *Stars* unknown should rise to sing Thy Name.

S

F I N I S.



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BT the Authority of LEWIS the XIVth, King of France and Navarre, all Persons under his Dominions are to take notice, and are hereby forbidden, to Print, publish, or cause to be printed or publish'd, by any Means whatever, a Book entitul'd, (CLAUDII QUILLIETI Callipædia, seu de Pulchræ Proles habendæ ratione Poema Didacticum auctum & recognitum) for five Years, beginning from the Time of the first Edition, without leave obtain'd by them of the said CLAUDIUS QUILLET. All Persons are hereby likewise forbidden from Printing, publishing, or causing to be printed or publish'd for the future within the Territories of the said Kingdoms, a Book entitul'd (CALVIDII LÆTI Callipædia, &c.) printed at Leyden in Holland. Whosoever shall presume to do otherwise than what is here commanded, shall forfeit all the Copies, and be farther liable to other grievous Punishments mention'd in the King's Diploma. For this is our Pleasure.

PARIS, 1656.



Sign'd

NOBLET.

This Edition was finish'd the 24th of April, 1656.



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