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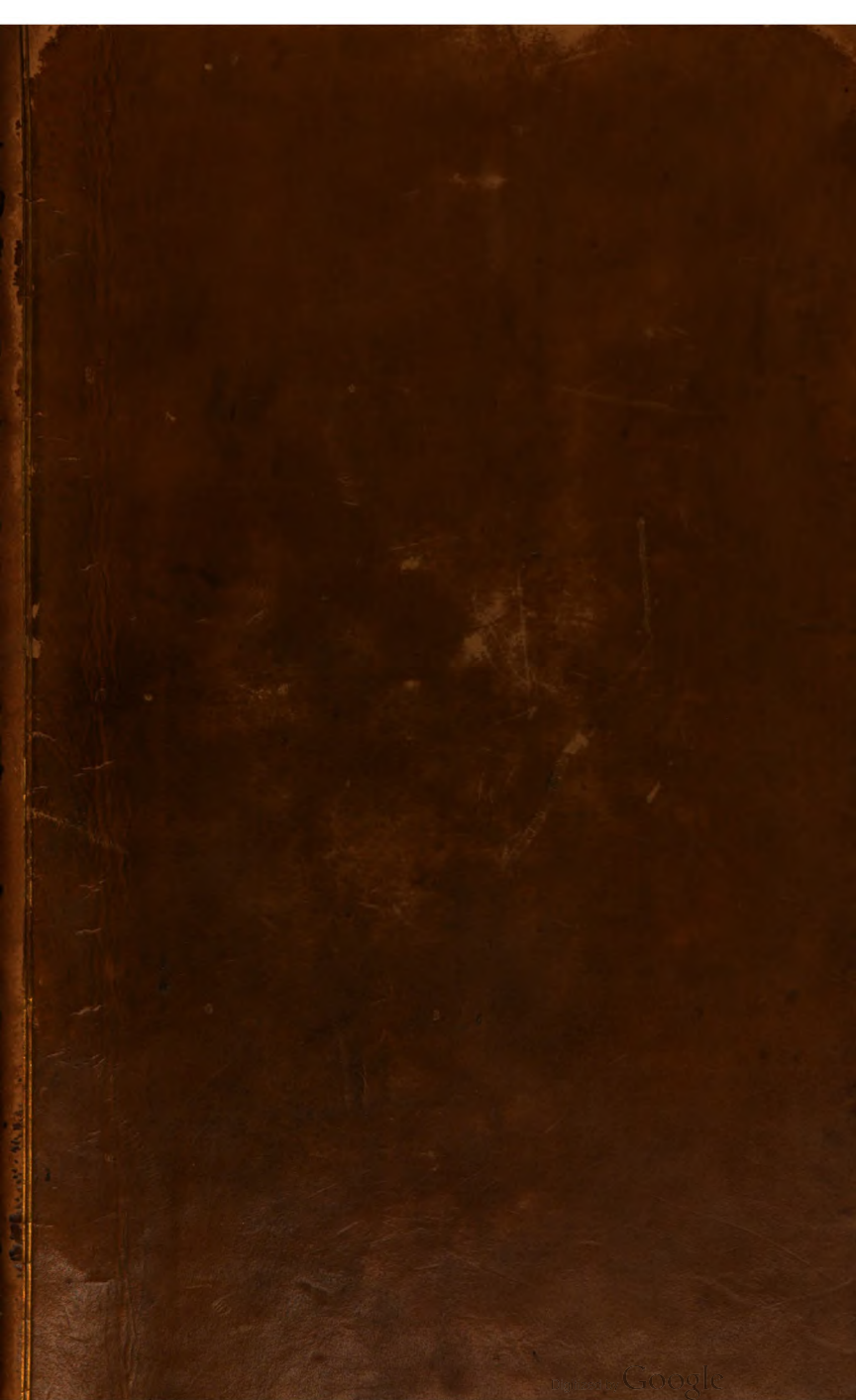
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BO.



Vol 5  
*Poetical Miscellanies:*

T H E  
F I F T H P A R T.

Containing a  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F

*Original Poems,*

With Several  
New Translations.

---

*By the most Eminent Hands.*

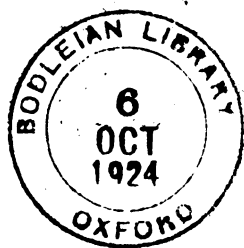
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L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn*  
Gate, next *Grays-Inn Lane*. 1704.

---

*Where you may have the Four former Parts: Pub-  
lish'd by Mr. Dryden.*

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A  
LETTER  
FROM  
ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

*CHARLES* Lord *HALLIFAX*.

---

By Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON*,  
MDCCI.

---

*L O N D O N*,  
Printed in the Year 1703.



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A  
LETTER  
FROM  
ITALY,

To the Right Honourable  
*CHARLES* Lord *HALLIFAX*.

---

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,  
Magna Virum! tibi res Antiquæ laudis & Artis  
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geo. 2.

**W**Hile you, *my Lord*, the rural Shades admire,  
And from *Britannia's* publick Posts retire;  
Nor longer, her ungrateful Sons to please,  
For their Advantage sacrifice your Ease;



*The FIFTH PART*

Me into Foreign Realms my Fate conveys,  
Through Nations fruitful of Immortal Lays,  
Where the soft Season and inviting Clime  
Conspire to trouble your Repose with Rhime.

For wherefoe're I turn my ravisht Eyes,  
Gay gilded Scenes and shining Prospects rise,  
Poetick Fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on Classic Ground;  
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,  
That not a Mountain rears its Head unsung,  
Renown'd in Verse each shady Thicket grows,  
And ev'ry Stream in Heav'nly Numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the Hills and Woods  
For rising Springs and celebrated Floods!  
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his Course,  
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his Source,

To

To see the *Mincio* draw his watry Store  
Through the long windings of a fruitful Shore,  
And hoary *Albula's* infected Tide  
O're the warm Bed of smoaking Sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand Raptures I survey  
*Eridanius* through flow'ry Meadows stray,  
The King of Floods! that rolling o're the Plains  
The Tow'ring *Alps* of half their moisture drains,  
And proudly swoln with a whole Winters Snows,  
Distributes Wealth and Plenty where he flows.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful Throng,  
I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,  
That lost in Silence and Oblivion lye,  
(Dumb are their Fountains and their Channels dry)  
Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,  
And in the smooth Description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,  
And the fam'd River's empty Shores admire,  
That destitute of strength derives its Course  
From thrifty Urns and an unfruitful Source,  
Yet sung so often in Poetick Lays,  
With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys.  
So high the deathless Muse exalts her Theme!  
Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious Stream,  
That in *Hibernian* Vales obscurely stray'd,  
And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;  
Till by *Tour* Lines and *Nassau's* Sword renown'd,  
Its rising Billows through the World resound,  
Where-e're the Heroe's Godlike Acts can pierce,  
Or where the Fame of an Immortal Verse.

Oh cou'd the Muse my raviht Breast inspire  
With Warmth like yours, and raise an equal Fire,

Unnumbered

Unnumbred Beauties in my Verse shou'd shine,  
And *Virgil's Italy* shou'd yield to mine !

See how the Golden Groves around me smile,  
That shun the Coast of *Brittain's* stormy Isle,  
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with Care,  
Curse the Cold Clime, and starve in Northen Air.  
Here kindly Warmth their mounting Juice ferments  
To nobler Tastes, and more exalted Scents.  
Ev'n the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,  
And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.  
Bear me some God to *Baja's* gentle Seats,  
Or cover me in *Umbria's* Green Retreats.  
Where Western Gales eternally reside,  
And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride,  
Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flowers together rise,  
And the whole Year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal

Immortal Glories in my Mind revive,  
And in my Soul a thousand Passions strive,  
When *Rome's* exalted Beauties I descry  
Magnificent in Piles of ruin lye:  
An Amphitheater's amazing height  
Here fills my Eye with Terror and Delight,  
That on its publick Shows unpeopled *Rome*,  
And held uncrowded Nations in its Womb.  
Here Pillars rough with Sculpture pierce the Skies,  
And here the proud Triumphal Arches rise,  
Where the old *Romans* deathless Acts display'd,  
Their base degenerate Progeny upbraid.  
Whole Rivers here forsake the Fields below,  
And wondring at their height through airy Channels  
(flow.

Still to new Scenes my wandring Muse retires,  
And the dumb show of breathing *Rocks* admires,

Where

Where the smooth *Chissel* all its Force has shown,  
And soften'd into Flesh the rugged Stone.

In solemn Silence, a Majestick Band,  
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand.  
Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renown,  
And Emperors in *Parian* Marble frown.

While the bright Dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
Still show the Charms that their proud Hearts sub-  
(du'd.

Fain wou'd I *Raphael's* Godlike Art rehearse,  
And show th'Immortal Labours in my Verse.  
Where from the mingled strength of Shade and Light  
A new Creation rises to my Sight.  
Such Heav'nly Figures from his Pencil flow,  
So warm with Life his blended Colours glow.  
From Theme to Theme with secret Pleasure tost,  
Amidst the soft Variety I'm lost:

Here

Here pleasing Airs my raviſht Soul confound  
With circling Notes and Labyrinths of Sound;  
Here Domes and Temples riſe in diſtant Views,  
And opening Palaces invite my Muſe.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy Land,  
And ſcatter'd Bleſſings with a waſtful Hand!  
But what avail her unexhausted Stores,  
Her blooming Mountains and her funny Shores,  
With all the Gifts that Heav'n and Earth impart,  
The Smiles of Nature, and the Charms of Art,  
While proud Oppreſſion in her Vallies reigns,  
And Tyranny uſurps her happy Plains?  
The poor Inhabitant beholds in vain  
The red'ning Orange and the ſwelling Grain:  
Joyleſs he ſees the growing Oils and Wines,  
And in the Myrtles fragrant Shade repines:

Starves

Starves in the midst of Nature's Bounty curst,  
And in the loaden Vine-yard dies for Thirst.

Oh *Liberty*, thou *Goddeſs* Heav'nly bright,  
Profuſe of *Blifs*, and pregnant with *Delight*,  
Eternal *Pleaſures* in thy *Preſence* reign,  
And ſmiling *Plenty* leads thy wanton *Train*!  
Eas'd of her load *Subjection* grows more light,  
And *Poverty* looks cheerful in thy fight;  
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy *Face* of *Nature* gay,  
Giv'ſt *Beauty* to the *Sun*, and *Pleaſure* to the *Day*.

Thee, *Goddeſs*, Thee, *Britannia's* *Iſle* adores,  
How has ſhe oft exhausted all her *Stores*,  
How oft in *Fields* of *Death* thy *Preſence* fought?  
Nor thinks the mighty *Prize* too dearly bought:  
On *Foreign* *Mountains* may the *Sun* refine  
The *Grapes* ſoft *Juice*, and mellow it to *Wine*,

With



With Citron Groves adorn a distant Soil;  
And the fat Olive swell with floods of Oil:  
We envy not the warmer Clime that lies  
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies,  
Nor at the Courtesies of our Heav'n repine,  
Tho' o're our Heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine:  
'Tis Liberty that Crowns *Britannia's* Isle,  
And makes her barren Rocks and her bleak Moun-  
tains smile.

Others with Towing Piles may please the sight,  
And in their proud aspiring Domes delight,  
A nicer Touch to the stretcht Canvas give,  
Or teach their animated *Rocks* to live:  
'Tis *Britain's* Care to watch o're *Europe's* Fate,  
And hold in Balance each contending State.  
To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with War,  
And answer her afflicted Neighbour's Pray'r.

The

The *Dane* and *Swede* rouz'd up by fierce Alarms,  
Bless the Wise Conduct of her Pious Arms.  
Soon as her Fleets appear their Terrors cease,  
And all the Northern World lyes hush'd in Peace.

Th' ambitious *Gall* beholds with secret dread  
Her Thunder aim'd at his aspiring Head,  
And fain her Godlike Sons wou'd disunite  
By Forreign Gold, or by Domestick Spite;  
But strives in vain to Conquer or Divide,  
Whom *Nassau's* Arms defend and Councils guide.

Fir'd with the Name, which I so oft have found  
The distant Climes and different Tongues resound,  
I bridle in my struggling Muse with Pain,  
That longs to launch into a bolder Strein.

My

But I've already troubled you too long,  
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous Song.  
My humble Verse demands a softer Theme,  
A painted Meadow or a purling Stream,  
Unfit for Heroes; whom Immortal Lays,  
And Lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours shou'd praise.

---

THE

THE  
R A P E  
OF THE  
S A B I N E S,  
From O V I D.

---

By Mr. D R I D E N.

---

FROM *Romulus* the Rise of Plays began,  
To his new Subjects a commodious Man;  
Who, his unmarried Soldiers to supply,  
Took care the Common-wealth should multiply:  
Providing *Sabine* Women for his Braves,  
Like a true King, to get a Race of Slaves.  
His Play-House, not of *Parian* Marble made,  
Nor was it spread with Purple Sails for Shade.

B

The

The Stage with Rushes, or with Leaves they strow'd :  
No Scenes in Prospect, no Machining God.  
On Rows of homely Turf they fate to see,  
Crown'd with the Wreaths of ev'ry common Tree.  
There, while they sit in rustick Majesty,  
Each Lover had his Mistriss in his Eye ;  
And whom he saw most suiting to his Mind,  
For Joys of Matrimonial Rape design'd.  
Scarce cou'd they wait the *Plaudit* in their hast,  
But e're the Dances and the Song were past,  
The Monarch gave the Signal from his Throne ;  
And rising, bad his merry Men fall on.  
The Martial Crew, like Soldiers ready prest,  
Just at the Word (the Word too was the Best)  
With joyful Cries each other animate,  
Some choose, and some at Hazzard seize their Mate.  
As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the Lambs,  
So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames.

**Their**

Their Fear was one, but not one Face of Fear ;  
Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair :  
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb Despair.  
Her absent Mother one invokes in vain ;  
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain ;  
The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow remain.  
But nought availing, all are Captives led,  
Trembling and blushing, to the Genial Bed.  
She who too long resisted, or deny'd,  
The lusty Lover made by Force a Bride ;  
And with superior Strength, compell'd her to his  
Then sooth'd her thus : --- My Soul's far better Part,  
Cease weeping, not afflict thy tender Heart :  
For what thy Father to thy Mother was,  
That Faith to thee, that solemn Vow I pass.

ON THE  
 D E A T H  
 O F

*A M Y N T A S:*

A Pastoral

E L E G Y.

---

Written by Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

---

**T** Was on a Joyless and a Gloomy Morn,  
 Wet was the Grass, and hung with Pearls the <sup>(Thorn;</sup>  
 When *Damon*, who design'd to pass the Day  
 With Hounds and Horns, and chase the flying Prey,  
 Rose

}  
}

Rose early from his Bed; but soon he found  
 The Welkin pitch'd with fullen Clouds around,  
 An Eastern Wind, and Dew upon the Ground.  
 Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey  
 The Fields; and curs'd th' ill Omens of the Day,  
 He saw *Menalcas* come with heavy pace;  
 Wet were his Eyes, and chearless was his Face:  
 He wrung his Hands, distracted with his Care,  
 And sent his Voice before him from afar.  
 Return, he cry'd, return unhappy Swain,  
 The spungy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring Rain;  
 The Promise of the Day not only cross'd,  
 But ev'n the Spring, the Spring it self is lost,  
*Amyntas*,—Oh! he cou'd not speak the rest,  
 Nor needed, for presaging *Damon* gues's'd.  
 Equal with Heav'n young *Damon* lov'd the Boy;  
 The boast of Nature, both his Parents Joy.



His graceful Form revolving in his Mind;  
 So great a Genius, and a Soul so kind,  
 Gave sad assurance that his Fears were true;  
 Too well the Envy of the Gods he knew:  
 For when their Gifts too lavishly are plac'd,  
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last.  
 For, sure, it was too bountiful a Dole,  
 The Mother's Features, and the Father's Soul.  
 Then thus he cry'd, The Morn bespoke the News,  
 The Morning did her chearful Light diffuse;  
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her Face,  
 And brought on Clouds and Rains, the Day's dif-  
 Just such, *Amyntas*, was thy promis'd Race!  
 What Charms adorn'd thy Youth where Nature  
 And more than Man was giv'n us in a Child.  
 His Infancy was ripe: a Soul sublime  
 In Years so tender that prevented time:

Heav'n

Heav'n gave him all at once; then snatch'd away,  
 E're Mortals all his Beauties cou'd survey.  
 Just like the Flow'r that buds and withers in a (day.

M E N A L C A S.

The Mother Lovely, tho' with Grief oppress'd,  
 Reclin'd his dying Head upon her Breast.  
 The mournful Family stood all around;  
 One Groan was heard, one Universal Sound:  
 All were in Floods of Tears and endless Sorrow  
 So dire a Sadness fate on ev'ry Look, (drown'd.  
 Ev'n Death repented he had giv'n the Stroke.  
 He griev'd his fatal Work had been ordain'd,  
 But promis'd length of Life to those who yet remain'd.  
 The Mother's and her Eldest Daughter's Grace,  
 It seems had brib'd him to prolong their space:  
 The Father bore it with undaunted Soul,  
 Like one who durst his Destiny controul:

Yet with becoming Grief he bore his part,  
 Resign'd his Son, but not resign'd his Heart.  
 Patient as *Job*; and may he live to see,  
 Like him, a new increasing Family:

*D A M O N.*

Such is my Wish, and such my Prophecie.  
 For yet, my Friend, the Beauteous Mold remains,  
 Long may she exercise her fruitful Pains:  
 But, ah! with better hap, and bring a Race  
 More lasting, and endu'd with equal Grace:  
 Equal she may, but farther none can go;  
 For he was all that was exact below.

*M E N A L C A S.*

*Damon*, behold, yon breaking Purple Cloud;  
 Hear'st thou not Hymns and Songs Divinely loud?  
 There mounts *Amyntas*; the young Cherubs play  
 About their Godlike Mate, and Sing him on his way.

He

He cleaves the liquid Air, behold he Flies,  
 And every Moment gains upon the Skies;  
 The new come Guest admires th' Ætherial State,  
 The *Saphyr* Portal, and the *Golden Gate*;  
 And now admitted in the shining Throng,  
 He shows the Passport which he brought along;  
 His Passport is his Innocence and Grace,  
 Well known to all the Natives of the Place.  
 Now Sing yee joyful Angels, and admire  
 Your Brother's Voice that comes to mend your <sup>(Quire:</sup>  
 Sing you, while endless Tears our Eyes bestow;  
 For like *Amyntas* none is left below.

OVID's

## OVID's AMOURS.

## BOOK I. ELEGY I.

---

English'd by Mr. D R T D E N.

---

**F**Or mighty Wars I thought to Tune my Lute,  
 And make my Measures to my Subject fute.  
 Six Feet for ev'ry Verse the Muse design'd,  
 But *Cupid*, Laughing, when he saw my Mind  
 From ev'ry Second Verse a Foot purloin'd.  
 Who gave Thee, Boy, this Arbitrary sway,  
 On Subjects not thy own, Commands to lay,  
 Who *Phæbus* only and his Laws obey?  
 'Tis more absur'd, than if the *Queen of Love*  
 Shou'd in *Minerva's* Arms to Battel move;  
 Or Manly *Pallas* from that *Queen* shou'd take  
 Her Torch, and o're the dying Lover shake.

In

In Fields as well may *Cynthia* sow the Corn,  
 Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle Horn.  
 As well may *Phæbus* quit the trembling String,  
 For Sword and Shield; and *Mars* may learn to Sing.  
 Already thy Dominions are too large,  
 Be not ambitious of a Foreign Charge.  
 If thou wilt Reign o're all, and ev'ry where,  
 The God of Musick for his Harp may fear.  
 Thus when with soaring Wings I seek Renown,  
 Thou pluck'ft my Pinnions, and I flutter down.  
 Cou'd I on such mean Thoughts my Muse employ,  
 I want a Miftrefs, or a blooming Boy.  
 Thus I complain'd; his Bow the Stripling bent,  
 And chose an Arrow fit for his Intent.  
 The Shaft his purpose fatally pursues;  
 Now Poet there's a Subject for thy Muse.  
 He said, (too well, alas, he knows his Trade,) -  
 For in my Breast a Mortal Wound he made.

Far

Far hence ye proud *Hexameters* remove,  
 My Verse is pac'd, and travell'd into Love. (close,  
 With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful Brows in-  
 While in unequal Verse I Sing my Woes.

---

## OVID's AMOURS.

### BOOK I. ELEGY IV.

---

English'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

---

*To his Mistress, whose Husband is invited to a Feast with them. The Poet instructs her how to behave her self in his Company.*

**Y**our Husband will be with us at the Treat;  
 May that be the last Supper he shall Eat,  
 And am poor I, a Guest invited there,  
 Only to see, while he may touch the Fair?

To

To see you Kifs and Hug your nauseous Lord,  
 While his leud Hand descends below the Board?  
 Now wonder not that *Hippodamia's* Charms,  
 At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to Arms:  
 That in a rage, they threw their Cups aside,  
 Affail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force the Bride.  
 I am not half a Horfe, (I wish I were:)  
 Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.  
 Take, then, my Counsel; which, observ'd, may be  
 Of some Importance both to you and me.  
 Be sure to come before your Man be there,  
 There's nothing can be done, but come howe're.  
 Sit next him, (that belongs to Decency; )  
 But tread upon my Foot in passing by.  
 Read in my Looks what silently they speak,  
 And sily, with your Eyes, your Answer make.  
 My lifted Eye-brow shall declare my Pain,  
 My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain.

And



And on the Back a Letter shall design ;  
Besides a Note that shall be Writ in Wine.  
When e're you think upon our last Embrace,  
With your Fore-finger gently touch your Face.  
If any Word of mine offend my Dear,  
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your Ear.  
If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,  
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play.  
As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Boord  
When e're you wish the Devil may take your Lord.  
When he fills for you, never touch the Cup ;  
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.  
The Waiter on those Services employ ,  
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy :  
Watching the part where your sweet Mouth has <sup>(been,</sup>  
And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.  
If he, with Clownish Manners thinks it fit  
To taste, and offers you the nasty Bit,

Reject

Reject his greazy Kindness, and restore  
Th' unfav'ry Morfel he had chew'd before.  
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest  
Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Brest.  
Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray,  
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.  
But, above all, let him no Kifs receive;  
That's an Offence I never can forgive.  
Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,  
Lest I rise up in Arms; and cry 'Tis mine.  
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fear  
The manifest Adult'rer will appear.  
These things are plain to sight, but more I doubt  
What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.  
Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,  
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.  
How many Love-Inventions I deplore,  
Which I, my self, have practis'd all before?

How

How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift  
In Company; to make a homely shift  
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o're in haft,  
While o're my Side the Fair her Mantle caft.  
You to your Husband fhall not be fo kind,  
But, left you fhould, your Mantle leave behind.  
Encourage him to Tope, but Kifs him not,  
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.  
If he be Fuddled well, and Snores apace,  
Then we may take Advice from Time and Place.  
When all depart, while Complements are loud,  
Be fure to mix among the thickeft Crowd:  
There I will be, and there we cannot mifs,  
Perhaps to Grubbe, or at leaft to Kifs.  
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,  
Juft to fecure a fhort and tranfient Joy!  
For Night muft part us; and when Night is come,  
Tuck'd underneath his Arms he leads you Home.

He

He locks you in, I follow to the Door,  
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.  
He kisses you, he more than kisses too;  
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all 'his due.  
But, add not to his Joy, by your Consent;  
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent:  
Return no Kifs, nor move in any fort;  
Make it a dull, and a malignant Sport.  
Had I my Wish, he shou'd no Pleasure take,  
But slubber o're your Business for my sake.  
And what e're Fortune shall this Night befall,  
Coakes me to morrow, by foreswearing all.

C

O N

ON THE  
D E A T H  
O F A

Very Young Gentleman.

---

By Mr. D R I D E N.

---

**H**E who cou'd view the Book of Destiny,  
And read whatever there was writ of thee,  
*O Charming Youth*, in the first op'ning Page,  
So many Graces in so green an Age,  
Such Wit, such Modesty, such strength of Mind,  
A Soul at once so manly, and so kind:  
Wou'd wonder, when he turn'd the Volume o're,  
And after some few Leaves shou'd find no more.

Nought

Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,  
A step of Life that promis'd such a Race:  
We must not, dare not think that Heav'n began  
A Child, and cou'd not finish him a Man:  
Reflecting what a mighty Store was laid  
Of rich Materials, and a Model made:  
The Cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,  
As more was never to one Soul allow'd;  
Yet after this profusion spent in vain,  
Nothing but mould'ring Ashes to remain.  
I guess not, lest I split upon the Shelf,  
Yet durst I guess Heav'n kept it for himself,  
And giving us the use did soon recal,  
E're we cou'd spare the mighty Principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd,  
For 'tis improper Speech to say he dy'd:

He was exhal'd : His great Creator drew  
His Spirit, as the Sun the Morning Dew.  
'Tis Sin produces Death ; and he had none  
But the Taint *Adam* left on ev'ry Son.  
He added not, he was so pure, so good,  
'Twas but th' Original forfeit of his Blood :  
And that so little, that the River ran  
More clear than the corrupted Fount began.  
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy Clay,  
The length of Course had wash'd it in the way.  
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold  
The Gravel bottom, and that bottom Gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,  
Gave all the Tribute Mortals cou'd afford.  
Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above  
Grew angry at our superstitious Love:

For

For when we more than Human Homage pay,  
The charming Cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the Crime not his, but ours alone,  
And yet we murmur that he went so soon;  
Though Miracles are short and rarely shown.

Hear then, yee mournful Parents, and divide  
That Love in many which in one was ty'd.  
That individual Blessing is no more,  
But multiply'd in your remaining Store.  
The Flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire,  
The Sparkles blaze, though not the Globe of Fire.  
Love him by Parts, in all your num'rous Race,  
And from those Parts form one collected Grace;  
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,  
Imagine all in one, and think that one is He.



T H E  
M E E T I N G  
O F  
*BACCHUS* with *ARIADNE*.  
Out of OVID.

---

By Mr. D R I D E N.

---

**N**Ow *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites:  
Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites?

He helps the Poet, and his Pen inspires;  
Kind and indulgent to his former Fires.

Fair *Ariadne* wander'd on the Shore  
Forfaken now, and *Theseus* Loves no more!  
Loose was her Gown, deshevell'd was her Hair;  
Her Bosom naked, and her Feet were bare:  
Exclaiming, in the Water's brink she stood;  
Her briny Tears augment the briny Flood.

She

She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her Face:  
 No posture cou'd that Heav'nly form disgrace.  
 She beat her Breast: The Traytor's gone, said she,  
 What shall become of poor forsaken me?  
 What shall become---she had not time for more,  
 The founding Cymbals ratled on the Shore.  
 She swoons for fear, she falls upon the Ground,  
 No vital heat was in her Body found.  
 The *Mimallonian* Dames about her stood;  
 And scudding *Satyrs* ran before their God.  
*Silenus* on his Afs did next appear;  
 And held upon the Mane (the God was clear)  
 The drunken *Syre* pursues; the Dames retire;  
 Sometimes the drunken Dames pursue the drunken  
 At last he topples over on the Plain; (*Syre.*)  
 The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him rise again.  
 And now the God of Wine came driving on,  
 High on his Chariot by swift *Tygers* drawn.

Her Colour, Voice and Sense forsook the fair;  
Thrice did her trembling Feet for Flight prepare,  
And thrice affrighted did her Flight forbear.  
She shook, like leaves of Corn when Tempests blow;  
Or slender Reeds that in the Marshes grow.  
To whom the God --- compose thy fearful Mind;  
In me a truer Husband thou shalt find.  
With Heav'n I will endow thee, and thy Star  
Shall with propitious Light be seen afar;  
And guide on Seas the doubtful Mariner.  
He said; and from his Chariot leaping light,  
Left the grim *Tygers* shou'd the Nymph affright,  
His brawny Arms around her Waist he threw;  
(For Gods, what e're they will, with ease can do:)  
And swiftly bore her thence; th' attending Throng  
Shout at the Sight, and sing the *Nuptial* Song.  
Now in full Bowls her Sorrow she may steep:  
The Bridegroom's Liquor lays the Bride asleep.

To my Honour'd Friend

Dr. C H A R L E T O N,

On his Learned and Useful

W O R K S;

But more particularly his TREATISE of

S T O N E - H E N G,

By him restor'd to the true Founders.

---

By Mr. D R I D E N.

---

THE longest Tyranny that ever sway'd,  
Was that wherein our Ancestors betray'd  
Their free-born *Reason* to the *Stagirite*,  
And made his Torch their universal Light.  
So *Truth*, while only one supply'd the State,  
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.  
'Till it was bought, like Emp'rick Wares, or Charms,  
Hard Words seal'd up with *Aristotle's* Arms.

*Columbus*

*Columbus* was the first that shook his Throne;  
And found a *Temp'rate* in a *Torrid Zone*:  
The fev'rish Air fann'd by a cooling Breeze,  
The fruitful Vales set round with shady Trees;  
And guiltless *Men*, who danc'd away their time,  
*Fresh* as their *Groves*, and *Happy* as their *Clime*.  
Had we still paid that Homage to a *Name*,  
Which only *God* and *Nature* justly claim;  
The *Western* Seas had been our utmost bound,  
Where *Poets* still might dream the *Sun* was drown'd:  
And all the *Stars* that shine in *Southern* Skies,  
Had been admir'd by none but *Salvage* Eyes.

Among th' *Affertors* of free Reason's claim,  
Our Nation's not the least in Worth or Fame.  
The World to *Bacon* does not only owe  
Its *present* Knowledge, but its *future* too.

Gilbert

*Gilbert* shall live, till *Load-stones* cease to draw,  
Or *British* Fleets the boundless Ocean awe.  
And noble *Boyle*, not less in *Nature* seen,  
Than his great *Brother* read in *States* and *Men*.  
The *Circling* streams, once thought but pools, of Blood  
(Whether Life's Fewel, or the Body's Food)  
From dark Oblivion *Harvey's* Name shall save;  
While *Ent* keeps all the Honour that he gave.  
Nor are *You*, Learned Friend, the least renown'd;  
Whose Fame, not circumscrib'd with *English* Ground,  
Flies like the nimble Journies of the Light;  
And is, like that, unspent too in its Flight.  
Whatever *Truths* have been, by *Art*, or *Chance*,  
Redeem'd from *Error*, or from *Ignorance*,  
Thin in their *Authors*, (like rich Veins of Ore)  
Your Works unite, and still discover more.  
Such is the healing Virtue of Your Pen,  
To perfect Cures on *Books*, as well as *Men*.

Nor

Nor is this Work the least: You well may give  
 To *Men* new vigour, who make *Stones* to live.  
 Through You, the *Danes* (their short Dominion lost)  
 A longer Conquest than the *Saxons* boast.  
 STONE-HENG, once thought a *Temple*, You have <sup>(found</sup>  
 A *Throne*, where Kings, our Earthly Gods, <sup>(Crown'd.</sup> were  
 Where by their wandring Subjects they were seen,  
 Joy'd with their Stature, and their Princely Meen.  
 Our *Sovereign* here above the rest might stand,  
 And here be chose again to rule the Land.

These Ruins shelter'd once *His* Sacred Head,  
 When *He* from *Wor'sters* fatal Battle fled,  
 Watch'd by the Genius of this Royal Place,  
 And mighty Visions of the *Danish* Race.  
 His *Refuge* then was for a *Temple* shown:  
 But, *He* restor'd, 'tis now become a *Throne*.

Spoken

Spoken to His  
R O Y A L H I G H N E S S  
T H E  
D U K E of T O R K,  
A T T H E  
Theatre in *Edinburgh*.

---

Written by the Right Honourable the  
E A R L of R O S C O M O N.

---

**F**olly and Vice are easie to describe,  
The common Subjects of our scribbling Tribe;  
But when true Virtues with unclouded Light,  
All Great, all Royal, shine divinely bright,  
Our Eyes are dazl'd, and our Voice is weak:  
Let *England*, *Flanders*, let all *Europe* speak;

Let



Let *France* acknowledge that her shaken Throne  
Was once supported, Sir, by you alone :  
Banisht from thence, for an Usurper's sake,  
Yet trusted then with her last desp'rate stake.  
When wealthy Neighbours strove with us for Pow'r,  
Let the Sea tell, how in the fatal Hour,  
Swift as an Eagle our Victorious Prince,  
Great *Britain's* Genius, flew to her Defence:  
His Name strook Fear, his Conduct won the Day,  
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling Prey; (Blood,  
And while the Heav'ns were Fire, and th' Ocean  
Confirm'd our Empire o're the conquer'd Flood.

Oh happy Islands, if you knew your blifs!  
Strong by the Sea's Protection, safe by his:  
Express your Gratitude the only way,  
And humbly own a Debt too vast to pay:

Let

Let Fame aloud to future Ages tell,  
 None e're commanded, none obey'd so well.  
 While this high Courage, this undaunted Mind,  
 So Loyal, so submissively resign'd;  
 Proclaim that such a Hero never springs,  
 But from the uncorrupted Blood of Kings.

---

T H E  
 D R E A M.

---

By the EARL of ROSCOMON.

---

**T**O the pale Tyrant, who to horrid Graves  
 Condemns so many thousand helpless Slaves,  
 Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare;  
 Who, tho' his Vict'ries as num'rous are,

Yet

Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,  
But woful Cares that load them while they wake.  
When his soft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight  
Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light;  
*Dorinda* came divested of the Scorn,  
Which the unequall'd Maid so long had worn;  
How oft in vain had Love's great God essay'd,  
To tame the stubborn Heart of that bright Maid?  
Yet spight of all the Pride that swells her Mind,  
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind;  
A rising Blush increas'd the Native Store  
Of Charms that but too fatal were before.  
Once more present the Vision to my view,  
The sweet Illusion, gentle Fate, renew!  
How kind, how lovely she; how raviſht I!  
Shew me, bleſt God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE  
S T O R Y  
O F  
P H A E T O N,

Beginning the Second B O O K of

*OVID's METAMORPHOSES.*

---

Translated by Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON.*

---

**T**He Sun's bright Palace on high Pillars rais'd,  
With burnisht Gold and flaming Jewels blaz'd,  
The Folding-doors disperse a Silver Light;  
And with a milder Gleam refresht the Sight:

**D**

**Of**

Of polish'd Iv'ry was the Cov'ring wrought,  
 The Metals vied not with the Workman's Thought;  
 For here the Figure of the Heav'ns was plac'd,  
 Here circling Seas the rounded Earth embrac'd,  
 And Gods and Goddesses the Waters grac'd.

*Ægeon* here a mighty Whale bestrode;  
*Triton* and *Proteus* (the deceiving God)  
 With *Doris* here were form'd, and all her Train,  
 Some loosely swimming in the painted Main,  
 While some on Rocks their dropping Hair divide,  
 And some on Fishes through the Waters glide:  
 Their Looks were all alike, tho' not the same,  
 For Looks alike the Sisterhood became.

On Earth a different Landskip courts the Eyes,  
 Men, Towns, and Beasts in various Prospects rise,  
 And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and rural  
 O're all the Heav'ns refulgent Image shines, <sup>(Deities.)</sup>  
 On either Door were fix engraven Signs.

Here

Here *Phaeton* advancing up th' Ascent,  
 To his suspected Father's Palace went,  
 And pressing forward through the bright Abode,  
 Saw at a distance the Illustrious God.  
 He saw at distance, or the dazling Light  
 Had flash'd too strongly on his aking Sight.

The God sits high exalted on a Throne  
 Of blazing Gems, with Purple Garments on;  
 On ev'ry side the Days, and Months, and Year,  
 And Hours, and Ages on his Coasts appear.  
 Here blooming Spring with flow'ry Wreaths is bound,  
 Here Summer stands in Wheaten Garlands crown'd,  
 Here Autumn from the trodden Vintage sweats,  
 And hoary Winter in the Reer retreats.

*Phæbus* beheld the Youth from off his Throne;  
 That Eye, which all things sees, was fixt in one,

He saw the Boy's Confusion in his Face,  
 Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;  
 And cries aloud, What wants my *Phaeton*?  
 For well I know thee, and must call thee Son.

Light of the World, the trembling Youth replies,  
 Illustrious Parent! if you don't despise  
 A Parent's Name from me, some Token grant,  
 That may gain Credit to my high Descent.  
 Nor let me always live in doubt. This said,  
 He flung the blaze of Glories from his Head,  
 And bid the Youth advance: My Son, says he,  
 Come to thy Father's Arms! for *Clymene*  
 Has told the Truth, a Parent's Name I own,  
 Nor will thy Parent blush to call thee Son;  
 And as a Proof, whate'er Request you make  
 I freely grant; a solemn Oath I take  
 By *Styx*, by Hell's inviolable Lake.

}  
 The

The Youth transported, asks without delay,  
To guide the Sun's bright Chariot for a Day.

The God repented of the Oath he took,  
For anguish thrice his Radiant Head he shook;  
My Son, says he, some other Gift require,  
Rash was my Promise, rash is thy Desire.  
I'de fain deny this Wish which thou hast made,  
Or, what I can't deny, I'de fain dissuade.  
Too vast and hazardous the Task appears,  
Nor suited to thy Strength, nor to thy Years.  
Thy Lot is Mortal, but thy Wishes fly  
Beyond the Province of Mortality:  
There is not one of all the Gods that dares  
(Tho' Conversant in other great Affairs)  
To mount the burning Axle-tree, but I;  
Not *Jove* himself, the Ruler of the Sky,



That hurls the three-forkt Thunder from above,  
Dares try his Strength; yet who so strong as *Jove*?  
With Pain the Steeds climb up the first Ascent,  
And when they gain the middle Firmament,  
If downward from the Heav'ns my Head I bow,  
And see the Earth and Ocean hang below,  
Ev'n I am seiz'd with Horror and Affright,  
And my own Heart misgives me at the sight:  
A mighty downfall steeps the Ev'ning Stage,  
And stedd' Reins must curb the Horses rage.  
*Tethys* her self has fear'd to see me driv'n  
Down Headlong from the Precipice of Heav'n.  
Besides, consider what impetuous Force  
Turns Stars and Planets in a different Course.  
I steer against their Motions; nor am I  
Born back by all the Current of the Sky.  
But how cou'd you resist the Orbs that roll  
In rapid Whirls, and the revolving Pole?

But

But you perhaps may hope for pleasing Woods,  
 And stately Domes, and Cities fill'd with Gods.  
 While through a thousand Snares your Journey lies,  
 Where forms of starry Monsters stock the Skies:  
 For, shou'd you hit the doubtful way aright,  
 The Bull with stooping Horns stands opposite.  
 Next him the bright *Hæmonian* Bow is strung,  
 And next the Lion's grinning Visage hung:  
 The Scorpion's Claws here clasp a wide Extent,  
 And here the Crabs in lesser Clasps are bent.  
 Nor wou'd you find it easie to compose  
 The Mett'd Steeds, when from their Nostrils flows }  
 The scorching Fire, that in their Bosom glows. }  
 Ev'n I hold in their struggling Mouths with Pain,  
 When they grow warm and restif to the Rein.  
 Let not my Son a fatal Gift require,  
 But, while you may, correct your first Desire;

You ask a Gift that may your Parent tell,  
 Let these my Fears your Parentage reveal;  
 And learn your Father from a Father's Care:  
 Look on my Face, or if my Heart lay bare,  
 Wou'd you but look, you'd read the Father there.  
 In short, behold the Earth, the Sea and Heav'n,  
 Chuse what you will from all, it shall be giv'n;  
 Only forbear this one unequal Task,  
 For 'tis a Mischief, not a Gift you ask.  
 You ask a real Mischief, *Phaeton*:  
 Nay hang not thus about my Neck, my Son:  
 I grant your Wishes, *Styx* confirms my Voice,  
 Chuse what you will; but make a wiser Choice,

Thus did the God th'unwary Youth advise,  
 But he still longs to travel through the Skies.  
 When *Phæbus* (for Delays in vain were cast)  
 To the *Vulcanian* Chariot leads at last,

A Golden Axle did the Work uphold,  
 Gold was the Beam, the Wheels were Orb'd with <sup>(Gold.</sup>  
 The Spokes in rows of Silver pleas'd the Sight,  
 The Harnesses with studded Gems were bright,  
*Apollo* shin'd in the reflected Light. }

The Youth with secret Joy the Work surveys,  
 When now the Morn disclos'd her Purple Rays.  
 The Stars were fled, for *Lucifer* had chas'd  
 The Stars away, and fled himself at last.

Soon as the Father saw the ruddy Morn,  
 And the Moon shining with a blunter Horn,  
 He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,  
 Bring out the Steeds; the nimble Hours obey:  
 From their full Racks the gen'rous Steeds retire,  
 Dropping ambrosial Foams, and snorting Fire.  
 All his Son's Face the God with Ointment wet,  
 Of secret Virtue to repel the Heat.

Then

Then fixt the Beamy Circle on his Head,  
And fetch'd a deep foreboding Sigh, and said.

Take this at least, this last Advice, my Son,  
Keep a stiff Rein, and move but gently on:  
The Horses of themselves will run too fast,  
Your Art must be to moderate their hast.  
Drive 'em not on directly through the Skies,  
But where the *Zodiac's* winding Circle lies.  
Along the middle *Zone*; but fally forth  
Nor to the distant South, nor stormy North.  
The Horses Hoofs a beaten Track will show,  
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low.  
That no new Fires, or Heav'n, or Earth infest,  
Keep the mid Way, the middle Way is best.  
Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,  
Direct your Course, nor where the Altar shines.

Shun

Shun both Extreame, the rest let Fortune guide,  
And better for thee than thy self provide !

See, while I speak, the Shades disperse away,  
*Aurora* gives the Promise of a Day ;

I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.

Snatch up the Reins ; or yet the Task forsake,

And not my Chariot, but my Council take,

While yet securely on the Earth you stand,

Nor touch the Horses with too rash a Hand.

Let me alone to light the World, while you

Enjoy those Beams which you may safely view.

He spoke in vain, the Youth with active Heat,

And sprightly Vigour vaults into the Seat.


And joys to hold the Reins, and fondly gives

Those Thanks his Father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless Horses neigh'd aloud,  
Breathing out Fire, and pawing where they stood.

*Tethys*

Tetby's not knowing what had past gave way,  
And all the waste of Heav'n before 'em lay.  
They spring together out, and swiftly bear  
The flying Youth through Clouds and yielding Air,  
With wingy speed outstrip the Eastern Wind,  
And leave the Morning's swiftest blast behind.  
The Youth was light, nor cou'd he fill the Seat,  
Or poise the Chariot with the wonted weight,  
But as at Sea th' unballast'd Vessel rides,  
Cast to and fro, the sport of Winds and Tides,  
So from the bounding Chariot tost on high,  
The Youth is hurried Headlong through the Sky.  
Soon as the Steeds perceive it, they forsake  
Their stated Course, and leave the beaten Track,  
The Youth was in a maze, nor did he know  
Which way to turn the Reins, or where to go;  
Nor wou'd the Horses, had he known, obey.  
Then the Seav'n-stars first felt *Apollo's* Ray,  
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden Sea.



The folded Serpent next the frozen Pole,  
 Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,  
 And rag'd with inward Heat, and threatn'd War,  
 And shot a redder Light from ev'ry Star.  
 Nay and 'tis said, *Boëtes* too, that thou  
 Woud'st fain have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Plow.

Th' unhappy Youth then bending down his Head,  
 Saw Earth and Ocean underneath him spread.  
 His Colour chang'd, he startl'd at the sight,  
 And his Eyes darkn'd by too great a Light.  
 Now cou'd he with the Fiery Steeds untry'd,  
 His Birth obscure, and his Request deny'd.  
 Now wou'd he *Merops* for his Father own,  
 And gladly quit his Kindred to the Sun.  
 So fares the Pilot, when his Ship is tost  
 In troubled Seas, and all its Steerage lost.

He



He gives her to the Winds, and in despair  
 Puts his last Refuge in the Gods and Pray'r.  
 What cou'd he do? his Eyes, if backward cast,  
 Find a long Path he had already past;  
 If forward, still a longer Path they find,  
 Both he compares and measures in his Mind.  
 And sometimes casts an Eye upon the East,  
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden West.  
 The Horfes Names he knew not in the Fright,  
 Nor wou'd he loose the Reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em  
 (right.

Now all the Horrors of the Heav'ns he spies,  
 And monstrous Shadows of prodigious size,  
 That, deckt with Stars, lye scatter'd o're the Skies.  
 There is a place above, where *Scorpio* bent  
 In Tail and Arms furrounds a vast Extent.  
 In a wide Circuit of the Heav'ns he shines,  
 And fills the space of two Cœlestial Signs.

Soon

Soon as the Youth beheld his Sting, and view'd  
The sweating Monster in his Poison stew'd,  
Half dead with sudden Fear he dropt the Reins,  
The Steeds perceiv'd 'em loose upon their Mains,  
And flying out through all the Plains above;  
Ran uncontroll'd where-e're their Fury drove.  
Rusht on the Stars, and through a pathless Way  
Of unknown Regions hurried on the Day.  
And now above, and now below they flew,  
And near the Earth the burning Chariot drew.  
The Clouds disperse in Fumes, the wond'ring Moon  
Beholds her Brother's Steeds beneath her own,  
The Mountains smoak, the Chinky Highlands chap,  
The Herbage fades away, and spends its Sap:  
And now the Trees and Leaves together blaz'd,  
The Corn consum'd by what it first was rais'd.  
But these are nothing: Walls and Cities burn,  
Kingdoms and People into Ashes turn.

The

The Hills are scorch'd, the with'ring Woods expire;  
*Athos* and *Tmolus* feel the kindling Fire:  
Here *Oëtè* and *Cilician Taurus* fry,  
Here *Ida* smoaks, with all its Fountains dry;  
*Oeagrian Hæmus* (then a single Name)  
And Virgin *Helicon* increase the Flame;  
*Eryx*, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron* glow,  
And *Rhodope* no longer cloath'd in Snow;  
High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnassus* sweat,  
And *Ætna* rages with redoubl'd Heat.  
Ev'n the remotest *Scythian* Fields were warm'd,  
Whom endless Cold and native Winters arm'd.

Now *Phaeton*, where-e're his Eyes cou'd turn,  
Beheld the Universe around him burn.  
The raging of the Fire he cou'd not bear,  
When through his Lungs he drew the scorching Air,

Which

Which from below, as from a Furnace, flow'd;  
And now the Axle-tree beneath him glow'd;  
Thick smoaky Vapours from the Burnings broke,  
And Clouds of Ashes hover'd in the Smoke.  
He flew where-e're the Horses drove, nor knew  
Whither the Horses drove, or where he flew.  
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moors begun  
To scorch with Heat, and blacken in the Sun.  
Then *Lybia* first, of all its moisture drain'd,  
Became a long extended Tract of Sand.  
The Water-Nymphs lament their empty Urns,  
For her *Bæotian* Current *Dircè* mourns.  
Their Rivers *Argos* and *Pirene* lose,  
These *Ephyrè*, laments, and *Amymonè* those.

In vain the Streams in distant Regions flow'd,  
Ev'n *Tanais* with all her Ice was thaw'd.

E

Enrag'd

Enrag'd *Caicus* and *Ismenos* roar,  
And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.  
In Flames the *Ister* and the *Ganges* roll'd,  
And *Tagus* floating in her melted Gold.  
The Swans that on *Cayster* often try'd  
Their tuneful Songs, now sung their last and dy'd.  
The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under Ground  
Conceal'd his Head, nor can it yet be found.  
His sev'n divided Currents all are dry,  
And where they roll'd, sev'n gaping Trenches lye.  
The Ground all cleft admits the piercing Ray,  
And startles *Pluto* with the sight of Day.  
The Sea shrinks in, and leaves a barren Plain,  
A waste of Gravel, where before it ran.  
The Rocks are all discover'd, and increase  
The number of the scatter'd *Cyclades*.  
The Fish in Sholes about the bottom creep,  
Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap.

The

The gasping *Phocæ*, parboil'd in the Stream,  
 With turn'd-up Bellies on the Surface swim.  
*Nereus* and *Doris* too, with all her Train,  
 Seek out the last Recesses of the Main.  
 Stern *Neptune* thrice above the Waves upheld  
 His Face, as often by the Flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on ev'ry side embrac'd  
 With scalding Seas, that floated round her Waste,  
 When now she felt the Springs and Rivers come,  
 And creep within the hollow of her Womb,  
 Up-lifted to the Heav'ns her blasted Head,  
 And clapt her Hand upon her Brows, and said.  
 But first, impatient of the sultry Heat,  
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler Seat.  
 If you, Great King of Gods, my Death approve,  
 And I deserve it, let me die by *Jove*;

If I must perish by the force of Fire,  
 Let me transfixt with Thunderbolts expire.  
 See whilst I speak my Breath the Vapours choak,  
 For then her Face and Mouth lay wrapt in Smoak;  
 See my sing'd Hair, behold my faded Eye,  
 And wither'd Face, where heaps of Ashes lye!  
 And does the Plow for this my Body tear?  
 This the Reward for all the Fruits I bear,  
 Tortur'd with Rakes, and haras'd all the Year?  
 That Herbs for Cattel daily I renew,  
 And Meat for Man, and Frankincense for you.  
 But grant me guilty; what has *Neptune* done?  
 Why are his Waters boiling in the Sun?  
 The wavy Empire, which by lot was giv'n,  
 Why does it waste, and further shrink from Heav'n?  
 If I nor he your pity can provoke,  
 See your own Heav'ns, the Heav'ns begin to smoke.  
 If once the Sparkles catch those bright Abodes,  
 Destruction seizes on the Heav'ns and Gods.

*Atlas* becomes unequal to the Freight,  
 And almost faints beneath the glowing Weight.  
 If Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas together burn,  
 All must again into their Chaos turn.  
 Apply some speedy Cure, consult the Fate  
 And Doom of all things, e're it be too late.  
 (The Vapours here suppress her Voice) This said,  
 Down to the deepest Shades she sunk her Head.

*Jove* call'd to Witness ev'ry Pow'r above,  
 And ev'n the God whose Son the Chariot drove;  
 That what he acted he was forc'd to do,  
 Or universal Ruin wou'd ensue.  
 He then ascended his Ætherial Throne,  
 From whence he us'd to hurl the Thunder down,  
 From whence his Show'rs and Storms he us'd to pour,  
 But now cou'd meet with neither Storm nor Show'r.



Then, aiming at the Youth, with lifted Hand  
 Full at his Head he shot the flaming Brand,  
 Which stopt the Flames, and Fires with Fire re-<sup>(strain'd.</sup>  
 At once from Life, and from the Chariot driv'n,  
 Th' ambitious Youth fell Thunder-struck from  
 The Horses started with a sudden Bound, <sup>(Heav'n.</sup>  
 And flung the Reins and Chariot to the Ground.  
 The studded Harness from their Necks they broke,  
 Here fell a Wheel, and here a Silver Spoke,  
 Here were the Beam and Axle torn away,  
 And, scatter'd o're the Earth, the shining Fragments <sup>(lay.</sup>  
 The blasted *Phaeton* with flaming Hair,  
 Shot from the Chariot, like a falling Star,  
 Which in a cloudless Ev'ning from the top  
 Of Heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop,  
 'Till on the *Po* his smoaking Corps' was hurl'd,  
 Far from his Country, in the Western World.

## NOTES

# NOTES

On the foregoing

## STORY.

**T**HE Story of Phaeton is told with a greater Air of Majesty and Grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important Subject he treats of, except the Deluge; and I can't but believe that this is the Conflagration he hints at in the first Book;

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus  
Quo mare, quo tellus, Correptaque Regia cœli  
Ardeat & mundi moles operosa laboret.

(*tho' the Learned apply those Verses to the future Burning of the World*) for it fully answers that Description, if the

----Cœli miserere tui, circumspica utrumque,  
Fumat uterque polus.——

E 4

Fumat

*Fumat uterque polus---- comes up to Correptaque Regia Cœli----. Besides it is Ovid's Custom to prepare the Reader for a following Story, by giving some Intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a Story as this he is now upon.*

*For here the Earth, &c.] We have here the Picture of the Universe drawn in little.*

—Balænarumque prementem  
Ægeona suis immunia terga lacertis.

*Ægeon makes a diverting Figure in it.*

—Facies non omnibus Una  
Nec Diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

*The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her Daughters ſuch a difference in their Looks as is natural to different Perſons, and yet ſuch a like-  
neſs as ſhow'd their Affinity.*

Terra viros, urbefque gerit, ſylvaſque, feraſque,  
Fluminaque, & Nymphas, & cætera numina Ruris.

*The leſs important Figures are well huddled together in the promiſcuous Deſcription at the end, which very well repreſents what the Painters call a  
Groupe.*

-----Circum

—Circum caput omne micantes  
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.

He flung the Blaze, &c.] *It gives us a great Image of Phœbus, that the Youth was forc'd to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him 'till he had lain aside the Circle of Rays that cast such a Glory about his Head. And indeed we may every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his Ideas, tho' he wants it in his Words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime Expressions and mean Thoughts, which is generally the true Character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not consider'd by them who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of Writing. What can be more simple and unadorn'd in the Language, than his Description of Enceladus in the Sixth Book?*

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,  
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,  
Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,  
Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas  
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.

*But the Image we have here is truly Great and Sublime, of a Giant vomiting out a Tempest of Fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the Body of an Island upon his Breast, and a vast Promontory on either Arm.*

There

*There are few Books that have had worse Commentators on 'em than Ovid's Metamorphosis. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the Mythologies, and think they have appear'd very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old Author that Ovid is mistaken in a Pedigree, or has turn'd such a Person into a Wolf that ought to have been made a Tiger. Others have employ'd themselves on what never enter'd into the Poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull Moral to every Story, and making the Persons of his Poems to be only Nick-names for such Virtues or Vices ; particularly the pious Commentator, Alexander Ross, has div'd deeper into our Author's Design than any of the rest ; for he discovers in him the greatest Mysteries of the Christian Religion, and finds almost in every Page some Typical Representations of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. But if these Writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employ'd in the Surface, most of 'em serving only to help out a School-Boy in the Construing part ; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the Gnomæ of the Author, as they call 'em, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a Poet, distinguish'd from the rest by Italian Characters. The best of Ovid's Expositors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the Author, but seldom reflects on his Beauties or Imperfections ; for in most places he rather acts the Geographer than the Critick, and instead of pointing out the fineness of a Description, only tells you in what part of the World*

*World the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the Character of a Poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a Translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a Comment would give the Reader a truer taste of Poetry than a Comment on any other Poet wou'd do; for in reflecting on the ancient Poets, Men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst Poets, and by consequence to be the fairest Subject for Criticism.*

My Son, says he, &c.] Phœbus's Speech is very nobly usher'd in, with the Terque quaterque Concutiens Illustre caput --- and well represents the danger and difficulty of the Undertaking; but that which is its peculiar Beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing 'em just as a Father wou'd to his young Son;

Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,  
Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,  
Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo  
Scorpion, atq; aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

*for one while he scares him with Bugbears in the way,*

——Vasti quoque rector Olympi,

*Qui*

*Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina Dextrâ  
Non agat hos currus; & quid Jove majus habetur?*

Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Poëna,  
Non honor est. *Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis.*

*and in other places perfectly tattles like a Father, which by the way makes the length of the Speech very natural, and concludes with all the Fondness and Concern of a tender Parent.*

---Patrio Pater esse metu probor. aspice vultus  
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses  
Inferere, & Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

A Golden Axle, &c.] Ovid has more Turns and Repetitions in his Words than any of the Latin Poets, which are always wonderfully easie and natural in him. The Repetition of Aureus, and the Transition to Argenteus, in the Description of the Chariot, give these Verses a great Sweetness and Majesty.

Aureus Axis erat, temo Aureus, Aurea summæ,  
Curvatura Rotæ; radiorum Argenteus ordo.

Drive 'em not on directly, &c.] Several have endeavour'd to vindicate Ovid against the old Objection, that he mistakes the Annual for the Diurnal motion of the Sun. The Dauphin's Notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the Sun did not pass through

through all the Signs he names in one Day, but that he makes Phœbus mention 'em only to frighten Phaeton from the Undertaking. But tho' this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first Speech, it can't for what is said in this, where he is actually giving Directions for his Journey, and plainly

Sectus in Obliquum est lato Curvamine limes.  
Zonarumque trium contentus sine polumque  
Effugito australem, junctamq; Aquilonibus Arcton.

describes the Motion through all the Zodiac.

And not my Chariot, &c.] Ovid's Verse is Confiliis non Curribus utere nostris. This way of joining two such different Ideas as Chariot and Council to the same Verb is mightily used by Ovid, but is a very low kind of Wit, and has always in it a mixture of Pun, because the Verb must be taken in a different Sense when 'tis join'd with one of the things from what it has in Conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this Story he tells you that Jupiter flung a Thunderbolt at Phaeton—Pariterque, animâque, rotisque Expulit Aurigam, where he makes a forc'd piece of Latin (Animâ expulit aurigam) that he may couple the Soul and the Wheels to the same Verb.

Then the Seven Stars, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's Commentators have taken notice of the Oversight



versight he has committed in this Verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a Sign in the Heavens; for he tells us in this very Book, that Jupiter turn'd Calisto into this Constellation, after he had repair'd the Ruins that Phaeton had made in the World.

The Youth was in a Maze, &c.] It is impossible for a Man to be drawn in a greater Confusion than Phaeton is; but the Antithesis of Light and Darknes a little flattens the Description. Suntque Oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.

Athos and Tmolus, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old Poets, given us a Catalogue of the Mountains and Rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English Reader, I have left out some of 'em that make no Figure in the Description, and inverted the Order of the rest according as the smoothness of my Verse requir'd.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor, &c.] This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long Story, which contrary to Custom is inserted in the middle of it. The Criticks may determine whether what follows it be not too great an Excursion in him who proposes it as his whole Design to let us know the Changes of things. I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observ'd the Reports of the ancient Mythologists, we should have seen Phaeton turn'd into some Creature or other that hates the Light of the Sun; or perhaps into an Eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

The

The frighted Nile, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleasant Images towards the latter end of this Story. His Verses on the Nile

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem

Occulitque caput quod adhuc latet: ostia septem

Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine Flumina Valles.

are as noble as Virgil cou'd have written; but then he ought not to have mention'd the Channel of the Sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccoque est campus Arenæ.

because the Thought is too near the other. The Image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

—Quos altum texerat æquor

Existunt montes, & sparsas Cycladas augent.

but to tell us that the Swans grew warm in Cayster,

—Medio volucres caluere Caystro.

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

—Nec se super æquora curvi

Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras.

is intolerably trivial on so great a Subject as the Burning of the World.

The Earth at Length, &c.] We have here a Speech of the Earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English Reader. It is I believe the boldest Prosopopeia of any in the old Poets; or if it were never so natural, I can't but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her Condition.

U P O N T H E  
D E A T H  
O F T H E  
E A R L of D U N D E E.

---

By Mr. D R T D E N.

---

O H laſt and beſt of *Scots*! who did'ſt maintain  
Thy Country's freedom, from a Foreign Reign.  
New People fill the Land now thou art gone,  
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.  
*Scotland* and Thee did each in other live,  
Nor wou'dſt thou her, nor cou'd ſhe thee ſurvive.  
Farewel, who dying did ſupport the State,  
And cou'dſt not fall but with thy Country's Fate.

T H E

THE  
RAPTURE.

**I** Yield, I yield, and can no longer stay  
My eager Thoughts, that force themselves away.  
Sure, none inspir'd, whose Heat transports 'em still  
Above their Reason, and beyond their Will,  
Can firm against the strong Impulse remain:  
Censure it self were not so sharp a Pain.  
Let vulgar Minds submit to vulgar Sway;  
What Ignorance shall think, or Malice say,  
To me are Trifles; if the knowing few,  
Who can see Faults, but can forgive them too,  
Applaud that Genius which themselves partake,  
And spare the Poet for the Muse's sake.

F

The

The Muse who raises me from humble Ground,  
 To view the vast and various World around :  
 How fast I mount ! In what a wand'rous way  
 I grow transported to this large Survey !  
 I value Earth no more, and far below  
 Methinks I see the busie Pigmies go ;  
 My Soul entranc'd, is in a Rapture brought  
 Above the common Tracts of vulgar Thought :  
 With Fancy wing'd I feel the purer Air,  
 And with Contempt look down on Human Care.

Airy Ambition, ever soaring high,  
 Stands most expos'd to my censorious Eye :  
 Behold 'em toiling up a slippery Hill,  
 Where, tho' arriv'd, they must be toiling still !  
 Some, with unsteddy Feet, just fall'n to Ground,  
 Others at top, whose Heads are turning round.

To

To this high Sphere it happens still that some,  
The most unfit, are forwardest to come;  
Yet among these are Princes forc'd to chuse,  
Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.  
Pow'r, if too great, is safely plac'd in none,  
And soon becomes a Dragon, or a Drone.  
Either remiss and negligent of all,  
Or else Imperious and Tyrannical.

The Muse inspires me now to look agen,  
And see a meaner sort of fordid Men,  
Doating on little Heaps of yellow Dust;  
For that, despising Honour, Ease, and Lust.  
Let other Bards, expressing how it shines,  
Describe with Envy, what the Miser finds;  
But like some Heap of Dirt it seems to me,  
Where we may just such crawling Vermine see.

Through Filth they creep a thousand crooked Ways,  
Insensible of Infamy or Praise.

Loaded with Guilt, they still pursue their Course;  
Nor are to be restrain'd by Friendship's sacred Force,

Not to enlarge on such an obvious Thought;  
Behold their Folly, which transcends their Fault!  
Alas, their Cares and Caution only tend  
To gain the Means, and then to lose the End.  
Like Heroes in Romances, still in Fight  
For Mistresses that yield them no Delight.  
This, of all Vice, does most debase the Mind,  
And Gold is an Allay to Human-kind.

Oh, happy Times, when no such thing as Coit  
E'er tempted Friends to part, or Foes to join!  
Cattle, or Corn, among those harmless Men,  
Was all their Wealth; the Gold and Silver then:

Corn

Corn was too bulky to corrupt a Tribe,  
And bellowing Herds would have betray'd the Bribe.  
Our Traffick is meer intercourse of Ill,  
And ev'ry Wind brings a new Mischief still;  
By Trade we flourish in our Leaves and Fruit,  
But Av'rice and Excess devour the Root.  
Thus far the Muse unwillingly has been  
Fix'd on the dull, less pleasing sorts of Sin;  
But with Delight she views the diff'rent ways  
Of Luxury, and all its Charms surveys.  
Oh Luxury! thou soft, but sure Deceit!  
Rife of the Mean, and Ruin of the Great!  
Thou sure Prefage of ill approaching Fates!  
The Bane of Empires, and the Change of States!  
Armies in vain resist thy mighty Pow'r;  
Not Plagues, or Famine would confound them more.  
Thus *Rome* her self, while o're the World she flew,  
And did, by Virtue, all the World subdue,



Was by her own Victorious Arms oppress'd,  
And catch'd Infection from the conquer'd East ;  
Whence all those Vices came, which soon devour  
The best Foundations of Renown and Pow'r.

But, oh, what need have we abroad to roam,  
Who feel too much the sad Effects at home  
Of wild Excess, which we so plainly find  
Decays the Body, and impairs the Mind.

Yet the grave Fops must not presume from hence  
To slight the sacred Pleasures of the Sense ;  
Our Appetites are Nature's Laws, and giv'n  
Under the broad Authentick Seal of Heav'n.

Let Pedants wrangle, and let Biggots fight,  
To put restraint on innocent Delight,  
But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right ;  
They wou'd not draw poor wretched Mortals in,  
Nor give Desires that shall be doom'd for Sin.

But

But that, in height of harmless Joys, we may  
Last to old Age, and never lose a Day:  
Amidst our Pleasures we our selves should spare,  
And manage all with Temperance and Care.  
Yet Heav'n forbid, but we sometimes may steep  
Our Joys in Wine, and lull our Cares asleep:  
It raises Nature, ripens Seeds of Worth;  
Like Pictures wet, to fetch the Colours forth:  
But if the Varnish we too oft apply,  
Like Colours, we, alas! grow faint and die.

Hold, hold, impetuous Muse: I wou'd restrain  
Her over-eager Heat, but all in vain;  
Abandon'd to Delights, she longs to rove,  
I check her here, and now she flies to Love;  
Shews me some rural Nymph by Shepherd chas'd,  
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd;

The Grass by her, as she by him is prest,  
For shame, my Muse, let Fancy guess the rest;  
At such a point Fancy can never stay,  
But flies beyond whatever you can say.  
Behold the silent Shades, the am'rous Grove,  
The dear Delights, the very Act of Love.  
This is his lowest Sphere, his Country Scene,  
Where Love is humble, and his Fare but mean.  
Yet springing up, without the Help of Art,  
Leaves a sincerer Relish of the Heart;  
More healthfully, tho' not so finely fed,  
And better thrives than where more nicely bred:  
But 'tis in Courts where most he makes a Show,  
And high Enthron'd, governs the World below;  
For, though in Histories learn'd Ignorance  
Attributes all to Cunning, or to Chance,  
Love, in that grave Disguise, does often smile,  
Knowing the Cause was Kindness all the while.

What

What Story, Place, or Person does not prove  
The boundless Influence of mighty Love?  
Where-e'er the Sun does vig'rous Heats inspire,  
Both Sexes love and languish in Desire.  
The weary'd Swain, fast in the Arms of Sleep,  
Love can awake, and often sighing keep;  
And busie Gown-men, by fond Love disguis'd,  
Will leasure find to make themselves despis'd.  
Imperious Kings submit to Beauty's sway,  
Beauty it self, a greater Prince than they,  
With all its Vanity, and all its Pride,  
Lyes often languishing by some blest'd Shepherd's <sup>(side.</sup>  
I meant to flight the soft bewitching Charm,  
But yet my Head and Heart are both too warm,  
I doat on Womankind with all its Faults,  
Love turns my Satyr into softest Thoughts,  
Of all that Passion which our Peace destroys,  
Instead of Mischiefs I describe the Joys.

But

But short will be its Reign (I fear too short)  
 And present Cares shall be my future Sport.  
 Then, Love's bright Torch put out, his Arrows broke,  
 Loose from kind Chains, and from obliging Yoke;  
 To all fond Thoughts I'll sing such counter Charms,  
 The Fair shall listen in their Lovers Arms;

Now the Enthusiaftick Fit is spent,  
 I feel my Weakness, and too late repent:  
 As they, who walk in Dreams oft climb too high  
 For Sense to follow with a waking Eye;  
 And, in such dang'rous Paths, are blindly bold,  
 Which afterward they tremble to behold;  
 So I review the Sallies of my Pen,  
 And modest Judgment is return'd agen;  
 My Confidence I curse, my Fate accuse,  
 Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.

No

No wretched Poet of the railing Pit,  
No Critick curs'd with the wrong-side of Wit,  
Is more severe from Ignorance and Spite,  
Then I with Reason against all I Write.

---

## *E U R O P A's R A P E;*

Translated from *O V I D*.

---

By Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON*.

---

**W**Hen now the God his Fury had allay'd,  
And taken Veng'ance of the faithless Maid,  
From where the bright *Athenian* Turrets rise  
He steers his Flight, and reascends the Skies.  
*Jove* saw at distance his approaching Son,  
And thus aloud bespeaks him from his Throne:  
My trusty *Hermes*, for to thee is giv'n  
To be the sole Ambassador of Heav'n,

Fly

Fly quickly hence to the *Sidonian* Earth,  
That borders on the Land which gave thee Birth;  
There find a Herd of Heifers stragling o're  
The Neighb'ring Hill, and drive 'em to the Shore.  
Thus spoke the God, concealing his Intent.  
The trusty *Hermes* on the Message went,  
And found the Herd of Heifers stragling o're  
A Neighb'ring Hill, and drove 'em to the Shore;  
Where the King's Daughter, with a lovely Train  
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was sporting on the Plain,

It was impossible at once for *Jove*  
To keep his Grandeur, and indulge his Love.  
The Ruler of the Skies, the Thund'ring God,  
That shakes the World's Foundations with a Nod,  
Among a Herd of lowing Heifers ran,  
Frisk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o're the Plain.

Large

Large rolls of Fat about his Shoulders clung,  
And from his Neck the double Dewlap hung.  
His Skin was whiter than the new-faln Snow,  
Small were his Horns, and harmless was his Brow ;  
No shining Terrors sparkl'd in his Sight,  
But his Eyes languish'd with a gentle Light.  
His ev'ry Look was peaceful, and exprest  
The softness of the Lover in the Beast.

*Agenor's* Royal Daughter, as she plaid  
Among the Fields, the Milk-white Bull survey'd,  
And view'd his spotless Body with Delight,  
And at a distance kept him in her Sight.  
At length she pluck'd the rising Flow'rs, and fed  
The gentle Beast, and fondly strok'd his Head.  
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming Fair,  
But hardly cou'd confine his Pleasure there.

And



And now he wantons o're the Neighb'ring Strand,  
Now rolls his Body on the yellow Sand;  
And finding all the Virgin's fear decay'd,  
Comes tossing forward to the Royal Maid;  
Gives her his Breast to stroke, and downward turns  
His grisly Brow, and gently stoops his Horns.  
In flow'ry Wreaths the Royal Virgin drest  
His bending Horns, and kindly clapt his Breast.  
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of Fear,  
Not knowing that she prest the Thunderer,  
She fixt her self upon his Back, and rode  
O're Fields and Meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees  
Left the dry Meadow, and approach'd the Seas;  
Where now he dips his Hoofs and wets his Thighs,  
Now plunges in and carries off the Prize.

The

The frightened Nymph looks backward on the Shoar,  
And hears the tumbling Billows round her roar ;  
But still she holds him fast, with one Hand born  
Upon his Back, while 'rother grasps a Horn.  
The Train of ruffling Garments flies behind,  
Swells in the Air, and hovers in the Wind.

Through Storms and Tempests he the Virgin bore,  
And lands her safe on the *Dictean* Shore.  
Where now, in his Divineſt Form array'd,  
In his true Shape he Captivates the Maid.  
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring Eyes  
Beholds the new Majestick Figure riſe.  
Views his bright Features, and his Native Light,  
And all the God diſcover'd to her Sight.

NOTES

## NOTES on the foregoing STORY.

**I**T was impossible at once, &c.] *This Story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious Lines,*

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,  
Majestas & Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.  
*without which the whole Fable would have appear'd very prophane.*

The frighted Nymph looks, &c.] *This Consternation and Behaviour of Europa*

----Elufam designat Imagine tauri

Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.

Ipfa videbatur terras spectare relictas,

Et comites clamare suas, tactumque vereri

Affilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas.

*is better describ'd in Arachne's Picture in the Sixth Book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatius his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin Poets (who had more Art and Reflection than the Græcian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the Picture of any Place or Action, which they generally do better than they cou'd the Place or Action it self; because in the Description of a Picture you have a double Subject before you, either to describe the Picture it self, or what is represented in it.*

# THE SPEECHES

OF

*B R U T U S* and *C A T O*.

Translated from *Lucan*,

LIB. 2. LIN. 234.

---

By Mr. *R O W E*.

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*In the latter part of the First Book, and the beginning of the Second, the Poet, after having describ'd the Prodigies that fore-ran the Civil Wars, gives an Account of the general Consternation every Body was under at Rome, from an Apprehension of the Calamities they were to suffer between the two Factions. From thence he takes an occasion to introduce the Famous M. Brutus consulting Cato concerning the War that was likely to ensue, which is the Subject of the two following Speeches.*

**D**istracted thus with Fears, presaging *Rome*  
Labour'd with Evils that were yet to come,  
But *Brutus* Temper fail'd not with the rest,  
Nor with the common Weakness was oppress'd,  
But kept the Native Peace within his manly Breast.

G

'Twas

'Twas when the solemn dead of Night came on,  
When bright *Calisto*, with her shining Son,  
Now half their Circle round the Pole had run;  
When *Brutus*, on the busie Times intent,  
To virtuous *Cato's* humble Dwelling went.  
Waking he found him, careful for the State,  
Grieving and fearing for his Country's Fate.  
For *Rome*, and wretched *Rome* alone he fear'd;  
Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd.  
To him thus *Brutus* spoke. O thou, to whom  
Forfaken Virtue flies, as to her Home:  
Driv'n out, and by an impious Age oppress'd,  
She finds no room on Earth but *Cato's* Breast;  
There, in her one good Man, she reigns secure,  
Fearless of Vice, or Fortune's Hostile Pow'r.  
Then teach my Soul, to Doubt and Error prone,  
Teach me a Resolution like thy own.

Let

Let partial Favour, Hopes, or Int'rest guide,  
 By various Motives; all the World beside,  
 To *Pompey's*, or ambitious *Cæsar's* Side;  
 Thou, *Cato*, art my Leader. Whether Peace  
 And calm Repose, amidst these Storms shall please;  
 Or whether War thy Ardour shall engage,  
 To gratifie the Madness of this Age, (ple's Rage.  
 Herd with the factious Chiefs, and urge the Peo-  
 The Ruffian, Bankrupt, loose Adulterer,  
 All who the Pow'r of Laws and Justice fear,  
 From Guilt learn specious Reasons for the War.  
 By Starving, Want and Wickedness prepar'd,  
 Wisely they arm for Safety and Reward;  
 But oh! what Cause, what Reason can'ft thou find?  
 Art thou to Arms, for love of Arms, inclin'd?  
 Hast thou the Manners of this Age withstood,  
 And for so many Years been singly good,  
 To be repaid with Civil Wars and Blood?

Let those to Vice enur'd for Arms prepare,  
In thee 'twill be Impiety to dare;  
Preserve at least, ye Gods, these Hands from War.  
Nor do thou meanly with the Rabble join,  
Nor grace their Cause with such an Arm as thine.  
To thee the Fortune of the Fatal Field  
Inclining, unauspicious Fame shall yeild,  
Each to thy Sword shall press, and wish to be  
Imputed as thy Crime, and charg'd on thee.  
Happier thou wert, if with Retirement blest,  
Which Noise and Faction never should molest,  
Nor break the sacred Quiet of thy Breast;  
Where Harmony and Order ne'er should cease,  
But ev'ry Day should take its Turn in Peace,  
So in Eternal steady Motion roll  
The radiant Spheres around the starry Pole.  
Fierce Lightnings, Meteors, and the Winter's Storm,  
Earth, and the Face of lower Heav'n deform;  
Whilst

Whilst all by Nature's Laws is calm above,  
 No Tempest rages in the Court of *Jove*.  
 Light Particles and idle Atoms fly,  
 Toft by the Winds, and scatter'd round the Sky,  
 While the more solid Parts the Force resist,  
 And fix'd and stable on their Centre rest.  
*Cæsar* shall hear with Joy, that thou art join'd  
 With fighting Factions, to disturb Mankind;  
 Tho' sworn his Foe, he shall applaud thy Choice,  
 And think his wicked War approv'd by *Cato's* Voice.  
 See, how to swell their mighty Leader's State,  
 The Consuls and the servile Senate wait;  
 Ev'n *Cato's* self to *Pompey's* Yoak must bow,  
 And all Mankind are Slaves, but *Cæsar*, now.  
 If War, however, be at last our Doom,  
 If we must Arm for Liberty and *Rome*,  
 While undecided yet their Fate depends,  
*Cæsar* and *Pompey* are alike my Friends;



Which Party I shall chuse is yet to know;  
 That let the War decide; who Conquers is my Foe.  
 Thus spoke the Youth: When *Cato* thus exprest  
 The sacred Counsels of his inmost Breast.

*Brutus*, with thee, I own the Crime is great,  
 With thee, this impious Civil War I hate;  
 But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.

Answer your selves, ye Gods, and set me free,  
 If I am guilty, 'tis by your Decree.

If yon fair Lamps above should lose their Light,  
 And leave the wretched World in endless Night;

If *Chaos* should in Heav'n and Earth prevail,  
 And universal Nature's Frame should fail,

What Stoick would not the Misfortune share,  
 Nor think that Desolation worth his Care?

Princes and Nations, whom wide Seas divide,  
 Where other Stars far distant Heav'ns do guide,  
 Have brought their Ensigns to the *Roman* Side;

Avert

Avert it, Gods! When barb'rous *Scythians* come  
 From their cold North, to prop declining *Rome*,  
 That I shou'd see her fall, and sit secure at home.

As an unhappy Sire, by Death undone,  
 Robb'd of his Age's Joy, his only Son,  
 Attends him to the Tomb with pious Care,  
 To pay his last Paternal Office there ;  
 Takes a sad Pleasure in the Croud to go,  
 And be himself part of the pompous Woe;  
 Then waits 'till, ev'ry Ceremony past,  
 His own sad Hand may light the Pile at last.  
 So fix'd, so faithful to thy Cause, O *Rome*,  
 With such a Constancy and Love I come;  
 Resolv'd for thee and Liberty to mourn,  
 And never! never! from your Sides be torn;  
 Resolv'd to follow still your common Fate,  
 And on your very Names, and last Remains to wait.

Thus let it be, since thus the Gods ordain,  
 Since Hecatombs of *Romans* must be slain,  
 Assist the Sacrifice with ev'ry Hand,  
 And give 'em all the Slaughter they demand.  
 O! were the Gods contented with my Fall,  
 If *Cato's* Life could answer for you all,  
 Like the devoted *Decius* would I go,  
 To force from either Side some Mortal Blow,  
 And, for my Country's sake, wish to be thought her <sup>(Foe.)</sup>  
 To me, ye *Romans*, all your Rage confine,  
 To me, ye Nations from the barb'rous *Rhine*,  
 Let all the Wounds this War shall make be mine.  
 Open my Vital Streams, and let 'em run,  
 And let the Purple Sacrifice atone  
 For all the Ills offending *Rome* has done.  
 If Slavery be all the Faction's End,  
 If Chains the Prize for which the Fools contend,



To

To me convert the War, let me be slain ;  
 Me, only me, who fondly strive in vain,  
 Their useleſs Laws and Freedom to maintain.  
 So may the Tyrant ſafely mount his Throne,  
 And rule his Slaves in Peace, when I am gone.  
 Howe'er, ſince free as yet from his Command,  
 For *Pompey* and the Common-wealth we ſtand.  
 Nor he, if Fortune ſhould attend his Arms,  
 Is Proof againſt Ambition's fatal Charms,  
 But, urg'd with Greatneſs and Deſire of Sway,  
 May dare to make the vanquiſh'd World his Prey,  
 Then, leaſt the Hopes of Empire ſwell his Pride,  
 Let him remember I was on his Side,  
 Nor think he conquer'd for himſelf alone,  
 To make the Harveſt of the War his own,  
 Where half the Toil was ours. So ſpoke the Sage;  
 His Words the liſt'ning, eager Youth engage  
 Too much to love of Arms, and heat of Civil Rage.

*Written*

*Written in a Blank Leaf of Mr. Waller's Poems, in the Gallery at Altrop; having there seen the Lady Sunderland's Picture, by Vandike,*

**V** *Andike* had Colours, Softness, Force, and Art,  
When the fair *Sunderland* inflam'd his Heart.

*Waller* had Numbers, Fancy, Wit, and Fire,

And *Sacharissa* was his fond Desire.

Why then at *Altrop* seem her Charms so faint,

In these sweet Numbers, and that glowing Paint?

This happy Seat a fairer Mistress warms;

The shining Off-spring has eclips'd her Charms.

Their diff'rent Beauties in one Face we find,

Soft *Amoret* with brighter *Sacharissa* join'd,

As high as Nature reach'd their Art could soar,

But she ne'er made a finish'd Piece before.

VER-

# V E R S E S

Sent to

Dr. *G A R T H*

I N H I S

# I L L N E S S.

---

By Mr. *G R A N V I L L*.

---

**M** *Achaon* Sick! In ev'ry Face we find  
His Danger is the Danger of Mankind,  
Whose Art protecting, Nature could expire  
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.

More

More Lives he saves, than perish in our Wars;  
And, faster than a Plague destroys, repairs.  
The bold Carowser, and advent'rous Dame,  
Nor fear the Feaver, nor refuse the Flame;  
Safe in his Skill, from all Restraint set free,  
But conscious Shame, Remorse, or Piety.

Sire of all Arts, Defend thy darling Son,  
Restore the Man, whose Life's so much our own;  
On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd;  
And, by preserving *Garth*, preserve Mankind.

*STAN-*

# S T A N Z A' S.

**T**HIS is the Place, where oft my longing Eyes  
Have Charming *Silvia* seen!

How in that Instant would my Passion rise?

And with what Transports did I meet her then?

*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*

*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

Here, Chaplets of the choicest Flow'rs to make,

The Meads I wander'd o'er:

Which she with tender Looks would blushing take,

Or with feign'd Coyness make her Kindness more.

*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*

*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

If tender Jealousies disturb'd my Rest,

When e'er my Doubts appear'd;

How



How unconcern'dly wou'd she calm my Breast?  
With what Contempt describe the Swains I fear'd?  
*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*  
*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

Now, conscious of her Guilt, she shuns my Sight;  
To me she shuts her Door;  
While worthless Hirelings grossly taste Delight,  
And riot in the Charms that I adore.  
*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*  
*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

UPON

U P O N A N

# Accidental Meeting.

**W**HAT Sight is that does ev'ry Sense control?  
What stops my Tongue? what is it strikes <sup>(my Soul;</sup>

And in my Breast revives extinguish'd Fires?

Oh, *Sylvia*! durst thou enter in Dispute!

Could thy Guilt stand but for one Moment mute!

And let us calmly talk of past Desires!

Fear not that I should furiously contend  
My Wrongs to plead, my Actions to defend;  
Or with false Colours the Dispute prolong;  
Rather may'st thou, Fair Nymph, thy Conduct clear,  
Make, with full Proofs, thy Innocence appear,  
And clearly show that I have done thee Wrong.

Love, all the Treasure of my Soul contain'd;  
That Treasure I confided in thy Hand,      Which

Which thou hast squander'd lavishly away :  
This is the Point on which the Cause we'll try ;  
Speak boldly then, which part can'st thou deny ?  
Did not I trust ? or did'st not thou betray ?

Had'st thou lost all that Avarice desires,  
Or all that Beauty which the World admires,  
Not both those Losses could have chang'd my Mind :  
I could have lov'd thee Indigent and Poor ;  
I could have lov'd, tho' Beauty were no more ;  
But I must hate thee, Faithless and Unkind.

Yet, oh ye Pow'rs ! what Torture 'tis to part  
From one so deeply rooted in my Heart !  
And with what wretched Prospect must I live ?  
Take Courage, Heart ! for cou'dst thou yet return,  
And in ignoble Passions meanly burn,  
Yet she has injur'd, and can ne'er forgive.

*MIL.*

# MILTON'S STYLE

Imitated, in a

## TRANSLATION

Of a STORY out of the

THIRD ÆNEID.

---

By Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON.

---

**L**OST in the gloomy Horror of the Night  
We struck upon the Coast where *Ætna* lies,  
Horrid and waste; its Entrails fraught with Fire:  
That now casts out dark Fumes and pitchy Clouds;  
Vast Show'rs of Ashes hov'ring in the Smoak;  
Now belches molten Stones and ruddy Flame  
Incens'd, or tears up Mountains by the Roots,  
Or flings a broken Rock aloft in Air.

H

The

The bottom works with smother'd Fire, involv'd  
In pestilential Vapours, Stench and Smoak.

'Tis said that Thunder-struck *Enceladus*,  
Gro'ling beneath th'incumbent Mountain's weight  
Lyes stretch'd supine, Eternal Prey of Flames;  
And when he heaves against the burning Load,  
Reluctant to invert his broiling Limbs,  
A sudden Earth-Quake shoots through all the Isle,  
And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under Ground,  
Then pours out Smoak in wreathing Curls convolv'd,  
And shades the Sun's bright Orb, and blots out Day.

Here in the shelter of the Woods we lodg'd,  
And frighted heard strange Sounds and dismal Yells,  
Nor saw from whence they came, for all the Night  
A Murky Storm deep low'ring o're our Heads  
Hung imminent, that with impervious Gloom

Oppos'd

Oppos'd it self to *Cynthia's* Silver Ray,  
 And shaded all beneath : but now the Sun  
 With Orient Beams had chas'd the dewy Night  
 From Earth and Heav'n, all Nature stood disclos'd.  
 When looking on the Neighb'ring Woods we saw  
 The Ghastly Visage of a Man unknown,  
 An uncouth Feature, Meager, Pale, and Wild;  
 Affliction's foul and terrible Dismay  
 Sate in his Looks, his Face impair'd and worn  
 With Marks of Famine, speaking sore Distress.  
 His Locks were tangled, and his shaggy Beard  
 Matted with Filth, in all things else a *Greek*.

He first advanc'd in haste, but when he saw  
*Trojans* and *Trojan Arms*, in mid Career  
 Stept short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:  
 But soon recov'ring speed, he ran, he flew  
 Precipitant, and thus with piteous Cries

Our Ears affail'd: " By Heav'n's Eternal Fires,  
 " By ev'ry God that sits Enthron'd on High,  
 " By this good Light relieve a Wretch forlorn,  
 " And bear me hence to any distant Shore,  
 " So I may shun this Savage Race accurst.  
 " 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late  
 " With Sword and Fire o're-turn'd *Neptunian Troy*,  
 " And laid the Labour of the Gods in Dust;  
 " For which, if so the sad Offence deserves,  
 " Plung'd in the Deep for ever let me lye  
 " Whelm'd under Seas; if Death must be my doom,  
 " Let Man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of Tears  
 In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our Feet;  
 We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,  
 And how by stress of Fortune sunk thus low;  
*Anchises* too with friendly Aspect mild

Gave

Gave him his Hand, fure pledge of Amity;  
When, thus encourag'd, he began his Tale.

I'm one, fays he, of poor Defcent, my Name  
Is *Achæmenides*, my Country *Greece*,  
*Ulyffe's* fad Compeer, who whilst he fled  
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind  
Disconfolate, forlorn; within the Cave  
He left me, Giant *Polypheme's* dark Cave,  
A Dungeon wide and horrible, the Walls  
On all fides furr'd with mouldy Damps, and hung  
With Clots of ropy Gore, and human Limbs,  
His dire Repaft: Himfelf's of mighty fize,  
Hoarfe in his Voice, and in his Viſage Grim,  
Intractable, that riots on the Fleſh  
Of Mortal Men, and fwills the vital Blood.  
Him did I fee ſnatch up with horrid Graſp  
Two ſprawling *Greeks*, in either Hand a Man;



I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway  
He dash't and broke 'em on the Grundfil Edge;  
The Pavement swam in Blood, the Walls around  
Were spatter'd o're with Brains. He lapt the Blood,  
And chew'd the tender Flesh still warm with Life,  
That swell'd and heav'd it self amidst his Teeth  
As sensible of Pain. Not less mean while  
Our Chief incens'd, and studious of Revenge,  
Plots his Destruction, which he thus effects.  
The Giant, gorg'd with Flesh, and Wine, and Blood,  
Lay stretcht at length, and snoring in his Den,  
Belching raw Gobbets from his Maw, o're-charg'd  
With purple Wine and cruddl'd Gore confus'd.  
We gather'd round, and to his single Eye,  
The single Eye that in his Forehead glar'd  
Like a full Moon, or a broad burnisht Shield,  
A forky Staff we dext'rously apply'd,  
Which in the spacious Socket turning round,

Scoop

Scoopt out the big round Gelly from its Orb.  
 But let me not thus interpose Delays,  
 Fly, Mortals, fly this curst detested Race:  
 A hundred of the same stupendous size,  
 A hundred Cyclops live among the Hills,  
 Gigantick Brotherhood, that stalk along  
 With horrid Strides o're the high Mountains tops,  
 Enormous in their Gait ; I oft have heard  
 Their Voice and Tread, oft seen 'em as they past,  
 Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.  
 Thrice has the Moon wafht all her Orb in Light,  
 Thrice travell'd o're, in her obscure sojourn  
 The realms of Night inglorious, since I've liv'd  
 Amidst these Woods, gleaning from Thorns and  
 A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke, (Shrubs  
 We saw descending from a Neighb'ring Hill  
 Blind *Polypheme* ; by weary Steps and slow  
 The groping Giant with a Trunk of Pine

H 4

Explor'd

Explor'd his way; around, his woolly Flocks  
Attended grazing; to the well-known Shore  
He bent his Course, and on the Margin stood,  
A hideous Monster, terrible, deform'd;  
Full in the midst of his high Front there gap'd  
The spacious hollow where his Eye-ball roll'd,  
A ghastly Orifice: He rins'd the Wound,  
And wafht away the Strings and clotted Blood  
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep  
He Fords the Ocean, while the Topmost Wave  
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood  
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill  
Ran through each Nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry Vein,  
'Till using all the force of Winds and Oars  
We sped away; he heard us in our Course,  
And with his out-stretch'd Arms around him grop'd,  
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd  
Such hideous Shouts that all the Ocean shook.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a League remote,  
 In distant *Eccho's* answer'd; *Etna* roar'd,  
 Through all its inmost winding Caverns roar'd,  
 Rous'd with the sound, the mighty Family  
 Of One-ey'd Brothers hasten to the Shore,  
 And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,  
 A dire Assembly: we with eager haste  
 Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold  
 A Host of Giants cov'ring all the Shore.

So stands a Forrest tall of Mountain Oaks  
 Advanc'd to mighty growth: The Traveller  
 Hears from the humble Valley where he rides  
 The hollow Murmurs of the Winds that blow  
 Amidst the Boughs, and at a distance sees  
 The shady tops of Trees unnumber'd rise,  
 A stately Prospect, waving in the Clouds.

T O

T O A  
L A D Y.

---

By Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

---

**M**UST all my Life in fruitless Love be spent?  
And never, never will your Heart relent?  
Too well, my charming Dear, your Pow'r you know,  
And that which makes you play the Tyrant so.  
For ever be the fatal moment curst,  
When fondly I confess'd my Passion first.  
Oh! that my Flames had never been reveal'd,  
Oh! that I now could keep the Fire conceal'd.  
Resistless Love your Victory secures,  
And you already know my Soul is yours.  
It shows it self thro' all the forc'd disguise,  
Breaks thro' my Lips, and trembles at my Eyes.

My

My Blood boils high, and rages to be blest,  
My fluctuating Thoughts will never rest,  
And know no calm, 'till harbour'd in your Breast. }

Relent, at last, my cruel Fair relent,  
And listen kindly to my just Complaint.  
Think on the Passion that's already past,  
Think that the Passion will for ever last.  
O see with what impatient Fires I burn,  
And let your pitying Heart make some return.  
My Flames are so sincere, my Love is such,  
Some you should show,---you cannot show too much,  
How blest should I in your Possession be?  
How happy might you make your self in me?  
No Mistress ever led so sweet a Life,  
As you should in th' exploded thing, a Wife;  
Years should roll round on Years, and Ages move  
In Circles, Crown'd in everlasting Love.

Our

Our mutual Joys, should like your Charms be new,  
And all my business be to merit you.

What shall I say? Lines after Lines rehearse  
Nought but the fondness in the former Verse.

On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell,  
For while I speak to you, —

My fault'ring Tongue can never speak farewell.

In your cold Breast let Love an entrance find,  
And think, oh! quickly think, of growing kind.

My Flames no more with dull Indifference treat,  
Indifference is the Lover's hardest Fate;

But if my Ruin is your fix'd Intent,

Urge it I beg you with a closer bent.

All glimm'rings of the faintest Hope remove,

Say, that you do not, will not, cannot love.

Extreamly kind, or in extreams severe,

Make sure my Bliss, or mad me with Despair,

Forbid

Forbid me, banish me your charming sight,  
Shut from my view those Eyes that shine so bright,  
Shut your dear Image from my Dreams by Night.  
Drive 'em somewhere, as far as Pole from Pole,  
Let Winds between us rage, and Waters roll,  
In distant Climes let me my Fate deplore,  
In some lone Island, on a desert Shore,  
Where I may see your fatal Charms no more.

---

*To the same.*

---

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

---

I Thought in silence to suppress my Pain,  
And never show my fond Concern again,  
What e're you show'd; Indiff'rence, or Disdain.  
But Love's great God the vain resolve withstands,  
At once inspires my Breast, and guides my Hands.

My



My Soul flows out in ev'ry Line I write,  
 And rolls in Numbers in my own despight.  
 Then let me in Poetick Fury break,  
 For I can write the things I dare not speak.  
 My Tongue still falters as I move my Suit,  
 And awful Love confounds and keeps me mute.  
 Out of your Sight I can my Wrongs proclaim,  
 And with unfetter'd Words confess my Flame.  
 Why do you use me thus, ingrateful Fair?  
 Oppress'd with Doubts, yet bury'd 'bove Despair.  
 Like wounded Fowl upon the Flood I lye,  
 Floating on Wings, with which they us'd to fly,  
 Who would find ease, could they but drown and die.  
 Such still has been your conqu'ring Beauty's spight,  
 Cruel to wound, not kind to kill outright,  
 Be merciful and save, or sink me quite.  
 Toss not 'twixt hope and fear my lab'ring Heart,  
 Let us for ever join, or ever part.

You

You know I love you, and you love me too,  
 Which you have kindly let me know you do;  
 All this I know; oh! there will be the fall  
 From Heav'n, to Hell; ———  
 Should I be doom'd to lose you after all.  
 But be not by mistaken Notions led,  
 Nor think that Riches blefs the Nuptial Bed.  
 This shall my only Consolation be,  
 No Fool of Fortune can your Merit see,  
 Nor have the Wit and Sense to love like me.  
 Oh! would that you had been but meanly Born,  
 Naked of Friends, abandon'd and forlorn;  
 Left to the World; --- then should this wish ensue;  
 Oh! would I had a World to offer you.  
 You know this is no false Poetick flight,  
 You know I feel more than the Muse can write.

Too

Too well, my cruel Dear, you keep the Field;  
Too long hold out; 'tis now high time to yield.  
Consent at last, to mutual Joys resign,  
And let the smallest share of Bliss be mine;  
Unalterable Love your part secures,  
My Int'rest, Humour, all my Soul is yours.

I beg you, let me know my Doom at last,  
Nought worse than Death can come, then all is past.  
But think, and do not make a rash Decree;  
O! think, you never were, nor e're can be,  
So truly lov'd, as you have been by me.

# W O M A N

## ALL in ALL.

**W**HEN God from Heav'n, <sup>(threw;</sup> for Disobedience,  
The tow'ring Satan; he resolv'd to shew  
(By forming Thousands Happy in his Place)  
How much the Wretch deserv'd his Lord's Disgrace;  
For none, who saw his Bounty so excel,  
Cou'd doubt his Justice, when his Angel fell.

The happy Creature, for this Bliss design'd;  
Was Man; ungrateful to a God so kind.  
A mighty Chaos, which had long time lain  
In Heaps and Darkness, useless and in vain;

I

(Perhaps;

(Perhaps, the dread Remains of some bold World,  
For Crimes like ours, in just Confusion hurl'd :)  
For his Reception was prepar'd with speed:  
The Work as soon was finish'd as decreed.  
All Things with wond'rous Haste to Order move,  
God long'd to see what he design'd to love.  
Yet e'er he wou'd admit this welcome Guest,  
His Care (no less than Haste) his Love exprest.  
He kindly view'd the Work his Word had done;  
A Work for Man t' admire, and God to own :  
His Footstool spoke the Grandeur of his Throne.  
What late he bad, himself wou'd see fulfill'd,  
And found a fond Obedience to his Will.  
The Sun was lavish of its glorious Light,  
The Moon paid cheerful Tribute to the Night;  
The glitt'ring Stars with Plenty crowd the Sky  
In useful Order, to the careful Eye.

Large

Large Troops of Guardian Angels throng the Air,  
Waiting th' Approach of Man, their valu'd Care:  
The Earth seems willing to prevent Desire;  
All things to please th' expected Lord aspire.  
The Wood contends for Beauty with the Plain;  
Yet both so fair, that both contend in vain.  
The lofty Mountains boast their Grandeur, while  
The humble Vallies plead their fruitful Soil.  
The haughty boist'rous Sea is proud to name  
The constant Service Man from thence will claim;  
While smother gliding Streams are pleas'd to tell  
What soft Delights in their Retirement dwell.  
Ten thousand pleasant Flow'rs and Plants attend,  
Each aims a Blessing, each attains its End.  
A num'rous Train of Beasts and Birds appear'd  
In various Kinds, for various Ends prepar'd:  
Some form'd for Use, and some for Man's Delight;  
Fond of Employment, jealous of their Right.

The Fish contending, hasten to the Shoar,

A willing Sacrifice to Human Pow'r.

The whole Creation, plentifully stor'd

With various Pleasures, joins with one Accord,

To pay a grateful Homage to th'approaching Lord.

When God had thus perform'd this mighty Task,

And done for Man much more than Man cou'd ask,

With sacred Hands he form'd his noble Frame;

He form'd it worthy of the Maker's Name:

And, that he might his lively Image bear,

He gave a Soul Immortal to his Care;

With Reason, for his Choice of Good and Ill:

His Bliss was seated wholly in his Will.

And, thus accomplish'd, does Possession take

Of what his God provided for his sake:

O'er all the Globe he cast a pleasing Eye,

To find his Wishes cou'd not soar too high:

He

He thought, (such Blessings dwelt within his Pow'r)  
Since Man cou'd ask, that Heav'n cou'd grant no more.  
Thus ravish'd with the Pleasures of his State,  
He bow'd, and bless'd the Author of his Fate.

The kind, indulgent Parent, pleas'd to see  
Man's apt Acknowledgment, in Infancy,  
Into his Nature strictly does enquire,  
To find some yet unsatisfy'd Desire:  
He wish'd a fresh Occasion, to express  
A Father's Welcome to a Son's Address,  
Nor did his Wish in fruitless Thought expire;  
He found, at last, a secret struggling Fire.  
For Man observing, from an early Date,  
The Fondness ev'ry Creature bore its Mate;  
What pleasing Transports waited on their Love,  
When o'er the fruitful Plains they us'd to rove:



When he observ'd with what Humility  
The pow'rful Male wou'd court the weaker She;  
What cheerful Proofs, from time to time, he gave,  
How fond to serve, how proud to be her Slave,  
He soon concludes, such Bondage largely stor'd  
With Charms, beyond what Freedom cou'd afford;  
Repines, to find so partial a Decree,  
And sighs, and mourns his hated Liberty.

But all his penfive Thoughts retir'd with speed,  
For Heav'n was ready at his time of Need;  
With Blessings form'd to all he cou'd require,  
They differ only that th' exceed Desire.

While on a shady River's Bank he lyes,  
Oppress'd with careful Thoughts, and weary'd Eyes,  
A gentle Slumber yields a kind Relief,  
And brings a charming Period to his Grief.

Wo-

Woman, the choice Reserve of God above,  
The largest Instance of his Pow'r and Love,  
Woman, that ev'ry Soul with Love inspires,  
The welcome Mover of that pleasing Fire,  
Woman, the happy Centre of Desire,  
Was form'd that Moment; and was kindly sent  
To yield his waking Hour his Soul's Content.  
Inspir'd with Love, she hasten'd where he lay,  
To bring the cheerful Tidings of the Day;  
With youthful Modesty approach'd his Side,  
She blush'd, to find the Longings of a Bride;  
Still when he mov'd her trembling Hopes prevail'd,  
Her Love increas'd, but Resolution fail'd:  
Such various Passions of her Mind partake,  
She still wou'd have him sleep, yet longs that he shou'd

(wake.

While Hope and Fear are struggling in her Breast,  
He, cloy'd with his Repose, and tir'd with Rest,

From Nature's earthy Pillow rais'd his Head,  
Indulging various Thoughts his Dreams had bred,  
Of kind Decrees, that late in Heav'n were sign'd,  
To blast his Troubles, and content his Mind.  
Ideas infinite his Soul inflam'd,  
Yet none so Fair as her whom God had fram'd.

The blooming Virgin, still attending by,  
With all her Charms display'd, at length drew nigh,  
While he surpriz'd, at what he thinks Divine,  
Starts from his Place, and modestly declines.  
Yet e'er he could retire, she fix'd her Dart,  
Not all his awful Thoughts could guard his Heart:  
Such Charms he saw, that whatsoe'er she prov'd,  
He had been more than Man, had he not lov'd.  
Pleas'd with his Stay, yet lik'd to see him Fly,  
Since it declar'd such Pow'r was in her Eye.

But

But Love, Almighty Love, prevail'd at length,  
Upon a poor defenceless Virgin's Strength;  
Her willing Feet her longing Arms obey'd,  
Her fond Pursuit her yeilding Heart betray'd:  
Swift as her Wishes to his Arms she flies;  
Where late she vanquish'd, she becomes the Prize,  
And he repays the Conquest of her Eyes,

}

Now all's on Fire, no Bounds our Lovers know,  
The pleasing Tide of Love begins to flow;  
Clasp'd in each others Arms they press, they kiss,  
Consume in Pleasure, and dissolve in Bliss.  
Their Souls, transported with their pleasing Strife,  
Are lost, and wander to the Verge of Life;  
Each Part partakes of Nature's kind Decree,  
All's cloath'd in Joy, and rapt in Extasie.

Here

Here rest, my Muse, here leave the happy Pair,  
Decline the mournful Tale of their Despair;  
Leave their Misfortunes to another's Care.  
Let thy perpetual Entertainments be,  
Of Lovers happy to Eternity:  
Of Love, that no ambitious Force can shake;  
Of Love, triumphant, tho' the World's at stake;  
Let ev'ry thing thou say'st, contribute still  
T'increase the Ardour of that Flame I feel.  
For Happiness is weigh'd by Love alone,  
By too much Liberty we are undone,  
None's truly wretched, but whose Heart's his own.

T O

T O

# L O V E

After a long

## INDIFFERENCE.

**W**elcome, thrice welcome to my frozen Heart,  
Thou long departed Fire ;  
How cou'dst thou so regardless be,  
Of one so true, so fond as me,  
Whose early Thought, whose first Desires  
Were pointed all to Thee.  
When in the Morning of my Day,  
Thy Empire first began,  
Pleas'd with the Prospect of thy Sway,  
Into thy Arms I ran;  
Without reserve my willing Heart I gav'e,  
Proud that I had my Freedom lost,

Con-

Contending which I ought to boast,  
The making thee a Sov'raign, or my self a Slave,

Still I am form'd to Execute thy Will,  
By me declare thy Pow'r and Skill;  
My Heart already by thy Fire  
Is so prepar'd, is so refin'd,  
There's nothing left behind  
But infinite Desire.

O! wou'dst thou touch that lovely Maid,  
(Whose Charms and thine I have obey'd)  
With such another Flame,  
The Heav'n that would appear in me,  
Would speak such Goodness dwelt in Thee,  
Thy Bow, thy Art  
No more need guide thy Dart;  
No Heart so stubborn, but at that would aim.

O N

ON THE  
DEATH  
OF THE

Marquis of *Blandford*.

SO early bloom'd, and so untimely dy'd  
The Darling of the Court, his Parent's Pride;  
A lofty Name, a Fortune unconfin'd,  
The sweetest Temper, the most hopeful Mind,  
The Muses with the Graces seem'd to join,  
And Manly Wit appear'd in Form Divine.

As fragrant Flow'rs, that late adorn'd the Field,  
By Clowns rude Feet oppress'd, their Glories yield:  
Such are the Toys to which vain Mortals trust,  
They fade, they wither, they consume to Dust.

Unhappy



Unhappy Parents! now, as Patriots, act;  
While here they flatter, while they there detract;  
Convince even those, who seek for Cause to blame;  
You toil'd with publick, more than private Aim:  
Since the dear Youth that did your Thoughts enslave,  
Lyes calm and careless in the silent Grave.

Wast is the Loss that does your Souls oppress,  
Yet firm; undaunted Courage makes it less:  
Here great Examples your Remarks deserve;  
Nor is there greater than the *Queen* you serve:  
Reflect, when Death her fondest Hopes beguil'd;  
An only Son, and that an only Child;  
Tho' raging Passions tore her tender Mind,  
She griev'd as Woman, but as Saint resign'd.  
While your Misfortunes kindly to repair,  
Heav'n leaves four blooming Nymphs, divinely Fair.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the

## MUSIC

Subscrib'd to by the

### Quality of *England.*

**W**Here Harmony and conqu'ring Beauty reign,  
Who can support the Pleasure or the Pain?

Here their soft Magick those two Syrens try,

And, if we listen, or but look, we die;

Why should we the Romantick Tales admire,

Of *Orpheus* Numbers, or *Amphion's* Lyre,

Of Walls erected by Harmonious Skill;

How Mountains mov'd, and rapid Streams stood still?

Behold

Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess  
The Wonder greater, but the Fiction less.  
We like religious Victims are decreed,  
To worship those bright Altars where we bleed.  
The Bravest need not blush to tremble here;  
Triumphant Love can make more Slaves than Fear.  
No Faction, Homage to the Fair denies;  
The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes:  
Empires endure when founded on Desire,  
And Flames that Vestals guard can ne'er expire.

THE

THE  
S T O R Y

O F

*M E D E A* and *J. A S O N*;

Beginning the Seventh BOOK of

*OVID's METAMORPHOSES.*

---

Translated by MR. *T A T E*.

---

**T**HE *Argonauts* now stemm'd the foaming Tide,  
And to *Arcadia's* Shore their Course apply'd,  
Where sightless *Phineus* spent his Age in Grief,  
But *Boreas's* Sons engage in his relief;  
And those unwelcome Guests, the odious Race  
Of *Harpyes*, from the Monarch's Table chase.

K

With

With *Jafon* then they greater Toils sustain,  
 And *Phafis* slimy Banks at last they gain.  
 Here boldly they demand the Golden Prize  
 Of *Scythia's* King, who sternly thus replies:  
 That mighty Labours they must first o'ercome,  
 Or fail their *Argo* thence unfreighted home.

Mean while *Medea*, seiz'd with fierce Desire,  
 By Reason strives to quench the raging Fire,  
 But strives in vain!--Some God(said she)withstands,  
 And Reason's baffl'd Council countermands.  
 What unseen Pow'r does this Disorder move?  
 'Tis Love,----at least 'tis like what Men call Love.  
 Else wherefore shou'd the King's Commands appear  
 To me too hard?--- But so indeed they are.  
 Why shou'd I for a Stranger fear, lest he  
 Shou'd perish, whom I did but lately see?  
 His Death or Safety what are they to me?

Wretch,

Wretch, from thy Virgin-Breast this Flame expel,  
And soon---Oh cou'd I, all wou'd then be well!  
But Love, resistless Love my Soul invades ;  
Discretion this, Affection that perswades.  
I see the Right, and I approve it too,  
Condemn the Wrong, --- and yet the Wrong pursue.  
Why, Royal Maid, shou'dst thou desire to wed  
A Wanderer, and court a Foreign Bed?  
Thy Native Land, tho' barb'rous, can present  
A Bridegroom worth a Royal Bride's Consent:  
And whether this Advent'rer lives or dies,  
In Fate and Fortune's fickle Pleasure lies.  
Yet may he live! for to the Pow'rs above,  
A Virgin, led by no Impulse of Love,  
So just a Suit may, for the guiltless, move.  
Whom wou'd not *Jason's* Valour, Youth and Blood  
Invite? or cou'd these Merits be withstood,

At least his charming Person must encline  
The hardest Heart----I'm sure 'tis so with mine!  
Yet, if I help him not, the flaming Breath  
Of Bulls, and Earth-born Foes must be his Death.  
Or, should he through these Dangers force his way,  
At last he must be made the Dragon's Prey.  
If no Remorse for such Distress I feel  
I am a Tygress, and my Breast is Steel.  
Why do I scruple then to see him slain,  
And with the Tragick Scene my Eyes prophane?  
My Magick's Art employ, not to assuage  
The *Salvages*, but to enflame their Rage?  
His Earth-born Foes to fiercer Fury move,  
And accessory to his Murder prove?  
'The Gods forbid----But Pray'rs are idle Breath,  
When Action only can prevent his Death.  
Shall I betray my Father and the State,  
To intercept a rambling Hero's Fate;

Who

Who may fail off next Hour, and fav'd from Harms  
 By my assistance, blefs another's Arms?  
 Whilst I, not only of my Hopes bereft,  
 But to unpity'd Punishment am left.  
 If he is false let the ingrateful Bleed!  
 But no fuch Symptom in his Looks I read.  
 Nature wou'd ne'er have lavish'd fo much Grace  
 Upon his Person, if his Soul were bafe.  
 Besides, he first shall plight his Faith, and swear  
 By all the Gods; what therefore can't thou fear?  
*Medea* haste, from Danger set him free,  
*Jafon* shall thy Eternal Debtor be.  
 And thou, his Queen, with Sov'raign State enftall'd,  
 By *Gracian* Dames the *Kind Preserver* call'd.  
 Hence idle Dreams, by Love-sick Fancy bred!  
 Wilt thou, *Medea*, by vain Wifhes led,  
 To Sister, Brother, Father bid adieu?  
 Forfake my Country's Gods and Country too?



My Father's harsh, my Brother but a Child,  
My Sister rivals me, my Country's wild,  
And for its Gods, the greatest of 'em all  
Inspires my Breast, and I obey his Call.  
That great Endearments I forsake, is true,  
But greater far the Hopes that I pursue:  
The Pride of having fav'd the Youths of *Greece*,  
(Each Life more precious than our Golden Fleece;)  
A nobler Soil by me shall be possess'd,  
I shall see Towns with Arts and Manners blest,  
And, what I prize above the World beside,  
Enjoy my *Jason*----and when once his Bride  
Be more than Mortal, and to Gods ally'd. }  
They talk of Hazzards I must first sustain,  
Of floating Islands jostling in the Main;  
Our tender Barque expos'd to dreadful shocks  
Of fierce *Charybdis* Gulf, and *Scylla's* Rocks,

Where

Where breaking Waves in whirling Eddies rowl,  
 And rav'nous Dogs that in deep Caverns howl:  
 Amidst these Terrors, while I lye posselt  
 Of him I love, and lean on *Jason's* Brest,  
 In Tempests unconcern'd I will appear;  
 Or, only for my Husband's safety fear.  
 Didst thou say Husband? ---can'st thou so deceive  
 Thy self, fond Maid, and thy own Cheat believe?  
 In vain thou striv'st to Varnish o're thy Shame,  
 And grace thy Guilt with Wedlock's sacred Name.  
 Pull off the cozz'ning Masque, and oh! in time  
 Discover, and avoid the fatal Crime.  
 She ceas'd---the Graces now, with kind surprize,  
 And Virtue's lovely Train, before her Eyes  
 Present themselves, and vanquish'd *Cupid* flies.

She then retires to *Hecate's* Shrine, that stood  
 Far in the Covert of a shady Wood:

She finds the Fury of her Flames affwag'd,  
 But, seeing *Jafon* there, again they rag'd.  
 Blushes and Paleness did by turns invade  
 Her tender Cheeks, and secret Grief betray'd.  
 As Fire, that sleeping under Ashes lyes,  
 Fresh-blown and rous'd, does up in Blazes rise,  
 So flam'd the Virgin's Breast——  
 New kindled by her Lover's sparkling Eyes. }  
 For Chance, that Day, had with uncommon Grace  
 Adorn'd the lovely Youth, and through his Face  
 Display'd an Air so pleasing as might charm  
 A Goddess, and a Vestal's Bosom warm.  
 Her ravish'd Eyes survey him o're and o're,  
 As some gay Wonder never seen before,  
 Transported to the Skies she seems to be,  
 And thinks she gazes on a Deity.  
 But when he spoke, and prest her trembling Hand,  
 And did with tender Words her Aid demand,  
With

With Vows and Oaths to make her soon his Bride;  
She wept a Flood of Tears, and thus reply'd.  
I see my Error, yet to Ruin move,  
Nor owe my Fate to Ignorance, but Love:  
Your Life I'll guard, and only crave of you  
To swear once more----and to your Oath be true.  
He swears by *Hecate* he would all fulfil,  
And by her Grandfather's prophetick Skill,  
By ev'ry thing that doubting Love cou'd press,  
His present Danger, and desir'd Success.  
She credits him, and kindly does produce  
Enchanted Herbs, and teaches him their use;  
Their Mystick Names and Virtues he admires,  
And with his Booty joyfully retires.

T H E

THE  
ENQUIRY  
OF  
VENUS  
AFTER  
CUPID.

From the *Greek of Moschus.*

WITH a loud Voice, thro' ev'ry <sup>(Wood,</sup> Field and  
The Queen of Love her wand'ring Son <sup>(s'd.)</sup> pur-  
Who-e're, (says she) the wanton Vagrant meets,  
Loyt'ring about, or playing in the Streets,  
Let

Let him to me the joyful News convey,  
And I'll with Kisses all his Care repay.  
But he who shall restore the stragling Boy  
To his glad Mother, shall my self enjoy;  
Not only Kisses to him will I give,  
But he shall those, and something more receive.  
He's easie to be known, him you may tell  
From twenty others, he's remarkable:  
His Body much resembles Fire, not White;  
His Eyes are Flames, and piercing as the Light.  
Words drop like Hony from his Lips, his Mind  
Is wav'ring and unconstant, as the Wind.  
A double dealing Knave, he's full of Tricks,  
And never thinks one Word of what he speaks.  
When vext, revengeful, and at Mischief glad,  
Exasp'rating with Jeers the Wounds he made.  
His Golden Hair in neatest Braids hang down  
His Shoulders, but his Looks do seem to frown.

His

His Hands are small, yet pointed Darts they throw

So far, they wound the dusky King below.

Slave to no place, from this to that he flies,

And in all Hearts the lurking Villain lies.

Nor does his Pow'r on one Man vainly fall,

He blindly shoots his unseen Shafts at all.

Both Heav'n and Earth his guided Arrows pierce,

And wound the Monarch of the Universe.

There's none but feel his mighty Pow'r, ev'n I

Have no Exemption from his Tyranny.

*Phæbus* himself, who has such store of Heat,

Whose genial Warmth doth living things beget ;

If once my little Rover stirs Desire,

Rages and burns with new contracted Fire.

Therefore who e're thou art that tak'st the Boy,

Pray bind him fast, and all thy skill employ

To bring him home ; ne're mind his Childish Tears,

(The Rogue is witty far above his Years)

But

But if he seem well-pleas'd, and smile, beware,  
His Smiles are Treason, ev'ry Look's a Snare.  
All his fair Words (like foul Infection) shun,  
And from his Gifts as from Destruction run;  
His burning Arrows, and envenom'd Breath,  
And ev'ry thing he has, is stamp't with Death.

---

T O



TO HER  
ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE  
DUTCHESS of YORK,  
ON THE

SEA VICTORY *gain'd by the DUKE,*  
*June 3. 1665. And on her Journey after-*  
*wards into the North.*

---

By Mr. D R I D E N.

---

MADAM,

W HEN, for our sakes, your *Heroe* you resign'd  
To swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless Wind;  
When you releas'd his Courage, and set free  
A Valour fatal to the Enemy,

You

You lodg'd your Country's Cares within your Brest  
(The Mansion where soft Love should only rest :)  
And e're our Foes abroad were overcome,  
The noblest Conquest you had gain'd at home.  
Ah, what Concerns did both your Souls divide!  
Your Honour gave us what your Love deny'd:  
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue  
Those Foes he fought with, than to part from you,  
That glorious Day, which two such Navies saw,  
As each, unmatch'd, might to the World give Law.  
*Neptune*, yet doubtful whom he shou'd obey,  
Held to them both the Trident of the Sea:  
The Winds were hush'd, the Waves in ranks were cast,  
As awfully as when God's People pass:  
Those, yet uncertain on whose Sails to blow,  
These, where the Wealth of Nations ought to flow.  
Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd the Day:  
While all the Brave did his Command obey,  
The Fair and Pious under you did pray.

How pow'rful are chaste Vows! the Wind and Tide,  
You brib'd to Combat on the *English* side.

Thus to your much lov'd Lord you did convey  
An unknown Succour, sent the nearest way.

New Vigor to his wearied Arms you brought,  
(So *Moses* was upheld while *Israel* fought.)

While, from afar, we heard the Cannon play,  
Like distant Thunder on a shiny Day.

For absent Friends we were aham'd to fear,  
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.

Ships, Men and Arms, our Country might restore,  
But such a Leader cou'd supply no more.

With gen'rous Thoughts of Conquest he did burn,  
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.

Fortune and Victory he did pursue,  
To bring them, as his Slaves, to wait on you.

Thus Beauty ravish'd the Rewards of Fame,  
And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave o'recame.

Then,

Then, as you meant to spread another way  
 By Land your Conquests far as his by Sea,  
 Leaving our Southern Clime, you march'd along  
 The stubborn North, ten thousand *Cupids* strong.  
 Like Commons the Nobility resort,  
 In crowding heaps, to fill your moving Court:  
 To welcome your approach the Vulgar run,  
 Like some new Envoy from the distant Sun.  
 And Country Beauties by their Lovers go,  
 Blessing themselves, and wond'ring at the Show.  
 So when the New-born *Phænix* first is seen,  
 Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen.  
 And, while she makes her Progress thro' the East,  
 From ev'ry Grove her num'rous Train's increast:  
 Each Poet of the Air her Glory Sings,  
 And round him the pleas'd Audience clap their Wings.

L

O D E

O D E  
I N T H E  
S P R I N G  
To the Returning  
S U N.

W Ellcome, thou God of Light and Heat,  
Where hast thou made thy long Retreat?  
Thou tak'st Delight in *Indian* Climes to stay,  
And still the happy East  
Is with thy longest Presence blest ;  
Or else perhaps in Am'rous Play,  
Beneath th' immortal Greens of *Tempe's* Grove,  
While feebl' Hands thy Chariot drove,

Hast

Haft loiter'd with some Object of thy Love:  
Or haft thou been in Mines below,  
Where Pearls and Infant Diamonds grow?  
(For they their Birth to thy kind influence owe.)  
But fay where-ever thou haft been,  
In all thy Walks thro' Earth or Skies,  
Are any Wonders thou haft feen  
So dazling bright as fair *Francelia's* Eyes?

II.

Does *Arabia's* Spicy Coaft  
Half fo rich an Odour boaft?  
Or can *Java's* perfum'd Air  
With her fragrant Breath compare?  
But why fhould I to fpeak of her,  
Confine thee to the fpace of one revolving Year?  
Thou thy glorious Race haft run,  
Ever fince the World begun;

Thou saw'st when *Venus* from the Billows rose,  
'Twas thou first kiss'd her Coral Mouth,  
And blest her with Eternal Youth ;  
(Did the young Goddess then more Charms disclose?)  
Had her Mien so good a Grace?  
Was such Sweetness in her Face?  
She must yield her Rival place;  
Her mighty Rival can inspire  
Higher Joys and fiercer Fire.  
*Francelia* can alone dispence  
Every Charm to ev'ry Sense ;  
Musick lives upon her Tongue,  
She's to our Ears the *Syrens* Song,  
And when she strikes our ravish'd sight,  
One polish'd Beam of thy own Mid-day Light.

## III.

Let other Nymphs with Art and Pains  
Some poor unwary Heart betray,

While

While she, diffus'd like thy own Brightness, reigns,  
And rules Mankind with universal Sway.

Consenting Nations in her Praise agree,  
I join with them, but want her Mercy more;  
For tho' alike we wonder and adore,

Yet none can love like me.

Nature, when first she took me from the Womb,  
Thus smiling destin'd all my Days to come;

Scepters, she said, I give to other Hands,

Thy Wreaths of Empire are *Francelia's* Bands;

My darling Son, and most distinguish'd Care,

For thee this double Portion I prepare,

Thou glorious thou, *Francelia's* Chains shalt wear.

And from this early moment to thy Grave

Be greater far than Kings, for thou'rt *Francelia's* (Slave.



THE  
STORY  
OF  
ANTS  
Chang'd to  
MEN:

From the Seventh BOOK of  
*OVID's METAMORPHOSES.*

---

By Mr. STONESTREET.

---

A Dreadful Plague from angry *Juno* came,  
To scourge the Land that bore her Rival's  
Before her fatal Anger was reveal'd, (Name;  
And teeming Malice lay as yet conceal'd,

All

All Remedies we try, all Med'cines use,  
Which Nature cou'd supply, or Art produce;  
Th' unconquer'd Foe derides the vain Design,  
And Art and Nature foil'd declare the Cause Divine.

At first we only felt th' oppressive weight  
Of gloomy Clouds, then teeming with our Fate, }  
And lab'ring to discharge unactive Heat : }  
But e're four Moons alternate Changes knew, }  
With deadly Blasts the fatal *South-wind* blew, }  
Infected all the Air, and poison'd as it flew. }  
Our Fountains too a dire Infection yield,  
For crowds of Vipers creep along the Field,  
And with polluted Gore, and baneful Steams,  
Taint all the Lakes, and venom all the Streams.

The young Disease with milder force began,  
And rag'd on Birds and Beasts, excusing Man.

The lab'ring Oxen fall before the Plow,  
Th' unhappy Plow-men stare, and wonder how:  
The tabid Sheep, with sickly Bleatings, pines,  
Its Wool decreasing, as its Strength declines:  
The Warlike Steed, by inward Foes compell'd,  
Neglects his Honours, and deserts the Field,  
Unnerv'd and languid seeks a base Retreat,  
And at the Manger groans, but wish'd a nobler Fate:  
The Stags forget their speed, the Boars their rage,  
Nor can the Bears the stronger Herds engage:  
A gen'ral Faintness does invade 'em all,  
And in the Woods and Fields promiscuously they fall.  
The Air receives the Stench, and (strange to say)  
The rav'nous Birds and Beasts avoid the Prey:  
Th' offensive Bodies rot upon the Ground,  
And spread the dire Contagion all around.

But now the Plague, grown to a larger size,  
Riots on Man, and scorns a meaner Prize,

In-

Intestine Heats begin the Civil War,  
And Flushings first the latent Flame declare,  
And Breath inspir'd, which seem'd like fiery Air. }  
Their black dry Tongues are swell'd, and scarce can (move,  
And short thick Sighs from panting Lungs are drove;  
They gape for Air, with flatt'ring Hopes t' abate  
Their raging Flames, but that augments their Heat;  
No Bed, no Cov'ring can the Wretches bear, }  
But on the Ground, expos'd to open Air,  
They lye, and hope to find a pleasing coolness there. }  
The suff'ring Earth, with that Oppression curst,  
Returns the Heat which they imparted first.

In vain Physicians would bestow their Aid,  
Vain all their Art, and useless all their Trade;  
And they, ev'n they, who fleeting Life recall,  
Feel the same Pow'rs, and undistinguish'd fall.

If

If any proves so daring to attend  
 His sick Companion, or his darling Friend,  
 Th' officious Wretch sucks in contagious Breath,  
 And with his Friend does sympathize in Death.

And now the Care and Hopes of Life are past,  
 They please their Fancies, and indulge their Taste;  
 At Brooks and Streams, regardless of their Shame,  
 Each Sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their Flame;  
 Nor do they strive in vain to quench it there,  
 For Thirst and Life at once extinguish'd are.  
 Thus in the Brooks the dying Bodies sink,  
 But heedless still the rash Survivors drink.

So much uneasie Down the Wretches hate,  
 They fly their Beds to struggle with their Fate,  
 But if decaying Strength forbids to rise,  
 The Victim crawls and rolls 'till on the Ground he  
 (lies.  
 Each

Each shuns his Bed, as each wou'd shun his Tomb,  
And thinks th' Infection only lodg'd at home,

Here one, with fainting steps, does slowly creep  
O're Heaps of Dead, and straight augments a Heap;  
Another, while his Strength and Tongue prevail'd,  
Bewails his Friend, and falls himself bewail'd:  
This with imploring Looks surveys the Skies,  
The last dear Office of his closing Eyes,  
But finds the Heav'ns implacable, and dies.

What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled Mind?  
But only hopes my Subjects Fate to find.  
What Place soe're my weeping Eyes survey,  
There in lamented Heaps the Vulgar lay;  
As Acorns scatter when the Winds prevail,  
Or mellow Fruits from shaken Branches fall.

You

You see that Dome which rears its Front so high :  
 'Tis sacred to the Monarch of the Sky ,  
 How many there, with unregarded Tears,  
 And fruitless Vows, sent up successful Pray'rs?  
 There Fathers for expiring Sons implor'd,  
 And there the Wife bewail'd her gasping Lord,  
 With Pious Off'rings they'd appease the Skies,  
 But they, e're yet th' attoning Vapours rise,  
 Before the Altars fall, themselves a Sacrifice :  
 They fall, while yet their Hands the Gums contain,  
 The Gums surviving, but their Off'ers slain.

The destin'd Ox, with holy Garlands Crown'd,  
 Prevents the Blow, and feels an unexpected Wound :  
 When I my self invok'd the Pow'rs Divine,  
 To drive this fatal Pest from Me and Mine,  
 When now the Priest with Hands uplifted stood,  
 Prepar'd to strike, and shed the sacred Blood,

The

The Gods themselves the mortal Stroke bestow,  
 The Victim falls, but *They* impart the Blow :  
 Scarce was the Knife with the pale Purple stain'd,  
 And no Prefages cou'd be then obtain'd  
 From putrid Entrails, where th' Infection reign'd.

Death stalk'd around with such resistless sway,  
 The Temples of the Gods his Force obey,  
 And Suppliants feel his Stroke while yet they pray.  
*Go now, said he, your Deities implore  
 For fruitless Aid, for I despise their Pow'r.*  
 Then with a curst malicious Joy survey'd  
 The very Altars, stain'd with Trophies of the Dead.

The rest grown mad, and frantick with Despair,  
 Urge their own Fate, and so prevent the Fear.  
*Strange madness that, when Death pursu'd so fast,  
 T' anticipate the Blow with impious hast.*

No



No decent Honour to their Urns are paid,  
Nor could the Graves receive the num'rous Dead ;  
For or they lay unbury'd on the Ground,  
Or unadorn'd a needy Fun'ral found :  
All Rev'rence past, the fainting Wretches fight  
For Fun'ral Piles which were anothers Right.

Unmourn'd they fall, for who surviv'd to mourn ?  
And Sires and Mothers unlamented burn :  
Parents and Sons sustain an equal Fate,  
And wand'ring Ghosts their kindred Shadows meet.  
The Dead a larger space of Ground require,  
Nor are the Trees sufficient for the Fire.

Desparing under Grief's oppressive weight,  
And sunk by these tempestuous Blasts of Fate,  
O *Jove*, said I, if common Fame says true,  
If e're *Aegina* gave those Joys to you,

If

If e're you lay enclos'd in her Embrace,  
Fond of her Charms, and eager to possess;  
O Father, if you do not yet disclaim  
Paternal Care, nor yet disown the Name,  
Grant my Petitions, and with speed restore  
My Subjects num'rous as they were before,  
Or make me Partner of the Fate they bore.  
I spoke, and glorious Lightning shone around,  
And ratling Thunder gave a prosp'rous sound;  
So let it be, and may these Omens prove  
A pledge, said I, of your returning Love.

By chance a rev'rend Oak was near the Place,  
Sacred to *Jove*, and of *Dodona's* Race,  
Where frugal Ants laid up their Winter Meat,  
Whose little Bodies bear a mighty Weight:  
We saw them march along, and hide their store,  
And much admir'd their Number, and their Pow'r;  
Admir'd at first, but after envy'd more.

Full of Amazement, thus to *Jove* I pray'd,  
O grant, since thus my Subjects are decay'd,  
As many Subjects to supply the Dead.

}

I pray'd, and strange Convulsions mov'd the Oak,  
Which murmur'd, tho' by ambient Winds unshook:  
My trembling Hands, and stiff erected Hair,  
Express all Tokens of uncommon Fear;  
Yet both the Earth and sacred Oak I kist,  
And scarce cou'd hope, yet still I hop'd the best;  
*For Wretches, whatsoe're the Fates divine,*  
*Expound all Omens to their own Design.*

But now 'twas Night, when ev'n Distraction wears  
A pleasing Look, and Dreams beguile our Cares.  
Lo! the same Oak appears before my Eyes,  
Nor alter'd in its Shape, nor former Size;  
As many Ants the num'rous Branches bear,  
The same their Labour, and their frugal Care;

The

The Branches too a like Commotion found,  
 And shook th' industrious Creatures on the Ground,  
 Who, by degrees, (what's scarce to be believ'd)  
 A nobler Form, and larger Bulk receiv'd,  
 And on the Earth walk'd an unusual Pace  
 With manly Strides, and an erected Face;  
 Their num'rous Legs, and former Colour lost,  
 The Insects cou'd a Human Figure boast.

I wake, and waking find my Cares again,  
 And to the unperforming Gods complain,  
 And call their Promise and Pretences vain. }  
 Yet in my Court I heard the murm'ring Voice  
 Of Strangers, and a mixt uncommon Noise:  
 But I suspected all was still a Dream,  
 'Till *Telamon* to my Apartment came,  
 Op'ning the Door with an impetuous haſt,  
 O come, ſaid he, and ſee your Faith and Hopes ſur- (paſt:

M

I

I follow, and, confus'd with Wonder, view  
Those Shapes which my presaging Slumbers drew :  
I saw, and own'd and call'd them Subjects; they  
Confest my Pow'r, submissive to my Sway.  
To *Jove*, Restorer of my Race decay'd,  
My Vows were first with due Oblations paid.  
I then divide with an impartial Hand  
My empty City, and my ruin'd Land,  
To give the New-born Youth an equal share,  
And call them *Myrmidons*, from what they were.  
You saw their Persons, and they still retain  
The Thrift of *Ants*, tho' now transform'd to Men.  
A Frugal People, and innur'd to sweat,  
Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get.  
These, equal both in Strength and Years, shall join  
Their willing Aid, and follow your Design,  
With the first Southern Gale that shall present  
To fill your Sails, and favour your Intent.

T O

T O

DOCTOR GIBBONS

---

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

---

**T**HE Fires that fell in Ages past from Heav'n,  
Were to the charge of Priests and Augurs giv'n.  
Life, the most active, most exalted Fire  
The great creating Godhead could inspire,  
Breath'd into Man, while yet the World was new,  
Is now committed to the Care of you:  
How you discharge your Trust, maintain your Post,  
Tho' you are silent, I have cause to boast.  
Again, the rising Muse expands her Wings,  
Again prepares to mount, and mounting sings.

M 2

Again

Again wou'd celebrate some sacred Name,  
And chuses you, who rais'd her, for her Theme.  
Yee conscious Poets, be no longer vain,  
Confess your Weakness, and your Pride contain;  
Quit your bold Claim, and end your idle Strife,  
It is not yours to give Immortal Life.  
Ev'n you, to him, on all occasions fly,  
Without whose Aid you and your Muses die.  
His Succour is implor'd, where Wit declines,  
Where Lovers languish, and where Beauty pines;  
Where Monarchs faint beneath the weight of Crowns,  
And sicken in their Robes on Silver Thrones:  
His sacred Art, their sacred Lives sustains,  
And strengthens them again to guide the Reins.  
As *Iris* enter'd with her Golden Beams  
The Cave of Sleep, and chas'd away the Dreams,  
Diseases seem to fly at his approach,  
And circling Blood keeps measure at his touch.

So

So leaps the Lover's Heart, so beats and moves,  
When he lyes folded in her Arms he loves.  
So, influenc'd by the Moon, wide Oceans roll,  
And so the Needle trembles to the Pole.  
O *Gibbons*! I am rais'd, there's nought I see  
Above my reach, when thus reviv'd by thee.  
Now cou'd I paint a well-disputed Field,  
Or praise proud Beauties, 'till I made them yield.  
But Gratitude a diff'rent Song requires,  
My Breast enlarges, and dilates my Fires.  
Life, the first Blessing Humankind can boast,  
Life, which can never be restor'd when lost,  
Endear'd by Health, from Pain and Sicknes free,  
Is the blest Gift bestow'd by Heav'n and thee:  
How shall I then, or Heav'n, or you regard?  
The Care of both has been beyond Reward,  
But grateful Poets, off'ring up their Lays, (Praise,  
Find you content with Thanks, and Heav'n with



O! may your Stream of Life run smooth, but strong;  
Long may you live,---that others may live long.  
'Till healing Plants no more on Mountains grow;  
'Till mineral Waters have forgot to flow,  
And paint the Vallies where they glide below;  
While Silver *Helicon* delights the Taft,  
And while the Muses sacred Mount shall last.

Their Songs, for thee, the Sisters shall design,  
The grateful Subject of the tuneful Nine;  
Oft shalt thou fill their Songs; ---and always mine.

T O

T O

Mr. CONGREVE.

---

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

---

**L**ET other Poets other Patrons chuse,  
Get their best Price, and prostitute their Muse,  
With flatt'ring Hopes, and fruitless Labour wait,  
And court the slipp'ry Friendship of the Great:  
Some trifling Present by my Lord is made,  
And then the Patron thinks the Poet paid.  
On you, my surer, nobler Hopes depend,  
For you are all I wish; you are a Friend.  
From you, my Muse her Inspiration drew,  
All she performs, I Consecrate to you.

M 4

You

You taught me first my Genius and my Pow'r,  
Taught me to know my own, but gave me more:  
Others may sparingly their Wealth impart,  
But he gives noblest, who bestows an Art.  
Nature, and you alone, can that confer,  
And I owe you, what you your self owe her.  
O! *Congreve*, cou'd I write in Verse like thine,  
Then in each Page, in ev'ry charming Line,  
Should Gratitude, and sacred Friendship shine.  
Your Lines run all on easie, even Feet;  
Clear is your Sense, and your Expression sweet:  
Rich is your Fancy, and your Numbers go  
Serene and smooth, as Crystal Waters flow.  
Smooth as a peaceful Sea which never rolls,  
And soft, as kind consenting Virgins Souls.  
Nor does your Verse alone our Passions move,  
Beyond the Poet, we the Person love.

In

In you, and almost only you, we find  
Sublimity of Wit, and Candor of the Mind:  
Both have their Charms, and both give that Delight,  
'Tis pity that you shou'd, or shou'd not Write:  
But your strong Genius Fortune's Pow'r defies,  
And, in despight of Poetry, you rise,  
To you the Favour of the World is shown,  
Enough for any Merit, but your own.  
Your Fortune rises equal with your Fame,  
The best of Poets, but above the Name.  
O! may you never miss deserv'd Success,  
But raise your Fortunes 'till I wish them less.

Here shou'd I, not to tire your Patience, end;  
But who can part so soon, with such a Friend.  
You know my Soul, like yours, without Design,  
You know me yours, and I too know you mine.

I owe you all I am, and needs must mourn,  
 My want of Pow'r to make you some return.  
 Since you gave all, do not a part refuse,  
 But take this slender Off'ring of the Muse.  
 Friendship, from servile Int'rest free, secures  
 My Love, sincerely, and entirely yours.

---

T H E  
*L A D Y's S O N G.*

---

By Mr. *D R T D E N.*

---

I.

**A** Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear,  
 To chuse a *May*-Lady to govern the Year:  
 All the Nymphs were in White, and the Shepherds in <sup>(Green,</sup>  
 The Garland was giv'n, and *Phillis* was Queen:  
 But *Phillis* refus'd it, and fighting did say,  
 I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

II. While

II.

While *Pan*, and fair *Syrinx*, are fled from our Shore,  
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:  
The soft God of Pleasure that warm'd our Desires,  
Has broken his Bow, and extinguish'd his Fires;  
And vows that himself, and his Mother, will mourn,  
'Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

III.

Forbear your Addresses, and Court us no more,  
For we will perform what the Deity swore:  
But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,  
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your Arms;  
Then Lawrels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,  
When *Pan*, and his Son, and fair *Syrinx*, return.

A N

A N

## E P I S T L E

F R O M

Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS*

T O

Mr. *T A L D E N*

I N

O X O N.

**M**Y lab'ring Muse, grown tir'd of being hurl'd  
And tost about, in a tempestuous World,  
Prays for a Calm, implores some quiet Seat,  
And seeks what yours has found, a sweet Retreat.

Now

Now your blest Fields their Summer Liv'ry wear,  
Their Fruits your loaden'd Trees in Season bear;  
But Learning flourishes throughout the Year.

From your full Spring o're *Brittain's* Isle it streams,  
And spreads like *Isis*, when she meets the *Thames*.  
Rear'd on her Banks, the Musés Lawrel grows,  
Adorn'd by yours, adorning others Brows.

Sweet are her Streams, sweet the furrounding Air,  
But sweeter are the Songs she ecchoes there.

There the Great *Ormond's* daily Praise is sung,  
There *Addison's* harmonious Harp is strung,  
And there *Lucretius* learnt the *English* Tongue.

Well might I here the large Account pursue,  
But you have stopt me----for I write to you.

Methinks I see the tuneful Sisters ride,  
Mounted like Sea-Nymphs on the swelling Tide,

The



The Silver Swans are silent while they play,  
*Augusta* hears their Notes, and puts to Sea,  
*Dryden* and *Congreve* meet them half the way.  
All wafted by their own sweet Voices move,  
And all is Harmony——

And all that's Harmony, is Joy and Love.  
All are in all the tuneful Numbers skill'd,  
And now *Apollo* boasts his Confort fill'd.

Here listen while our *English Maro* sings,  
Born like the *Mantuan* Swan on equal Wings:  
Mark the great Numbers, mind the lofty Song,  
The Sense as clear and just, the Lines as strong.

Hark yonder where the *Mourning Bride* complains,  
And melt with pity at the moving Strains:  
Wait the Conclusion, then allay your Grief,  
Vice meets with Ruin, Virtue with Relief.

Walk

Walk thither, and the charming Musick leads;  
To murm'ring Waters, and enchanting Meads:  
Mark by the River-side, along the Plain,  
The dancing Shepherdess, and piping Swain,  
Then see him take the Kiss that Crowns his Pain.

There hearken where the knowing Poet sings  
Mysterious Nature, and the Seeds of Things;  
How in the teeming Earth hard Metals grow,  
From what far distant Fountains Rivers flow,  
What moves the Stars above, and Seas below.

Now see the charming Confort fail along,  
Each tunes his Harp, and each prepares his Song:  
To the *Musæum* see them all repair,  
And see them all receive their Laurels there.  
A learn'd and rev'rend Circle ready stands,  
To Crown the Candidates with willing Hands.

*Aldrich,*

*Aldrich*, who can the first large Portion boast,  
Knows, loves and cherishes the Muses most :  
Who gives ev'n Christ's-Church its peculiar Grace,  
The first in Merit, as the first in Place.  
O! Friend, have I not reason to complain,  
Of Fate that shut me out from such a Train?  
For that, who would not shift the Tragick Scene?

Tho' tir'd of restless rambling up and down,  
Or a more restless Settlement in Town :  
Chang'd in the rest, let this my Love commend,  
*Talden*, believe I never chang'd my Friend.

*From London-Derry,*  
*August 3. 1699.*

# O D E

O N T H E

# D E A T H

O F T H E

## Marquis of *Blandford*.

I.

**S**UCH is the Doom of unrelenting Fate,  
That greatest Hopes have shortest Date:

Our Pleasures vanish, our Designs are crost,  
And Gifts most justly priz'd are soonest lost:

Death has the choice of Things on Earth,  
And, waiting closely from their Birth,  
The Pride of Nature still delights to blast,  
And, uncreated, will the World out-last.

N

II. The

## II.

The World, with Blessings ill supply'd before,  
Is made by one Misfortune poor ;  
The fairest Person, and best temper'd Mind,  
And sharpest Wit with softest Nature join'd,  
Engaging Humour, weighty Sense,  
And Joy, the Gift of Innocence,  
No more in one unrival'd Youth we find,  
His Soul is gone in whom those Graces shin'd.

## III.

To Heav'n 'tis gone, ordain'd for Bliss above,  
'Twas here all Harmony and Love:  
There happy live, and while you rest secure  
From all the Pangs your weeping Friends endure,  
Oh pity those that mourn below !  
And hear these doleful Numbers flow ;  
Too mean a Tribute, and too bold a Flight,  
What Muse can soar to your Immortal height ?

IV. See

IV.

See envious Grief, that scarce your Parents knew;  
Still banish'd from their fight by you,  
With dismal Force expels their Native Grace;  
And takes Revenge on all their Beauteous Race:  
It brings rude Horror, wild Despair,  
And strikes their Breasts, and tears their Hair.  
For you they call, for you fond Wishes send,  
The best Relation, and the kindest Friend.

V.

'Tis fruitless all: Let Reason now return,  
Why shou'd the Wife so vainly Mourn?  
Why send Complaints where no Redress is found?  
Our Dooms are next, whose Years roll swiftly round.  
Thou fly'st, O Time, to stop our Breath,  
Thou faithful Minister of Death,  
And we, too blind our Periods to foretel,  
Should dare thy Malice, but employ thee well.

A

## T H O U G H T

U P O N

## H U M A N L I F E.

Paraphras'd from

*S I M O N I D E S.*

---

By Mr. *T A T E*.

---

**I**N various Ways designing Mortals move;  
But still th' Event is in the Hands of *Jove*.

Men by the poor Retail of Minutes live,  
And Fate but lends the Life it seems to give:  
Tenants at Will we are to Heav'nly Pow'rs,  
And Debtors for the Breath we think is ours.

On

On Life's wide Ocean diversly launch'd out,  
 Our Minds alike are tost on Waves of Doubt;  
 Holding no steddy Course, or constant Sail,  
 But shift and tack with ev'ry Veering Gale.  
 Bewitch'd by Fairy-hopes, we tug in vain,  
 Some flying and enchanted Isle to gain;  
 'Till pitying Chance a kind Disaster sends,  
 And by a lucky Wreck the fruitless Labour ends.

Tho' Night by Night we find, to our dear cost,  
 Our last-spent Day, like all the former, lost,  
 'Tis yet the common Refuge of our Sorrow,  
 On the next Day's uncertain Stock to borrow,  
 'Till broke with Debts on each *Insolvent* Morrow.  
 Some run o' Score for Weeks, or Months; and some  
 Anticipate for Bliss next Year to come;  
 When, Darling-Fav'rites, they at Ease shall sit  
 In Fortune's Lap, and see their Wishes hit,



Revel in Plenty, Pleasure, Peace, and Mirth—

When lo! before the promis'd Season's Birth

The weening Mortal dies—or has his Breath

Prolong'd by Sicknefs to a living Death:

Or (forc'd thro' Camps or distant Seas to roam)

Seeks Fate Abroad, or found by Fate at Home;

For Human Life (by Nature's Law assign'd

One Entrance) does a thousand Out-lets find:

But still the Path to each with Care beset,

Molesting Griefs in ev'ry Passage met.

Whose straggling Troops since none can always

Not to Alarm, or on the Foe to run,

Is all that by the Wifest can be done.

And dext'rously our Skill shall be employ'd,

Adding no Griefs to those we can't avoid.

**T H E**

THE  
VISION.

---

By Mrs. S I N G E R.

---

'T WAS in the 'close Recesses of a Shade,  
A Shade for Sacred Contemplation made;  
No Beauteous Branch, no Plant, or fragrant Flow'r,  
But flourish'd near the Fair Delicious Bow'r;  
With charming State its lofty Arches rise  
Adorn'd with Blossoms, as with Stars the Skies:  
All pure and fragrant was the Air I drew,  
Which Winds thro' Mirtle Groves and Orange blew,  
Clear Waves along with pleasing Murmur rush,  
And down the artful Falls in noble Cataracts gush.

'Twas here, within this happy Place retir'd,  
Harmonious Pleasures all my Soul inspir'd;

I take my Lyre, and try each tuneful String,  
Now War, now Love, and Beauty's Force would sing;  
To Heav'nly Subjects now, in serious Lays,  
I strive my faint, unskilful Voice to raise:  
But as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,  
My Cares in easie Slumbers glide away;  
Nor with such grateful Sleep, such soothing Rest,  
And Dreams like this I e'er before was blest'd,  
No wild uncouth *Chimera's* intervene,  
To break the perfect intellectual Scene.

The Place was all with Heav'nly Light o'er-flown,  
And Glorious with Immortal Splendor shone;  
When! lo a bright Æthereal Youth drew near,  
Ineffable his Motions and his Air,  
A soft, beneficent, expressless Grace,  
With Life's most florid Bloom adorn'd his Face;

His

His lovely Brows Immortal Lawrel bind,  
And long his radiant Hair fell down behind,  
His azure Robes hung free, and waving to the Wind.  
Angelick his Address, his tuneful Voice  
Inspir'd a thousand elevating Joys:  
When thus the wond'rous Youth his Silence broke,  
And with an Accent all Celestial spoke.

To Heav'n, nor longer pause, devote thy Songs,  
To Heav'n the Muse's sacred Art belongs;  
Let his unbounded Glory be thy Theme,  
Who fills th' Eternal Regions with his Fame;  
And when Death's fatal Sleep shall close thine Eyes,  
In Triumph we'll attend thee to the Skies;  
We'll Crown thee there with everlasting Bays,  
And teach thee all our celebrated Lays.  
This spoke, the shining Vision upward flies,  
And darts as Lightning thro' the cleaving Skies.

UPON

U P O N

*Young Mr. Rogers*

O F

*GLOUCESTERSHIRE.*

---

*By Mr. D R Y D E N.*

---

**O**F gentle Blood, his Parents only Treasure,  
Their lasting Sorrow, and their vanish'd Pleasure,  
Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit and Grace,  
A large Provision for so short a Race;  
More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,  
Too early fitted for a better State;  
But, knowing Heav'n his Home, to shun Delay,  
He leap'd o'er Age, and took the shortest Way.

THE

THE THIRD

O D E

O F

ANACREON,

TRANSLATED.

AT dead of Night, when Stars appear,  
And strong *Boötes* turns the Bear;  
When Mortals sleep their Cares away,  
Fatigu'd with Labours of the Day,  
*Cupid* was knocking at my Gate;  
Who's there? said I: Who knocks so late,  
Disturbs my Dream, and breaks my Rest?  
O fear not me, a harmless Guest,

He

He said; but open, open pray;  
A foolish Child, I lost my Way,  
And wander here this Moonless Night,  
All Wet and Cold, and wanting Light.  
With due Regard his Voice I heard,  
Then rose, a ready Lamp prepar'd,  
And saw a naked Boy below,  
With Wings, a Quiver, and a Bow:  
In haste I ran, unlock'd my Gate,  
Secure, and thoughtless of my Fate;  
I gave the Child an easie Chair  
Against the Fire, and dry'd his Hair;  
Brought friendly Cups of chearful Wine,  
And warm'd his little Hands with mine.  
All this did I with kind Intent;  
But he, on wanton Mischief bent,  
Said, Dearest Friend, this Bow you see,  
This pretty Bow belongs to me:

Observe,



Observe, I pray, if all be right,  
I fear the Rain has spoil'd it quite:  
He drew it then, and straight I found  
Within my Breast a secret Wound.  
This done, the Rogue no longer staid,  
But leap'd away, and laughing said,  
Kind Host adieu, we now must part,  
Safe is my Bow, but sick thy Heart.

---

**T O**



T O A  
L A D Y

That design'd going to a

Fortune-Teller.

**Y**OU, Madam, may with Safety go,  
Decrees of Destiny to know ;  
For at your Birth kind Planets reign'd,  
And certain Happiness ordain'd:  
Such Charms as yours are only giv'n  
To chosen Favourites of Heav'n.

But such is my uncertain State,  
'Tis dangerous to try my Fate:

For

For I wou'd only know from Art,  
The future Motions of your Heart,  
And what predestinated Doom  
Attends my Love for Years to come;  
No Secrets else that Mortals learn  
My Care deserve, or Life concern;  
But this will so important be,  
I dread to search the dark Decree:  
For while the smallest Hope remains,  
Faint Joys are mingled with my Pains;  
Vain distant Views my Fancy please,  
And give some intermitting Ease:  
But shou'd the Stars too plainly show  
That you have doom'd my endless Woe,  
No Human Force, nor Art, cou'd bear  
The Torment of my wild Despair.

This Secret then I dare not know,  
And other Truths are useless now.

What

What matter, if unblest'd in Love,  
How long or short my Life will prove?  
To gratifie what low Desire,  
Shou'd I with needless Haste enquire,  
How Great, how Wealthy I shall be?  
O! what is Wealth or Pow'r to me?  
If I am happy, or undone,  
It must proceed from you alone.

---

CHA-

# CHARITY;

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Thirteenth CHAPTER of the First EPISTLE

TO THE

CORINTHIANS.

**D**ID sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,  
Than ever Men pronounc'd, or Angels sung:  
Had I all Knowledge Human and Divine,  
That Thought can reach, or Science can define,  
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,  
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:

O

Did

Did *Shadreck's* Zeal my glowing Breast inspire,  
To weary Tortures and rejoice in Fire:  
Or had I Faith like that which *Israel* saw,  
When *Moses* gave them Miracles and Law:  
Yet, Gracious *Charity*, indulgent Guest,  
Were not thy Pow'r exerted in my Brest,  
Those Speeches would send up unheeded Pray'r:  
That scorn of Life wou'd be but wild Despair;  
A Tymbal's sound were better than my Voice,  
My Faith were Form, my Eloquence were Noise.

*Charity*, Decent, Modest, Easie, Kind,  
Softens the High, and rears the Abject Mind;  
Knows with just Reins and gentle Hand to guide,  
Betwixt Vile Shame and Arbitrary Pride.  
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,  
And much she suffers as she much believes.

Soft

Soft Peace she brings where-ever she arrives,  
She builds our Quiet, as she forms our Lives,  
Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature ev'n,  
And opens in each Heart a little *Heav'n*.

Each other Gift which *God* on Man bestows,  
Its proper Bounds and due Restriction knows:  
To one fixt Purpose dedicates its Pow'r,  
And finishing its Act, exists no more.  
Thus, in Obedience to what *Heav'n* decrees,  
Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease;  
But lasting *Charity's* more ample sway,  
Nor bound by Time, nor subject to decay,  
In happy Triumph shall for ever live,  
And endless Good diffuse, and endless Praise receive.

As thro' the Artist's intervening Glass,  
Our Eye observes the distant Planets pass.

A little we discover, but allow  
That more remains unseen than Art can show :  
So whilst our Mind its Knowledge wou'd improve,  
(Its feeble Eye intent on things above)  
High as we may we lift our Reason up,  
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope.  
Yet are we able only to survey  
Dawnings of Beams and Promises of Day;  
*Heav'n's* fuller Effluence mocks our dazzl'd Sight,  
Too great its Swiftnefs, and too strong its Light.

But soon the Mediate Clouds shall be dispell'd,  
The *Sun* shall soon be Face to Face beheld,  
With all his Robes, with all his Glory on,  
Seated Sublime on his Meridian Throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall dye,  
One lost in Certainty, and one in Joy :

Whilst

Whilst thou, more happy Pow'r, fair *Charity*,  
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,  
Thy Office and thy Nature still the same,  
Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,  
Shalt still survive——  
Shalt stand before the Host of *Heav'n* confest,  
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

---

O 3

ADRI.



## ADRIANI MORIENTIS

A D

## A N I M A M.

**A** *Nimula, vagula, blandula,  
 Hospes, Comesque Corporis,  
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca,  
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
 Nec ut soles, dabis joca.*

---

By Monsieur Fontenelle.

**M** *A petite Ame, ma Mignonne,  
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu scache où (tu vas ;  
 Tu pars seulette, nuë & tremblotante, hélas !  
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne ?  
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ebats ?*

TRANSLA.

*T R A N S L A T E D.*

**P**OOOR little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,  
Must we no longer live together?  
And dost thou prune thy doubtful Wing,  
To take thy Flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,  
Lyes interrupted and forgot ;  
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,  
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

O 4

T O

TO A  
CHILD of QUALITY  
OF  
FIVE YEARS OLD,  
The Author suppos'd Forty.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

Lords, Knights, and Squires, the num'rous Band  
That wear the Fair Miss *Mary's* Fetters,  
Were summon'd, by her high Command,  
'To show their Passion by their Letters.

My

My Pen amongst the rest I took,  
Least those bright Eyes that cannot read  
Shou'd dart their kindling Fires, and look  
The Pow'r they have to be obey'd.

Nor Quality, nor Reputation,  
Forbid me yet my Flame to tell,  
Dear Five Years old befriends my Passion,  
And I may Write 'till she can Spell.

For while she makes her Silk-worms Beds  
With all the tender things I swear,  
Whilst all the House my Passion reads,  
In Papers round her Baby's Hair.

She may receive and own my Flame,  
For tho' the strictest *Prudes* shou'd know it,  
She'll pass for a most virtuous Dame,  
And I for an unhappy Poet. Then

Then too, alas, when she shall tear

The Lines some younger Rival sends,  
She'll give me leave to Write, I fear,  
And we shall still continue Friends.

For as our diff'rent Ages move,

'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd Fate but mend it,  
That I shall be past making Love,  
When she begins to comprehend it.

---

T H E

THE  
LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS,  
IN  
IMITATION  
OF A  
GREEK IDYLLIUM.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**C**Elia and I the other Day  
Walk'd o're the Sand-hills to the Sea:  
The setting Sun adorn'd the Coast,  
His Beams entire, his Fierceness loft;  
And on the Surface of the deep,  
The Winds lay only not asleep:  
The Prospect and the Nymph were gay,  
With silent Joy I heard her say,  
That we shou'd walk there ev'ry Day.

}  
But

But oh! the Change! the Winds grew high,  
Impending Tempests charge the Sky;  
The Light'ning flies, the Thunder roars,  
And big Waves lash the fright'ned Shoars.  
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,  
She turns her Head and wings her Flight,  
And trembling, vows she ne'er again  
Will press the Shore or see the Main.

Look back at least once more, said I,  
Thy self in that great Glass descry;  
When thou art in good Humour drest,  
When gentle Reason rules thy Breast,  
The Sun upon the calmest Sea  
Appears not half so bright as Thee;  
'Tis then that with Delight I rove  
Upon the boundless depth of Love;

I blefs my Chain, I hand my Oar,  
Nor think on all I left on Shoar.  
But when vain Doubts and groundlefs Fear,  
Do that dear foolifh Bosom tear,  
When the big Lip and wat'ry Eye  
Tell me the rifing Storm is nigh;  
'Tis then thou art yon angry Main,  
Deform'd by Winds, and dafh'd by Rain;  
And the poor Sailor that muft try  
Its Fury, labours lefs than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,  
While Love and Fate ftill drive me back;  
Forc'd to doat on Thee thy own way,  
I chide Thee firft and then obey.  
Wretched when from Thee, vext when nigh,  
I with Thee or without Thee die.

T O



T O A

B O Y

Playing with his

C A T.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**T**HE Am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast  
Was by his darling Cat possesst,  
Obtain'd of *Venus* his Desire,  
(Howe'er irregular his Fire.)  
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd,  
The Cat became a blushing Maid,  
And potent of his Vows and Joys,  
He thank'd the Gods, and blest his Choice.

Ah!

Ah! Beauteous Boy, take care least thou  
Renew the fondness of his Vow,  
Take care to think the Queen of Love  
Will e're thy Fav'rites Charms improve;  
Shoud'st thou prefer so rash a Pray'r,

The Queen of Love wou'd never hear.  
Ah! rather from her Altars run,  
Least thou be griev'd and she undone.  
The Queen of Love will quickly see  
Her own *Adonis* live in thee;  
And glances thrown upon a Beast,  
Which well might make a Goddess blest,  
Will lightly her first Love deplore,  
Will easily forgive the Boar,  
And on her Tabby Rival's Face,  
Enrag'd will mark her new Disgrace.

## A S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**I**N vain you tell your parting Lover;  
 You wish fair Winds may waft him over.  
 Alas, what Winds can happy prove,  
 That bear me far from what I love?  
 Alas, what Dangers on the Main  
 Can equal those that I sustain,  
 From slighted Vows and cold Disdain?

}

Be gentle, and in pity chuse  
 To wish the wildest Tempests loose;  
 That thrown again upon the Coast,  
 Where first my Shipwreck'd Heart was lost,  
 I may once more repeat my Pain,  
 Once more in dying Notes complain  
 Of slighted Vows and cold Disdain.

}

H A N S

Monfieur *De la Fontaine's*

*HANS CARVEL,*

IMITATED.

**H**ANS *Carvel*, Impotent and Old  
Married a Lass of *London* Mould;  
Handsome enough, extreamly Gay,  
Lov'd Musick, Company and Play;  
High Flights she had, and Wit at Will,  
And so her Tongue lay seldom still;  
For in all Visits who but She,  
To Argue or to Repartee?

P

She

She made it plain that Human Passion  
Was order'd by Predestination;  
That if weak Women went astray,  
Their Stars were more in fault than they;  
Whole Tragedies She had by Heart,  
Enter'd into *Roxana's* part;  
To spill a hated Rival's Blood,  
The Action certainly was good;  
How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd!  
Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World!  
She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,  
That ridicul'd the Godlike rage;

She first of all the Town was told,  
Where newest *India* things were sold,  
So in a Morning without Bodice,  
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's*,

To

To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen,  
What else, in God's Name, cou'd she mean?  
For to prevent the least Reproach,  
*Betty* went with her in the Coach.  
But when no very great Affair  
Excited her peculiar Care,  
She without fail was wak'd at Ten,  
Drank Chocolate, then slept again;  
At Twelve She rose, with much ado  
Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two;  
Then, Does my Lady Dine at home?  
Yes sure,----but is the Colonel come?  
Next, how to spend the Afternoon,  
And not come Home again too soon;  
The Change, the City, or the Play,  
As each was proper for the Day;  
A Turn, in Summer, to *Hyde-Park*,  
When it grew tolerably Dark.

Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain,  
Strange Fancies come in *Hans's* Brain;  
He thought of what he did not Name,  
And wou'd reform, but durst not blame;  
At first He therefore Preach'd his Wife  
The Comforts of a Pious Life:  
Told Her how Transient Beauty was,  
That all must die, and Flesh was Grass:  
He bought her Sermons, Psalms and Graces,  
And doubled down the Useful Places.  
But still the Weight of Worldly Cares  
Allow'd her little time for Pray'rs.  
And *Cleopatra* was read o're,  
Whilst *Scot*, and *Wake*, and Twenty more,  
That teach one to deny ones self,  
Lay unmolested on the Shelf.  
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet,  
No fear that Thumb of hers should spoil it.

In

In short, the Trade was still the same,  
The Dame went out, the Colonel came.

What's to be done? poor *Carvel* cry'd,  
Another Batt'ry must be try'd :  
What if to Spells I had recourse?  
'Tis but to hinder something worse.  
The End must justify the Means,  
He only Sins who Ill intends :  
Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil,  
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil;

Forthwith the Devil did appear,  
(For Name him and he's always near)  
Not in the Shape in which he plies,  
At Misses Elbow when she lies,  
Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors  
To take the naughty Boy that roars.



But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,  
Like a grave Barrister at Law.

*Hans Carvel*, lay aside your Grief,  
The Devil says, I bring Relief:  
Relief, says *Hans*, pray let me crave  
Your Name Sir,----*Satan*,----Sir, your Slave;  
I did not look upon your Feet,  
You'll pardon me, ---Ay, now I see't:  
And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell;  
Our Friends there, did you leave them well?  
All well; but prithee, honest *Hans*,  
Says *Satan*, leave your Complaisance.  
The Truth is this, I cannot stay  
Flairing in Sun-shine all the Day,  
For *entre Nous*, we hellish Sprites  
Love more the Fresco of the Nights,  
And oftner our Receipts convey  
In Dreams, than any other way. I

I tell you therefore as a Friend,  
E'er Morning Dawns, your Fears shall end,  
Go then this Ev'ning, Master *Carvel*,  
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel;  
Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care,  
Whilst I the great Receipt prepare;  
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;  
Believe, for once, what *Satan* faith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little,  
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;  
Invited Friends some half a Dozen,  
The Colonel, and my Ladies Cozen.  
The Meat was serv'd, the Bowls were crown'd,  
Catches were Sung, and Healths went round:  
Modish *Ratafia* for the Close,  
'Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose:

The Colonel Toasted to the best,  
The Dame mov'd off to be undrest :  
The Chimes went Twelve, the Guests withdrew,  
But when or how, *Hans* hardly knew.

Some Modern Anecdotes aver,  
He nodded in his Elbow Chair :  
From thence was carried off to Bed,  
*John* held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.  
My Lady was disturb'd, new Sorrow,  
Which *Hans* must answer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view the happy Pair,  
And think how *Hymen* Triumph'd there.  
*Hans*, fast asleep as soon as laid,  
The Duty of the Night unpaid :  
The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress'd,  
That made her hate both him and Rest,

By

By fuch a Husband, fuch a Wife,  
 'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimius's* Life.  
 The Lady figh'd, the Lover fnor'd,  
 The punctual Devil kept his Word.  
 Appear'd to honeft *Hans* again,  
 (But not at all by Madam feen)  
 And giving him a Magick Ring,  
 Fit for the Finger of a King:  
 Dear *Hans*, faid he, this Jewel take,  
 And wear it long for *Satan's* fake;  
 'Twill do your Bufinefs to a Hair :  
 For long as you this Ring fhall wear,  
 As fure as I look over *Lincoln*,  
 That ne'er fhall happen which you think on.

*Hans* took the Ring with Joy extream,  
 (All this was only in a Dream)

And

And thrusting it beyond his Joint,  
'Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point----  
What Point, said she, you ugly Beast?  
You neither give me Joy nor Rest:  
'Tis done,----what's done, you drunken Bear.  
You've thrust your Finger G---d knows where,

•

---

T H E

---

T H E

# *Despairing Shepherd.*

A

P A S T O R A L.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**A** *Lexis* shunn'd his Fellow Swains,  
Their rural Sports, and sprightly Strains,  
(Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's* Bow !)  
He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,  
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,  
He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,  
His Grief some pity, others blame;

The

The fatal Cause all kindly seek;  
He mingled his Concern with theirs,  
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears,  
He sigh'd, but wou'd not speak.

*Clorinda* came among the rest,  
She too a kind Concern exprest,  
And ask'd the reason of his Woe,  
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mien  
That made it easily foreseen,  
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,  
And will you pardon me, he said,  
Whilst I the cruel Truth reveal?  
Which nothing from my Breast shou'd tear,  
Which never shou'd offend your Ear,  
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,  
You are the Cause of all my Care;  
Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart,  
Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,  
I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,  
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,  
But yet I pardon you, she cry'd,  
Provided you will ne'er again  
Declare your Vows, or speak your Pain,  
*He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd,*

CELIA



## C E L I A

T O

## D A M O N.

---

*Atque in Amore mala hæc proprio, summæque secundo  
Inveniuntur*———

Lucret. Lib. 4.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**W**Hat can I say, what Arguments can prove  
My Truth, what Colours can describe my  
If its Excess and Fury be not known (Love,  
In what thy *Celia* has already done?  
Thy Infant Flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd  
In tim'rous Doubts, with Pity I beheld;

With

With easie Smiles dispell'd the silent Fear,  
That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear:  
In vain I strove to check my growing Flame,  
Or shelter Passion under Friendship's Name;  
You saw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd,  
And when you press'd how faintly I deny'd.----  
E'er Guardian Thought cou'd bring its scatter'd Aid,  
E'er Reason cou'd support the doubting Maid,  
My Soul surpriz'd, and from its self disjoin'd,  
Left all Reserve, and all the Sex behind,  
From your Command her Motions she receiv'd,  
And not for me, but you she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be *Cytherea's* Shrine,  
And Fires Eternal on her Altars shine;  
Since thy dear Breast has felt an equal Wound,  
Since in thy Kindness my Desires are Crown'd.

By

By thy each Look, and Thought, and Care, 'tis shown  
Thy Joys are center'd All in me Alone;  
And sure I am thou wou'dst not change this Hour  
For all the White ones Fate has in its Pow'r. —

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Excess,  
Yet thus receiving and returning Bliss,  
In this Great Minute, in this Golden *Now*,  
When ev'ry Trace of what, or when, or how  
Shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn,  
And far on swelling Seas of Rapture born;  
A melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye,  
And my Heart labours with a sudden Sigh;  
Invading Fears repel my Coward Joy,  
And Ills foreseen the present Bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the Cause,  
That with first Sighs your panting Bosom rose;

But

But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,  
 Upon the Wings of Time born swift away:  
 Pass but some fleeting Years, and these poor Eyes,  
 (Where now without a boast some Beauty lyes,)  
 No longer shall their little Lustre keep,  
 And only be of use to read, or weep.  
 And on this Borehead, where your Verse has said  
 The *Loves* delighted, and the *Graces* play'd,  
 Insulting Age will trace his cruel Way, (Sway.  
 And with indented Furrows mark his sad extent of  
 Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may  
 And as the Fuel sinks the Flame decrease. (cease,  
 Or angry Heav'n may quicker Darts prepare,  
 And Sickness strike what Time a while wou'd spare.  
 Then will my Swain his glowing Vows renew?  
 Then will his throbbing Heart to mine beat true?  
 When my own Face deters me from my Glass,  
 And *Kneller* only shows what *Celia* was?

Q

Fan-

Fantaſtick *Fame* may found her wild Alarms,  
 And Cuſtom call you forth to diſtant Arms.  
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,  
 'Whoſe Smoke too long obſcur'd your riſing Name:  
 And quickly cold Indifference will enſue,  
 When you Love's Joys thro' Honour's Optic view;  
 Then *Celia's* loudeſt Pray'r will prove too weak,  
 To this abandon'd Breſt to bring you back.  
 When my loſt Lover the tall Ship aſcends,  
 With Muſick Gay, and wet with Jolly Friends;  
 The tender Accents of a Woman's Cry  
 Will paſs unheard, will unregarded die,  
 While the rough Seaman's louder Shouts prevail,  
 When fair Occaſion ſhows the ſpringing Gale,  
 And Int'reſt guides the Helm, and Honour fills the <sup>(Sail.</sup>  
 Some wretched Lines from this neglected Hand,  
 May find you landed on the Foreign Strand,  
 Fill'd with new Fires, and pleas'd with new Com- <sup>(mand.</sup>  
 While

While she who wrote 'em, of all Joy bereft,  
To the rude Censure of the World is left;  
Her mangl'd Fame in barb'rous Pastime lost,  
The ~~Con~~comb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast.

But nearer Care, O pardon it! supplies  
Sighs to my Breast, and Sorrow to my Eyes.  
Love, Love himself, the only Friend I have,  
May scorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave;  
That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror,  
May quit his Pleasure to assert his Pow'r;  
Forfake the Provinces that bless his Sway,  
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.  
Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may rise,  
To damp the sinking Beams of *Celia's* Eyes;  
With haughty Pride may hear her Charms confess,  
And scorn the ardent Vows that I have blest:

Q<sup>2</sup>

You

You ev'ry Night may sigh for her in vain,  
 And rise each Morning to some fresh Disdain;  
 While *Celia's* softest Look may cease to Charm,  
 And her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm;  
 While these fond Arms, thus circling you, may prove,  
 More heavy Chains than those of hopeless Love.----

Just Gods! all other things their Like produce:  
 The Vine arises from its Mother's Juice;  
 When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay,  
 They to their Seed their Images convey:  
 Where the old Myrtle her good Influence sheds,  
 Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads,  
 And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies,  
 With a resembling Face the Daughter Buds arise.  
 That Product only which our Passions bear,  
 Eludes the Planter's miserable Care:

While

While blooming Love assures us Golden Fruit,  
 Some inborn Poison taints the secret Root;  
 Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy, and soon the Seeds of  
 (Hatred shoot.)

Say, Shepherd, say, Are these Reflections true?  
 Must *Celia* be undone for loving you?  
 Will you be only, and for ever mine?  
 Shall neither Time nor Age our Souls disjoin?  
 From this dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?  
 Or you grow Cold, Respectful, and Forsworn?  
 And can you not for her you love do more,  
 Than any Youth for any Nymph before?

Q3

T O



T O A

*Young Gentleman in Love.*

A

T A L E.

**F**ROM publick Noise and factious Strife,  
 From all the busy Ills of Life,  
 Take me, *My Cloe*, to thy Breast,  
 And lull my wearied Soul to Rest.  
 For ever in this humble Cell,  
 Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;  
 None enter else, but *Love*—and He  
 Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.

To

To painted Roofs and shining Spires,  
 (Uneasy Seats of high Desires)  
 Let the unthinking Many croud,  
 That dare be Covetous and Proud;  
 In Golden Bondage let them wait,  
 And Barter Happiness for State:  
 But Oh! *My Cloe*, when thy Swain  
 Desires to see a Court again,  
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,  
 The choicest of its Curses shed:  
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate  
 In the Two Things I dread and hate,  
 May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

}  
}

Thus, on his *Cloe's* panting Breast,  
 Fond *Celadon* his Soul exprest;  
 While with Delight the lovely Maid  
 Receiv'd the Vows she thus repaid.

Q 4

Hope

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,  
Blest Miracle of Love and Truth !

All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,  
My Love and Life long since are thine,  
A real Joy I never knew,

'Till I believ'd thy Passion true ;  
A real Grief I ne'er can find,  
'Till thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.

Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,  
All we abhor, and all we fear,  
Blest with thy Presence, I can bear ;  
Can suffer Racks, and run thro' Flame,  
Still contented, still the same ;

Then trace me some unheard of Way,  
Thy constant Ardour to repay,  
For I my Sense of it wou'd show

In more than Woman e'er cou'd do ;

Had

Had I a Wish that did not bear  
 The Stamp and Image of my Dear,  
 I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,  
 And Die to let it out again.  
 No: *Venus* shall my Witness be,  
 (If *Venus* ever lov'd like me)  
 That for one Hour I wou'd not quit  
 My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,  
 To be the *Persian* Monarch's Bride,  
 Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride,  
 Or Rule in Regal State above,  
 Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*.

*Happy these of Human Race,*  
 But Oh! how soon our Pleasures pass!  
 He thank'd her on his bended Knee,  
 Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;

And

And leaving her ador'd Embrace,  
 Hasten'd to Court to beg a Place.  
 While She, his Absence to bemoan,  
 As soon as ever he was gone,  
 Call'd *Thyrsis* from beneath the Bed,  
 Where all this time he had been hid.

## M O R A L.

**W***Hilst Men have these Ambitious Fancies,  
 And wanton Wenches read Romances,  
 Our Sex will be inur'd to lye,  
 And theirs instructed to reply.  
 The Moral of the Tale I sing,  
 (A Posy for a Wedding Ring)  
 In this short Verse will be confin'd,  
 Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind.*

THE

T H E

# Wedding Night.

**W**Hen *Jove* lay blest in his *Alcmena's* Charms,  
 Three Nights in one he prest her in his Arms;  
 The Sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove  
 To shade her God, and to prolong his Love.  
 From that auspicious Night *Alcides* came,  
 What less could rise from *Jove*, and such a Dame?  
 May this auspicious Night with that compare,  
 Nor less the Joys, nor less the rising Heir,  
 He strong as *Jove*, she like *Alcmena* Fair.

}  
}

CLEORA.

## C L E O R A.

---

By the Honourable  
Mr. GEORGE GRANVILLE,

---

**C***Leora* has her Wish, she Weds a Peer,  
Her weighty Train, two Pages scarce can bear;  
*Persia*, and both the *Indies*, must provide  
To grace her Pomp, and gratifie her Pride;  
Of rich Brocard, a shining Robe she wears,  
And Gems surround her lovely Neck like Stars:  
In Coach and Six the Goddess flaunts abroad,  
And Crowds of Liv'ry Beaus her Chariot load.

Who

Who sees her thus, O happy as a Queen!  
He cries. — But shift the gawdy treacherous Scene;  
View her at Home, in her Domestick Light,  
For thither she must come, at least at Night:  
What has she there? A furly brutal Lord,  
Who chides, and ~~snaps~~ her up at ev'ry Word,  
A beastly Sot, who while she holds his Head,  
With drunken Filth bedawbs the Nuptial Bed,  
Sick to the Heart, she breaths the nauseous Fume  
Of odious Steams, that poison all the Room;  
Weeping all Night the trembling Creature lyes,  
And counts the tedious Hours when she may rise,  
But most she fears lest waking she should find,  
To make amends, the Monster wou'd be kind;  
Those matchless Beauties, worthy of a God,  
Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome Load.  
What then will be the Chance that next ensues?  
Some vile Disease, fresh reeking from the Stews:

The



The secret Venom, circling in her Veins,  
 Works thro' her Skin, and bursts in bloating Stains;  
 Her Eyes grow dim, and her infected Breath,  
 Tainting her Gums, discolours all her Teeth,  
 Her Cheeks their Freshness lose, and wonted Grace,  
 And an unusual Paleness spreads her Face,  
 Of sharp Nocturnal Anguish she complains,  
 And guiltless of the Cause, relates her Pains.

The conscious Husband, whom like Symptoms  
 Charges on her, the Guilt of their Disease; <sup>(seize,</sup>  
 Affecting Fury, acts a Mad-man's Part,  
 He'll rip the Fatal Secret from her Heart;  
 Bids her confess, calls her Ten thousand Whores:  
 In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, implores;  
 Scarce with her Life she 'scapes, expos'd to Shame,  
 In Body tortur'd, murder'd in her Fame,  
 Rots with a vile Adulteress's Name;

Aban-

Abandon'd to the World, without Defence,  
And happy only in her Innocence.

Such is the Vengeance, that the Gods provide,  
For those who barter Liberty for Pride,  
Who impiously invoke the Pow'rs above,  
To witness to false Vows, of mutual Love.  
Thousands of poor *Cleora's* may be found,  
Such Husbands, and such wretched Wives abound.

Ye Guardian Pow'rs, the Arbiters of Bliss,  
Preserve *Clarinda* from a Fate like this;  
You form'd her Fair, not any Grace deny'd,  
But gave, alas! a Spark too much of Pride;  
Reform that Failing, and protect her still,  
Ah! save her from the Curse of chusing ill.  
Deem it not Envy, or a jealous Care,  
That forms these Wishes, or provokes this Pray'r;  
Tho'

Tho' more than Death, I fear to see those Charms  
Allotted to some happier Mortal's Arms ;  
Tormenting Thought ! yet cou'd I bear that Pain,  
Or any Ill, but hearing her complain :  
Intent on her, my Love forgets its own,  
Nor frames one Wish, but for her sake alone,  
Whom-e'er the Gods have destin'd to prefer,  
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

---

A N

A N

# APOLOGY

F O R A N

## Unseasonable Surprise.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**F**Airest *Zelinda*, cease to chide or grieve,  
Nor blush at Joys, that only you can give.  
Who with bold Eyes, survey'd those matchless  
Is punish'd, seeing in another's Arms: (Charms,  
With greedy Looks, he views each naked Part,  
Joy feeds his Eyes, but Envy tears his Heart.

R

So

So caught was *Mars*, and *Mercury* aloud  
Proclaim'd his Grief, that he was not the God:  
So to be caught was ev'ry God's Desire,  
Nor less than *Venus* can *Zelinda* Fire.

Forgive him then, thou more than Heav'nly Fair,  
Pardon the Crime, reveng'd by the Despair.

All that we know, that wretched Mortals feel  
In those sad Regions, where the tortur'd dwell,  
Is that they see the Raptures of the blest,  
And view the Joys, that they must never taste.

---

T O

T O

M Y R A.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**I**N lonely Shades, distracted with Despair,  
Shunning Mankind, and torn with killing Care,  
My Eyes o'er-flowing, and my frantick Mind  
Rack'd with wild Thoughts, swelling with Sighs the <sup>(Wind;</sup>  
Thro' Paths untrodden, Day and Night I rove,  
Mourning the Fate of my successless Love.

Who most desire to live, untimely fall;  
But when we beg to die, Death flies our Call:  
*Adonis* dies, and torn is the lov'd Breast  
In midst of Joy, where *Venus* wont to rest,

R 2

That

That Fate, which cruel seem'd to him, wou'd be  
Pity, Relief, and Happiness to me.

As melted Gold preserves its Weight the same,  
So burns my Love, nor wastes within the Flame.

When will my Sorrows end? In vain, in vain  
I call to Heav'n, and tell the Gods my Pain;  
The Gods averse, like *Myra*, to my Pray'r,  
Consent to doom whom she denies to spare.

Why do I seek for Foreign Aids, when I  
Bear ready by my Side the Power to die?  
Be keen my Sword, and serve thy Master well,  
Heal Wounds with Wounds, and Love with Death  
Strait up I rose, and to my aking Breast, (repel.  
My Bosom bare, the pointed Blade I prest;  
When lo! astonish'd! \* an unusual Light  
Pierc'd the thick Shade, and all around grew bright;

\* *Apollo*.

My

My dazzl'd Eyes a radiant Form behold,  
Splendid with Light, like Beams of burning Gold,  
Eternal Rays his shining Temples grace,  
Eternal Youth sat blooming on his Face:  
Trembling I listen, prostrate on the Ground,  
His Breath perfumes the Grove, and Musick's in the  
(Sound.

Cease Lover, cease, thy tender Heart to vex  
In fruitless Complaints, of an ungrateful Sex;  
In Fates Eternal Volumes it is writ,  
That Women ever shall be Foes to Wit;  
With proper Arts their sickly Minds command,  
And please 'em with the things they understand:  
With noisic Fopperies their Hearts assail,  
Renounce all Sense, how should thy Songs prevail,  
When I, the God of Wit, so oft cou'd fail?  
Remember me, and in my Story find,  
How vainly Merit pleads to Womankind;



I, by whom all things shine, who tune the Spheres,  
Who guide the Day, and gild the Night with Stars,  
Whose Youth and Beauty from all Ages past,  
Sprang with the World, and with the World shall last;  
How oft with fruitless Tears have I implor'd  
Ungrateful Nymphs, and tho' a God, ador'd?  
When cou'd my Wit, my Beauty, or my Youth,  
Move one hard Heart, or mov'd, secure its Truth?

Here a proud Nymph with painful Steps I chace,  
The Winds out-flying in our nimble Race;  
Stay *Daphne*, stay, — in vain, in vain I try  
To stop her speed, redoubling at my Cry;  
O'er craggy Rocks, and rugged Hills she climbs,  
And tears on pointed Flints her tender Limbs;  
But caught at length, just as my Arms I fold,  
Turn'd to a Tree, she yet escapes my hold.

In

In my next Love a different Fate I find,  
Ah! which is worse, the False, or the Unkind?  
Forgetting *Daphnè*, I *Cordènis* chose,  
A kinder Nymph——too kind for my Repose:  
The Joys I give, but more inflame her Breast,  
She keeps a private Drudge to quench the rest;  
\*How, and with whom the very Birds proclaim  
Her black Pollution, and reveal my Shame.  
Hard lot of Beauty, fatally bestow'd,  
Or given to the False, or to the Proud!  
By differing Ways, they bring us equal Pain,  
The False betray us, and the Proud disdain.

Scorn'd and abus'd from-Mortal Loves I fly,  
To seek more Truth in my own Native Sky:  
*Venus*, the fairest of Immortal Loves,  
Bright as my Beams, and gentle as her Doves,

\*Discover'd by a Crow.

R 4

With

With glowing Eyes, confessing warm Desires,  
She summons Heav'n and Earth to quench her Fires;  
Me she excludes, and I in vain adore,  
Who neither God nor Man refus'd before;  
*Vulcan*, the very Monster of the Skies,  
*Vulcan* she takes, the God of Wit denies.

Then cease to murmur at thy *Myra's* Pride,  
Whimsie, not Reason, is the Female Guide;  
The Fate of which their Master does complain,  
Is of bad Omen to th' inspired Train:  
What Vows were lost! Hark how *Catullus* mourns,  
How *Ovid* weeps, and flighted *Gallus* burns;  
In melting Strains see gentle *Waller* bleed,  
Unmov'd she hears, what none unmov'd can read;  
And thou who oft with such ambitious Choice,  
Hast rais'd to *Myra* thy aspiring Voice;

What

What Profit thy neglected Zeal repays,  
Ah! what Return ungrateful to thy Praise?

Change, change thy Stile, with mortal Rage return  
Unjust Disdain, and Pride oppose to Scorn;  
Search all the Secrets of the Fair and Young,  
And then Proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy Tongue:  
The sharp Lampooner with Success assails,  
Sure to be civil to the Man that Rails;  
Women, like Cowards, tame to the severe,  
Are only fierce when they discover Fear.

Thus spoke the God, and upward mounts in Air,  
In just Resentment of his past Despair.  
Provok'd to Vengeance, to my Aid I call  
The Furies round, and dip my Pens in Gall;  
Not one shall 'scape of all the Couz'ning Sex,  
Vex'd shall they be, who so delight to vex.

In

In vain I try, in vain to Vengeance move  
My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender Love,  
Such Magick rules my Heart, what-e'er I write  
Turns all to soft Complaint, and am'rous Flight.  
Begone fond Thoughts, begone ; Be bold, said I,  
Satyr's thy Theam——in vain again I try:  
So charming *Myra* to my Sense appears,  
My Soul adores, my Rage dissolves in Tears.

So the gaul'd Lion, smarting with his Wound,  
Threatens his Foes, and makes the Forest found ;  
With his strong Teeth he bites the bloody Dart,  
And tears his Side with more provoking Smart,  
'Till having spent his Voice in fruitless Cries,  
He lays him down, breaks his proud Heart, and dies.

A

A

S O N G.

---

Written by Mr. *D R T D E N*:

---

I.

**F**AIR, sweet and young, receive a Prize  
Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes:  
From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,  
O pity, and distinguish me;  
As I from thousand Beauties more  
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II.

Your Face for Conquest was design'd,  
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;

Angels

Angels, when you your Silence break,  
Forget their Hymns to hear you speak;  
But when at once they hear and view,  
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

## III.

No Graces can your Form improve,  
But all are lost unless you love;  
While that sweet Passion you disdain,  
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.  
In pity then prevent my Fate,  
For after dying all Reprives too late.

SONG.

# S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**H**IGH State and Honours to others impart,  
But give me your Heart:

That Treasure, that Treasure alone

I beg for my own.

So gentle a Love, so fervent a Fire

My Soul does inspire.

That Treasure, that Treasure alone

I beg for my own.

Your Love let me crave,

Give me in Possessing

So



So matchless a Blessing,  
That Empire is all I wou'd have.

Love's my Petition,  
All my Ambition ;  
If e'er you discover  
So faithful a Lover,  
So real a Flame,  
I'll die, I'll die,  
So give up my Game.

---

THE

THE  
PRISONER  
IN THE  
TOWER  
TO THE  
LADY M. C.

WHilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars,  
And *Rome* foment's the Christian Jars;  
Whilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,  
And wou'd repent her Crime too late.

Here safe in my confin'd Retreat,  
I see the Waves about me beat,  
And envy none that dare be great.

}

A

A quiet Conscience, and a Friend,  
Help me my happy Hours to spend,  
Let *Celia* to my Cell resort,  
She turns my Prison to a Court;  
Instead of Guards by Day and Night,  
Let *Celia* still be in my fight,  
And then they need not fear my Flight.

}

Cou'd Sense of Servile Fear prevail,  
Or cou'd my Native Honour fail,  
Her sight wou'd all my Doubts control,  
And give her back my peaceful Soul:  
Such charming Truths her Words contain,  
Or if her Angel Voice refrain,  
Her Eyes can never plead in vain.

}

T O

T O T H E  
Honourable Mr. *E. H.*  
O N H I S  
P O E M S.

---

By my Lord *BUCKHURST.*

---

Come on you Criticks, find one Fault who dare,  
Or read it backwards, like a Witches Prayer,  
'Twill do as well, throw not away your Jest  
'Gainst solid Nonsense that abides all Tests.  
Wit, like Terse Claret, when't begins to pall,  
Neglected lyes, and's of no use at all:  
But in its full perfection of decay  
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.

S

Thou

Thou hast a Brain, such as it is indeed,  
On what else shou'd thy Worm of Fancy feed!  
Yet in a Filberd I have often known  
Maggot survive, when all the Kernel's gone.  
This Simile shall stand in thy defence,  
Against dull Rogues that now and then write Sense.  
Thy Wit's the same, whatever be thy Theam,  
As some Digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.  
They lie, dear Ned, that say thy Head is barren,  
Where deep Conceits like Vermin breed in Carrion,  
Thy stumbling foundred Muse can trot as high  
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.  
So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,  
Than all the swift finn'd Racers of the Flood.  
Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural Parts,  
And with acquired Dulness and new Arts  
Of Non-sense, seizest the kind Readers Hearts.

As

As skilful Divers to the bottom fall  
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all;  
So, in this way of Writing without thinking,  
Thou hast a strange Alacrity in sinking.  
Therefore, dear Friend, at my Advice forbear  
Such loud Complaints 'gainst Criticks to prefer,  
Since thou art turn'd an arrant Libeller.  
Thou sett'st thy Name to what thy self does Write,  
Did ever Libel yet so sharply bite?

---

T O

Sir Thomas St. Serfe;

On the Printing his P L A Y, call'd

T A R U G O' s W I L E S.

---

By the same Hand.

---

**T** Arugo gave us Wonder and Delight,  
 When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light.  
 But now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,  
 T'oblige and serve his Friends a nobler way;  
 Make all our old Men Wits, States-men the young,  
 And teach ev'n *English* Men the *English* Tongue.  
*James*, on whose Reign all peaceful Stars did smile,  
 Did but attempt th' uniting of our Isle.  
 What Kings, and Nature, only cou'd design  
 Shall be accomplisht by this Work of thine.

For

For who is such a Cockney in his Heart,  
Proud of the Plenty of the Southern Part,  
To scorn that Union by which he may  
Boast 'twas his Country-man that writ this Play?

*Phæbus* himself, indulgent to thy Muse,  
Has to thy Country sent this kind Excuse:  
Fair Northern Lads it is not through Neglect  
I Court thee at a distance, but Respect.  
I cannot act, my Passion is so great,  
But I'll make up in Light what wants in Heat.  
On thee I will bestow my longest Days,  
And Crown thy Sons with everlasting Bays.  
My Beams that reach thee shall employ their Pow'rs  
To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs.  
Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boast,  
Poets and Stars shine brightest in thy Frost.



## EPILOGUE

T O

## TARTUFF.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**M**ANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit  
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite;  
Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,  
And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play;  
But *Busie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal, and Rage,  
Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.  
To Laugh at *English* Knaves is dang'rous then,  
While *English* Fools will think them honest Men:

But

But sure no zealous Brother can deny us  
 Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.  
 A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,  
 There are such Rogues among the *French* and *Pa-*  
 That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair, (*pists,*  
 That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;  
 That use (*enjoy the Creature*) to express  
 Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;  
 And, in a decent way, perform them too  
 As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you:  
 Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,  
 We Godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation,  
 Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation. }  
 Zeal stands but Cent'ry at the Gate of Sin,  
 Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in  
 Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,  
 We march, and take Damnation by surprize.

There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town  
Can go so far tow'rds Hell for half a Crown,  
As I for Six-pence, for I know the way;  
For want of Guides Men are too apt to stray:  
Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,  
Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's Grave and Wife,  
Take a *Tartuff*, of known Ability,  
To teach and to encrease his Family,  
Who shall so settle lasting Reformation,  
First get his Son, then give him Education,

---

E P I-

# EPILOGUE

Upon the Reviving of

BEN. JOHNSON'S PLAY,

CALL'D,

*Every Man in his Humour.*

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**I**Ntreaty shall not serve, nor Violence,  
To make me speak in such a Play's defence.  
A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree  
To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy* :  
The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lyes,  
No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;

No

No Captive Prince from unknown Country brought,  
 No Battle, nay there's scarce a Duel fought,  
 And something yet more sharply might be said;  
 But I consider the poor Author's dead;  
 Let that be his Excuse—Now for our own,  
 Why,—Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.  
 The Parts were fitted well; but some will say,  
 Pox on 'em Rogues, what made 'em chuse this Play?  
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,  
 It was not Choice, but meer Necessity;  
 To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,  
 But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*;  
 Have patience but 'till *Easter* Term, and then  
 You shall have Jigg, and Hobby-horse agen.  
 Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our Domestick Wit,  
 Does promise one of the ten Plays h'as writ;  
 But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the Just,  
 Know, we have Merits, and to them we trust:

When

When any Fasts, or Holy-days, defer  
The publick Labours of the *Theatre*,  
We ride not forth, although the Day be fair,  
On ambling Tit to take the Suburb Air,  
But with our Authors meet, and spend that time  
To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rime.  
*Wednesdays* and *Fridays* constantly we fate,  
'Till, after many a long and free Debate,  
For divers weighty Reasons 'twas thought fit,  
Unruly Sense shou'd still to Rime submit.  
This the most wholesome Law we ever made,  
So strictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd,  
Sure no Man here will ever dare to break.

*Enter Johnson's Ghost.*

Hold, and give way, for I my self will speak;  
Can you encourage so much Insolence,  
And add new Faults still to the great Offence

Your

Your Ancestors so rashly did commit  
Against the mighty Pow'rs of Art and Wit?  
When they condemn'd those noble Works of mine,  
*Sejanus*, and my best lov'd *Cataline* :  
Repent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall  
The Curse of many a riming Pastoral :  
The three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,  
And with the *London-Prentice* Conquer *Spain*,  
All the dull Follies of the former Age  
Shall find Applause on this corrupted *Stage*.  
But if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,  
So long since due to my much injur'd Plays,  
From all past Crimes I first will set you free,  
And then inspire some one to Write like me,

KNOT.

# KNOTTING.

---

*By the same Hand,*

---

**A**T Noon, in a Sunshiny Day,  
The brighter Lady of the *May*,  
Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,  
Sate Knotting in a Shade:

Each slender Finger play'd its part,  
With such Activity and Art,  
As would inflame a youthful Heart,  
And warm the most decay'd.

Her



Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by,  
 He saw no Anger in her Eye;  
 Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,  
 She wou'd have seem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,  
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball:  
 But straight gave *Strephon* such a Call,  
 As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?  
 With Innocence I dare be free,  
 By so much Truth and Modesty,  
 No Nymph was e're betray'd,

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap;  
 While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap;  
 Thou may'st securely take a Nap.  
 Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore.

And found him fast asleep all o'er.

She sigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,

But starting up she said,

Such Virtue shall rewarded be:

For this thy dull Fidelity,

I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,

Pursue thy grazing Trade,

Go milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,

And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep,

Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep

By me mistaken Maid.

A

A  
S O N G  
T O  
C H L O R I S  
F R O M T H E  
B L I N D A R C H E R.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

I.

**A** H *Chloris*, 'tis time to disarm your bright Eyes,  
And lay by those terrible Glances;  
We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,  
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

II.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,  
They'll allow you no long time of Courting,  
And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,  
For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen.

A  
S O N G,

*Written some Time since.*

**M**Ethinks the poor Town has been troubled too  
 With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;<sup>(long</sup>  
 By Fools, who, at once, can both love and despair,  
 And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair.  
 Which justly provokes me, in Rhime, to express  
 The Truth that I know of bonny Black *Bess*.

2.

This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,  
 Has a Skin white as Milk, and Hair black as Cole,  
 She's plump, yet, with ease, you may span her round  
 But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd.<sup>(Waste,</sup>  
 Her Belly is soft, not a Word of the rest,  
 But I know what I think when I drink to the Best.

T

3. The

## 3.

The Ploughman and Squire, the erranter Clown,  
At home she subdu'd in her *Paragon* Gown;  
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,  
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit,  
All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,  
And beat day and night, like my Lord *Craven's* Drums.

## 4.

I dare not permit her to come to *Whitehal*,  
For she'd out-shine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all;  
If a Lord should but whisper his Love in the Croud,  
She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud,  
Then the Queen over-hearing what *Betty* did say,  
Would send Mr. *Roper* to take her away.

## 5.

But to these that have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms  
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;

And

And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,  
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her Pace;  
And with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,  
To kill Us by Looking, as if She would die.

---

## S O N G.

**P***hillis*, the Fairest of Love's Foes,  
Though fiercer than a Dragon,  
*Phillis*, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,  
What has she now to brag on?  
So long she kept her Legs so close,  
'Till they have scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd through Want, this wretched Maid  
Did sad Complaints begin;  
Which furly *Strephon* hearing, said;  
It was both Shame and Sin,

T 2

To

To pity such a lazy Jade,  
As will neither Play nor Spin.

---

## On TYBURN.

**O** *Tyburn!* cou'dst thou Reason and Dispute?  
Cou'dst thou but Judge as well as Execute?  
How often wou'dst thou change the Felon's Doom,  
And truss some stern Chief-Justice in his room.

Then should thy sturdy Posts support the Laws,  
No Promise, Frown, nor popular Applause,  
Shou'd sway the Bench to favour a bad Cause,  
Nor Scarlet Gown, swell'd with Poetick Fury,  
Scare a false Verdict from a trembling Jury.  
Justice, with steady Hand and even Scales,  
Should stand upright, as if sustain'd by *Hales*.  
Yet still, in Matters doubtful to decide,  
A little bearing tow'rs the milder side.

EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

*Written by a Person of Honour.*

**O**UR Poet, something doubtful of his Fate,  
Made choice of me to be his Advocate;  
Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws:  
And I as boldly undertook the Cause.  
I left my Client yonder in a Rant  
Against the Envious and the Ignorant,  
Who are, he says, his only Enemies:  
But he contemns their Malice, and defies  
The sharpest of his Censurers to say  
Where there is one gross Fault in all his Play.  
The Language is so fitted to each Part,  
The Plot according to the Rules of Art:  
And twenty other things he bid me tell you:  
But I cry'd, E'en go do't your self for *Nelly*.

T 3

Reason



Reason with Judges, urg'd in the Defence  
Of those they would condemn, is Insolence.

I therefore wave the Merits of his Play,  
And think it fit to plead this safer way.

If, when too many in the Purchase share,  
Robbing's not worth the Danger nor the Care;

The Men of Business must, in Policy,

Cherish a little harmless Poetry,

All Wit would else grow up to Knavery.

Wit is a Bird of Musick, or of Prey;

Mounting, she strikes at all things in her Way;

But if this Bird-lime once but touch her Wings,

On the next Bush she sits her down and Sings.

I have but one Word more: Tell me, I pray,

What you will get by damning of our Play?

A whipp'd Phanatick, who does not recant,

Is by his Brethren call'd a suff'ring Saint:

And

And by your Hands shou'd this poor Poet die,  
Before he does renounce his Poetry,  
His Death must needs confirm the Party more,  
Than all his Scribbling Life could do before.  
Where so much Zeal does in a Sect appear,  
'Tis to no purpose, 'faith, to be severe.  
But t'other Day I heard this rhiming Fop  
Say, Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top:  
For as a Top spins best the more you baste her,  
So, ev'ry Lash you give, he writes the faster.

T 4

A N

A N

## EPI TAPH.

HERE lyes little — — a Yard deep and  
That never lay silent or quiet before. <sup>(more,</sup>

Her Head always working, her Tongue always  
And the Pulse of her Heart continually beating, <sup>(prating,</sup>  
To the utmost Extreems of Loving and Hating. }

Her Reason and Humour were always at Strife;  
And yet she perform'd all the Duties of Life:  
An excellent Friend, and a pretty good Wife. }

So indulgent a Lover, that no Man cou'd say  
Whether *Patty* or *Minta* did Rule or Obey;  
For the Government chang'd some ten times a day. }

At the Hour of her Birth, some lucky Star gave her  
Wit and Beauty enough to have lasted for ever;

But

But Fortune, still froward when Nature is kind,  
A narrow Estate maliciously join'd,  
To a vast Genius, and a noble Mind,

Her Body was built of that superfine Clay,  
That is apt to grow brittle for want of Allay:  
And, when, without shew, it was apt to decay,  
It began by degees to moulder away.

Her Soul, then, too busie on some Foreign Affair,  
Of its own pretty Dwelling took so little Care,  
That the Tenement fell for want of Repair.

Far be from hence the Fool, or the Knave,  
But let all that pretend to be Witty or Brave,  
Whether gen'rous Friend, or amorous Slave,  
Contribute some Tears to water her Grave.

T O

T O

P H I L L I S :

A

S O N G.

**T**Hough, *Phillis*, your prevailing Charms  
Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,  
That kind Defence against all Pow'rs,  
But those resistless Eyes of yours;  
Think not your Conquest to maintain  
By Rigour, and unjust Disdain.  
In vain, Fair Nymph, in vain you strive,  
For Love does seldom Hope survive;

My

My Heart may languish for a time,  
Whilst all your Glories, in their Prime,  
Can justify such Cruelty,  
By the same Force that conquer'd me.  
When Age shall come, at whose Command,  
Those Troops of Beauties must Disband;  
A Tyrant's Strength once took away,  
What Slave so dull as to obey.

---

A

A

## P R O L O G U E,

Spoken at the Opening of the

Duke's New Play-House

I N

*DORSET-GARDEN.*

**T**IS not in this as in the former Age,  
When Wit alone suffic'd t' adorn the Stage;  
When things well said an Audience could invite,  
Without the Hope of such a gaudy Sight:  
What with your Fathers took would take with you,  
If Wit had still the Charm of being New:  
Had not Enjoyment dull'd your Appetite,  
She in her homely Drefs would yet delight;

Such

Such stately Theatres we need not raise,  
Our Old House would put off our dullest Plays.  
You, Gallants, know a fresh Wench of Sixteen,  
May drive the Trade in honest Bombarine;  
And never want good Custom, should she lye  
In a Back-room, two or three Stories high:  
But such a Beauty as has long been known,  
Though not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,  
Must, if she think to thrive in this lewd Town,  
Wear Points, lac'd Petticoats, and a rich Gown,  
Her Lodgings too must with her Dress agree,  
Be hung with Damask, or with Tapestry,  
Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glass,  
To strike Respect into an am'rous Ass.  
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,  
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.  
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors should submit  
So tamely to their Predecessors Wit,

Since,



Since, I am fure, among you there are few  
Would grant your Grand-fathers had more than you.  
But hold! I in this Business may proceed too far,  
And raise a Storm against our Theatre;  
And then what would the wise Adventurers say,  
Who are in a much greater Fright to Day,  
Than ever Poet was about his Play?  
Our Apprehensions none can justly blame;  
Mony is dearer much to us than Fame:  
This thought on, let our Poets justifie  
The Reputation of their Poetry;  
We are resolv'd we will not have to do  
With what's between those Gentlemen and you.  
Be kind, and let our House have but your Praise;  
You're welcome ev'ry Day to damn their Plays.

A

A

S O N G.

**A**S he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his Head,  
 And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said,  
 If Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?  
 If a bitter (said he) whence are Lovers content?  
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain?  
 Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?  
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart:  
 To my self I Sigh often without knowing why,  
 And when absent from *Phillis*, methinks I could die:  
 But oh! what a Pleasure still follows my Pain,  
 When kind Fortune does help me to see her again.

In

In her Eyes, the bright Stars that foretel what's to  
By soft stealth now and then I examine my Doom.<sup>(come,</sup>  
I prefs her Hand gently, look languishing down,  
And by passionate Silence I make my Love known.  
But oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,  
By some willing Mistake to discover her Love;  
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,  
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.



---

S O N G.

A

# S O N G.

I.

**D***Amon*, if you will believe me,  
'Tis not Sighing round the Plain,  
Song nor Sonnet can relieve ye;  
Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

2.

Urge but home the fair Occasion,  
And be Master of the Field;  
To a pow'rful kind Invasion  
'Twere a Madness not to yield.

3.

Tho' the vows she'll ne'er permit ye,  
Cries you're rude, and much to blame;

U

And

And with Tears implores your Pity

Be not merciful for shame.

4.

When the fierce Assault is over,

*Chloris* time enough will find,

This her cruel furious Lover

Much more gentle, not so kind.

---

EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

**G**Allants, by all good Signs it does appear,  
That Sixty seven's a very damning Year,  
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muses there's a gen'ral Rot,  
The Riming *Monsieur*, and the *Spanish* Plot;  
Defie, or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this Place,  
And haunt us Actors wheresoe'er we pass,  
In Visions bloodier than King *Richard's* was.

For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,  
But quietly brings in his Part o'th' Play,  
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to day.

U 2

He

He sends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,  
To let you know the Malefactor's near,  
And that he means to die, *en Cavalier*.

For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,  
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,  
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

---

UPON

U P O N

# Four New Physicians

Repairing to

*Tunbridge Wells.*

*Written several Years since.*

I.

**Y**OU Maidens and Wives and young Widows <sup>(rejoice,</sup>  
<sup>(with Voice;</sup>  
Declare your Thanksgiving with Heart and  
Since Waters were Waters, I boldly dare say,  
There ne'er was such cause for a Thanksgiving Day :

U 3

For



For from *London* Town

Are lately come down,

Four able Physicians that never wore Gown;  
 Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is large,  
 And you may be cur'd without Danger or Charge.

## II.

No *Bolus*, no Vomit, no Potion or Pill,  
 Which sometimes do Cure, but oftner do Kill,  
 Your Taste or your Stomach need ever displease,  
 If you'll be advised but by one of these;

For they have a new Drug

Which is call'd the close Hug,

Which will mend your Complexion, and make you <sup>(look smug.</sup>  
 A Sovereign Balsom, which once well apply'd,  
 Though griev'd at the Heart, the Patient ne'er dy'd.

## III.

In the Morning you need not be robb'd of your Rest,  
 For in your warm Beds your Physick works best;  
And

And though in the Taking some Stirring's requir'd,  
The Motion's so pleasant you need not be tir'd;

On your Back you must lye,

And raise your self high,

And one of these Doctors must always be by,  
Who still will be ready to cover you warm;  
For if you take Cold all Physick does harm.

IV.

Before they do venture to give their Direction,  
They always consider their Patient's Complexion;  
If she have a moist Palm, or a red Head of Hair,  
She requires more Physick than one Man can spare:

If she have a long Nose,

Scarce any one knows,

How many large Handfuls must go to her Dose;  
You Ladies that have such ill Symptoms as these,  
In Reason and Conscience should pay double Fees.

## V.

But that we may give these Doctors due Praise,  
Who to all sorts of People their Favour conveighs,  
To the Ugly for Pity's sake Skill shall be shewn,  
And as for the Handsom they're cur'd for their own.

On your Silver or Gold

They never lay hold,

For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold :  
Then join with these Doctors, and heartily pray,  
That their Power of Healing may never decay.

---

A

A  
S O N G.

I.

**W**Hen first my free Heart was surpriz'd by De-<sup>(fire,</sup>  
So soft was the Wound, and so gentle the <sup>(Fire;</sup>  
My Sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the Smart,  
I pity'd the Slave who had ne'er lost his Heart;  
He thinks himself happy, and free, but alas!  
He is far from that Heav'n which Lovers possess.

II.

In Nature was nothing, that I could compare  
With the Beauty of *Phillis*, I thought her so Fair:  
A Wit so Divine all her Sayings did fill,  
A Goddess she seem'd; and I mention'd her still  
With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a Passion more true,  
Than a Martyr in Flames for Religion can shew.

More

## III.

More Virtues and Graces I found in her Mind,  
Than Schools can invent, or Nature design'd ;  
She seem'd to be mine by each glance of her Eye,  
(If Mortals might aim at a Blessing so high.)  
Each Day, with new Favours, new Hopes she did give,  
But alas ! what is wish'd, we too soon do believe.

## IV.

With awful Respect, while I lov'd and admir'd,  
But fear'd to attempt, what so much I desir'd ;  
How soon were my Hopes and my Heav'n destroy'd !  
A Shepherd more daring fell on and enjoy'd :  
Yet, in spite of ill Fate, and the Pains I endure,  
I will find a new *Phillis* to give me my Cure.

SONG.

# S O N G.

## I.

**M**AY the Ambitious ever find  
Success in Courts and Noise,  
While gentle Love does fill my Mind  
With silent real Joys.

## II.

Let Fools and Knaves grow Rich and Great,  
And the World think 'em Wise,  
While I lye dying at her Feet,  
And all the World despise.

## III.

Let conqu'ring King new Trophies raise,  
And melt in Court-Delights;  
Her Eyes can give me brighter Days,  
Her Arms much softer Nights,

SONG.

## S O N G.

## I.

**A**T the sight of my *Phillis*, from ev'ry Part,  
 A Spring-Tide of Joy does flow up to my <sup>(Heart;</sup>  
 Which quickens each Pulse, and swells ev'ry Vein:  
 But all my Delights are still mingl'd with Pain.

## II.

So strange a Distemper sure Love cannot bring;  
 To my Knowledge, Love was a much quieter Thing;  
 So gentle and tame, that he never was known,  
 So much as to wake me, when I lay alone?

## III.

But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late,  
 He's become a more furious Passion than Hate;  
 Since, by *Phillis*, restor'd to the Empire of Hearts,  
 He has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts:  
 And

And strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,  
He breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

IV.

My Madness, alas! I too plainly discover;  
For he is (at least) as much Madman as Lover,  
Who, for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit  
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit;  
The Joys of *Hide-Park*, and the *Mall's* dear Delight,  
To live sober all Day, and chaste all the Night.

---



## A S O N G.

**C**OME, *Celia*, let's agree, at last,  
To love, and live in Quiet:

Let's tie the Knot so very fast,  
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

Love's dearest Joys they never prove,

Who free from Quarrels live,

'Tis sure the tenderst Part of Love.

Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took

No Pleasure, nor no Rest;

And when I feign'd an angry Look,

Alas! I lov'd you best.

Say but the same to me, you'll find

How blest'd will be our Fate.

Ah! to be grateful, to be kind,

Sure never is too late.

**A**

A

# RECEIPT

To make an

## Oat-meal Pudding.

**O**F Oats decorticated take two Pound,  
 And of new Milk enough the same to drownd,  
 Of Raisins of the Sun, ston'd, Ounces eight,  
 Of Currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal Weight,  
 Of Sewet, finely slic'd, an Ounce, at least,  
 And six Eggs, newly taken from the Nest:  
 Season this Mixture well, with Salt and Spice,  
 'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding Rice:  
 And you may safely feed on it like Farmers,  
 For the Receipt is Learned Dr. *Harmer's*.

A

A

## R E C E I P T

To make a *Sack-Posset*.

FROM far *Barbadoes*, on the Western Main,  
 Fetch Sugar, half a Pound; fetch Sack, from *Spain*,  
 A Pint; then fetch, from *India's* fertile Coast  
 Nutmeg, the Glory of the *British* Toast.

---

Upon a

## Giant's Angling.

HIS Angle-rod made of a sturdy Oak,  
 His Line a Cable which in Storms ne'er broke,  
 His Hook he baited with a Dragon's Tail,  
 And fate upon a Rock and Bobb'd for Whale.

S O N G.

# SONG.

**O**F all the Torments, all the Cares,  
With which our Lives are curst;  
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,  
Sure Rivals are the worst!  
By Partners, in each other kind,  
Afflictions easier grow;  
In Love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our Woe.

*Sylvia*, for all the Pangs you see,  
Are lab'ring in my Breast;  
I beg not you would favour me;  
Would you but slight the rest!  
How great so e'er your Rigours are,  
With them alone I'll cope;  
I can endure my own Despair,  
But not another's Hope.

X TO

T O

## S T R E P H O N.

**S***Trephon*, at last th' unhappy Veil's remov'd;  
    *Sylvia*, that *Sylvia* whom your *Damon* lov'd,  
Whom he preferr'd to all the World beside,  
And for whose sake he had with Glory dy'd:  
*Sylvia*, in whom the Dotard thought to find  
Beauty and Wit, with Saint-like Virtue join'd,  
Does all the Treasure of her Charms expose  
To *Temple* Wits, and *Covent-Garden* Beaux!  
Looks coy, and shuns Mankind in open Light,  
While her Back-door admits them all at Night.

LTCON.

# L Y C O N.

## ECLOGUE.

**S***Trephon* and *Damon*'s Flocks together fed,  
 Two charming Swains as e'er *Arcadia* bred;  
 Both fam'd for Wit, and fam'd for Beauty both;  
 Both in the Lustre of their blooming Youth:  
 No fullen Cares their tender Thoughts remove,  
 No Passions discompose their Souls, but Love.  
 Once, and but once alone, as Story goes,  
 Between the Youths a fierce Dispute arose,  
 Not for the Merit of their tuneful Lays,  
 (Tho' both deserv'd, yet both despis'd that Praise,)

X 2

But

But for a Cause of greater Moment far,  
That merited a Lover's utmost Care.  
Each Swain the Prize of Beauty strove to gain,  
For the bright Shepherdess that caus'd his Pain.  
*Lycon* they chose the Difference to decide,  
*Lycon*, for Prudence and sage Counsel try'd;  
Who Love's mysterious Arts had study'd long,  
And taught, when Old, what he had practis'd Young.  
For the Dispute alternate Verse they chuse,  
Alternate Verse delights the Rural Muse.

*Strephon.*

To *Flavia*, Love, thou justly ow'st the Prize,  
She owns thy Pow'r, nor does thy Laws reprove.

*Damon.*

Tho' *Sylvia* for her self Love's Pow'r defies,  
What crowds of Vassals has she made to Love?

*Stre-*

*Strepbon.*

When *Flavia* comes attir'd for Rural Games,  
Each Curl, each Flow'r she wears, a Charm exprefs.

*Damon.*

*Sylvia*, without a Foreign Aid, enflames;  
Charm'd with her Eyes, we never mind her Drefs.

*Strepbon.*

Have you feen *Flavia* with her Flaxen Hair?  
She feems an Image of the Queen of Love!

*Damon.*

*Sylvia*'s dark Hair like *Leda*'s Locks appear,  
And yet, like her, has Charms to conquer *Jove*.

*Strepbon.*

*Flavia* by Crowds of Lovers is admir'd;  
Happy that Youth who fhall the Fair enjoy!

*Damon.*

*Sylvia* neglects her Lovers, lives retir'd;  
Happy, that could her lonely Thoughts employ!



*Strephon.*

*Flavia*, where e'er she comes, the Swains subdues,  
And ev'ry Smile she gives conveys a Dart.

*Damon.*

*Sylvia* the Swains with native Coldness views,  
And yet what Shepherd can defend his Heart?

*Strephon.*

*Flavia's* bright Beauties in an instant strike;  
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

*Damon.*

*Sylvia's* soft Charms, as soon as seen, we like;  
But still the more we think, we love the more.

*Strephon.*

Who is so stupid that has *Flavia* seen,  
As not to view the Nymph with vast Delight?

*Damon.*

Who has seen *Sylvia*, and so stupid been,  
As to remember any other Sight?

*Stre-*

*Strephon.*

What Thoughts has *Flavia*, when with Care she views  
Her charming Graces in the Crystal Lakes?

*Damon.*

To see hers *Sylvia* need no Mirrors use;  
She sees them by the Conquests that she makes.

*Strephon.*

With what Assurance *Flavia* walks the Plains?  
She knows the Nymphs must all their Lovers yield.

*Damon.*

*Sylvia* with Blushes wounds the gazing Swains,  
And, while she strives to fly, she wins the Field.

*Strephon.*

*Flavia* at first young *Mælibeus* lov'd;  
For me she did that charming Youth forsake.

*Damon.*

*Sylvia*'s relentless Heart was never mov'd;  
Gods! that I might the first Impression make!

X 4

*Stre-*

*Strephon.*

Shou'd *Flavia* hear that *Sylvia* vy'd with her,  
What Indignation would the Charmer show?

*Damon.*

*Sylvia* wou'd *Flavia* to her self prefer:  
There we alone her Judgment disallow.

*Strephon.*

If *Sylvia*'s Charms with *Flavia*'s can compare,  
Why is this crouded still, and that alone?

*Damon.*

Because the ways of Life so different are,  
*Flavia* gives all Men Hopes, and *Sylvia* none.

*Lycon.*

Shepherds enough; now cease your am'rous War;  
Or too much Heat may carry both too far:

I well attended the Dispute, and find

Both Nymphs have Charms, but each in diff'rent  
• (Kind.

*Flavia*

*Flavia* deserves more Pains than she will cost;  
As easily got, were she not easily lost.  
*Sylvia* is much more difficult to gain;  
But, once possess'd, will well reward the Pain.  
We wish them *Flavia's* all, when first we burn;  
But, once possess'd, wish they would *Sylvia's* turn.  
And, by the diff'rent Charms in each exprest,  
One we shou'd soonest love, the other best.

---

T H E

T H E

## Despairing Lover.

**D**istracted with Care,  
For *Phillis* the Fair;  
Since nothing cou'd move her,  
Poor *Damon*, her Lover,  
Resolves in Despair  
No longer to languish,  
Nor bear so much Anguish;  
But, mad with his Love,  
To a Precipice goes;  
Where, a Leap from above  
Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,  
Beholding how steep  
The Sides did appear,  
And the Bottom how deep;

His

His Torments projecting,  
And sadly reflecting,  
That a Lover forsaken  
A new Love may get ;  
But a Neck, when once broken,  
Can never be set :  
And, that he cou'd die  
Whenever he wou'd,  
But, that he cou'd live  
But as long as he cou'd :  
How grievous soever  
The Torment might grow,  
He scorn'd to endeavour  
To finish it so.  
But Bold, Unconcern'd  
At Thoughts of the Pain,  
He calmly return'd  
To his Cottage again.

Upon

UPON THE  
T R A G E D Y  
O F T H E  
*FAIR PENITENT.*

**S**EE here the various Scenes of Human Lives;  
Uncommon Husbands true, but Common Wives.  
One, Charming, Faithless, Haughty when reprov'd,  
Lov'd by her Husband, her Gallant she lov'd;  
One, an Indulgent, Faithful, Constant Bride,  
Fond of her Spouse, neglects the World beside.  
That Husband, tho' with Friends and Fortune blest,  
Finds a Domestick Ill that racks his Breast:  
While this, tho' Fortune frown, tho' Friends desert,  
Finds one to lull his Cares. and charm his Heart.

Wou'd

Wou'd Women rather, from the Throng retir'd,  
Be lov'd by one, than be by Crouds admir'd:  
Wou'd Men, before their Hearts were quite resign'd,  
Forget the Faces, and inspect the Mind:  
Such Objects, shou'd they fainter Charms possess,  
Wou'd please 'em longer, tho' they pleas'd 'em less.  
For Beauty's Blaze, tho' fierce, is quickly past,  
While Love, good Sense, and Virtue, always last.

---

*S O N G.*



## S O N G.

**C***upid!* Instruct an am'rous Swain,  
Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,  
To common Youths unknown:  
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, and Darts;  
Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts;  
Are Methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell? (the God reply'd)  
That Love the Shepherd cannot hide  
The Nymph will quickly find:  
When *Phæbus* does his Beams display,  
'To tell Men gravely that 'tis Day,  
Is to suppose 'em blind.

S O N G.

# S O N G.

**A**S the Snow in Vallies lying,  
*Phæbus* his warm Beams applying,

Soon dissolves and runs away;  
So the Beauties, so the Graces,  
Of the most bewitching Faces,

At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,  
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,

By the Slaves he once control'd;  
So the Nymph, if none cou'd move her,  
Is contemn'd by ev'ry Lover,

When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks, and Whining,  
Grieving, Quarrelling, and Pining,

Are th' Effects your Rigours move;

Soft

Soft Caresses, am'rous Glances,  
Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,  
Are the blest'd Effects of Love.

Fair ones! while your Beauty's blooming,  
Use your Time, lest Age resum'g  
What your Youth profusely lends,  
You are robb'd of all your Glories,  
And condemn'd to tell old Stories,  
To your unbelieving Friends:

**T O**

T O A  
L A D Y,

Sent Her with

Mr. *Granvill's* P L A Y,

Call'd,

*H E R O I C K L O V E.*

**T**HE noble *Granvill* here has nicely shown  
    *Heroick Love*, a Copy of his own;  
No Flight of Fancy, but his Heart Indites  
These moving Scenes, and what he feels, he writes.  
With Love like his, tho' in unequal Lays,  
Too charming Maid, I offer at thy Praise.  
Look on *Chruséis*, she each Feature drew  
In Nature's Pride, and sure she fate for you.

Y

Ob-

Observe her sad Farewel, she best can give  
The dire Account, what 'tis to Part and Live.  
You've all her Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth,  
But want, I fear, her Kindness, and her Truth.

Well had it been for *Priam* and his Race,  
Had Fate set me in *Agamemnon*'s place,  
And you *Chryseis*: Glory thou'd have strove  
But faintly then against the force of Love.  
Deaf to Renown, and scorning to be Great,  
I'd left the Camp for some obscure Retreat.  
There gazing on those lovely Eyes prefer  
One Smile of yours to all the Pomp of War;  
And, ev'ry Mark of Royalty laid down,  
Had languish'd at your Feet, and sav'd the Town.

E P I.

# EPITAPH,

ON A

Young Gentleman,

Who dy'd for Love of a

MARRIED LADY.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**H**ERE lyes a Youth, who fell a Sacrifice  
In his first Bloom, to Fair *Aurelia's* Eyes.  
Whom shall we blame? Her Duty was her Guard,  
And his Injustice was its own Reward.  
(If he's unjust, whose Reason cannot prove  
Of force enough against Imperious Love)

Y 2

Th' aspi-

Th' aspiring Youth, who scorn'd to stoop so low,  
To take what Pity only cou'd bestow ;  
Still wish'd for more, 'till in the fatal Strife  
He sunk beneath the Virtue of a Wife,  
Resign'd his Blood to quench his guilty Flame.  
But Crimes of Love deserve a gentle Name :  
And I must neither praise him, nor condemn,  
For I wou'd die to be bewail'd like him :  
Since she, whose Piety deny'd to save,  
Now pours her fruitless Tears upon his Grave.

---

*Tasso's*

# TASSO's JERUSALEM.

## Book the Fourth.

---

English'd by Mrs. *Eliz. Singer.*

---

**B**UT while to bring about their great Intent,  
 The Christian Army all their Vigour bent;  
 The potent Enemy of Human-kind,  
 Revolv'd their happy Progress in his Mind.  
 His baleful Eyes with hellish Envy glare,  
 Half stiff'd Murmurs show his inward Care,  
 And hollow Groans betray his deep Despair:  
 With such a heavy, hoarse, and bellowing Sound,  
 Wild Bulls, when stung with Grief, they trace the <sup>[Ground,</sup>  
 Fill all the Groves, and all the Vallies round.

Y 3

Col-



Collecting all the Rage within his Breast,  
For Means the active Christians to molest.  
Fool! to believe with any Force or Skill,  
T'oppose the Methods of th' Eternal Will;  
And those avenging Thunders to awake,  
That plung'd him headlong down the flaming Lake.  
Regardless of that memorable Day,  
He Summons now the States of Hell away.  
Thro' all the Climes of endless Darkness round,  
The jarring Calls of the hoarse Trumpet sound;  
Trembl'd the wide infernal Caves again,  
And long the murm'ring Air retain'd the fullen Strain.  
Not half so dreadful in a stormy Wreck,  
From low'ring Clouds the noise Thunders break;  
Nor Vapors close imprison'd in the Earth,  
With such wild Rumour give themselves a Birth.  
In various Troops, the gloomy Deities  
Together came, that share the vast Abyfs:

Un-

Unnumber'd Forms, and monstrous all appear,  
 And deadly Terror in their Looks they wear;  
 With horrid snaky Tresses some were Crown'd,  
 Some stamp'd with brutal Hoofs the burning Ground;  
 Others more curst a Human Visage find,  
 But scaly Serpents end below, and wind  
 In circling Folds prodigious lengths behind:  
 And many a lewd detested Harpy there,  
*Centaurs*, and *Sphinx*'s hideous Forms appear:  
*Hydra*, and *Python*, hissing thro' the Gloom,  
 With *Gorgon* here, and barking *Scylla*, come:  
 Gyants, and ghastly Shapes that want a Name,  
 And fierce *Chimera* spitting angry Flame;  
 Many, and many, a frightful Monster more,  
 With wild Confusion crowd the lofty Door.  
 Great *Lucifer* the regal Seat commands,  
 Shaking a rusty Scepter in his Hands:

Nor *Alpine* Hill, nor some exalted Rock,  
That proudly stands the raging Ocean's Shock,  
Nor half so tall th' *Atlantick* Mount appears,  
So vast his Bulk, so high his tow'ring Front he rears.  
A horrid Majesty furrounds his Face,  
It's Terror, Pride, and growing Rage increase.  
His redning Eyes like fatal Comets glare,  
And shoot malignant Venom thro' the Air:  
Beneath his Breast descends a loathsome Beard,  
His Mouth a deep polluted Gulf appear'd;  
Whence issue Sulphur, Smoak, and pois'nous Steams,  
With mutt'ring Thunder, and destructive Flames:  
He spake; all Hell astonish'd at the Noise  
Stood mute, grim *Cerberus* restrains his Voice;  
*Cocytus* stops, the Snakes to Hiss forbear  
While thro' the sounding Deep these dreadful Words  
we hear.

In-

Infernal Gods, worthy the Thrones of Light,  
And Monarchies of Heav'n, your native Right,  
Whom from the Realms of Bliss, your ancient Lot,  
The just, the glorious Cause for which we fought,  
With me to this opprobrious Dungeon brought.

Other Success, ev'n he that rules the Skies,  
Excepted from our Noble Enterprize:

But unmolested now he Reigns above,  
And us from thence as conquer'd Rebels drove;  
From a serene, and everlasting Day,  
From Stars, and from the Sun's delightful Ray,  
To Shades, and everlasting Night retire,  
Nor dare again to those gay Climes aspire.

But I th' Effects of all his Wrath disdain,  
'Till one curst Thought exasperates my Pain,  
That racking Thought I never can sustain:

I could with Joy in Heav'n resign my Place,  
But rage to see it fill'd with Man's degen'rate Race:

To

To see vile Dust exalted to supply  
 Our once Illustrious Stations in the Sky;  
 And what distracts me more ——  
 As all too little to our mighty Foe  
 Appear'd, that he for worthless Man could do;  
 The ruin'd Wretches Forfeiture to pay,  
 He gave to Death his Darling Son a Prey;  
 Victorious o'er the meagre King, in State  
 He proudly enters the infernal Gate,  
 Within my gloomy Confines dar'd to tread,  
 And here in Scorn his shining Banners spread.  
 Millions of Captive Souls, our destin'd Prey,  
 He led triumphant from the Shades away:  
 And, what my Discontent and Pain renews,  
 The antient Enterprize he still pursues,  
 And while we idly here consume the Day,  
 To him the *Asian* Empire drops away,  
 And false *Judæa* shortly owns his Sway:

}  
Loud

Loud Hymns in ev'ry Language to his Name  
They sing, and spread around the World his Fame.  
Inscrib'd in Brass, and lasting Marble, they  
His Glory down to future Times convey.  
To him alone devoted Flames arise,  
And Vows, and Od'rous Incense mount the Skies.  
No blazing Fire upon our Altar shines,  
Neglected stand our Temples, and our Shrines:  
No more with Gifts they crowd our rich Abodes,  
Nor fall before us as assisting Gods.  
Empty of Human Souls our Regions grow,  
While all the Roads of Hell unpeopl'd show:  
And can we tamely suffer this? — And rests  
No Spark of antient Vigour in your Breasts?  
Have you forgot when in bright Arms we shone,  
Engag'd with Heav'n, and shook his lofty Throne?  
Our native Vigour, our immortal Flame,  
And ardent Thirst of Glory, is the same.

But

But why, you dear Companions of my Woe,  
In pleasing Mischief are you grown so slow?  
Loft here in Sloth and Darknefs we remain,  
While new Allies the prosp'rous Christians gain:  
Haste then, with all the Rage of Hell assail  
Our dreaded Foes, by Arts or Force prevail;  
In all their Solemn Councils raise Dissent,  
Ungrounded Jealousies, and Discontent:  
Left some the Slaves of shameful Passions prove,  
Plung'd in the soft licentious Joys of Love;  
And others treach'rously the Cause decline,  
Confound their Army, sink the curst Design.

T O

T O A  
L A D Y  
More *Cruel* than *Fair*.

---

By Mr. VANBROOK.

---

I.

W H Y d'ye with such Disdain refuse  
An humble Lover's Plea?

Since Heav'n denies you Pow'r to chuse,  
You ought to value me.

II.

Ungrateful Mistress of a Heart,  
Which I so freely gave;  
Tho' weak your Bow, tho' blunt your Dart;  
I soon resign'd your Slave.

III.

Nor was I weary of your Reign,  
'Till you a Tyrant grew, And



And seem'd regardless of my Pain,  
As Nature seem'd of you.

## IV.

When thousands with unerring Eyes,  
Your Beauty wou'd decry,  
What Graces did my Love devise,  
To give their Truths the Lie.

## V.

To ev'ry Grove I told your Charms,  
In you my Heav'n I plac'd;  
Proposing Pleasures in your Arms,  
Which none but I cou'd taste.

## VI.

For me t' admire, at such a rate,  
So damn'd a Face, will prove  
You have as little Cause to hate,  
As I had Cause to love.

A  
F A B L E  
O F A  
C O U N C I L  
Held by the  
R A T S.

ONE *Rhodilard* by Name,  
A Cat of wond'rous Fame,  
So many Rats had slain,  
Few only did remain :  
Those few were lean, and starv'd,  
And did but seldom eat ;  
They durst not seek for Meat,  
For fear of *Rhodilard* :

Who

Who pass'd with ev'ry fober Rat,  
More for a Devil, than a Cat.

Now *Rhodilard* being in Love,  
One Day he chanc'd to rove,  
To seek his Lady Fair,  
On the House Top, or in the Air;  
In short, so far he did remove  
About that grand Affair,  
That the few Rats he left alive,  
Would not th' occasion lose,  
But fate in Council close,  
To think how they once more might thrive..

Their reverend Dean, both Grave and Wife,  
Did very prudently advise  
On the Cat's Neck to tye a Bell;  
All do agree he counsell'd well;

But

But the main Point is still behind;  
The Difficulty was, to find  
The Means to tie it on:  
One frankly own'd he was afraid;  
D'ye think me Mad? another said.  
They rise, and nothing's done.

*How many Councils have I seen  
Aptly with this compar'd?  
Councils of other Note I mean,  
Than about Rhodilard;  
Where all, while 'tis but to Dispute,  
Can bravely stand their Ground;  
But when it comes to execute,  
Not one is to be found.*

Z

FROM

FROM

## ANACREON.

THAT *Niobé* to Stone was chang'd,  
And *Progné* like a Swallow rang'd  
About the Fields, old Poets tell;  
Why might not I transform as well?

Oh! that I might become the Glass,  
In which you use to see your Face;  
Or if I cou'd be chang'd, my Fair,  
Into the Garment that you wear,  
The Bath in which your Body swims,  
The Essence that anoints your Limbs,  
The Pearls with which your Neck is drest,  
The Steenkirk ty'd upon your Brest:  
Nay, I wou'd be your very Shoo,  
Still to be trod upon by you.

FROM

FROM  
OVID.

**I**N Summer, and the Heat of all the Day,  
At my full Ease in a large Bed I lay,  
One Window shut, t'other half open stood,  
Casting a gloomy Light, as thro' a Wood;  
Such as we use to see when the Sun sets,  
Or as the Dawning of the Day begets;  
Such we shou'd still afford a blushing Maid,  
Whose Bashfulness of greater is afraid.

*Corinna* enters with her Neck all bare,  
But where 'twas cover'd by loose dangling Hair;  
Such did of old *Semiramis* appear,  
Or *Lais* to so many Lovers dear.

About her Shoulders carelessly was thrown,  
A Veil so thin that all was thro' it shown.  
I strove to pluck it off; she to retain,  
But so, as if she meant to strive in vain.  
When she quite naked stood, my wond'ring Eye  
Could not one Fault in her whole Body spy.  
What Arms, what Shoulders had she! what a Breast!  
How firm, and how inviting to be prest!  
How smooth and even did her Belly lye!  
What lusty Sides! And what a youthful Thigh!  
There needs no more, but all was most Divine.  
I drew her naked Body close to mine;  
The rest you guess: We were both tir'd too soon:  
May ev'ry Day of mine have such a Noon.

**A**

A

# Hue and Cry

AFTER

F A I R A M O R E T.

---

By Mr. CONGREVE.

---

I.

**F**AIR *Amoret* is gone astray;  
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover;  
I'll tell the Signs, by which you may  
The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

II.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,  
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;  
Careless she is with artful Care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

Z 3

III. With



## III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,  
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;  
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

## IV.

She likes her self, yet others hates  
For that which in her self she prizes;  
And while she Laughs at them, forgets  
She is the Thing that she despises.

---

S O N G

# S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

## I.

**I** Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,  
For I very fain wou'd have been at her;  
But when I strove most my Passion to break,  
Still I then said the least of the Matter.

## II.

I swore to my self, and resolv'd I wou'd try  
Some way my poor Heart to recover;  
But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,  
Than live with forbearing to love her.

## III.

Dear *Celia* be kind then, and since your own Eyes  
By Looks can command Adoration,

Z 4

Give

Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise  
Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

## IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd  
The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing; (speak,  
And so, without Words, I don't doubt we may make  
A very good end of this Wooing.

S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

**A**H! what Pains, what racking Thoughts he (proves,  
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves.

In cruel Absence doom'd past Joys to mourn,  
And think on Hours that will no more return.

Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Absence try,  
Save me from Absence, Love, or let me die.

S O N G

S O N G  
I N  
D I A L O G U E,  
For Two Women.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

1.

I Love, and am belov'd again,  
*Strephon* no more shall figh in vain;  
I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,  
And all my Coynefs bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,  
Yet still my *Thyrsis* shall complain;  
I'm fure he's mine, while I refuse him,  
But shou'd I yield, I fear to loofe him.

.1. Men

1. Men will grow faint with tedious Fasting.
2. And both will tire with often Tasting,  
When they find the Bliss not lasting.

1. Love is compleat in kind Possessing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Blessing.

Chorus of both.

*Then let us beware how far we consent,  
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent ;  
'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire,  
And granting Desire,  
We feed not the Fire,  
But make it more quickly expire.*

A

A

S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**G**RANT me, gentle Love, said I,  
One dear Blessing e'er I die;  
Long I've born Excess of Pain,  
Let me now some Blifs obtain.

Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,  
When angry, thus the God reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,  
Art thou not *Amynta's* Slave?  
Cease, fond Mortal, to implore,  
For Love, Love himself's no more.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

## I.

C Ruel *Amynta*, can you see  
A Heart thus torn which you betray'd?  
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,  
But thro' your Eyes the Conquest made.

## II.

In Ambush there the Traitor lay,  
Where I was led by faithful Smiles,  
No Wretches are so lost as they,  
Who much Security beguiles.

S O N G.

# S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

## I.

SEE, see she wakes, *Sabina* wakes!

And now the Sun begins to rise,

Less glorious is the Morn that breaks

From his Bright Beams, than her Fair Eyes.

## II.

With Light united, Day they give,

But diff'rent Fates e'er Night fulfil:

How many by his Warmth will live!

How many will her Coldness kill!

S O N G.



## S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

## I.

Pious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,  
If I but ask the Favour;  
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,  
When she believes I'll leave her.

## II.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,  
Or else had hopes to win her;  
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,  
Or I of her a Sinner.

*LESBIA.*

L E S B I A.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**W**HEN *Lesbia* first I saw so heav'nly Fair,  
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful Air,  
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,  
As bold as his, who snatch'd Coelestial Fire.  
But soon as e'er the beateous Idiot spoke,  
Forth from her Coral Lips such Folly broke,  
Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound,  
And what her Eyes enthal'd, her Tongue unbound.

P R O-

## P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

## P R I N C E S S.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

---

*By the same Hand.*


---

**I**F what we feel of Joy cou'd be express'd,  
 It were unworthy of our Royal Guest:  
 Great Blessings, when bestow'd above Desert,  
 Suppress the Speech, tho' they inspire the Heart.  
 Thus, tho' the Muse her grateful Homage pays,  
 She dares not strive her trembling Voice to raise,  
 And pay unequal Thanks, or disproportion'd Praise.

Such

Such Awe there is in all sublime Delight;  
And so severe is Joy when Exquisite.

Our sickly Clime, which has for ten Years past,  
With one continu'd Winter been o'er-cast:  
Has this new Age with wonted Health begun,  
Reviv'd and cheer'd by the relenting Sun.  
Again, the Spring does early Blossoms yield,  
And Nature laughs in ev'ry living Field.  
The Stage alone remains a frozen Soil,  
And fruitless mocks the weary Lab'ers Toil;  
But this bright Presence darts enliv'ning Fires,  
And ev'ry Muse with Genial Warmth inspires:  
Health to the World, the Sun's kind Heat assures;  
That lives by his, but we survive by yours.

A 2

V E R

## V E R S E S

Sacred to the MEMORY of

*Grace Lady Gethin.*

Occasioned by reading her Book, Intitl'd,

*RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.*

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**A**fter a painful Life in Study spent,      (ment;  
 The Learn'd themselves their Ignorance la-  
 And aged Men, whose Lives exceed the Space,  
 Which seems the Bound prescrib'd to mortal Race,  
 With hoary Heads, their short Experience grieve,  
 As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.

So

So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,  
So frail is Life, and fruitless Human Pain!  
Who-e'er on this reflects, and then beholds  
With strict Attention, what this Book unfolds,  
With Admiration struck, shall question Who  
So very long cou'd live, so much to know?  
For so compleat the finish'd Piece appears,  
That Learning seems combin'd with length of Years;  
And both improv'd by purest Wit, to reach  
At all that Study, or that Time can teach.  
But to what height must his Amazement rise!  
When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes  
Again to view the foremost op'ning Page,  
And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age  
Of Her beholds, in whose pure Mind arose  
Th'ÆtherialSource from whence this Current flows!  
When Prodigies appear, our Reason fails,  
And Superstition o'er Philosophy prevails.

Some heav'nly Minister we strait conclude,  
Some Angel-Mind with Female Form indu'd,  
To make a short Abode on Earth, was sent;  
(Where no Perfection can be permanent)  
And having left her bright Example here,  
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.  
Whether around the Throne, Eternal Hymns  
She Sings, amid the Choir of Seraphims;  
Or some refulgent Star informs, and guides,  
Where she, the blest Intelligence, presides;  
Is not for us to know who here remain;  
For 'twere as Impious to enquire, as Vain:  
And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,  
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I -

# E P I T A P H

U P O N

*Robert Huntington,*

*Of Stanton Harcourt, Esq;*

A N D

*R O B E R T H I S S O N.*

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**T**HIS peaceful Tomb does now contain,  
Father and Son, together laid;

Whose living Virtues shall remain,

When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

A a 3

What



What Man shou'd be, to Ripeness grown,  
And finish'd Worth shou'd do, or shun,  
At full was in the Father shown;  
What Youth cou'd promise, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both destroy'd  
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud:  
First seiz'd those Sweets we had enjoy'd,  
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

---

O N

ON THE  
CREATION.

---

By Mrs. *Eliz. Singer.*

---

**N**OR yet the crude Materials of the Earth  
Were form'd; nor Time, nor Motion yet had  
Nor yet one solitary spark of Light (Birth;  
Glar'd thro' the dusky Shades of ancient Night;  
Nor on the barren Wastes of endless Space,  
As yet were circumscrib'd the Bounds of Place:  
When at th' Almighty's Word, from Nothing springs  
The first confus'd Original of Things.

A a 4

What-

Whatever now the Heav'ns wide Arms embrace,  
 Together then lay blended in a Mass;  
 The Dull, the Active, the Refin'd, and Base,  
 The Cold, the Hot, the Temp'rate, Moist, and Dry,  
 All mingl'd in profound Disorder lye;  
 In one prodigious undistinguish'd Heap,  
 Th'extreamest Contraries of Nature Sleep:  
 Nor yet the sprightly Seeds of Fire ascend,  
 Nor downwards yet the pond'rous Atoms tend.  
 A monstrous Face the new Creation wears,  
 And void of Order, Form, and Light, appears;  
 'Till the Almighty *Fiat*, once again  
 Pronounc'd, did Motion to each Part ordain,  
 Awoke the tender Principles of Life,  
 And urg'd the growing Elemental Strife.  
 And now Confusions infinite arise,  
 From Nature's most remote Antipathies:

But

But while against their furious Opposites,  
Each Hostile Atom all its Force unites,  
Their own lov'd Species, thro' the formless Mass,  
With am'rous Zeal officiously they trace,  
And join, and mingle in a strict Embrace.  
The lively shining Particles of Light,  
On dazzling Wings attempt their nimble Flight.  
The fine transparent Air, with mighty Force,  
Thro' Fix'd and Fluid, upward takes its Course.  
The grosser Seeds with heavy Motion press,  
And meeting in the midst, the Central Parts possess;  
While the united Waves, without Control,  
About the slimy Surface proudly roll,  
'Till an Imperial Word their Force divides,  
And lo! the Deep by smooth Degrees subsides;  
And lo! the rising, stately Mountains leave  
Their oozy Beds: And lo! the Vallies cleave,  
The congregated Waters to receive,

And

And down the sinking Billows calmly go,  
Part to the Subterranean Caves below,  
And part around the Hills in circling Currents flow.  
And now the slimy, soft fermented Earth,  
Prepar'd to give her various Species Birth,  
Obedient to the Voice, produces all  
Her boundless Stores at her Creator's Call.  
A sudden Spring at his Command arose,  
And various Plants their verdant Tops disclose,  
The teeming Ground to rising Groves gives way,  
Which Leaves and Blossoms instantly display,  
And ev'ry Branch with tempting Fruit looks gay.  
When he again, whose active Word fulfill'd  
Exactly all the mighty Things he will'd,  
Commands, and straight the Heav'nly Arches rise,  
And kind'ling Glories brighten all the Skies.  
A sudden Day with gawdy Lustre gilds  
Th' expanded Air, the new-made Streams, and Fields,  
Ten

Ten thousand sprightly dazzling Lights advance,  
And trembling Rays in the wide *Ether* dance:  
The Sun, beyond them all immense and gay,  
Assumes the bright Dominion of the Day;  
And whirling up the Skies with rapid force,  
Along the radiant *Zone* begins his destin'd Course.

And now another Efficacious Word,  
The Air, and Earth, and wat'ry Region stor'd:  
The num'rous Vehicles for Breath prepar'd,  
The mighty Summons of their Maker heard;  
And from the Bosom of their native Clay  
Sprung into Life, and caught the vital Ray.  
Millions of footed Creatures range the Woods,  
Millions with Fins divide the Crystal Floods,  
Millions besides, with wanton Liberty,  
On painted Wings rise fing'ring to the Sky.

But

But last of all, two of a nobler Kind,  
 After the brightest Model in his Mind,  
 With Care the Great Artificer design'd:  
 Beyond his other Works, compleat and fair,  
 He form'd with ev'ry Grace the lovely Pair,  
 Adorn'd with Beauty, crown'd with Dignity,  
 Immortal, Godlike, Rational, and Free:  
 Serene Impressions of a Stamp Divine,  
 Upon their matchless Faces clearly shine:  
 In deep suspence, and at themselves amaz'd,  
 With curious Eyes they on each other gaz'd;  
 Themselves, and all the fair Creation round,  
 Survey, and still fresh Cause of Wonder found.

For now, in their Primæval Lustre gay,  
 The Earth and Heav'ns their utmost Pride display.  
 The blazing Sun from his Meridian height,  
 Thro' an unclouded Sky darts round his flaming Light.

The

The Fields, the Floods, and all th' enlighten'd Air,  
In open Day look ravishingly Fair.

The bright Carnation, and the fragrant Rose,  
Their Beauties fresh with heav'nly Dew disclose.

The noble *Amaranths* show their purple Dye,  
Splendid, as that which paints the Morning Sky.

Ten thousand od'rous Flow'rs, of various Hue,  
In ev'ry Shade and Plain, spontaneous grew ;

And down the smooth Descent of Verdant Hills,  
From Marble Fountains gush a thousand Rills;

Thro' many a pleasant Shade they murm'ring go,

And mingle with the larger Streams below,

Which thro' the flow'ry Vallies softly flow;

And all along their lovely, spacious Banks,

Immortal Trees are plac'd in equal Ranks,

Whose charming Shades might God himself delight,

And Angels from their Heav'nly Bow'rs invite.

Here



Here gentle Breezes, from their fragrant Wings,  
Shed all the Odours of a thousand Springs:  
Harmonious Birds among the Branches sing,  
And all the Groves with chearful Ecchoes ring.

Hail mighty Maker of the Universe!  
My Song shall still thy glorious Deeds rehearse:  
Thy Praise, whatever Subject others chuse,  
Shall be the lofty Theam of my aspiring Muse.

---

**A**

o

A  
PASTORAL,

Inscrib'd to  
The Honourable, Mrs.——

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

AMARILLIS.

WHILE swiftly down the Skies the Day descends,  
And rising Night the Ev'ning Shade extends,  
While pearly Dews o'er-spread the fruitful Field,  
And closing Flow'rs refreshing Odours yield,  
Let us beneath these gentle Shades recite  
What Love, and what the Rural Muse Indite;  
Nor

Nor need we, in this close Retirement, fear  
 Left list'ning Swains our Am'rous Secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry Shepherd I wou'd mine proclaim,  
 Since Fair *Corinna* is my softest Theam;  
 A Stranger to the looser Joys of Love,  
 My Thoughts alone the Warmth of Friendship prove;  
 And, while its pure and sacred Force I sing,  
 Chast Goddess of the Groves, thy Succour bring.

AMARILLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my Breast inspire  
 With all thy Charms, with all thy pleasing Fire:  
 Propitious God of Love, thy Succour bring,  
 While I thy Darling, thy *Alexis* sing;  
*Alexis*, as the op'ning Blossoms, Fair,  
 Lovely as Light, Soft as the yielding Air;  
 For him each Virgin Sighs, and on the Plains  
 The matchless Youth without a Rival reigns;

With

With such an Air, with such a graceful Mien,  
 No Shepherd dances on the flow'ry Green:  
 Nor to the echoing Groves, and whisp'ring Springs,  
 In sweeter Strains the tuneful Co——ve sings.

SILVIA.

*Corinna's* lovely as the breaking Day;  
 And such a chearful Light her Eyes display:  
 Where-e'er she comes all fullen Care retires;  
 And sprightly Joys, and Love, and gay Desires;  
 In ev'ry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires. }  
 But oh! methinks when she no more appears,  
 The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears;  
 In vain the Streams roll on, the Eastern Breeze  
 Dances in vain among the trembling Trees:  
 In vain the Birds begin their Ev'ning Song;  
 And to the silent Night their Notes prolong.  
 The Groves, the Crystal Streams, and verdant Field,  
*Corinna* absent, no Diversions yield.

B b

A M A.

## AMARILLIS.

*Alexis* absent, all the pensive Day  
In some obscure Retreat I sigh away;  
All Day to the repeating Caves complain  
In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain:  
Dear, lovely Youth, I cry; and all around  
The flatt'ring Vales restore the tender Sound.

## SILVIA.

On flow'ry Banks, to ev'ry murm'ring Stream,  
*Corinna* is my Muse's constant Theam;  
'Tis she that does my artless Thoughts refine,  
And with her Name my noblest Verse shall shine.

## AMARILLIS.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for *Alexis* Brows,  
And Consecrate to him my softest Vows:  
The charming Youth shall my *Apollo* prove,  
Adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

I N

I N  
P R A I S E  
O F  
M E M O R Y;

Inscrib'd to the Honourable

The Lady W O R S E L Y.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**B**EST Gift that Heav'ns Indulgence cou'd bestow!  
To thee our surest Happiness we owe,  
Thou all the flying Pleasures dost restore,  
Which, but for thee, blest *Mem'ry*, were no more:

B b 2

For

For we no sooner grasp some frail Delight,  
 But, ready for its everlasting Flight,  
 E'er we can call the hasty Blifs our own,  
 If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

Thou to the fond successful Lover's Heart,  
 A thousand melting Raptures dost impart;  
 When, yet more lovely than her self, and kind,  
 Thou bring'st his fancy'd Mistress to his Mind;  
 The flatt'ring Image wears a livelier Grace,  
 A softer Mien, and more inticing Face.

Thou from the flying Minutes dost retrieve  
 The Joys, *Clorinda's* Wit and Humour give;  
 Those Joys that I had once possess'd in vain,  
 Did not the dear Remembrance still remain:  
 She speaks, methinks, and all my Soul inspires,  
 Brightens each Thought, and gives my Muse new <sup>(Fires;</sup> new  
 'Tis

'Tis she that lends my daring Fancy Wings,  
Softens my Lyre, and tunes its warbling Strings.

Thou only to the Guilty art severe,  
Who the Review of their past Actions fear;  
But to the Innocent and Virtuous Mind,  
Art still propitious, smiling still, and kind.  
To thee we all those charming Pleasures owe,  
The Pleasures that from gen'rous Actions flow,  
And they are still the noblest we possess below.

---

B b 3

A N



A N  
I M I T A T I O N  
O F A  
P A S T O R A L  
O F  
Mrs. K I L L E G R E W's.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

M I R T I L L A.

LET fragrant Eastern Breezes round thee play,  
And op'ning Blossoms still adorn thy Way;  
Let bubbling Fountains murmur to thy Sleep,  
And *Pan* himself the while protect thy Sheep;  
Thy wanton Herds thro' verdant Pastures stray,  
Pastures like thee, all flourishing and gay.  
And when with guiltless Sports, the Rival Swains,  
For rural Glory strive upon the Plains,

Still

Still, brave *Alexis*, let the Prize be thine,  
And on thy Brows the fairest Garland shine.

ALEXIS.

Unfading Wreaths may'st thou, *Mirtilla*, gain,  
And deathless Honours by thy Verse obtain;  
May such smooth Numbers warble from thy Tongue,  
As late the skilful *Melibœus* sung.

MIRTILLA.

No such ambitious Aim my Mind pursues,  
'Tis Love, ah charming Youth! inspires my Muse:  
Could I but please thee with my artless Lays,  
I proudly shou'd neglect all other Praise;  
Wou'dst thou be grateful, ev'ry Grove, and Stream,  
And sounding Vale, shou'd eccho with thy Name;  
Each Rock, each winding Cavern and Retreat,  
The soft enchanting Accents shou'd repeat:  
And if my Muse Immortal Fame cou'd give,  
Thy Name in deathless Numbers shou'd survive.

## ALEXIS.

Secure from Fate, he needs no further crave,  
 Who such a lasting Monument may have:  
 But oh! his Glory ne'er can be improv'd,  
 Who by the bright *Lycoris* has been lov'd,

## MIRTILLA.

Fond Youth, in yonder solitary Shade,  
 I saw *Narcissus* with the perjur'd Maid;  
 A thousand tender things she look'd, and said,  
 Her ravish'd Eyes upon his Beauty fed;  
 With Flow'rs his graceful flowing Hair she dress'd,  
 And all her Smiles tumultuous Joys express'd.

## ALEXIS.

What pass'd before I saw my lovely Fair,  
 Deserves not now my Jealousie or Care;  
 Had I at first the gentle Charmer known,  
 She had been constant then, and all my own.

NO. 111.

A. D. 1711.

THE

THE  
STORY  
OF

*Cephalus and Procris ;*

Being the Ending of the Seventh Book of

*OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.*

**T**O th' inmost Courts the *Grecian* Youths were  
And plac'd by *Phocus* on a *Tyrian* Bed; (led,  
Who soon observ'd *Æolides* to hold  
A Dart of unknown Wood, but arm'd with Gold.  
None better loves (said he) the Huntf-man's Sport,  
Or does more often to the Woods resort;

Yet

Yet I that Jav'lins Stem with wonder view,  
Too brown for Box, too smooth a Grain for Yew.  
I cannot guess the Tree; but never Art  
Did form, or Eyes behold so fair a Dart!  
The Guest then interrupts him——'Twou'd produce  
Still greater Wonder, if you knew its Use.  
It never fails to strike the Game, and then  
Comes bloody back into your Hand agen.  
Then *Phocus* each Particular desires,  
And th' Author of the wond'rous Gift enquires.  
To which the Owner thus, with weeping Eyes,  
And Sorrow for his Wife's sad Fate, replies,  
This Weapon here (O Prince!) can you believe  
This Dart the Cause for which so much I grieve,  
And shall continue to grieve on, 'till Fate  
Afford such wretched Life no longer Date?  
Would I this fatal Gift had ne'er enjoy'd,  
This fatal Gift my tender Wife destroy'd:

*Procris*

*Procris* her Name, ally'd in Charms and Blood,  
To Fair *Orythia* courted by a God. •

Her Father seal'd my Hopes with Rites Divine,  
But firmer Love before had made her mine.

Men call'd me blest, and blest I was indeed.

The second Month our Nuptials did succeed,

When (as upon *Hymettus* dewy Head,

For Mountain Stags, my Net betimes I spread)

*Aurora* spy'd, and ravish'd me away,

With Rev'rence to the Goddess, I must say,

Against my Will, for *Procris* had my Heart,

Nor wou'd her Image from my Thoughts depart.

At last, in Rage she cry'd, Ingrateful Boy

Go to your *Procris*, take your fatal Joy;

And so dismiss'd me: Musing as I went

What those Expressions of the Goddess meant,

A thousand jealous Fears possess me now,

Left *Procris* had prophan'd her Nuptial Vow:

Her

Her Youth and Charms did to my Fancy paint  
A lewd A<sup>d</sup>ultrefs, but her Life a Saint.  
Yet I was absent long, the Goddess too  
Taught me how far a Woman cou'd be true.  
*Aurora's* Treatment much Suspicion bred,  
Besides, who truly love ev'n Shadows dread.  
I straight impatient for the Trial grew,  
What Courtship back'd with riched Gifts cou'd do.  
*Aurora's* Envy aided my Design,  
And lent me Features far unlike to mine.  
In this Disguise to my own House I came,  
But all was chaste, no Conscious Sign of Blame:  
With thousand Arts I scarce Admittance found,  
And then beheld her weeping on the Ground  
For her lost Husband; hardly I retain'd  
My Purpose, scarce the wish'd Embrace refrain'd.  
How charming was her Grief! Then, *Phocus*, guess  
What killing Beauties waited on her Drefs.

Her

Her constant Answer, when my Suit I preſt;  
*Forbear, my Lord's dear Image guards this Breſt;*  
*Were-e'er he is, whatever Cauſe detains,*  
*Who-e'er has his, my Heart unmov'd remains.*

What greater Proofs of Truth than theſe cou'd be?  
 Yet I perſiſt, and urge my Deſtiny.

At length ſhe found, when my own Form return'd,  
 Her jealous Lover there, whoſe Loſs ſhe mourn'd.

Enrag'd with my Suſpicion, ſwift as Wind,  
 She fled at once from me and all Mankind;  
 And ſo became, her Purpoſe to retain,

A Nymph, and Huntreſs in *Diana's* Train:  
 Forſaken thus, I found my Flames encreaſe,  
 I own'd my Folly, and I ſu'd for Peace.

It was a Fault, but not of Guilt to move  
 Such Punishment, a Fault of too much Love.

Thus I retriev'd her to my longing Arms,  
 And many happy Days poſſeſs'd her Charms.

But



But with her self she kindly did confer,  
What Gifts the Goddess had bestow'd on her,  
The fleetest Grey-hound, with this lovely Dart,  
And I of both have Wonders to impart.  
Near *Thebes* a Savage Beast, of Race unknown,  
Laid waste the Field, and bore the Vineyards down,  
The Swains fled from him, and with one Consent  
Our *Grecian* Youth to chase the Monster went;  
More swift than Light'ning he the Toils surpass,  
And in his Course, Spears, Men, and Trees o'er-cast.  
We flipt our Dogs, and last my *Lelaps* too,  
When none of all the mortal Race wou'd do:  
He long before was struggling from my Hands,  
And, e'er we cou'd unloose him, broke his Bands.  
That Minute where he was we cou'd not find,  
And only saw the Dust he left behind.  
I climb'd a Neighb'ring Hill to view the Chase,  
While in the Plain they held an equal Race;

The

The Savage now seems caught, and now by force  
To quit himself, nor holds the same straight Course;  
But running Counter, from the Foe withdraws,  
And with short Turning cheats his gaping Jaws:  
Which he retrieves, and still so closely prest,  
You'd fear at ev'ry Stretch he were possess'd,  
Yet for the Gripe his Fangs in vain prepare,  
The Game shoots from him, and he chops the Air.  
To cast my Jav'lin then I took my Stand,  
But as the Throngs were fitting to my Hand,  
While to the Valley I o'er-look'd the Wood,  
Before my Eyes two Marble Statues stood.  
That, as pursu'd, appearing at full stretch,  
This barking after, and at point to catch.  
Some God their Course did with this Wonder grace,  
That neither might be conquer'd in the Chase;  
A sudden Silence here his Tongue suppress,  
He here stops short, and fain wou'd wave the rest.

The

The eager Prince then urg'd him to impart,  
 The Fortune that attended on the Dart.  
 First then, (said he) past Joys let me relate,  
 For Bliss was the Foundation of my Fate.  
 No Language can those happy Hours express,  
 Did from our Nuptials me and *Procris* bless:  
 The kindest Pair! What more cou'd Heav'n confer?  
 For she was all to me, and I to her.  
 Had *Jove* made Love, great *Jove* had been despis'd;  
 And I my *Procris* more than *Venus* priz'd:  
 Thus while no other Joy we did aspire,  
 We grew at last one Soul, and one Desire.  
 Forth to the Woods I went at break of Day,  
 (The constant practice of my Youth) for Prey:  
 Nor yet for Servant, Horse, or Dog did call,  
 I found this single Dart to serve for all.  
 With Slaughter tir'd, I sought the cooler Shade,  
 And Winds that from the Mountains pierc'd the <sup>(Glade:</sup>  
Come

Come gentle Air, (so was I wont to say)  
 Come gentle Air, sweet *Aura* come away.  
 This always was the Burden of my Song,  
 Come 'swage my Flames, sweet *Aura* come along.  
 Thou always art most welcome to my Breast;  
 I faint; approach thou dearest, kindest Guest!  
 These Blandishments, and more than these, I said,  
 (By Fate to unsuspected Ruin led)  
 Thou art my Joy, for thy dear sake I love  
 Each desert Hill and solitary Grove;  
 When (faint with Labour) I Refreshment need,  
 For Cordials on thy fragrant Breath I feed.  
 At last a wand'ring Swain in hearing came,  
 And cheated with the sound of *Aura's* Name,  
 He thought I had some Affignation made,  
 And to my *Procris* Ear the News convey'd.  
 Great Love is soonest with Suspicion fir'd,  
 She Swoon'd, and with the Tale almost expir'd.

C c

Ah!

Ah ! wretched Heart, (she cry'd) ah ! faithless Man !  
And then to curse th' imagin'd Nymph began ;  
Yet oft she doubts, oft hopes she is deceiv'd,  
And chides her self that ever she believ'd  
Her Lord to such Injustice cou'd proceed,  
'Till she her self were Witness of the Deed.  
Next Morn I to the Woods again repair,  
And weary with the Chase invoke the Air ;  
Approach, dear *Aura*, and my Bosom chear :  
At which a mournful Sound did strike my Ear ;  
Yet I proceeded, 'till the Thicket by,  
With rustling Noise and Motion drew my Eye ;  
I thought some Beast of Prey was shelter'd there,  
And to the Covert threw my certain Spear.  
From whence a tender Sigh my Soul did wound,  
Ah me ! it cry'd, and did like *Procris* sound :  
*Procris* was there, too well the Voice I knew,  
And to the Place with headlong Horror flew.

Where

Where I beheld her gasping on the Ground,  
 In vain attempting from the deadly Wound  
 To draw the Dart, her Love's dear fatal Gift!  
 My guilty Arms had scarce the strength to lift  
 The beauteous Load, my Silks and Hair I tore  
 (If possible) to stanch the pressing Gore;  
 For Pity begg'd her keep her flitting Breath,  
 And not to leave me guilty of her Death:  
 While I intreat she fainted fast away,  
 And these few Words had only strength to say,  
 "By all the Sacred Bonds of plighted Love,  
 "By all your Rev'rence to the Pow'rs above,  
 "By all that made me Charming once appear,  
 "By all the Truth for which you held me dear,  
 "And last by Love, the Cause through which I bleed,  
 "Let *Aura* never to my Bed succeed.  
 I then perceiv'd the Error of our Fate,  
 And told it her, but found and told too late!

I felt her lower to my Bosom fall,  
And while her Eyes had any Sight at all,  
On mine she fix'd them, in her Pangs still prest  
My Hand, and sigh'd her Soul into my Breast;  
Yet, being undeceiv'd, resign'd her Breath  
Methought more chearfully, and smil'd in Death.

The weeping Heroe thus his Story told,  
To those who now no longer cou'd with-hold  
From answ'ring Sighs, and sympathizing Tears;  
'Till *Æacus* with his two Sons appears,  
With new-rai'd Forces, well appointed Bands,  
Whom *Cephalus* by Royal Grant Commands.



*The End of the Seventh Book.*

T H E

THE  
C O N V E R T.

---

Written by the Right Honourable  
The E A R L of M U L G R A V E.

---

**D**Ejected as true Converts die,  
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd;  
So, Fairest, at your Feet I lye,  
Of all my Sex's Faults asham'd.

Too long, alas, have I defy'd  
The force of Love's almighty Flame;  
And often did aloud deride  
His Godhead, as an empty Name.

But, since so freely I confess  
A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,

C c 3

Allow



Allow me now to make it less,  
By any just, and fair Excuse.

I then did vulgar Joys pursue,  
Variety was all my Bliss;  
But ignorant of Love, and you,  
How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes  
Search out Temptations, as before;  
If once I look, but to despise  
Their Charms, and value yours the more:

May sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,  
Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me;  
And, what I tremble ev'n to Name,  
May I lose all, in losing Thee.

**T H E**

THE  
RECOVERY.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

Sighing and languishing I lay,  
A Stranger grown to all Delight;  
Passing in tedious Thoughts the Day,  
And with unquiet Dreams the Night.

For your dear sake, my only Care  
Was how my constant Love to hide;  
And ever drooping with Despair,  
Neglected all the World beside,

C c 4

. 'Till

'Till, like some Angel from Above,  
Your Mercy came to my Relief;  
And then I found the Joys of Love,  
Can make Amends for all the Grief.

Those pleasing Hopes I now pursue,  
Might fail, if you cou'd prove unjust;  
But Promises from Heav'n, and you,  
Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my Doubts, and Troubles end,  
That tender Sigh my Soul assures,  
Nor am I vain, since I depend,  
Not on my own Desert, but yours.

**T H E**

T H E  
R E L A P S E.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**L**IKE Children in a Starry Night,  
When I beheld those Eyes before,  
I gaz'd with Wonder, and Delight,  
Insensible of all their Pow'r.

I play'd about the Flame so long,  
At length I felt the scorching Fire,  
My Hopes grew weak, my Passion strong,  
And I lay dying with Desire.

By

By all the help of Human Art,  
I juſt recover'd ſo much Senſe,  
As to avoid, with heavy Heart,  
The Fair, but Fatal Influence.

But, ſince you ſhine away Deſpair,  
And now my Sighs no longer ſhun,  
No *Persian* in his zealous Pray'r,  
So much adores the Riſing Sun.

If, once again my Vows diſpleaſe,  
There never was ſo loſt a Lover;  
In Love, that languiſhing Diſeaſe,  
A ſad Relapſe we ne'er recover.

A N

A N

O D E

O N

Mr. *Henry Purcell's* Death.

GOOD Angels snatch'd him eagerly on high,  
Joyful they flew, singing, and soaring through  
Teaching his New-fledg'd Soul to fly, <sup>(the Sky,</sup>  
While we, alas, did plung'd in Sorrow lye.

He went musing all along,

And new compos'd their Heav'nly Song.

A while his skilful Notes loud Hallelujahs drown'd;  
But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing <sup>(Sound;</sup>

Then,

Then, with Divine Transport, eccho'd it all around,  
And *David's* tuneful Lyre improv'd the Harmony ;

*David*, in Sacred Story so Renown'd,

No less for Musick, than for Poetry.

Oh Genius most sublime in either Art !

Crown'd with Applause surpassing all Desert !

A Man just after God's own Heart !

If Human Cares are lawful to the Blest,

Already settl'd in Eternal Rest,

Needs must thou wish, that *Purcell* only might

Have liv'd to Set whatever thou didst Write.

For, sure, the noble Thirst of Flame

In our frail Body never dies,

But with the Soul ascends the Skies,

From whence at first it came.

'Tis not the slightest Proof we have,

That part of us survives the Grave,

And

And in our Fame below still bears a share :

Why is the Future else so much our Care,

Ev'n in our latest Moment of Despair?

And Death it self despis'd by all the Wise, and Brave!

Oh, all ye Blest Harmonious Quire!

Whose only happy Bus'ness is to Love, and to Admire:

Look down with Pity from your peaceful Bower,

On wretched Men perplex'd,

And ever, ever vex'd

With anxious Care of Trifles, Wealth, and Pow'r.

In our rough Minds due Rev'rence infuse

For sweet melodious Sounds, and ev'ry artful Muse.

Musick improves our Nature, and inspires

Nothing but elevated Thoughts, and gentle soft De-  
fires.

S O N G.



## S O N G.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**O**H how I languish! What a strange,  
Unruly, fierce Desire?

My Spirits feel some wond'rous change,

My Heart is all on Fire.

Now all my wiser Thoughts, away;

In vain your Tale ye tell

-Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay;

Love's Foppish part, farewell.

Suppose one Week's Delay wou'd give

All that my Wishes move;

Oh!

Oh! who so long a time can live,  
Stretch'd on the Rack, on Love?

•

Her Soul, perhaps, is too sublime  
To like such slavish Fear;  
Discretion, Prudence, all is Crime,  
If once condemn'd by her.

When Honour does the Soldier call,  
To some unequal Fight,  
Resolv'd to Conquer, or to Fall  
Before his General's Sight;

Advanc'd the happy Heroe lives:  
Or if ill Fate denies,  
The noble Rashness Heav'n forgives,  
And gloriously he dies.

•

T O

T O A

## Coquet Beauty.

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**F**rom Wars, and Plagues; come no such Harms,  
As from a Nymph so full of Charms;  
So much Beauty in her Face,  
In her Motions such a Grace,  
In her kind inviting Eyes,  
Such a soft Inchantment lyes,  
That we please our selves too soon,  
And are with vain Hopes undone.

After

After all her Softness, we  
 Are but Slaves, while she is free,  
 Free, alas! from all Desire,  
 Unless to set the World on Fire.

Thou, Fair Dissembler, dost but thus  
 Deceive the World, as well as us:  
 Like some ancient Heroe, thou  
 Wou'dst rather force Mankind to bow,  
 And venture round the World to roam,  
 Than Govern with Content at home:  
 But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when  
 The Muse her self inspires my Pen;  
 A Minute spent in Love, out-weighs  
 Whole Years of Universal Praise,  
 And one Adorer kindly us'd,  
 Gives truer Joys than Crouds refus'd.

D d

For

For what does Youth, and Beauty serve?  
Why more than all your Sex deserve?  
Why such soft alluring Arts  
To catch our Eyes, and charm our Hearts?  
By our Loss you Nothing gain :  
Unless you Love, you Please in vain.

---

**B R U.**

---

# BRUTUS.

---

By Mr. COWLER.

---

## I.

**E**Xcellent *Brutus*, of all Human Race  
The best, 'till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,  
'Till Men above *themselves Faith* rais'd more  
Than *Reason* above *Beasts* before;  
Virtue was thy *Life's Center*, and from thence  
Did *silently* and *constantly* Dispend  
The gentle vigorous *Influence*  
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:

D d 2

And

And all the *Parts* upon it lean'd so easily,  
 Obey'd the mighty *Force* so willingly,  
 That none cou'd Discord or Disorder see

In all their *Contrariety*.

Each had his Motion natural and free,  
 And the *Whole* no more mov'd than the *Whole World* (cou'd be.

## II.

From thy strict Rule some think that thou didst swerve  
 (*Mistaken Honest Men*) in *Cæsar's* Blood;  
 What *Mercy* cou'd the *Tyrant's* Life deserve,  
 From him who kill'd *Himself*, rather than serve?  
 Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of Good

Are so far from *Understood*,  
 We count them *Vice*: Alas, our *Sight's* so ill,  
 That things which swiftest *Move*, seem to stand still.  
 We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,  
 On her Supream *Idea* brave and bright,  
 In the *Original Light*:

But

But

But as her *Beams* reflected pass  
 - Through our own *Nature*, or ill *Custom's Glass*.  
 And 'tis no wonder so,  
 If with dejected Eye  
 In standing *Pools* we seek the *Sky*,  
 That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*.

### III.

Can we stand by and see  
 Our *Mother* Robb'd, and Bound, and Ravish'd be,  
 Yet not to her Assistance stir,  
 Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Ravisher*?  
 Or shall we fear to kill him, if before,  
 The *Cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?  
*Ingrateful Brutus* do they call?  
*Ingrateful Cæsar*, who cou'd *Rome* enthrall!  
 An Act more barbarous and unnatural  
 (In th' exact Ballance of true *Virtue* try'd)  
 Than his *Successor Nero's Parricide*!

D d 3

There's



There's none but *Brutus* cou'd deserve  
 That all Men else shou'd *wish* to serve,  
 And *Cæsar's* usurp'd Place to him shou'd proffer;  
 None can deserve't but he who wou'd *refuse* the Offer.

## IV.

*Ill Fate* assum'd a *Body* thee t' affright,  
 And wrap'd it self i'th' Terrors of the *Night*,  
*I'll meet thee at Philippi*, said the *Spright*;  
*I'll meet thee there*, saidst *Thou*,  
 With such a *Voice*, and such a *Brow*,  
 As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden Flight;  
 It vanish'd as a *Taper's* Light  
 Goes out when *Spirits* appear in fight.  
 One wou'd have thought t' had heard the *Morning*  
 Or seen her well-appointed *Star* (Crow,  
 Come marching up the *Eastern-Hill* afar.  
 Nor durst it in *Philippi's* Field appear,  
 But *unseen* attack'd thee there.

Had

Had it presum'd in any Shape thee to oppose,  
Thou wou'dst have forc'd it back upon thy Foes:

Or slain't like *Cæsar*, though it be  
A *Conqueror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*.

V.

What Joy can *Human things* to us afford,  
When we see perish thus, by odd Events,  
*Ill Men*, and wretched *Accidents*,  
The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*!

When we see  
The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,  
God-like *Brutus*, Conquer *Thee*;  
What can we say, but thine own *Tragick Word*,  
That *Virtue*, which had worshipp'd been by thee  
As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Deity*,  
By this fatal Proof became  
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*?

D d 4

Hold,

Hold, Noble *Brutus*, and restrain  
The bold Voice of thy generous *Disdain*:

These mighty *Gulphs* are yet  
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.  
The *Time*'s set forth already which shall quell  
Stiff *Reason* when it offers to *Rebel*.

Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,  
And new *Philosophers* reveal.  
A few Years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,  
Would have confounded *Human Virtue*'s Pride,  
And shew'd thee a *God Crucify'd*.

---

A N

A N

O D E

O N

B R U T U S.

---

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

---

I.

'TIS said, that Favourite, Mankind  
Was made the Lord of all below;  
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,  
'Tis only one Man tells another so.

And

And for this vast Dominion here,  
 Which over other Beasts we claim,  
 Reason, our best Credential does appear,  
 By which indeed we Domineer;  
 But how absurdly, we may see with Shame.  
 Reason, that solemn Trifle! light as Air!  
 Mov'd with each blast of Censure, or Applause!  
 By partial Love, away 'tis blown;  
 Or the least Prejudice can weigh it down;  
 Thus our high Privilege becomes our Snare.  
 In any nice, and weighty Cause,  
 How wav'ring are the Wifest! yet the Grave  
 Impose on that small Judgment which we have.

## II.

In Works of Fame, whose Names have spread so  
 And ev'n the force of Time defy'd, (wide,  
 Some Failings yet may be descry'd.  
 Among the rest, with Wonder be it told,  
 That

That *Brutus* is ador'd for *Cæsar's* Death ;  
By which he still survives in Fame's Immortal Breath :

*Brutus* ! ev'n He, of all the rest,

In whom we shou'd that Deed the most detest,

Is of Mankind esteem'd the best !

As Snow descending from some lofty Hill,

Is by its rolling Course augmenting still ;

So from Illustrious Authors down has roll'd

'Till now, that Rev'rence he receiv'd of old ;

Still ev'ry Age adds a profound Esteem,

And guild their Eloquence with Praise of him :

But Truth unvail'd, like a bright Sun appears,

To Shine away this heap of sev'nte'n hundred Years.

### III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an Illustrious Wit,\*

(To whom I otherwise submit)

*That Cæsar's Life no Pity cou'd deserve*

*From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.*

\* Mr. Cowley.

Had

Had *Brutus* chose rather himself to slay,  
 Than any Master to obey,  
 Happy for *Rome* had been that noble Pride;  
 The World had then remain'd in Peace, and only <sup>(*Brutus* dy'd:</sup>  
 For he, whose Virtue wou'd disdain to own  
 Subjection to a Tyrant's Frown,  
 And his own Life had rather end, <sup>(his Friend.</sup>  
 Wou'd sure, much rather kill himself, than only hurt  
 To his own Sword in the *Philippian* Field,  
*Brutus* indeed at last did yield;  
 But in those Times such Actions were not rare,  
 And then proceeded only from Despair:  
 Else, he perhaps had chose to live,  
 In hopes another *Cæsar* wou'd forgive;  
 That so he might for Publick good, once more,  
 Conspire against a Life which had spar'd his before.

IV. Our

IV.

Our Country claims, indeed, our chiefest Care;  
And in our Thoughts deserves the tend'rest share;  
Her to a thousand Friends we shou'd prefer,  
But not betray 'em, tho' it be for her.  
Hard is his Heart whom no Desert can move,  
A Wife, a Mistress, or a Friend to Love,  
Above what e'er he does besides enjoy;  
But may he for their Sakes his Sire, or Sons destroy?  
Sacred be all the Tyes of publick Good;  
We to our Country owe our dearest Blood,  
To suffer in her Service, were a Bliss,  
And ev'n to fall, the noblest Fate that is,  
So brave a Death, tho' in Youth's early Bloom,  
Is above all the longest Life to come,  
But 'tis not, surely, of so great Renown,  
To take another's, as to lose our own:

Of



Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,  
 But what belongs to Friendship, Oh ! 'tis Sacrilege to  
 (touch.

## V.

*Can we stand by unmov'd, and see  
 Our Mother robb'd, and raviſh'd? Can we be  
 Excus'd, if in her Cauſe we never ſtir,  
 Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Raviſher?*

Thus Sings our \* Bard with almoſt Heat Divine;  
 'Tis pity that his Thought was not as ſtrong, as fine;  
 Wou'd it more juſtly did the Caſe expreſs,  
 Or that its Beauty, and its Grace were leſs.

(Thus a looſe Nymph ſometimes we ſee,  
 Who ſo Charming ſeems to be,  
 That, jealous of a ſoft Surprize,  
 We ſcarce dare truſt our eager Eyes.)  
 So dangerous an Ambuſh to eſcape,  
 We ſhall not plead a willing Rape;

\* Mr. Cowley.

A Valiant Son wou'd be provok'd the more;  
 A Force we therefore must confefs, but acted long be-  
 A Marriage ſince did intervene, (fore.  
 With all the ſolemn, and the ſacred Scene;  
 Loud was the *Hymenean* Song,  
 The violated \* Dame walk'd ſmilingly along,  
 And in the midſt of the moſt ſacred Dance,  
 As if enamour'd of his Sight,  
 Often ſhe caſt a kind admiring Glance  
 On the bold Struggler for Delight;  
 Who afterwards appear'd ſo moderate and cool,  
 As if for Publick good alone he ſo aspir'd to Rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all the Muſe can urge  
 Againſt a *Roman* of ſo great a Soul!  
 And that Fair Truth permitted us to purge  
 His Fact of what appears ſo foul!

\* Rome.

Friend-

Friendship, that sacred and sublimest Thing!

The noblest Quality, and chiefest Good!

(In this base Age scarce understood)

Inspires us with unusual Warmth its injur'd Rites to <sup>(sing.</sup>

Assist, ye Angels, whose Immortal Bliss,

Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this!

How plainly your bright Thoughts to one another <sup>(shine!</sup>

Oh! how ye all agree in Harmony Divine!

The Course of mutual Love with equal Zeal ye run,

A Course as far from any end, as when at first begun.

You saw, and smil'd on this most worthy Pair,

Who did betwixt them both so many Virtues share,

Some which belong to Peace, and some to Strife,

Those of a calm, and of an active Life,

That all the Excellence of Human Kind,

Concurr'd to make of both but one united Mind;

Which Friendship did so fast and closely bind,

Not the least Cement cou'd appear, by which <sup>(Souls were join'd.</sup> their

That

That Tie which holds our Mortal Frame,  
Which poor unknowing We a Soul and Body name,  
Seems not a Composition more Divine,  
Or more abstrucethan all that does in Friendship shine.

VII.

From mighty *Cæsar*'s boundless Grace,  
*Brutus* indeed his Life receiv'd;  
But Obligations, tho' so great believ'd,  
We count but flight in such a Case,  
Where Friendship so possesses all the Place,  
There is no room for Gratitude; since he (can be.  
Who so obliges, is more pleas'd, than his fav'd Friend  
Just in the midst of all this noble Heat,  
While their great Hearts did both so kindly beat,  
That it amaz'd the Lookers on,  
And forc'd them to suspect a \* Father, and a Son;  
(Yet here ev'n Nature's self did seem to be outdone)

\* *Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus.*

E c

From

From such a Friendship unprovok'd to fall,  
 Is Crime enough, but oh, that such a Crime were all  
 Which does, with too much Cause, ungrateful  
 (*Brutus* call!

## VIII.

He calmly laid a long Design  
 Against his best and dearest Friend;  
 Did all his Care and Credit bend  
 To Spirit others up, to work his barb'rous end,  
 Himself the Center where they all did join.  
*Cæsar*, mean time, fearless, and fond of him,  
 Was as industrious all the while  
 To give such ample Marks of his Esteem,  
 As made the Gravest *Romans* smile  
 To see with how much ease Love can the Wise beguile.  
 For he, whom *Brutus* doom'd to bleed,  
 Did, setting his own Race aside,

No

No less a thing for him provide,  
Than to the World's great Empire to succeed:  
Which we are bound in Justice to allow,  
Is All-sufficient Proof to shew  
That *Brutus* did not strike for his own sake;  
And if, alas, he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.

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E e 2

OVID

---

## OVID METAM.

LIB. IO.

---

*Quas quia Pygmalion ævum per crimen agentes  
Viderat, offensus vitiis, sine Conjuge cælebs  
Vivebat, &c.*

---

**O**bserving the lewd Lives that Women led,  
*Pygmalion* long declin'd the Nuptial Bed,  
 Instructed by mistaken Husbands Fate,  
 To chuse the safe, the solitary State.  
 At length, his lonesome Hours to entertain,  
 In solid Iv'ry of the finest Grain,  
 He Carves a Nymph with such Divine Success,  
 That baffl'd Nature blushing must confess,  
 No living Beauty did such Charms express.

With

With his own Work the Artift grows Inflam'd,  
Enamour'd on the Statue which he fram'd.  
Nor cou'd you, if that Figure you survey'd,  
Condemn his Paſſion for the Iv'ry Maid.  
That ſhe cou'd walk, that ſhe cou'd talk you'd ſwear,  
But did through Virgin Modeſty forbear.  
The more he gazes he the more admires,  
Fancy, that kindled, feeds his raging Fires.  
Flatt'ring himſelf, what his fond Hopes conceive,  
His cheated Senſe as fondly does believe.  
Her lifeleſs Hand by his ſo long is grasp'd,  
'Till he ſuppoſes his by hers is clasp'd;  
And while to move her Joints he trembling tries,  
Miſtakes the Motion, and thinks ſhe complies.  
Kiffing, he thinks her Lips return the Kiſs  
With am'rous Heat, becauſe made warm with his:  
Speaks tender things that with his Paſſion ſuit,  
And while his Tongue's with Transport never mute,



Amidst the Torrents of kind Words that break  
From his full Breast, he thinks he hears her speak.  
He Wooes her now with Presents, such as find  
Success with Maids, and make the coldest kind.  
Fine Shells, rich Gems, Birds that can talk or sing,  
And Flow'rs the earliest Tribute of the Spring;  
With far-fetch'd Trinkets, ev'ry strange Device,  
And ev'ry Toy that was a Toy of price:  
He oft embraces, oft his Arms with-holds,  
And fears to crush her with too am'rous Folds.

His Fancy next contrives what sort of Dress  
Will best his Mistress's faultless Shapes express;  
With Rings he decks her Fingers, Amber-Beads  
Adorn her Neck, with Pearl her Hair he braids;  
Vast Gems for Pendants to her Ear-rings join'd,  
A Gold-wrought Girdle round her Waste is twin'd;

While

While of his Miftrefs, thus Attir'd and Gay,  
 The curious Lover takes a new Survey,  
 He finds each Ornament worth all his Cost,  
 She Charms in ev'ry Drefs, but Naked most.  
 Duly at Night's approach the Iv'ry Maid  
 Upon a *Tyrian* Counterpane is laid,  
 With softest Pillows he supports her Head,  
 And calls her the dear Partner of his Bed.

The Festival of *Venus* now return'd,  
 When offer'd Incense in the Temple burn'd,  
 Where anxious Lovers yearly did repair  
 With Presents, and with more prevailing Pray'r:  
 Amongst the Supplicants *Pygmalion* came,  
 His, you'll acknowledge, was a hopeless Flame;  
 Before the Altar with his Gift he stands,  
 Where with low Voice, and with up-lifted Hands,

Ye Pow'rs, (he said) if you can all things do,  
As we are taught, and I wou'd think it true,  
Grant that the Wife you shall allot me, may  
(Directly Ivory he durst not say)  
Be like some Iv'ry Statue that cou'd prove,  
Of Charms to make the Carver fall in Love.  
Bright *Venus*, ever to Love's Int'rest true,  
The meaning of the dark Petition knew;  
Auspicious Flashes thrice from th' Altar broke,  
And wreath'd the Temple's Roof with curling Smoke.  
Home (but desponding still) the Lover hasts,  
His Arms about his Iv'ry Mistress casts,  
Who more than ever now appear'd to Charm,  
At his first Kifs he thinks her Lips are warm;  
The next Salute does more than Thought confirm.  
Then, with his eager Hand her Breast he tries,  
Her panting Breast with ev'ry Touch complies:

So

So handling does to Pliantness reduce  
*Hymettian* Wax, and make it fit for Use.

His Hand withdrawn, his Hand he does apply  
 Once more (for doubtful was his Joy) to try  
 If that were Flesh he felt, or Ivory. }

'Twas now a Body, quick with Vital Heat,  
 He grasps her Wrists, and feels her Pulses beat,  
 In Torrents of transported Words he gives  
 The Goddess Thanks, that his Carv'd Mistress lives;  
 Kisses of real Gust he now bestows,  
 Which that she felt the blushing Virging shows,  
 Whose new-enliven'd Eyes at once discover,  
 Days chearful Light, and a more chearful Lover.

At length the Goddess, who these Nuptials made,  
 The Blessing gives of her Prolifick Aid;  
 The Bride a Mother in nine Months became,  
 And *Paphos* bore, who gave the Isle its Name.

Here

Here was he born, (who had he Childless been,  
 No happier Monarch than himself had seen)  
 The wealthy *Cinyras*, in all things blest,  
 But only that which shou'd have crown'd the rest.

---

T H E  
 S T O R Y  
 O F

*Myrrha and Cinyras.*

**A** Song of Horror I must now commence,  
 But warn chaste Daughters first to fly from }  
 And Parents, who of Piety have Sense. (hence, }  
 Or, if my Verse's Sweetness Charm your Stay,  
 No Credit give to what I now shall say;

Or,

Or, with the Fact (if you will think it true)  
 Believe the Punishment and Vengeance too.  
 If such a Crime could Nature's Pow'r employ,  
 I give the cold *Imarian* Climate Joy,  
 And Joy to ours, at so much distance thrown  
 From that curs'd Land, where such a Deed was known.  
*Sabæa* still with Spicy Groves be Crown'd,  
 With Aromatick, fragrant Gums abound;  
 Enrich'd with Nature's Luxury appear,  
 We envy not, while *Myrrha* too grows there.  
 O *Myrrha*! *Cupid* disfavours thy Flame,  
 And swears, not from his Torch, but Hell, it came.  
 To hate our Parents is, in Human Sense,  
 A heinous Crime;—such Love, a worse Offence!  
 To thee the Princes of the East Address,  
 Chuse, *Myrrha*, take the Lover thou wou'dst bless;  
 Of them, and all Mankind, thy Choice is free,  
 Let (*Myrrha*) only One excepted be.

This

This she well knows, and therefore long rejects,  
And on her guilty Passion thus reflects.—  
Ah! whither do my roving Thoughts incline?  
Protect me Piety, and Pow'rs Divine!  
Protect me Filial Duty, Virgin Shame,  
And Rev'rence to a Father's awful Name;  
Join all your Forces to prevent in time  
A Crime so foul,—if 'tis indeed a Crime  
What Nature's Law permits, since free from Sin,  
All other Creatures Couple with their Kin,  
No wanton Heifer from her Sire is kept,  
And Fillies by their Stallion-Sires are leap'd,  
Goats breed upon the Milchers they begat,  
And this Year's Egg may be the Dam's next Mate.  
Yes, there's a Nation from this Bondage freed,  
Where Sons uncensur'd on their Mothers breed,  
And where a Daughter, to her Father Wed,  
Double Endearments brings of Birth and Bed.

Why

Why do I on these vain Amusements dwell?  
Hence flatt'ring Joys, forbidden Hopes farewell.  
Him worthiest of my Love I needs must own,  
But such as to a Father should be shown!  
If therefore not his Daughter, nor ally'd  
To *Cinyras*, I might have been his Bride.  
Hence let me fly to some far distant Clime,  
Forfake my Country, to avoid my Crime:  
Thus Virtue Counsels me, but Love detains  
Me Pris'ner here in voluntary Chains;  
Where I all Day my *Cinyras* may see  
Press his dear Hand, and yet uncensur'd be.  
Speak all the tender things that Love cou'd say,  
Uncensur'd take the Pleasure of a Kiss,  
If niggard Virtue grant no greater Bliss.  
But wou'dst thou then to greater Joys proceed?  
Think Wretch, Oh think! how in that single Deed

Thou



Thou must Eternal Rights of Nature wound,  
How many Sacred Laws and Names confound,  
Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Whore,  
Thy Brother's Mother, and to add no more,  
Sister to him that shall be Born of thee.

Can'st thou of Mischief such a Compound be,  
Nor of those Snake-hair'd Sisters stand in fear,  
Who present still to guilty Souls appear?  
While chaste in Body, oh! desist in time,  
Nor in thy Thoughts conceive so dire a Crime.  
From such flagitious Appetites abstain,  
Nor Heav'ns and Natures Laws at once prophane.  
Suppose that *Cinyras* himself should be  
With the same Frenzy seiz'd, that Tortures me.  
I know he can't, for he is Just and Good,  
I know he can't, — yet oh! I wish he cou'd.

She said, and *Cinyras* with Doubts oppress'd,  
Amongst so many, asks what Choice was best:

Re-

Reciting all their Names, enquires of her  
Which Lover she wou'd to her Bed prefer.  
She long stood mute, and like a Wretch amaz'd,  
With weeping Eyes upon her Father gaz'd.  
He thinking them th' Effect of Virgin Fears,  
Bids her not weep, and kifs'd away her Tears.  
His Kisses fir'd her; he insulting still,  
What sort of Man best suited to her Will:  
Just such a one as you, the Maid reply'd,  
Or may I never, never be a Bride.  
Fill'd with mistaken Joy, Grant Heav'n, said he,  
Thou ever may'st retain this Piety.  
Thus he. At Piety's most awful sound,  
Down sank the Conscious Virgin to the Ground.

Now balmy Night, the Friend of the Distrest,  
Laid weary Mortals, and their Cares to Rest;

While

While *Myrrha* waking lyès, in restless Fires,  
And musing oft retracts her wild Desires:  
Despairs by Fits, and then resolves to try,  
And strait does from her purpos'd Wishes fly;  
While Love and Modesty dispute the Field,  
She knows not to which Party she must yield.  
Like some tall Oak, receiving its last Wound,  
Reels too and fro, and threatens all around.  
So various is the Conflict of her Mind,  
Which now in Death alone Relief can find!  
Resolv'd on Death, a tempting Beam she spies,  
The Girdle from her Waste the rest supplies;  
Farewel my dearest *Cinyras*, she cry'd,  
My Death will tell for what, and whom I dy'd!  
These Words, tho' utter'd with imperfect sound,  
Her careful Nurse's faithful Ear did wound.  
She rushes in, shrieks, beats her Breast, and raves,  
And, tho' half dead her self, her dying Mistress saves.


Now

Now she had time to weep, and her dear Charge  
Embracing, to expostulate at large,  
And ask the Cause of such a desp'rate Grief?  
That she, resenting the unkind Relief,  
In silence fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground,  
Unwilling to disclose a cureless Wound.  
The Nurse insists, and urging her Request,  
Makes bare her hoary Head, and wither'd Breast:  
These were the Springs, tho' now decay'd and dry,  
That did your Infant Days with Food supply:  
By these, and by your Cradle, once my Care,  
Tell me the Secret of this strange Despair.  
Thus she.—The Virgin sighs, and turns aside,  
The Nurse still sues, and will not be deny'd.  
Entrust me with your Grief, and you shall see,  
That I can promise more than Secrecy:  
Old as I am, what is't I cannot do?  
My Age can Miracles perform for you.

F f

Is't

Is't Lunacy? My Skill in Herbs excels;  
Or if 'tis Witch-craft, I have Counter-spells:  
Suppose, at worst, the Gods themselves displeas'd,  
With Sacrifice those Gods shall be appeas'd.  
What want you more your Wishes to complet?  
Your Kindred all in Wealth and Honour great;  
And, that which does all other Joys excel,  
In Health your Mother, and your Father well.  
The Father's Name drew from the Virgin's Breast  
A Sigh, that had almost her Crime confess;  
Which, in her Nurse, did no Suspicion move  
Of Love so impious, tho' she knew 'twas Love.  
Then to her Charge, with trickling Tears bedew'd,  
While in her Lap she sat, her Suit renew'd;  
She fondly kiss'd her, she embrac'd her too,  
(Close, as her trembling, feeble Arms cou'd do)  
Thou lov'st, said she, but lay aside your Fear,  
So skilfully I'll manage the Affair,  
The Secret ne'er shall reach your Father's Ear.



At this in Fury from her Lap she flew,  
 And on the Bed her prostrate Body threw.  
 The Nurse still anxious, and still urging on,  
 Receiv'd no Answer but, Desist, begon!  
 Force not a Virgin to confess her Shame! (Name!  
 'Tis Sin what you wou'd know; a Sin that wants a  
 As Thunder-struck, a while the Beldame reel'd,  
 'Till sinking at her Mistress's Feet she kneel'd,  
 And scarce had Strength her trembling Hands to rear,  
 Trembling, alas, at once with Age and Fear!  
 She sooths her first with Words of tend'rest strain,  
 Then threatens (since Entreaties were in vain)  
 That she no longer wou'd her Shame conceal,  
 But strait her rash Attempt on Death reveal.  
 At this, her Head the frighted *Myrrha* rears,  
 And drench'd her Nurse's Bosom with her Tears: }  
 She oft essays to speak, as oft forbears;

F f 2

'Till

'Till shrouding her flush'd Cheeks, with feeble Voice  
She cry'd,——O Mother, happy in thy Choice!  
Then groan'd and ceas'd:---The Nurse, who guess'd  
Th' imperfect Sense, into Convulsions fell: <sup>(too well</sup>  
From her chill'd Heart the Blood in Horror fled,  
The hoary Hairs stood bristling on her Head;  
She tries by Imprecations to dissuade,  
From such flagitious Thoughts, the wretched Maid.  
You Counsel rightly, (this was her Reply)  
But O 'tis fix'd, I must Enjoy or Die!  
Live, cries the Beldame, since there's no Redress  
But Death or Love, you shall, I swear, possess.  
You shall possess your---then her Words she dropp'd,  
And at the awful Name of *Father* stopp'd.

Now White-rob'd Matrons *Ceres* Shrine adorn,  
With Garlands of the Year's first ripen'd Corn,

Amongst

Amongst themselves, the Goddeſs's chafſt Rites,  
 They Celebrate for nine continu'd Nights:  
 The Nurſe, while Huſbands ſleep without their  
 With wicked Diligence the Plot contrives; (Wives,  
 All things conſpir'd to aid the black Deſign,  
 For ſhe found *Cinyras* o'er charg'd with Wine:  
 She tells him of a tender Virgin's Flame  
 And Paſſion for him, but conceals her Name;  
 She then extols her Beauty to the Skies.  
 Her Age? ſaid he: Juſt *Myrrha's* Age, ſhe cries.  
 Enjoin'd to bring her, ſhe returns with ſpeed,  
 And cries, Rejoice my Girl, our Hopes ſucceed.  
 The wretched Maid, not over-joy'd appear'd  
 To hear the News, which yet with Joy ſhe heard!  
 A ſecret Pleaſure through her Heart diſtill'd,  
 Ev'n while with dark ill-boding Thoughts 'twas  
 (fill'd.



'Twas now the dead of Night, the fatal time  
That *Myrrha* first advances to her Crime:  
Affrighted *Cynthia* from her Chariot flies,  
And left the Night to drive without her Eyes.  
Chaft *Icarus* sculks first behind a Cloud,  
*Erigone* does next her Visage shroud.  
Thrice stumbled *Myrrha* at her setting out,  
And thrice she heard the Boding Screech-owl shout.  
Yet on she goes (by Night of Shame bereft)  
(The Nurse's Right-hand holding with her Left)  
Mean while the other her dark Passage grop'd  
To the dire Chamber; now the Door is op'd:  
Ent'ring, her Knees against each other struck,  
Courage her Heart, and Blood her Cheeks forlook;  
Her Fears encreas'd, and her Convulsions grew  
More fierce, as nearer to her Crime she drew.  
She now repents, and wou'd retire unknown;  
The wicked Beldame holds, and drags her on.

Here

Here *Cinyras*, receive your own, she cry'd,  
 And lays her by her Father's naked Side.  
 Unknown he takes his Off-spring to his Bed,  
 And Lover like, endearing Words he said;  
 What ever cou'd assuage her Virgin Fears,  
 And in respect of their so diff'rent Years,  
 He calls her Daughter: — Father, she replies,  
 And does, by speaking Truth, the Truth disguise!  
 Full of her Sire, the guilty Bed she leaves;  
 And, tho' her Womb an impious Birth Conceives,  
 For sev'ral Nights she does her Crime renew;  
 'Till *Cinyras* at length too curious grew  
 The Beauty he so oft enjoy'd to view.  
 Calls with blind haste to have the Lights brought in,  
 That shew'd at once his Daughter, and his Sin.  
 Rage to his Words no Utr'rance wou'd afford,  
 Up from his Bed he starts to snatch his Sword;

Yet, wing'd with Fear, more swiftly *Myrrha* flies,  
From Death escaping in the Night's Disguise.

Through fundry Lands by lonesome Ways she stray'd,  
Rov'd 'till nine Moons their monthly Circuit made;  
When, with the Burden of her Womb deprest,  
*Sabæa* to her weary Limbs gave Rest.

Wou'd Fate her Wishes grant, yet her sad State  
Is such, she knows not what to ask of Fate!

Quite tir'd with Life, and yet of Death afraid,  
'Till, by Despair directed, thus she pray'd.

Is there amongst the Gods one Deity,  
Who can to Crimes confess indulgent be?

I own my Guilt, nor Punishment decline,  
(The worst that angry Justice can enjoin:)

But since the Living, if I here remain,

I shall pollute; and dead, the Dead prophane;

Exclude me from both Worlds. Her Pray'r was heard,

In part at least, nor was her Suit deferr'd;

For

For while she spake, her tender Feet she found  
Grown stiff, and deeply rooted in the Ground,  
Her Flesh and Bones converted into Wood,  
Her Marrow turn'd to Pith, to Sap her Blood;  
Her Arms prov'd Boughs, her Fingers Twigs, her  
The rising Bark that clos'd her Body in, (Skin }  
And now to shroud her Visage did begin. }  
Nor was its Progress by the Wretch oppos'd,  
Who shrank her Head to have it quickly clos'd.  
She's now a Tree, and thro' depriv'd of Sense,  
Does precious Drops, resembling Tears, dispence:  
The weeping Plant retains its Mistress's Name,  
And shall for Ages be the Song of Fame.

DESCRIP-

# DESCRIPTION OF THE *Palace of Sleep;*

From the Eleventh BOOK of

*OVID's METAMORPHOSES.*

**N**EAR *Cyme* lyes a dusky Cave, where *Sleep*  
His lonesome Palace does in Silence keep:  
O'er which the sprightly Sun can ne'er prevail,  
Nor at his splendid Rise, nor his more splendid Fall.  
Upon the fenny and unwholesom Ground,  
Thick Fogs and Vapours spread themselves around:  
The loud Forerunner of ensuing Light,  
Does never there the rosie Morn invite:  
Not watchful Mastifs, nor more wakeful Geese;  
Not sound of Human Voice, nor whisp'ring Trees;  
Not

Not low'ring Herds, nor Flocks of bleeting Sheep,  
Distract the Slumbers of the God of Sleep.

Beneath, there glides an Arm of *Lethe's* Lake,  
Whose falling Waves a drowsie Murmur make;

Which does to Rest th' Inhabitants dispose;

A Field of Poppies at the Entrance grows,

To whose kind Juice the Night her Silence owes.

No creaking Doors the nodding God molests,

Nor frozen Porter waits for coming Guest.

About the middle stands a stately Bed,

Hung round with Black, and of soft Feathers made;

Where sluggish *Morpheus* does in Grandeur lye,

Steep'd in soft Ease, dissolv'd in Lethargy.

As many Airy Dreams his Bed furround,

As Sands on Shoars, as Leaves in Woods are found,

Or Ears of bearded Corn rise from the fertile

T H E

THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF

*Homer's Iliads.*

Translated from the G R E E K.

---

The A R G U M E N T.

Chryses, a Priest of Apollo, brings a Ransom to the Grecians for his Captive Daughter Chriseïs. Agamemnon (the Son of Atreus, and thence called Atrides) being General of the Army, and in Possession of the Prisoner, refuses to Release her, and with Threats dismisses her Father. The Priest prays for Vengeance to Apollo, who sends a Plague among the Greeks. Achilles Summons a Council, where he prevails with Chalcas, a Prophet, to tell the secret Cause of the God's Displeasure. The Prophet declares that Agamemnon occasion'd their Misfortunes by detaining Chriseïs. By that means the General is obliged to restore her: But afterwards, to be revenged on Achilles, he seizes his Captive Briseïs. Achilles complains of this to his Mother Thetis, and begs her Intercession with Jupiter, to revenge his Injury on the Grecians, by giving Victory to the Trojans.

**T**O Sing Achilles Wrath, O Muse! prepare,  
Which plung'd the Grecians in destructive War;  
And

And sent untimely to th' Infernal Coast,  
The bravest Souls of Heroes early lost;  
Whose Limbs in *Phrygian* Plains extended lay,  
Expos'd to Dogs and rav'nous Birds a Prey:  
So *Jove* decreed, when fierce Contention rose,  
To make *Atrides* and *Achilles* Foes.

But say, O Muse! What unrelenting God,  
In Friendly Breasts, those Seeds of Discord sow'd?  
*Apollo*, *Jove's* and Fair *Latona's* Son;  
For he, resenting bold Injustice done,  
A fatal Sicknesh to their Army brought;  
The Soldiers perish'd for their Leader's Fault;  
Whose daring Voice with publick Scorn dismiss'd  
The Suit of *Chryses*, and revil'd the Priest.

For *Chryses*, charg'd with boundless Treasure, came  
To free from servile Bonds a Beauteous Dame:

His



His sacred Hands, to move the *Grecians* more,  
*Apollo's* Crown and Golden Scepter bore:  
Their Chiefs he thus Address'd, but Courtéd most  
The Sons of *Atreus*, Leaders of their Host.

Ye Kings of *Greece*! May each propitious God  
That makes *Olympus* his secure Abode,  
Assist your Arms, King *Priam's* Town to take,  
And lead your Forces safe in Triumph back:  
But free my Daughter, and my Gifts approve;  
And fear the Great *Apollo*, Son of *Jove*.

With loud Applause the *Greeks* Consent express'd,  
Approv'd the Ransom, and rever'd the Priest:  
But King *Atrides* rude Expressions us'd,  
And, venting Threats, his humble Pray'r refus'd.  
He said, Old Dotard, leave our Hostile Fleet,  
Prevent my Fury with a swift Retreat:

Unfold

Unfold *Chryseis* shall my Slave remain,  
 'Till, cloy'd with Joys, I break her useless Chain:  
 My Bed she shall adorn, and ply the Loom,  
 In *Argos*, distant from her native Home:  
 Begone, and seek no more the Charming Dame;  
 If e'er thy Tongue renews this saucy Claim,  
 Soon shalt thou find Protecting Pow'r deny'd  
 To that vain Scepter, born with Priestly Pride.

The trembling Priest his dreadful Voice obey'd,  
 Along the Coast in silent Passion stray'd;  
 And, while secure in distant Plains he stood,  
 With various Titles thus invok'd his God.

Propitious *Phæbus*! Hear thy Suppliant's Pray'rs,  
 Thou Guardian King, whom chosen *Chrysa* fears;  
 For whose Protection sacred *Cilla* prays,  
 Thou glorious Light! whom *Tenedos* obeys;

IF

If e'er thy Priest a grateful Service paid,  
Or Bulls and Goats on flaming Altars laid;  
O *Smintheus* hear! and with thy Silver Bow  
Dart the proud *Grecians*, and revenge my Woe.

His fervent Pray'r the God's Compassion drew,  
Who breathing Vengeance from *Olympus* flew;  
His Shoulders bore a Bow and Quiver join'd,  
Still, as he mov'd, his Arrows chink'd behind:  
Unseen as Night he came, and rang'd apart  
The *Grecian* Fleet, and sent a deadly Dart;  
The Twang was dreadful of his Silver Bow;  
First only Mules and Dogs receiv'd the Blow;  
But last at Men his Mortal Shafts were aim'd,  
And Fun'ral Piles with dismal Blazes flam'd.  
*Achilles*, when the Darts nine Days had rov'd,  
The tenth a Council call'd, by *Juno* mov'd:

For

For much the White-arm'd Goddess griev'd to find  
Those Men destroy'd, to whom her Heart inclin'd.

The summon'd Host a throng'd Assembly made,  
Where, rising up, the God-like Heroe said:  
We now, *Atrides*, must resolve again,  
To wander homewards through the doubtful Main;  
If Flight may still prevent approaching Doom,  
Since War and Plagues at once the *Greeks* consume:  
Some Priest consult, for some deep Prophet send,  
Or Dream-expounder, (Dreams from *Jove* descend)  
To learn the Cause of our Impending Woes,  
Due Sacrifice unpaid, or broken Vows;  
If humble Victims will this Plague remove,  
Appease the Godhead, and regain his Love.

Then *Calchas* rose, who best foretold their Doom,  
And knew the present, past, and Things to come ;

G g

Who

Who safe to *Troy* the *Grecian* Navy brought,  
By that Prophetick Art which *Phœbus* taught:  
He said, *Achilles*, best belov'd of *Jove*,  
Since you demand what dire Offences move  
*Apollo's* Wrath, the Fatal Secret hear;  
But first to save me from Destruction swear:  
A Prince will be provok'd, whose boundless Sway  
The *Greeks* acknowledge, and our Chiefs obey;  
And still unequal is a Subject's Strife  
Match'd with a Monarch, who commands his Life;  
For, though he seems his Anger to Digest,  
He keeps the Rancour in his mindful Breast.

*Achilles* said, I grant what you require,  
Boldly reveal what e'er the Gods inspire;  
By *Jove's* lov'd Son, sole Object of your Pray'r,  
When you Celestial Oracles declare,

While

While I this Life enjoy, and Light partake,  
 No Greek on *Calchas* an Assault shall make:  
 Not ev'n *Atrides*, who may proudly boast  
 His Chief Command of all the *Grecian* Host.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless Prophet spoke,  
 Not broken Vows the God's just Wrath provoke,  
 Nor Sacrifice unpaid; but *Phobus* darts  
 His Fatal Shafts at our Devoted Hearts,  
 In Vengeance of the Wrongs his Priest has born,  
 From whose fond Arms the Beautifous Maid was torn.  
 By this *Atrides* urg'd avenging Fate,  
 Nor will the raging Pestilence abate,  
 'Till prosp'rous Gales, no Bribe or Ransom paid,  
 To longing *Chryses* bear the Black-ey'd Maid,  
 With choicest Gifts, and sacred Victims sent;  
 Then Plagues will cease, and injur'd Pow'rs relent.

This said, *Atrides* rose, with Grief oppress'd,  
Black Choler boiling in his Manly Breast;  
His Eyes were flaming, and severe his Look,  
And, frowning on the Bard, with Warmth he spoke.  
Thou dreaming Prophet! Born to cross my Will,  
Who findest a Pleasure in foretelling Ill,  
Why dost thou still ungrateful Truths impart?  
Thou worst Professor of the Boding Art!  
Now since my Arms the Captive Maid detain,  
The God is angry, and the *Greeks* are Slain:  
'Tis true, my Threats her canting Sire dismiss,  
I mock'd his Crown, proud Ensign of the Priest,  
Refus'd the Ransom, brought in bended Arms,  
And found more Treasure in her rifled Charms;  
Not so was lov'd in Youth my *Grecian* Dame,  
Who blest my Nuptials with a Virgin Flame;  
Equal in Beauty, she delights my Heart  
With Humour, Wit, and ev'ry Work of Art:

Yet,

Yet, prefs'd with Dangers, I release the Fair,  
 The Publick Safety is my only Care:  
 But you, O *Grecian* Chiefs! some Gift propose,  
 Fit to repair my much lamented Loss;  
 Nor vainly think that I your Chief, alone  
 Will want a Prize, who thus resign my own.

To him *Achilles* said, Too proudly you,  
 In this Debate, mean selfish Ends pursue:  
 How should the *Grecians* a new Gift supply?  
 Few are the Spoils that undivided lye,  
 And ev'ry Soldier must enjoy his Lot,  
 Nor you Resume what by their Toils they got.  
 Freely to *Phæbus* then restore the Maid,  
 This Publick Service shall be largely paid,  
 When e're, by *Jove's* Decree, the *Greeks* enjoy  
 The promis'd Spoils of well-defended *Troy*.



He spoke. The Gen'ral of their Host reply'd,  
With all thy Courage and exalted Pride,  
Think not to seize what I abhor to grant;  
Shalt thou enjoy a Blessing which I want?  
Cheaply thou doom'st me to resign my Right,  
But equal Prize that Favour shall requite;  
Or else the Spoils of *Ithacus*, or thine,  
Or those of *Ajax* shall be shortly mine.  
But this hereafter will engage my Thought;  
Now Launch a Ship, by chosen Pilots taught  
To Sail the stormy Sea: Then Gifts prepare,  
Worthy to Grace my dear departing Fair,  
Whom *Ajax*, *Ithacus*, or *Creta's* King,  
With Pomp of Sacrifice on Board shall bring;  
Or you, the fiercest of Mankind, may please  
These Rites to finish, and the God appease.

*Achilles* frowning, the Debate renew'd,  
O Prince! with Craft and Insolence endu'd;

Urg'd by thy Voice, what Soldier will delight  
 To March in Ambush, or in Arms to Fight?  
 No Cause had I to make this long Campaign,  
 The distant *Trojans* ne'er disturb'd my Reign;  
 Nor fruitful *Pthia's* happy Soil oppress'd,  
 With Herds abounding, and with Heroes blest:  
 The craggy Mountains, and resounding Deep,  
 My Realm secure from bold Invasion keep.  
 With thee, O Tyrant! I engag'd in War  
 To serve thy Brother, and his Wrongs repair:  
 Must I for this be with Contempt bereft  
 Of all my Prize, the grateful Armies Gift?  
 Small was the Lot, for which I labour'd hard,  
 With thy unequal Dividend compar'd;  
 Though I the Fury of each Fight sustain,  
 Mine is the Toil and Danger, thine the Gain;  
 Away I go, my Strength in Battle spent,  
 With some poor Trifle to my Fleet content.

But now farewell: 'Tis better to return  
To Native *Greece*, than here Oppression mourn:  
Hope not for Succour from a Friend Disgrac'd,  
Nor think with Foreign Wars my Realm to waste.

*Atrides* answer'd, Fly with speed away,  
The restless Motions of thy Mind obey;  
I scorn to move thee with an humble Pray'r,  
On my Account to prosecute the War;  
Heroes as great will pay deserv'd Respect,  
And *Jove* himself will our just Cause protect:  
Of all the Kings that his Vicegerents Reign,  
None to my Pow'r such Enmity maintain:  
Thou findest in Faction thy supream Delight,  
With brutal Courage, and with boasted Might,  
Exerting Talents sent thee from Above,  
Not gain'd by Virtue, but meer Gifts of *Jove*.

Go

Go take thy Ships, and thy *Theſſalian* Band,  
 And ſafe at Home thy *Myrmidons* Command:  
 I ſlight thy Service, thy Revenge deſpiſe:  
 And as the God reſumes my lovely Prize,  
 Who muſt to *Chyrſa* from my Arms be ſent,  
 So will I ſeize *Brifeis* in thy Tent;  
 Remove her Beauty from thy longing Sight,  
 Aſſert by Conqueſt my Superior Right,  
 And warn all Chiefs, by thy unhappy Fate,  
 To ſhun Contention, and ſuppreſs Debate.

This ſaid, *Achilles* was with Rage poſſeſs'd,  
 Prompt was his Hand, but unreſolv'd his Breſt;  
 If ſtriking Home he ſhould *Atrides* ſlay,  
 Or tamely yielding, his Revenge delay:  
 While Reaſon thus with Paſſion ſtrove, he drew  
 His weighty Sword; then down *Minerva* flew,

Diſpatch'd

Dispatch'd by *Juno's* Order from Above,  
 (For both the Princes shar'd her equal Love:)  
 Behind she stood, and grasping fast his Hair,  
 Unseen by others, did to him appear;  
 For, looking backwards in a deep surprize,  
 He knew the Goddess by her sparkling Eyes.

(here?)

What brings, he said, *Jove's* heav'nly Daughter  
 Come you to see the rude Affronts I bear?  
 Then witness my Revenge; behold the time  
 That haughty King shall perish for his Crime.

To him the Blue-ey'd Goddess thus reply'd,  
 To calm your Passion, and your Strife decide,  
 From Heav'n I come, employ'd by *Juno's* Care;  
 You and *Atrides* her Affection share:  
 Obey my Voice, and Violence assuage,  
 Nor press Revenge, nor with your Sword engage;  
Sheath'd

Sheath'd be that Weapon, but severe your Tongue;  
A time shall come to vindicate this Wrong,  
When, crush'd by Foes, the King shall humbly sue  
With treble Gain your Anger to subdue.

*Achilles* answer'd, 'Tis, O Goddess! fit  
That all my Passions to your Will submit:  
Wisely, to Pow'r's Divine, Respect we bear,  
Those that obey the Gods, the Gods will hear.  
Then grasping hard his Hilt, her sacred Word  
He strait observ'd, and sheath'd th' unwieldy Sword.  
This done, *Minerva* did to Heav'n ascend,  
Where humble Gods *Jove's* awful Throne attend.

*Achilles* now in ruder Language rail'd,  
His Rage encreasing as his Reason fail'd;  
Thou Chief, more Heartless than a flying Deer,  
Who dar'st not first in bloody Fields appear;

Nor

Nor doubtful Ambush for thy Foes design,  
Vain empty Heroe, ever steep'd in Wine:  
Fighting seems Death to thee, whose chief Delight  
Is robbing Soldiers of their Legal Right.  
Vile are the Slaves who thy dull Presence throng,  
Thou hadst not else out-liv'd this brutal Wrong:  
But by this awful Scepter now I swear,  
(Which ne'er again will happy Branches bear,  
Nor native Bark, nor growing Leaves will shoot,  
But left on distant Hills the kindly Root;  
And now with *Grecian* Judges must remain,  
Who Right dispence, and Sacred Laws maintain)  
Hear what I swear, When e'er the *Greeks* shall want  
My needful Aid, Destruction to prevent,  
And with Regret their lost *Achilles* mourn,  
No Pray'rs, nor Gifts shall Bribe me to return;  
*Hector* shall strow with slaughter'd Foes the Field,  
And no Relief thy Impotence shall yield;

But,

But, torn with deep Remorse, thy Heart shall break,  
For wronging thus in Arms the bravest *Greek*.

The Speech concluded, in Disdain he tost  
His Scepter down, with Golden Studs Emboss'd :  
*Atrides* also storm'd, but *Nestor* rose  
With mild Discourse their Fury to compose,  
For smooth Harangues renown'd in *Pylos* long,  
Words flow'd like Honey from his artful Tongue;  
Two Generations in that Realm were dead,  
Born in his Reign, and by his Precepts bred:  
To him the Third did now Allegiance bear,  
Just were his Thoughts, and his Expressions clear.

Oh Gods! he said, What unexpected Woes  
Oppress the *Greeks*! What Joys attend their Foes!  
What greater Good can bless the *Phrygian* King,  
His Host, and all who from his Lineage spring,  
Than



Than these Distractions, which our Chiefs divide,  
 Who lead our Armies, and our Councils guide!  
 Let me prevail to calm your fatal Rage,  
 Obey the Dictates of maturer Age,  
 A Race of Heroes, more than Mortals brave,  
 Once lov'd the Counsels which my Reason gave;  
 Such Chiefs no more will to these Eyes appear,  
 As God-like *Theseus*, and *Perithous* were;  
*Dryas* the Just, and *Polypheme* the Strong,  
 And *Ceneus*, worthy an Immortal Song;  
 Strongest of Men, the strongest Beasts they kill'd,  
 Huge Mountain-Monsters, and fierce Centaurs <sup>(quell'd:</sup>  
 With these I liv'd, with these in Arms I fought,  
 From distant *Pyle* by Invitation brought;  
 None now alive these Heroes durst provoke,  
 Yet they wou'd listen when your *Nestor* spoke.  
 Taught by these great Examples, Both submit  
 To what I judge, by long Experience, fit;

Stretch

Stretch not, *Atrides*, your Prerogative,  
 Of lawful Prize this Heroe to deprive:  
 Nor you, *Achilles*, with our Leader vie,  
 For *Jove* has rais'd no Monarch's Throne so high:  
 Born of a Goddess, you more Strength may boast,  
 But he more Empire, who Commands our Host.  
 Yet first, *Atrides*, let your Passion cease,  
 Then calm Advice *Achilles* shall appease;  
 Whom still we find, when press'd by *Trojans* hard,  
 Our strongest Bulwark, and securest Guard.

Well have you spoke, *Atrides* then reply'd;  
 But this proud Captain wou'd o'er Kings preside,  
 Control Superiors, and Command the Field,  
 Affecting Empire, which no Prince will yield;  
 The Gods, that gave him his undaunted Mind,  
 Confer'd no License to defame Mankind.

His

His Speech half ended thus *Achilles* broke,  
My fervile Neck deserv'd thy galling Yoke,  
If, worthleſs, and afraid, I yielded ſtill  
With tame Submission to thy boundleſs Will,  
But now let others blind Obſervance pay,  
No more will I ſuch Inſolence obey:  
One Hint beſides I give, obſerve it right,  
The Gods forbid me in this Cauſe to Fight;  
Convey *Brifeis*, as thy Captive, home,  
Since partial *Grecians* their own Gift reſume;  
But Tyrant, on thy Life, this warning take,  
And let thy Hands no more Reſumptions make;  
When e'er the bold Experiment they try,  
Thy Crimſon Blood my spotted Launce ſhall dye.

Thus Rival Princes, while the Aſſembly fate,  
Fighting with Words maintain'd a rude Debate:

Riſing

Rising at last, the Council they Adjourn'd,  
And stern *Achilles* to his Tent return'd.

*Atrides* then Religious Rites began,  
Launch'd a new Vessel in the yielding Main,  
Adorn'd her Sides with Twenty shining Oars,  
And sent a Cargo of the choicest Stores;  
On Board *Chryseis* was conducted last,  
And Wife *Ulysses* with Command was grac't;  
Thus fraught with Gifts to reconcile the God,  
The well-trimm'd Pinnacle plough'd the liquid Road.

With equal Care he purify'd the Coast  
From foul Pollutions of his sinful Host;  
The *Greeks*, in Oceans wide, their Ordures threw,  
To please the God whole Hecatombs they flew;  
Fat Bulls and Goats lay burning on the Shore,  
And curling Smoak to Heav'n the Saviour bore.

H h

These

These Pious Works perform'd, *Atrides* still  
Resolv'd his threaten'd Vengeance to fulfil;  
*Talthybius* and *Eurybates* he sent,  
Charg'd with this Message to the Hero's Tent:  
Go, bring *Briseïs* to my longing Arms,  
Command *Achilles* to resign her Charms;  
Or else your Monarch will in Person come,  
By force of Conquest to revoke her Doom.

The Heralds acted what their Sov'raign spoke,  
Along the Shoar unwilling Steps they took;  
But last to strong *Theſſalian* Quarters went,  
And found *Achilles* Pensive in his Tent:  
Stern was his Look when their Approach he saw;  
Their anxious Minds were struck with deepest Awe;  
Amaz'd they stood, and no Demand they made.  
But he, divining their bold Message, said:

Wel.

Welcome ye Messengers of Gods and Men,  
 Not you I blame, but your proud King condemn:  
 I know the Tyrant my fair Prize demands,  
*Patroclus*, lead her to their awful Hands:  
 That each a Witness of my Wrongs may prove  
 Before all Kings on Earth, and Gods Above,  
 When e'er the *Grecian* Pow'rs, oppress'd with Woes,  
 In vain shall urge me to repel their Foes:  
 For wild *Atrides*, with Distraction lost,  
 No more from Slaughter can preserve their Host;  
 No more in Fight their sinking Fleet protect,  
 Nor by things past their future Schemes direct.

He spoke. *Patroclus* his Command obey'd,  
 And to their Hands resign'd the Beaut'ous Maid,  
 Away she went, with an unwilling Heart,  
 Her mourning Lover, from his Friends apart,

Sate weeping on the Coast, the Sea survey'd,  
And with extended Arms to *Thetis* pray'd  
Indulgent Goddess! since Decrees of Fate,  
My Life have bounded with so short a Date;  
Great *Jove* with Glory was oblig'd to crown  
The number'd Years of your unhappy Son:  
But now, behold me wrong'd with open Shame,  
And robb'd of all that's dear, the Captive Dame.

The Goddess heard her weeping Son complain,  
With *Nereus* sitting in the deepest Main;  
Strait like a Mist she rose, regain'd the Land,  
Sate down before him, stroak'd him with her Hand,  
And said, Why weeps my Son? Thy Grief declare,  
And let thy tender Parent bear her share.

With Sighs he said, O Queen! 'tis vain to tell  
What happen'd lately, and you know so well:

Strong

Strong *Thebes* we took, King *Oetion's* sacred Seat,  
 And stow'd with Plunder our Triumphant Fleet:  
 The *Grecian* Princes shar'd the Spoils they got,  
 But first reserving, as the fairest Lot,  
*Chryseis* for their Chief: Her Father came  
 With Gifts to Ransom that unhappy Dame,  
*Apollo's* Scepter and his Crown he bore,  
 Intreating much the *Greeks*, *Atrides* more:  
 The *Greeks* his Pray'r with due Compassion heard,  
 His Gifts approv'd, and Character rever'd:  
 But proud *Atrides*, with Displeasure mov'd,  
 Dismiss'd the good Old Man, with Threats reprov'd:  
 He went, and pray'd to have his Wrong redress'd,  
 And *Phæbus* heard him, for he lov'd his Priest:  
 A Plague he sent, and Fatal Arrows flew  
 Around our Quarters, and our Army flew;  
 A Prophet then reveal'd the God's Decree;  
 I mov'd the *Greeks* to set *Chryseis* free,



And urg'd our brutal Chief, who loudly storm'd,  
 To threaten Vengeance, which he since perform'd.  
 Well guarded home with Joy *Chryseis* went,  
 And Holy Victims were to *Phæbus* sent:  
 Then curs'd *Atrides* seiz'd my lovely Maid,  
 With whom the *Greeks* my glorious Service paid.  
 But now, O Goddess! kind Assistance lend,  
 In search of dire Revenge to Heav'n ascend:  
 Complain to *Jove*, and if by Word or Deed  
 You ever pleas'd him, may your Pray'rs succeed:  
 Oft have I heard you in *Theffalia* boast,  
 That you alone, of all th' Ætherial Host,  
 His Fate prevented, and his Foes withstood,  
 When Pow'rs Divine wou'd bind their Sov'raign God:  
 When *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, all conspir'd,  
 You, *Thetis*, you, with just Resentment fir'd,  
 To save the Godhead from ignoble Bands,  
 Brought up *Briareus* with his Hundred Hands;

Im-

Immortals by that Name the Gyant know,  
 Call'd Great *Ægeon* in the World below:  
 Stronger than *Titan*, next to *Jove* he fate,  
 Pleas'd with his Post, and wond'ring at his Fate;  
 Then all the Rebel Deities withdrew,  
 Nor durst their bold, unfinish'd Plot pursue.  
 Of this Success remind unthinking *Jove*,  
 Embrace his Knees, use all your Pow'r Above  
 To succour *Troy*, and *Phrygian* Troops defend,  
 That swift Destruction may their Foes attend:  
 Let King *Atrides*, sculking on the Main,  
 There bless the *Greeks* with his Auspicious Reign:  
 And feel the Vengeance of his Crime at last,  
 Who thus in War the bravest Chief disgrac't.

A  
 DESCRIPTION  
 OF THE  
 Enchanted *Palace* and *Garden*  
 OF  
*ARMIDA,*

WHITHER

Two Knights from the Christian Camp were  
 come in search of *RINALDO*.

---

English'd from *Tasso's Jerusalem*, Book the Sixth.

By Mrs. *ELIZABETH SINGER*.

---

**T**HE Palace in a circling Figure rose,  
 It's lofty Bounds a *Silvan* Scene inclose;  
 Expanded there a beauteous Garden lay,  
 Where never-fading Flow'rs their Pride display.

A

A thousand *Dæmons* kept their Lodgings round,  
Whose Arts with endless Labyrinths confound  
Each Passage to the fair Enchanted Ground.

A hundred Gates adorn the stately Place,  
The chief of which the Heroes wond'ring pass:  
The Folding-doors on Golden Hinges turn,  
With polish'd Gold the radiant Pillars burn;  
But all the dazzling precious Metal's Cost,  
Was in the rich unvalu'd Sculpture lost.

The Figures which the spacious Portals grace,  
With Human Motion seem to leave their Place;  
In ev'ry Visage, an expressive Mind  
Th' inimitable Artist had design'd,  
And Life in all their Looks and Gestures shin'd.  
Nor Speech was wanting, Fancy that supplies;  
They breath and speak while each consults his Eyes.

The Story first with *Hercules* begins,  
With Virgins seated here he tamely spins:

The God-like Man, who Hell's strong Passage gain'd,  
And Heav'n, and all it's rolling Orbs sustain'd,  
A Spindle wields, and with soft Tales beguiles  
The flying Hours; fond Love stands by and smiles:  
His ufeless Club the Fair *Iole* holds,  
The Lion's rugged Skin her tender Limbs infolds.

Remote from this a Sea its Surges rears,  
Hoary with Foam the azure Field appears;  
Two Warlike Fleets advance on either side,  
And o'er the Waves with equal Terror ride:  
The Flashes which from brandish'd Weapons came,  
With dreadful Splendor all the Deep inflame.  
Conspicuous far the bright *Egyptian* Queen,  
Urging the fierce Encounter on is seen:  
*Antoni*us here conducts the Eastern Kings,  
The mighty *Romans* there Illustrious *Cæsar* brings.

As

As when two floating Isles amidst the Main,  
 Push'd on by Winds, each others Shock sustain,  
 And Mountains clash with Mountains on the watry <sup>(Plain:</sup>  
 With such a Force the Hostile Fleets ingage,  
 Their thund'ring Chiefs oppos'd with equal Rage;  
 While Javelins, Darts, and flaming Torches fly,  
 And Foreign Spoils above the Waters lye.  
 To *Cæsar* now the Victory inclines,  
 The beauteous Queen the liquid Field resigns;  
 She flies, nor wou'd the fond *Antonius* stay,  
 But madly left the scarce decided Day,  
 And threw the Empire of the World away.  
 Nor touch'd with Fear, nor conquer'd by his Foes,  
 Th'unhappy Man the doubtful Field forgoes,  
 But by his Love betray'd; yet gen'rous Shame  
 With Martial Honour oft his Thoughts reclaim:  
 And now he wou'd the fainting Fight renew,  
 And now the charming Fugitive pursue;

With

With her Inglorious to the Shoar he flies,  
And carelefs there, and loft in Pleasure lies;  
Abandon'd loofely to her fatal Charms,  
Resolves to foften Fate in *Cleopatra's* Arms.

The Champions all thefe costly Wonders view,  
And thro' the Palace now their Courfe purfue:  
As wild *Meander* winds along his Shores,  
Now finks, and now his Silver Wave reftores,  
Now to the Ocean runs in various ways,  
And backward now with wanton Motion plays;  
Such crooked Paths, fuch Labyrinths they pafs,  
As they the dubious Structure's Windings trace;  
And thro' th'uncertain Maze they ftill had err'd,  
But the Wife *Magus* Scheme their Passage clear'd;  
Whence difengag'd, before their ravish'd Eyes  
The beauteous Garden's pleasant Profpect lies;

The

The shining Lakes, and moving Cryſtal here,  
The Flow'rs, and various Plants at once appear;  
At once a ſhady Vale, and funny Hill,  
And Groves, and moſſie Caves the Landſkip fill;  
At once its ſelf the charming Scene reveals,  
And all its wiſe Contriver's Art conceals:  
Nor Art does copying Nature here appear,  
But ſportive Nature imitating her.  
The Air was mild, and calm the Morning Breeze,  
Which breath'd Eternal Verdure on the Trees;  
The Trees their Branches proudly here diſplay  
With full-ripe Fruits, and Purple Bloſſoms gay;  
Beneath one ſpreading Leaf a bending Twig  
Presents the immature and rip'ning Fig:  
Depending on a loaded Branch are ſeen  
The Gold, the bluſhing Apple, and the Green:  
The lofty Vines their various Cluſters ſhow,  
Ungrateful thoſe, while theſe with *Nectar* flow.

The



The joyful Birds beneath the happy Shade,  
In guided Parts a tuneful Confort made.  
The whisp'ring Winds, and Waters murm'ring Fall,  
With trembling Cadence softly answer'd all.  
Now ceas'd the Birds, the Winds and Waters high,  
In warbling Sounds return the Harmony ;  
But falling, now the Birds resume their Part,  
Yet scarce this Order seems th' Effect of Art :  
But one with gawdy Plumes, among the rest,  
And purple Bill, superior Skill exprest ;  
Now imitating Human Words begun,  
The sweet, the shrill, the melting Note her own :  
The wing'd Musicians all stood mute to hear,  
The Winds suspend their Murmurs in the Air,  
And list'ning staid while she her Song recites,  
Which in alluring Strains to Love invites :  
Her Part perform'd, the feather'd *Chorus* round,  
Thro' all the Groves their glad Assent resound.

The

The pensive Doves in Sighs their Pain reveal,  
The whisp'ring Trees a Passion seem to feel:  
The Floods, the Fields, and lightfom Air above  
Confess the Flame, and gently breath out Love.

Unconquer'd yet the stedfast Knights remain,  
And all the tempting Baits of Vice disdain;  
But now retir'd beneath a pleasant Shade,  
The Lovers at a distance they survey'd:  
*Armida* seated on the Flow'rs they find,  
And in her Lap *Rinaldo's* Head reclin'd;  
Inspiring Love, and languishing her Air,  
Unbound and curling to the Winds her Hair:  
Her careless Robes flow with an am'rous Grace,  
And rose Blushes paint her lovely Face.  
Fix'd on her Charms he fed his wanton Fires,  
And feeding still increas'd his fierce Desires;  
Plung'd in licentious Pleasures, thus he lay,  
And melts his Life ingloriously away.

At certain times *Armida* to her Cells  
Retires to practise her mysterious Spells:  
The Hour was come, she sighs a soft Adieu,  
And from his Arms unwillingly withdrew.  
In glitt'ring Armour rushing from the Wood,  
Before him straight the pious Heroes stood.  
As the fierce Steed, for Jufts and Battle bred,  
Now ufeless grown, with Herds in Pastures fed;  
Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free  
From former Toils; if Arms he chance to fee,  
Or hears from far the Trumpet's sprightly Sounds,  
He Neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry Bounds;  
Longs on his Back to feel the hardy Knight  
Measure the Lifts, and meet the promis'd Fight.  
Their Sight the brave *Rinaldo* thus alarm'd,  
Recall'd his Honour, and his Courage warm'd;  
It's long inglorious Sleep his Virtue broke,  
And Martial Ardour sparkl'd in his Look.

When

When with a friendly Scorn *Ubaldo* held  
 Before the Youth his *Adamantine* Shield;  
 Surpriz'd he meets his own Reflection there,  
 His gawdy Robes hung loose, his flow'ing Hair }  
 Clouds with the rich Perfume, and sweetens all the (Air.  
 A bright, but usefess Sword adorns his Side,  
 Asham'd he views this nice fantastick Pride,  
 And, like a Man that long in idle Dreams  
 Has lain, deluded to himself he seems:  
 Enrag'd the hateful Object now he flies,  
 Confus'd and silent downward bends his Eyes,  
 Half wish'd the cleaving Ground might open wide,  
 Or overwhelming Seas his Shame wou'd hide.  
*Ubaldo* fees the Time, and thus begun,

While Fame, while so much Glory may be won,  
 While *Asia*, while all *Europe* are in Arms,  
 And shake the Universe with loud Alarms,

I i

*Ber.*

*Bertoldo's* Son alone exempt from Fear,  
Remains a Woman's noble Champion here:  
What Lethargy, what fatal Spells control  
Thy vigorous Honour, and unman thy Soul?  
Come on, the Camp and mighty *Godfrey* send,  
Fortune and Victory thy Sword attend,  
The destin'd Heroe thou the doubtful War to end:  
Conclude the Conquest o'er thy Pagan Foes,  
What Might can thy resistless Arm oppose?

Speechless he stood, and now a decent Shame,  
And now a gen'rous Pride his Looks inflame:  
He rends the Badges of his lewd Disgrace,  
And flies with Horror the detested Place.

THE

THE

# Mosaic Story

OF THE

# CREATION.

---

By *John Hanbury, Esq;*

---

**O**NE only God the World's Foundation laid,  
The Heav'ns and Earth, them and their Host <sup>(he made;</sup>  
For once before this frame of Nature was,  
The Heav'ns and Earth were one unfashion'd Mass,  
Of Form and Motion void, and void of Light,  
'Twas all Confusion, and unbounded Night;

I i 2

'Till

'Till the creating Spirit with Wings of Love,  
Spread o'er the deep *Abyss* did kindly move;  
With quick'ning Energy the whole compress'd,  
And wak'd the *Chaos* from Eternal Rest;  
Motion and Time began, and Silence broke,  
When thro' the Deep thus the Creator spoke,  
*Let there be Light.*————

The Beams of Day shot thro' the parting Shade,  
Old Night before the lovely Stranger fled;  
His bright First-born with Joy th' Almighty view'd,  
He saw 'twas wond'rous Fair, and call'd it Good.  
He blest the Birth-day of his Infant Light,  
That Day th' Eternal World struck out of Night.

The Rest of Nature undistinguish'd lay,  
Blended in one were Heav'n, and Earth and Sea;  
When thus the Word, Let Matter next divide;  
Swift as the Voice broke forth it was obey'd,  
And thus the wond'rous Separation made. }

Unlos'd th' Ætherial Fluids upwards move,  
And make the glorious azure Sea above;  
Those next in Lightness thro' next Spaces fly,  
And form our Clouds, and Air, and nether Sky;  
But lower yet the pond'rous Waters fall,  
Floating the Face of the Terrestrial Ball.  
No Land was seen.—The great Creator spake,  
Let Earth and Sea the next Division make:  
In one vast Deep let all the Waters lye,  
And let the Surface of the Land be dry:  
Before the Voice th' obedient Waters fled,  
And took their Lodging in their spacious Bed,  
And the new Earth disclos'd her naked Head.

A naked World it was, unblest and poor,  
No Seeds of Life the barren Matter bore,  
'Till Breath Divine quicken'd the fruitful Earth,  
And gave the Vegetable Kingdom Birth;



Let beauteous Flow'rs, and Plants, and shady Trees,  
Of various Kinds, in their Perfection rise :

Let ev'ry sort contain their proper Seed,  
That shall distinctly their own Species breed.

So spoke the making Word, and it was so,  
All in Perfection rose, not ftaid to grow.

Full ripen'd Fruit the loaded Trees adorn,  
And full blown Flow'rs were at one instant born.  
The Oak, the Cedar, and th' aspiring Pine  
Shot quick to Heav'n, and met the Word Divine.

That their Succession might for ever run,  
While fed with Dews, and cherish'd by the Sun;  
The Word commands the Beams of Light and Fire,  
Shou'd in one burning, shining Orb retire, (turn,  
Whose bending Course to North and South shou'd  
With equal Heat warm both, but neither burn.

Whose

Whose constant Revolutions shou'd divide  
The future Years, and count how fast they glide,  
Hence rose the Sun, roll'd on his glorious way,  
The Joy of the young World, and Lord of Day.

The lesser Light too rose, but scarce less bright,  
Queen of the Flood, and Regent of the Night;  
Whose changing Beams for ever ebb and flow,  
The Scale of Time as they decay and grow.

And last the Stars in perfect Order rose,  
Whose Number none but their Creator knows;  
Whose glitt'ring Lights adorn the gloomy Skies,  
Whose Beauties please the World, whose Motions  
(teach the Wise.

The Word Divine, on Air and Water spread  
A nobler Life, thro' both profusely shed;

The feather'd Kind took Birth, conceiv'd in Air,  
And scaly Broods the teeming Waters bare;  
The Creatures soon their Maker's Goodness move,  
To Life he adds the greater Blessing, Love;  
That Word alone that call'd forth all to live,  
The Pow'r and Joy of giving Life cou'd give;  
The living Pairs in mutual Flames he join'd,  
With that first Blessing, Multiply your Kind.  
Let Birds, as fast as Trees they dwell on, bear,  
And People their Dominions of the Air.  
Let Fish with endless numbers swell their Seas,  
Till their own Shoars want Sands to count th'increase.  
The winged Race in ev'ry Field and Grove,  
Confess the Flame, begin to Sing and Love;  
The young *Leviathans* their Nuptials keep,  
And haste to stock their Empire in the Deep.



Thus

Thus Fowl and Fish the Skies and Waters bred,  
And Earth alone was uninhabited;  
'Till kindled by the Word cold Matter warms,  
And various Soils shoot forth in various Forms.

The Race of Lions rise from stubborn Clay,  
And with Magesttick Roar salute the Day:  
The milder Soil the gentle Species bare,  
Such as the harmless Sheep, and fearful Hare.  
From heaviest Earth the sluggish Asses grow,  
From slimy Mud the Race of Reptiles flow,  
But light the Dust whence sprung the bounding  
(Roe.]

Thus ev'ry creeping Thing, and ev'ry Beast,  
Their Parent Earth, from whence they grew, possess;  
Inform'd by Sense, they sought their needful Good,  
But knew not whence their Life, nor whence their  
(Food.

'Twas

'Twas therefore God to Crown his Works below,  
His Creature Man in his own Image drew,  
Who from himself might his Creator view.  
In the same Earth the Human Pair he moulds,  
But from his sacred Breast infus'd their Souls;  
Pow'r, Wisdom, Love, thro' their new Beings shine,  
The God-like Features of the Sire Divine.  
Bolder in him the noble Lines appear,  
In her more soft, but yet more heav'nly Fair;  
Such Love and Likeness the first Parents join,  
So much, but one in Body and in Mind;  
That hence 'twas said the Husband bore the Bride,  
Bred in his Heart, and issu'd from his Side:  
This Human Pair, with Pow'r and Reason blest,  
Were made to govern, not destroy the rest;  
Th' Almighty blest, and bid them Love, and Reign,  
And multiply at large their Sov'reign Line;

The

The Fish, and Fowl, and Beasts their Pow'r obey,  
And at their Feet the new Creation lay.

Abroad they look'd, their fair Dominions view'd,  
All spoke the Maker Great, and Wise, and Good:  
To him they offer Sacrifice of Praise,  
Implore his Blessing on their future Race,  
Copying his Image from each other's Face.

Thus one first Pow'r the Plan of Nature laid,  
And all in Number, Weight and Measure made.

T H E

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

---

*By the same Hand.*

---

**B**Efore Ambition touch'd the poison'd Heart,  
 E'er Gold in Friendship, or in Love had part,  
 Before Religion was a Mystick Trade,  
 There was a time when Nature was obey'd;  
 When happy Man was void of Crime or Fear,  
 His Friendship perfect, and his Love sincere,  
 Both as unbounded as the common Air.

His

His Thoughts were undisguis'd, and unconfin'd,  
As naked as his Body was his Mind;  
Full his Content, because his Wishes few,  
How cou'd he covet what he did not know?  
He wisely trod where Nature led the way,  
Fed on her Fruits, and in her Bosom lay;  
His strength of Appetite, and height of Blood,  
Gave double Relish to his Love and Food:  
The Springs he drank were like his Conscience clear,  
The Soil produc'd, and the Sun cook'd his Fare;  
The Grape, the Peach, the Melon, and the Pine,  
For Smell and Taste their Sweets and Flavours join.  
The painted Morning fed his waking Eyes,  
When he beheld his Canopy the Skies.  
The Rose and Lilly on the Green were spread,  
And artless Beauties in the Sweets were laid,  
As bright and fragrant as their flow'ry Bed.

The



The Birds around did all their Notes employ,  
To entertain his Intervals of Joy:  
The Cedar Boughs plaid with an easie Breeze,  
To fan the Sun-Beams from his chearful Eyes;  
Their Branches in a thousand Angles laid,  
Chequer'd his Walks with dancing Light and Shade.  
His short liv'd Cares fet with the falling Day,  
Nor Hope nor Fear lay cross his even Way,  
Safe with the Gods all his too Morrows lay. }  
Pleas'd with th' abundance of his daily Store,  
He did not wish, for he cou'd use no more.

Thus Nature govern'd when the World began,  
The Laws of Nature were the Laws of Man:  
But long these Rules did not his Fancy suit,  
The Blockhead must be wiser than the Brute;  
Art must new-mould what Nature better taught,  
Or polish o'er what she too coarsely wrought:

From

From thence the Taylor and the Parson join'd,  
To cloath his naked Body and his Mind,  
The Taylor only form'd the outward Sign,  
To shew what sort of Creature liv'd within;  
The Priest amaz'd him in his Mystick School,  
Turn'd his Head round, and made him Knave and <sup>(Fool.</sup>  
He taught some Virtues, but in strange Disguise,  
Drest up in Pomp, in Rites and Sacrifice,  
The good and bad confus'd, and Truth was brew'd <sup>(with Lies.</sup>  
Between them both they make us what we are,  
Of Beau and Bigot a promiscuous Share.

THE

T H E

*False Morning.*

**T**HE Morning rose bright as a blooming Bride,  
Flush'd with Enjoyment from her Lover's Side,  
So warm for Winter, and so like the Spring,  
I thought to hear the foolish Cuckoo sing;  
But see how soon the Blessing turn'd a Curse,  
The Weather and the Ways grow worse and worse;  
The Clouds look fullen in the faithless Skies,  
And Winds, like Jealousie, in Murmurs rise;  
It Thunder'd in my Ears, and Lighten'd in my Eyes.  
Sometimes a flatt'ring Minute seem'd to smile,  
But lasted but a very little while.

Such is the Morning of a married Life,  
But such the dirty Journey with a Wife.

T H E

THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

---

By Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON.

---

*The Transformation of the Draggon's Teeth.*

**W**HEN now *Agenor* had his Daughter lost,  
He sent his Son to search on ev'ry Coast;  
And sternly bid him, if he brought not o're  
The Royal Maid, to see his Face no more,  
But live an Exile in a Foreign Clime;  
The Father's Piety became his Crime.

K k

The

The restless Youth search'd all the World around;  
 But how can *Jove* or his Intrigues be found?  
 When spent at length with his successless Toil,  
 To shun his Father and his Native Soil,  
 He takes a Journey to the *Lyrian* Dome,  
 There asks the God what new appointed Home  
 Shou'd end his Travels, and his Toils relieve.  
 The *Lyrian* Oracles this Answer give.

"Behold among the Fields a wand'ring Cow,  
 "Unbroken to the Service of the Plow;  
 "Mark well the Place where first she lays her down,  
 "A Town there build, *Beotia* call the Town.

No sooner had he left the Sacred Dome,  
 Fix'd in his Thoughts on mighty Things to come,  
 When in the Fields the fatal Cow he view'd,  
 Nor gall'd with Yokes, nor worn with Servitude;  
 Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;

And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd  
 To the great God whose Counfels he obey'd.  
 O'er *Panopè* the Cow her Journey took,  
 And now had forded the *Cephisean* Brook:  
 When standing still, she to the spacious Skies  
 Thrice lifted up her Head, and bellow'd thrice;  
 Then stooping on her Knees, she gently prest  
 The rising Grass, and laid her down to rest.

*Cadmus* salutes the Place, and gladly hails  
 The new-found Mountains, and the nameless Vales,  
 And thanks the Gods, and turns about his Eye  
 To see his new Dominions round him lye;  
 Then sends his Servants to a Neighb'ring Grove  
 For living Streams, a Sacrifice to *Jove*.

O'er the wide Plains there grew a shady Wood  
 Of aged Trees, where in the midst there stood

A bushy Thicket, pathless and unworn,  
 O'er-run with Brambles, and perplex'd with Thorn:  
 Amidst the Brake a hollow Den was found,  
 With Rocks and shelving Arches vaulted round.

Deep in the Den a dreadful Serpent lyes,  
 Bloated with Poison to a monstrous size,  
 Bright is his Crest, his Scales are burnish'd Gold,  
 Blood-shot his Eyes, and ghastly to behold:  
 Three Tongues he brandishes, as many Rows  
 Of jaggy Teeth his op'ning Jaws disclose.  
 The *Tyrrians* in the Den for Water sought,  
 And let their Vessels down the hollow Vault:  
 From side to side their empty Vessels bound,  
 And rowse the sleeping Serpent with the Sound.  
 He straight bestirs him, and begins to rise,  
 And now with dreadful Hissings fills the Skies,  
 And darts his forky Tongues, and rolls his glaring

(Eyes.

The

The *Tyrians* start, the Blood their Cheeks forfakes,  
 And ev'ry loosen'd Joint with Horror quakes.  
 Above the tallest Trees he rais'd his Face,  
 His hinder Circles floating on the Grass;  
 In winding Mazes then himself he roll'd,  
 And leap'd upon them in a mighty Fold.  
 Of such a Bulk, and such a monst'rous Size,  
 The Serpent in the Polar Circle lyes,  
 That stretches over half the Northern Skies. }  
 In vain the *Tyrians* from the Serpent fly,  
 Or on the feeble Force of Arms rely:  
 All their Endeavours and their Hopes are vain;  
 Some die entangl'd in the knotty Train,  
 Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsom Death,  
 Swoln up with Blasts of Pestilential Breath.

And now the scorching Sun was mounted high,  
 In all its Lustre to the Noon-day Sky;

K k 3

When



When *Cadmus* wond'ring at his Servants stay,  
Proceeds t' enquire the Cause of their Delay;  
A Lion's Hide around his Loins he wore,  
And in his Hand a pointed Jav'lin bore;  
With these he brings a bright and shining Dart,  
A daring Soul, and an undaunted Heart.

Soon as the Youth approach'd the fatal Place,  
He saw his Servants Breathless on the Grass;  
The scaly Foe amidst their Corps he view'd,  
Roll'd up at Ease, and glutted in their Blood.  
Such Friends, says he, deserv'd a longer Date;  
But *Cadmus* will revenge, or share their Fate.  
A Pond'rous Stone he then prepar'd to throw,  
And in a Whirlwind sent it at the Foe:  
A batter'd Tow'r had scarce sustain'd the Blow;  
But nothing here the unwieldy Rack avails,  
Rebounding harmless from the plaited Scales:

The

The Serpent's Hide preserv'd him from a Wound,  
And native Armour crufted him around.  
With more Succels a pointed Jav'lin flew,  
Which at his Back the raging *Cadmus* threw ;  
Through the thick Scales and Flefh it took its Courfe,  
And in the fpinal Marrow fpent its Force.  
The Serpent his'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,  
And writh'd his Body to and fro with Pain ;  
And bit the Spear, and wrench'd the Wood away,  
The Point ftill buried in the Marrow lay.  
And now his Rage increafing with his Pain  
Reddens his Eyes, and beats in ev'ry Vein ;  
His grinding Jaws are whiten'd with a Foam,  
And from his Mouth the blafing Vapours come ;  
The Plants around him wither in the Blaft,  
Such as th' Infernal *Stygian* Waters caft.  
Now in a Maze of Rings he lyes enroll'd,  
Now all untwifted, and without a Fold ;

K k 4

Now

Now like a Torrent with a mighty force  
Bears down the Forrest in his boist'rous Course:  
*Cadmus* gave back, and on the Lion's Spoil  
Sustain'd the Shock, then forc'd him to recoil;  
The pointed Spear still warded off his Rage:  
Mad with his Pains, and furious to Engage,  
The Serpent champs the Steel, and bites the Spear,  
'Till Blood and Venom all the Point besmear.  
But still the Hurt he yet receiv'd was slight,  
For whilst the Champion with redoubl'd Might  
Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring Foe  
Shrinks from the Wound, and disappoints the Blow.

The Dauntless Heroe still pursues his Stroke,  
And presses forward, 'till a knotty Oak  
Retards his Flight, and stops him in the Rear;  
Full in his Throat he plung'd the fatal Spear,

That

That through the Serpent's Neck a Passage found,  
And pierc'd the knotty Timber through the Wound.  
Fix'd to the reeling Trunk, with many a stroke  
Of his hugh Tail, the Serpent lash'd the Oak;  
'Till spent with Toil, and lab'ring hard for Breath.  
He now lay twisting in the Pangs of Death.

*Cadmus* beheld him wallow in a Flood  
Of swimming Poison, intermix'd with Blood,  
When suddenly a Speech was heard from high,  
(The Speech was heard, nor was the Speaker nigh)  
*Why dost thou thus with secret Pleasure see,  
Insulting Man! what thou thy self shalt be?*  
Astonish'd at the Voice he stood amaz'd,  
And all around with inward Horror gaz'd.  
When *Pallas* straight descending from the Skies,  
*Pallas* the Guardian of the Bold and Wise,

Bid

Bid him Plow up the Field, and scatter round  
The Serpent's Teeth o'er all the Furrow'd Ground.  
Then tells the Youth, how to his wond'ring Eyes  
Embattl'd Armies from the Field shou'd rise.

He Sows the Teeth at *Pallas's* Command,  
And flings the future People from his Hand.  
The Clods grow warm, and crumble where he Sows,  
And now the pointed Spears advance in Rows ;  
Now nodding Plumes appear, and shining Crests,  
Now the broad Shoulders and the rising Breasts ;  
O'er all the Field the breathing Harvest swarms,  
A growing Host, a Crop of Men and Arms.

So through the parting Stage a Figure rears  
Its Body up, and Limb by Limb appears,  
'Till all the Man by just Degrees arise,  
And in his full Proportions strikes the Eyes.

*Cad-*

*Cadmus* surpriz'd, and startl'd at the fight  
Of his new Foes, prepar'd himself for Fight :  
When one cry'd out, Forbear, fond Man, forbear  
To mingle in a blind promiscuous War.  
This said, he struck his Brother to the Ground,  
Himself expiring by another's Wound,  
Nor did the third his Conquest long survive,  
Dying e'er scarce he had begun to live.

The same Example ran through all the Field,  
'Till Heaps of Brothers were by Brothers kill'd.  
The Furrows swam in Blood, and only Five  
Of all the vast Increase were left alive.  
*Echion* one, at *Pallas's* Command,  
Let fall the guiltless Weapon from his Hand;  
Then with the rest a lasting Peace he makes,  
Whom *Cadmus* as his Friends and Partners takes :

So

So Founds a City on the promis'd Earth,  
And gives his new *Bæotian* Empire Birth.

Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one wou'd have  
The Royal Founder in his Exile blest: (gues's'd  
Long did he live within his new Abodes,  
Ally'd by Marriage to the Deathless Gods;  
And, in a fruitful Wife's Embraces old,  
A long Increase of Children's Children told:  
But no frail Man, however Great or High,  
Can be concluded Blest before he die,

*Actæon* was the first of all his Race,  
Who griev'd his Grandfire for his borrow'd Face;  
Condemn'd by stern *Diana* to bemoan  
The branching Horns, and Visage not his own;  
To shun his once-lov'd Dogs, to bound away,  
And from their Hunter to become their Prey.

And

And yet consider what the Change had wrought,  
You'll find it a Misfortune, not a Fault;  
Or if a Fault, it was the Fault of Chance,  
For how can Guilt proceed from Ignorance?

*The Transformation of Actæon into  
a Stag.*

In a fair Chace a shady Mountain stood, <sup>Blood.</sup>  
Well stor'd with Game, and mark'd with Trails of  
Here did the Huntsmen 'till the Heat of Day  
Pursue the Stag, and lade themselves with Prey;  
When thus *Actæon* calling to the rest:  
My Friends, says he, Our Sport is at the best,  
The Sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds  
His burning Beams directly on our Heads;  
Let's by Consent abstain from further Spoils,  
Call off the Dogs, and gather up the Toils;

And



And e'er to Morrow's Sun begins his Race,  
 Take the cool Morning to renew the Chace.  
 They all consent, and in a chearful Train  
 The Jolly Huntsmen, loaden with the Slain,  
 Return in Triumph from the sultry Plain.

}

Down in a Vale with Pine and Cypress clad,  
 Refresh'd with gentle Winds, and brown with Shade,  
 The chaste *Diana's* private Haunt, there stood  
 Full in the middle of the darksome Wood  
 A spacious *Grotto*, all around o'er-grown  
 With hoary Moss, and arch'd with Pumice-stone.  
 From out its rocky Clefts the Waters flow,  
 And trickling swell into a Lake below.  
 Nature had ev'ry where so plaid her part,  
 That ev'ry where she seem'd to vie with Art.  
 Here the bright Goddess, toild and chaf'd with Heat,  
 Was us'd to bathe her in the cool Retreat.

Here

Here did she now with all her Train resort,  
Panting with Heat, and breathless from the Sport,  
Her Armour-bearer laid her Bow aside,  
Some loos'd her Sandals, some her Veil unty'd;  
Each busie Nymph her proper Part undrest;  
While *Crocale*, more handy than the rest,  
Gather'd her flowing Hair, and in a Noose  
Bound it together, tho' her own hung loose:  
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns  
Fetch up the Water, and unlade their Urns.

Now all undrest the shining Goddess stood,  
When, as *Actæon* had the Chase pursu'd,  
Lost and bewilder'd in the pathless Wood,  
He wander'd hither, where th' unhappy Man  
Saw the Fair Goddess, and the naked Train.  
The frighted Nymphs, with Horror in their Eyes,  
Fill'd all the Wood with piercing Shrieks and Cries;  
Then

Then in a huddle round the Goddeſs preſt :  
She proudly Eminent above the reſt  
With Bluſhes glow'd; ſuch Bluſhes as adorn  
The ruddy *Welkin*, or the purple Morn;  
And tho' the crowding Nymphs her Body hide,  
She modeſtly withdrew, and turn'd aſide.  
Supriz'd at firſt ſhe wou'd have ſnatch'd her Bow,  
But ſees the circling Waters round her flow ;  
Theſe in the Hollow of her Hand ſhe took,  
And daſh'd 'em in his Face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:  
Tell if thou canſt the wond'rous Sight diſclos'd,  
A Goddeſs naked to thy View expos'd.

This ſaid, the Man begun to diſappear  
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a Deer.  
A riſing Horn on either Brow he wears,  
And ſtretches out his Neck, and pricks his Ears;

**Rough**

Rough is his Skin, with sudden Hairs o'er-grown,  
His Bosom pants with Fears before unknown.  
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,  
And wonders why he flies away so fast.  
But as by chance, within a Neighb'ring Brook,  
He saw his branching Horns and alter'd Look,  
Wretched *Actæon*! in a doleful Tone  
He try'd to speak, but only gave a Groan;  
And as he wept, within the Watry Glas,  
He saw the big round Drops, with silent pace,  
Run trickling down a Savage Hairy Face. }  
What should he do? Or seek his old Aboads,  
Or herd among the Deer, and sculk in Woods?  
Here Shame dissuades him, there his Fear prevails,  
And each by turns his aking Heart affails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies  
His op'ning Hounds, and now he hears their Cries;

A noble Pack, or to maintain the Chace,  
Or snuff the Vapour from the scented Grass.

He bounded off with Fear, and swiftly ran  
O'er craggy Mountains, and the flow'ry Plain;  
Through Brakes and Thickets forc'd his way, and flew  
Through many a Ring, where once he did pursue.  
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim  
His new Misfortune, and to tell his Name;  
Nor Voice nor Words the brutal Tongue supplies,  
From shouting Men, and Horns, and Dogs, he flies,  
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous Cries.  
When now the fleetest of the Pack, that prest  
Close at his Heels, and sprung before the rest,  
Had fasten'd on him, straight another Pair  
Hung on his wounded Haunch, and held him there,  
'Till all the Pack came up, and ev'ry Hound  
Tore the sad Huntsman growling on the Ground,  
That now he seem'd but one continu'd Wound.

With dropping Tears his bitter Fate he moans,  
 And fills the Mountain with his dying Groans.  
 His Servants with a piteous Look he spies,  
 And turns about his supplicating Eyes.  
 His Servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,  
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,  
 And call'd their Lord *Actæon* to the Game;  
 He shook his Head in Answer to the Name;  
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,  
 Or only to have stood a Looker on.  
 But to his Grief he finds himself too near,  
 And feels his rav'nous Dogs, with Fury tear  
 Their panting Lord, disfigur'd in a Deer.

}

## *The Birth of Bacchus.*

*Actæon's Sorrows, and Diana's Rage,*  
 Did variously the Thoughts of Men engage;

Some call'd the Evils which *Diana* brought,  
Too great, and disproportion'd to the Fault;  
Others again esteem'd *Actæon's* Woes,  
Fit for a Virgin Goddess to impose.  
The Hearers into different Parts divide,  
And Reasons are produc'd on either side.

*Juno* alone, of all that heard the News,  
Nor wou'd condemn the Goddess, nor excuse;  
Not caring for the Justice of the Deed,  
But pleas'd to see the Race of *Cadmus* bleed;  
For still she kept *Europa* in her Mind,  
And, for her sake, detested all her Kind;  
Besides, to aggravate her Hate, she heard  
How *Semele*, to *Jove's* Embrace preferr'd,  
Was now grown big with an Immortal Load,  
And carry'd in her Womb a future God.

Thus

Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddess broke  
To sudden Fury, and abruptly spoke.

And are my Threatnings of so small a force?  
I'll then, says she, pursue another Course;  
It is decreed the guilty Wretch shall die,  
If I'm indeed the Mistress of the Sky,  
If rightly stil'd among the Pow'rs above,  
The Wife and Sister of the thund'ring *Jove*;  
(And none can sure a Sister's Right deny)  
By my Decree the guilty Wretch shall die.  
Big with a Child by *Jupiter* begot,  
That scarce has ever faln to *Juno's* Lot;  
The Strumpet now may Triumph in her *Jove*,  
And publish to the gazing World his Love:  
But I'll be call'd by *Juno's* Name no more,  
If Vengeance does not overtake the Whore.



This said, descending in a yellow Cloud,  
Before the Gates of *Semele* she stood.

Old *Beroe*'s Decrepit Shape she wears,  
Her wrinkl'd Visage, and her hoary Hairs ;  
Whilst in her trembling Gate she totters on,  
And learns to Tattle in the Nurse's Tone.  
The Goddess thus disguis'd in Age, beguil'd  
With pleasing Stories her false Foster-Child.  
Much did she talk of Love, and when she came  
To mention to the Nymph her Lover's Name,  
Fetching a Sigh, and holding down her Head,  
'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.  
But trust me, Child, I'm much inclin'd to fear  
Some Counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.  
Many an honest well-desig'ning Maid,  
Has been by these pretended Gods betray'd.

But

But if he be indeed the thund'ring *Jove*,  
 Bid him, when next he courts the Rites of Love,  
 Descend Triumphant from th' Etherial Sky,  
 In all the Pomp of his Divinity ;  
 Encompas'd round by those Celestial Charms,  
 With which he fills th' Immortal *Juno's* Arms.

Th' unwary Nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,  
 Desir'd of *Jove*, when next he sought her Bed,  
 To grant a certain Gift which she wou'd chuse ;  
 Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuse  
 A Lover's Wishes, *Styx* confirm my Voice,  
 Chuse what you will, and you shall have your Choice.  
 Why then, says she, when next you fill my Arms,  
 May you descend in those Celestial Charms,  
 With which your *Juno's* Bosom you enflame,  
 And fill with Transport Heav'n's Immortal Dame.

The God surpriz'd wou'd fain have stopp'd her Voice,  
But he had sworn, and she had made her Choice.

To keep his Promise he ascends, and shrowds  
His awful Brow in Whirl-winds and in Clouds ;  
Whilst all around, in terrible Array,  
His Thunders rattle, and his Light'nings play.  
And yet the dazzling Lustre to abate,  
He set not out in all his Pomp and State ;  
Clad in the mildest Light'ning of the Skies,  
And arm'd with Thunder of the smallest size :  
Not those huge Bolts, by which the Giants slain,  
Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* Plain.  
'Twas of a lesser Mould, and lighter Weight ;  
They call it Thunder of a Second-rate.  
For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove's* Command  
Temper'd the Bolt, and turn'd it to his Hand,

Work'd

Work'd up less Flame and Fury in its Make,  
And quench'd it sooner in the standing Lake.  
Thus terribly adorn'd with Horror bright,  
Th' Illustrious God descending from his height,  
Came rushing on her in a Flood of Light.

The mortal Dame, too Feeble to engage  
The Light'ning's Flashes, and the Thunder's Rage,  
Consum'd amidst the Glories she desir'd,  
And in the Thunderer's Embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his Off-spring from the Tomb,  
*Jove* took him smoaking from the blasted Womb;  
And, if on ancient Tales we may rely,  
Inclos'd th' Abortive Infant in his Thigh.  
Here when the Babe had all his time fulfill'd,  
*Ino* first took him for her Foster-Child;

Then

Then the *Niseans*, in their dark Abode,  
Nurs'd secretly with Milk the growing God.

### *The Transformation of Tiresias.*

'Twas now, while these Transactions pass on Earth,  
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a second Birth,  
When *Jove*, dispos'd to lay aside the Weight  
Of Publick Empire, and the Cares of State;  
As to his Queen in Nectar Bowls he quaff'd,  
In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,  
The Sense of Pleasure in the Male is far  
More dull and dead, than what you Females share.  
*Juno* the Truth of what was said deny'd;  
*Tiresias* therefore must the Cause decide,  
Having the Pleasure of both Sexes try'd.

}  
}

For he by chance, within a shady Wood,  
Two twisted Serpents in Conjunction view'd;

When

When with his Staff their slimy Folds be broke,  
And lost his Sex and Manhood at the Stroke.

But after sev'n revolving Years, he view'd  
The self-same Serpents in the self-same Wood;  
And if, says he, such Virtue in you lye,  
That he who dares your slimy Folds untie  
Must change his Kind, a second Stroke I'll try.

}

Again he struck the Snakes, and stood again  
New Sex'd, and suddenly recall'd to Man.

Him therefore both the Deities create  
The Sov'raign Umpire, in their grand Debate;  
And he declar'd for *Jove*: When *Juno* fir'd,  
More than so trivial an Affair requir'd,  
Depriv'd him, in her Fury, of his Sight,  
And left him groaping round in sudden Night.  
But *Jove*, to recompence him for the Fact,  
(Since no one God repeals another's Act)

Irra-

Irradiates all his Soul with inward Light,  
And with the Prophet's Art relieves the want of Sight.

### *The Transformation of Eccho.*

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,  
From him th' enquiring Nations sought their Doom;  
The Fair *Liriope* his Answers try'd,  
And first th' unerring Prophet justify'd;  
This Nymph the God *Cephus* had abus'd,  
With all his winding Waters circumfus'd,  
And on her Body got a lovely Boy,  
Whom ev'n the Virgins then beheld with Joy.

The tender Dame, solicitous to know  
Whether her Child shou'd reach old Age or no,  
Consults the Sage *Tiresias*, who replies,  
If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.

Long

Lo! liv'd the dubious Mother in suspense,  
'Till Time unriddl'd all the Prophet's Sense.

*Narcissus* now his Sixteenth Year began,  
Just turn'd of Boy, nor wholly rose to Man;  
Many a Youth his Friendship had carefs'd,  
Many a Love-sick Maid her Flame confess'd:  
In vain the Youth his Friendship had carefs'd,  
The Love-sick Maid in vain her Flame confess'd.

Once, in the Woods, as he pursu'd the Chace,  
The babbling *Eccho* had descry'd his Face;  
She, who in other's Words her Silence breaks,  
Speechless her self but when another speaks.  
This *Eccho* was a Virgin then, who chose  
To sport with ev'ry Sentence in the Close,  
A Punishment which *Juno* did impose.

For



For often when the Goddeſs might have caught  
*Jove* and her Rivals in the very Fault,  
This Nymph with ſubtle Stories wou'd delay  
Her Coming, 'till the Lovers ſlipp'd away,  
The Goddeſs found out the Deceit in time,  
And then ſhe cry'd, That Tongue, for this thy Crime,  
Which cou'd ſo many ſubtle Tales produce,  
Shall be hereafter but of little uſe.  
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter Tone,  
With Mimick Sounds, and Speeches not her own.

This Love-ſick Virgin, over-joy'd to find  
The Boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind,  
When glowing warmly at her near Approach,  
As Sulphur melts and blazes with a Touch,  
She long'd her hidden Paſſion to reveal,  
And tell her Pains; but had not Words to tell:

She

She can't begin, but waits for the Rebound,  
To catch his Voice, and to return the Sound.

The Nymph, when nothing cou'd *Narcissus* move,  
Still daff'd with Blushes for her slighted Love,  
Liv'd in the shady Covert of the Woods,  
In solitary Caves and dark Abodes;  
Where still she pin'd for her ungrateful Fair:  
'Till harass'd out, and worn away with Care,  
The founding Skeleton, of Blood bereft,  
Besides her Bones and Voice had nothing left.  
Her Bones are petrify'd, her Voice is found  
In Vaults, where still it doubles ev'ry Sound.

### *The Story of Narcissus.*

Thus did the Nymphs in vain Carefs the Boy,  
He still was Lovely, but he still was Coy;

When

When one Fair Virgin of the flighted Train  
 Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his Disdain, }  
 Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain !  
*Rhamnusia* pity'd the neglected Fair,  
 And with just Vengeance answer'd to her Pray'r.

There stands a Fountain in a darksome Wood,  
 Not stain'd with falling Leaves nor rising Mud;  
 Untroub'd by the Breath of Winds, it rests,  
 Unfully'd by the Touch of Men or Beasts;  
 High Bow'rs of shady Trees above it grow,  
 And rising Grass and chearful Greens below.  
 Pleas'd with the Form and Coolness of the Place,  
 And over-heated with the Morning Chace,  
*Narcissus* on the grassie Verdure lyes:  
 But whilst within the Chrystal Fount he tries }  
 To quench his Heat, he feels new Heats arise.

For

For as his own bright Image he survey'd,  
 He fell in Love with the fantaſtick Shade;  
 And o'er the Fair Reſemblance hung unmov'd,  
 Nor knew, fond Youth, it was himſelf he lov'd.  
 The well-turn'd Neck and Shoulders he deſcries,  
 The ſpacious Forehead, and the ſpark'ling Eyes,  
 The Hands that might by *Bacchus's* ſelf be born,  
 And Hair that could *Apollo's* Head adorn,  
 With all the Purple Youthfulneſs of Face,  
 That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry Glaſs.  
 By his own Flames conſum'd the Lover lyes,  
 And gives himſelf the Wound by which he dies.  
 To the cold Water oft he joins his Lips,  
 Oft catching at the beauteous Shade he dips  
 His Arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips.  
 Nor knows he who it is his Arms purſue  
 With eager Clafps, but loves he knows not who.

M m

What

What could, fond Youth, this helpless Passion  
 What kindle in thee this un pity'd Love? (move?  
 Thy own warm Blush within the Water glows,  
 With thee the colour'd Shadow comes and goes;  
 Its empty Being on thy self relies,  
 Step thou aside, and the frail Charmer dies.

Still o'er the Fountain's wat'ry Glean he stood,  
 Still view'd his Face, and languish'd as he view'd,  
 Mindless of Sleep, and negligent of Food.  
 At length he rais'd his Head, and thus began  
 To vent his Grievs, and tell the Woods his Pain.  
 You Trees, says he, and thou surrounding Grove,  
 Who oft have been the kindly Scenes of Love,  
 Tell me, if e'er within your Shades did lye,  
 A Youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?  
 I, who before me see the Charming Fair,  
 Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there;

In

In such a Maze of Love my Thoughts are lost,  
And yet no Bulwark'd Town, nor distant Coast,  
Preserves the beauteous Youth from being seen,  
No Mountains rise, nor Oceans flow between.  
A shallow Water hinders my Embrace,  
And yet the lovely Mimick wears a Face  
That kindly smiles; and when I bend to join  
My Lips to his, he fondly tends to mine.  
Hear, gentle Youth, and pity my Complaint,  
Come from thy Well, thou Fair Inhabitant.  
My Charms have gain'd an easie Victory  
O'er others Hearts, oh let 'em win on thee!  
Yet why these sad Complaints? I'm sure he burns  
With equal Flames, and languishes by turns.  
When e'er I stoop he offers at a Kiss,  
And when my Arms I stretch, he stretches his.  
His Eye with Pleasure on my Face he keeps,  
He smiles my Smiles, and when I weep he weeps.

M m 2

When

When e'er I speak, his moving Lips appear  
To utter something which I cannot hear.

Ah wretched me! I now begin too late  
To find out all the long perplex'd Deceit;  
It is my self I love, my self I see;  
The gay Delusion is a part of me.  
I kindle up the Fires by which I burn,  
And my own Beauties from the Well return.  
Whom should I Court? how utter my Complaint?  
Enjoyment but produces my Restraint,  
And too much Plenty makes me die for Want.  
How gladly would I from my self remove!  
And at a distance set the thing I love.  
My Breast is warm'd with such unusual Fire,  
I wish him absent whom I most desire.  
And now I faint with Grief, my Fate draws nigh,  
In all the Pride of blooming Youth I die.

Death

Death will the Sorrows of my Heart relieve.

Oh might the Visionary Youth survive!

With Pleasure I'd my latest Breath resign:

But oh! I see his Fate involv'd in mine.

This said, the weeping Youth again return'd  
To the clear Fountain, where again he burn'd;  
His Tears defac'd the Surface of the Well,  
With Circle after Circle, as they fell:  
And now the lovely Face but half appears,  
O'er-run with Wrinkles, and deform'd with Tears,  
Ah whither, cries *Narcissus*, dost thou fly?  
Let me still feed the Flame by which I die;  
Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest;  
Then rends his Garment off, and beats his Breast;  
His naked Bosom redden'd with the Blow,  
In such a Blush as purple Clusters show,



E'er yet the Sun's Autumnal Heats refine  
Their sprightly Juice, and mellow it to Wine.  
The glowing Beauties of his Breast he spies,  
And with a new redoubl'd Passion dies.  
As Wax dissolves, as Ice begins to run,  
And trickle into Drops before the Sun;  
So melts the Youth, and languishes away,  
His Beauty withers and his Limbs decay:  
And none of those Immortal Charms remain,  
To which the flighted *Eccho* su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present Misery,  
Whom spight of all her Wrongs she griev'd to see.  
She answer'd sadly to the Lover's Moan,  
Sigh'd back his Sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry Groan;  
Ah Youth! belov'd in vain, *Narcissus* cries;  
Ah Youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.

Fare-

Farewel, says he; the parting Sound scarce fell  
 From his faint Lips, but she reply'd, Farewel.  
 Then on th'unwholsome Earth he gasping lyes,  
 'Till Death shuts up those self-admiring Eyes.  
 To the cold Shades his flitting Ghost retires,  
 And in the *Stigian* Waves it self admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,  
 Whom the sad *Eccho* answers in her turn ;  
 And now the Sister-Nymphs prepare his Urn :  
 When looking for his Corps, they only found  
 A rising Stalk, with yellow Blossoms Crown'd.

### *The Story of Pentheus.*

This sad Event did Blind *Tiresias* tell,  
 Who now became the *Grecian* Oracle.

The wicked *Pentheus* only durst deride  
The cheated People, and their Eyeless Guide.  
To whom the Prophet in his Fury said,  
Shaking the hoary Honours of his Head,  
'Twere well, audacious Man, 'twere well for thee  
If thou wert Eyeless too, and Blind, like me;  
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,  
When the young God's Solemnities appear;  
Which, if thou dost not with just Rites adorn,  
Thy impious Carcass, into pieces torn,  
Shall strew the Woods, and hang on ev'ry Thorn. }  
Then you'll remember what I now foretel,  
And think the Blind *Tiresias* saw too well.  
Still *Pentheus* scorns him, and derides his Skill,  
But Time did all the Prophet's Threats fulfil.  
For now thro' prostrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,  
And howling Matrons solemniz'd the God.

All

All Ranks and Sexes to his *Orgies* ran,  
 To fill the Poms, and mingle in the Train.  
 When *Pentheus* thus his Blasphemies express'd,  
 What Madness, *Thebans*, has your Souls possess'd?  
 Can hollow Timbrels, can a drunken Shout,  
 And the lewd Clamours of a beastly Rout,  
 Thus spoil your Courage? Can the weak Alarm  
 Of Womens Yells those stubborn Souls disarm,  
 Whom nor the Sword nor Trumpet e'er could fright,  
 Nor the loud Din and Horror of a Fight?  
 And you, our Sires, who left your old Abodes,  
 And fix'd in foreign Earth your Country Gods;  
 Will you without a Stroak your City yield,  
 And poorly quit an undisputed Field?  
 But you, whose Youth and Vigour should inspire  
 Heroick Warmth, and kindle Martial Fire,  
 Whom burnish'd Arms and crested Helmets grace,  
 Not flow'ry Garlands and a painted Face;

Remem-

Remember him to whom you stand ally'd;  
The Serpent for his Well of Waters dy'd.  
He fought the strong; do you his Courage show,  
And gain a Conquest o'er a feeble Foe.  
If *Thebes* must fall, oh might the Fates afford  
A nobler Doom from Famine, Fire, or Sword!  
Then might the *Thebans* perish with Renown:  
But now a beardless Victor sacks the Town;  
Whom nor the prancing Steed, nor pond'rous Shield,  
Nor the hack'd Helmet, nor the dusty Field,  
But the soft Joys of Luxury and Ease,  
The purple Vests, and flow'ry Garlands please.  
Stand then aside, I'll make the Counterfeit  
Renounce his God-head, and confess the Cheat.  
*Acrisus* from the *Grecian* Walls repell'd  
This boasted Pow'r, why then should *Pentheus* yield?  
Go quickly, drag th' audacious Boy to me;  
I'll try the Force of his Divinity.

Thus

Thus ~~did~~ th'unhallow'd Wretch those Rights profane,  
His Friends dissuade his Blasphemies in vain,  
In vain his Grandfire urg'd him to give o'er  
His impious Threats, the Wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a River gently glide,  
In a smooth Course, and inoffensive Tide,  
But if with Dams its Current we restrain,  
It bears down all before, and foams along the Plain.

But now his Servants came besmear'd with Blood,  
Whom he had sent to apprehend the God;  
The God they found not in the frantick Throng,  
But dragg'd a zealous Votary along.

*The Mariners Transform'd to Dolphins.*

Him *Pentheus* view'd with Fury in his Look,  
And scarce with-held his Hands, whilst thus he spoke:  
Base

Base Wretch! whose speedy Punishment in time  
Shall frighten the Partakers of thy Crime,  
Tell me thy Country, and thy Parentage,  
And why thou dost in these mad Rites engage.

The Captive views him with undaunted Eyes,  
And, arm'd with inward Innocence, replies.

From high *Meonia's* rocky Shores I came,  
Of poor Descent, *Aretes* is my Name:  
My Sire was meanly born; no Oxen plow'd  
His fruitful Fields, nor in his Pastures low'd.  
His whole Estate within the Waters lay;  
With Lines and Hooks he caught the finny Prey:  
His Art was all his Livelihood, which he  
Thus with his dying Lips bequeath'd to me:  
In Streams, my Boy, and Rivers take thy Chance;  
There swims, said he, thy whole Inheritance.

Long

Long did I live on this his Legacy;  
 'Till tir'd with Rocks, and my old Native Sky,  
 To Arts of Navigation I inclin'd;  
 Observ'd the Turns and Changes of the Wind:  
 Learn'd the fit Havens, and began to note  
 The stormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,  
 The bright *Taygete*, and the shining *Bears*,  
 With all the Sailor's Catalogue of Stars.

Once, as by chance for *Delos* I design'd,  
 My Vessel, driv'n by a strong Gust of Wind,  
 Moor'd in a *Chian* Creek; a-shore I went,  
 And all the following Night in *Chios* spent.  
 When Morning rose, I sent my Mates to bring  
 Supplies of Water from a neighb'ring Spring:  
 Whilst I the Motion of the Winds explor'd,  
 Then summon'd in my Crew, and went aboard.

*Ophel-*



*Opheltes* heard my Summons, and with Joy  
 Brought to the Shoar a soft and lovely Boy;  
 With more than Female Sweetness in his Look;  
 Whom straggling in the neighb'ring Fields he took.  
 With Fumes of Wine the little Captive glows,  
 And nods with Sleep, and staggers as he goes.

I view'd him nicely, and began to trace  
 Each Heav'nly Feature, each Immortal Grace,  
 And saw Divinity in all his Face. }  
 I know not who, said I, this God thou'd be;  
 But that he is a God I plainly see:  
 And thou, who e'er thou art, excuse the Force  
 These Men have us'd; and oh befriend our Course!  
 Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd,  
*Dictys*, that cou'd the Main-top-Mast bestride, }  
 And down the Ropes with active Vigour slide.

To

To the same Purpose old *Epopeus* spoke,  
 Who over-look'd the Oars, and tim'd the Stroke;  
 The same the Pilot, and the same the rest;  
 Such impious Avarice their Souls possess.  
 Nay, Heav'n forbid that I should bear away  
 Within my Vessel so Divine a Prey,  
 Said I, and stood to hinder their Intent:  
 When *Lycabas*, a Wretch for Murder sent  
 From *Tuscany*, to suffer Banishment,  
 With his clench'd Fist had struck me over-board,  
 Had not my Hands in falling grasp'd a Cord.

His base Confederates the Fact approve,  
 When *Bacchus*, (for 'twas he) begun to move;  
 Rous'd by the Noise and Clamours which they made,  
 And shook his drowfie Limbs, and wept, and said,  
 What means this Noise? ah! how am I betray'd?  
 And whither, whither must I be convey'd?

Fear

Fear not, said *Proteus*, Child, but tell us where  
 You wou'd be fet, and we shall fet you there.  
 To *Naxos* then direct your Courſe, ſaid he ;  
*Naxos* a hoſpitable Port ſhall be  
 To each of you, a joyful Home to me.  
 By ev'ry God in Heav'n, and in the Sea,  
 The perjur'd Villains promis'd to obey,  
 And bid me haſten to unmoor the Ship.  
 With eager Haſte I launch into the Deep;  
 And, heedleſs of the Fraud, for *Naxos* ſtand.  
 They whiſper oft, and beckon with the Hand,  
 And give me Signs, all anxious for their Prey,  
 To tack about, and ſteer another Way.  
 Then let ſome other to my Poſt ſucceed,  
 Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a Deed.  
 What, ſays *Ethalion*, muſt the Ship's whole Crew  
 Follow your Humour, and depend on you?

And

And straight himself he seated at the Prore,  
And tack'd about, and fought another Shore.

The beauteous Youth now found himself be-  
And from the Deck the rising Wayes survey'd, <sup>(tray'd,</sup> }  
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said,  
Ah! why, hard-hearted Men, this Cruelty?  
Are these, are these the Shores you promis'd me?  
Will such a Multitude of Men employ  
Their Strength against a weak, defenceless Boy?

In vain did I the God-like Youth deplore,  
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.  
And now by all the Gods in Heav'n that hear  
This Solemn Oath, by *Bacchus* self I swear,  
The mighty Miraele that did ensue,  
Altho' it seems beyond Belief, is true.

N n

The

The Vessel, fix'd and rooted in the Flood,  
Unshock'd by all the beating Billows stood.  
In vain the Sailors try to Plow the Main  
With Sails unfurl'd, and strike their Oars in vain;  
Around their Oars a twining Ivy cleaves,  
And climbs the Mast, and hides the Cords in Leaves:  
The Sails are cover'd with a chearful Green,  
And Berries on the fruitful Canvase seen.  
Amidst the Waves a sudden Forrest rears  
Its verdant Head, and the new Spring appears.

The God we now behold with open'd Eyes,  
A Herd of *Lynx* and *Panthers* round him lyes  
In glaring Forms; the grapy Clusters spread  
Around his Brows, and dangle on his Head.  
And whilst he Frowns, and Brandishes his Spear,  
My Mates, surpriz'd with Madness or with Fear,

Leap'd

Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd *Madon* found  
 Rough Scales and Fins his stiff'ning Sides surround;  
 Ah what, crys one, has thus transform'd thy Look?  
 Straight his own Mouth grew wider as he spoke;  
 And now himself he views with like Surprise.  
 Still at his Oar th' industrious *Libys* plies;  
 But as he plies each busie Arm shrinks in,  
 And by degrees is fashion'd to a Fin.  
 Another, as he catches at a Cord,  
 Misses his Arms, and, tumbling over-board,  
 With his broad Fins and forky Tail, he laves  
 The rising Surge, and flounces in the Waves.  
 Thus all my Crew transform'd around the Ship,  
 Or Dive below, or on the Surface leap,  
 And spout the Waves, and wanton in the Deep.  
 Full Nineteen Sailors did the Ship convey,  
 A Shole of Nineteen Dolphins round her play.

I only in my proper Shape appear,  
 Speechless with Wonder, and half dead with Fear,  
 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.  
 With him I landed on the *Chian* Shore,  
 And him shall ever gratefully adore.

This forging Slave, says *Pentheus*, wou'd prevail  
 O'er our just Fury by a far-fetch'd Tale:  
 Go, let him feel the Whips, the Swords, the Fire,  
 And in the Tortures of the Rack expire.  
 Th' officious Servants hurry him away,  
 And the poor Captive in a Dungeon lay.  
 But, whilst the Whips and Tortures are prepar'd,  
 The Gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd,  
 At Liberty th' unfetter'd Captive stands,  
 And flings the loosen'd Shackles from his Hands.

*The*

## *The Death of Pentheus.*

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,  
 Resolv'd to send his Messengers no more,  
 But went himself to the distracted Throng;  
 Where high *Cithæron* eccho'd with their Song.  
 And as the fiery War-horse paws the Ground,  
 And snorts, and trembles at the Trumpet's Sound;  
 Transported thus he heard the frantick Rout,  
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant Shout.

A spacious Circuit on the Hill there stood,  
 Level and wide, and skirted round with Wood;  
 Here the rash *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd Eyes,  
 The howling Dames and Mistic *Orgies* spies.  
 His Mother sternly view'd him where he stood,  
 And kindled into Madness, as she view'd:



Her leafie Jav'lin at her Son she cast,  
 And crys, The Boar that lays our Country waste,  
 The Boar, my Sisters! Aim the fatal Dart,  
 And strike the brindled Monster to the Heart.

*Pentheus* astonish'd heard the dismal Sound,  
 And sees the yelling Matrons gath'ring round;  
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching Fate,  
 And begs for Mercy, and repents too late.  
 Help, help! my Aunt *Antonoe*, he cry'd;  
 Remember how your own *Actæon* dy'd.  
 Deaf to his Cries, the frantick Matron crops  
 One stretch'd-out Arm, the other *Ino* lops.  
 In vain does *Pentheus* to his Mother sue,  
 And the raw bleeding Stumps presents to view:  
 His Mother howl'd; and, heedless of his Pray'r,  
 Her trembling Hand she twisted in his Hair,  
 And this, she cry'd, shall be *Agave's* Share,

When

When from the Neck his struggling Head she tore,  
And in her Hands the ghastly Visage bore.

With Pleasure all the hideous Trunk survey;  
Then pull'd and tore the mangled Limbs away,  
As starting in the Pangs of Death it lay.

}

Soon as the Wood its leafie Honours casts,  
Blown off and scatter'd by Autumnal Blasts,  
With such a sudden Death lay *Pentheus* slain,  
And in a thousand Pieces strow'd the Plain.

By so distinguishing a Judgment aw'd,  
The *Thebans* tremble, and confess the God.

## NOTES on the First FABLE.

**T**HERE is so great a Variety in the Arguments of the *Metamorphoses*, that he who would treat of 'em rightly, ought to be a Master of all Stiles, and every different way of Writing. Ovid indeed shows himself most in a familiar Story, where the chief Grace is to be easie and natural; but wants neither Strength of Thought nor Expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly Subjects of his Poem. In the present Fable the Serpent is terribly describ'd, and his Behaviour very well imagin'd. the Actions of both Parties in the Encounter are natural, and the Language that represents 'em more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this Poet: If there be any Faults in the Narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

Above the tallest, &c.] Ovid, to make his Serpent more terrible, and to raise the Character of his Champion, has given too great a Loose to his Imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of Probability. He tells us, that when he rais'd up but half his Body he over-look'd a tall Forest of Oaks, and that his whole Body was as large as that of the Serpent in the Skies. None but a Madman would have attack'd such a Monster as this is describ'd to be; nor can we have any Notion of a Mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not asham'd of making Æneas fly and tremble at the Sight of a far less formidable Foe, where he gives us the Description of Polyphemus, in the Third Book; he knew very well that a Monster was not a proper Enemy for his Hero to encounter: But we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, 'tis probable he would not have spared one of the whole Brotherhood.

————Phœnicas, five illi tela parabant,  
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,  
Occupat: —————

In

In vain the Tyrians, &c.] The Poet could not keep up his Narration all along, in the Grandeur and Magnificence of an Heroick Stile: He has here sunk into the Flatness of Prose, where he tells us the Behaviour of the Tyrians at the Sight of the Serpent:

————— Tegimen direpta Leoni  
Pellis erat; telum splendenti Lancea ferro,  
Et Jaculum; teloque Animus præstantior omni.

And in a few Lines after lets drop the Majesty of his Verse, for the sake of one of his little Turns. How does he languish in that which seems a labour'd Line? Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ. And what pains does he take to express the Serpent's breaking the Force of the Stroak, by shrinking back from it?

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,  
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere  
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

And flings the future, &c.] The Description of the Men rising out of the Ground is as beautiful a Passage as any in Ovid: It strikes the Imagination very strongly; we see their Motion in the first Part of it, and their Multitude in the Messis virorum at last.

The breathing Harvest, &c.] Messis clypeata virorum. The Beauty in these Words would have been greater, had only Messis virorum been express'd without clypeata; for the Reader's Mind would have been delighted with two such different Ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a compleat Image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different Ideas together in one Image, as it is a great Surprise to the Reader, is a great Beauty in Poetry, if there be sufficient Ground for it in the Nature of the thing that is describ'd. The Latin Poets are very full of it, especially the worst of 'em, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the Nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some Quality that seems repugnant to its Nature, or is  
very

very extraordinary and uncommon in Things of that Species, such a compounded Image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this Quality into an Epithete of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow Ball of Chrystal with Water in the midst of it for his Subject, takes the Advantage of considering the Chrystal as hard, stony, precious Water, and the Water as soft, fluid, imperfect Chrystal; and thus sports off above a dozen Epigrams, in setting his Words and Ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many Beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of Writing, that a Man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his Subject, and often strains so hard for 'em that he many times makes his Descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What Work would he have made with Virgil's Golden Bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow Bark, Golden Sprouts, Radiant Leaves, Blooming Metal, Branching Gold, and all the Quarrels that could have been rais'd between Words of such different Natures: When we see Virgil contented with his Auri frondentis; and what is the same, tho' much finer express'd, — FronDESCERE virga Metallo. This Composition of differing Ideas is often met with in a whole Sentence, where Circumstances are happily reconcil'd that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin Poets, (for the Greeks wanted Art for it) in their Descriptions of Pictures, Images, Dreams, Apparitions, Metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting Ideas, by making one part of their Descriptions relate to the Representation, and the other to the Thing that is Represented. Of this nature is that Verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; Attollens humeris famamque & fata Nepotum, Æn. 8. Where he describes Æneas carrying on his Shoulders the Reputation and Fortunes of his Posterity; which, tho' very odd and surprizing, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing Ideas are reconcil'd, and his Posterity's Fame and Fate made portable by being engraven on the Shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's Work, where

where *she* had Embroider'd all the Rapes that the Gods had committed, he says—*Rupit cœlestia crimina. I shall conclude this tedious Reflection with an excellent Stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Mountague's Poem to the King; where he tells us how the King of France would have been celebrated by his Subjects, if he had ever gain'd such an honourable Wound as King William's at the Fight of the Boyn:*

His Bleeding Arm had furnish'd all their Rooms,  
And Run for ever Purple in the Looms.

## F A B. II.

Here *Gadmus* reign'd.] This is a pretty solemn Transition to the Story of *Actæon*, which is all naturally told. The Goddess, and her Maids undressing her, are describ'd with diverting Circumstances. *Actæon's Flight, Confusion and Grievs* are passionately represented; but it's pity the whole Narration should be so carelessly clos'd up.

Ut abesse queruntur,  
Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.  
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,  
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.

A Noble Pack, &c.] I have not here troubled my self to call over *Actæon's Pack of Dogs in Rime*: Spot and White-foot make but a mean Figure in Heroick Verse, and the Greek Names *Ovid* uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own Catalogue with a kind of a Jest on it, *Quosque referre mora est*—which, by the way, is too light and full of Humour for the other serious Parts of this Story.

This way of inserting Catalogues of proper Names in their Poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made 'em more pleasant than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful Characters to their Persons Names; in which Part *Ovid's* Copiousness of Invention, and great Insight into Nature, has given him the Precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The Smoothness of our English Verse is too much lost by the Repetition of proper Names, which is otherwise

wise very natural and absolutely necessary in some Cases, as before a Battel, to raise in our Minds an answerable Expectation of the Event, and a lively Idea of the Numbers that are engag'd. For had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three Lines before their Fights, that there were forty Thousand of each Side, our Imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every Leader singled out, and every Regiment in a manner drawn up before our Eyes,

## F A B. III.

How Semele, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finish'd Stories. The Transition to it is proper and unforc'd: Juno, in her two Speeches, acts incomparably well the Parts of a resenting Goddess and a tattling Nurse: Jupiter makes a very Majestick Figure with his Thunder and Lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's Hand in the

Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.

Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat Igne Typhœa,  
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.

Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum  
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,

Tela secunda vocant superi.—

'Tis well, says she, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroe of one of his Goddesses, in the fifth Æneid; but if we compare the Speech she there makes with that of her Name-sake in this Story, we may find the Genius of each Poet discovering it self in the Language of the Nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more Majestically in her own Shape; but Juno is so much alter'd from her self in Ovid, that the Goddess is quite lost in the Old Woman.

## F A B. V.

She can't begin, &c.] If playing on Words be excusable in any Poem it is in this, where Eccho is a Speaker; but it is so mean a kind of Wit, that if it deserves Excuse it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke,

Mr. Locke, in his *Essay of Human Understanding*, has given us the best Account of *Wit*, in short; that can any where be met with. *Wit*, says he, lyes in the Assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agreeable Visions in the Fancy. Thus does true *Wit*, as this incomparable Author observes, generally consist in the Likeness of Ideas, and is more or less *Wit*, as this Likeness in Ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true *Wit* is nothing else but a Similitude in Ideas, so is false *Wit* the Similitude in Words, whether it lyes in the Likeness of Letters only, as in Anagram and Acrostic; or of Sillables, as in Doggrel Rimes; or whole Words, as Puns, Eccho's, and the like. Beside these two kinds of false and true *Wit*, there is another of a middle Nature, that has something of both in it. When in two Ideas that have some Resemblance with each other, and are both express'd by the same Word, we make use of the Ambiguity of the Word to speak that of one Idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for Example, most Languages have hit on the Word, which properly signifies Fire, to express Love by, (and therefore we may be sure there is some Resemblance in the Ideas Mankind have of them;) from hence the witty Poets of all Languages, when they have once call'd Love a Fire, consider it no longer as the Passion, but speak of it under the Notion of a real Fire, and, as the Turn of *Wit* requires, make the same Word in the same Sentence stand for either of the Ideas that is annex'd to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in Love he burns with a new Flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languish with this Passion, they kindle in the Water; the Greek Epigrammatist fell in Love with one that flung a Snow-Ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how Fire could be thus conceal'd in Snow. In short, when ever the Poet feels any thing in this Love that resembles something in Fire, he carries on this Agreement into a kind of Allegory; but if, as in the preceeding Instances, he finds any Circumstance in his Love contrary to the Nature of Fire, he calls his Love a Fire, and



and by joining this Circumstance to it surprises his Reader with a seeming Contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this Instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid; who is the greatest Admirer of this mix'd Wit of all the Ancients, as our Cowley is among the Moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest Poets scorn'd it, as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little Copies of Verses; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a Genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a Work as an Epic Poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious Taste of the Age he liv'd in, and the false Judgment of our unlearned English Readers in general; who have few of them a Relish of the more Masculine and Noble Beauties of Poetry.

## F A B. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleas'd with the Subject of this Story, but has notoriously fallen into a Fault he is often tax'd with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How he has turn'd and twisted that one Thought of Narcissus's being the Person belov'd, and the Lover too?

Cunctaque miratur; quibus est mirabilis ipse,

———Qui probat, ipse probatur.

Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit & ardet.

Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.

Perque oculos perit ipse suos———

Uror amore mei flammæ moveoque feroque, &c.

But we can't meet with a better Instance of the Extravagance and Wantonness of Ovid's Fancy, than in that particular Circumstance at the end of the Story of Narcissus's gazing on his Face after Death in the Stygian Waters. The Design was very bold, of making a Lad fall in Love with himself here on Earth, but to torture him with the same Passion after Death, and not to let his Ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

But as within, &c.] Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit

trevit. We have here a touch of that mix'd Wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of Pun in it outweighs the true Wit; for if we express the Thought in other Words the Turn is almost lost. This Passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the Hint of applying it to Eve; tho' I think her Surprise at the sight of her own Face in the Water; far more just and natural than this of Narcissus. She was a raw unexperienc'd Being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the Delusion; but Narcissus had been in the World sixteen Years, was Brother and Son to the Water-Nymphs, and therefore to be suppos'd conversant with Fountains long before this Fatal Mistake.

You Trees, says he, &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate Speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of Nature in them, but I leave it to better Judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good Thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw Tears enough from his Reader, by which means our Grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his Conclusion; for we can't at the same time be delighted with the Wit of the Poet, and concern'd for the Person that speaks it; and a great Critick has admirably well observ'd, Lamentationes debent esse breves & concisæ, nam Lachrymæ subito excrescit, & difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere. Would any one in Narcissus's Condition have cry'd out—Inopem me Copia fecit? Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his Sorrows for the sake of a pretty Reflection?

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!

Votum in Amante norum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset. None, I suppose, can be much griev'd for one that is so witty on his own Afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his Invention more than his Judgment, and speaks all the Ingenious things that can be said on the Subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the Person and Circumstances of the Speaker.

F A B.

## F A B. VII.

When *Pentheus* thus.] *There is a great deal of Spirit and Fire in this Speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the Transformation of the Serpent's Teeth for an Incitement to the Theban's Courage, when he desires 'em not to degenerate from their great Fore-father the Dragon, and draws a Parallel between the Behaviour of 'em both,*

*Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,  
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,  
Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque  
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestra.  
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,  
Et patrium revocate. Decus.*————

## F A B. VIII.

*The Story of Acetes has abundance of Nature in all the parts of it, as well in the Description of his own Parentage and Employment, as in that of the Sailor's Characters and Manners. But the short Speeches scatter'd up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, can't appear so well in our Language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many Rubs in the Story, that are still turning the Narration out of its proper Course. The Transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.*

## F A B. IX.

*Ovid has two very good Similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a River in a former Story, and to a War-Horse in the present.*

THE

L A D L E.

**T**HE Scepticks think 'twas long ago,  
Since Gods came down *Incognito*;  
To see who were their Friends or Foes,  
And how our Actions fell or rose:  
That since they gave Things their Beginning,  
And set this Whirligig a Spinning,  
Supine they in their Heav'n remain,  
Exempt from Pleasure as from Pain;  
And frankly leave us Human Elves,  
To cut and shuffle for our selves;

O o

To

To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,  
As Matter and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters, hold  
This *Thesis* dangerous and bold:  
And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,  
Descend some twice or thrice a Day.  
Else all these Things we toil so hard in  
Would not avail one single Farthing.  
For when the Hero we rehearse,  
To grace his Actions, and our Verse,  
'Tis not by dint of Human Thought  
That to his *Latium* he is brought:  
*Iris* descends, by Fate's Commands,  
To guide his Steps through Foreign Lands;  
And *Amphitrite* clears his Way,  
From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.

And

And if you see him in a Sketch;  
Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*,  
He shows not half his Force and Strength,  
Strutting in Armour, and at Length;  
That He may make his proper Figure,  
The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger;  
The *Nymphs* conduct him to the Field;  
One holds his Sword, and one his Shield;  
*Mars* standing by asserts his Quarrel,  
And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel,

These Points, I say, of Speculation,  
As 'twere to save or sink the Nation,  
Men idly learned will dispute,  
Assert, object, confirm, refute;  
Each mighty angry, mighty right,  
With equal Arms sustains the Fight,

'Till now no *Medium* can agree 'em;  
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *Equilibrio*

If Deities descend or no?

Then let th' Affirmative prevail,  
As requisite to form my Tale;  
For by all Parties 'tis confest,  
That those Opinions are the best,  
Which in their Nature most conduce  
To present Ends, and private Use.

Two Gods came, therefore, from above;  
One *Mercury*, the t'other *Jove*:

The Humour was, it seems, to know  
If all the Favours they bestow  
Cou'd from our own Perverseness ease us,  
And if our Wish injoy'd might please us.

Discourfing

Discourfing largely on this Theme,  
O'er Hills and Dales their Godfhips came;  
'Till well nigh tir'd at almoft Night,  
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,  
That in Difguife a God or Goddeff  
Exerts no fupernatural Powers,  
But acts on Maxims much like Ours.

They fpy'd, at laft, a Country Farm,  
Where all was fnug, and clean, and warm;  
For Hills before, and Woods behind,  
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind;  
Fat Oxen in the Fields were lowing,  
Good Grain was fow'd, good Fruit was growing:  
Of laft Year's Corn in Barns great Store,  
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door,



And Wealth, in short, with Peace contented,  
That People here should live contented:  
But did they in Effect do so?  
Have Patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife  
To Years declin'd, from Prime of Life,  
Had struggl'd with the Marriage Noose,  
As almost ev'ry Couple does :  
Sometimes, My Plague ; sometimes, My Darling ;  
Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling :  
Jointly submitting to endure  
That Evil which admits no Cure,

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd,  
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard,  
Thought they were Folks that lost their Way,  
'And ask'd them civilly to stay ;

Told

Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,  
 They might go on, and be worse sped.—  
 So said, so done, the Gods consent;  
 All three into the Parlour went,  
 They complement, they sit, they chat,  
 Fight o'er the Wars, reform the State;  
 A thousand knotty Points they clear,  
 'Till Supper and my Wife appear.

*Jove* made his Leg, and kifs'd the Dame;  
 Obsequious *Hermès* did the same.

*Jove* kifs'd the Farmer's Wife, you say;  
 He did——but in an honest way:

Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life

With which he kifs'd *Amphitryon's* Wife.

Well then, Things handsomly were serv'd;  
 My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd.

How strong the Beer, How good the Meat,  
 How loud they laught, how much they eat,  
 Wou'd gloriously in Verse appear,  
 Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here.  
 For I should grieve to have it said,  
 That, by a fine Description led,  
 I made my Epic very long,  
 Or tyr'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloth away,  
 Jove thought it time to show his Play;  
 Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,  
 Folly and Jest'ing laid aside,  
 That Ye thus hospitably live,  
 And Strangers with good Chear receive,  
 Is mighty grateful to your Betters,  
 And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.

To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof,  
 You have, to Night, beneath your Roof  
 A Pair of Gods; — nay, never wonder,  
 This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.  
 I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,  
 My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.  
 Form then three Wishes, you and Madam,  
 And sure as you already had 'em,  
 The Things desir'd in half an Hour  
 Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman says,  
 Oh! may your Altars ever blaze,  
 A Ladle for our Silver Dish  
 Is what I want, and what I wish. —  
 A Ladle, cries the Man, a Ladle,  
 Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill;

What

What should be Great you turn to Farce,  
 I with the Ladle in your A——  
 With equal Grief and Shame, my Muse,  
 The sequel of the Tale pursues:  
 The Ladle fell into the Room,  
 And stuck in old *Corisca's* Bum:  
 Our Couple weep two Wishes past,  
 And kindly join to form the last,  
 To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,  
 And get the Ladle out again.

## M O R A L.

**T***HIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,  
 Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts;  
 His Head aches for a Coronet,  
 And who is blest'd that is not Great?  
 Some Parts, and more Estate, kind Heav'n  
 To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n;*

*What*

*What then? He must have Rule and Sway,  
And all is wrong 'till he's in Play.*

*The Miser must make up his Plumb,  
And dare not touch the gotten Sum.*

*The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,  
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.*

*Against our Peace we Arm our Will,  
Amidst our Plenty, Something still  
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,  
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.*

*That cruel Something unpossess'd  
Corrodes and leuens all the rest.*

*That Something if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future Pain:*

*And to the Coffin from the Cradle,*

*'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.*

TO

TO THE  
 AUTHOR  
 OF THE  
 PASTORAL,

Printed, Page 378.

**B**Y *Sylvia*, if thy charming Self be meant;  
 If Friendship be thy Virgin Vows extent,  
 Oh! let me in *Corinna's* Praises join,  
 Hers my Esteem shall be, my Passion thine;  
 When for thy Head the Garland I prepare,  
 A second Wreath shall bind *Corinna's* Hair;  
 And when my choicest Songs thy Worth proclaim,  
 Alternate Verse shall bless *Corinna's* Name;  
 My Heart shall own the Justice of her Cause,  
 And Love himself submit to Friendship's Laws.

But

But if beneath thy Number's soft Disguise,  
 Some favour'd Swain, some true *Alexis* lyes,  
 If *Amaryllis* breathes thy secret Pains,  
 And thy fond Heart beat Measure to thy Strains,  
 May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find  
 The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind:  
 May *Cytherea* make her Conquest sure,  
 And let thy Beauty like thy Verse endure.  
 May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford,  
*Pan* guard thy Flock, and *Ceres* blefs thy Board.

Yet, if amidst the Series of these Joys,  
 One sad Reflection should by chance arise,  
 Give it, in Pity, to the wretched Swain,  
 Who loving much, who not belov'd again,  
 Felt an ill-fated Passion's last Excess,  
 And dy'd in Woe, that thou might'st live in Peace.

Dispu-



# Disputing with a LADY,

Who left me in the

## A R G U M E N T.

**S**PARE, gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave  
Who did unequal War pursue,  
That more than Triumph he might have  
In being overcome by you.

In the Dispute what e'er I said,  
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd,  
And in my Looks you might have read,  
How much I argu'd on your Side.

**You**

You, far from Danger as from Fear,  
Might have sustain'd an open Fight;  
For seldom your Opinions err,  
Your Eyes are always in the right.

Why, Fair One, would you not rely  
On Force thus formidably join'd?  
Could I their Prevalence deny,  
I must at once be Deaf and Blind.

But quicker Arts of Death you use,  
Traverse your Ground to gain the Field,  
And, whilst my Argument pursues,  
With sudden Silence bid me yield.

So when the *Parthian* turn'd his Steed,  
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew,  
He backward sent the Fatal Reed,  
Secure of Conquest as he flew.                      Daunted,

Daunted, I dropt my useless Arms,

When you no longer deign'd to Fight,

Then Triumph deck'd in all its Charms,

Appear'd less beautiful than Flight.

Oh! trace again the Hostile Plains,

My Troops were wounded in the War,

But whilst this fiercer Silence reigns

They suffer, famish'd by Despair.

Capricious Author of my Smart,

Let War ensue, or Silence cease,

Unless you find my Coward Heart

Is yielding to a separate Peace.

**DELIA.**

D E L I A

A

# Pastoral Eclogue ;

Lamenting the DEATH of

Mrs. T E M P E S T,

Who dy'd upon the Day of the Late Storm.

**Y**E, gentle Swains! who pass your Days and <sup>(Nights</sup>  
In Love's sincere and innocent Delights!  
**Ye,** tender Virgins, who with Pride display  
Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Sway!  
**Lament** with me! with me your Sorrows join!  
**And mingle** your united Tears with mine!

P p

Delia,

*Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore !*

*Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more !*

Begin, my Muse ! begin your mournful Strains !  
 Tell the sad Tale through all the Hills and Plains !  
 Tell it through ev'ry Lawn, and ev'ry Grove !  
 Where Flocks can wander, or where Shepherds rove !  
 Bid neighb'ring Rivers tell the distant Sea,  
 And Winds from Pole to Pole the News convey !  
*Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore !*  
*Delia, the Queen of Beauty's now no more !*

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse !  
 See, Hills, and Plains, and Winds have heard the News !  
 The foaming Sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd Shore,  
 The Vallies tremble, and the Mountains roar . . .  
 See Lofry Oaks from firm Foundations torn,  
 And Stately Tow'rs in Heaps of Ruin mourn ! . . .

The

The gentle *Thames*, that rarely *Passion* knows,  
 Swells with this *Sorrow*, and her *Banks* o'reflows:  
 What *Shrieks* are heard? what *Groans*? what *dying*  
*Ev'n Nature's self* in dire *Convulsion* lyes! (*Cries*?  
*Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!*  
*Delia, the Queen of Beauty's now no more!*

Oh! why did I survive the *Fatal Day*,  
 That snatch'd the *Joys* of all my *Life* away?  
 Why was not I beneath some *Ruin* lost?  
 Sunk in the *Seas*, or *Shipwreck'd* on the *Coast*?  
 Why did the *Fates* spare this devoted *Head*?  
 Why did I live to hear that thou wert *dead*?  
 By thee my *Griefs* were calm'd, my *Torments* eas'd;  
 Nor knew I *Pleasure*, but as thou wert pleas'd.  
 Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?  
 What use have I of *Life*, now thou art gone?

*I have no use, alas! but to deplore*

*Delia, the Pride of Beauty, now no more.*

What living Nymph is blest'd with equal Grace?  
All may dispute, but who can fill thy Place?  
What Lover in his Mistress hopes to find  
A Form so lovely, with so bright a Mind?  
*Doris* may boast a Face divinely Fair,  
But wants thy Shape, thy Motions, and thy Air.  
*Lucinda* has thy Shape, but not those Eyes,  
That while they did th' admiring World surprize,  
Disclos'd the secret Lustre of thy Mind,  
And seem'd each Lover's inmost Thoughts to find.  
Others, whose Beauty yielding Swains confess,  
By Indiscretion make their Conquest less,  
And want thy Conduct and obliging Wit,  
To fix those Slaves who to their Charms submit.

As

As some Rich Tyrant hoards an ufelefs Store,  
That wou'd, well plac'd, enrich a thoufand more:  
So didft thou keep a Crowd of Charms retir'd,  
Wou'd make a thoufand other Nymphs admir'd.  
Gay, modeft, artlefs, beautiful, and young;  
Slow to refolve, in Refolution ftrong;  
To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all,  
None cou'd himfelf the favour'd Lover call,  
That which alone cou'd make his Hopes endure,  
Was, that he faw no other Swain fecure.  
Whither, ah! whither are thofe Graces fled?  
Down to the dark, the melancholy Shade?  
*Now, Shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!*  
*Delia is dead, and Beauty is no more!*

For thee each tuneful Swain prepar'd his Lays,  
His Fame exalting, while he fung thy Praise.



*Thyrsis*, in gay and easie Measures, strove  
To charm thy Ears, and tune thy Soul to Love:  
*Menalcas*, in his Numbers more sublime,  
Extoll'd thy Virtues in Immortal Rime.  
*Glycon*, whose Satyr kept the World in Aw,  
Softning his Strain, when first thy Charms he saw,  
Confess'd the Goddess that new-form'd his Mind,  
Proclaim'd thy Beauties, and forgot Mankind.  
Cease, Shepherds, cease, the Charms you sung are fled!  
The Glory of our Blasted Isle is dead!  
*Now join your Grievs with mine! and now deplore*  
*Delia, the Pride of Beauty, now no more!*

Behold where now She lyes, depriv'd of Breath!  
Charming tho' pale, and beautiful in Death!  
A Troop of weeping Virgins by her Side,  
With all the Pomp of Woe, and Sorrow's Pride!

Oh,

Oh, early lost ! Oh, fitter to be led  
 In cheerful Splendor to the Bridal Bed !  
 Than thus conducted to th' untimely Tomb,  
 A spotless Virgin, in her Beauty's Bloom !  
 Whatever Hopes superior Merit gave,  
 Let me, at least, embrace thee in the Grave ;  
 On thy cold Lips imprint a dying Kiss :  
 Oh ! that thy Coyness cou'd refuse me this !  
 Such melting Tears upon thy Limbs I'll pour,  
 Shall thaw their Numbness, and thy Warmth restore,  
 Clasp'd to my glowing Breast, thou may'st revive ;  
 I'll breathe such tender Sighs shall make thee live.  
 Or if severer Fates that Aid deny,  
 If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.  
 In one cold Grave together may be laid  
 The Truest Lover, and the Loveliest Maid.  
*Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before ;*  
*Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.*

But see, those dreadful Objects disappear!  
 The Sun shines out, and all the Heav'ns are clear:  
 The warring Winds are hush'd, the Sea's serene,  
 And Nature soften'd shifts her angry Scene.  
 What means this sudden Change? Methinks I hear  
 Melodious Musick from the Heav'nly Sphere!  
 Listen, ye Shepherds, and devour the Sound!  
 Listen! The Saint, the Lovely Saint is Crown'd!  
 While we, mistaken in our Joy and Grief,  
 Bewail her Fate, who wants not our Relief:  
 From the pleas'd Orbs she views us here below,  
 And with kind Pity wonders at our Woe.

Ah, Charming Saint! since thou art Bless'd above,  
 Indulge thy Lovers, and forgive their Love.  
 Forgive their Tears; who, press'd with Grief and Care,  
 Feel not thy Joys, but feel their own Despair!

A

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A  
T A B L E

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