THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY

CONTAINING

I. Rules for making VERSES.

II. A Collection of the most Natural, Agreeable, and Sublime THOUGHTS, viz. Allusions, Similes, Descriptions and Characters, of Persons and Things; that are to be found in the best ENGLISH POETS.

III. A Dictionary of RHYMES.

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The Preface.

So many are the Qualifications, as well natural as acquir'd, that are essentially requisite to the making of a good Poet, that 'tis in vain for any Man to aim at a great Reputation on account of his Poetical Performances, by barely following the Rules of others, and reducing their Speculations into Practice. It may not be impossible indeed for Men, even of indifferent Parts, by making Examples to the Rules hereafter given, to compose Verses smooth and well-sounding to the Ear; yet if such Verses want strong Sense, Propriety and Elevation of Thought, or Purity of Diction, they will be at best but what Horace calls them, Versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canora; and the Writers of them not Poets, but versifying Scribblers. I pretend not therefore by the following Sheets to teach a Man to be a Poet in spite of Fate and Nature, but only to be of help to the few who are born to be so, and whom audit vocatus Apollo.

To this End I give in the first Place Rules for making English Verse: And these

Rules
Rules I have, according to the best of my Judgment, endeavoured to extract from the Practice, and to frame after the Examples of the Poets that are most celebrated for a fluent and numerous Turn of Verse.

Another Part of this Treatise, is a Dictionary of Rhymes: To which having prefix'd a large Preface shewing the Method and Usefulness of it, I shall trouble the Reader in this place no farther than to acquaint him, that if it be as useful and acceptable to the Publick, as the composing it was tedious and painful to me, I shall never repent me of the Labour.

What I shall chiefly speak of here, is the largest Part of this Treatise, which I call a Collection of the most natural and sublime Thoughts that are in the best English Poets. And to be ingenuous in the Discovery, this was the Part of it that principally induc'd me to undertake the Whole: The Task was indeed laborious, but pleasing; and the sole Praise I expected from it, was, that I made a judicious Choice and proper Disposition of the Passages
The Preface.

sages I extracted. A Mixture of so many different Subjects, and such a Variety of Thoughts upon them, may possibly not satisfy the Reader so well, as a Composition perfect in its Kind on one entire Subject; but certainly it will divert and amuse him better; for here is no Thread of Story, nor Connexion of one Part with another, to keep his Mind intent, and constrain him to any Length of Reading. I detain him therefore only to acquaint him, why it is made a Part of this Book, and how Serviceable it may be to the main Design of it.

Having drawn up Rules for making Verses, and a Dictionary of Rhymes, which are the Mechanick Tools of a Poet; I came in the next Place to consider, what other human Aid could be offer'd him; a Genius and Judgment not being mine to give. Now I imagin'd that a Man might have both these, and yet, sometimes, for the sake of a Syllable or two more or less, to give a Verse its true Measure, be at a stand for Epithets and Synonymes, with which I have seen Books of
of this Nature in several Languages plentifully furnish'd.

Now, tho' I have differ'd from them in Method, yet I am of Opinion this Collection may serve to the same End, with equal Profit and greater Pleasure to the Reader. For, what are Epithets, but Adjectives that denote and express the Qualities of the Substantives to which they are join'd? as Purple, Rosy, Smiling, Dewy, Morning: Dim, Gloomy, Silent, Night. What Synonyms, but Words of a like Signification? as Fear, Dread, Terroir, Consternation, A-fright, Dismay, &c. Are they not then naturally to be sought for in the Descriptions of Persons and Things? And can we not better judge by a Piece of Painting, how Beautifully Colours may be dispos'd; than by seeing the same several Colours scatter'd without Design on a Table? When you are at a Loss therefore for proper Epithets or Synonyms, look into this Alphabetical Collection for any Word under which the Subject of your Thought may most probably be rang'd; and you will find what have been imployn'd by our best Writers, and in what Manner.
The PREFACE.

It would have been as easy a Task for me as it has been to others before me, to have threaded tedious Bead-rolls of Synonymes and Epithets together, and put them by themselves: But when they stand alone, they appear bald, insipid, uncouth, and offensive both to the Eye and Ear. In that Disposition they may indeed help the Memory, but cannot direct the Judgment in the Choice.

But besides, to confess a Secret, I am very unwilling it should be laid to my Chatge, that I have furnish'd Tools, and given a Temptation of Versifying, to such as in Spight of Art and Nature undertake to be Poets; and who mistake their Fondness to Rhyme, or Necessity of Writing, for a true Genius of Poetry, and lawful Call from Apollo. Such Debasers of Rhyme and Dablers in Poetry would do well to consider, that a Man would justly deserve a higher Esteem in the World by being a good Mason or Shoemaker, or by excelling in any other Art that his Talent inclines him to, and that is useful to Man-kind, than by being an indifferent or se-
cond-Rate Poet. Such have no Claim to that Divine Appellation:

Neque enim conclusere Versum
Dixeris esse fatis: Neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermonis propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui Mens divinior, atque Os
Magna sonaturn, des Nominis bujus Honorem. Horat.

I resolv'd therefore to place these, the principal Materials, under the awful Guard of the immortal Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, &c.

Procul o procul esse Profani! Virg.

But let Men of better Minds be excited to a generous Emulation.

I have inserted not only Similes, Allusions, Characters, and Descriptions; but also the most Natural and Sublime Thoughts of our Modern Poets on all Subjects whatever. I say, of our Modern; for tho' some of the Antient, as Chaucer, Spencer, and others, have not been excell'd, perhaps not equal'd, by any that have succeeded them, either in Justness of Description, or in Propriety and Greatness of Thought; yet their Language is now become so antiquated and obsolete, that most Readers of our Age have no Ear for them: And this is the Reason that the good
good Shakespeare himself is not so frequently cited in this Collection, as he would otherwise deserve to be.

I have endeavoured to give the Passages as naked and stripped of Superfluities and foreign Matter, as possibly I could: but often found my self oblig'd for the sake of the Connexion of the Sense, which else would have been interrupted, and consequently obscure, to insert some of them under Heads, to which every Part or Line of them may be thought not properly to belong: Nay, I sometimes even found it difficult to choose under what Head to place several of the best Thoughts; but the Reader may be assur'd, that if he find them not where he expects, he will not wholly lose his Labour; for

'The Search is self rewards his Pains;
And if like Chymists his great End he miss,
Yet things well worth his Toil he gains;
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good unsought Experiments by the way.' Cowley.

That the Reader may judge of every Passage with due Deference for each Author, he will find their Names at the End of the last Line; and as the late Versions of
The Preface.

of the Greek and Roman Poets have not a little contributed to this Collection, Homer, Anacreon, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, &c. are cited with their Translators: And after each Author's Name are quoted their Plays and other Poems, from whence the Passages are extracted.

The Reader will likewise observe, that I have sometimes ascrib'd to several Authors the Quotations taken from one and the same Play. Thus to those from the first and third Act of Oedipus, I have put Dryden; to those from the three other, Lee: Because the first and third Act of that Play were written by Dryden, the three other by Lee. To those from Troilus and Cressida I have sometimes put Shakespeare, sometimes Dryden; because he having alter'd that Play, whatever I found not in the Edition of Shakespeare, ought to be ascrib'd to him. And in like manner of several other Plays.

As no Thought can be justly laid to be fine, unless it be true, I have all along had a great regard for Truth, except only
ly in Passages that are purely Satirical, where some Allowance must be given: For Satire may be fine and true Satire, tho' it be not directly and according to the Letter, true: 'tis enough that it carry with it a Probability or Semblance of Truth. Let it not here be objected, that I have from the Translators of the Greek and Roman Poets, taken some Descriptions meerly fabulous: for the well-invented Fables of the Antients were design'd only to inculcate the Truth with more Delight, and to make it shine with greater Splendour.

Rien n'est beau que le Vrai. Le Vrai seul est Aimable: Il doit regner par tout; & meme dans la Fable; De toute Fiction l'adroite Fausseté Ne tend qu'à faire aux yeux briller la Verité. Boileau.

I have upon every Subject given both Pro and Con whenever I met with them, or that I judg'd them worth giving; and if both are not always found, let none imagine that I wilfully suppress'd either; or that what is here contradicted must be unanswerable.

If any take Offence at the Looseness of some of the Thoughts, as particularly up-
on Love, where I have given the different Sentiments which Mankind, according to their several Temperaments, ever had, and ever will have of it; such may observe, that I have strictly avoided all manner of Obscenity throughout the whole Collection: And tho' here and there a Thought may perhaps have a Cast of Wantonness, yet the cleanly Metaphors palliate the Broadness of the Meaning, and the Chastness of the Words qualifies the Lasciviousness of the Images they represent. And let them farther know, that I have not always chosen what I most approv'd, but what carries with it the best Strokes for Imitation: For, upon the whole matter, it was not my Business to judge any farther, than of the Vigour and Force of Thought, of the Purity of Language, of the Apseness and Propriety of Expression; and above all, of the Beauty of Colouring, in which the Poet's Art chiefly consists. Nor, in short, would I take upon me to determine what things should have been said; but have shewn only what are said, and in what manner.

RULES
RULES
For making
ENGLISH VERSE.

IN the English Versification there are two Things chiefly to be consider'd;
1. The Verses.
2. The several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.
   But because in the Verses there are also two Things to be observe'd, the Structure of the Verse, and the Rhyme; this Treatise shall be divided into three Chapters;
   I. Of the Structure of English Verses.
   II. Of Rhyme.
   III. Of the several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

CHAP. I.
Of the Structure of English Verses.

THE Structure of our Verses, whether Blank, or in Rhyme, consists in a certain Number of Syllables; not in Feet compos'd of long and short Syllables, as the Verses of the Greeks and Romans. And though some ingenious Persons formerly puzzled themselves in prescribing Rules for the Quantity of English Syllables, and, in Imitation of the Latins, composed Verses by the measure of Spondees, Dactyls, &c. yet the Success of their Undertaking has fully evin'd the Vainness of their Attempt, and given ground to suspect they had not thoroughly weigh'd what the Genius of our Language would bear; nor reflect'd that each Tongue has its peculiar Beauties, and that what is agreeable and natural to one, is very often disagreeable, nay, inconsistent with another. But that Design being now wholly exploded, it is sufficient to have mention'd it.
Our Verses then consist in a certain Number of Syllables; but the Verses of double Rhyme require a Syllable more than those of single Rhyme. Thus in a Poem whose Verses consist of ten Syllables, those of the same Poem that are accented on the last five one, which we call Verses of double Rhyme, must have eleven; as may be seen by these Verses.

_A Man so various he seem'd to be_
_Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:_
_Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
_Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
_But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
_Was Fidel, Chymist, Statesman, and Buffoon:_
_Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking;
_Besides Ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking._

_Praising and Railing were his usual Themes,_
_And both, to shew his Judgment in Extremes._

_So ever-violent, or ever-civil,_
_That every Man with him was God or Devil._

_Dryd:__

Where the 4 Verses that are accented on the last five one have 11 Syllables; the others, accented on the last, but 10.

_In a Poem whose Verses consist of 8, the double Rhymes require 9; as,_

_When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,_
_Set Folks together by the Ears;_
_And made 'em fight, like mad, or drunk,_
_For Dame Religion, as for Punk;_
_Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,_
_The not a Man of 'em knew wherefore:_
_Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,_
_And out he rode a Col templing._

_Hud:_

_In a Poem whose Verses consist of 7, the double Rhymes require 8; as,_

_All thy Verse is softer far,_
_Than the downy Feathers are,_
_Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,_
_Of my Mother's Doves or Sparrows._

_Cowl:_

_This must also be observ'd in Blank Verse; as,_

_Welcome, thou worthy Partner of my Laurels!_ _Thou Brother of my Choice! A Band more sacred Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendship!_ _Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;_ _My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half, And languish'd for thy Absence, like a Prophet_ _Who waits the Inspiration of his God._

_Rowe,_

_And_
And this Verse of Milton,

Void of all Succour and needful Comfort.

wants a Syllable; for, being accented on the last five one, it ought to have 11, as all the Verses but Two of the preceding Example have: But if we transpose the Words thus,

Of Succour and all needful Comfort void.

it then wants nothing of its due Measure, because it is accented on the last Syllable.

SECTION I.

Of the several sorts of Verses; and, first, of those of Ten Syllables: Of the due Observation of the Accent, and of the Pause.

Our Poetry admits for the most part but of Three sorts of Verses; that is to say, of Verses of 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, and 14 Syllables: Those of 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, and 14, are generally employ'd in Masks and Operas, and in the Stanzas of Lyric and Pindarick Odes, and we have few intire Poems compos'd in any of those sorts of Verses. Those of 12 and of 14 Syllables are frequently inervert in our Poems in Heroick Verse, and when rightly made use of, carry a peculiar Grace with them. See the next Section towards the End.

The Verses of 10 Syllables, which are our Heroick, are us'd in Heroick Poems, in Tragedies, Comedies, Pastorals, Elegies, and sometimes in Burlesque.

In these Verses Two things are chiefly to be consider'd;

1. The Seat of the Accent;
2. The Pause.

For, 'tis not enough that Verses have their just Number of Syllables, the true Harmony of them depends on a due Observation of the Accent and Pause.

The Accent is an Elevation or a falling of the Voice on a certain Syllable of a Word.

The Pause is a Rest or Stop that is made in pronouncing the Verse, and that divides it, as it were, into Two Parts; each of which is call'd an Hemistich, or Half-Verse.

But this Division is not always equal, that is to say, one of the Half- Verses does not always contain the same Number of Syllables as the other: And this Inequality proceeds from the Seat of the Accent that isstrongest, and prevails most in the first Half-Verse. For the Pause must be observ'd at the 1

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Rules for making

the Word where such Accent happens to be, or at the End of the following Word.

Now in a Verse of 10 Syllables this Accent must be either on the 2d, 4th, or 6th; which produces 5 several Pausés, that is to say, at the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th Syllable of the Verse:

For,

When it happens to be on the 2d, the Pause will be either at the 3d or 4th.

At the 3d, in Two Manners:

1. When the Syllable accented happens to be the last five one of a Word; as,
   As busy—as intensive Emmets are;
   Or Cities—whose unlook’d-for Sieges scare:
   Dav.

2. Or when the Accent is on the left of a Word, and the next a Monosyllable, whose Construction is govern’d by that on which the Accent is; as,
   Despite it,—and more noble Thoughts pursue.
   Dryd.

When the Accent falls on the 2d Syllable of the Verse, and the last five Two of a Word, the Pause will be at the 4th; as,
   He meditates—his absent Enemy.
   Dryd.

When the Accent is on the 4th of a Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable, or at the 5th or 6th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,
   Such huge Extremes—inhabit thy great Mind,
   God-like, unmov’d,—and yet,—like Woman, kind.
   Wall.

At the 5th in 2 Manners:

1. When it happens to be the last five one of a Word; as,
   Like bright Aurora—whose refulgent Ray
   Foretells the E’ven’s—of ensuing Day;
   And warns the Shepherd—with his Flocks, retreat
   To leafy Shadows—from the threatn’d Heat.
   Wall.

2. Or the last of the Word, if the next be a Monosyllable govern’d by it; as,
   So fresh the Wound is—and the Grief so vast.
   Wall.

At the 6th, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last five Two of a Word; as,
   Those Seeds of Luxury,—Debate, and Pride.
   Wall.

Lastly, When the Accent is on the 6th Syllable of the Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable or at the 7th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,
   She meditates Revenge—resolv’d to die.
   Wall.

At
English Verse.

At the 7th in Two manners:

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,
   Nor when the War is over,—is it Peace. Dryd.
   Mirrors are taught to flatter;—but our Springs. Wall.

2: Or the last of a Word, if the following one be a Mono-
   syllable whose Construction depends on the preceding Word
   on which the Accent is; as,
   And since he could not save her,—with her dy'd. Dryd.

From all this it appears, that the Pause is determin'd by the
Seat of the Accent; but if the Accents happen to be equally
strong on the 2d, 4th, and 6th Syllable of a Verse, the Sense
and Construction of the Words must then guide to the Obser-
vation of the Pause. For Example; In one of the Verses I
cited as an Instance of it at the 7th Syllable,

   Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs.
   The Accent is as strong on Taught, as the first Syllable of
   Flatter; and if the Pause were observ'd at the 4th Syllable of
   the Verse, it would have nothing disagreeable in its Sound; as,

   Mirrors are taught—to flatter, but our Springs
   Present th'impartial Image's of things.

Which tho' it be no Violence to the Ear, yet it is to the
Sense, and that ought always carefully to be avoided in read-
ing or in repeating of Verses.

For this Reason it is, that the Construction or Sense should
never end at a Syllable where the Pause ought not to be made;
as at the 8th and 2d in the Two following Verses:

Bright Helper twinkles from afar:—Away
   My Kids! —for you have had a Feast to Day. Staff.
Which Verses have nothing disagreeable in their Structure
but the Pause, which in the first of them must be observ'd at
the 8th Syllable, in the 2d at the 2d; and so unequal a Divisi-
on can produce no true Harmony. And for this Reason too,
the Pauses at the 3d and 7th Syllables, tho' not wholly to be
condemn'd, ought to be but sparingly practis'd.

The foregoing Rules ought indispensible to be follow'd, in
all our Verses of 10 Syllables; and the Observation of them,
like that of right Time in Music, will produce Harmony;
the Neglect of them Harshness and Discord; as appears by the
following Verses;

None think Rewards render'd worthy their Worth.
   And both Lovers, both thy Disciples were,
   In which, tho' the true Number of Syllables be observ'd, yet
   neither of them have so much as the Sound of a Verse: Now
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   their
their Disagreeableness proceeds from the undue Seat of the Accent: For Example, The first of them is accented on the 5th and 7th Syllables; but if we change the Words, and remove the Accent to the 4th and 6th, the Verse will become smooth and easy; as,

None think Rewards are equal to their Worth.
The Harshness of the 1st of them proceeds from its being accented on the 3d Syllable, which may be mended thus, by transposing only one Word;

And Lovers both, both thy Disciples were.

In like manner the following Verses,

To be massacred, not in Battle slain.  Blac.

But for'd, harsh, and uneasy unto all.  Cowl.

Against the Insults of the Wind and Tide.  Blac.

A second Essay will the Pow'r's appease.  Blac.

With Scythians expert in the Dart and Bow.  Dryd.

are rough, because the foregoing Rules are not observ'd in their Structure: For Example, The first, where the Pause is at the 5th Syllable, and the Accent on the 3d, is contrary to the Rule, which says, that the Accent that determines the Pause must be on the 2d, 4th, or 6th Syllable of the Verse; and to mend that Verse we need only place the Accent on the 4th, and then the Pause at the 5th will have nothing disagreeable; as,

Thus to be murthr'd, not in Battle slain.

The second Verse is accented on the 3d Syllable, and the Pause is there too; which makes it indeed the thing it expresses, forc'd, harsh, and uneasy; it may be mended thus,

But forc'd and harsh, uneasy unto all.

The 3d, 4th, and 5th of those Verses have like Faults; for the Pausés are at the 5th, and the Accent there too, which is likewise contrary to the foregoing Rules: Now they will be made smooth and flowing, by taking the Accent from the 5th, and removing the Seat of the Pause; as,

Against th'Insults both of the Wind and Tide.

A second Trial will the Pow'r's appease.

With Scythians skilful in the Dart and Bow.

From whence we conclude, that in all Verses of 10 Syllables, the most prevailing Accents ought to be on the 2d, 4th, or 6th Syllables; for if they are on the 3d, 5th, or 7th, the Verses will be rough and disagreeable, as has been prov'd by the preceding Instances.

In short, the wrong placing of the Accent is as great a Fault in our Versification, as false Quantity was in that of the Antients; and therefore we ought to take equal care to avoid it, and endeavour so to dispose the Words, that they may create a certain
certain Melody in the Ear, without Labour to the Tongue, or Violence to the Sense.

SECT. II.

Of the other sorts of Verses that are us'd in our Poetry.

After the Verses of 10 Syllables, those of 8 are more frequent, and we have many entire Poems compos'd in them.

In the Structure of these Verses, as well as of those of 10 Syllables, we must take Care that the most prevailing Accents be neither on the 3d nor 5th Syllables of them.

They also require a Pause to be observ'd in pronouncing them, which is generally at the 4th or 5th Syllable; as,

\[ \text{I'll sing of Heroes, and of Kings,} \\
\text{In mighty Numbers, mighty things;} \\
\text{Begin my Muse, but to the Strings,} \\
\text{To my great Song, rebellious prove,} \\
\text{The Strings will sound, of nought but Love.} \]

Cowl.

The Verses of 7 Syllables, which are call'd Anacreontick, are most beautiful when the strongest Accent is on the 3d, and the Pause either there or at the 4th; as,

\[ \text{Fill the Bowl—wi' the rosy Wine,} \\
\text{Round our Temples—Roses twine;} \\
\text{Crown'd with Roses—we content} \\
\text{Gyges wealthy—Diadem.} \]

Cowl.

The Verses of 9 and of 11 Syllables are of Two sorts; one is those that are accented upon the last saine one, which are only the Verses of double Rhyme that belong to those of 8 and 10 Syllables, of which Examples have already been given: The other is those that are accented on the last Syllable, which are employ'd only in Compositions for Musick, and in the lowest sort of Burlesque Poetry; the Disagreeableness of their Measure having wholly excluded them from grave and serious Subjects. They who desire to see Examples of them, may find some Scatter'd here and there in our Masks and Operas, and in our Burlesque Writers. I will give but Two.

\[ \text{Hilas, O Hilas, why sit we mute?} \\
\text{Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring.} \]

Wall.

\[ \text{Apart let me view then each Heavenly Fair,} \\
\text{For Three at a time there's no Mortal can bear.} \]

Congr.

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The Verses of 12 Syllables are truly heroic both in their Measure and Sound, tho' we have no entire Works compos'd in them; and they are so far from being a Blemish to the Poems they are in, that on the contrary, when rightly employ'd, they conduce not a little to the Ornament of them; particularly in the following Rencontres.

1. When they conclude an Episode in an Heroick Poem: Thus Stafford ends his Translation of that of Camilla from the 11th Æneid with a Verse of 12 Syllables.

   The lingering Soul sh'unwelcome Doom receives,
   And, musing with Disdain, the beautiful Body leaves.

2. When they conclude a Triplet and full Sense together; as, Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong;
   And every Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue;
   And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung. Dryd.

And here we may observe by the way, that whenever a Triplet is made use of in an Heroick Poem, it is a Fault not to close the Sense at the End of the Triplet, but to continue it into the next Line; as Dryden has done in his Translation of the 11th Æneid in these Lines.

   With Oliver's crown'd, the Presents they shall boar,
   A purple Robe, a Royal Iv'ry Chair,
   And all the Marks of Swag that Latian Monarchs wear,
   And Sum of Gold, &c.

And in the 7th Æneid he has committed the like Fault.

Then they, whose Mothers, frantic with their Fear,
   In Woods and Wilds the Flags of Bacchus bear,
   And lead his Dances with dishevel'd Hair,
   To increase the Glamour, &c.

But the Sense is not confin'd to the Couplet, for the Close of it may fall into the Middle of the next Verse, that is the Third; and sometimes farther off: Provided the last Verse of the Couplet exceed not the Number of Ten Syllables; for then the Sense ought always to conclude with it. Examples of this are so frequent, that 'tis needless to give any.

3. When they conclude the Stanzas of Lyrick or Pindarick Odes; Examples of which are often seen in Dryden, and others. In these Verses the Pause ought to be at the 6th Syllable, as may be seen in the foregoing Examples. We sometimes find it, tho' very rarely, at the 7th; as, That such a cursed Creature—lives so long a Space.

When it is at the 4th, the Verse will be rough and hobbling;
And Midwife Time—The ripen'd Plot to Murther brought.  
Dryd.
The Prince pursu'd, and march'd along with equal Pace.  
Dryd.
In the last of which it is very apparent, that if the Sense and Construction would allow us to make the Pause at the 6th Syllable,

The Prince pursu'd, and march'd along with equal Pace.

the Verse would be much more flowing and easy.

The Verfs of 14 Syllables are less frequent than those of 12; they are likewise inserted in Heroick Poems, &c. and are agreeable enough when they conclude a Triplet and Sense, and follow a Verse of 12; as,

For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'r's is dress'd;
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy Breast.

And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer Lights is bless'd.  
Dryd.

But if they follow one of 10 Syllables, the Inequality of the Measure renders them less agreeable; as,

While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,

And sing to Memmius an immortal Lay,

(Dryd.)

Of Heav'n and Earth; and every where thy wondrous Pow'r display.

Especially if it be the last of a Couplet only; as,

With Court-Informers Haunts, and Royal Spies,

Things done relates, not done be design, and mingles Truth with Lies.

(Dryd.)

But this is only in Heroicks; for in Pindaricks and Lyricks, Verfs of 12 or 14 Syllables are frequently and gracefully plac'd, not only after those of 12 or 10, but of any other Number of Syllables whatsoever.

The Verfs of 4 and 6 Syllables have nothing worth observing, and therefore I shall content my self with having made mention of them. They are, as I said before, us'd only in Operas and Masks, and in Lyrick and Pindarick Odes. Take one Example of them.

To rule by Love,
To shed no Blood,
May be extoll'd above;
But bear below,
Let Princes know,
'Tis fatal to be good.

Dryd.

**S E C T. III.**

Several Rules conducing to the Beauty of our Versification.

Our Poetry being very much polish'd and refin'd since the Days of Chaucer, Spencer, and the other antique Poets,
some Rules which they neglected, and that conduce very much
to the Ornament of it, have been practis'd by the best of the
Moderns.

The First is, to avoid as much as possible the Concours of
Vowels, which occasions a certain ill-sounding Gaping, call'd
by the Latins Hiatus; and which they thought so disagreeable
to the Ear, that, to avoid it, whenever a Word ended in a
Vowel, and the next began with one, they never, even in Prose,
sounded the Vowel of the first Word, but lost it in the Pronun-
ciation; and it is a Fault in our Poets not to do the like, when-
ever our Language will admit of it.

For this Reason the of the Particle The ought always to be
cut off before the Words that begin by a Vowels; as,

Wish weeping Eyes she board th'unwelcome News. Dryd.

And it is a Fault to make The and the first Syllable of the
following Word Two distinct Syllables, as in this,

Resist'd a while by the unwelcome Night. Wall.

A Second sort of Hiatus and that ought no less to be avoided,
is, when a Word that ends in a Vowel that cannot be cut off,
is plac'd before one that begins by the same Vowel, or one that
has the like Sound; as,

Should thy Lamb'sc's swell into a Book. Wall.

The Second Rule is, to contract the Two last Syllables of
the Preterperfect Tenses of all the Verbs that will admit of it;
which are all the Regular Verbs whatsoever, except only those
ending in D or T, and DE or TE. And it is a Fault to make
Amazed of Three Syllables, and Lou'd of Two, instead of A-
man'd of Two, and Lou'd of One.

And the Second Person of the Present and Preterperfect
Tenses of all Verbs ought to be contracted in like manner; as
then lou'st, for thou lou'st, &c.

The Third Rule is, not to make use of several Words in a
Verse that begin by the same Letter; as,

The Court he knew to bear in Storms of State.
He in these Miracles Design discern'd. Dav.

Yet we find an Instance of such a Versé in Dryden's Transla-
tion of the first Pastoral of Virgil;

Till them a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain.

Which I am persuaded he left not thus through Negligence
or Inadvertency, but with design to paint in the Number and
Sound of the Words the thing he describ'd, a Shepherd in
whom

Nec spes libertates erat, nec cura peculi. Now
ENGLISH VERSE.

Now how far the Sound of the H Aspirate, with which Three Feet of that Verse begin, expresses the Despair of the Swain, let the Judicious judge: I have taken notice of it only to say, that 'tis a great Beauty in Poetry, when the Words and Numbers are so dispos'd, as by their Order and Sound to represent the things describ'd.

The Fourth is, to avoid ending a Verse by an Adjective whose Substantive begins the following; as,

Some left their quiet Reigns, some their kind
Parents, &c.

Dav.

Or, by a Preposition when the Case it governs begins the Verse that follows; as,

The daily less'ning of our Life, shews by
A little dying, how outright to dye.

Wall.

The Fifth is, to avoid the frequent Use of Words of many Syllables, which are proper enough in Prose, but come not into Verse without a certain Violence altogether disagreeable; particularly those whose Accents is on the Fourth Syllable from the last, as Undutifulness.

S E C T. IV.

Doubts concerning the Number of Syllables of certain Words.

There is no Language whatsoever that so often joyns several Vowels together to make Diphthongs of them as ours; this appears in our having several compos'd of Three different Vowels, as EAU and EOU in Beauteous, IOU in Glorious, UAI in Acquaint, &c.

Now from hence may arise some Difficulties concerning the true Pronunciation of those Vowels, Whether they ought to be founded separately in Two Syllables, or joyntly in one.

The antient Poets made them sometimes of Two Syllables, sometimes but of One, as the Measure of their Verse requir'd; but they are now become to be but of One, and it is a Fault to make them of Two: From whence we may draw this general Rule;

That
That whenever one Syllable of a Word ends in a Vowel, and the next begins by one, provided the first of those Syllables be not that on which the Word is accented, those Two Syllables ought in Verse to be contracted and made but one.

Thus Beauteous is but Two Syllables, Victorious but Three; and it is a Fault in Dryden to make it Four, as he has done in this Verse:

Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious.

To prove that this Verse wants a Syllable of its due Measure, we need but add one to it; as,

Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious now.

Where, tho' the Syllable now be added to the Verse, it has no more than its due Number of Syllables; which plainly proves it wanted it.

But if the Accent be upon the first of these Syllables, they cannot be contracted to make a Diphthong, but must be computed as Two distinct Syllables: Thus Poet, Lion, Quiet, and the like, must always be us'd as Two Syllables; Poetry and the like as Three.

And it is a Fault to make Riot, for Example, one Syllable, as Milton has done in this Verse:

Their Riot ascends above their lofty Towers.

The same Poet has in another Place made use of a like Word twice in one Verse, and made it Two Syllables each time:

With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout.

And any Ear may discover that this last Verse has its true Measure, the other not.

But there are some Words that may be excepted; as Diamond, Violet, Violent, Diadem, Hyacinth, and perhaps some others, which, though they are accented upon the first Vowel, are sometimes us'd but as Two Syllables; as in the following Verses:

From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold. Milt.
With Poppies, Daffadils, and Violets joynd.
With war, but violent Force their Darts they flung.
His Ephod, Mitre, well-cut Diadem on.
My blushing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.

Sometimes as Three; as,

A Mount of rocky Diamond did rise.
Hence the blue Violet and blushing Rose.
And set soft Hyacinths of Iron Blue.

When they are us'd but as Two Syllables they suffer an Elision of one of their Vowels, and are generally written thus, Di'mond, Vi'let, &c,
This Contraction is not always made of Syllables of the same Word only; for the Particle A being plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel, will sometimes admit of the like Contraction: For Example, after the Word many; as,

Tho' many a Villain from my Fields was bought,
And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought,
They many a Trophy gain'd with many a Wound.  

After To; as,
Can be to a Friend, to a Son so bloody grown.
After They; as,
From thee, their long-known King, they a King desire:
After By; as,
When we by a foolish Figure say.
And perhaps after some others.

There are also other Words whose Syllables are sometimes contracted, sometimes not; as Bower, Heaven, Prayer, Higher, Towards, and many more of the like Nature: But they generally ought to be us'd but as one Syllable; and then they suffer an Ellision of the Vowel that precedes their final Consonant, and ought to be written thus, Pow'r, Heav'n, Pray'r, Nigh'r, Tow'rs.

The Termination ISM is always us'd but as one Syllable; as,

Where grievly Schism and raging Strife appear.
And Rheumatism: I send to rack the Joyns.

And indeed, considering that it has but one Vowel, it may seem absurd to assert that it ought to be reckon'd Two Syllables; yet in my Opinion those Verbs seem to have a Syllable more than their due Measure, and would run better if we took one from them; as,

Where grievly Schism, raging Strife appear.
I Rheumatism: send to rack the Joyns.

Yet this Opinion being contrary to the constant Practice of our Poets, I shall not presume to advance it as a Rule for others to follow, but leave it to be decided by such as are better Judges of poetical Numbers.

The like may be said of the Terminations ASM and OSM.
S E C T. V.
Of the Elisions that are allow’d in our Versification.

Our Verses consisting only of a certain Number of Syllables, nothing can be of more ease, or greater use to our Poets, than the retaining or cutting off a Syllable from a Verse, according as the Measure of it requires; and therefore it is requisite to treat of the Elisions that are allowable in our Poetry, some of which have been already taken Notice of in the preceding Section.

By Elision I mean the cutting off one or more Letters from a Word, whereby Two Syllables come to be contracted into One; or the taking away an entire Syllable. Now when in a Word of more than Two Syllables, which is accented on the last five Two, the Liquid R happens to be between Two Vowels, that which precedes the Liquid admits of an Elision. Of this Nature are many Words in ANCE, ENCE, ENT, ER, OUS, and RY; as Temperance, Preference, Different, Flatterer, Amorous, Visery: Which are Words of Three Syllables, and often used as such in Verse; but they may also be contracted into Two, by cutting off the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, as Temp’reance, Pref’rence, Diff’rent, Flatter’er, Am’rous, Vis’ry. The like Elision is sometimes used when any of the other Liquids L, M, or N, happen to be between Two Vowels in Words accented like the former; as Fabulous, Enemy, Marian, which may be contracted Fab’lous, En’my, Mar’ian. But this is not so frequent.

Observe, that I said accented on the last five Two; for if the Word be accented on the last five one, that is to say, on the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, that Vowel may not be cut off. And therefore it is a Fault to make, for Example, Somewus of Two Syllables, as in this Verse,

With Somewus Metals we’ld the drowsy Day.

Which always ought to be of Three, as in this,

Somewus Metals blowing martial Sounds.

Blac.

Milt.

In like manner, whenever the Letter S happens to be between Two Vowels in Words of Three Syllables, accented on the first, one of the Vowels may be cut off; as Pres’ner, Bus’ness, &c.

Or the Letter C when ’tis sounded like S; that is to say, when-
whenever it precedes the Vowels E or I; as *Medicine*, for *Medecine*.

Or V Consonant; as *Covenant* for *Covenant*.

To these may be added the Gerunds of all Verbs whose Infinitives end in any of the Liquids, preceded by a Vowel or Diphthong, and that are accented on the last save one: For the Gerunds being form’d by adding the Syllable *ING* to the Infinitive, the Liquid that was their final Letter comes thereby to be between Two Vowels; and the Accent that was on the last save One of the Infinitive, comes to be on the last save Two of the Gerund: And therefore the Vowel or Diphthong that precedes the Liquid, may be cut off; by means whereof the Gerund of Three Syllables comes to be but of Two, as from *Travel*, *Travelling*, or *Travel*’ing; from *Endeavour*, *Endeavouring*, or *Endeau*’ring, &c.

But if the Accent be on the last Syllable of such a Verb, its Gerund will not suffer such an Elision: Thus the Gerund of *Devour* must always be Three Syllables, *Devouring*, not *Dev*’ring; because all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is, on the same Syllable: And the Accent always obliges the Syllable on which it is to remain entire.

The Gerunds of the Verbs in OW, accented on the last save Two, suffer an Elision of the O that precedes the W; as *Follow*’ing, *Wall*’wing.

The Particle *It* admits of an Elision of its Vowel before *It*, *Was*, *Were*, *Will*, *Would*; as *Tis*, *Twas*, *Twere*, *Twill*, *Twould*, for *It* is, *It* was, &c.

It likewise sometimes suffers the like Elision when plac’d after a Word that ends in a Vowel; as *By*’s for *By* it, *Do*’t for *Do* it: Or that ends in a Consonant after which the Letter T can be pronounc’d; as *Was’t* for *Was* it, *In’t* for *In* it, and the like: But this is not so frequent in heroicke Verse.

The Particle *Is* may lose its *I* after any Word that ends in a Vowel, or in any of the Consonants after which the Letter S may be founded; as *she’s* for *she* is: *The Air*’s for the *Air* is; &c.

To (Sign of the Infinitive Mood) may lose its O before any Verb that begins by a Vowel; as *Tamara*, *Tunde*, &c.

To (Sign of the Dative Case) may likewise lose its O before any Noun that begins with a Vowel; as *s’Air*, *s’every*, &c. But this Elision is not so allowable as the former.

Are
Rules for making

Are may lose its A after the Pronouns Personal, We, You They; as We're, You're, They're: And thus it is that this Elision ought to be made, and not as some do, by cutting off the final Vowels of the Pronouns Personal, Ware, Tare, Th'are.

Will and Would may lose all their first Letters, and retain only their final one, after any of the Pronouns Personal; as I'll for I will, He'd for He would; or after Who, as who'll for who will, who'd for who would.

Have, may lose its Two first Letters after I, You, We, They; as I've, You've, We've, They've.

Not, its Two first Letters after can; as Can't for Can not.

Am, its A after I: I'm for I am.

Ur, its U after Let: Let's for Let us.

Taken, its K, as To'm: For so it ought to be written, not ta'ne.

Heaven, Seven, Even, Eleven, and the Participles Driven, Given, Thriven, and their Compounds, may lose their last Vowel; as Heav'n, Forgiv'n, &c. See the foregoing Section, p. 13.

To these may be added Bow'r, Pow'r, Flow'r, Tow'r, Show'r, for Bower, Power, &c.

Ne'er, Ever, Over, may lose their V; and are contracted thus, Ne'er, E'er, O'er.

Some Words admit of an Elision of their first Syllable; as 'Tween, 'Twixt, 'Mong, 'Mongst, 'Gainst, 'Bove, 'Cause, 'Foe, for Be'tweeen, Betwixt, Among, Amongst, Against, Above, Because, Before. And some others that may be observ'd in reading our Poets.

I have already, in the 3d Section of this Chapter, spoken of the Elision of the e of the Particle The before Vowels: But it is requisite likewise to take notice, that it sometimes loses its Vowel before a Word that begins by a Consonant, and then its Two remaining Letters are joyn'd to the preceding Word; as To th'Wall, for To the Wall; By th'Wall, for By the Wall, &c. But this is scarce allowable in heroic Poetry.

The Particles In, Of, and On, sometimes lose their Consonants, and are joyn'd to the Particle The in like manner; as 'tis, 'tis, for in the of the.
In some of our Poets we find the Pronoun *His* lose its two first Letters after any Word that ends in a Vowel; as *to's*, *by's*, &c. for *to his*, *by his*, &c. Or after many Words that end in a Consonant, after which the Letter *S* can be pronounc'd; as in't, for't, for in *his*, for *his*, &c. This is frequent in Cowley, who often takes too great a Liberty in his Contractions; as *r'your* for *to your*, *t'which* for *to which*, and many others; in which we must be cautious of following his Example: But the contrac'ing of the Pronoun *His* in the manner I mention'd, is not wholly to be condemn'd.

We sometimes find the Word *Who* contrac'ted before Words that begin by a Vowel; as,

*Where* expos'd to Storm and *Hate* both them and it.  

And the Preposition *By* in like manner; as,

*B'equal Fate, and Providence's Crime.*  

Whid did he know how Palms b'Oppression speed.  

And the Pronouns *Personal*, *He, She, They, We*; as,

*Timely h'obey'd her wife Advice, and strait*  

To unjust Force h'opposes just Deceit.  

*Themselves at first against themselves th'excite.*  

Shame and *We* to *us*, if w'our Wealth obey.  

But these and the like Contractions are very rare in our most correct Poets, and ought indeed wholly to be avoided: For 'tis a general Rule, that no Vowel can be cut off before another, when it cannot be sunk in the Pronunciation of it: And therefore we ought to take care never to place a Word that begins by a Vowel, after a Word that ends in one (mute *E* only excepted) unless the final Vowel of the former can be lost in its Pronunciation: For, to leave two Vowels opening on each other, causes a very disagreeable *Hius*. Whenever therefore a Vowel ends a Word, the next ought to begin with a Consonant, or what is equivalent to it; as our *W*, and *H* Aspirate, plainly are.

For which reason 'tis a Fault in some of our Poets to cut off the *e* of the Particle *The*, for Example, before a Word that begins by an *H* Aspirate; as,

*And th'hafty Troops march'd loud and cheerful down.*  

But if the *H* Aspirate be follow'd by another *E*, that of the Particle *The* may be cut off; as,

*Th'Heroick Prince's Courage or his Love.*  

*Th' Helper lan Fruit, and made the Dragon steep:"*  

B  

C H A P.
CHAP. II.

Of Rhyme.

SECT. I.

What Rhyme is, and the several Sorts of it.

Rhyme is a Likeness or Uniformity of Sound in the Terminations of two Words; I say, of Sound, not of Letters; for the Office of Rhyme being to content and please the Ear, and not the Eye, the Sound only is to be regarded, not the Writing: Thus Maid and Persuade, Laugh and Quaff, tho' they differ in Writing, rhyme very well: But Plough and Cough, tho' written alike, rhyme not at all.

In our Verification we may observe three several sorts of Rhyme; Single, Double, and Treble.

The single Rhyme is of two sorts: One, of the Words that are accented on the last Syllable: Another, of those that have their Accent on the last Sylable.

The Words accented on the last Syllable, if they end in a Consonant, or mute E, oblige the Rhyme to begin at the Vowel that precedes their last Consonant, and to continue to the End of the Word: In a Consonant; as,

Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit.

Dryd.

In mute E; as,

A Spark of Virtue by the deepest Shade
Of sad Adversity, is fairer made.

Wall.

But if a Diphthong precede the last Consonant, the Rhyme must begin at that Vowel of it whose Sound most prevails; as,

Next to the Pow'r of making Temp'rs cease,
Was in that Storm to have so calm a Peace.

Wall.

If the Words accented on the last Syllable end in any of the Vowels except mute E, or in a Diphthong, the Rhyme is made
made only to that Vowel or Diphong. To the Vowel, as;
So wing'd with Praise we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly. Wall.

To the Diphong, as,
So hungry Wolves, the greedy of their Prey.
Stop when they find a Lion in the Way. Wall.

The other sort of single Rhyme is of the Words that have
their Accent on the last Syllable save two. And these rhyme
to the other in the same Manner as the Former; that is to say,
if they end in any of the Vowels except mute E, the Rhyme
is made only to that Vowel; as;
So seems to speak the youthful Deity;
Voice, Colour, Hair, and all like Mercury. Wall.

But if they end in a Consonant or mute E, the Rhyme must
begin at the Vowel that precedes that Consonant, and continue
to the End of the Word. As has been shewn by the former
Examples.

But we must take Notice, that all the Words that are accented
on the last save two, will rhyme not only to one another, but
also to all the Words whose Terminations have the same Sound,
they are accented on the last Syllable. Thus Tenderness's
rhymes not only to Poets, Wretchedness, and the like, that are
accented on the last save two, but also to Confess; Excels, &c;
that are accented on the last; as,
Those are my Father now, those Words confess
That Name, and that indulgent Tenderness.

Dryd.

SECT. II.

Of Double and Treble Rhyme.

All Words that are accented on the last save one, require
the Rhyme to begin at the Vowel of that Syllable, and
to continue to the End of the Word; and this is what we call
Double Rhyme; as,
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking;
Besides Ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking. Dryd.

But it is convenient to take Notice, that the ancient Poets
did not always observe this Rule, and took Care only that
the last Syllables of the Words should be alike in Sound, with-
out any Regard to the Seat of the Accent. Thus Nation and
Affection, Tenderness and Hapless, Villany and Gentry; Follow and

Willow;
RULES for making

Willow, and the like, were allow'd as Rhymes to each other in the Days of Chaucer, Spencer, and the rest of the Antients; but this is now become a Fault in our Verification; and these Two Verses of Cowley rhyme not at all.

_A clear and lively Brown was Merab's Dye;
Such as the proudest Colours might envy._

Nor these of Dryden.

_Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth unstable,
And Waters dark Abyss un navigable._

Because we may not place an Accent on the last Syllable of _Envy_, nor on the last save one of _un navigable_; which nevertheless we must be oblig'd to do, if we make the first of them rhyme to _Dye_, the last to _Unstable_.

But we may observe that in Burlesque Poetry, it is permitted to place an Accent upon a Syllable that naturally has none; as,

_When Pulpit, Drum, Ecclesiastic,
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick._

Where unless we pronounce the Particle _A_ with a strong Accent upon it, and make it sound like the Vowel _a_ in the last Syllable but one of _Ecclesiastic_, the Verse will lose all its Beauty and Rhyme. But this is allowable in Burlesque Poetry only.

Observe that these double Rhymes may be compos'd of Two several Words, provided the Accent be on the last Syllable of the first of them; as in these Verses of Cowley, speaking of Gold;

_A Curse on him who did refine it,
A Curse on him who first did coin it._

Or some of the Verses may end in an entire Word, and the Rhyme to it be compos'd of several; as,

_Tho' for'd with Deleterious Medicines,
Which who soever took is dead since._

The Treble Rhyme is, when in Words accented on the last save Two we begin the Rhyme at the Vowel of that Syllable, and continue it to the End of the Word: Thus _Charity_ and _Parity_, _Tenderness_ and _Slenderness_, &c. are treble Rhymes. And these too, as well as the double, may be compos'd of several Words; as,

_There was an ancient Sage Philosopher,
That had read Alexander Rolls ever._

The Treble Rhyme is very seldom us'd, and ought wholly to be exploded from serious Subjects; for it has a certain Flat-
ness unworthy the Gravity requir’d in Heroick Verse. In
which Dryden was of Opinion that even the double Rhymes
ought very cautiously to find place; and in all his Translations
of Virgil, he has made use of none except only in
such Words as admit of a Contrasction, and therefore cannot
properly be said to be double Rhymes; as Giv’n, Driv’n, Tow’r,
Pow’r, and the like. And indeed, considering their Measure
is different from that of an Heroick Verse, which consists but
of 10 Syllables, they ought not to be too frequently used in
Heroick Poems; but they are very graceful in the Lyrick, to
which, as well as to the Burlesque, those Rhymes more pro-
perly belong.

S E C T. III.

Further Instructions concerning Rhyme.

The Consonants, that precede the Vowels where the
Rhyme begins, must be different in Sound, and not the
same; for then the Rhyme will be too perfect; as Light, Del-
gight; Vice, Advice, and the like; for tho’ such Rhymes were
allowable in the Days of Spencer and the other old Poets, they
are not so now; nor can there be any Musick in one single
Note. Cowley himself owns, that they ought not to be em-
ploy’d except in Pindarick Odes, which is a sort of free Po-
etry, and there too very sparingly, and not without a Third
Rhyme to answer to both; as,

In barren Age wild and inglorious lye,
And boast of past Fertility,
The poor Relief of present Poverty.

Cowl.

Where the Words Fertility and Poverty rhyme very well to
the last Word of the first Verse, Lye; but cannot rhyme to
each other, because the Consonants that precede the last Vowels
are the same, both in Writing and Sound.

But this is yet less allowable if the Accent be on the last
Syllable of the Rhyme; as,

Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wrests Blac.

From hence it follows that a Word cannot rhyme to its self,
Tho’ the Signification be different; as He leaves to the Leaver, &c.
Nor the Words that differ both in Writing and Sense, if
they have the same Sound, as Maid and made, Prey and pray,
saw and a Bough; as,
Rules for making

How gaudy Fase may be in Presents sent,
And creep insensibly by Touch or Scent,

Oldh.

Nor a Compound to its Simple; as Move to Remove, Taught to Untaught, &c.

Nor the Compounds of the same Words to one another, as Disprove to Approve, and the like. All which proceeds from what I said before, viz. That the Consonants that precede the Vowel where the Rhyme begins, must not be the same in Sound, but different. In all which we vary from our Neighbours; for neither the French, Italians nor Spaniards will allow that a Rhyme can be too perfect: And we meet with frequent Examples in their Poetry, where not only the Compounds rhyme to their Simples, and to themselves, but even where Words written and pronounced exactly alike, provided they have a different Signification, are made use of as Rhymes to one another: But this is not permitted in our Poetry.

We must take care not to place a Word at the Middle of a Verse that rhymes to the last Word of it; as,

So young in show, as if he still should grow.

But this Fault is still more inexcusable, if the Second Verse rhyme to the Middle and End of the First; as,

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought.

Here Passion sways; but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.

Or both the Middle and End of the Second to the last Word of the First; as,

Farewell, she cry'd, my Sister, thou dear Part,
Thou sweetest Part of my divided Heart.

Where the Tenderness of Expression will not attone for the Jingle.

CHAP.
C H A P. III.

Of the several sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

All our Poems may be divided into two sorts; the first of those that are compos'd in Couplets; the second are those that are compos'd in Stanzas consisting of several Verses.

S E C T. I.

Of the Poems compos'd in Couplets.

In the Poems compos'd in Couplets, the Rhymes follow one another, and end at each Couplet; that is to say, the 2d Verse rhymes to the 1st, the 4th to the 3d, the 6th to the 5th, and in like manner to the End of the Poem.

The Verses employ'd in this sort of Poems, are either Verses of 10 Syllables; as,

Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without Rage; without overflowing full.

DENH.

Or of 8; as,

O fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
Why urge you thus your haughty Birth:
The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born:
I can describe the shady Grove,
Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove;
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name:
Thy matchless Form will Credit bring,
To all the Wonders I shall sing.

WALL.

Or of 7; as,

Philis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the Day?
Could we, which we never can,
Stretch our lives beyond their Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.

Or
Rules for making

Or would Truth and Beauty say,
Love has Wings, and will away.
Love has faster Wings than Time.

But the Second Verse of the Couplet does not always contain a like Number of Syllables with the First; as,
What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?
I shall like Beasts and common People dye,
Unless you write my Elegy.

Cowl.

Sect. II.

Of the Poems compos'd in Stanzas: And first, of the Stanzas consisting of Three and of Four Verses.

In the Poems compos'd of Stanzas, each Stanza contains a certain Number of Verses consisting for the most Part of a different Number of Syllables: And a Poem that consists of several Stanzas we generally call an Ode; and this is Lyrick Poetry.

But we must not forget to observe that our antient Poets frequently made use of intermix'd Rhyme in their Heroick Poems, which they dispos'd into Stanzas and Cantos. Thus the Troilus and Cresea of Chaucer is compos'd in Stanzas consisting of 7 Verses; the Fairy Queen of Spencer in Stanzas of 9, &c. And this they took from the Italians, whose Heroick Poems generally consist in Stanzas of 8. But this is now wholly laid aside, and Davenant, who compos'd his Gondibert in Stanzas of 4 Verses in alternate Rhyme, was the last that follow'd their Example of intermingling Rhymes in Heroick Poems.

The Stanzas employ'd in our Poetry cannot consist of less than Three, and are seldom of more than Twelve Verses, except in Pindarick Oades, where the Stanzas are different from one another in Number of Verses, as shall be shewn.

But to treat of all the different Stanzas, that are employ'd or may be admitted in our Poetry, would be a Labour no less tedious than useless; it being easie to demonstrate, that they may be vary'd almost to an Infinity, that would be different from one another, either in the Number of the Verses of each Stanza, or in the Number of the Syllables of each Verse; or lastly, in the various intermingling of the Rhyme. I shall therefore confine my self to mention only such as are most frequently us'd by the best of our modern Poets: And first of the Stanzas consisting of Three Verses.
In the Stanzas of Three Verses, or Triplets, the Verses of each Stanza rhyme to one another; and are either Heroick; as,
Nothing, thou Elder Brother o’er to shade!  
Thou hast a Being o’er the World was made.
And, (well-fix’d) art alone of ending not afraid.  
Roch.
Or else they consist of 8 Syllables; as these of Waller, Of a
fair Lady playing with a Snake.
Strange that such Horror and such Grace
Should dwell together in one Place.
A Fury’s Arm, an Angel’s Face.

Nor do the Verses of these Stanzas always contain a like Number of Syllables; for the First and Third may have Ten, the Second but Eight; as,
Men without Love have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have sworn,
But none who had it, e’er seem’d to have none.
Love’s of a strangely open, simple Kind,
Can no Arts or Disguises find,
But thinks none sees it, cause it self is blind.  
Cowle.

In the Stanzas of Four Verses the Rhyme may be intermix’d in Two different Manners; for either the 1st and 3d Verse may rhyme to each other, and by consequence the 2d and 4th, and this is call’d Alternate Rhyme; or the 1st and 4th may rhyme, and by consequence the 2d and 3d.
But there are some Poems in Stanzas of Four Verses, where the Rhymes follow one another, and the Verse differ in Number of Syllables only; as in Cowley’s Hymn to the Light, which begins thus,
First-born of Chaos! who so fair didst come
From the old Negro’s darksom Womb:
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Mast put on kind; Looks and smil’d.

But these Stanzas are generally in Alternate Rhyme, and the Verses consist either of 10 Syllables; as,
She never saw Courts, but Courts could have undone
With untaught Looks and an unpractis’d Heart:
Her Nets the most prepar’d could never fain;
For Nature spread them in the Scorn of Art.  
Dav.

Or of 8; as,
Had Echo with so sweet a Grace,
Narcissus loud Complaints return’d:
Not for Reflection of his Face,
But of his Voice the Boy had burn’d.

Wall.
Or
RULES for making

Or of 10 and 8, that is to say, the 1st and 3d of 10; the 2d and 4th of 8; as,

Love from Time's Wings has stolen the Feathers pure;
He has, and put them to his own;
For Hours of late as long as Days endure,
And very Minutes Hours did grown.

Or of 8 and 6 in the like Manner; as,
Then ask not Bodies doom'd to dye,
To what Abode they go;
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,
'Tis better not to know.

Or of 7; as,
Not the silver Doves that fly,
Took'd in Cythera's Car;
Nor the Wings that lift so high,
And convey her Son so far;

Are so lovely sweet and fair,
Or do more ennoble Love;
Are so choicely match'd a Pair,
Or with more Consent do move.

Note, That it is absolutely necessary that both the Construction and Sense should end with the Stanza, and not fall into the Beginning of the following one, as it does in the last Example, which is a Fault wholly to be avoided.

S E C T. III.

Of the Stanza of Six Verses.

The Stanza of Six Verses, are generally only one of the before-mention'd Quadrans or Stanza's of Four Verses, with Two Verses at the End that rhyme to one another; as,

A rival Judge dispos'd of Beauty's Prize,
A simple Shepherd was prefer'd to Jove;
Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was so justly giv'n,
To the bright Carlisle of the Courts of Heaven.

Where the 4 first Verses are only a Quadrant, and consist of 19 Syllables each in Alternate Rhyme.

The
The following Stanza in like manner is compos'd of a Quadrain, whose Verses consist of 8 Syllables; and to which 3 Verses that rhyme to one another are added at the End; as,

\begin{align*}
\text{Hope} & \text{ waits upon the flowry Prime,} \\
\text{And Summer, tho' it be best gay,} \\
\text{Ye's is not look'd on as a Time} \\
\text{Of Declination and Decay;} \\
\text{For with a full Hand that does bring} \\
\text{All that was promis'd by the Spring.}
\end{align*}

Wall.

Sometimes the Quadrain ends the Stanza, and the two Lines of the same Rhyme begin it; as,

\begin{align*}
\text{Here's to thee Dick, this whining Love despise:} \\
\text{Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou be't wise.} \\
\text{It sparkles brighter far than she;} \\
\text{'Tis pure and right without Deceit,} \\
\text{And such no Woman e'er can be;} \\
\text{No, they are all sophistique.}
\end{align*}

Cowle.

Or as in these, where the first and last Verses of the Stanza consist of 10 Syllables;

\begin{align*}
\text{When Chance or cruel Business parts us two,} \\
\text{What do our Souls, I wonder, do?} \\
\text{While Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,} \\
\text{Methinks at home they should not stay;} \\
\text{Content with Dreams, but boldly fly} \\
\text{Abroad, and meet each other half the Way.}
\end{align*}

Cowl.

Or as in the following Stanza, where the 4th and 5th Verses rhyme to each other, and the 3d and 6th;

\begin{align*}
\text{While what I write I do not see,} \\
\text{I dare thus ev'n to you write Poetry,} \\
\text{A foolish Muse! that dost so high aspire,} \\
\text{And know'st her Judgment well,} \\
\text{How much it does thy Pow'r excel;} \\
\text{Yet dare'st be read by thy just Doom the Fire.}
\end{align*}

\text{(Written in Juice of Lemon.)}

Cowl.

But in some of these Stanzas the Rhymes follow one another;

\begin{align*}
\text{Take Heed, take Heed, thou lovely Maid,} \\
\text{Nor be by glitt'ringills betray'd:} \\
\text{Thy self for Money! Oh! let no Man know} \\
\text{The Price of Beauty fall'n so low.} \\
\text{What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread} \\
\text{When Love that's blind is by blind Fortune led?}
\end{align*}

Cowl.

Lastly,
RULES for making

Lastly, some of these Stanzas are compos'd of 2 Triplets; as,

The Lightning, which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble Furnaces of the Plain,
She being so high, and I so low,
Her Pow'r by this does greater show,
Who at such Distance gives so sure a Blow.

Cowl:

SECT. IV.

Of the Stanzas of 8 Verses.

I have already said, that the Italian compose their Heroick Poems in Stanzas of 8 Verses, where the Rhyme is dispos'd as follows; the 1st, 3d, and 5th Verses rhyme to one another, and the 2d 4th, and 6th; the Two last always rhyme to each other. Now our Translators of their Heroick Poems have observ'd the same Stanza and Disposition of Rhyme; of which take the following Example from Fairfaz's Translation of Tasso's Goffredo, Cont. 1. Stan. 3d.

Thither thou know'st the World is best inclin'd
Where haring Parnass most his beams imparts;
And Truth cow'd in Verse of gentlest kind,
To read sometimes, will move the dullest Hearts;
So we, if Children young dispr'd we find,
Anoint with Sweets the Vessels foremost Parts,
To make them taste the Potions sharp we give;
They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live.

But our Poets seldom employ this Stanza in Compositions of their own; where the following Stanzas of 8 Verses are most frequent.

Some others may with Safety tell
The moder'reate Flames which in them dwell;
And either find some Medicine there,
Or cure themselves ow'n by Despair:
My Love's so great, that it might prove
Dangerous to tell her that I love.
So tender is my Wound, it cannot bear
Any Salute, tho' of the kindest Air.

Cowl.

Where the Rhymes follow one another, and the 6 first Verses consist of 8 Syllables each, the 2 last of 10.
We have another sort of Stanza of 8 Verses, where the 4th rhymes to the 1st, the 3d to the 2d, and the 4 last are Two Couplets; and where the 1st, 4th, 6th and 8th, are of 10 Syllables each, the 4 others but of 8; as,

I've often wish'd to love: What shall I do?
Me still the cruel Boy does spare;
And I a double Task must bear,
First to woo him, and then a Mistress too.
Come at last, and strike for shame,
If thou art any thing besides a Name;
I'll think thee else no God to be,
But Poets, rather, Gods, who first created thee.  Cowl.

Another, when the 2 first and 2 last Verses consist of 10 Syllables each, and rhyme to one another, the 4 other but of 8 in Alternate Rhyme.

Tho' you be absent hence, I needs must say,
The Trees as beauteous are, and Flowers so gay,
As ever they were wont to be:
Nay, the Birds rural Musick too.
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sang to pleasure you,
I saw a Rose-bud open this Morn; I'll swear
The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.  Cowl.

Another, where the 4 first Verses are Two Couplets, the 4 last in Alternate Rhyme; as in Cowley's Ode Of a Lady that made Poets for Rings.

I little thought the Time would ever be,
That I should VVit in dwarfish Posies see;
As all VVords in few Letters live,
Thou to few VVords all Sense dost give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare Art,
In such a little much to shew;
VVho all the Good she did impart
To VVomankind, epitomis'd in you.

S E C T. V.

Of the Stanzas of 10 and of 12 Verses.

The Stanzas of 10 and 12 Verses are seldom employ'd in our Poetry; it being very difficult to confine our selves to a certain Disposition of Rhyme, and Measure of Verse, for
Rules for making.

So many Lines together; for which Reason those of 4, 6, and 8 Verses are the most frequent. However we sometimes find some of 10 and 12; as in Cowley's Ode, which he calls Verses lost upon a Wager, where the Rhymes follow one another, but the Verses differ in number of Syllables.

As soon hereafter will I Wagers lay
'Gainst what an Oracle shall say:
Fool that I was to venture to deny
A Tongue so us'd to Victory;
A Tongue so blest by Nature and by Art;
That never yet spoke but gain'd a Heart.
Tho' what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you;
Your Speech will govern Destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you shall say.

CowL.

The same Poet furnishes us with an Example of a Stanza of 12 Verses in the Ode he calls The Prophet; where the Rhymes are observ'd in the same Manner as in the former Example.

Teach me to love! Go teach thy self more Wit:
I chief Professor am of it.
Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews,
Teach Boldness to the Stews.
In Tyrants Courts teach supple Flattery,
Teach Jesuits that have travaill'd for my sake,
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
Teach restless Fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull Earth fixt to abide,
Teach Womankind Inconstancy and Pride.
See if your Diligence there will prove
But prissies teach not me to love.

S E C T. VI.

Of the Stanzas that consist of an odd Number of Verses.

We have also Stanzas that consist of odd Numbers of Verses, as of 5, 7, 9, and 11; in all which it of necessity follows, that three Verses of the Stanza rhyme to one another, or that one of them be a blank Verse.

In the Stanzas of 5 Verses the 1st and 3d may rhyme, and the 3d and two last; as.
ENGLISH VERSE.

Does not my Love bow Time resumes
The Beauty which he lent those Flow'rs:
The rose should taste of their Perfumes,
Yet they must live but some few Hours:
Time what we forbear, devours.

Which is only a Stanza of 4 Verses in Alternate Rhyme, to
which a 5th Verse is added that rhymes to the 3d and 4th.

See also an Instance of a Stanza of 5 Verses, where the
Rhymes are intermix'd in the same Manner as the former, but
the 1st and 3d Verses are compos'd but of 4 Syllables each.

Go lovely Rose,
Tell but that wais her Time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

In the following Example the two first Verses rhyme, and
the three last.
'Tis well, 'tis well with them, said I,
Whose short-liv'd Passions wish themselves can dye.
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midst all his ills a Time does know,
The' never so long, when he shall not be so.

In this Stanza, the two first and the last, and the 3d and 4th
rhyme to one another.
It is enough, enough of Time and Pain
Hast thou confin'd in vain:
Leave, wretched Cowley, leave,
Thy self with Shadows to deceived.
Think that already lost which thou must never Gain.

The Stanzas of 7 Verses are frequent enough in our Poetry,
especially among the Ancients, who compos'd many of their
Poems in this sort of Stanza: See the Example of one of
them taken from Spencer in The Ruines of Time, where the 1st
and 3d Verses rhyme to one another, the 2d, 4th and 5th, and
the 2 last.

But Fame with golden Wings aloft doth fly
Above the Reach of ruinous Decay,
And with brave Flames doth heat the Azure-Sky,
Admir'd of half-born Men from far away:
Then whose will with virtuous Deeds essay,
To mount to Heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And in sweet Poetry be glorify'd,
RULES for making

I have rather chosen to take notice of this Stanza, because that Poet and Chaucer have made use of it in many of their Poems, tho' they have not been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns; whose Stanzas of 7 Verses are generally compos'd as follows.

Either the Four first Verses are a Quadran in Alternate Rhyme, and the Three last rhyme to one another; as,

Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I;
I do not ask your Love for this,
But for Heaven's Sake believe me, or I dye.

No Servant sure but did deserve
His Master should believe that he did serve;
And I'll ask no more Wages tho' I starve.

Or the Four first are Two Couplets, and the Three last a Triplet; as,

Indeed I must confess
When Souls mix'te a Happiness,
But not compleat till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together join.

But Half of Heaven's the Souls in Glory taste,
'Till by Love in Heaven as at last,
Their Bodies too are plac'd.

Or, on the contrary, the Three first may rhyme, and the Four last be in Rhymes that follow one another; as,

From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the Passions else that be,
In vain I boast of Liberty:
In vain this State a Freedom call,
Since I have Love; and Love is all
Set that I am! who think it fit to brag
That I have no Disfarce besides the Plague.

Or the 1st may rhyme to the 2 last, the 3d to the 5th, and the 3d and 4th to one another; as,

In vain thou drows'd God I thee invoke,
For thou who dost from Fumes arise,
Thou who Man's Soul do'st overshade
With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,
Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,
Or Passage of his Spirits to check,
With these Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smear.

Or lastly, the Four first and Two last may be in following Rhyme, and the 5th a Blank Verse; as,

Thou
ENGLISH VERSE.

Thou robb'ft my Days of Bus'ness and Delights,
Of Sleep thou robb'ft my Nights.
Ah lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
What, rob me of Heau'n too!
Thou o'w'n my Prayers doft from me steal;
And I with wild Idolatry
Begin to God, and end them all in thee.

The Stanzas of 9 and of 11 Syllables are not so frequent as
those of 5 and of 7. Spencer has compos'd his Fairy Queen in
Stanzas of 9 Verfes, where the 1st rhymes to the 3d, the 2d
to the 4th 5th and 7th, and the 6th to the two last. But this
Stanza is very difficult to maintain, and the unlucky Choice
of it reduc'd him often to the Necessity of making use of many
exploled Words: Nor has he, I think, been follow'd in it by
any of the Moderns, whose 6 first Verfes of the Stanzas that
consist of 9, are generally in Rhymes that follow one another,
and the Three last a Triplet; as,

Beauty, Love's Scene and Masquerade,
So well by well-plat'd Lights, and Distance made;
False Coin! with which th'Imposter cheats us still,
The Stamp and Colour good, but Metal ill:
Which light or base we find, when we
Weigh by Enjoyment; and examine thee.
For tho' thy Being be but Show,
'Tis chiefly Night which Men to thee allow,
And sha'n't enjoy thee, when thou least art thou.

In the following Example the like Rhyme is observ'd, but
the Verfes differ in Measure from the Former.

Beneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
I'll spend this Voice in Cries;
In Tears I'll waste these Eyes;
By Love so vainly fed;
So Lust of old the Deluge punished.
Ah wretched Youth! said I;
Ah wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry;
Ah wretched Youth! the Fields and Floods reply.

The Stanzas consisting of 11 Verfes are yet less frequent
than those of 9, and have nothing particular to be observ'd in
them. Take an Example of one of them, where the 6 first are
3 Coupllets, the three next a Triplet, the two last a Couplet;
and where the 4th, the 7th, and the last Verfes are of 10 Syll-
lables each, the others of 8.
Rules for making

No, to what Purpose should I speak?
No, wretched Heart, swell till you break:
She cannot love me if she would,
And, to say Truth, 'twere Pity that she should.
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there;
Since that low'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltles of it live:
So perish, that her killing shee
May a Chance-Medley, and no Murder be.  

Cowley.

SECTION VII.

Of Pindarick Odes, and Poems in Blank Verse.

The Stanzas of Pindarick Odes are neither confin'd to a
certain Number of Verses, nor the Verses to a certain
Number of Syllables, nor the Rhyme to a certain Distance.
Some Stanzas contain 50 Verses or more, others not above 10,
and sometimes not so many: Some Verses 14, nay, 16 Syllables,
others not above 4: Sometimes the Rhymes follow one
another for several Couplets together, sometimes they are re-
mov'd 6 Verses from each other; and all this in the same
Stanza. Cowley was the first who introduc'd this sort of Poet-
ry into our Language: Nor can the Nature of it be better de-
scrib'd than as he himself has done it, in one of the Stanzas
of his Ode upon Liberty, which I will transcribe, not as an
Example, for none can properly be given where no Rule can
be prescrib'd, but to give an Idea of the Nature of this sort of
Poetry.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,
In which he only hits the White,
Who joins true Profit with the best Delight;
The more Heroick Strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick way I'll make:
The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free;
It shall not keep one settled Pace of Time,
In the same Tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme.
A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without Offence,
Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the Sense.

Ner
Nor shall it never from one Subject start,
Nor seek Transitions to depart;
Nor its set way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,
Nor thro' Lanes a Compass take,
As if in fear'd some Tru'пасs to commit,
When the wide Air's a Road for it.
So the Imperial Eagle does not stay
Till the whole Carcass be devour,
That's fall'n into his Pow'r,
As if his gen'reous Hunger understood,
That he can never want Plenty of Food;
He only sucks the tastful Blood,
And to fresh Game flies cheerfully away,
To Kites and meagre Birds be leaves the mangled Prey.

This sort of Poetry is employ'd in all Manner of Subjects;
in Pleas'dant, in Grave, in Amorous, in Heroick, in Philosophical, in Moral, and in Divine.

Blank Verse is where the Measure is exact kept without Rhyme; Shakespeare, to avoid the troublesome Constrain of Rhyme, was the first who invented it; our Poets since him have made use of it in many of their Tragedies and Comedies: But the most celebrated Poem in this kind of Verse is Milton's Paradise Lost; from the 5th Book of which I have taken the following Lines for an Example of Blank Verse.

There are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
Aimlyght! shine this univerfal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thy self how wondrous thou!
Speak you, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels! for you behold him, and with Songs,
And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night
Circle his Throne rejoicing, you in Heaven.
On Earth! join all ye Creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst; and without end,
Fairest of Stars! last in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circles, praise him in thy Sphere,
While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime!
Thou Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his Praise
In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st
And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the Orient Sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that shine,
And ye five other wandering Fires! that move
In Mystick Dance, not without Song, resound.

G 2
His Praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
Air! and ye Elements! the eldest Birth
Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaterrion run
Perpetual Circle multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless Change
Vary to our great Maker still new Praise.
Te Missls and Exhalations! that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
In Honour to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with Clouds th'uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance his Praise.
His Praise, ye Winds! that from four Quarters blow,
Breath soft or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines!
With ev'ry Plant, in sign of Worship, wave,
Fountains! and ye that warble as you flow
Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.
Join Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds!
That singing, up to Heav'n's high Gate ascend,
Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praise.
To that in Waters glide! and ye that walk
The Earth! and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witnesst if I be silent, Ev'n or Morn,
To Hill or Valley, Fountain or fresh Shade,
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.

Thus I have given a short Account of all the sorts of Poems, that are most us'd in our Language. The Acrosticks, Anagrams, &c. deserve not to be mention'd, and we may lay of them what an antient Poet said long ago.

Stultum est difficiles habere Nugas,
Esi Stultus Labor est inesperarum.

FINIS.
A COLLECTION OF THE Most Natural and Sublime THOUGHTS.

VIZ. Allusions, Similes, Descriptions, and Characters, of Persons and Things; that are in the best English Poets.

Sic posita, quoniam suaves misceitis Odores. VIRG.

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Qui, quid sit palæbrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, Plenis se melius Chrysippo & Grantore dicunt. Hor.
A COLLECTION OF THE

Most Natural and Sublime
THOUGHTS, of the best ENGLISH
POETS.

ABSENCE. See Parting.

I
It was not kind,
To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop, and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me ev'ry Place is desart,
And I methinks am savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest'd;
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul. Otw. Orph.

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years;
And ev'ry little Absence is an Age. Dryd. Amphit.
The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day. Otw. Cai. Mar.

For thee the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,
Night must involve the World till she appear;
The Flow'rs in painted Meadows hang their Heads;
The Birds awake not to their morning Songs,
Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labour:
Ev'n Nature seems to slumber till her Call,

Winds murmur'd thro' the Leaves your short Delay,
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chide your stay:
But, with your Presence chear'd, they cease to mourn,
The Joys of Meeting pay the Pangs of Absence,
Else who could bear it? C 4 When
When thy lov'd Sight shall bless my Eyes again,
Then will I own I ought not to complain,
Since that sweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain. Row. Tom.

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me;
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage I burn,
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn:
Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,
And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind Delay.
Fly swift, ye Hours, you measure Time for me in vain,
Till you bring back *Lemidas* again :
Be swifter now, and to redeem that Wrong,
When he and I are met be twice as long. Dryd. Mor. A-la-mode.

While in divine Panthea's charming Eyes,
I view the naked Boy that basking lies,
I grov a God! to blest, so blest am I
With sacred Rapture and immortal Joy!

But, absent, if she shines no more,
And hides the Sun that I adore,
Strait, like a Wretch despairing, I
Sigh, languish in the Shade, and die.
Oh! I were lost in endless Night,
If her bright Presence brought not Light;
Then I revive, blest as before,
The Gods themselves can not be more!

For Passion by long Absence does improve,
And makes that Rapture which before was Love.

A D V I C E.

When things go ill, each Fool presumes t'advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise:
All wretchedly deplore the present State;
And that Advice seems best which comes too late.

*Take sound Advice, proceeding from a Heart,*
*Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent Art.*

*ÆGEO N.*

*Ægemon, when with Heav'n he strove,*
*Stood opposite in Arms to mighty These,*
*Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,*
*Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar:
At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,*
*And Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires;*
*In his right Hand as many Swords he wield'd,*
*And takes the Thunder on as many Shields.*

*Briareus* call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below
*By his Terrestrial Name *Ægemon* know:

*Æ-O-L-U-S: See Winds, Storm.*

*The God, who does in Caves constrain the Winds,*
Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,
They fear his Whistle, and forfake the Seas.

Yet once indulg'd, they sweep the Main,
Deaf to the Call, or hearing hear in vain.

They bent on Mischief, bear the Waves before,
And not content with Seas, insult the Shore;

When Ocean, Air, and Earth at once engage,
And rooted Forests fly before their Rage,

At once the clashing Clouds to Battel move,
And Lightnings run across the Fields above.

In Times of Tempest they command alone,
And he but fits precarious on the Throne.

*Æolus*, to whom the King of Heav'n
The Pow'r of Tempests and of Winds has giv'n;
Whose Force alone their Fury can restrain,
And smooth the Waves, or swell the troubled Main:
The Jailor of the Wind,
Whose hoarse Commands his breathing Subjects call;
He boastst and blusters in his empty Hall.

Mount *Ætna* thence we spy,
Known by the smoaky Flames which cloud the Sky.

By turn a pitchy Cloud she roolls on high;
By turns hot Embers from her Entrails fly,
And Flakes of mounting Flames that lick the Sky.

Oft from her Bowels massy Rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd by the Force, come Piecemeal down.

Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.

*Enceladus*, they say, transfix'd by *Jove,*
With blasted Wings came tumbling from above;
And where he fell th'avenging Father drew
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:
As often as he turns his weary Sides,
He shakes the solid Ille, and Smoke the Heavens hides.

Here press'd *Enceladus* with mighty Loads,
Vomits Revenge in Flames against the Gods:

Thro' *Ætna's* Jaws he impudently threats,
And thund'ring Heav'n with equal Thunder beats.

So Contraries on *Ætna's* Top conspire;
Here hoary Frosts, and by them breaks out Fire.
A Peace secure the faithful Neighbours keep;
Th'imbolden'd Snow next to the Flame does sleep.

As when the Force
Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill,
Torn from *Pelorus,* or the shatter'd Side
Of thund'ring *Ætna,* whose combustible

*Dryd. Ovid.*

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Étn. A.*

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Cr. Lucr.*

*Cowl.*

*And*
And fuel'd Entrain's thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with min'ral Fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a sing'd Bottom all involv'd
With Stench and Smoke.

_The Four Ages of the World._

**GOLDEN AGE.**

The Golden Age was first, when Man yet new,
No Rule, but uncorrupt'd Reason, knew;
And with a native Bent did Good pursue.
Unfor'st by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,
His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere:
Needless was written Law, where none oppress'd,
The Law of Man was written in his Breast.
No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard;
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.
The Mountain Trees in distant Prospect please;
E'er yet the Pine descende'd to the Seas;
E'er Sails were spread new Oceans to explore,
And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confid't their Wishes to their native Shore.
No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Moat, nor Mound;
Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound;
Nor Swords were forg'd: But void of Care and Crime,
The soft Creation slept away their Time.
The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow.
Content with Food which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed;
Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.
The Flowers unfrown in Fields and Meadows reign'd,
And Western Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following Years the bearded Corn enlif'd:
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar brook'd,
And Honey sweated thro' the Pores of Oak.

**SILVER AGE.**

But when Good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under Jove;
Succeeding Times a silver Age behold,
Excelling Brats, but more excell'd by Gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear,
And Spring was but a Season of the Year.
The Sun his annual Course obliquely made,
Good Days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
The Air with sultry Heats began to glow,
The Wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow:

And
And shivering Mortals, into Houses driven,
Sought Shelter from the Inclemency of Heaven.
Their Houses then were Caves, or homely Steds,
With twining Oziars fenc’d, and Mois their Beds.
Then Ploughs for Seed the fruitful Furrows broke,
And Oxen labour’d first beneath the Yoke.

BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in Course the Brazen Age;
A warlike Offspring, prompt to bloody Rage,
Not impious yet.

IRON AGE.

Hard Steel succeeded to them.
And stubborn, as the Metal, were the Men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World forsook,
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their Places took.
Then Sails were spread to ev’ry Wind that blew,
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.
Trees rudely hollow’d did the Waves sustain,
E’er Ships in Triumph plow’d the warry Main.
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right,
For all before was common as the Light:
Nor was the Ground alone requir’d to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked Share;
But greedy Mortals rummaging her Store,
Dig’d from her Entrails first the precious Ore;
(Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid.)
And that alluring Ill to sight display’d:
Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,
Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold;
And double Death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray’d.
Now, brandish’d Weapons glitt’ring in their Hands,
Mankind is broken loose from moral Bands.
No Rights of Hospitality remain,
The Guest, by him that harbour’d him, is slain:
The Son-in-Law pursues his Father’s Life;
The Wife her Husband murtherers, she the Wife:
The Stepdame Poyson for the Son prepares;
The Son inquires into his Father’s Years;
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,
And Justice, here oppress’d, to Heaven returns.

Dryd. Ovid.

SILVER AGE.

E’er this no Peasant vex’d the peaceful Ground,
Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:
No Fences parted Fields; nor Marks, nor Bounds
Distinguish’d Acres of litigious Grounds;
But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
Was free to give her unexacted Birth.

Jove
Iove added Venom to the Vipers Brood,
And swell'd with raging Storms the peaceful Flood;
Commision'd hungry Wolves c'infest the Fold,
And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold:
Remov'd from human Reach the cheerful Fire;
And from the Rivers bad the Wine retire:
That Studious Need might useful Arts explore
From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store:
And force the Veins of clashing Flints t'expire
The lurking Seeds of their celestial Fire.
Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam:
Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
For ev'ry fist, and ev'ry wand'ring Star,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found;
And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forest-Walks surround;
And Catching-Nets were spread in hollow Brooks;
Drags in the deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks;
Then Saws were tooth'd, and founding Axes made;
And various Arts in Order did succeed.
Dryd. Virg.

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs, the Promises of Spring:
The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed;
And lowing Herds, secure from Lions, feed.
The Serpents Brood shall die: The sacred Ground
Shall Weeds and poys'rous Plants refuse to bear,
Each common Bush shall Syrian Roses wear:
Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
And clutter'd Grapes shall bluth on ev'ry Thorn.
The knotted Oak shall Show's of Honey weep;
And thro' the matted Grasfs the liquid Gold shall creep.
The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;
No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware,
For ev'ry Soil shall ev'ry Product bear.
The lab'ring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin,
No Plough shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-Hook the Vine,
Nor Wool shall in dissembl'd Colours shine.
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian Robes the Lambs shall bleat.
Dryd. Virg.

The Virgin Daughter of eternal Night.
She still delights in War, and human Woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen Race.
Her Sister Furies fly her hideous Face:

A L E G T O.
So frightful are the Forms the Monster takes;
So fierce the Hisings of her speckled Snakes.
’Tis hers, to ruin Realms, o’erturn a State;
Betwixt the dearest Friends to raise Debate,
And kindle Kindred Blood to mutual Hate.
Her Hand o’er Towns the fun’ral Torch displays,
And forms a Thousand ills, Ten thousand Ways.
She shakes from out her fruitful Breast the Seeds
Of Envy, Discord, and of cruel Deeds:
Confounds establish’d Peace, and does prepare
Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War.

The Fates infernal Minister;
War, Death, Destruction, in her Hands she bears;
Her curling Snakes with Hisings fill the Place,
And open all the Furies of her Face.
Her Chains she rattles, and her Whips she shakes,
Churning her bloody Foam.

AMAZON.

So march’d the Thracian Amazons of old
When Thermodon with bloody Billows rou’d;
Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,
When Thebes met in Fight their Maiden Queen.
Such to the Field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce Virgin when the Grecians fled.
With such return’d triumphant from the War,
Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Car;
They clash with manly Force their moony Shields,
With female Shouts resound the Phrygian Fields.

Resistless thro’ the War Camilla rode,
In Danger unappall’d, and pleas’d with Blood.
One Side was bare for her exerted Breast,
One Shoulder with her painted Quiver press’d.
Now from afar her fatal Jav’lins play;
Now with her Ax’s Edge she hews her Way.
Diana’s Arms upon her Shoulders found,
And when too closely press’d, she quits the Ground,
From her bent Bow she sends a backward Wound.

Penthesilea there, with haughty Grace,
Leads to the War an Amazonian Race:
In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;
Their left, for Ward, sustains the Lunar Shield.
Ahtwath her Breast a golden Belt she throws;
Amidst the Preys, alone, provokes a thousand Foes,
And dares her maiden Arms to manly Force oppose.

The little Amazon could hardly go,
He loads her with a Quiver and a Bow,
And that she might her flagg’ring Steps command,
He with a slender Jav’lin fills her Hand:
Her flowing Hair no golden Fillets bound,
Nor swept her trailing Robe the dusty Ground.
Instead of these a Tyger’s Hide o’erspread
Her Back and Shoulders, fasten’d to her Head.
The flying Dart she first attempts to sling,
And round her tender Temples tos’d the Sling.
Then as her Strength with Years increas’d, began
To pierce aloft in Air the soaring Swan,
And from the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane.

Ambition is a Luft that’s never quench’d,

Ambition is at distance
A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View:
The Height delights us, and the Mountain-Top
Looks beautiful, because ‘tis nigh to Heav’n;
But we ne’er think how sandy’s the Foundation,
What Storms will batter, and what Tempests shake us. Otw.

At lowest Ebb of Fortune when you lay
Contented, then how happy was the Day:
But oh! the Curse of aiming to be great;
Dazzled with Hope, we cannot see the Cheat,
When wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
Farewel Content, and Quiet of the Mind:
For glitt’ring Clouds we leave the solid Shore,
And wanted Happinefs returns no more:

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And Fortune’s Ice prefers to Virtue’s Land. Dryd. Abs. & Achit.

Yet true Renown is still with Virtue joy’n’d,

Ambition! the Desire of active Souls,
That pushes them beyond the bounds of Nature,
And elevates the Hero to the Gods.
O Energy divine of great Ambition!
That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
And ripen ’em to Men in spite of Nature.
Ambition is like Love, impatient.
Both of Delays and Rivals.
Ambition’s never safe, till Pow’r be past.

As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste. Sadl. Ant. & Cleop.
Ambition is the Dropsey of the Soul,
Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul. Sadl. Ant. &
If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow’d,
How then should Souls ally’d to Sense, resist it? Dryd. See. Love.
One World suffic’d not Alexander’s Mind:
Coop’d up he seem’d, in Earth and Seas, confin’d.
And struggling, stretch'd his reflex Limbs about
The narrow Globe, to find a Passage out:
Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he try'd
The Tomb, and found the freights Dimensions wide.
Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,
The mighty Soul how small a Body holds.

The Blast which his ambitious Spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held.
Ambition's like a Circle on the Water,
Which never ceases to enlarge it self,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought;
Vaulting Ambition still o'erleaps it self.

A N G E L.

Then Gabriel
Bodies and cloaths himself with thicken'd Air,
All like a comely Youth, in Life's fresh Bloom,
Rare Workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly Loom!
He took for Skin a Cloud moist soft and bright,
That e'er the mid-day Sun pierce'd thro' with Light.
Upon his Cheeks a lively Blush he spread,
Wash'd from the Morning Beauties deepest Red.
A harmless flaming Meteor shone for Hair,
And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.
He cut out a silk Mantle from the Skies,
Where the most sprightly Azure pleas'd the Eyes.
This he with starry Vapours spangles, all
Ta'en in their Prime, e'er they grow ripe and fall:
Of a new Rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,
The choicest Piece ta'en out, a Scarf is made.
Small streaming Clouds he does for Wings display,
Nor virtuous Lovers sigh more soft than they:
These he gilds o'er with the Sun's richest Rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure Streams, on which he plays.
Thus dress'd he poists away,
And carries with him his own glorious Day,
Thro' the thick Woods: The gloomy Shades awhile
Put on fresh Looks, and wonder why they smile.
The trembling Serpents close and silent lie;
The Birds obscene far from his Passage fly.
A sudden Spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by Creation rote.

Down thither, prone in Flight,
He speeds, and thro' the vast ethereal Sky,
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with steady Wings;
Now on the Polar Winds; then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air.
Of beaming sunny Rays a gold Tiar

Circled
Circled his Head; not less his Locks behind
Illustrious on his Shoulders, fledg'd with Wings,
Lay waving round.

Six Wings he wore to shade
His Lineaments divine: The Pair that clad
Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast
With regal Ornament; the middle Pair
Girt like a starry Zone his Wast, and round
Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
And Colours dip'd in Heav'n: The third his Feet
Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,
Sky-tintur'd Grain. Like Maia's Son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.

A N G E R. See Rage.

, His troubled Looks reveal'd his inward Wound,
And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd.

Enormous Rage distended ev'ry Vein,
And all Hell's Furies o'er his Breast did reign.
Swoln with Revenge, his blood-shot Eyes did glare,
Like ruddy Meteors blazing in the Air.

And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Looks.
He dwells with Wrath, he makes outrageous Moan, &c. Arc.
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground. Dryd. Pal.
Rage flash'd like Lightning from his livid Eyes.

Talgol had long suppress'd
Enflamed Rage in glowing Breast;
Which now began to rage and burn, as
Implacably, as Flame in Furnace.
He trembled and look'd pale with Ire,
Like Athes first, then red as Fire.

At this the Knight grew high in Wrath,
And lifting Hands and Eyes up both,
Three times he smote on Stomach stout.

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp,
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake.
He heav'd for Vent, and burst, like bellowing "Etna,
In Sounds scarce human.

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage;
It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction.

Oh! I burn inward; my Blood's all o'fire:
Alcides, when the poyfon'd Shirt fade clost,
Had but an Ague-Fit to this my Fever.

Mad with her Anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty Grief, she loathes the vital Air;
She raves against the Gods, she beats her Breast,
And tears with both her Hands her purple Vest. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}

Anger is like
\textit{Shak. Hen. 8.}

A full hot Horse: Allow him but his Way,
Self-Mettle tires him.

\textit{How. Ind. Querth.}

Anger, like Madness, is appeas'd by Rest.

\textit{ANT. See Creation.}

Thus in Battalia march embody'd Ants,
Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants,
'T'invoke the Corn; and to their Cells convey
The plunder'd Forrage of their yellow Prey.

\textit{Dryd. Virg.}

The fable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:
Some set their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain,
Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train:

\textit{Dryd. Virg.}

All ply their several Tasks, and equal Toil sustain.

\textit{Cowell. Hor.}

The little Drudge does trot about and sweat;
Nor will he strait devour all he can get;
But in his temp'rate Mouth carries it home:
A Stock for Winter, which, he knows, must come.

\textbf{ANTIQUARY. And ANTIQUITY.}

It was a Question whether he
Or's Horse were of a Family
More worshipful; till Antiquaries
\textit{(After they'd almost por'd out their Eyes)}

Did very learnedly decide
The Bus'ness on the Horse's Side;
And prov'd, not only Horse, but Cows;
Nay Pigs, were of the elder House:
For Beasts, when Man was but a piece
Of Earth himself, did th'Eath possess;
'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,
That makes Truth, Truth; altho' Time's Daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the Pit;
Before he pull'd her out of it.
And as he eats his Sons, just so
He feeds upon his Daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a Herald
Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old,
To be descended from a Race
Of ancient Kings, in a small Space:
That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

\textit{APOLLO.}

Like fair Apollo when he leaves the Frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian Coast;
When to his native Delos he retorts,
Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:
Were painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan Bands,
Before the joyful Altar joyn their Hands;
Himself, on Cinibus walking, sees below
The merry Madness of the sacred Show.
Green Wreaths of Bays his Length of Hair inclose,
A golden Fillet binds his awful Brows;
His Quiver sounds.  
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey,
These Hands the Phocarian Sceptre sway;
The King of Gods begot me: What shall be,
Or is, or ever was in Fate, I see.
Mine is the Invention of the charming Lyre,
Sweet Notes and heavenly Numbers I inspire:
Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart;
Medicine is mine: What Herbs and Simples grow
In Fields or Forests, all their Pow'rs I know;
And am the great Physician call'd below.
O Source of sacred Light,
God with the silver Bow, and golden Hair;
Whom Chrysia, Gilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad Eye their happy Soil surveys!  
A P O T H E C A R Y, and his Shop.

I do remember an Apothecary,
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples; meager were his Looks,
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones,
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-shot'd Fishes: And about his Shelves
A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show.

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With foreign Trinkers, and domestic Toys:
Here Mummmies lay, most reverently stait,
And there the Tortoise hung her Coat of Mail;
Not far from some huge Shark's devouring Head,
The flying Fish their flinty Pinions spread,
Aloft in Rows large Poppy-heads were strung,
And near a scaly Alligator hung:
In this Place Drugs, in musty Heaps, decay'd;
In that dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth are laid.

A P P A R I T I O N.
Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which in it many winged Wariours bears:
Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense;
Thou, stronger, mayst endure the Flood of Light. Dryd. S. State
The broken Cloud pours out pure Floods of Light;
Showers of Celestial Rays, transcendent bright:
And Storms of Splendour, dazzling mortal Sight.
Th’illustrious Tempest does on Heel bear,
Who falls after had’ headlong from his Seat,
Confounded with unsufferable Day,
Groveling in Glory on the shining Way,
And with bright Ruin overwelm’d he lay.

APPLAUSE. See Popular.

The Heav’n around with Acclamations rung,
And loud Applauses of the shouting Throng.
Shouts of Applause ran ringing thro’ the Field. Dryd. Virg.
Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Skies. Shak. Hotel.
The shouting Cries

Of the pleas’d People rend the vaulted Skies.
The Fields around with Peasants ring.
And Peals of Shouts applaud the conqu’ring King. Dryd. Virg.
Shouts from the fav’ring Multitude arise,
Applauding Echo to the Shouts replies:
Shouts, Wishes, and Applause run rattling thro’ the Skies.

The hollow Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the Hoist of Hell
With deaf’ning Shout return them loud Acclaim. Milt.
Such Murmur fill’d
Th’Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The Sound of blust’ring Winds, which all Night long
Had row’d the Sea, now with hoarse Cadence Jull
Seafaring Men o’er-watch’d; whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay,

After the Tempest: Such Applause was heard. Milt.
Such a Noise arose
As the Shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
As loud, and to as many Tunes: Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their Face
Been loose, this Day they had been lost.

As the Sound of Waters deep,
Hoarse Murmur echo’d to his Words Applause.

ARCHERS. See Arrow, Bow.

A flutter’ing Dove to the Mast’s Top they tie:
The living Mark at which their Arrows fly:
The Rival Archers in a Line advance;
Then all with Vigour bend their trusty Bows,
And from the Quiver each his Arrow chose.
Hippocon’s was the first; with forceful Sway
It flew, and whizzing, cut the liquid Way.
Fix'd in the Mast, the feather'd Weapon stands;
The fearful Pidgeon flutteres in her Bands:
And the Tree trembled.
Then Missibus to the Head his Arrow drove,
With lifted Eyes, and took his Aim above;
But made a glancing Shot, and miss'd the Dove:
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the Cord,
Which fasten'd by the Foot the flitting Bird.
The Captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.
His Bow already bent, Euryalus stood;
His winged Shaft with eager haste he sped;
The fatal Message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground,
And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.
Acetis, grudging at his Lot, remains
Without a Prize to gratify his Pains;
Yet, shooting upwards, sends his Shaft to show
An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.
Chaf'd by the Speed, it sir'd, and as it flew,
A Trail of foll'wing Flames ascending drew.
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny Way;
Across the Skies, as falling Meteors, play,
And vanish into Wind, or in a Blaze decay.  

A R G U S.

The Head of Argus, as with Stars the Skies,
Was compass'd round, and wore a Hundred Eyes:
But Two by Turns their Lids in Slumber steep;
The rest on Duty still their Station keep:
Nor could the total Constellation sleep.
Him Hermes flew;
And all his Hundred Eyes, with all their Light,
Are clos'd at once in One perpetual Night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail.  

A R M S or A R M O U R.  See Battle.

He sheath'd his Limbs in Arms, a temper'd Masts
Of golden Metal tho'fe, and Mountain-Brahs.
He admires

The crested Helm that vomits radiant Fires:
His Hands the fatal Sword and Corset hold;
One keen with temper'd Steel, one stiff with Gold:
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So shines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverse Light.  

Refulgent Arms appear,
Redd'n'ing the Skies, and glitter'ing all around,
The temper'd Metals clash, and yield a silver Sound.  

Th
The Briton's Arms thus shone excessive bright,
Darted keen Glances, and uneasie Light,
And tho' their Glory pleas'd, it pain'd the Sight.  
All arm'd in Brass, the richest Drefs of War;
A frightful glorious Sight he shone from far.
A Wolf grin'd horribly upon his Head,
And o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was spread.
He girt his mighty Fauchion to his Side,
Which hung across his Thigh with fearful Pride.
Shields, Arms, and Spears flash horribly from far,
And the Fields glitter with a waving War.
Spears, Helmets, Musquets with the Sun-beams play,
Their flaming Glances thro' the Field convey,
And bandy to an fro reverberated Day.
Their Swords, their Armour, and their Eyes shot Flame.
He on the Plain in radiant Armour shone,
His polished Helm oppress'd the dazled Sight,
And shone on high like a huge Globe of Light.
His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders cast,
And golden Cuirasses his vast Thighs encas'd.
The Pieces round his Legs Gold Buttons ty'd,
And his broad Sword hung dreadful by his Side;
Which, when drawn out, like a destructive Flame
Of Lightning from the ample Scabbard came.
Like a huge Beacon lighted in the Air,
His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War.
In his Right Hand he shakes his pond'rous Lance.
His Back and Breast
Well-temper'd Steel and scaly Brass invest.
The Cuirasses which his brawny Thighs infold,
Were mingled Metal damask'd o'er with Gold.
His faithful Fauchion sits upon his Side,
Nor Cuiras nor Cuiras his manly Features hide.
O'er his broad Breast an Ox's Hide was thrown,
His Helm a Wolf, whose gaping Jaws were spread
A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grin'd around his Head.
He clenched within his Hand an Iron Prong,
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the Throng.
A Lion's Hide he wears,
About his Shoulders hangs the shaggy Skin;
The Teeth and gaping Jaws severely grin.
Some march before their Troops in dreadful Pride,
Arm'd with a raving Lion's grievely Hide:
The shaggy Back was o'er their Shoulders spread,
With formidable Grace; and on their Head
The tawny Terror grin'd with open Jaws,
And cross the Breast were lapp'd the hideous Paws.
The Teeth and savage Beard the Hero's Face
Did with becoming martial Horror grace.
Some wore Coat-Armour, imitating Scale,
And next their Skin were stubborn Shirts of Mail;
Some wore a Breast-Plate, and a light Jappon,
Their Horses cloth'd with rich Caparison.
Some for Defence would Leathern Bucklers use
Of folded Hides; and others Shields of Pruce.
One hung a Pole-Ax at his Saddle Bow,
And one a heavy Mace to stun the Foe.
One for his Legs and Knees provided well,
With Jambeux arm'd, and double Plates of Steel:
This on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove,
And that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love.  
Words and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,
And pleasing was the Terroir of the Field.  
A R R O W. See Archers.
Arrows aloft in feather'd Tempefts fly,
Darts hiss at Darts encount'reng in the Sky.
Sounded at once the Bow, and swiftly flies
The feather'd Death, and hisses thro' the Skies.  
Dryd. Virg.
By far more flow
Springs the swift Arrow from the Parthian Bow,
Or Cydon Eugh, when traversing the Skies,
And drench'd in Pois'nous Juice, the sure Destruction flies.
A R T. See Nature.
A S H. See Trees.
Rent like a Mountain Ash that dar'd the Winds,
And stood the sturdy Strokes of lab'ring Hinds.
About the Root the cruel Ax resounds,
The Stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated Wounds.
The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown
Now threats a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.
To their united Force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal Groanst'approaching Fate.
The Roots no more their upper Head sustain,
But down the falls, and spreads a Ruin thro' the Plain.
Dryd. Virg.

Like a Mountain Ash, whose Roots are spread
Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his Head.
A S P I C K.
Welcome thou kind Deceiver,
Thou best of Thieves! who with an easy Key
Doft open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves: Discharging so
Death's dreadful Office better than himself,
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,

That
That Death stands by, deceive'd by his own Image
And thinks himself but Sleep.  

ASTONISHMENT.

I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood;
Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to stand an end,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.  

Shak. Haml.

Prepare to hear

A Story that shall turn thee into Stone:
Could there beewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,
A Flaw made thro' the Centre by some God,
Thro' which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,
They would not wound thee as this Story will.

Lee Oedip.

My Heart sinks in me,

And ev'ry slacken'd Fiber drops its Hold,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life.  

Dryd. Span. Fry.

My Soul runs back:

The Wards of Reason roul into their Spring.
Is drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,
And freezes ev'ry stiff'ning Limb to Marble.

Row. Ulyss.

His curdling Blood forgot to glide:

Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.

Gar.

Not the last Sounding could surprize me more,
That summons drowsy Mortals to their Doom;
When call'd in haste they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their Charge.

Dryd. Don. &c.

She thrice essay'd to speak; her Accents hung,
And fault'ring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,
Or vanish'd into Sighs; with long Delay
Her Voice return'd, and found the wonted way.  

Dryd. Ovid.

The pale Assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:
The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue.

(Dryd. Theod. and Hom.)

O Sigismunda! he began to say,
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
Till Words with often trying found their way.  

(Dryd. Sig. and Guise.)

ASTROLOGER. See Conjurer.

They'll search a Planet's House to know
Who broke and robb'd a House below:
Examine Venus and the Moon
Who stole a Thimble, who a Spoon.

D 4

And
And tho' they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very Looks can guess,
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods,
They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,
To find our Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs:
And tell what Crisis does divine
The Rot in Sheep, the Mange in Swine:
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes Men great, what Fools, what Knaves;
But not what Wife: For only of those
The Stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the Astrologians;
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
Some Towns and Cities, some, for Brevity,
Have cast the versal World's Nativity,
And made the Infant Stars confess,
Like Fools or Children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden Fates
Of Monkeys, Puppy-Dogs, and Cats;
Some running Nags, and fighting Cocks;
Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox.
Some take a Measure of the Lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives:
Make Opposition, Trine, and Quartile,
Tell who is barren and who fertile:
As if the Planet's first Aspect
The tender Infant did infect:
No sooner has he peep'd into
The World, but he has done his Do.
Catch'd all Diseses, took all Physick,
That cures or kills a Man that is sick:
Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,
Is cuckold'd, and breaks or thrives.
There's but the Twinkling of a Star
Between a Man of Peace and War;
A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,
A huffing Officer and a Slave;
A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocker,
A great Philosopher and a Blockhead;
A formal Preacher and a Player,
A learn'd Physician and Man slayer:
As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old Age, Diseases, and ill Luck;
Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice,
And draw with the first Air they breathe
Battel and Murther, suddain Death.
As Wind i' th' Hypochondries pent,
Is but a Blast if downward bent;
But if it upwards chance to fly,
Becomes new Light and Prophecy:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their just and useful End,
Altho' they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far yet,
They are but idle Dreams and Fancies.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cause,
Why on a Sign no Painter draws
The full Moon ever, but the Half:
Resolve that with your Jacob's Staff:
Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
Or Dogs howl when the Shinas in Water:
And I shall freely give my Vote,
You may know something more remote.

PROFESSOR in Astrology and Physick.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools:
Globes stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye:
The Sage in Velvet Chair here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from Tripod, solemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretells.
One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage-Fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.
Some by what Means they may redress the Wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keep too long.
And some would know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can fodder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his Advice would have,
To loofe by Art what fruitful Nature gave.
And Portia old in Expection grown,
Laments her barren Curfe, and begs a Son:
Whilst Jrrs his Cosmetick Wash would try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lover die.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philstres choose,
To gain Corinna, and their Quartans lose.
Young Hylas, borch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here, renew's his youthful Frame;  

Cloy'd
Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-house he prefers to Julia's Arms.
And old Lucullus would th' Arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

And now behold Majestick Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the Burden of the Skies:
His tow'ring Brow's aloft no Tempest know,
While Lightning flies, and Thunder rows below,

Atlas, whose Head sustains the starry Frame,
Whose brawny Back supports the Skies:
Whose Head with Piny Forrests crown'd,
Is beaten by the Winds, with foggy Vapours bound.
Snows hide his Soulders; from beneath his Chin
The Fount of rolling Streams their Race begin:
A Beard of Ice on his large Breast depends.

Atlas, who turns the rouling Heav'n's around,
And whose broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.

ATTENTION.
Let all be hush'd; each softest Motion cease:
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace:
And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath
Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.

Hither let nought but sacred Silence come;
And let all saxy Praise be dumb:
And thou moft fickle, moft uneafy Part,
Thou reflefs Wanderer, my Heart,
Be still: Gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou busy idle thing to heave:
Stir not a Pulse; and let my Blood,
That turbulent unruly Flood,
Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all but my Attention dead.
Go refi, y'unneceffary Springs of Life,
Leave your officious Toil and Strife,
For I would hear her Voice, and try
If it be pofible to die.

The Air grows fenfible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm;
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms fo rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if we himfelf were talking.

As I listen'd to thee,
The happy Hours pass'd by us unperceiv'd,
So was my Soul fix'd to the soft Enchantment.

Drew Audience and Attention still as Night;

Or
Or Summer Noon-tide Air.
Attention held them mute.

AVERNOUS.
Deep was the Cave, and downward as it went
From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent.
And here th'Access a gloomy Grove defends;
And there th'un navigable Lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy Waters, void of Light,
No Bird presumes to steer his airy Flight.
Such deadly Stenches from the Depth arise,
And steaming Sulphur that infects the Skies.
From hence the Grecian Bards their Legends make;
And give the Name Avernus to the Lake.

AUTUMN. See Year.
When yellow Autumn weighs
The Year, and adds to Nights, and shortens Days;
And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays.

Dryd. Virg.

The Evening of the Year;
When Woods with Juniper and Chestnuts crown'd,
With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and stows her Stores around.

Dryd.

When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring;

Dryd. Virg.

When Fountains open; when impetuous Rain
Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain:
When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,
And hollow Places spew their wat'ry Store.

B A B E. See Man.

Thus like a Sailer by the Tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpless of all that humane Wists require:
Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,
From the first Moment of his hapless Birth.
Strait with foreboding Cries he fills the Room,
(Too sure Prefages of his future Doom.)
But Flocks and Herds, and ev'ry savage Beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,
No Nurse to reconcile 'em to their Food
With broken Words: Nor Winter Blasts they fear,
Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
Nor for their Safety Civitates prepare;
Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their common Wists.

Dryd.

If tender Infants, who imprison'd stay
Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,
Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,
And had but Reason to sustain Debate;
The painful Passage they would dread, and shew
Reluctance to a World they do not know;
They in their Prisons still would chuse to lie,
As backward to be born as we to die.

BACCHANALS.
She flies the Towns, and mixing with a Throng
Of madding Matrons, bears the Bride along:
Wand'ring thro' Woods, and Wilds, and devious Ways,
She feign'd the Rites of Bacchus, cry'd aloud,
And to the bottom God the Virgin vow'd.

Eve, O Bacchus! Thus began the Song;
And Eve, answer'd all the female Throng:
O Virgin, worthy thee alone! the cry'd;
O worthy thee alone! the Crew reply'd.
For thee the feeds her Hair, she leads thy Dance,
And with thy winding Ivy wreath's her Lance.
Like Fury seiz'd the rest; the Progress known,
All seek the Mountains, and forake the Town.
All clad in Skins of Beasts the Jaylin bear,
Unbind their Fillets,
Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair,
And Strieks and Shoutings read the surging Air.
Rouling their haggard Eyes, inspir'd with Rage divine,
Shake high above their Heads a flaming Pine;
And Orgies and Nocturnal Rites prepare.

Let wild the Bacchanalian Dames appear,
When from afar their Nightly God they hear,
And howl about the Hills, and shake the wreathly Spear.

BACCHUS. See Musick.

Great Father Bacchus to my Song repair,
For clustering Vines are thy peculiar Care:
For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine;
And the last Blessings of the Year are thine:
To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes;
When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my God; come drench all o'er
Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore. Dryd. Virg.

See Bacchus turning from his Indian War,
By Tygers' Dawn triumphant in his Car;
From Nig's Top descending on the Plains,
With curing Vines around his Purple Reins.

So Bacchus took the conquer'd Indies code,
And Beasts in tawny Robes shuck'd before their honest God. Dryd.

(Val. & Art.

BASTARD.
BASTARD.

Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?
E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble, who was born most free:
Each of himself was Lord; and unconfin'd
Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slav'ry Safety and Defence.
Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Because I came not in the common Road;
But born obscure, and so more like a God?  Otw. Don Carl.
He's a Bastard! Got in a Fit of Nature!
She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;
His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,
And taking from the Mint the fiery Oar,
His Image bless'd, and cry'd, it is my own.
Yet more! a Priest begot him, and 'tis thought,
That Earth is more oblig'd to Priests for Bodies,
Than Heav'n for Souls. Nay, and a young Priest too!
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd Life to clasp the lusty Joy.

BATTLE. See Fight, Joufts, War.
O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms!  Lee Alex.
All the Plain
Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds,
Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, first met his View:
From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region, stretch'd
In battailious Aspect:
Brissled with upright Beams, innumerable,
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boasted Arguments pourtray'd:
The banded Pow'rs of Satan.
The Powers militant
That flood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
In Silence their bright Legends, to the Sound
Of instrumental Harmony, that breath'd
Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds,
Under their God-like Leaders. On they move
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious Hill,
Nor strait'n ing Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Their perfect Ranks; for high above the Ground
Their March was, and the passive Air upbore
Their nimble Tread.

The
The Shout

Of Battle now began, and rushing Sound
Of Onset ended soon each milder Thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
Th' Apotheosis in his Sun-bright Chariot fate,
Idol of Majesty Divine, enclos'd
With flaming Cherübim, and golden Shields:
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne: For now
'Twixt Hoft and Hoft but narrow Space was left;
A dreadful Interval! And Front to Front
Presented flood in terrible Array
Of hideous Length: Before the cloudy Van,
On the rough Edge of Battle, e'er it jown'd,
Satan, with vaft and haughty Strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.

A noble Stroke Abdal lifted high,
Which hung not, but so twixt with Tempest fell
On the proud Crest of Satan; that no Sight,
No Motion of quick Thought, less cou'd his Shield:
Such Ruin intercept: Ten Paces huge
He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended Knee
His maffy Spear uplifted. As if on Earth
Winds underground, or Waters, forcing way
Sidelong, had path'd a Mountain from his Seat,
Half sunk with all his Pines. Nor stood in gaze
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
The horrid Shock: Now Storming Fury rose;

Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd
Horrible Discord, and the madding Wheels
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the Noise
Of Conflict: Over-head the dismal Hiss
Of fiery Darts in flaming Vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either Hoft with Fire;
So under fiery Cope together rush'd
Both Battels main, with ruinous Assault,
And inextinguishable Rage: All Heavn
Refounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her Centre shook. Deeds of Eternal Fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
The War and various: Sometimes on firm Ground
A standing Fight; then, soaring on main Wing
Tormented all the Air: All Air seem'd then
Conflicting Fire.

Their Arms away some threw, and to the Hills
Swift as the Lightning Glimpse they ran, they flew;
From the Foundations loosing to and fro,
They pluck'd the seared Hills with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy Tops
Up-lifting, bore them in their Hands.
Then on their Heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd;
Their Armour help'd their Harm, crush'd in and bruis'd,
Into their Substance pent, which wrought them Pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous Groan;
Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind
Out of such Prison.
The rest, in Imitation, so like Arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills up-core:
So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with Jacobation dire,
That underground they sought in dismal Shade.
Infernal Noise! War seem'd a civil Game
To this Uproar; horrid Confusion heap'd
Upon Confusion rofe. Long time in even Scale
The Battle hung; till Satan
Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed Sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid Edge came down
Wide waiting: Such Destruction to withstand
He hafted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb
Of ten-fold Adaman', his ample Shield:
A vast Circumference! Then both address'd for Fight
Unspeakable: For like two Gods they seem'd,
Stood they, or mov'd; in Stature, Motion, Arms,
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air
Made horrid Circles: Two broad Suns, their Shields
Blaz'd opposite: While Expectation stood
In Horrour. From each Hand with speed retir'd
Th'Angelick Throng, unsafe within the Wind
Of such Commotion: But the Sword of Michael met
The Sword of Satan, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But with swift Wheel revers'd, deep entering shar'd
All his Right-side: Then Satan first knew Pain,
And with'd him to and fro convolv'd; so forse
The gridding Sword with discontinuous Wound
Pafs'd thro' him.
And now their Mightiest quell'd, the Battle swerv'd,
With many an Inrode ger'd: Deformed Rout
Enter'd and foul Disorder: All the Ground
With shiver'd Armour frown; and on a Heap
Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming Steeds: What stood, recoil'd
O'er-
O'erwearied, or with pale Fear surpriz'd,
Fled ignominious.
Now Night her Course began,
And grateful Truce impos'd,
And Silence on the odious Din of War.  

BE A R. See Deformity.

The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear:
Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives
As much of Form, as she herself receives.  

BE A U T Y. See Eyes, Fair, Looks, Love.

Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Who do'lt in ev'ry Country change thy Shape:
Here Black, there Brown, here Tawny, and there White:
Thou Flat'r'er, who compli'lt with ev'ry Sight.
Who haft no certain what, nor where;
But vary'lt still, and do'lt thy self declare
Inconstant as thy She-Professors are.  

The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,
Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.  

Beauty is seldom fortunate when great;
A vast Estate, but over-charg'd with Debt.  

Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray:
Who can tread sure on the smooth flipp'ry Way?
Pleas'd with the Passage we slide swiftly on,
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.  

For Beauty, like White Powder, makes no Noise,
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys,

• Beauty with a bloodless Conquest finds,
A welcome Sov'raignty in rudest Minds.

Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading Flow'r,
The tender Prey of every coming Hour:
In Youth, thou, Comet-like, art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thy self alone:
Unpunish'd thou to few wert ever given;
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heaven; Sed'll. Ast. & Cleop.

Merab the Firstt, Michael the younger nam'd:
Both equally for differ't Glories fam'd:
Merab with spacious Beauty fill'd the Sight;
But too much Awe chastis'd the bold Delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to thenlarged View,
Gives Pleasure, but gives Fear and Rev'rence too;
Michael's Sweet Looks clear and free Joys did move,
And no less strong, tho' much more gentle Love:
Like virtuous Kings, whom Men rejoice t'obey;
Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.
Merab appear'd like some fair Princely Tow'r;
Michael, some Virgin Queen's delicious Bow'r.
All Beauties strove in little and in great,
But the contracted Brows shot fiercest Heat.
From Merab's Eyes, fierce and quick Lightnings came;
From Michael's; the Sun's mild, yet active Flame.
Merab; with comely Majesty and State,
Bore high th' Advantage of her Worth and Fate.
Such humble Sweetness did soft Michael shew,
That none who reach so high e'er stoop so low.
Merab rejoic'd in her rack'd Lover's Pain,
And fortify'd her Virtue with Dillain:
The Grief she gave, gave gentle Michael Grief;
She wish'd her Beauties les for their Relief.

CLEOPATRA in her GALLEY.

Her Gally down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling Silk, the Streamers way'd with Gold:
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch were plac'd;
Where she, another Sea-born Venus, lay.
She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand;
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could 'em. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds
That play'd about her Face: But if the smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That Men's desiring Eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
The silver Oars kept Time; and while they play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n orsomewhatmore!
For she so charm'd all Hearts; that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice.

(Dryd. All for Love, and Shak. Ant. & Cleof.

Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond Thessalian Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n: For Eloquence,
The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their Flattery,
And while she speaks Night steals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of those that hear! Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her; and swells to Youth:
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,
They bless her wanton Eyes: Ev'n I, who hate her;
With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it.

(Dryd. All for Love.

(Spoken of Cleopatra, by Ventidius.
Is she not
As harmlefs as a Turtle of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer Beauty of the Fields?
As op'ning Flowers untainted yet with Winds?
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?
The Bloom of op'ning Flow'rs, unfully’d Beauty,
Softnefs and sweeteff Innocence she wears;
And looks like Nature in the World's first Spring.
Is she not more than Painting can express,
Or youthful Poets fancy when they love?
A lavißh Planet reign’d when she was born,
And made her of such kindred Mould to Heaven,
She seems more Heav'n's than ours.
Is she not brighter than a Summer's Morn,
When all the Heav'n is fiæk’d with dappled Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes, like a rived Maid?
Belinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,
United, caft to fierce a Light,
As quickly flashes, quickly dies,
Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight.
Love is all Gentlenefs, all Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace:
Cupid is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face.
Mark her majestick Fabrick! She's a Temple,
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine:
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there;
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.
Oh she has Beauty might ensnare
A Conqu'ror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown
At Random, to be fhappl’d for by Slaves.
Oh she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and bet the World at odds.
Her Beauties Charms alone, without her Crown,
From Ind and Medes drew the dijant Vows
Of fighing Kings; and at her Feet were laid
The Sceptres of the Earth, expos’d on Heaps,
To chufe where she would reign.
Behold her stretch’d upon a flowry Bank,
With her soft Sorrows lull’d into a Slumber;
The Summer's Heat had to her naturall Blush
Added a brighter and more tempting Red:
The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,
Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall
With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues:
The matchlefs Whitenefs of her folded Arms,
That seem’d to embrace the Body whence they grew,
Fix’d me to gaze o’er all that Field of Love.
While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
Waving her Robes, display'd such well-turn'd Limbs
As Artists would in polish'd Marble give
The wanton Goddes, when supinely laid,
She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment. Lee Mithr
But oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection;
Not Sea-born Venus, in the Courts beneath,
When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her coral Lips,
All polish'd, fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,
Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightness.
Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre,
Such all Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
With lingering Surfeits of her fatal Beauty. Lee Theodis
No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. Osias. Orphus
Not purple Vi'lets in the early Spring,
Such'graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring;
The orient Blush which does her Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral pale, vies with the rosy Morn.
Cupid has ta'en a Surfeit from her Eyes,
Whene'er she smiles in lambent Fire he tries,
And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies. Lee Nero
Those heav'nly Attracts of yours, yon' Eyes,
And Face, that all the World surprize
Do dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies twany. B E E S. See Creation.

Of all the Race of Animals, alone
The Bees have common Cities of their own,
And common Sons: Beneath one Law they live;
And with one common Stock their Traffick drive;
Each has a certain Home, a sev'r'al Stall:
All is the State's, the State provides for all:
Mindful of coming Cold they share the Pain,
And hoard for Winter's use the Summer's Gains;
Some o'er the publick Magazines preside,
And some are sent new Forrage to provide:
These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home
Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb,
With Dew, Narcissus-Leaves, and clammy Gum:
To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrives;
Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive:
Sweet Honey some condense; some purge the Grout;
The rest in Cells apart the liquid Nectar shut.
All, with united Force, combine to drive
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive.
With Envy stung, they view each other's Deeds:
With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.
Studious of Honey, each in his Degree;
The youthful Swain, the grave experienced Bee:
That in the Field, this in Affairs of State
Employ'd at home, abides within the Gate;
To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,
To prop the Ruins, left the Fabrick fall.
But late at Night, with weary Pinions, come
The labring Youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, Meadows, and Orchards all the Day he plies,
The Gleams of yellow Thyme dispel his Thighs:
He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs; he sips the Blues
Of Vi'lets, Wilding Blooms, and Willow Dews.
Their Toil is common, common is their Sleep;
They shake their Wings when Morn begins to peep;
Rush thro' the City Gates without Delay,
Nor ends their Work but with declining Day.
Thus, having spent the last Remains of Light,
They give their Bodies due Repose at Night:
When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'n'ing Bells
Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll 'em to their Cells,
When once in Bed their weary Limbs they steep,
No buzzing Sounds disturb their golden Sleep:
'Tis sacred Silence all! Nor dare they stray
When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day;
But near the City Walls their Wat'ring take,
Nor forrage far, but short Excursions make.
And as when empty Barks on Billows float,
With handy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat;
So Bees bear Gravel-Stones, whose poising Weight
Steers thro' the whistling Winds their steady Flight.
But what's more strange; their modest Appetites,
Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial Rites.
No Lust enervates their heroick Mind;
Nor waftes their Strength on wanton Womankind:
But in their Mouths reside their genial Pow'rs,
They gather Children from the Leaves and Flow'rs.
And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,
And sink beneath the Burthen which they bear:
Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats,
And such a Zeal they have for Flow'ry Sweets.
Thus tho' the Race of Life they quickly run,
Which in the Space of Seven short Years is done,
Th'immortal Line in sure Succession reigns;
The Fortune of the Family remains,
And Grandfathers Grandsons the long Lifts contains.

But if intestine Broils alarm the Hive,
(For Two Pretenders oft for Empire strive,)
The Vulgar in divided Factions jar,
And murm'ring Sounds proclaim the civil War.
Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Disdain,
Scarce can their Limbs their mighty Souls contain.
With Shouts the Coward's Courage they excite,
And martial Clangors call 'em out to fight.

With hoarse Alarms the hollow Camp rebounds,
That imitates the Trumpets angry Sounds:
Then to their common Standard they repair,
The nimble Horsemens four the Fields of Air;
In Form of Battle drawn, they issue forth,

And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.
Preft for their Country's Honour, and their King's,
On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings,
And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings.

Full in the Midst the haughty Monarchs ride,
The trusty Guards come up, and close the Side:
With Shouts the daring Foe to Battle is defy'd.

Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,
To War they follow their undaunted King;
Crowd thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light
The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight.
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,

And Heaps of slaughter'd Soldiers bite the Ground.

Hard Hailstones lie not thicker on the Plain,
Nor shaken Oaks fuch Show's of Acorns rain.
With gorgeous Wings, the Marks of Sov'raign Sway,
The Two contesting Princes make their Way:

Intrepid thro' the Midst of Dangers go;
Their Friends incourage, and amaze the Foe.
With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies press'd,
They challenge and encounter Breast to Breast.
So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or dye;

That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,
Till one prevails, for one can only reign.
Yet all these dreadful Deeds, this deadly Fray
A Caft of scatter'd Dust will soon allay,
And undecided leave the Fortune of the Day.

With ease distinguish'd is the regal Race;
One Monarch wears an open honest Face,
Shap’d to his Size, and God-like to behold;
His royal Body shines with Specks of Gold,
And ruddy Scales; For Empire he design’d,
Is better born, and of a nobler Kind.
That other looks like Nature in Disgrace,
Gaunt are his Sides, and sullen is his Face:
And like their grievly Prince appears his gloomy Race:
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty Train,
That long have travell’d thro’ a desart Plain:
And spet from their dry Chaps the gather’d Dust again.
The better Brood, unlike the Bastard-Crew,
Are mark’d with royal Streaks of shining Hue;
Glitt’ring and ardent, tho’ in Body less.
Beside, not Egypt, India, Medea more,
With servile Love their Idol King adore:
While he survives, in Concord and Content
The Commons live, by no Divisions rent,
But the great Monarch’s Death dissolves the Government.
All goes to Ruin: They themselves contrive
To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive,
Then since they share with Man one common Fate,
In Health and Sickness, and in Turns of State.
Observe the Symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible Decay:
They change their Hue, with haggard Eyes they stare,
Lean are their Looks, and fagged is their Hair;
And Crowds of Dead, that never must return
To their lov’d Hives, in decent Pomp are born:
Their Friends attend the Herse, the next Relations mourn.
The Sick for Air before the Portal gasp,
Their feeble Legs within each other clasps;
Or idle in their empty Hives remain,
Benum’d with Cold, and listless of their Gain:
Such Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,
As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stirr’d:
Such stifled Noisè as the close Furnace hides,
Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.
Dryd. Virg.
Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,
When once provok’d, assault th’Oppressor’s Face:
And thro’ the purple Veins a Passage find,
There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind. Dryd. Virg.
When golden Suns appear,
And under Earth have driv’n the Winter Year;
The winged Nation wanders thro’ the Skies,
And o’er the Plains and shady Forest flies:
Then stooping on the Meads, and leafy Bow’rs,
They skim the Floods, and sip the purple Flow’rs:
Then
Then work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,
And labour Honey to sustaint their Lives. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}

But when thou seest a swarming Cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies:
The Motions of their hafty Flight attend,
And know to Floods or Woods their airy March they bend.

\textit{Th'assembling Swarms,}

Dark as a Cloud, then make a wheeling Flight,
And on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light:
Like a large Cluster of black Grapes they show,
And make a long Dependance from the Bough. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}

About the Boughs an airy Nation flew
Of humming Bees, that haunt the golden Dew;
In Summer's Heat on Tops of Lillies feed,
And creep within their Bells to suck the balmy Seed.
The winged Army roams the Fields around;
The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the Sound. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,
Invades the Bees with suffocating Smoke;
They run around, or labour on their Wings,
Difus'd to Flight, and shoot their sleepy Stings:
To shun the bitter Fumes in vain they try;
Black Vapours, issuing from the Vent, involve the Sky. \textit{Dryd. Bellona.}

There stands a Rock, dash'd with the breaking Wave
Of troubled \textit{Styx}, where in a gloomy Cave,
Flowing with Gore, the fierce \textit{Bellona} dwells;
And, bound with adamantine Fetters, yells:
Around stand Heaps of mossy Skulls and Bones,
Whence issue loud Laments and dreadful Groans:
Torn Limbs and mangled Bodies are her Food;
Her Drink, whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall, and Blood;
Long curling Snakes her Head with Horrour crown,
And on her squallid Back hang lolling down.

This gripes a bloody Dart, the other Hand
Grapfs of infernal Fire a flaming Brand.

\textit{Treason} and \textit{Usurpation}, near ally'd,
\textit{Haughty Ambition}, and elevated \textit{Pride},
And \textit{Cruelty}, with bloody Garlands crown'd,
\textit{Rapine} and \textit{Desolation} stand around.

With these, \textit{Injustice, Violence, Rage} remain,
And ghastly \textit{Famine} with her meager Train. \textit{Bla\textit{.}}

\textit{BIRDS. See Country Life, Grove, Creation, Muse.}

\textit{The Birds, great Nature's Commoners,}

That haunt in Woods, and Meads, and flow'r'y Gardens,
Rifle the Sweets, and taste the choicest Fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly Owner's Leave. \textit{Row. Fair Pen.}

\textit{BLAST.}
BLAST, or BLIGHT.

The verdant Walks their charming Aspect lose,
And shrivel'd Fruit drops from the wither'd Boughs;
Flow'res in their Virgin Blushes smother'd die,
And round the Trees their scatter'd Beauties lie:
Infection taints the Air, sick Nature fades;
And sudden Autumn all the Place invades.
So when the Fields their flow'ry Pomp display,
Sooth'd by the Springs sweet Breath and chearing Ray;
If Boreas then, designig envious War,
Musters his swift-wing'd Legions in the Air,
And then for sure Destruction marches forth,
With the cold Forces of the snowy North:
The op'ning Buds, and sprouting Herbs, and all
The tender First-born of the Spring must fall:
The blighted Trees their blooming Honours shed,
And on their blasted Hopes the mournful Gardiners tread. Blast.

BLINDNESS. See Light.

All dark and comfortless!
Where are those various Objects that but now
Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where those Eyes?
Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately shot
O'er flow'ry Vales to distant sunny Hills,
And drew with joy the vast Horizon in.
These groping Hands are now my only Guides,
And Feeling all my Sight.
Shut from the Living while among the Living!
Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World!
At once from Bus'ness and from Pleasure barr'd!
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring!
Nor see the Face of Kindred or of Friend!
O first created Beam! and thou great Word,
Let there be Light! and Light was over all:
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime Decree?
Why was the Sight
To such a tender Ball as th'Eye confin'd,
So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as Feeling, thro' all Parts diffus'd?
That she might look at Will thro'ev'ry Pore?
O Happines of Blindness! Now no Beauty
Inflames my Luft; no others Good my Envy,
Or Mifer'y my Pity: No Man's Wealth
Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn.
Yet still I see enough! Man to himself
Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the Level
Of his low creeping Thoughts.

BLUSH.
BLUSH.

A crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'erspread,
Varying her Cheeks by turns with White and Red:
The driving Colours, never at a Stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
Delightful Change! thus Indian Iv'ry shows,
Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows;
Or Lillies damask'd by the neighb'ring Rose. Dryd. Virg.

In rising Blushes still these Beauties rose;
The sunny Side of Fruit such Blushes shows,
And such the Moon, when all her silver White
Turns in Eclipses to a ruddy Light.

Such lovely Stains the Face of Heav'n adorn,
When Light's first Blushes paint the balmy Morn:
So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
When mingled with the Lilly's neighb'ring Snow.

See, my Palmyra comes: The frightened Blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks;
Like the first Streaks of Light broke loose from Darkness,
And dawning into Blushes. Add. Ovid.

Let me for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born Glories that adorn thee:
From ev'ry Blush that kindles in thy Cheeks,
Ten thousand little Loves and Graces spring,
To revel in the Rosé.

B O A R. See Duel, Enjoyment, Hunting.

As a savage Boar, on Mountains bred,
With Forest-Mast and fat'ning Marshes fed;
When once he sees himself in Toils inclos'd,
By Huntsmen and their eager Hounds oppos'd,
He whets his Tusks, and turns, and dares the War;
Th'Invaders dart their Jav'lines from afar:
All keep aloof, and safely shout around;
But none presume to give a nearer Wound:
He frets and froths, erects his bristled Hide,
And shakes a Grove of Lances from his Side.

Dryd. Virg.

His Eye-balls glare with Fire, suffus'd with Blood;
His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood:
His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected like a Field of Spears.
Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound;
And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.
For Tusks, with Indian Elephants he srove;
And Jove's own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
He suffers not the Corn its yellow Beards to rear,
But tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.
In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,  
Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd abroad.  
In vain the Hinds the Threshing-floor prepare,  
And exercise their Arms in empty Air.  
With Olives ever green the Ground is strew'd,  
And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.  
Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep  
Their Shepherds, nor their Grooms their Bulls can keep.  

(Dryd. Ovid.)

Forth from the Thicket rush'd another Boar,  
So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,  
With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,  
They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back.  
Foaming he came at me, where I was posset,  
Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,  
As he already had me for his Prey:  
Till brandishing my well-pois'd Jav'lin high,  
With this cold executing Arm I struck  
The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.  

(Osw. Orph.)

So when fierce Dogs and clam'rous Swains surround  
A mighty Boar, in neighbour'ing Mountains found:  
His Bristles high erect'd on his Back,  
The raging Beast withstands the Foes Attack;  
He whets his dreadful Tusks, and from afar  
He foams, and flourishes the Iv'ry War;  
The cautious Huntsmen at a Distance rage,  
Cast all their Darts, but dares not close engage.  

(Blas.)

So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Show'r  
Of hissing Spears against some mighty Boar;  
The grievly Beast, provok'd with ev'ry Wound,  
Rages, and casts his threat'ning Looks around.  
High on his Back his furious Bristles rife,  
And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes:  
He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air;  
And, brandishing his Fangs, invites the War:  

BOASTING.

My Arms a nobler Victory never gain'd,  
And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,  
Than that I drovet a Million o'er the Plain.  
Can none remember? Yes! I know all must,  
When Glory, like the dazling Eagle, stood,  
Perch'd on my Beaver, in the Granick Flood;  
When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,  
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore.  
When the Immortals on the Billows rode,  
And I my self appear'd the leading God.  

Send Danger from the East unto the West,  
Honour cross ia from the North to South,  

(Lee Alex.)
And let 'em grapple: The Blood more stir
To rowze a Lyon than to start a Hare.

By Heav'n, methinks it were an easy Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fathom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks. *Shak.Hen.4, Part 1.*

**B O W.** *See Archers and Arrow.*
Well-skil'd to throw

The flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow. *Dryd. Virg.*

She said, and from her Quiver chose with speed
The winged Shaft, predestin'd for the Deed:
Then to the stubborn Bough her Strength apply'd,
Till the far-distant Horns approach'd on either Side:
The Bow-string touch'd her Breast; so strong she drew!
Whizzing in Air, the fatal Arrow flew:
At once the twanging Bow, and founding Dart, *Dryd. Virg.*
The Traitor heard, and felt the Point within his Heart.
He fell,

Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War;
Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood,
And stop'd his Breath, and drank the vital Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

**B O W E R.**

A Sylvan Lodge, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd,
With Flowrets deck'd, and fragrant Smells: *The Roof*
Of thickest Covert was inwoven Shade,
Lawrel and Mirtle; and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant Leaf: On either side,
*Acanthus*, and each od'rous bulky Shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant Wall: Each beauteous Flower,
*Iris*, Allhues, Roses and Jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd Heads between, and wrought
Mofsick: Under foot the Violet,
*Grass*, and Hyacinth, with rich Inlay
Broader'd the Ground; more colour'd than with Stone
Of costliest Emblem. *In shady Bower,
More sacred, or sequester'd, tho' but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted.*

**B O W L.** *See Drinking.*
Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl!
Large as my capacious Soul!
Vast as my Thirst is! Let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave!
I mean, the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it of Silver fashioned be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me!
Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear:
Nor Wars of Thebes, nor Wars of Troy;
Nor any other martial Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not such rough Exercise?
But gentler Sieges, softer Wars;
Fights that cause no Wounds nor Scars.
I'll have no Battles on my Plate,
Left Sight of them should Broils create:
Left that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which Wine it self enough can do.
Draw me no Constellations there;
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear;
Nor any of that monstrous Fry
Of Animals that flock the Sky:
For what are Stars to my Design?
Stars, which I, when drunk, outshine.
I lack no Pole-star on the Brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;
But would for ever there be tost,
And with no Heaven, seek no Coast.
Yet, gentle Artift, if thou'lt try
Thy Skill; then draw me, (let me see)
Draw me first a spreading Vine,
Make its Arms the Bowl entwine
With kind Embraces, such as I
Twist about my loving She.
Let its Boughs o'erspread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.
Draw next the Patron of that Tree;
Draw Bacchus, and soft Cupid by:
Draw them both in topping Shapes,
Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:
Make them lean against the Cup,
As 'twere to keep their Figures up:
And when their Reeling Forms I view,
I'll think them drunk, and be so too.
Vulcan contrive me such a Cup,
As Nestor us'd of old.
Shew all thy Care to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold:
Make it so large, that, fill'd with Sack
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea may swim:

And
And carve thereon a spreading Vine,
    Then add Two lovely Boys;
Their Limbs in am'rous Folds entwine,
    The Type of future Joys.
    Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are,
May Love and Drink still reign:
With Wine I wash away my Care,
    And then to Love again.

Two Bowls I have, well-turn'd of beechen Wood:
The Lids are Ivy: Grapes in Clusters lurk
Beneath the Carving of the curious Work:
    Two Figures on the Sides emboss'd appear,
    Conos, and what's his Name who made the Sphere,
And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year:
The Kembo-Handles seem with Bears-foot carv'd:
    Where Orpheus on his Lyre laments his Love,
With Beasts encompas'd, and a dancing Grove.
    BOXING.

Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,
    But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.
At first both Parties in Reproaches jar,
And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.
They clutch their horn'd Fists, exchange with furious Blows,
Scarce one escapes with more than half a Nose.
Some stand their Ground with half their Village gone,
But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.
One Eye remaining for the other spies,
Which now on Earth a trampled Jelly lies.
    TAT. TWO.

Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
Hang by a String, in Bumps his Forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,
    Or beg Amends for his demolish'd Face.
Thus often at the Temple-Stairs we've seen
    DRYD. TWO.
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood;
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.
    GAR.

The Brave do never shun the Light,
Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers.
Freely without Disguise they love and hate:
Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions.
    ROW. FAIR PEN.

BREASTS.

With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell?
Plump as ripe Clusters rose each glowing Breast,
Courting the Hand, and fusing to be press'd.
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast.
Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shov'd up and down, and heav'd like dying Birds. Otw. Orph.

BRIDE

The Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,
To see the End of all her Wishes near:
When, blushing, from the Light and publick Eyes
To the kind Covert of the Night she flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves;
Melts in his Arms, and with a Loosè the loves. Row. Fair Pen.

What strange Disorders youthful Brides express;
Impatient Longings for the Happiness:
Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole. Otw. Don Carl.


See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged Banks on either Side:
While in their crystal Streams at once they flow,
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow:
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Race.
To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires,
Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'rful Fires:
And with such Passion, that if any Force,
Stop or molest them in their am'rous Course,
They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er
The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before. Deub.

BRUTUS. See Liberty.

Excellent Brutus! of all human Race
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace:
From thy strict Rule, some think that thou didst swerve,
(Mistaken honest Men,) in Caesar's Blood.
What Mercy could the Tyrant's Life deserve
From him, who kill'd himself rather than serve
Th'Heroick Exaltations of Good?

Are so far from understand.
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 supreme Idea, brave and bright,
In th'original Light;

But as her Beams reflect'd pass
Thro' our own Nature, or ill Custo'm'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.
Can we stand by, and see
Our Mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be;
Yet not to her Assistance stir,
Pleased with the Strength and Beauty of the Ravisher?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancel'd Name of Friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Caesar, who could Rome enslave!
An & more barbarous and unnatural,
(In the exact Ballance of true Virtue try'd)
Than his Successor Nero's Parricide.
There's none but Brutus could deserve
That all Men else would wish to serve,
And Caesar's usurp'd Place to him should proffer;
None can deserve but he who would refuse the Offer.
Ill Fate affian'd a Body thee t'assay,
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, said'lt thou;
With such a Voice, and such a Brow,
As put the trembling Ghost to sudden Flight.
What Joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perisus 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 Ophæus and wild Anthony,
Strict like Brutus, conquer thee?
What can we say, but thy own tragick Word,
That Virtue, which had worshipp'd been by thee,
As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,
By that fatal Proof became,
An Idol only, and a Name?

B U L L. See Enjoyment.

So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's Sight,
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the Fight:
He tries his goring Horns against a Tree,
And meditates his absent Enemy:
He push'd at the Winds, he digst the Strand
With his black Hoofs, and spurns the yellow Sand. Dryd.Eng.

As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,
In Silo's Shades, or on Taburnus Height:
With Horns adverse they meet; the Keeper flies:
Mute stands the Herd; the Heifers roll their Eyes,
And wait th'Event, which Victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty Year.

With
With Rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,
And Puls for Puls; and Wound for Wound return.
Their Dewlaps gor'd, their Sides are lav'd in Blood;
Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood.
Thus a strong Bull stands threat'ning furious War,
He flourishes his Horns, looks fourly round,
And hoarly bellowing, traverses his Ground.
For want of Foss he does the Wood provoke,
Runs his curl'd Head against the next tall Oak,
Wielding a nobler Object of his Stroke.

So when a Bull, nodding his brindled Head,
And softly bell'wing, traverses the Mead;
If then he finds th'invading Hornet cling
Close to his Flank, and feels the poyson'd Sting;
The wounded Beast enrag'd and roaring out,
Whisks round his Tail, and flings and flies about;
Mad with th'adhering Plague's tormenting Pain,
He scares the Herds, and raving scour's the Plain.

Thus as a Bull compass'd with a Guard,
Amid the Cirrus roars; provok'd from far
By sight of Scarlet, and a fanguine War:
They quit their Ground; his bending Horns elude,
In vain pursuing, and in vain-pursu'd.

BULL-BAITING.

So when a gen'rous Bull, for Clowns Delight,
Stands, with his Line refrain'd, prepar'd for Fight;
Hearing the Youths loud Clamour, and the Rage
Of barking Mastiffs, eager to engage;
He sniffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,
Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round;
Defiance lowering on his brindled Brows,
A round disdainful Look the griesly Wariour throws:
His haughty Head inclin'd with easy Scorn,
Th'invading Foe high in the Air is born,
Toft from the Combatant's victorious Horn.
Rais'd to the Clouds, the sprawling Mastiffs fly;
And add new Monsters to the frighted Sky;
The clam'rous Youth to aid each other call,
On their broad Backs to break the Fav'rites Fall:
Some stretch'd out in the Field lie dead, and some
Dragging their Entrails on, run howling home.
With disproportion'd Numbers press'd at length,
He breaks his Chain, collecting all his Strength;
Then Dogs and Mastours fear'd, promiscuous fly,
And fall'n in Heaps the pale Spectators lie;
He walks in Triumph, nods his conqu'ring Head,
And proudly views the Spoils about him spread.
BUSINESS.

Thou Changling, thou bewitch'd with Noise and Show,
Would'st into Courts and Cities from me go;
Would'st see the World abroad, and have a Share
In all the Follies and the Tumults there;
Thou would'st, forsooth, besomethings in the State,
And Bus'ness thou would'st have, and would'st create
Bus'ness; the frivolous Pretence
Of human Lust to shake off Innocence.

Bus'ness, which dares the Joys of Kings invade!

If there be Man, ye Gods, I ought to hate,
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate:
Still let him busy be, and in a Crowd,
And very much a Slave, and very proud.

The Day was made
To number out the Hours of busy Men:
Let 'em be busy still, and still be wretched,
And take their Fill of anxious drudging Day.

The Tide of Business, like the running Stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low;
A quiet Ebb or a tempestuous Flow,
And always in Extrem.
Now with a noiseless gentle Course,
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous Force:
And Trunks of Trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown;
Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods, made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Honours

BUTCHER.

A Wight,
With Gauntlet blue, and Bas'es white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his Side.
Inur'd to Labour, Sweat, and Toil;
And, like a Champion, shone with Oil:
No Engine nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Tho' scor'd with deletery Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a Colony
To both the Under-Worlds as he.

For he was of that noble Trade,
That Demi-Gods and Heroes made:

slaughter
Slaughter, and knocking on the Head;  
The Trade to which they all were bred;  
And is, like others, glorious when  
'Tis great and large, but base if mean:  
The former rides in Triumph for it,  
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot.  
For daring to profane a Thing  
So sacred, with vile Bungling.  

C A L M.

Now the loud Winds are Jull'd into a Peace.  
The Tempest is o'erblown, the Skies are clear.  
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still;  
That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face  
We often see against some Storm  
A Silence in the Heavens, the Rack stand still;  
The bold Winds speechlefs, and the Orb below  
As hush as Death.  

Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves.  
Calm as peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only  
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides.  
As deep Rivers in still Evenings roll.  
The Clouds dispe, the Winds their Breath restrain,  
And the hush'd Waves lie flattered on the Main:  
Still as old Chaos before Motion's Birth.  

C A R E.

Care, that in Cloysters only seals her Eyes;  
Which Youth thinks Folly, Age as Wisdom owns:  
Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the Wife;  
She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones.

All Creatures else a time of Love posseth,  
Man only clogs with Cares his Happiness;  
And while he should enjoy his Part of Blifs,  
With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

What in this Life, which soon must end,  
Can all our vain Designs intend?  
From Shore to Shore why should we run,  
When none his tiresome Self can shun?  
For baneful Care will still prevail,  
And overtake us under Sail:  
'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,  
Out-run the Doe, out-fly the Wind.  
If then thy Soul rejoys to Day,  
Drive far to Morrow's Care away;  
In Laughter let them all be drown'd,  
No perfect Good is to be found.  

An angry Care did dwell  
In his dark Breast, and all gay Forms expel.
CAULDRON.

So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fries,
The bubbling Waters from the Bottom rise;
Above the Brims they force their fiery way,
Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day.  
Dryd. Virg.

CENTAURS.

Like Cloud-born Centaurs, from the Mountain’s Height,
With rapid Course, descending to the Fight,
They rush along: The rattlel Woods give way,
The Branches bend before their sweepy Sway.  
Dryd. Virg.

The Cloud-begotten Race, half Man half Beast.  Dryd. Ovid.

The Centaur GT L L A R U S.

Nor could thy Form, O Cylaros foreslow
Thy Face, (if Form to Monsters we allow,) Just bloom’d thy Beard, thy Beard of golden Hue; Thy Locks in golden Waves about thy Shoulders flew, Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev’ry Part So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor’s Art As far as Man extended: Where began The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man. Add but a Horse’s Head and Neck, and he O Cysor, was a Courser worthy thee. So was his Back proportion’d for the Seat; So rose his brawny Chest, so swiftly mov’d his Feet; Cole-black his Colour, but like Jet it shone; His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.  
Dryd. Ovid.

GERBERUS.

In his Den they found
The triple Porter of the Stygian Sound: Grim Gerberw; who soon began to rear His crafted Snakes, and arm’d his bristling Hair; Op’ning his greedy grinning Jaws, he gapes With three enormous Mouths.  
Dryd. Virg.

For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate Of Heav’n, wears three Crowns of State; So he that keeps the Gates of Hell; Proud Gerberw, wears three Heads as well; And, if the World have any Truth, Some have been canoniz’d in both.  Mud.

CH A O S.


Rude undigested Mafs!

F A  A
A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd and unframed,
Of jarring Seeds, and jutty Chaos nam'd.
Before their Eyes in sudden View appear
The Secrets of the hoary Deep: A dark
Illimitable Ocean without Bound,
Without Dimension; where Length, Breadth, and Height,
And Time and Place are lost: Where eldest Night,
And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchy, amidst the Noise
Of endless Wars, and by Confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four Champions fierce,
Strive here for Mastery, and to Battle bring
Their Embryon Atoms: They round the Flag
Of each his Faction, in their sever Clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous; unnumber'd as the Sands
Of Barbac, or Cyrene's torrid Soil,
Levy'd to side with warring Winds, and poise
Their lighter Wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a Moment: Chaos Umpire sits,
And by Decision more embroils the Fray,
By which he reigns; next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
Where scarce one cheerful Glimpse their Steps befriends.
Here his forsaken Seat old Chaos keeps,
And, undisurb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps:
A grizzly Wight, and hideous to the Eye,
An awkward Lump of shapeless Anarchy;
With fordid Age his Features are defac'd,
His Lands unpeopled and his Countries waste.
Upon a Couch of Jet in these Abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy Comfort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ,
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

As he profess'd
He had first Matter seen undress'd.
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one Rag of Form was on:
The Chaos too he had descried,
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd.

Order, a banish'd Rebel flies the Place,
And Strife and Up roar fill the noisy Space:
Tumult and Mutiny please at Chaos Court,
And everlasting Wars his Throne support;
Pleas'd with these Subjects most that least obey.
Here heavier Seeds rush on in num'rous Swarms,
And crush their lighter Foes with pond'rous Arms.
The lighter straight command with equal Pride,
And on mad Whirlwinds in wild Triumph ride:
None long submits to a superior Pow'r;
Each yields, and in his Turn is Conquerour.

\[S \ A \ T \ A \ N's \ Passage \ thro' \ Chaos.\]

The wary Fiend stood on the Brink of Hell,
And look'd awhile into this wild Abyss,
Pond'ring his Voyage; for no narrow Frith
He had to cross: Nor was his Ear less seal'd
With Noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms
With all her batt'ring Engines, bent to raze
Some Capital City; or less than if this Frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In Mutiny had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vans
He spread for Flight, and in the furging Smoke
Uplifted spurns the Ground: Thence many a League,
In a cloudy Chair ascending, rides
Audacious; but that Seat soon failing, meets
A vast Vacuity: All unawares,
Flutt'ring his Penons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand Fathom deep; and to this Hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill Chance
The strong Rebuff of some tumultuous Cloud,
Inflam'd with Fire and Nitre, hurry'd him
As many Miles aloft: That Fury said,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither Sea
Nor good dry Land. Nigh founder'd, on he fares,
Treading the crude Confusite, half on foot
Half flying; behoves him now both Oar and Sail:
As when a Gryphon, thro' the Wilderness
With winged Course o'er Hill or moary Dale,
Pursues the Arimaespian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful Custody purlorn'd
The guarded Gold; so eagerly the Fiend
O'er Bog or Steep, thro' strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With Head, Hands, Wings, or Feet pursues his Way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal Hubbub wild
Of stunning Sounds, and Voices all confus'd,
Born thro' the hollow Dark, assaults his Ear
With loudest Vehemence: When strait behold the Throne
Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep: With him enthron'd
Sate sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood

\[\text{Oro} \text{b} \text{e} \text{s}.\]
Orchus and Ades, and the dreaded Name
Of Demegorgon: Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroi'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various Mouths.
Satan thence
Springs upward like a Pyramid of Fire
Into the wild Expanse; and thro' the Shock
Of fighting Elements, on all Sides round
Envir'on'd, wins his way.
At last the sacred Influence
Of Light appears, and from the Walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the Bosom of dim Night
A glimm'ring Dawn: Here Nature first begins
Her furtivest Verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost Works, a broken Poe,
With Tumult less, and with less hostile Din;
That Satan with less Toil, and now with Ease
Wafts on the calmer Wave by dubious Light;
And, like a Weather-beaten Vessel, holds
Gladly the Port, tho' Shrouds and Tackle torn.

Satan thus
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
Of horrible Confusion;
And thro' the palpable Obscure toil'd out
His uncouth Passage, spreading his airy Flight,
Upborn with indefatigable Wings,
Over the vast Abrupt; compell'd to ride
Th'untractable Abyss, plung'd in the Womb
Of unoriginal Night, and Chaos wild.

CHAP. LAIN. See Priest.

CHAR I OT.

Bold Eribeianus was the first that joyn'd
Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd,
And o'er the dusty Wheels presiding sate:
The Lapis to Chariots add the State
Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound,
To run the Ring, and trace the mazy Ground;
To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know,
'Tobey the Rider, and to dare the Foe.
Hast thou beheld when from the Goal they part;
The youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,
Rush to the Race, and panting scarcely bear
Th' Extremes of fearful Hope and chilling Fear,
Swoop to the Reins, and lash with all their Force;
The flying Chariots kindle in the Course.
And now slow, and now aloft they fly,
As born thro' Air, and seem to touch the Sky:
No Stop, no Stay; but Clouds of Sand arise.
Spurn'd, and cast backward on the Foll'wers Eyes.
The hindmost blows the Foam upon the first,
Such is the Love of Praife, an honourable Thirst.  Dryd. Virg.
So Four fierce Courfers, starting to the Race,
Scour thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:
Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear;
But force along the trembling Charioteer.  Dryd. Virg.

CHARNEL-HOUSE.

Behold a Charnel-House,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens ratling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chaplefs Skulls.

SHAK. ROM. & JUL.

C H A R O N.

Upon the gloomy Banks of Acheron,
Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost,
Old Charon stands, who rules the dreary Craft;
A fordid God! Down from his hoary Chin
A Length of Beard descends, uncomb'd unclean:
His Eyes like hollow Furnaces on fire:
A Girdle foul with Greafe bounds his obfcene Attire.
He spreads his Canvas; with his Pole he steeers;
The Frights of flitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom bears:
He look'd in Years; Yet in his Years were seen
A youthful Vigour, and autumnal Green.

CHEAT. SEE COWARD.

Doubtles the Pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated, as to cheat.
As Lookers-on feel most Delight,
That leaft perceive the Juggler's Slight;
And still the lefs they understand,
The more admire the Slight of Hand.

Huds.

For the dull World moft Honour pay to those,
Who on their Understanding moft impose.
First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf:
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.
He loaths the Subfance, and he loves the Show;
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye,
Which no Existence has but in the Eye.
At diftance Prospects please us, but when near,
We find but defart Rocks and fleeting Air;
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
And he knows moft, who latest is undone.

Gar.

An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,
But Ideots only will be couzen'd Twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd.

CITY.

There with like Haste to several Ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,
Are each the other’s Ruin and Increase:
As Rivers lost in Seas, some secret Vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.

CLIFF.

Behold a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep;
How fearful
And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s Eyes so low.
The Crows and Coughs that wing the mid-way Air
Shew scarce so gross as Beetles: Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire: Dreadful Trade!
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach
Appear like Mice; and you tall anch’ring Bark
Seems lesten’d to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murm’ring Surge
Cannot be heard so high.

As from some steep and dreadful Precipice,
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him.
If then some neighbouring Shrub, how weak foe’er,
Peep up, his willing Eyes flop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it.

As one condemn’d to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall.

CLouds, See Deluge, Storm, Tempest, Thunder, Wind.

Not one kind Star was kindled in the Sky,
Nor could the Moon her borrow’d Light supply:
For misty Clouds involved the Firmament,
The Stars were muffled and the Moon was pent.

Mark what collected Night involves the Skies.
O’erspreading Mist’s the extinguish’d Sun-beams drown,
Dark Clouds o’er all the black Horizon frown,
And hang their deep hydropick Bellies down.

The low’ring Clouds, that dip themselves in Rain,
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
The Wrack of Clouds is driving on the Wind,
And shews a Break of Sunshine.

When
When on their March embattel'd Clouds appear,
What formidable Gloom their Faces wear?

How wide their Front? How deep and black their Rear?
How do their threat'ning Heads each other throng?

How low the crowding Legions move along?
The Winds with all their Wings can scarcely bear,
Th'oppressive Burden of th'impending War.

C O C K. See Creation, Sleep.

Within this Homestead liv'd, without a Peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer,
So hight the Cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass.

More certain was the crowing of this Cock
To number Hours, than an Abbey-Clock;
And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,
He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost and sung.

High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal,
In Dents embattel'd, like a Castle-Wall:
His Bill was Raven-black, and shone like Jet;
Blue were his Legs, and orient were his Feet;
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,
His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.

This gentle Cock, for Solace of his Life,
Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife:
Dame Partlet was the Sov'reign of his Heart;
Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a Day;
And she that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet and debonair;
Refolv'd the passive Doctrine to fulfill,
Tho' loath, and let him work his wicked Will.

At Board and Bed was affable and kind,
According as the Marriage-Vow did bind,
And as the Church's Precept had enjoyn'd.

By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain;
What cannot Beauty, joy'd with Virtue, gain?
She was his only Joy, and he her Pride;
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his Side:
If spurning up the Ground he sprung a Corn,
The Tribute in his Bill to her was born.
But oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing
In Summer, when the Day began to spring,
Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat. Dryd. the Cock

The crowing Cock Salutes the Light, and struts before his feather'd Flock.

COMET.
COMET.
Threat'ning Comets, when by Night they rise,
Shoot sanguin Streams, and sadden all the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*
He, like a Comet, burn’d,
That fires the Length of Ophiis huge
In th’Artick Sky; and from his horrid Hair
Shakes Peltifence and War. *Mihi.*
Portending Blood, like blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War. *Had.*
Hung be the Heav'n’s with Black, yield Day to Night.
Comets, importing Change to Times and States,
Brandish your golden Tresses in the Skies,
And with them scourge the bad revolted Stars,
That have consented unto Henry’s Death. *Shak. 1. Hen. 6.*
When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen, *(Shak. 1. Hen. 6.)*
The Heav'n’s themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.

COMPASSION.
Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witness’d when the lent us Tears.
Of tender Sentiments we only give
Those Proofs: To weep is our Prerogative!
To shew by pitying Looks and melting Eyes,
How with a buffring Friend we sympathize.
Who can all Sense of others Ills escape,
Is but a Brute at best in human Shape.
This natural Piety did first refine
Our Wit, and rais’d our Thoughts to Things divine:
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,
While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent:
To them, but Earth-born Life they did dispense;
To us, for mutual Aid, celestial Sense. *Tate Juv.*

CONJURER and ALMANACK-MAKER.
He had been long towards Mathematicks,
Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,
Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,
And was old Dog at Physiology.
But as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again;
And still he’s in the selfsame Place,
Where at his setting-out he was:
So in the Circle of the Arts,
Did he advance his nat’r al Parts:
Till falling back still for Retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant and cheat.
For as those Fowls that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but smatter,
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His Understanding still was clear.
He'd read Dei's Prefaces before
The Devil and Euclid o'er and o'er.
He with the Moon was more familiar,
Than e'er was Almanack-well-willer:
Her Secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest Mood
For cutting Corns and letting Blood;
When for anointing Scabs or Itches,
Or to the Bum applying Leeches;
When Sows and Bitches may be spay'd,
And in what Sign best Cider's made;
Whether the Wane be, or Increase,
Best to set Garlick or saw Pease.
He made an Instrument to know,
If the Moon shine at Full or no,
That would, afoon as e'er she shone, strait,
Whether 'twere Day or Night, demonstrate;
Tell what her D'ameter t'an Inch is,
And prove she is not made of Green Chees.
It would demonstrate that the Man in
The Moon's a Sea Mediterranean:
And that it is no Dog nor Bitch,
That stands behind him at his Breech;
But a huge Cassian Sea or Lake,
With Arms, which Men for Legs mistake:
How large a Gulf his Tail composes,
And what a goodly Bay his Nose is;
How many German Leagues by th'Scale,
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a Planetary Gin,
Which Rats would run their own Heads in;
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th'Expence of Chees or Bacon.
With Lute-trings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on Dishes of Meat.
Quote Moles and Spots in any Place
O' th'Body, by the Index Face.
Detect loft Maidenheads by freezing,
Or breaking Wind of Dames, or pissing.
Cure Warts and Corns with Application
Of Medicines to th'Imagination.
Fright Agues into Dogs, and scare
With Rhimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh.
He knew whatever's to be known;
But, much more than he knew, would own.  Hud.

CONSCIENCE:

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your self to your own Breast shall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell.
What Bus'nes has my Conscience with a Crown?
She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.
If Mirth should fail I'll busy her with Cares;
Silence her clam'rous Voice with louder Wars:
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.
Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,
Spring back mbr strongly like a Scythian Bow:
Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murtherer.
Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care shall bring,
Known but by Discontent to be a King:
Of Crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit, and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.  Dryd. Aurem.

Nature has made Man's Breast no Windores
To publish what he does within Doors;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash Folly blast it:
And a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.  Hud.

The Conscience is the Tact of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy self without thy self to find.
My ugly Guilt flies in my conscious Face,
And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bofom-War.  Lee Mithrid.

Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget my self, and this Day's Guilt.

Confidence, the foolish Pride of doing well!  Dryd. Ind. Emp.
Confidence, that of all Physick works the least!  Dr. Pal. & Arc.
The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r.  Dryd. D. of Guise.
Confidence is a Word that Cowards use,
Deviz'd at first to keep the strong in awe.  Shak. Rich. 3.

CONSPIRACY.

O the curst Fate of all Conspiracies!
They move on many Springs, if one but fail,

The
The restiff Machine stops.

O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,

When Evils are most free? O then by Day

Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek for none;

Hide it in Smiles and Affability:

For if thou put thy native Semblance on,

Not Erebus it self were dim enough

To hide thee from Prevention.

CONSTANCY. See Inconstancy, and Protestations of Love.

Constant as Courage to the Brave in Battle;

Constant as Martyrs burning for their Gods.

There's no such thing as Constancy we call;

Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all.

Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,

First Constancy in Love a Virtue made:

From Friendship they that Land-mark did remove,

And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love. Dryd. Conq. of Grum.

The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be

Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy;

For't were to break the Laws she herself has made.

Our Substances themselves do fleet and fade:

The most fix'd Being still does move and fly

Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.

'Timagine then that Love should never cease,

Love, which is but the Ornament of these,

Were quite as senseless as to wonder why

Beauty and Colour stay not when we die.

CONTENT.

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;

And happy he who can that Treasure find:

But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,

Broods on his Gold, and griping still at more,

Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. Dryd. Wife of Bath's.

Content alone can all their Wrongs redress,

Content, that other Name for Happiness.

'Tis equal if our Fortunes shou'd augment,

And stretch themselves to the same vast Extent,

With our Desires; or those Desires abate,

Shrink and contrast themselves to fit our State.

Th'unhappy Man, Slave to his wild Desire,

By feeding it, foments the raging Fire:

His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,

With Plenty poor, and with Abundance curst.
Sour Discontent that quarrels with our Fate,
May give fresh Start, but not the old abate:
Th' uneasy Passion's disingenious Wit,
The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.

Secure and free from Bus'ness of the State,
And more secure of what the Vulgar prate;
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts, nor care
What Rot for Sheep the Southern Winds prepare:
Survey the neigh'ring Fields, and not repine
When I behold a larger Crop than mine.
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow.

He laugh'd at all the Vulgar's Cares and Fears,
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.

Since all great Souls still make their own Content,
We to our selves may all our Wishes grant;
For nothing coveting, we nothing want.

They cannot want who wish not to have more;
Who ever said an Anchoret was poor?

Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body and Content of Mind;
A Soul that can securely Death defy,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain;
Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire.

Reft we contented with our present State;
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate.

Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art;
As cheerfully and well th'allotted Part:
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor with th' Approaches of the last.

C O R P S.

A Lump of senseless Clay! The Leavings of a Soul.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r,

New crop't by Virgin-Hands to dress the Bow'r:

Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below:

No more to Mother Earth or the green Stem shall owe.

C O R N.

The bearded Producer of the golden Year.

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain;
Think not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd
On the flat Field and on the naked Void:

The
The light unloaded Stem, from Tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful Honours of his Head;
And, soon recover'd by native Vigour, bear
The timely Product of the bounteous Year:  

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Field

Of Cure, ripe for Harvest, waving bonds
Her bearded Grove of Ear, which Way the Wind
Sways them; the careful Plowman doubting stands,
Left on the threshing Floor his hopeful Sheaves
Prove Chaff.

Counsellor, and Justice of the Peace:

Milt.

An old dull Ser, who'd told the Clock,
For many Years at Bishop's Dock,
At Westminster and Hicks's Hall;
And History-Drama play'd in all:
Where in all Governments and Times,
He'd been both Friend and Foe to Crimes:
And us'd Two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring Justice, or maintaining:
To many a Whore gave Privilege,
And whip'd for want of Quarteridge:
Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,
For being behind a Fortnight's Rent;
And many a trusty Pimp and Crony,
To Puddle-Dock, for want of Money.
Engag'd the Constable to seize
All those who would not break the Peace;
Nor give him back his own foul Words,
Tho' sometimes Commoners or Lords:
And kept them Prisoners of Course,
For being sober at ill Hours;
That in the Morning he might free,
Or bind them over, for his Fee.
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-Plays,
For leave to practise in their Ways.
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share
With th' Headborough and Scavenger,
And made the Dirt in Street compound
For taking up the publick Ground:
The Kennel and the King's High-way,
For being unmolested, pay.
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,
And Cage, to those that give him most.
Impos'd a Tax on Baker's Bars,
And for false Weights on Chandelers.
Made Victualers and Vintners fine
For arbitrary Ale and Wine.
But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that regularly offend;
As Residency Bawds,
And Brokers that receive stol'n Goods;
That cheat in lawful Mysteries,
And pay Church Duties and his Fees;
But was implacable and awkward
To such as interlop'd and hauker'd.
To this brave Man the Knight repairs
For Counsel in his Law Affairs;
And found him mounted in his Pew,
With Books and Money plac'd for Shew,
Like Neff-Eggs, to make Clients lay,
And for his false Opinion pay.
To whom the Knight with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Case:
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th'o'ther courteously train'd:
And to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat.

Hail old patrician Trees! so great and good!
Hail ye Plebian Underwood!
Where the poetick Birds rejoice,
And for their quiet Nefts and plenteous Food,
Pay with their grateful Voice.

Hail the poor Muses richest Mannour-Seat!
Ye Country-Houses and Retreat!
Which all the happy Gods so love,
That for you oft they quit
Their bright and great Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a House for me erect;
Nature, the wisest Architec!
Who those fond Artificers despise,
That can the fair and living Trees neglect;
Yet the dead Timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft Winds above me flying,
With all the wanton Boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying;
Nor be my self too mute.

A silver Stream still rolls his Waters near,
Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.
O Fountains! When in you shall I,
My self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy?
O Fields! O Woods! When, when shall I be made
The happy Tenant of your Shade?
Here's the Spring-head of Pleasure's Flood,
Where all the Riches lie, that the
Has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.
Pride and Ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd Metaphors appear.
Here nought but Winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The Gods when they descend'd, hither
From Heav'n did always chuse their Way,
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the Way too thither.

How happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty is he,
Who leads a quiet Country-Life,
Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scriv'ner free!

Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Dreams disturb his Morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.
The Clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns;

Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor darr'd with Awe;
To survile Salutations runs.
But either to the clasping Vine
Does the supporting Poplar wed,
Or with his Pruning-Hook disjoyn
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy in their stead.

Or climbing to a hilly Steep,
He views his Herds in Vales afar,
Or shears his over-burthen'd Sheep,

Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares
Of Virgin-Honey in the Jars.
Or in the new declining Year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his Head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And fluttering Grapes, with purple spread.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted Gras he lies;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,
With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes.

The
The Wind, that whistles thro' the Sprays,
Maintains the Comfort of the Song,
And hidden Birds with native Lays
The golden Sleep prolong.
But when the Blast of Winter blows,
And hoary Frost inverts the Year,
Into the naked Woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.
Or spreads his subtle Nets from Sight,
With twinkling Glasses to betray
The Larks that in the Muses light:
Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.
Amidst his harmless easy Joys
No anxious Cares invade his Health;
Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,
Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.
Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born;
Who plow'd with Oxen of their own,
Their small paternal Field of Corn.
Oh let me in the Country range!
'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live:
The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Valleys, murm'ring Fountains;
Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,
Echo our Complaints repeating;
Bees with bumble Sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting;
Whispering Winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in rustic Circles sporting;
Birds in cheerful Notes expr'ding,
Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing:
These afford a lasting Pleasure,
Without Guilt, and without Measure.

Happy the Man, whom bounteous Gods allow
With his own Hands paternal Grounds to plow!
Like the first golden Mortals happy he,
From Bus'ness, and the Cares of Money free!
No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep:
From all the Gheats of Law he lives secure,
Nor does th'Affronts of Palaces endure.
Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine
He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join;
Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound:
Sometimes he beats his Flock, and sometimes he
Stores up the golden Treasures of the Bee.
He sees the lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,
While neigh'ring Hills low back to them again:
And when the Season rich as well as gay,
All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
How is he pleas'd th'encreas'ing Ufe to see
Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree;
Of which large Stores, on the glad sacred Days;
He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
With how much Joy does he beneath fome Shade;
By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,
His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
By him a River constantly complains,
The Birds above rejoyce with various Strains;
And in the folemn Scene their Orgies keep,
Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep.
Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait;
And nought within againft it bars the Gate.
Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,
Or fullen 'tue all Sports to him deny.
He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Concert rens the Air;
Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar.
Here flies the Hawk t'affault, and there the Net;
To intercept the trav'ling Fowl is fet;
And all his Malice, all his Craft is shewn
In innocent Wars on Birds and Beasts alone.
This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,
From thee, the great one, Tyrant Love! from thee!
And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife;
Be added to the Blessings of his Life,
Such as Aulus, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her Children and her Houfe her Care;
And joyfully the Work of Life does share;
Nor thinks her felf too noble or too fine,
To pin the Sheepfold or to milk the Kine:
Who waits at Door against her Husband come
From rural Duties, late and weary'd, home;
Where she receives him with a kind Embrace;
A cheerful Fire and a more cheerful Face;
And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
And with domestick Plenty loads the Board;
Not all the luftful Shell-fish of the Sea,
Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury.
Nor Ortalans, nor Godwits, nor the rest
Of costly Names that glorify a Feast,
Are at a Prince's Table better Cheer,
Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here.  قول. حن
Ah Prince! hadst thou but known the Joys which dwell
With humble Fortunes, thou would'st curse thy Royalty.
Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,
Where with Life's Necessaries bleft alone,
We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empire bring:
No wicked Statesmen would with impious Arts
Have striv'n to wrest from us our small Inheritance,
Or stir the simple Hinds to noisv Faction.  رص. أم. ستپم
Oh happy, if he knew his happy State,
The Swain, who free from Business and Debate,
Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,
And just Returns of cultivated Land.
No Palace with a lofty Gate he wants,
T'admit the Tides of early Visitors,
With eager Eyes devouring as they pass
The breathing Figures of Corinthian Brass:
No Statues threaten from high Pedestals;
No Persian Arras hides his homely Walls
With rich Vests, which thro' their shady Fold,
Betray the Streaks of ill-disseemled Gold.
He boasts no Wool, whose native White is dy'd
With purple Puyson of Assyrian Pride.
No costly Drugs of Arabia defile
With foreign Scents the Sweetness of his Oil.
But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,
A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner bless,
And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
Cool Grotts and living Lakes, the flow'r'y Pride
Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide,
And shady Groves that easy Sleep invite,
And after toil and Days a soft Repose at Night.
Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound;
And Youth of Labour patient plough the Ground,
Inur'd to Hardship and to homely Fare;
Nor venerable Age is wanting there,
In great Examples to the youthful Train,
Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites profane.
From hence Asia took her Flight, and here
The Prints of her departing Steps appear.
Ye sacred Muses! with whose Beauty fr'd,
My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd,
Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear,
Would you your Poet's first Petition hear!
Give me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know,
The Depths of Heav'n above and Earth below:
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th'Eclipses of the Sun;
Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
And in what dark Recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid Earth, what Gaufe delays
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.
But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight
Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height
Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light;
My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.
A Country Cottage, near a Crystal Flood,
A winding Valley and a lofty Wood.
Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,
Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan Maids;
Or lift me high to Haemus hilly Crown,
Or in the Plains of Tempe lay me down;
Or lead me to some solitary Place,
And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who studying Nature's Laws,
Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Gaufe:
His Mind posseffing in a quiet State,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
And happy too is he who decks the Bow'rs
Of Sylva's, and adores the rural Pow'rs:
Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see,
Their glittering Baits and purple Slavery;
Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown;
Nor when contending Kindred tear the Crown,
Will set up one or pull another down.
Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of Tumults, and Descents, and distant War:
Nor with a superfluous Fear is aw'd
For what befalls at home or what abroad;
Nor envies he the Rich their heavy Store,
Nor his own Peace disturbs with Pity for the Poor.
He feeds on Fruits which, of their own Accord,
The willing Ground and laden Trees afford.
From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw,
The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,
Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.

Some

G 3
Some to the seas and some to Camps return,
And some with Impudence invade the Court.
In Foreign Countries others seek Renown,
With Wars and Taxes others waste their own;
And Houses burn and Household-Gods deface,
To drink in Bowls which glitt'ring Gems enchase;
To loll on Couches rich with Citron Steds,
And lay their guilty Limbs in Tyrian Beds.
This Wretch in Earth intombs his golden Ore,
How'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store,
Some Patriot Fools to pop'lar Praife aspire,
Or publick Speeches, which worfe Fools admire;
While from both Benches with redoubled Sounds,
Th' Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.
Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,
Have slain their Brothers or their Country fold;
And leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run
To Lands that lie beneath another Sun.
The Peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills,
And the round Year with daily Labour fills.
From hence the Country Markets are supply'd,
Enough remains for household Charge beside,
His Wife and tender Children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train:
Nor cease his Labours till the yellow Field
A full Return of bearded Harvest yield;
A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,
O'ercome the crowded Barn, and lodge on Ricks abroad.
Thus ev'ry sever'ral Season is employ'd,
Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd,
The yening Ews prevent the springing Year,
The loaded Boughs their Fruit in Autumn bear;
'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,
Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.
The Winter comes, and then the falling Malt
For greedy Swine provides a full Repast:
Then Olives ground in Mills their Farness boast,
And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.
His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliss;
His little Children, climbing for a Kifs,
Welcome their Father's late Return at Night;
His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight:
His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,
And lowing for the Pail invite the Milker's Hand.
His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless Battles in his homely Yard.
Himself in rustic Pomp, on Holy-days,
To rural Pow'rs a just Oration pays;
And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.
The Hearth is in the midst; the Herdsmen round
The cheerful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the Prize:
The Groom, his Fellow-Groom, at Buts defies,
And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes:
Or stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,
And watches, with a Trip, his Fee to foil.
Such was the Life the frugal Sabines led:
So Remus and his Brother God were bred;
From whom th'außere Etruscan Virtue rose:
And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a Race deriv'd her Birth,
(The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth)
Which now on Sey'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
And in that Compass all the World contains.
E'er Saturn's rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,
When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice.
While peaceful Cretes enjoy'd her antient Lord,
E'er founding Hammers forg'd th'inhuman Sword,
E'er hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peal of Death;
The good old God his Hunger did affiance,
With Roots and Herbs; and gave the Golden Age. Dryd. Virg.

COUNTRY-BUMKIN.

A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustic Sound,
And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground.
The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's Despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understand,
And deeper funk by flound'ring in the Mud.
His Corn and Cattle were his only Care,
And his supreme Delight a Country Fair:
His Quarter-Staff, which he could ne'er forfake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of Thought. (Spig.

COUNTRY-LASS.

How happy is the harmless Country-Maid,
Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid.
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
But like her Soul, preserve the native White.
Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please;
Not pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease. 

G 4

Who
Who, free from Storms which on the Great ones fall,
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all.
No Care, but Love, can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares, the sweetest and the best.
While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,
One happy Lover feeds upon her Eye.
Not one, whom on her Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose.
Under some fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They speak their Passions with repeated Vows.
And whilst a Blush confesses how the burns,
His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie:
And whilst they live, their Flames can never dye.

COUNTRY-SQUIRE:

In Easter Term,
My young Master's Worship comes to Town;
From Pedagogue and Mother just set free,
The hopeful Heir of a great Family;
That with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been Fools.
And still with careful Prospect to maintain
That Character, left crosting of the Strain
Should Mend the Booby-Breed, his Friends provide
A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.
And thus set out
With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,
The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life;
Dunghil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.

COURAGE.
The greatest Proof of Courage we can give,
Is then to die, when we have Pow'r to live.  How. Ind. Queen.
But when true Courage is of Force bereft,
Patience, the only Fortitude, is left.  Dryd. Conq. of Gran.
Conquest pursues where Courage leads the way.  Gar.
But ah! what use of Valour can be made,
When Heav'n's propitious Pow'r's refuse their Aid?  Dryd. Virg.
God-like his Courage seem'd; whom no Delight
Could soften, nor the Face of Death affright.
All desperate Hazards Courage do create,
As he plays frankly, who has left Estate;
Presence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,
Are more than Armies to procure Success.
Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood.
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd:
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battle shown.

Meer Courage is to Madness near ally'd,
A brutal Rage, which Prudence does not guide.

Then Hudibras,
Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt;
For Men will tremble and look paler
With too much, or too little Valour.

COURT. See Flattery, Greatness:
The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,
Upon whose magic Skirts a thousand Devils,
In chrysal Forms, fit tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.

Be careful to avoid both Courts and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant Man,
To throw herself away on Fools and Knaves.

Bertram has been taught the Art of Courts;
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin. Dryd. Span.

Learn the cruel Arts of Courts;
Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,
And suffer Crimes thou want'st the Pow'r to punish.

Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;
Search, and know all Mankind's mysterious Ways,
But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none:

This is the way,
This only, to be safe in such a World as this is.

Courts are the Places where best Manners flourish,
Where the deferring ought to rise, and Fools
Make Show. Why should I vex, and chafe my Spleen,
To see a gawdy Coxcomb shine, when I
Have Sense enough to soothe him in his Follies,
And ride him to Advantage as I please?

What Man of Sense would rack his gen'rous Mind,
To practice all the base Formalities
And Forms of Business? Force a grave starch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?

Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin.

Such things are done in Courts.

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment,
Too heavy for the Sunshine of a Court.

But Courtiers are to be accounted good,
When they are not the last and worst of Men. Dryd. Span. Fry.
Farewel Court,
Where Vice not only has usurp'd the Place,
But the Reward, and ev'n the Name of Virtue. Demb. Soph. C O W.
The Mother-Cow must wear a low'ring Look,
Sowr-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the Yoke:
Her double Dewlap from her Chin descends;
And at her Thighs the pond'rous Burthen ends.
Long are her Sides and large, her Limbs are great,
Rough are her Ears, and broad her horn'y Feet.
Her Colour shining Black, but fleck'd with White,
She tostes from the Yoke, provokes the Fight:
She riseth in her Gate, is free from Fears,
And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears;
Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd:
And with her Length of Tail she sweeps the Ground.
The Bull's Inult at Four she may sustain,
But after Ten from nuptial Rites refrain:
Six Seasons ufe, but then release the Cow,
Unfit for Love, or for the lab'ring Plough.
The milky Mothers of the Plain. C O W A R D. See Fear.
The Good we æ, the Ill that we endure;
'Tis all for Fear, to make our selves secure:
Mercy for Safety after Fame we thirst;
For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.
Let Fear upon the prof'trous Hearts take hold:
As Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game;
So Cowards never ufe their Might,
But against such as will not fight. Hud.
CREATION of the WORLD. See Death.
They fung how God spoke out the World's vast Ball,
From Nothing, and from No Where call'd forth All.
I saw the rising Birth.
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep.
I saw when at his Word this formless Mass,
The World's material Mould came to a Heap:
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinity confin'd;
Till at his second Bidding, Darkness fled,
Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung.
Swift to their several Quarters haste'd then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire,
And
And the ethereal Quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various Forms
That roul'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars.
Each had his Place appointed, each his Course.
Thus God the Heav'n's created, thus the Earth:
Matter uniform'd and void, Darkness profound
Cover'd th'Abys' ; but on the wat'ry Calm
His brooding Wings the Spirit of God out-spread,
And vital Vertue infus'd, and vital Warmth
Throughout the fluid Mafs; but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal Dregs,
Adverse to Life; then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to sever' Place
Difparted, and between spun out the Air;
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her Centre hung.

Light.

Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, Quintessence pure,
Sprung from the Deep; and from her native East
To journey thro' the airy Gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant Cloud. And then God made

Firmament.

The Firmament, Expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental Air, diffus'd
In Circuit to the uttermost Convex
Of this great Round.

Dry Land.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature, involv'd,
Appear'd not; Over all the Face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolifick Humour softning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial Mois'ture,
Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave
Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky.

Sea and Rivers.

So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious Bed of Waters: Thither they
Hafted with glad Precipitance, uproll'd,
As Drops on Dust, conglobing from the Dry:
Part rise in crystal Wall, or Ridge direct;
As Armies at a Call

Of Trumpet:
Troop to their Standard; so the wat'ry Throng;

Wave
Wave rolling after Wave, where way they found;
If steep, with torrent Rapture; if thro' Plain,
Soft ebbing: Nor withstood them Rock or Hill;
But they or under Ground, or Circuit wide,
With serpent Error wandring, found their way,
And on the watry Ooze deep Channels wore;
Within whose Banks the Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid Train.
   *Herbs*, and *Trees*.

Next the Earth, till then
Defart and bare, unsightly, undorn'd,
Brought forth the tender *Grass*, whose Verdure clad
Her universal Face with pleasant Green.
Then *Herbs* of *ev*ry *Leaf*, that suddain flow'r'd,
Op'ning their various Colours, and made gay
Her Boform smelling sweet: And these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the cluff'ring Vine, forth crept
The smelling *Gourd*, upstood the corny Reed
Embattel'd in her Field, and th'humble Shrub,
And Bush with frizzled Hair implicit: Last
Rofe, as in a Dance, the stately Trees, and spread
Their Branches hung with copious Fruit, or gem'd
Their Blossoms: With high Woods the Hills were crown'd,
With Tufts the Valleys, and each Fountain Side
With Borders long the Rivers.

   *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*.

Then of Celestial Bodies first the Sun,
A mighty Sphere, he fram'd; unlighted first,
Tho' of ethereal Mold: He form'd the Moon
Globe, and every Magnitude of Stars.
Of Light by far the greater Part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd
In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive,
And drink the liquid Light; firm to retain
Her gather'd Beams: Great Palace now of Light!
Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars
Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light;
And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns.
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
Regent of Day, and all th'Horizon round
Invested with bright Rays; jocund to run
His Longitude thro' Heav'n's high Road: The grey
*Dawn* and the *Pleasides* before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet Influence. Lest bright the Moon,
But opposite in level'd West was set,
His Mirrour; with full Face borrowing her Light
From him, for other Light she needed none.
In that Aspect, and still that Distance keeps
Till Night; then in the East her Turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle; and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds;
With thousand thousand Stars that then appear'd
Spangling the Hemisphere.

Fisht.
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay,
With Fry innumerable Swarm, and Shoals
Of Fish; that with their Fins and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft
Bank the Mid-Sea: Part single, or with Mate,
Graze the Sea-weed their Pasture, and thro' Groves
Of Coral fray; or sporting with quick Glance,
Shew to the Sun their wav'd Coats drop'd with Gold;
Or in their pearly Shells at Ease attend
Moist Nutriment, or under Rocks their Food
In jointed Armour watch. On Smooth the Seal
And bended Dolphins play; part, huge of Bulk,
Wall'wing, unwieldy, enormous in their Gait,
Tempest the Ocean: There Leviathan,
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep,
Stretch'd like a Promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving Lake; and at his Gills
Draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.

Birds.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Cens, and Shores,
Their Brood as num'rous hatch from th'Egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly Rupture, forth disclos'd
Their callow Young: But feather'd soon and fledge,
They sum'd their Pens, and foaring th'Air sublime,
With Clang despis'd the Ground, under a Cloud
In Prosect: There the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar Tops their Eyries build.
Part loofly wing the Region, part more wise,
In common, rang'd in Figure, wedg'd their Way,
Intelligent of Seasons; and set forth
Their airy Caravan, high over Seas
Flying, and over Lands, casting their Wings
With mutual Flight: So steers the prudent Crane
Her annual Voyage born on Winds: The Air
Floats as they pass, fans'd with unnumber'd Plumes.
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with Song
Solac'd the Woods, and spread their painted Wings
Till E'en; nor then the solemn Nightingale
Ces'd warbling, but all Night tun'd her loft Lays.
Others in silver Lakes and Rivers bath'd

Their
Their downy Breast: The Swan with arched Neck,
Between her white Wings mantling, proudly rows
Her State with oary Feet; yet oft they quit
The Dank, and, rising on stiff Pennons, tow'r
The mid aerial Sky. Others on Ground
Walk'd firm: The crested Cock, whose Clarion sounds
The silent Hours; and th'other, whose gay Train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid Hue
Of Rainbows and starry Eyes.

Beasts.

Then the Earth,
Op'ning her fertile Womb, teem'd at a Birth
Innum'rous living Creatures, perfect Forms,
Limb'd and full grown: Out from the Ground uprose,
As from his Lair, the wild Beast where he won's
In Forest wild, in Thicket, Brake or Den;
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The Cattle in the Fields and Meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in Flocks,
Past'ring at once, and in broad Herds up-sprung.
The gruffy Clods now calv'd; Now half appear'd
The tawny Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder Parts; then springs as broke from Bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded Mane: The Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moal
Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw
In Hillocks: The swift Stag from under Ground
Bore up his branching Head. Scarce from his Mold
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd
His Vastness: Fleec'd the Flocks, and bleating rose;
As Plants: Ambiguous between Sea and Land,
The River-Horse and scaly Crocodile.

Creeping Things:

At once came forth whatever creeps the Ground,
Insect or Worm: Those wav'd their limber Fans
For Wings, and smallest Lineaments exact,
In all the Liv'ries deck'd of Summer's Pride,
With Spots of Gold and Purple, Azure and Green:
These as a Line their long Dimension drew;
Streaking the Ground with sinuous Trace. Not all
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kind,
Wond'rous in Length and Corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky Folds, and added Wings. First crept
The parcimonious Emmet, provident
Of Future; in small Room large Heartenelos'd;
Pattern of just Equality
Swarming next appear'd

The
The Female Bee, that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells,
With Honey for'd.
The Serpent, subtlest Beast of all the Field,
Of huge Extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes,
And hairy Main terrific.
Now Heav'n in all her Glory shin'd, and rowl'd
Her Motions, as the Great first Mover's Hand
First wheel'd their Course. Earth in her rich Attire
Consummate lovely smil'd: Air, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast; was flown, was swum, was walk'd.

Man.
There wanted yet the Master-work, the End
Of all yet done; a Creature, who not prone,
And brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctity of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Governing the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n:
He form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the Ground, and in thy Nostrils breath'd
The Breath of Life.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold! all was entirely Good,
Anfw'ring his great Idea! Up he rode,
Follow'd with Acclamations, and the Sound
Symphonious of Ten thousand Harps that tun'd
Angelick Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
Refounded;
The Heav'n's and all the Constellations rung,
The Planets in their Station lift'ning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Thus Heav'n from Nothing rais'd his fair Creation,
And then with wond'rous Joy beheld its Beauty,
Well-pleas'd to see the Excellence he gave.

He sown the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame,
How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame
Fell thro' the mighty Void, and in their Fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.
The tender Soil, then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded Earth the bounding Seas:
Then Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose,
And a new Sun to the new World arose.
And Mist, condens'd to Clouds, obscure the Sky,
And Clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply:

The
The rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace,
The lofty Mountains feed the savage Race;
Yet few, and Strangers in th'unpeopled Place.  

CRIES or Shrieks.

Now Peals of Shouts came thundering from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War.  

The House is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,
And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies.

The fearful Matrons raise a screaming Cry,
Old feeble Men with fainter Groans reply:
A jarring Sound results, and mingles in the Sky.
Like that of Swans remurm'ring to the Floods,
Or Birds of diff'ring Kinds in hollow Woods:
First from the frightened Court the Yell began,
Redoubled thence from House to House it ran:
The Groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries,
Of mixing Women, mount the vaulted Skies.

A Shout that struck the golden Stars enfl'd.

CRUSH'D to Pieces:
The Overthrow,

Crushed, to Dust pounded the Crowd below:
Nor Friends their Friends, nor Lives their Sons could know.
Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcasses did remain,
But a mass'd Heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain;
One vast Destruction; not the Soul alone;
But Bodies, like the Soul, invisibly are flown.

CUCKING-STOOL.

As Ovation was allow'd
For Conquest, purchas'd without Blood;
So Men decree these lesser Shows
For Vindic'ty, gotten without Blows,
By Dint of sharp hard Words, which some
Give Battel with, and overcome.
These, mounted in a Chair Curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-Stool,
March proudly to the River's Side,
And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride;
Like Dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic Sea to wed;
And have a gentler Wife, than those
For whom the State decrees these Shows.

CUCKOLD.  See Jealousie.

O Curse of Marriage!
That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Than keep a Corner in the thing I love.
For others Ufes. Yet ’tis the Plague of great ones;
Prerogativ’d are they les than the Bafe;
’Tis Destiny unshunnable like Death!
I had been happy if the gen’ral Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tafted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known.
I swear ’tis better to be much abus’d,
Than but to know’t a little.
What Sense had I of her flo’n Hours of Luft?
I saw’t nor, thought it not, it harm’d not me:
I slept the next Night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio’s Kisses on her Lips.
He that is robb’d, not wanting what is flo’n,
Let him not know’t, and he’s not robb’d at all. Shaks. Othello.
Inquisitive as jealous Cuckolds grow,
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What, being known, creates their certain Woě.
Ingrateful Wretch! that never thanks his Maker.

C U N N I N G- M A N and Quack.
He deals in Destiny’s dark Counsels,
And sage Opinions of the Moon tells;
To whom all People far and near,
On deep Importances repair;
When Brays and Pewter hap to stray,
And Linnen flinks out of the way;
When Geese and Pullen are seduc’d,
And Sows of Sucking-Pigs are chous’d;
When Cattle feel Indisposition,
And need th’ Opinion of Physician;
When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,
And Chicken languish of the Pip;
When Yeast and outward Means do fail,
And have no Pow’r to work on Ale;
When Butter does refuse to come,
And Love proves cross and humourous:
To him with Questions and with Urine;
They for Discov’ry flock, or Curing.

C U R S E. See Imprecations.
I curfe thee not:
For who can better curfe the Plague or Devil;
Than to be what they are: That Curfe be thine.
And let the greatest, fierceft, fouleft Fury,
Let Creon haunt himfelf.
Hear me, just Heavens!
Pour down your Furles on this wretched Head
With
With never ceasing Vengeance: Let Despair,
Dangers or Infamy, may all surround me.
Starve me with Wantings: Let my Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace:
But dath my Days with Sorrows, Nights with Horrors,
Wild as my own Thoughts are.  Otsw. Ven. Prof.

Let Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horrour:
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May ev'ry thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,

Whip me, ye Devils,
Blow me about in Winds, roast me in Sulphur;

Let Heav'n kiss Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die;
And let the World no longer be a Stage
To feed Contention in a lig'ring Act:
But let one Spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all Bosome; that each Heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.

(Shak. Hen. 4. Part 2)

Now Hell's bleuest Plagues
Receive her quick with all her Crimes upon her:
Let her sink spott'd down; let the dark Host
Make Room, and point and hiss her as she goes:
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoice, and cry, here comes a blacker Fiend.

(Shak. Troil. and Cress.

O all tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
And Hags of Fancy, wing him thro' the Air;
From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and Death be set before him.

Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curfes
Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,
And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart.
Oh let him live till Life becomes a Burden;
Let him groan unter't long, linger an Age
In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find it's Eafe but late.

But Curfes stick not: Could I kill with Curling,
By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in Venice

Should
Should not be be blasted: Senators should rot
Like Dogs on Dunghils; but their Wives and Daughters
Die of their own Diseases. Oh for a Curfe
To kill with!

CUSTOM.

Custom, that does still dispence
An universal Influence;
And make things right or wrong appear,
Just as they do her Liv'ry wear.

Custom, which often Wisdom over-rules,
And only serves for Reason to the Fools.
Ill Customs by Degrees to Habits rise,
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice.

Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,
As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.
Habitual Evils change not on a suddain,
But many Days must pass, and many Sorrows:
Conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,
To curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,
And work a second Nature in the Soul,
E'er Virtue can resume the Place she lost:
'Tis else Diffimulation.

For Custom will a strong Impression leave:
Hard Bodies which the lightest Stroke receive,
In length of Time will moulder and decay,
And Stones with Drops of Rain are wash'd away.

Hail thou great Mother of the Deities!
Whose tinkling Cymbals charm'd th'Ideal Woods,
Who secret Rites and Ceremonies taught,
And to the Yoke the savage Lions brought.
Fierce Tigers rein'd and curb'd obey thy Will.

In Pomp she makes the Phrygian Round,
With golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:
A hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply,
Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.

Sacred to Vulcan's Name, an Isle does lie,
Between Sicilia's Coast and Lipari.
Rais'd high on smoaking Rocks, and deep below
In hollow Caves the Fires of Aëna glow:
The Cyclops here their heavy Hammers deal;
Loud Strokes and Hissings of tormented Steel
Are heard around; the boiling Waters roar,
And smoaking Flames thro' fuming Tunnels soar.
Hither the Father of the Fire by Night,
Thro' the brown Air precipitates his Flight.
On their eternal Anvils, here he found  
The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round.  
A Load of pointless Thunder now there lies  
Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:  
These Darts for angry Fire they daily cast,  
Consum'd on Mortals with prodigious Waste.  
Three Rays of withen Rain, of Fire three more;  
Of winged Southern Winds and cloudy Store  
As many Parts, the dreadful Mixture frame;  
And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.  
Inferior Ministers for Mars prepare  
His broken Axe-Trees and blunted War;  
And send him forth again with furbish'd Arms,  
To wake the lazy War with Trumpets loud Alarms.  
The red refresh the scaly Snakes that fold  
The Shield of Pallæ, and renew their Gold:  
Full on the Crest, the Gorgon's Head they place,  
With Eyes that roll in Death, and with distorted Face. Dry. Vir.  
So when the Cyclops o'er their Anvils sweat,  
And their swol'n Sinews echoing Blows repeat;  
From the Vulsans' grofs Eruptions rise,  
And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies. Gars,  
D A R K N E S S.  
Even Hell gap'd horrible,  
And thro' the Chasm let in prodigious Night;  
Night that extinguish'd the meridian Ray,  
And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day. Blac.  
Let Darkness to be felt,  
Impenetrable Darkness, such as dwelt  
On the dun Village of primeval Night,  
Shut ev'ry Star-beam out from mortal Sight,  
And close up ev'ry Pafs and Road of Light. Blac.  
Darkness, thou first kind Parent of us all,  
Thou art our great Original!  
Since from thy universal Womb,  
Does all thou hadst below, thy num'rous Offspring, come.  
Thy wond'rous Birth is ev'n to Time unknown,  
Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none;  
While Light did its first Being owe  
Unto that awful Shade it dares to rival now.  
Involv'd in thee we first receive our Breath,  
Thou art our Refuge too in Death!  
Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb!  
Where'er our Souls shall go, to thee our Bodies come.  
The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear  
When thy majestick Shades appear.  
Thou dost compose the Air and Sea;  
And
And Earth a Sabbath keeps, sacred to Rest and Thee.
In thy serener Shades our Ghosts delight,
And court the Umbrage of the Night.
In Vaults and gloomy Caves they stray,
But fly the Morning Beams and ficken at the Day.
Thou dost thy Smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no Difference here below:
All things appear the same to thee,
Tho' Light Distinction makes, thou giv'st Equality.

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

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy Shades inclos'd the hallow'd Land:
In Clouds of Night he was array'd,

And venerable Darkness his Pavilion made.
When he appear'd arm'd in his Power and Might,
He veil'd the beatific Light;
When terrible with Majesty,

In Tempests he gave Laws, and clad himself with thee.
And fading Light its Empire must resign,
And Nature's Power submit to thine:

A universal Ruin shall erect thy Throne,
And Fate confirm thy Kingdom evermore thy own.

Defends us ill from Mira's Charms:
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no Advantage of the Eye,
Quit all that Lily's Art can take,
And yet a thousand Captives make.

Her Speech is grac'd with sweeter Sound,
Than in another's Song is found.
And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts,
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.
As the bright Stars and milky Way,
Shewn by the Night, are hid by Day,
So we, in her accomplish'd Mind,
Help'd by the Night, new Graces find;
Which, by the Splendour of her View
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converse with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark;
Her shinning Image is a Light
Fix'd in our Hearts, and conquers Night.
Like Jewels to advantage set,
Her Beauty by the Shade does get.
There Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain,
All that our Passion might restrain,
Is hid; and our indulgent Mind
Prefers the fair Idea kind.
Yet, friended by the Night, we dare,
Only in Whispers, tell our Care:
He, that on her his bold Hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed Arrows plays:
They, with a Touch, they are so keen,
Wound us, unhurt; and she, unseen.
So wide th'Arabian Coast do know
At distance, when the Spices blow;
By the rich Odour taught to steer,
Tho' neither Day nor Stars appear.

Oh she does teach the Torches to burn bright!
Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back,
Or a rich Jewel in an Ethiopian Ear;
Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright. (Rom. & Jul.
That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking. Shak.
Her Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkness,
And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day. Row. Fair Pen.

Death's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face,
Fear'd afar off
By erring Nature: A mistaken Phantom!
A harmless Lambent Fire! She kisst cold,
But kind and soft, and sweet as my Cleona!
If she be like my Love,
She is not dreadful sure.

Oh could we know
What Joy she brings, at least what Rest from Grief;
How should we press into her friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy.

Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene. Dryd. Spa. Fry.
The Dead are only happy, and the Dying:
The Dead are still, and lifting Slumbers hold 'em.
He who is near his Death, but turns about,
Shuffles a while to make his Pillow easy,
Then slips into his Shroud, and rests for ever.

Death is the Privilege of human Nature;
And Life without it were not worth our taking.
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.

Death to a Man in Miserly is Sleep.
Death shuns the naked Throat, and proffer'd Breast;
He flies when call'd to be a welcome Guest.  Sed. Ant. & Cleop.
I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure!
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.
Oh had I Courage but to meet my Fate,
That short dark Passage to a future State;
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath,
That Something or that Nothing after Death!  Dryd. Aurem.
Cowards die many times before their Death;
But Men with Honour Dissolution meet;
The Minutes ev'n of painful Life are sweet.  Dryd. Riu. Lad.
Poor abject Creatures! How they fear to die?
Who never knew one happy Hour in Life,
Yet shake to lay it down. Is Load so pleasant?
Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,
That Men may dare to live?
Many are the Shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim Cave; all dismal! yet to Sense
More terrible at th' Entrance than within.
Thou' we each Day with Cost repair,
Death mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong,
And he that lives the longest dies but young.
And once depriv'd of Light,
We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.
One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,
Another's ling'ring Death comes slow:
And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above
Hung down on Earth the golden Chain of Love.
Great was th'Eftect, and high was his Intent,
When Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.
Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound;
And Love, the common Link, the new Creation crown'd:
The Chain still holds; for tho' the Forms decay,
 Eternal Matter never wears away.
For the first Mover certain Bounds has plac'd,
How long these perishable Forms shall last;
Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:
Shorten their Hours they may, for Will is free,
But never pass th' appointed Destiny.
So Men oppress'd, when weary of their Breath,
Throw off the Burden, and stubborn their Death.

Then
Then since these Forms begin, and have their End,
On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend.
Part of the Whole are we; but God the Whole,
Who gives us Life, and animating Soul:
For Nature cannot from a Part derive
That Being which the Whole can only give.
He perfect stable, but imperfect We,
Subject to change, and different in Degree,
Plants, Beasts, and Men; and as our Organs are,
We more or less of his Perfection share.
But by a long Descent th'etherial Fire
Corrupts, and Forms, the mortal Part, expire;
As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,
And the same Matter makes another Mass.
This Law th'omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live:
That Individuals die, his Will ordains;
The propagated Species still remains.

What makes all this but Jupiter the King,
At whose Command we perish, and we spring?
'Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a Virtue of Necessity:
'Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The Bad grows better which we well sustain.
And could we chuse the Time, and chuse aright,
'Tis best to die, our Honour at the Height,
When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,
But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame;
Then should we with our happy Life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose;
So should we make our Death a glad Relief,
From future Shame, from Sick'ries, and from Grief;
Enjoying while we live the present Hour,
And dying in our Excellence and Flow'r.
Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend should run,
And joy us of our Conquest early won.
While the malicious World with envious Tears,
Should grudge our happy End, and with it theirs.

When Honour's lost 'tis a Relief to die;
Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.
'Tis to the Vulgar Death too harsh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.
To die is landing on some silent Shore,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;
E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke 'tis o'er.
The Wife thro' Thought th'Inflicts of Death defy,
The Foolsthro' blest Infinibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave:
It eases Lovers, sets the Captives free;
And tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.
    I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick ribbed Ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,
Or blown with restless Violence about
The pendant World; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain Thought
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,
That Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death.

The Thought of Death to one near Death is dreadful:
Oh 'tis a fearful thing to be no more;
Or if to be, to wander after Death;
To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day,
And when the Darknesses comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves, and in the silent Vault
Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps,
And often, often vainly breathe your Ghost
Into your lifeless Lips.
Then like a lone, benighted Traveller
Shut out from Lodging, shall your Groans be answer'd
By whistling Winds, whose ev'ry Blast will shake
Your tender Form to Atoms.

Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd,
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,
Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obsequies,
Make Death a dreadful thing: The Pomp of Death
Is far more terrible than Death itself.

When the Sun sets, Shadows that shew'd at Noon
But small, appear most long and terrible:
So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all Bounds:
Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the Watch of Death;
Nature's worst Vermin scare her God-like Sons;
Echoes, the very Leavings of a Voice,
Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves.
Each Mole-Hill Thought swells to a huge Olympus;
While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an Imagination's Weight.

Death's dark Shades
Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horrour;
At near Approach the Monsters form'd by Fear,
Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.

Amidst the gloomy Vale a pleasing Scene,
With Flow'r's adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
Inviting hands to take the Wretched in.

No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair,
Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,
But injur'd Lovers find Elzium there.

Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear drear'd
To frighten Children: Pull but off his Mask,
And he'll appear a Friend.

Oh that I lefs could fear to lose this Being!
Which like a Snow-ball in my Coward-hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd the faster melts away.

From Death we rofe to Life; 'tis but the fame,
Thro' Life to pafs again from whence we came.
With Shame we fee our Passions can prevail,
Where Reason, Certainty, and Virtue fail:
Honour, that empty Name, can Death despise;
Scorn'd Love to Death, as to a Refuge, flies;
And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.
Hope triumphs o'er the Thoughts of Death; and Fate
Cheats Fools, and flatters the Unfortunate.
We fear to lose what a small Time muft waste,
Till Life it felf grows the Disease at laft:
Begging for Life, we beg for more Decay,
And to be long a dying only pray.

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with Dangers and maintaine'd with Strife?
A Life which all our Care can never fave;
One Fate attends us, and one common Grave.

Besides, we read but a perpetual Round,
We never strike out, but beat the former Ground,
And the fame maukith Joys in the fame Track are foun'd.
For still we think an absent Blessing beft,
Which cloys, and is no Blessing when possess'd,
A new-arising With expels it from the Breast.
The feu'rith Thrift of Life increaffes still,
We call for more and more, and never have our Fill;
Yet know not what to Morrow we fhall try,
What Dregs of Life in the laft Draught may lie;
Nor by the longest Life we can attain,
One Moment from the Length of Death we gain,
For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
The Man as much to all Intents is dead,
Who dies to Day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand Years ago.

What has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
If Souls can die as well as Bodies can?
For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,
So, when our mortal Frame shall be disjoyn'd,
The lifeless Lump uncoupl'd from the Mind,
From Sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not be:
Nay, ev'n suppos'd when we have suffer'd Fate,
The Soul could feel in her divided State;
What's that to us? For WE are only WE
While Souls and Bodies in one Frame agree:
Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by chance,
And Matter leap into the former Dance,
What Gain to us would all this Buffle bring?
The new-made Man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting Pause is made,
That individual Being is decay'd;
We who are dead and gone shall bear no Part
In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the Smart,
Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew;
Because a Pause of Life, a gaping Space,
Has come betwixt, where Memory lies dead,
And all the wand'ring Motions from the Sense are fled.
For who so'er shall in Misfortunes live,
Must BE when those Misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the Man who IS not, feels not Woe,
(For Death exempts him, and wards off the Blow,
Which we, the Living only, feel and bear)
What is there left for us in Death to fear?
When once that Pause of Life has come between,
'Tis just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,
That after Death his mould'ring Limbs shall rot,
Or Flames, or Jaws of Beasts devour his Mafs,
Know he's an unsincere, unthinking As:
The Fool is to his own cast Offals kind;
He boasts no Sense can after Death remain,
Yet makes himself a Part of Life again,
As if some other HE could feel the Pain.
If while he live this Thought molest his Head,
He wastes his Days in idle Grief, nor can
Distinguishing 'twixt the Body and the Man;
But thinks himself can still himself survive,
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in Death there is no other HE,
No living HE remains his Grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament.
But to be snatch'd from all thy household Joys,
From thy chaste Wife and thy dear prattling Boys!
Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me!
One woful Day sweeps Children, Friends, and Wife,
And all the brittle Blessings of my Life!
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
Thy Want and Wish of them is vain'd too:
Which, well consider'd, were a quick Relief
To all thy vain imaginary Grief:
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And quitting Life shalt quit thy living Pain;
But we, thy Friends, shall all those Sorrows find,
Which in forgetful Death thou leavest behind,
No Time shall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from our Mind.
The worst that can befal thee, measure'd right,
Is a sound Slumber, and a long Good-night.
Yet thus the Fools, who would be thought the Wits,
Disturb their Mirth with melancholy Fits;
When Healths go sound, and kindly Brimmers flow,
Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, Let us make Haste to live,
Short are the Joys that human Life can give.
Eternal Preachers! who corrupt the Draught,
And pall the God who never thinks with Thought.
Even in Sleep the Body, wrapt in Ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful Grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave:
Were that sound Sleep eternal, it were Death.
Then Death to us, and Death's Anxiety,
Is less than nothing, if a less could be;
For then our Atoms, which in Order lay,
Are scatter'd from their Heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their Place.
When once the Pause of Life has left an empty Space.
And last, suppose great Nature's Voice should call
To thee, or me, or any of us all;
What do'st thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain.

And
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous Blessings I could give,
Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
And Pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve,
Why doft thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feast,
Cram'd to the throat with Life, and rise, and take thy Rest?
But if my Blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested Joys pass'd thro', and would not stay,
Why doft thou wish for more to squander still?
If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,
And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy Burden, Fool, and know thy Friend,
To please thee I have emptied all my Store,
I can invent, and can supply no more,
But run the Round again, the Round I ran before.
Suppose thou art not broken yet with Years,
Yet still the self-same Scene of Things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live;
For Life is still but Life, there's Nothing new to give.
But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date;
She speaks aloud to him with more Dismay
Be still thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.
But if an old decrepid Sot lament;
What thou, the cries, who hast out-liv'd Content?
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store?
Now leave those Joys, unsuiting to thy Age,
To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
What can we plead against so just a Bill?
We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.
For Life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis given to all for Use, to none for Property.
Therefore when Thoughts of Death disturb thy Head,
Consider, Ancw, great and good, is dead:
Ancw, thy Better far, was born to dye;
And thou, dost thou bewail Mortality?
So many Monarchs, with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
The Founders of invented Arts are lost,
And Wits, who made Eternity their Boast.
Where now is Homer, who possess'd the Throne?
Th'immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
Whose very Life is little more than Death?

More
More than one Half by lazy Sleep posses'd,
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,

{Dryd. Luc.³} 
Day-Dreams, and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breast.

Ah! Why

Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse to dye,
Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find
Such Ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond Defire to live
Makes covetous of more than Life can give?
Each has his Share of Good, and when 'tis gone,
The Guest, tho' hungry, cannot rise too soon. Dr. Sig. & Guis.
'Tis not the Stoick's Lesson, got by Rote,
The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Dissertation,
That can support thee in that Hour of Terrore:
Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it;
But when the Tryal comes, they start and stand aghast.

_Temple of Death._

{Row. Fair Pen.}

In those cold Climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;
A dreadful Vale lies in a desart Isle,
On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.
There a thick Grove of aged Cypress-Trees,
Which none without an awful Horror sees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives:
Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Season there.
Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,
And Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;
Whose Streams oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,
Old as the World it self, which it commands:
Round is its Figure, and Four Iron Gates
Divide Mankind. By order of the Fates,
There come in crowds, doom'd to one common Grave,
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deplors,
Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors;
All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load
The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode;
And Tapers of a pitchy Substance made,
With Clouds of Smoak encrease the dismal Shade.

A Monster void of Reason, and of Sight,
The Goddes is who fways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath,
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is _Death._

_Norm._

DYING.
DYING.

There Life gave Way, and the last rosy Breath
Went in that Sigh. Death like a brutal Victor,
Already enter'd, with rude Haste defaces
The lovely Frame he's master'd; see how soon
Those starry Eyes have lost their Light and Luftre.


He fell, and deadly pale,
Groan'd out his Soul, with gushing Blood effus'd.
Groving in Death he murmur'd on the Ground,
And pour'd his Life out from the gaping Wound.
He fell, and shiv'ring gasp'd his latest Breath,
And fainting sunk into the Arms of Death.
Biting the Ground he lies,
And Death's unwelcom Shade o'er-spreads his Eyes.
Gasping he lay, and from a grievly Wound
The crimson Life ebb'd out upon the Ground.
Shiv'ring Death crept cold along his Veins.
A gloomy Night o'erwhelms his dying Eyes,
And his disdainful Soul from his pale Bofom flies.
He stagger's round, his Eye-balls roll in Death,
And with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath
A hov'ring Mift came swimming o'er his Sight,
And seal'd his Eyes in everlasting Night.
The lingering Soul th'unwelcom Doom receives,
And murm'ring with Disdain the beauteous Body leaves.
He fetch'd his Breath in Sobs and double Sighs,
And often strove, but strove in vain, to rife:
His Eyes, defrauded of their vital Ray,
Labour for Life, and catch the flying Day:
From the wide Wound a purple River flows,
And Life departs in strong convulsive Throes.
Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping Head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and sought the Light,
And having found it, sicken'd at the Sight;
And clos'd her Lids at last in endless Night.
The struggling Soul was loos'd, and Life disbl'y'd in Air.

Dryd. Virg.

A gath'ring Mift o'erclouds her cheerful Eyes,
And from her Cheeks the rosy Colour flies:
He swims before her Sight,
Inexorable Death, and claims his Right.
She stagger's in her Seat with agonizing Pains;
Dying, her open'd Hand forsakes the Reins,
Short and more short the pants; by slow Degrees
Her Mind the Passage from her Body frees:

She
She drops her Sword, she nods her plummy Crest,
Her drooping Head declining on her Breast:
In the last Sigh her struggling Soul expires,
And murm'ring with Dildain to Stygian Sounds retires. Dr. Virg.
And Life at length forsook her heaving Heart,
Loath from so sweet a Mansion to depart. Dryd. Virg.

A deadly Cold has froze the Blood;
The pliant Limbs grow stiff, and lose their Use,
And all the animating Fire is quench'd.
Ev'n Beauty too is dead: An ashly Pale
Grows o'er the Roses; the red Lips have loft
Their fragrant Hue, for want of that sweet Breath,
That blest'd 'em with its Odours, as it pass'd. Row. Tamerl.

This was his last: For Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below, his Iron Reign.
Then upward to the Seat of Life he goes;
Sence fled before him; what he touch'd, he froze:
Yet could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,
The'ls and I'ls of Emily he saw.
So, speechless for a little Space he lay,
Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul away. Dryd.

More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt: (Pat. & Arc.
She half pronounce'd your Name with her last Breath,
And bury'd half within her. Dryd. All for Love.

Oh she is gone! the talking Soul is mute:
She's hush'd: No Voice, no Musick now is heard:
The Bow'r of Beauty is more still than Death.
The Roses fade; and the melodious Bird,
That wak'd their Sweets, has left'em now for ever. Lee Alex.

She's out: The Damp of Death has quench'd her quite;
Those spicy Doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd,
Which never Gale of Life shall open more. Lee Mitrid.

He breathes short,
The Taper's spent, and this is his last Blaze.
His snowy Neck reclines upon his Breast,
Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppress'd:
Like a white Poppy sinking on the Plain,
Whose heavy Head is over-charg'd with Rain. Dryd. Virg.
Dying of Old Age.

Of no Dis temperament, of no Blaft he dy'd,
But fell, like Autumn Fruit, that mellow'd long;
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for Fourscore Years,
Yet freshlly ran he on Ten Winters more;
Till, like a Clock, worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

Lee Oedip.
D E-
DEFORMITY.

His livid Eyes, retreated from the Day,
Deep in their hollow Orbits bury'd lay:
His Back-bone, starting out, drew in his Breast;
This Shoulders elevated, that depress'd:
And his foul Chin his odious Boisom pres'd.
Long little Legs, such has the stalking Crane,
His short ill-figur'd Body did sustain.

Why, Love renounce'd me in my Mother's Womb,
And for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink my Arm thus like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where fits Deformity to mock my Body;
To shape my Legs of an unequal Size,
To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,
That carries no Impressio like the Dam.  

Nature herself start back when thou wert born,
And cry'd the Work's not mine.
The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy Mountain-Back, and thy distorted Legs,
Thy Face it self
Half minted with the royal Stamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beast, she doubted long
Whose Right in thee were more;
And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames
Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame; if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a Mold? Yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
Unable to resist, and rumpled 'em
On Heaps in their dark Lodging; to revenge
Her bungled Work, the stamp'd my Mind more fair;
And as from Chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods struck Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the Sky; so the inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making less than Man, she made me more.

No! thou art all one Error, Soul and Body!
The first young Tryal of some unskill'd Pow'r,
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of Love.
Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,
And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen.
Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,
And wander'd in thy Limbs: Thou Blot of Nature!
Thou Enemy of Eyes! Excruciscence of a Man!

—Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.
DEGENERATE.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,
Or Fate's Decree, degenerate still to worse.  Dryd. Virg.
Time sensibly all things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next Age will see
A Race more profligate, than we,
With all the Pains we take, have Skill enough to be. Ros. Hor.
The Wicked, when compar'd with the more Wicked,
Look beautiful; and not to be the worst
Stands in some Rank of Praise. Shak. K. Lear.

DE L U G E.
Mean while the South-Wind Rose, and with black Wings,
Wide-hov'ring, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n: The Hills, to their Supply,
Vapour and Exhalation dust and moist
Sent up amain: And now the thick'en'd Sky,
Like a dark Cieling, flood: Down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was seen: The floating Vessel swam
Up-lifted; and secure, with beaked Prow,
Rode titling o'er the Waves: All Dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their Pomp,
Deep under Water roll'd: Sea cover'd Sea:
Sea without Shore! and in their Palaces,
Where Luxury lately reign'd, Sea-Monsters whelp'd,
And stabled: Of Mankind, so num'rous late,
All left, in one small Bottom swam imbank'd.

Th'expanded Waters gather on the Plain,
They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain:
Then, rushing onwards, with a sweepy Sway,
Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away:
Nor safe their Dwellings were; for, sip'd by Floods,
Their Houses fell upon their Housholds Gods.
The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their Heads, behold a watry Wall.
Now Seas and Earth were in Confusion loft:
A World of Waters, and without a Coast.
One climbs a Cliff, one in his Boat is born,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.
Others o'er Chimney-Tops and Turrets row,
And drop their Anchors on the Meads below:
Or downward driven, bruife the tender Vine;
Or toss aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.
And where of late the Kids had cropt the Grass,
The Monsters of the Deep now take their Place.
Insulting Nereids on the Cities ride,
And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide;
On Leaves and Maids of mighty Oaks they browse;
And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.
The frightened Wolf now swims among the Sheep;
The yellow Lion wanders in the Deep:
His rapid Force no longer helps the Boar,
The Stag swims faster than he ran before:
The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain;
Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.
Now Hills and Vales no more Distinction know,
And level'd Nature lies oppress'd below.

DESPAIR.

Despair, whose Torments no Men sure
But Lovers and the Damned endure.
Despair of Life the Means of Living shews.
We, when our Fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest Course;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best Defence, Despair.
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest Streights;
And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
By being courageously out-brav'd:
As Wounds by other Wounds are heal'd;
And Poysons by themselves expel'd.

Despair, attended with her ghastly Train,
Anguish, Confusion, Horror, howling Pain,
Shall at her hideous Army's Head advance,
And shake against his Breast her bloody Lance;
Shall draw her Troops of Terreur in Array,
Must her Griefs, and horrid War display:
As Kings for Fight their warlike Ranks dispose;
So shall she range her thick embattel'd Woes.

He makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair:
He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no Use
Of any thing but Thoughts; or if he talks
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving;
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth
Into a scornful Smile.

Dryd. All for Love.

Now cold Despair
To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red;
His B'od, scarce liquid, creeps within his Veins,
Like Water which the freezing Wind constrains.

He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,
Be roar'd, he beat his Breast, before his Hair;

Dry.
Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,
For, wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears.
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Bereft of Sleep, he loaths his Meat and Drink;
He withers at the Heart, and looks as wan
As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man;
That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives
The faded Hue of sapless boxen Leaves.
In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone;
Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasures shares,
But sighs when Songs and Instruments he hears.
His Spirits are so low his Voice is drownd,
He hears as from afar, or in a Swound;
Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound.
Uncomb'd his Locks, and squalid his Attire;
Unlike the Trim of Love or gay Desire:
But full of museful Mopings, which presage

I'm here! and thus the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart!
And I in Hell! Nay sureley 'tis so with me;
For ev'ry Step I tread, methinksome Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how desp'rate Wretches, like my self,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night,
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walks:
Sure I'm so curft, that tho' of Heav'n forfaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me.

Beneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
I'll spend this Voice in Cries,
In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,
By Love so vainly fed:
So Lust of old the Deluge punished.
When Thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no Words but Never and In vain!
Never! Alas, that dreadful Name,
Which fuels the eternal Flame!
Never my Time to come must waste!

In vain torments the Present and the Past!
Then down I laid my Head,
Down on cold Earth, and for a while was dead,
And my freed Soul to a strange somewhere fled.
Ah! fottish Soul, said I,
When back to its Cage again I saw it fly:

Fool
Fool! to resume her broken Chain,
And row her Galley here again!
Fool to that Body to return,
Where it condemn'd, and destin'd is to burn!  

My sad Soul
Has form'd a dismal melancholy Scene;
Such a Retreat as I would wish to find:
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesom Shade
Ravens and Birds ill-o'men'd only dwell:
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That bubbling winds among the Weeds: No Mark
Of any human Shape that had been there;
Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by Love undone,
Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in.  

Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where Print of human Feet was never seen;
O'ergrown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds;
Beneath whose ven'mous Shade I may have vent
For Horror that would blast the barb'rous World.  

There let me groan my Horrors on the Earth,
There bellow out my utmost Gale,
There sob my Sorrows till I burst with sighing,
There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul.

This Pomp of Horror
Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul;
Here's Room for Meditation ev'n to Madness,
Till the Mind burst with thinking.

I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature,
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all:
Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene;
Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak,
I lean my Head upon the mossy Bark,
And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it.
My uncom'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary Face: The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their Thirst while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.  

There is a stupid Weight upon my Senses,
A dismal sullen Stillness, that succeeds
The Storm of Rage and Grief; like silent Death
After the Tumult and the Noise of Life.
Would it were Death, (as sure 'tis wondrous like it)
For I am sick of living; my Soul's pall'd.
She kindles not with Anger or Revenge; Love was th'informing active Fire within, Now that is quench'd the Masf forgets to move; And longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth. Row. Fair Pen.

And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death. Les Theol.

For cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom, There's nothing in this World can make me Joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told Tale, Vexing the dull Ear of a drowsy Man. Shak. K. John.

Oh I have Cause to curfe my Life, my Being; To curfe each Morn, each chearful Morn that dawns With healing Comfort, on its balmy Wings, To ev'ry wretched Creature but my Self;

To me it brings more Pain and iterated Woes. Row. Ulyss.

My Life's a Load, encumber'd with the Charge, I long to set th'imprison'd Soul at large. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

For I, the moft forlorn of human kind, Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find; But doom'd to drag my loathful Life in Care, For my Reward must end it in Despair.

Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates, That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates; Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand, can eafe my Grief: Nothing but Death, the Wretches last Relief.

Thef farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell With Youth and Life; and Life it felf farewell. Dryd. Pal. & Arc. (Arc.

Olive here in Solitude he found, Her down-cast Eyes fixt on the silent Ground; Her Drefs neglect'd, and unbound her Hair; She feem'd the mournful Image of Despair.

But furious Dido, with dark Thoughts involv'd, Shook at the mighty Mifchief the revolv'd: With livid Spots distinguish'd was her Face; Red were her rowling Eyes, and discompos'd her Pace:

Ghastly the gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath, And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death. Dryd. Virg.

Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me, and my Miferies together? Oh Belvidera! I'm the wretchedft Creature E'er crawl'd on Earth. Now, if thouft Virtue, help me; Take me into thy Arms, and fpeak the Words of Peace To my divifed Soul that wars within me, And raisestev'r Sense to my Confufion.

By Heav'n, I'm tottering on the very Brink Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left: Do thou at leaft, with charitable Goodnefs, Assist me in the Pangs of my Affiictions. Ow. Pen. Pres.

Could it
Could’st thou but think how I have spent the Night,
Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,
Thou wouldst not, Belviders, sure thou wouldst not
Talk to me thus; but like a pitying Angel,
Spreading thy Wings, come gentle on my Breast,
And hatch warm Comforts there, e’er Sorrows freeze it.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
Haft thou been talking with that Witch, the Night?
On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch’d along,
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment,
Vow an eternal Misery together.
And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?
Never grow fond of cheerful Peace again?
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
And find our Ways how to increase Afflictions?
We’ll institute new Arts, unknown before,
To vary Plagues, and make ’em look like new ones.

Then let’s together,
Full of our Guilt distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched Pair, expel’d their Paradise:
Let’s find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsom and venomous; where Poisons hang,
Like Gums against the Walls: Where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon some pamper’d Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we’ll inhabit,
And live up to the Height of Desperation:
Desire shall languish, like a with’ring Flow’r;
And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of:
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms,
And I’ll no more be caught with Beauty’s Charms;
} But when I’m dying, take me in thy Arms. Otw. Orph.

All Hope of Succour but from thee is past.
As when upon the Sands the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow short, he mends his weary Pace,
While Death behind him covers all the Place:
So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu’d,
Which on each other are like Waves renew’d. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

DEVIL. See Hell, Rage.

DEVOTION.
Devotion is the Love we pay to Heav’n. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
Devotion! that oft binds th’Almighty’s Arms,
And with her Pray’rs and Tears, her pow’rful Charms,
Of all its Thunder his right Hand disarms.
She passes quick Heav’n’s lofty crystal Walls,
And the high Gates fly open when the calls;
Her Pow’r can sentenc’d Criminals reprieve,
Judgment arrest, and bid the Rebel live.
Her Voice did once the Sun’s swift Chariot stay,
And on the Verge of Heav’n, held back the falling Day.
She makes contentious Winds forget their Strife,
And calls back to the Dead departed Life.
Charm’d by her Voice, Rivers have stop’d their Course,
And the chill’d Fire laid down its burning Force.

Devotion in Distress

Such on Eurasta’s Banks, or Cynthia’s Height,
Diana seems, and so she charms the Sight,
When in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads
The Quire of Nymphs, and over-tops their Heads.
Known by her Quiver and her lofty Mien,
She walks majestick, and she looks their Queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast.    Dryd. Virg.

Diana thus on Cynthia’s shady Top,
Or by Eurasta’s Stream, leads to the Chase
Her Virgin Train: A Thousand lovely Nymphs,
Of Form celestial all, troop by her Side;
Amidst a Thousand Nymphs the Goddess stands confest,
In Beauty, Majesty, and Port Divine,
Supreme and eminent.

The graceful Goddess was array’d in Green;
About her Feet were little Beagles seen,
That watch’d with upward Eyes, the Motions of the Queen.
Her Legs were buskin’d, and the Left before,
In act to shoot: A silver Bow the bore,
And at her Back a painted Quiver wore.
She trod a wexing Moon, that soon would wane,
And drinking borrow’d Light, be fill’d again.
With down-caft Eyes, as seeming to survey

O Goddess, Haunter of the Wood-land Green,
To whom both Heav’n, and Earth, and Seas are seen;
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year
Thy silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy Sphere;
Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts:

Thy
Thy Vot'ress from my tender Years, I am,
And love, like thee, the Wood's and Sylvan Game.
Thou, Goddess, by thy triple Shape art seen
In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

DISCORD.

Far on th'Infernal Frontiers, near the Shore
On which th'insulting Waves of Chaos roar;
There stands a high and craggy Cliff, that braves
The neigh'ring Tempefts, and tumultuous Waves.
On this sharp Rock does the dire Fiend remain,
Bound with a vast, unwieldy, brazen Chain.
Her hideous Yells the gloomy Deep affright,
And interrupt the Peace of lone'some Night.

A Thousand horrid Mouths the Monster show'd,
And each had Twenty Tongues, all fierce and loud:
Her bloody Jaws did her lean Limbs devour,
And from her Wounds she drank the flowing Gore.
With her sharp Claws she did her Entrails tear,
And from her Head pull'd off her snaky Hair.
The Breath she breath'd did with a fearful Sound
Make Storms and Whirlwinds in the Air around.
Her glaring, fierce, misplaced, distorted Eyes,
Like adverse Meteors flaming in the Skies,
Their fiery Orbs against each other turn'd,
Tremendous in their bloody Circles burn'd.

Round her soul Waste a Thousand Monsters rag'd,
A dreadful Sight! in endless Strife engag'd.
These all each other and their Parent tear,
And rend her Bowels with eternal War.
Raving and reflects on the Rock the turn'd,
And with her Feet her mafty Fetters spurn'd.
Discord ever haunts with hideous Mien,
Those dire Abodes where Hymen once has been:

DISDAIN. See Scorn.

Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round,
She fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;
And what he says and swears regards no more
Than the deaf Rocks when the loud Billows roar:

Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her Eyes,

Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath,
Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to Death:
No Signs of Pity in his Face appear:
Cramm'd with his Pride, he leaves no Room within,
For Sighs to issue out, or Love to enter in.

Still to weep and still complain,
Does but more provoke Disdain.
Disdain and Love succeed by Turns,
One freezes me, and t'other burns.
Away, fond Love, thou Foe to Rest?

Give Hate the full Possession of my Breast.
Hate is the nobler Passion far,
When Love is ill repaid;
For at one Blow it ends the War,

DISEASES. See Infirmary.

Nigh the Recedes of Chaos and dull Night,
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannick Sway,
In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove;
Yawns a dark Cave most formidably wide,
And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd.
Confus'd and wildly huddled to the Eye,
The Beggari's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye:
Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow,
Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-flow.
Old mould'ring Urns, pale Fear, and dark Distress
Make up the frightful Horror of the Place.
Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.

Febre is first; the Hag relentless bears
The Virgin's Sighs, and sees the Infant's Tears.
In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign,
And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.
Then Hydro next appears amongst the Throng,
Bloaten and big, the slowly fails along:
But, like a Miser, in Excess he's poor,
And pines for Thrift amidst his wat'ry Store.
Now loathsom Lepra, that offensivé Spright,
With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight:
She's deaf to Beauty's soft perfwading Pow'r,
Nor can bright Habe's Charms her Bloom secure.
Whilst meagre Phtisis gives a silent Blow,
Her Strokes are sure, but her Advances slow:
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shewn;
She harves the Fortress first, then takes the Town.
Behind flood Crowds of more inferior Fame,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Gar.

When raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood:
And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er.
Before the curing of a strong Disease,
Even in the Instant of Repair and Health,
The Fit is strongest: Evils that take Leave,
On their Departure most of all shew Evil.

And where the greater Malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt: When the Mind's free
The Body's delicate. The Tempest in my Mind
Does from my Senses take all Feeling else,
Save what beats there:

Disease, thou ever most propitious Pow'r,
Whose kind Indulgences we taste each Hour;
Thou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,
But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains:
To you such Might and Energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple Conquerour in Chains you bind,
And are to us Physicians only kind.
And in return all Diligence we pay,
To fix your Empire and confirm your Sway.

DISPUTE.
'Tis strange how some Mens Tempers suit,
Like Bawd and Brandy, with Dispute;
That for their own Opinion stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaft.
That keep their Consciences in Cages,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bafes,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for Argument.
Make true or false, unjust or just,
Of no use but to be discuss'd:
Dispute, and set a Paradox,
Like a strait Boot, upon the Stocks;
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Moutagne, White, or Tally.
And when Disputes are wearied out,
Tis Interest still resolves the Doubt.
Disputants, like Rams and Bulls,
Do fight with Arms that spring from Skulls.

WHY, I can smile, and murther while I smile,
And cry Content to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all Occasions.

Now we must shew a Master-piece indeed;
To meet the Man whom we would make an End of,
Ev'n at that Time when mortal War's within,
When the Blood boils and blushes to be at him;
Yet then to shew the Signs of heartiest Love,
To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to swear.  
(of Par.  
Let Meff.
Thou shalt not break yet, Heart, nor shall she know
My inward Torment by my outward Show:
To let her see my Weakness were too base;
Dissembled Quiet sit upon my Face:
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.
Falsehood shall want its Triumph! I begin
To stagger, but I'll prop my self within:
The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.
(Dryd. Aenea.
These Words he spoke, but spoke not from his Heart;
His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart.
Dryd. Virg.
Dissembling Hope, her cloudy Front she clears,
And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears.
Dryd. Virg.
In vain you soothe me with your soft Endearments,
And set the fairest Countenance to view;
Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadness,
And inward Languishing: That Oracle
Eats, like a subtle Worm, its venom'd Way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core;
How'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely.
Lee Oedip.
Unburt, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with my Pain;
But now I feel the mighty Evil:
Ah there's no fooling with the Devil!
So wanton Men, while they would others fright,
Themselves have met a real Spright.
Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,
I nam'd but for the Rhyme or the Conceit;
Nor meant my Verse should raise'd be,
To this sad Fame of Prophecy.
Truth gives a dull Propriety to my Stile,
And all the Metaphors does spoil.
In things where Fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.
The Play at first a Truth does grow,
And Custom into Nature go.
By this curt Art of Begging, I became
Lame, with counterfeiting Lame.
My Lines of amorous Deire
I wrote to kindle and blow others Fire;
And 'twas a barbarous Delight
My Fancy promis'd from the Sight:
But
But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I
My burning Bull the first do try.

D I S S E N S I O N.

Diffusions, like small Streams, at first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.

D O G S. See Hunting.
D O L P H I N.

As when a Dolphin sports upon the Tide,
Displays his Beauties and his scaly Pride;
His various-colour'd Arch adorns the Flood,
Like a bright Rainbow in a wat'ry Cloud:
He from the Billows leaps with game from Strife;
Wanton with Vigour and immod'rate Life.

The Dolphins in the Deep each other chase.
In Circles, when they swim around the wat'ry Race.

D O U B T.

Doubt's the worst Tyrant of a gen'rous Mind,
The Coward's ill, who dares not meet his Fate,
And ever doubting to be fortunate,
Falls to the Wretchedness his Fears create.

Oh how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!
My Thoughts, like Birds, who frightened from their Rest,
Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter, and hardly settle any more.

Floating in a Flood of Care,
This Way and that he turns his anxious Mind,
Thinks and rejects the Counsel he design'd:
Explores himself in vain in ev'ry Part,
And gives no Rest to his distrest Heart.

For various Thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward Man to jumble.
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the suddain,
And with a serious Forehead plodding.
Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said:
Quoth he, in all my past Adventures
I ne'er was fet so on the Tenters,
Or taken tardy with Dilemma,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable Doubt,
Befets my puzzled Wits about.

Doubt is some Ease to those who fear the worst. Dryd. Sta. of
D O V E.

As when a Dove her rocky Hold forlakes;
Rowz'd in a Fright, her sounding Wings she shakes:

The
The Cavern rings with clat'tring; out the flies,
And leaves her callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;
At first the flutters, but at length the springs,
To smoother Flight, and shoots upon her Wings. Dryd. Vrg.

D R E A M S.

Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes,
When Monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes;
Compounds a Medley of disjointed things,
A Court of Coblers, and a Mob of Kings:
Light Fumes are merry, groser Fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable Soul run mad;
And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see;
That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Ruth forward in the Brain, and come to mind;
The Nurse's Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,
The Night restores our Actions done by Day;
As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey.
In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a Piece,
Chimeras all, and more absurd or less. Dryd. The Cock and the Fox.

All Dreams

Are from Repletion and Complexion bred,
From rising Fumes of indigested Food,
And noxious Humours that infect the Blood.
When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
Of Flames, and all the Family of Red:
Red Dragons and red Beasts in Sleep we view,
For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.
From hence we dream of War and warlike things,
And Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings.
Choler adult congeals our Blood with Fear,
Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils teas.
In sanguin airy Dreams aloft we bound;
With Rheums oppress'd, we sink in Rivers drown'd. (Fox.)
The dominating Humour makes the Dream. Dn. the Cock and the Fox.

When heavy Sleep has clos'd the Sight;
And sickly Fancy labours in the Night;
We seem to run, and destitute of Force,
Our sinking Limbs for sake us in the Course:
In vain we heave for Breath, in vain we cry;
The Nerves unbrac'd their usual Strength deny.
And on the Tongue the fault'ring Accents die.
Dryd. Vrg.

As one, who in some frightful Dream would shun
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries and tender Groans. Dryd.
His idle Feet (Cong. of Gran.
Grow to the Ground; his struggling Voice dies inward. Dryd.
As he, who in a Dream with Drouth is curs’d, (Troil. & Cres.
And finds no real Drink to quench his Thirst,
Runs to imagin’d Lakes his Heat to steep,
And vainly swills, and labours in his Sleep. Dryd. Lucr.
A Dream o’ertook me at my waking Hour
This Morn; and Dreams they say are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal’d,
And some o’erpow’ring God continues Sleep. Dryd. Don Seb.

DRINKING. See Bowl, Silenus.
Crown high the Goblets with a cheerful Draught;
Enjoy the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought. Dr. Virg.
They brim their ample Bowls.

Fill high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood.
Indulge thy Genius, and o’er-flow thy Soul,
Till thy Wit sparkle like the cheerful Bowl.
The flowing Bowl

With a full Tide inlarg’d his cheerful Soul.
Make Hastie to meet the generous Wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay’d,
The rosy Wreath is ready made,
And artful Hands prepare
The fragrant Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.
When the Wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur’d Friend cries, come away:
Make Hastie, and leave thy Bus’ness and thy Care;
No mortal Int’rest can be worth thy Stay. Dryd. Hor.
Here’s to thee, Dick, this whining Love despeire,
Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou art wise;
It sparkles brighter far than she;
’Tis pure, and right without Deceit,
And such no Woman e’er will be,
No! they are all sophisticate!

Here’s to thee again: Thy senseless Sorrow drown’d,
Let the Glass walk till all Things too go round:
Again: Till these Two Lights are Four:
No Errors here can dang’rous prove;
Thy Passion, Man, deceives thee more:
None double see like Men in Love.

Fill the Bowl with rosy Wine:
Around our Temples Roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the Wine, and Roses, smile.
Crown’d with Roses we contemn
Gyges wealthy Diadem.

To
To Day is ours! what do we fear?
To Day is ours! we have it here!
Let's treat it kindly, that it may,
With at least with us to stay.
Let's banish Bus'ness, banish Sorrow,
To the Gods belongs To-morrow.

Underneath this Myrtle Shade,
On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,
With od'rous Oils my Head o'er-flowing,
And around it Roses growing,
What should I do, but drink away,
The Heat and Trouble of the Day?
In this more than Kingly State,
Love himself shall on me wait:
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up,
And mingled, cast into the Cup,
Wit, and Mirth, and noble Fires,
Vig'rous Health, and gay Desires.
The Wheel of Life no lefs will stay,
In a smooth than rugged Way:
Since it equally does fly,
Let the Motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious Ointments show',
Noble Wines why do we pour,
Beauteous Flow'rs why do we spread,
On the Monuments of the Dead?
Nothing they but Duft can show,
Or Bones that haunt to be so:
Crown me with Roses whilst I live:
Now your Wines and Ointments give:
After Death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my Pleasures have;
All are Stoicks in the Grave.

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
The Plants Lick in the Earth, and are
By constant Drinking, fresh and fair:
The Sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of Drink,
Drinks Ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup,
The busy Sun, and one would guess,
By's drunken fiery Face no lefs,
Drinks up the Sea, and when h'a's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own Light,
They drink and revel all the Night.

Nothing
Nothing in Nature's sober sound,
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high;
Fill all the Glasses there; for why
Should ev'ry Creature drink but I?
Why, Man of Morals, tell me why?\{Cowl. Anc\}.
A thirsty Soul!

He took the Challenge and embrac'd the Bowl;
With Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the Bottom of the Brimmer saw.\{Dryd. Virg.\}

He crown'd a Bowl, unbid;
The laughing Nestor over-look'd the Lid:
The Reconciler-Bowl went round the Board,
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.
The Feast continu'd till declining Light,
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd; and then 'twas Night.
Drunken at last, and drowsy, they depart
Each to his House.

The thund'ring God,
Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and had his Load;
His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his Side.\{Dryd. Hom.\}

The Vapours to their swimming Brains advance,
And double Tapers on the Tables dance.
Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
Jocund, and free, and swell the Feast with Mirth.
The sprightly Bowl shall cheerfully go round;
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise:
Losses and Disappointments, Cares and Poverty,
The rich Man's Insolence, and great Man's Scorn;
In Wine shall be forgotten all. To Morrow
Will be too soon, to think and to be wretched.\{Row. Fair Pen.\}

Come to the Banquet all,
And revel out the Day, 'tis my Command:
Gay as the Persian God our self will stand,
With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted Hand:
Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
While antick Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and Bellona join to make us Musick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams. Speak the big Voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasures
In Bowls of Nectar and replying Thunder.\{Lee Alex.\}
Hard are the Laws of Love's despotic Rule,
And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain.
Crown we the Goblet then, and call on Bacchus,
Bacchus, the jolly God of laughing Pleasures.
Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake;
Apollo's Lyre and Hermes tuneful Shell.
Let Wine and Mufick join to swell the Triumph,
To soothe uneasy Thought, and lull Desire.

ROW. U/ff.

D R U M.

It is the Trumpet and the Drum
That make the Warrior's Stomach come;
Who's Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar:
For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?
Hud.

D U E L. See Gauntletts.

Now at the Time, and in th' appointed Place,
The Challenger and Challeng'd, Face to Face,
Approach: Each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.
So stands the Thracian Herdsman with his Spear,
Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear;
And hears him ruffling in the Wood, and sees
His Course at Distance by the bending Trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal Enemy,
And either he must fall in fight or I.
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart,
A gen'rous Chillness seizes ev'ry Part;
The Veins pour back the Blood and fortify the Heart.
Thus pale they meet, their Eyes with Fury burn;
None greets, for none the Greeting will return;
But in dumb Sulphineess, each arm'd with Care,
His Foe profess'd, as Brother of the War.
Then both, no Moment loit', at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:
They lash, they soil, they pass, they strive to bore
Their Corslets, and the thinnest Parts explore.
Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood;
And wounded wound, till both were bath'd in Blood;
And not a Foot of Ground had either got,
As if the World depended on that Spot.
Fell Arcite, like an angry Tyger, far'd,
And like a Lion Palamen appear'd;

Or as two Boars whom Love to Battel draws,
With rising Bristles and with frothy Jaws,
Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they wound,
With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around:

So
So fought the Knights;
In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow;
Like Light'ning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,
And 'tis a dreadful Gleam: So strong they strook,
There seem'd left Force requir'd to fell an Oak. Dryd. Pal. &
(sic)

Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar
They view, and rushing on begin the War:
They launch their Spears, then Hand to Hand they meet;
The trembling Soil resounds beneath their Feet.
Their Bucklers clash, thick Blows descend from high;
And Flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.
Such was the Combat in the lifted Ground,
So Clash their Swords, and so their Shields resound.
Rais'd on the Stretch, young Turnus aims a Blow
Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe;
But all in Pieces flies the Traytor Sword,
And in the Middle struck, deserts its Lord;
The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand,
The shiver'd Fragments shone amid the Sand.
Surpriz'd with Fear, he fled along the Field,
And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd.
Ten times already round the lifted Place,
One Chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the Chase.

One more erect the Rival Chiefs advance,
One trusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance;
And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal Chance.

Turnus then trembling view'd the thund'ring Chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly Lance:
Amaz'd he cow's beneath his conqu'ring Foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming Blow:
Astonish'd while he stands, and six'd with Fear,
Aim'd at his Shield he sees th'impending Spear.

The Heroe measur'd first with narrow View
The destin'd Mark; and rising as he threw,
With its full Swing the fatal Weapon flew.
Not with less Rage the rattling Thunder falls,
Or Stones from batt'ring Engines break the Walls.
Swift as a Whirlwind from an Arm so strong;
The Lance drove on, and bore the Death along.
Nought could his seven-fold Shield the Prince avail,
Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail;
It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grievely Wound
Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to Ground:
Thus low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid,
With Eyes cast upward, and with Arms display'd. Dryd. Virg.

K a  D U N G E O N.
DUNGEON.

Them to a Dungon's Depth I sent, both bound,
Where, tow'd with Snakes and Adders, now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds, flipp'ry with Ooze and Slime.
The Rats brushe o'er their Faces with their Tails,
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs. Dryd. K. Arch.

E A G L E. See Nature.

In the fiery Traicts above,

Appears in Pomp th'imperial Bird of Jove:
A Plump of Fowl he spies that swim the Lakes,
And o'er their Heads his founding Pinions shakes;
Then flooping on the fairest of the Train,
In his strong Talons tru's'd a siluer Swah:
But while he lags, and labours in his Flight,
Behold the daffard Fowl return anew,
And with united Force the Foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal Hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a Cloud, o'er-shade the Sky;
They cuff, they scratch, they crost his airy Course,
Nor can th'incumber'd Bird sustaine their Force;
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous Prey,
And lighten'd of his Burthen wings his Way. Dryd. Virg.

Thus on some siluer Swan or tim'rous Hare,
Jove's Bird comes fouling down from upper Air;
Her crooked Talons tru's the fearful Prey,
Then out of Sight she soars, and wings her Way. Dryd. Virg.

So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky,
Fast'ning his crooked Talons on the Prey,
The Pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid Way;
Refits the royal Hawk, and tho' oppress'd,
She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest:
Turn'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale,
And shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.
Against the Victor all Defence is weak,
Th'imperial Bird still plies her with her Beak;
He tears her Bowels, and her Breast he gores,
Then claps his Pinions, and securely soars. Dryd. Virg.

So the Eagle,

That bears the Thunder of our Grand sire Jove;
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
Forfake the Neft, to try his tender Pinions
In the wide untrack'd Air; till bolder grown,
Now like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold
He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;
Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,

Bears
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain, 
Writhing his spry Tail. [Spoke by Ulysses.]
So the imperial Eagle does not stay
Till the whole Carcass he devour,
That's fall'n into his Pow'r;
As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,
That he can never want Plenty of Food:
He only sucks the tasteful Blood,
And to fresh Game flies cheerfully away,
To Kites and meager Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.  

E A R T H Q U A K E.

Earth felt the Wound, and Nature, from her Seat,
Sighing, thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe.
As when pent Vapours run their hollow Round,
Earthquakes, which are Convulsions of the Ground,
Break bell-wing forth, and no Confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook.
So the pent Vapours, with a rumbling Sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow Ground:
A founding Flaw succeeds, and from on high
The Gods with Hate behold the nether Sky.
The Ghosts repine at violated Night,
And curse th'invading Sun, and ficken at the Sight.

E C H O.

Tir'd with the rough Denials of my Pray'r
From that hard She whom I obey,
I come, and find a Nymph much gentler here,
That gives Consent to all I say.
Ah! gentle Nymph, who lik'd so well
In hollow solitary Caves to dwell,
Her Heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me to.
Complaining Nymph! who dost thus kindly share
In Griefs whose Cause thou dost not know;
Had'st thou but Eyes as well as Tongue and Ear,
How much Compassion wouldst thou shew!
Thy Flame, whilst living, or a Flow'r,
Was of less Beauty, and less ravishing Pow'r:
Alas! I might as easily
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.
By repercussion Beams ingender Fire;
Shapes by Reflexion Shapes beget;
The Voice at first, when stop'd, does back retire,
And a new Voice is made by it.
Thus things by Opposition
The Gainers grow: My barren Love alone

K 3

Does
Does from her stony Breast rebound,
Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.

He forc'd the Valleys to repeat
The Accents of his sad Regret;
And Echo from the hollow Ground
His doleful Wailings did resound;
More wilfully by many times,
Than in small Poets play-foot Rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthless Stories,
To answer to Inter'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.

Echo in others Words her Silence breaks,
Speechless her self but when another speaks:
She can't begin, but waits for the Rebound,
To catch his Voice and to return the Sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter Tone,
With mimick Sounds, and Speeches not her own.

The silver Moon is all o'er Blood:
A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face;
A vast Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet.
Sound there, found all our Instruments of War,
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.
Shorn of his Beams, the Sun
In dim Eclipse disastrous Twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with Fear of Change
Perplexes Monarchs.

Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day
On either Side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by second Nature prone.

While thy moist Clay is pliant to Command,
Unwrought, and easy to the Potter's Hand;
Now take the Mold, now bend thy Mind to feel
The first sharp Motions of the forming Wheel,
Souldierly Education.

Strong from the Cradle, of a sturdy Brood,
We bear our new-born Infants to the Flood;

There
There, bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,
With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold:
They wake before the Day to range the Wood,
Kill e'er they eat, nor taste unconquer'd Food.
No Sports but what belong to War they know,
To break the stubborn Colt, to bend the Bow:
Our Youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread,
Always at work, with frugal Diet fed;
From Ploughs and Harrows sent to seek Renown,
They fight in Fields, and storm the shaken Town.
No Part of Life from Toils of War is free;
No Change in Age, or Diff'rence in Degree:
We plough and till in Arms; our Oxen feel,
Instead of Goads, the Spur and pointed Steel.
Thinverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain:
Our Helms defend the Young, disguise the Grey,
We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey.

Elder Brother.

Is not the Elder
By Nature pointed out for Preference?
Is not his Right enroll'd among those Laws
Which keep the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order?
Ask those thou nam'dst but now what made them Lords?
What Titles had they had, if Merit only
Could have conferr'd a Right? if Nature had not
Strove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first,
And stamp't the noble Mark of Eldership
Upon their base Metal?

Birthright's a vulgar Road to kingly Sway.
'Tis e'very dull-got elder Brother's Way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne,
Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon;
Heav'n's Choice! a low, inglorious, rightful Drone!

My Claim to her by Eldership I prove.

Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit my Claim,
But will preferve the Birthright of my Paffion.

Elements.

For this eternal World is said of old,
But four prolific Principles to hold;
Four diff'rent Bodies: Two to Heav'n ascend,
And other two down to the Centre tend:
Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky.
Then Air, because unclog'd in empty Space,
Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place;
But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,
Lies on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth subsides:
All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again.
Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,
The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar,
Spreads as the flies, and weary of her Name,
Extenuates still, and changes into Flame.
Thus having by Degrees Perfusion won,
Reflies, they soon untwist the Web they spun;
And Fire begins to loose her radiant Hue,
Mix'd with gros Air, and Air descends to Dew;
And Dew condensing does her Form forego,
And sinks a heavy Lump of Earth below.

The Force of Fire ascends first on high,
And took its Dwelling in the vaulted Sky;
Then Air succeeds, in Lightness next to Fire,
Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire;
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous Throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unweildy Seeds along:
About her Coasts unruly Waters roar,
And, rising on a Ridge, insult the Shoar.

The verdant Fields with those of Heav'n may vie,
With Æther vested, and a purple Sky.
The blissful Seats of happy Souls below;
Stars of their own, and their own Sun they know.
Their airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,
And on the Green contend the Wretchers Prize.
Some in heroidic Verse divinely sing,
Others in artful Measures lead the Ring:
The Chiefs behold their Chariots from afar,
Their shining Arms, and Couriers train'd to War:
Their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,
Free from their Harnefs, graze the flow'ry Ground.
The Love of Horses which they had alive,
And Care of Chariots, after Death survive.
Some cheerful Souls were feasting on the Plain;
Some did the Song, and some the Choir maintain.
Here Patriots live, who for their Countries Good,
In fighting Fields were prodigal of Blood.
Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode,
And Poets worthy their inspiring God.
And searching Wits of more mechanick Parts,
Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.
Those who to Worth their Bounty did extend,
And those who knew that Bounty to commend:
The Heads of these, which holy Fillets bound,
And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.
In no fix'd Place the happy Souls reside;
In Groves they live, and lie on mossy Beds,
By crystal Streams that murmur thro' the Meads. **Dryd. Virg.**

There in the Lands of unexhausted Light,
O'er which the God-like Sun's unwearied Sight
Ne'er winks in Clouds, or sleeps in Night.
An endless Spring of Age the Good enjoy:
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy.
There neither Earth, nor Sea they plow,
Nor ought to Labour owe
For Food, that while it nourishes does decay,
And in the Lamp of Life consumes away.
Soft-footed Winds with tuneful Voices there
Dance thro' the perfum'd Air.
There silver Rivers thro' enamel'd Meadows glide,
And golden Trees enrich their Side.
Th'illustrious Leaves no dropping Autumn fear,
And Jewels for their Fruit they bear;
Which by the Blest are gathered
For Bracelets to the Arm, and Garlands to the Head. **Cow. Pind.**
Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreshing Sweets perfume the Way:
Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide,
And as they pass, their painted Banks they chide.
These blissful Plains no Blights nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here. **Gar.**

**ELOQUENCE.**
Where'er he speaks, Heav'n! how the lift'ning Throng
Dwell on the melting Musick of his Tongue:
His Arguments are th'Eblems of his Mien;
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene:
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,
Here Lightning strikes you, there soft Breezes sigh.

His Tongue
Dropt *Manna*, and could make the worse appear
The better Reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: For his Thoughts were low,
To Vice indiffusious, but to nobler Deeds
Tim'rous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the Ear:
Nectar divine from his heavenly Tongue,
And on his charming Lips Persuasion hung.

**Milt. Blac. He**
He drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue. Dryd. Juv.
Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Fools,
Or Knaves, who use them when they want good Sense:
But Honestly needs no Disguise, nor Ornament. Oth. Orph.
But here bright Eloquence does always smile
In such a choice, yet unaffected Stile,
As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,
The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art:
Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in.
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
As smooth as Woman, but as strong as Man. Norm.

E M B R A C E. See Venus.
Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lie,
And like the Sea about it, I:
Thou like fair Albion to the Sailors Sight,
Spreading her beautesous Bosom all in White;
Like the kind Ocean I will be
With loving Arms for ever clasping thee.
As the luxuriant Tendrils of the Vine,
Around the Elm with wanton Windings twine,
My springing Arms flew round and lock'd in thine. Dem. Ovid.
Eternal Comfort's in thy Arms:
To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease,
Oh my Jocasta! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms,
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever! Let me hold thee
Thus to my Bosom: Ages let me grasp thee,
Life of my Life! and Treasure of my Soul!
Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
I'll break 'em with Jocasta in my Arms:
Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
And at my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room. Lee Oedip.
A. I thought how those white Arms would fold me in
And strain me close, and melt me into Love;
So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprang forwards,
And added all my Strength to ev'ry Blow.
B. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my Embraces;
But when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken Murmurs and tumultuous Sighs,
I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
And
And mark you Red with many an eager Kiss.
A. My brighter Venus!
C. O my greater Mars!
A. Thou joinst us well, my Love!
Suppose me come from the Phlegraean Plains,
Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword,
And Mountain-Tops par’d off each other Blow,
To bury those I flew. Receive me Goddess;
Let Cæsar spread his subtle Nets, like Vulcan.
In thy Embraces I would be beheld
By Heav’n and Earth at once;
And make their Envy what they meant their Sport.
Let those who took us bluff: I would love on
With awful State, regardless of their Frown,
As their superior God. Dryd. All for Love.

Venus embracing Vulcan.
The Goddess straight her Arms of snowy Hue
About her unresolving Husband threw.
Her soft Embrace soon infuse Desire,
His Veins, his Marrow sudden Warmth inspire,
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.
Not half so swift the rattling Thunder flies,
Or Streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.
The Goddess proud of her successful Wiles,
And conscious of her Form, in secret smiles.
The Power obnoxious to her Charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms:
Snatch’d the willing Goddess to his Breast,
Till in her Lap infus’d, he lay possess’d Of full Desire, and funk to pleasing Rest. Dryd. Virg.
For what do Lovers when they’re fast
In one another’s Arms embrac’d?
But strive to plunder and convey
Each other like a Prize away?
Empire and Emperor. See Greatness.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o’ersees its tender Years:
Till grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about:
The Place thus made for its first Breathing free,
It moves again for Ease and Luxury:
Till, swelling by Degrees, it has possess’d
The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest.
When from behind there starts some petty State,
And pushes on its now unwieldy Fate:

Then
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rofe.  Dryd. Conq. of Gran.

Haft thou not seen my morning Chambers fill'd
With sceptor'd Slaves, who waited to falte me?
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun
To worship my. Uprising? Menial Kings
Ran courfing up and down my Palace-Yards,
Stood filent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
And at my leaft Command all farted out
Like Racers for the Goal.  Dryd. All for Love.

Emperor! Why that's the Stile of Victory!
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
Salutes his General fo! but never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears.
For I have loft my Reafon, have disgrace'd
The Name of Soldier with inglorious Ease:
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sate still, and fav it pref'd by other Hands.  Dryd. All for Love.

There's no true Joy in fuch unwieldy Fortune;
Eternal Gazers looking Troubles make;
All find my Spots, but few my Brightnes take.
Why was I born a Prince? Proclaim'd a God!
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad.
Thus Palaces in Prospect, bar the Eye,
Which, pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,
O'er flow'ry Lawnds to the gay Distant Sky.
Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love!
By all the Gods I will to Wilds remove;
Stretch'd like a Sylvan God, on Grass lie down,
And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.  Les Alex.

Reign, reign, ye Monarchs that divide the World:
Bufty Ambition ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and Happiness like mine:
Like gawdy Ships, th'obfequious Billows fall,
And rise again to lift you to your Pride;
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you. Ott. Ven. Pref.

To you the Drudgery of Pow'r I give;
Cares be your Lot: Reign you, and let me live:
Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul,
The little Emmets with the Human Soul
Care for themselves, while at my Eafe I fate,
And next Caufes did the Work of Fate.  Dryd. Aureus.

Oh that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life fo great, fo vain!
Where I Extreams might not be forc'd to chufe,
And blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose;

Where
Where the dear Part’ner of my little State,
With all her smiling Off-spring at the Gate,
Blessing my Labours, might my Coming wait;
Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,
And not in cursed Courts for Glory die.

I saw ’em kindle to Desire,
While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
He growing more fierce, and the less coy:
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways:
Kind was the Force on either Side,
Her new Desire she could not hide;
Nor would the Shepherd be deny’d.
The blessed Minute he pursu’d,
Till she, transported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conqu’ror all her Charms.
His panting Breast to her’s now joyn’d,
They feast on Raptures unconfin’d:
Vast and luxuriant! such as prove
The Immortality of Love!
For who but a Divinity
Could mingle Souls to that Degree,
And melt them into Ecstasie!
Now, like the Phoenix both expire,
While from the Ashes of their Fire,
Sprung up a new and soft Desire.
Like Charmers Thrice they did invoke
The God, and Thrice new Vigour took.

Thus did this happy Pair their Love dispence,
With mutual Joys, and gratify’d their Sense.
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest;
And present at his own mysterious Feast.
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter’d Roses on the Nuptial Bed:
While folded in each others Arms they lay,
He blew the Flames, and furnish’d out the Play,
And from their Foreheads wip’d the balmy Sweat away.

Long time dissolv’d in Pleasure thus they lay,
Till Nature could no more suffice their Play.

Celia was coy, and hard to win;
With artful Cunning play’d the Virgin’s Part:
But when she once had try’d the Sin,
She hugg’d the charming tingling Dart;
Cry’d, nearer, Dearest to my Heart;
Thou’rt Lord of all within.

Lee Thead.

Enjoyment.

Behn.
Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,
That at the Window-Eye does steal in,
To rob the Heart, and with his Prey
Steals out again a closer Way.

See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
Next in Storms of Thunder speak:
Then a kind Show'er from above
Brings a Calm: So 'tis in Love.

Flames begin our first Address,
Like meeting Thunder we embrace;
Then you know, the Show'rs that fall,
Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

How should I those Show'rs forget?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet:
They kill'd Love, I know it well,
I dy'd oft as e'er they fell.

Phillis has a gentle Heart,
Willing to the Lover's Courting;
Wanton Nature, all Love's Art
To direct her in her sporting:

In th'Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,
All is real Inclination:
No false Raptures in the Bliss,
No feign'd Sighing in the Passion.

But oh! who the Charms can speak,
Who the thousands ways of joying!
When she does the Lover make,
All a God in her enjoying!
Who the Limbs that round him move,
And constrain him to the Kissing!

Who the Eyes that swim in Love,
And the Lips that suck in Kisses!
Oh the Frenzies when mad the grows;
Raves all wild with the posseffing!
Oh the silent Trance which shews
The Delight above expressing!

Ev'ry way she does engage,
Idly talking, speechless lying,
She transports me with the Rage,
And she kills me in her Dying.

Ye Gods! the Raptures of that Night!
What fierce Convulsions of Delight!
How in each others Arms involv'd
We lay, confounded, and dissov'd!

Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,
Which should most be lost contending,
Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,
Plunging into boundless Bliss;
Our Bodies, as our Souls, on Fire,
Toft by a Tempeft of Desire,
Till with utmost Fury driv'n,
Down at once we sunk to Heav'n.

Thus when the youthful Pair more closely join, (twine;
When Arms in Arms they lock, and Thighs in Thighs they
Just in the raging Foam of full Desire,
When both press on, both murmur, both expire;
They gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they dart,
As each would force their Way to t'other's Heart,
In vain: They only cruise about the Coast;
For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost;
As sure they strive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary Rage.
So tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
Till Man dissolves in that Excess of Joy.
Then, when the gather'd Bag has burst its Way,
And ebbing Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,
A Pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,
Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;
And then the same vain Violence returns;
With Flames renew'd th'erefted Furnace burns.
Again they in each other would be lost;
But still by adamantine Bars are crost.

From ev'ry Part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,
They feel the trickling Joys, and run with Vigour to the Goal.
Stir'd with the same impetuous Desire,
Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares their Males require.
Because the throbbing Nature in their Veins
Provokes them to allwage their kindly Pains.
The Iufy Leap, th'expecting Female stands,
By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.
Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by Love are ty'd,
Nor hooting Boys nor Blows their Union can divide.
At either End they strive the Link to loose
In vain, for stronger Venus holds the Noofe.
'Tis with this Rage the Mother Lyon stung,
Scours o'er the Plain, regardless of her Young:
Demanding Rites of Love, she sternly stalks,
And haunts her Lover in his lonely Walks:
'Tis then the hapless Bear his Den forfares,
In Woods and Fields a wild Destruction makes;
Boars whet their Tusks; to Bartel Tygers move,
Enrag'd with Hunger; more enraged with Love.
The Stallion sniffs the well-known Scent from far;
And sprints, and trembles for the distant Mare:
Nor Bits, nor Bridles can his Rage restrain;
And rugged Rocks are interposed in vain.
He makes his Way o'er Mountains, and contemns
Unruly Torrents, and unforded Streams.
The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,
New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground:
The sleepy Lecher shuts his little Eyes,
About his churning Chaps the frothy Bubbles rise:
He rubs his Sides against a Tree, prepares,
And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.
The youthful Bull is oft with Love posses'd;
With Two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast,
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Reft.
Forfakes his Food, and pining for the Lads,
Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing Grass.
The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,
The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes:
A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred;
The stooping Warrior, aiming Head to Head,
Engage their clashing Horns with dreadful Sound;
The Forrest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar,
Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.
Nor when the War is over is it Peace,
Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release.
But feeding in his Breast his antient Fires,
And cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.
Driv'n from his native Land to foreign Grounds,
He with a gen'rous Rage resents his Wounds,
His ignominious Flight, the Victor's Boast;
And more than both, the Loves, which unreven'd he lost:
Often he turns his Eyes, and with a Groan,
Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own;
And therefore to repair his Strength he tries,
Hard'ning his Limbs with painful Exercise,
And rough upon the flinty Rock he lies.
On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds;
Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds.
His Horns, yet fore, he tries against a Tree,
And mediates his absent Enemy:
He sniffs the Wind, his Heels the Sand excite;
But when he stands collected in his Might,
He roars, and promises a more successful Fight.
Then to redeem his Honour at a Blow,
He moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe:
Nor with more Madness, rolling from afar,  
The spumy Waves proclaim the wat’ry War:  
And mounting upwards with a mighty Roar,  
March onward and insult the rocky Shore:  
They make the middle Region with their Height,  
And fall no less than with a Mountain’s Weight:  
The Waters boil, and belching from below,  
Black Sands as from a forceful Engine throw.

I pass the Wars that spotted Linxes make  
With their fierce Rivals, for the Females Sake;  
The howling Wolves, the Mastiff’s am’rous Rage,  
When ev’n the fearful Stag daries for his Hind engage:  
But far above the rest the furious Mare,  
Barr’d from the Male, is frantic with Despair;  
Of Love defrauded in her longing Hour,  
She tears the Harness, and she rends the Rein:  
For Love she’ll force thro’ Thickets of the Wood,  
And climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood.

Thus ev’ry Creature, and of ev’ry Kind,  
The secret Joys of sweet Coition find;  
Not only Man’s imperial Race, but they  
That wing the liquid Air or swim the Sea;  
Or haunt the Desart, rush into the Flame:

For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.  

Ev’n rugged Lions love,  
And grapple and compel their savage Dames.

Once in a Season Beasts too taste of Love;  
Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,  
And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

Love’s Power’s too great to be withstand.  
By feeble human Flesh and Blood:  
’Twas he that brought upon his Knees  
The heft’ring Kill-Cow Hercules;  
Reduc’d his Leaguer-Lion’s Skin  
T’a Petticoat, and made him spin;  
Seiz’d on his Club, and made it dwindle  
T’a feeble Distaff and a Spindle.

He made the beauteous Queen of Crete  
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet.  
’Twas he that made Vestal Maids Love-sick;  
And venture to be bury’d quick.

’Tis he that proudest Dames enamours  
On Lacquays and Valets de Chambres;  
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,  
And makes them stoop to dirty Grooms;  
To flight the World, and to disregar

Claps, Illust, Infamy, and Marriage.
The Thund'rer, who, without the female Bed,
Could Goddeses bring forth from out his Head;
Chose rather Mortals this Way to create,
So much h'esteem'd his Pleasure 'bove his State.

When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,
But not compleat till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together join:
But Half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,
Till by Love in Heav'n at last
Their Bodies too are plac'd.

The Ties of Minds are but imperfect Bands,
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract.

Then haste to Bed:
There let me tell my Story in thy Arms,
There in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
Between our Dying, e'er we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battel and Succes;
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer, things
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

I speak I know not what.

Speak ever so, and if I answer you
I know not what, it shews the more of Love.
Love is a Child that talks in broken Language,
Yet then he speaks most plain.

Loveannes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks
Unknown to me within me.

Oh with what soft Devotion in her Eyes,
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice!
Oh! how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near Sweets, they took my Sense away,
And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy!
But those cross Witchcraftsoone unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:
As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.

When all were gone,
And none but I left with the charming Maid;
What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
With Pangs I grasp'd her like a dying Man;
Like light and Heat incorporate we lay;
We bless'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.
There's no Satiety of Love in thee!
Enjoy'd thou still art new: Perpetual Spring
Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place;
And I grow rich by giving. Dryd. All for Love.
Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes; where some are in the Bud,
Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall. Dryd. Amphit.
In thy Possession Years roll round on Years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again.
Kisses, Embraces, Languishings, and Deaths,
Still from each other to each other move.
To crown the various Seasons of our Love: Dryd. Spat. Friz.
Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,
And like chaf'd Odours melt in Sweets away:
Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,
And cheerful as the Birds that wake the Morn. Dryd. Sec. Love.
Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
Thought shall be loft, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd.
Oss. Orph.
Let me not live, but thou art all Enjoyment;
So charming and so sweet, that not a Night,
But whole Eternity, were well employ'd [Spoken by Jupiter]
To love thy each Perfection as it ought.
Dryd. Amphit.
They took their full Delight;
'Twas restless Rage and Tempelf all the Night;
For greedy Love each Moment would employ,
And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.
Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd:
The Stealth it self did Appetite restore,
And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more. Dryd. Sig. &".
How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he joy'n'd his Lips to mine!
I thought! oh no! 'tis false, I could not think:
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.
And sure his Transports were not less than mine;
For by the high-hung Taper's Light,
I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red;
His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,
And sparkled thro' their Caments humid Fires:
He sigh'd and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have spoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the Time;
All he could say was, Love and Leonora. Dryd. Spat. Friz.
What said he not, when in the bridal Bed
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms?
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,
He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile
To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes. Lee Alex.

A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then Wishes, and a Warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all Ecstasy and Trance!
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,
And speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult tost,
I thought my Breath and Being both were lost. Dryd. State of Liv.

Oh how I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace.
Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,
And shoot itself into your much lov'd Bosom?
Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy,
Nay, agonize with Pleasure at your Sight,
With such inimitable Proofs of Passion
As no false Love could feign? 

Her Hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank,
Thick over Head, with verdant Roof embow'r'd,
He led her nothing loath: Flow'r's were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hysacinth; Earth's freallest softest Lap:
There they their Fill of Love and Love's Disport
Took largely;

Till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their am'rous Play. Mitt.

Unhappy Mortals! whose sublimest Joy
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

I hate Fruition now 'tis past,
'Tis all but Nastiness at best;
The homeliest thing that we can do:
Besides 'tis short and fleeting too.
A Squirt of slippery Delight,
That with a Moment takes its Flight;
A fullsom Bliss that soon does cloy,
And makes us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Passion blindly hurry'd on,
Like Beasts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Luft incites them too;
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by Enjoyment quench'd.

And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one?
Gives all the can, and lab'ring still to give,
Makes it so great we can but taste and live;
So fills the Senses that the Soul seems fled,
And Thought it self does for the Time lie dead:

Till
Till, like a string ser'd up with eager haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.
And full fruition will but raise desire;
As heav'n posse'sd exalts the zealot's fire.
For love, and love alone of all our joys,
By full possession does but fan the fire;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.

He comes! Behold the God! Thus while she said,
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came:
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage posse'sd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast:
Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look,
And with an accent more than mortal spoke:
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roil,
When all the God came rushing on her soul.
Thus full of fate she grew, and of the God;
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God.
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd;
Commands his entrance, and without controul
Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.
At length her fury fell, her foaming cease'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the God decreas'd.

Something I'd unfold,
If that the God would wake; for something still there lies
In heav'n's dark volume, which I read thro' mists:
'Tis great, prodigious! 'tis a dreadful birth
Of wond'rous fate! and now just now disclosing!
I see, I see! how terrible it dawns,
And my soul sickens with it!
Now the God shakes me! He comes, he comes!

I feel him now,
Like a strong spirit, charm'd into a tree,
That leaps, and moves the wood without a wind.
The rowz'd God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself:
He struggles, and he tears my aged trunk
With holy fury; my old arteries burst;
My rivell'd skin,
Like parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire:
I shall be young again! Manto, my daughter,
Thou hast a voice that might have seiz'd the bard
Of thrace, and forc'd the raging bacchanales
With lifted prongs, to listen to thy airs:
O charm this God, this fury in my bosom;
Lull him with tuneful Notes and artful Strings,
With powerful Strains: Manto, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild.

[Spoken by Tiresias, in Oedipus.]

The God of Battle rages in my Breast;
And as at Delphos, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws e'ry Nerve thin as a Spider's Thread,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold:
So with the Meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting.

PUBLIC ENTRIES.

Great Bullingbrook.
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With flow, but stately Pace, kept on his Course.
You would have thought the very Windows spoke,
So many greedy Looks of young and old
Thro' Calements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage; and that all the Walls,
With painted Imag'ry, had said at once,
God save thee, Bullingbrook.

But, as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious;
E'en so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did scowle on Richard: No Man cry'd, God save him;
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcom home:
But Duft was thrown upon his sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combaring with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience.)
That had not God, for some strong Purpose, steel'd
The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism it self have pity'd him.

Shak. Rich. II.

Your glorious Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils and ever-living Lawrel,
Is entering now in martial Pomp the Palace:
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of Moorish Wealth;
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on Alpine Hills,
That bound, and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
As they disdain'd the Victory they grace:

Pris'ner's
Pris'ners of War in shining Fetters follow,
And Captains of the nobleft Blood of Africk
Sweat by his Chariot-Wheels, and lick and grind,
With gnashing Teeth, the Duff his Triumphs raise.
The swarming Populace spread ev'ry Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold thro' clifted Stones, flretching and flaring
As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive Bands his Chariot Wheels?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney Tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have fate
The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the Streets of Rome?
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal Shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her Banks,
To hear the Replication of your Sounds,

Loud Acclamations to the Clouds arise,
And propagate the Triumph to the Skies.
The confluent Tides to a high Deluge grow,
And Waves of thronging Heads roll to and fro.
The gazing Clusters to the Windows clung,
And on the Roofs sublime and Ridges hung;
Whence with luxurious Pomp they fed the Sight,
And with their greedy Looks devour'd Delight;
Their starting Eyes the Multitude did strain,
And from their eager Pleasures suffer Pain.   Blac.

The Fury strain
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight:
A noifom Rag her penive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips her Accents found.   Gar.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Eugh,
That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight
But baneful Hemlock and cold Aconite:
In a dark Grot the baleful Haggard lay,
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day:
Meagre, deform'd, and worn with spightful Woes:
The cheerful Blood her livid Eyes forlook,
And Basilisks fate, rooding in her Look.
A bald and bloate'd Toad-stool rais'd her Head,
And Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:   From
From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents fall,
And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcans labour thus with inward Pains,
While Seas of molten Ore lay waste the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order file
Foul-bawling Infamy and bold Debate:
Gruff Discontent, thro' Ignorance milled,
And clam'rous Passion at her Party's Head:
Reftless Sedition, still dissimbling Fear,
And fly Hypocrisy with pious Leer.
Glouting with sullen Spight the Fury shook
Her clotter'd Locks, and blasted with each Look.
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrols:
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form;
So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm.

Ev'ry at last crawls forth from Hell's dire Throng,
Of all the direfull'ft! her black Locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling Serpents; her pale Skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp Bones within;
And at her Breast flung Vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting Heart both Night and Day,
Sucking black Blood from thence, which to repair,
Both Day and Night they left fresh Poisons there.
Her Garments were deep stain'd in human Gore,
And torn by her own Hands, in which the bore
A knotted Whip and Bowl, which to the Brim
Did with green Gall and Juice of Wormwood swim;
With which when she was drunk the furious grew,
And lash'd her self. Envy, the worst of Fiends;
Envy, good only when the her self torments.

Aside he turn'd

For Envy, and with jealous Leer malign
Ey'd them askance.

Envy never dwells in noble Hearts.

Envy, like the Sun, does beat
With scorching Rays on all that's high and great.

Eternity no Parent does admit,
But on it self did first it self beget:
A Gulf whose large Extent no Bounds engage,
A still-beginning, never-ending Age:
Eternity that boundless Race,
Which Time himself can never run,
(Swift as he flies with an unwearied Pace;)
Which when ten thousand thousand Years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.
EVENING.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,
And faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day.

Declin'd, was hastening now with prone Carreer
To th' Ocean Isles, and in the ascending Scale
Of Heav'n, the Stars that usher Ev'n'ing rose.
Now came still Ev'n'ing on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober Liv'r'y all things clad.
And see, yon sunny Hill the Shade extends,
And curling Smoke from Cottages ascends.

The setting Sun descends
Swift to the Western Waves; and guilty Night
Hast'ry to spread her Horrors o'er the World,
Rides on the dusky Air.

See from afar the Hills no longer smoke:
The sweating Steers, unharness'd from the Yoke,
Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough;
The Shadows lengthen, and the Sun goes low:
Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove.

Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day.
The Ev'n'ing now with Blushes warms the Air,
The Steer resigns his Yoke, the Hind his Care:
The Clouds aloft with golden Edgings glow,
And falling Dews refresh the Flow'rs below.
The Bat with footy Wings flits thro' the Grove,
The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspen move:
And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love. Gar.

When the low Sun is sinking to the Main,
When rising Cynthia sheds her silvery Dews,
And the cool Ev'n'ing Breeze the Meads renews.
When Linnet's fill the Woods with tuneful Sound,
And hollow Shores the Halcyon's Voice rebound.

Now the Day wears, the Sun-Beams faintly bound,
And taller Shadows stretch along the Ground.
The gilded Planet of the Day
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the World,

But what from Chloris brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

As when from Mountain-tops the dusky Clouds
Ascend, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's cheerful Face, the low'ring Element
Scowls o'er the darken'd Lankship Snow, or Show'r;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell Sweet
Extend his Ev'n'ing-Beams, the Fields revive,
The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds
Attest their Joy, that Hill and Valley rings.
EUNUCH.

Pleasure forsook his earliest Infancy;
The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind.  

Quoth he, it stands me much upon,
    'T'enervate this Objection;
And prove my self by Topick clear
No Gelding, as you would infer.
Lose of Virility's aver'd
To be the Cause of Loss of Beard,
That does, like Embryo in the Womb,
Abortive in the Chin become.
This first a Woman did invent,
In Envy of Man's Ornament:
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut Men o'th'Stone,
To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation
Of the Sow-geld'ring Operation:
Look on this Beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or Geldings either.

Example is a living Law, whose Sway
Men more than all the written Laws obey.  

Quoth Hadibras, the Case is clear,
    As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice,
No Argument like Matter of Fact is;
And we are best of all led to
Mens Principles by what they do:

             EXPERIENCE.

Sixty Years have spread
Their grey Experience o'er thy hoary Head.
Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd,
But we have sure Experience for our Guide.

Best Guide! thou open'st Wisdom's Way,
And giv'st Access, tho' secret she retire.
The Confident of Age, the Youth's scorn'd Guide.
    E Y E S.  See Beauty, Hell, Looks.

He star'd, and roul'd his haggard Eyes around.
    Thus did his Fury rife,
And Streaks of Fire flash'd from his raging Eyes.
    Fate is in thy Face,
And from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens e'er thou speakeft.
Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love. \textit{Roch. Velent.}

Then only hear her Eyes;
Th' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command:
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Pow'r. \textit{Dryd. Den Sch.}

Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,
Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
And bless the Kindred Beauties of thy Eyes.
Thy Eyes, which, could his own fair Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day. \textit{Rwme Amb.}

So when the Night and Winter disappear,
The purple Morning rising with the Year,
Salutes the Spring; as her celestial Eyes
Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies. \textit{Dryd. Thees.}

Crown'd with Charms,
She shou'd her heav'nly Form without Disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring Eyes.
Proud of the Gift, he rowl'd his greedy Sight
Around the Work, and gaz'd with vast Delight. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}


\textbf{FACTORIOUS.}

Avoid the politic, the factious Fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking, hard'n'd Knave;
The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason,
Calls sav'ry loud Sedition publick Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit. \textit{Osw. Orph.}

\textbf{FAIR.} \textit{See Beauty.}

Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
When Flow'rs first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,
And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year. \textit{Dryd. Aurea.}

Less fair are Orchards in their Autumn Pride,
Adorn'd with Trees, on some fair River Side.
Less fair are Valleys, their green Mantles spread,
Or Mountains with tall Cedars on their Head. \textit{Goil.}

As fair as Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns. \textit{Lee Theod.}

Fairer to be seen
Than the fair Lilly on the flow'ry Green;
More fresh than May herself in Blossoms new:
For with the rosy Colour sherove her Hue. \textit{Dryd. Pal. & Arc.}

Form joyn'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare:
Chaste is no Epithet to suit with Fair. \textit{Dryd. Juu.}

\textbf{FAIRIES.}

Like Fairy Elves,
Whose Midnight Revels, by a Forest Side,
Or Fountain, some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over Head the Moon

\textit{Sits}
Sirs Arbittres, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale Course; they on their Mirth and Dance
Intent, with jocund Musick charm his Ear.

They dance their Ringlets to the whistling Wind:
The Honey-Bags steal from the Humble-Bees,
And for Night-Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glowworms Eyes;
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-beams from their sleeping Eyes.  

Robin Goodfellow.

I fright the Maidens of the Villages,
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern;
And bootless make the breathless Huswife chern:
And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm:
Mislead Night-wand’rers, laughing at their Harm:
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip’s Bowl,
And when she drinks against her Lips I bob,
And on her wither’d Dewlap, pour the Ale:
The wifest Aunt, telling the faddest Tale,
Sometimes for Three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
Then flip I from her Bum, down topples she;
And Tailour cries, and falls into a Cough,
And then the whole Quire hold their Hips and laugh,
And waxen in their Mirth, and sneezes, and swear,(Night’sDream.
A merrier Hour was never wasted there.  

In Days of old, when Arthur fill’d the Throne,
Whose Acts and Fame to foreign Lands were blown,
The King of Elfs, and little Fairy Queen
Gambol’d on Heaths, and dance’d on ev’ry Green:
And where the jolly Troop had led the Round,
The Grafs unbidden rofe, and mark’d the Ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver Light
Of Phoebe serv’d to guide their Steps aright,
And, with their Tripping pleas’d, prolong’d the Night.
Her Beams they follow’d, where at full the play’d,
Nor longer than she shed her Horns they staid,
From thence with airy Flight to foreign Lands convey’d.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more spacious Rings, and revel’d half the Year.
I speak of antient Times, for now the Swain
Returning late may pass the Woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly Train:
In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dres’d,
The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest,
To skim the Bowls, and after pay the Feast.

She
She sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in vain,
No silver Penny to reward her Pain:
For Priests with Pray'r's, and other godly Geer,
Have made the merry Goblins disappear:
And where they play'd their merry Pranks before,
Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor:
And Fry'r's that thru' the wealthy Regions run,
Thick as the Motes that twinkle in the Sun,
Refurt to Farmers rich, and blest their Halls,
And exorcise the Beds, and cros the Walls:
This makes the Fairy Quires forfake the Place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace.
But in the Walks where wicked Elves have been;
The Learning of the Parish now is seen,
The Midnight Parson, posting o'er the Green,
With Gown tuck'd up, to Wakes: For Sunday next,
With humming Ale encouraging his Text,
Nor wants the holy Leir to Country Girl betwixt.
From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free,
There haunts not any Incubus, but he.
The Maids and Women need no Danger fear
To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near:
For by some Haycock, or some shady Thorn,
He bids his Beads both Even-Song and Morn. (Bath's Tale)

Dryd. Wife of

F A L C O N.

The Falcon from above,
Trusses in middle Air the trembling Dove:
Then plumes the Prey, in her strong Pounces bound;
The Feathers, foul with Blood, come tumbling to the Ground.

(Dryd. Virg.

As when a Falcon, pinch'd with Hunger, spies
A long-neck'd Hern, that traverses the Skies;
Eager of Blood, and meditating Death,
With vig'rous Wings he rises from beneath:
With wondrous Swiftness cuts his airy Way,
And soon in distance lost pursues his tim'rous Prey. (Blak.

Complaints of F A L S H O O D. See Ingratitude.

She has a Tongue that can undo the World;
She eyes me just as when the first inflam'd me,
Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,
When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,
Her Whispers trembled thro' my cred'rous Ears,
And told the Story of my utter Ruin. (Lee Mithrid.

Castalia! Oh! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,

E'er
E'er he would falsify his Vows to me:
Make Haste Confusion then! Sun, lose thy Light!
And Stars, drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth!
For my Caftalio's false!
Falsè as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather!
Cruel as Tygers over their trembling Prey!
I feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breast,
And at each Sigh he drinks the gulging Blood. Oth. Orph.
He hates, he loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd;
Oh he is false! that great, that glorious Man,
Is Tyrant 'midst of his triumphant Spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs;
Then cool'd 'em with his Tears! Dy'd on my Knees!
Out-wept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd, and sworn the wond'ring Stars away!
Falsè to Statira! Falsè to her that lov'd him,
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him bath'd all o'er in Persian Blood;
Kis'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er
And o'er in Tears, then bound 'em with my Hair;
Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
Lull'd like a Child, and Rush'd him with my Songs! Lee Alex.
Yet this was the, ye Gods, the very she,
Who in my Arms lay panting all the Night,
Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips
To meet mine there, and panted at the Passage;
Who, loath to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
Then shrunk into my Bosom, there to make

There was a Time,
When Belvidera's Tears, her Cries and Sorrows
Were not despis'd: When if the chanc'd to sigh,
Or but look sad. There was indeed a Time,
When Jaffir would have ta'en her in his Arms,
Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left till he had found the Cause!
But now let her weep Seas,
Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till the burst:
Her Heart afferd; still he bears it all,
Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken. Oth. Ven. Pref.
Last Night he flew not with a Lover's Haste,
Which eagerly prevents th'appointed Hour:
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,
And listen'd to each softly treading Step,
In hopes 'twas he, but still it was not he:
At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him:
All pale and speechless he survey'd me round;
Then with a Groan he threw himself a-bed,
But far from me, as far as he could move;
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me:
At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side;
He pull'd it back, as if he'd touch'd a Serpent:
With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him;
He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans:
So reflect'd pass'd the Night, and at the Dawn,
Leap'd from the Bed and vanish'd.

Dryd. Spag. Fry.

What have I done, ye Pow'r's! what have I done,
To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd?
And, like a Rose, just gather'd from the stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
To wither on the ground! Tell me Heaven!
Why name I Heav'n? There is no Heav'n for me:
Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.
When I had rais'd his grov'ling Face from ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to me,
When each Embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd;
And loathsome!
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the closer: But ungrateful Man,
Base barb'rous Man, the more we raise our Love,
The more we pale, and cool, and chill his Ardour:
Racks, Poysons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,
And any Death is welcome.

Dryd. Spag. Fry.

Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms;
In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs, and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted;
At Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest:
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
Oh then! he threw me from his Breast,
Like a detected Sin. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and beg'd to know the Cause,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Fire on my Cries;
Dash'd me disdainfully away with Scorn:
He did: And more, I fear will ne'er be friends;
Tho' I still love him, with unbetted Passion:

Alas!
Alas! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, Gods, where-e'er he goes. Om. Orph.

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,
And I could hate myself for being kind:
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead,
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,
In Height of Pomp, when he is warm and young,
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along.
And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes;
Nay, after Death
Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies. Leo Alex.

I could tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart,
And had not Power to keep it. Oh the Curfe
Of doating on, even when I find it Dorae!
Bear Witness Gods! you heard him bid me go,
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith: I'll die, I will not bear it:
I can keep in my Breath, I can die inward,
And choke this Love. Dryd. All for Love.

Oh I could tear my Flesh,
Of him, or you, or all the World to Pieces.
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow-room:
'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds:
Oh that it had a Space might answer to
Its infinite Desire, where I might stand,
And hurl the Spheres about, like sportive Balls. Leo Alex.

Drive me, O drive me from that Traitor Man;
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
In Lyons Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den!
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean:
Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb;
Where, starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep:
Yet not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death,
Can there be found so terrible a Ruin,
As Man! false Man! smiling destructive Man!
Oh! my hard Fate! why did I trust her ever?
What Story is not full of Woman's Fallhood?
The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction.
We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,
For those fierce Dangers which their Smiles conceal!
At first they draw us in with flattering Looks
Of Summer Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs:
Sometimes, like Syren; charm us with their Songs;
Dance on the Waves; and shew their golden Locks;
But when the Tempest comes, then; then they leave us;
Or rather help the new Calamity;
And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman!
The Lightning follow'd with a Thunderbolt
Is marble-hearted Woman! All the Shelves;
The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands;
Are Woman all! the Wrecks of wretched Men! Let Malthus,
F A M E.

Fame, the great Ill, from small Beginnings grows;
Swift from the first, and every Moment brings
New Vigour to her Flights, new Pinions to her Wings;
Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantick Size;
Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies;
Inrag'd against the Gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian Birth;
Swift is her Walk, more swift her winged Haste;
A monstrous Phantom, horrible and vast,
As many Plumes as raise her lofty Flight;
So many piercing Eyes enlarge her Sight:
Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong;
And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue;
And round with lift'ning Ears the flying Plague is hur'd;
She fills the peaceful Universe with Cries;
No Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes:
By Day from lofty Towers her Head she shews;
And spreads through trembling Crowds disast'rous News.
With Court-Informers haunts, and royal Spies; (with Lies;
Things done relates; not done the signs, and mingles Truth
Talk is her Bus'ness, and her chief Delight
To tell of Prodigies and cause Affright.

There is a tall long-sided Dame;
But wondrous light, cyleped Fame;
That, like a thin Camelion, boards
Her self on Air, and eats her Words;
Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears,
Like Hanging-sleeves, lia'd through with Ears;
And Eyes and Tongues, as Poets lift,
Made good by deep Mythologist.
With these she through the Welkin flies;
And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lies.
About her Neck a Pacquet-Mail;
Fraught with Advice; some fresh; some stale:
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And Cows of Monsters brought to bed.
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary Tones;
But whether both with the same Wind,
Or one before and one behind,
We know not; only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th'o' other well;
And therefore vulgar Authors name
Th'o' good, the other evil Fame.

Fame, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous Crowd,
Ever in Lies most confident and loud.
While Fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Envy pursues her like some Bird of Prey;
But once on wing, then all the Dangers cease,
Envy her self is glad to be at Peace;
Gives over, weary'd with so high a Flight,
Above her Reach, and scarce within her Sight.
But such the Frailty is of human Kind,
Men toil for Fame, which no Man lives to find.
Long rip'ning under Ground this China lies;
Fame bears no Fruit till the vain Planter dies.

How much the Thirst of Honour fires the Blood?
How many would be great, how few be good?
For who would Virtue for her self regard,
Or wed without the Portion of Reward?
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn Destruction on the Multitude:
This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,
Thofe long Inscriptions crowded on the Tomb,
Should some wild Fig-Tree take her native Bent,
And heave below the gawdy Monument,
Would crack the marble Titles, and disperse
The Characters of all the lying Verse.
For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In Time's Abyss, the common Grave of all.
And with what rare Inventions do we strive
Our selves then to survive?
Wise subtle Arts, and such as well beseit
That Nothing Man's no Wit.
Some with vast costly Tombs would purchase it,
And by the Proofs of Death pretend to live.
Here lies the Great.—— False Marble where?
Nothing but small and fordid Dust lies there.
Some build enormous Mountain-Palaces;
A lasting Life in well-hewn Stone they rear:
So he, who on th'Egyptian Shore
Was slain so many hundred Years ago;
Lives in the dropping Ruins of his Amphitheatre.
His Father-in-law a higher Place does claim
In the seraphick Entity of Fame:

He, since that Toy his Death;
Does fill all Mouths, and breaths in all Men's Breath:
'Tis true, the two immortal Syllables remain;
But, oh! ye learned Men explain,
What Essence, what Existence this,
What Substance, what Subsistence, what Hypostasis,
In six poor Letters is?

'tis all does the Great Cæsar live;
We Poets, madder yet than all,
With a reflex'd phantastic Vanity,
Think we not only have, but give Eternity.
Fain would I see that Prodigal,
Who his To-morrow would bestow
For all old Homer's Life, e'er since he dy'd till now.

P A L A C E of F A M E.

Full in the midst of this created Space,
etwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Seas; there stands a Place:
Owing on all three, with triple Bound;
'thence all things tho' remote are view'd around;
nd thither bring their undulating Sound.
he Palace of loud Fame! Her Seat of Pow'r,
ac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r:
thousand winding Entries, long and wide,
eceive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide;
thousand Crannies in the Walls are made;
or Gates, nor Bars exclude the busy Trade.
is built of Brass, the better to diffuse
he spreading Sounds, and multiply the News;
here Echoes in repeated Echoes play;
Mart for ever full, and open Night and Day.
or Silence is within, nor Voice express,
at a deaf Noife of Sounds that never ceafe;
infus'd and chiding, like the hollow Roar
Tides receding from th'insulted Shor;
lke the broken Thunder heard from far,
en love to Distance drives the rolling War.
e Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
Thorough-fare of News; where some devise
ings never heard, some mingle Truth with Lies:
est troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat;
et to hear, and eager to repeat.

M 2
Error fits brooding there, with added Train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition joynd, are near;
And Rumours rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd, and panic Fears.
Fame fits aloft, and sees the subje& Ground,
And Seas about, and Skies above; enquiring all around.

F A M I N E.

This Famine has a sharp and meagre Face:
'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone:
Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'en away,
Look all one common Sorrow.

Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,
Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of poys'rous Juice,
Wild Hunger eats; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death.
The Soldier in th' Assaulds of Famine falls,
And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls. Dr. Ind. Emp.

He daily dies by Hours and Moments.
All vital Nourishment but Air is wanting.
Three rising Days and two descending Nights
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by Turns,
But brought no kind Vicissitude to him.
His State is still the same, with Hunger pinch'd,
Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death,
Which halting onwards as his Life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground.

Death, like a lazy Master, stands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the slow Hands of Famine. Dr. Cleom.

F A N.

Flavia the least and flighted Toy
Can with restless Art employ:
This Fan in meander Hands would prove
An Eagon of small Force in Love;
Yet she with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton Motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

F A N C Y.

There is a Place which Man most high does rear;
The small World's Heav'n, where Reason rules the Sphere:
Here in a Robe, which does all Colours show,
Fancy, wild Dame, with much lascivious Pride,
By Twin-Camelions drawn, does gaily ride.
Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about,
Of Shapes and airy Forms an endless Rout.
A Sea rouls on with harmless Fury there,
Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear;
Here in a Moment are vast Armies made,
And a quick Scene of War and Blood display'd;
Here sparkling Wines, and brighter Maids come in,
The Bawds for Sense, and living Baits for Sin.
Here golden Mountains swell the cov'tous Place,
And Centaurs ride themselves a painted Race.

When Reason sleeps our mimick Fancy wakes,
Supplies her Part, and wild Ideas takes
From Words and Things ill-suited and misjoin'd,

The Anarchy of Thought, and Chaos of the Mind.

Howe'er 'tis well, that while Mankind
Thro' Fate's fantastick Mazes errs,
They can imagin'd Pleasures find
To combat against real Cares.
Fancies and Notions we pursue,
Which never had Being but in Thought;
And, like the doating Artist, woo
The Image we of ourselves have wrought.

F A T E. See Fortune, Predestination, and Free-Will.
The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,
And executes on Earth what he foresees;
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,
Comes with resolute Force, and finds or makes her Way.
Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r,
One Moment can retard th'appointed Hour.
For sure what 'er we Mortals hate or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above;
They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,
And by Foresight necessitate the Will.

An unseen Hand makes all our Moves:
And some are great and some are small;
Some climb to good, some from good Fortune fall;
Some wise Men, and some Fools we call;
Figures, alas! of Speech, for Destiny plays us all.
'Tis Fate that casts the Dice, and as the flings,
Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings.
What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent.
Predestinated Iills are never loft.
Fate and the dooming Gods are deaf to Tears.
Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind;
He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind.
'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our State:
Our Faults and Virtues make our Fate.
Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.
The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
But she's a Drudge when hector'd by the Brave.
If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the Doom,
And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom. Ddry. Cong. of
Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky Revolutions of their Fate:
Whose Motions if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For human Good depends on human Will)
Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,
And from the first Impression takes the Bent:
But if unfeiz'd, she slides away like Wind,
And leaves repenting Folly far behind. Ddry. Abs. & Achit.

On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and Fears!
Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark
Our Fortunes meet us.
If late be not, then what can we foresee?
And how can we avoid it if it be?
If by Free-Will in our own Paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the Act of Heav'n. Ddry. Tempfet.

Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny,
Took Pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Mas
With Temp'rance. Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And ev'ry kingly Virtue; but in vain;
For Fate that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its Work by his mistaken Hands. Ddry. Oedip.

To you, great Gods, I make my last Appeal;
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal:
If wandring in the Maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun;
Impute my Errours to your own Decree;
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. Ddry. Oedip.

Gods! would you be ador'd for doing good,
Or only fear'd for proving mischiefous?
How would you have your Mercy understood,
Who could create a Wretch like Maximus,
Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be infamous?
Supream first Causes! you whence all things flow,
Whose Infiniteness does each Little fill;
You who decree each seeming Chance below,
So great in Power, were you as good in Will,
How could you ever have produc'd such ill?
Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,
Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame?
Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,
Grief, Anguish, Horrour, Want, Defpair, and Shame,
Had never found a Being nor a Name!
'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,
Evil with you has Coeteraity;
Than blindly taking it the other Way,
That merciful, and of Election free,
You did create the Mischiefs you foresee.
      
Be juster Heav'n! such Virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles with a random Hand the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

Thus with short Plummets Heav'n's deep Will we found,
That vast Aby's where human Wit is drown'd!
In our small Skiff we must not launch too far;
We here but Coasters, not Discov'rors are.

Eternal Deities!
Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,
And write whatever Time shall bring to pass
With Pens of Adamant on Plates of Brass:
What is the Race of human Kind your Care,
Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to Pain,
And like the Sheep, his Brother Beast, is slain.
Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure:
Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Presence fail,
When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail?
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate;
Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create;
We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will,
And your Commands, not our Desires 'fulfil.
Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after Death at least he feels no Pain:
But Man in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.

Good Heav'n's! why gave you me
A Monarch's Soul,
And crust'd it with base Plebeian Clay?
Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,
And such a Span to grasp them? Sure my Lot
By some o'er-hafty Angel was misplac'd
In Fate's eternal Volume.

Tell me why, good Heav'n!
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
That fill the happiest Man? Ah, rather why
Didst thou not form me fordid as my Fate,
Safe-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burthen's?  
Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?  
Is this just dealing, Nature?  
Was it for this, ye cruel Gods! you made me  
Great, like your selves, and as a King to be  
Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?  
Why rather was I not a Peasant Slave,  
Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,  
And to my des'tin'd Load inur'd betimes?  
Ye cruel Powers!  
Take me as you have made me, miserable!  
You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my Fate,  
And you made that, not I.  
'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain;  
It may affliat, but Man may not complain.  
Yet 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,  
To think what their State is, and what it should be:  
Impatient of their Lot they reason fiercely;  
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.  
But why, alas! do mortal Men in vain,  
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?  
God gives us what he knows our Wants require,  
And better things than those which we desire:  
Some pray for Riches, Riches they obtain;  
But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain;  
Some pray from Prison to be freed; and come,  
When guilty of their Vows, to fall at Home;  
Murther'd by those they trusted with their Life,  
A favour'd Servant or a bosom Wife.  
Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry Day,  
Because we know not for what things to pray.  
Like drunken Sots about the Streets we roam,  
Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home,  
Yet knows not how to find that uncertain Place,  
But blusters on; and flaggers ev'ry Face.  
Thus all seek Happiness, but few can find,  
For far the greater Part of Men are blind.  
The Gods are just;  
But how can Finite measure Infinite?  
Reason! alas! it does not know it self;  
But Man, vain Man, would with this short lin'd Plumeet  
Plunge in the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.  
Whatever is, is in its Causes just;  
Since all things are by Fate: But purblind Man  
Sees but a Part o'th'Chain; the nearest Link;  
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam  
That shines all above.
Impute not then to me
The Fault of Fortune, or the Fate's Decree:
Or call it Heav'n's imperial Pow'r alone,
Which moves on Springs of Justice, tho' unknown:
Yet this we see, tho' order'd for the best,
The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd.
Permitted Lawrels grace the lawless Brow,
Th' Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below. Dryd. Sig. & Gais.

And therefore wreath thou bred to virtuous Knowledge,
And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul,
That thou mightst know to rule thy fiery Passions,
To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course;
To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change
Of various Life; to struggle with Adversity;
To wait the Leisure of the righteous Gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,
Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once;
A long and shining Train, till thou well-please'st, (Rev. Ulyss.
Shalt bow, and bless thy Fate, and own the Gods are just.

F E A R. See Runaway.

A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,
And his chill'd Blood hangs curdled in his Veins. Blac.
Terreur froze up his Hair, and on his Face
Show's of cold Sweat roll'd trembling down space.
Aghast he wak'd, and starting from his Bed,
Cold Sweats, in clammy Drops his Limbs o'er-spread. Dryd.
His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load,
And shiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood. Dryd. Virg.
The pale Affliants on each other tar'd,
With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:
The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue. Dryd. Theod. & Hom.
I feel my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,
And a cold Sweat trills down all o'er my Limbs,
As if I were dissolving into Water. Dryd. Temp.

At thy dread Anger the fix'd World shall shake,
And frighted Nature her own Laws forsake;
Do thou but threat, loud Storms shall make Reply,
And Thunder, echo'd to the trembling Sky;
While warring Seas swell to so bold a Height,
As shall the Fires proud Element affright:
Th' old drudging Sun from his long-beaten Way
Shall at thy Voice start, and misguide the Day.
The jocund Orbs shall break their measur'd Pace,
And stubborn Poles change their allotted Place.
Heav'n's gilded Troops shall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boating Songs tun'd to a Sphere:

Nay
Nay their God too—for fear he did, when we
Took noble Arms against his Tyranny:
So noble Arms, and in a Cause so great,
That Triumph they deserve for their Defeat. (Spoken by Envoy to the Devil.)

With that, with his long Tail he lath’d his Breast,
And horribly spoke out in Looks the rest.
The quaking Pow’rs of Night stood in amaze,
And at each other first, could only gaze;
A dreadful Silence fill’d the hollow Space,
Doubling the native Terreur of Hell’s Face.
Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before
So loudly rag’d, crept softly by the Shore:
No His’ of Snakes, no Clank of Chains was known,
The Souls amidst their Tortures durst not groan.

The silver Moon with Terreur paler grew,
And neighb’ring Hermmon sweated flow’ry Dew.
The Stars, amaz’d, ran backward from the Sight;
And, shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light. Dryd. Ovid.

Who would believe what strange Bug-bears
Mankind creates it self of Fears!
That spring, like Fern, that infect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;
And have no possible Foundation,
But meerly in th’Imagination.
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats:
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all the Nurseries of Elves.
For Fear does Things so like a Witch,
’Tis hard t’unriddle which is which.
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences:
As Rhetorician Virtuosis
Can see with Ears, and hear with Noises;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply’d by Fear:
That makes them in the Dark see Visions,
And hag themselves with Apparitions;
And when their Eyes discover leafa,
Discern the subtlest Objects best.
Do Things not contrary alone
To th’Force of Nature, but its own:
The Courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn Poltroons to valiant;
For Men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear;

And
And when they're out of Hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those that fled, like Lions rout.
For Fears oft braver Feats performs,
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms.
It is an Ague that forsakes,
And haunts by Fits those whom it takes.
Fear ever argues a degenerate Mind.
Fear is the last of Iills.

In time we hate that which we often fear. Shak. Ant. & Cleop.

F E M A L E.

All Females have Prerogative of Sex:
The She's, ev'n of the Savage Herd, are safe;
All, when they snarl or bite, have no Return,
But Courtship from the Male.

Dryd. Don Seb.

FIGHTING at Sea. See Battle, Duel, War.

The Ships wide Caves collected Vengeance bear,
Turgid with Death, and prominent with War.

Now they begin the Tragick Play,
And with their smoky Cannon banish Day.
At the first Shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd.
Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her Vifage change.
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,
And in their Sable Arms embrace the Fleets.
Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,
And of one Wound Hundreds together dye:
Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave;
The Sea that blith'd with Blood.

Deform'd Destruction, and wild Horror ride
In fearful Pomp upon the crimson Tide.
The wond'ring Skies with foreign Lightning shine.
And rung with Peals of Thunder not their own.

The thundering Cannons
With their loud Roar the angry Seas affwage;
Awe Jifting Winds, and calm their weaker Rage.

The mighty Foe with Indignation burns,
And Fire for Fire, and Peal for Peal returns:
Broadside and Broadside they together lie,
And with alternate Deaths each other ply:
With dreadful Noise the bellowing Cannon play,
And mutual Wounds in mutual Fire convey:
Roaring Dehstruption from their Vessels broke;
And pond'rous Deaths flew thick in Clouds of Smoke.
On either Side the Foe outrageous grew,
And Deaths unseen in dreadful Tempests flew;
Destruction they exchange; by Turns they give
Exploded Ruin, and by Turns receive.
The Cannons Roar did distant Regions scare,
Shake all the Shores, and torture all the Air;
With a strange Tempest did becalm the Deep,
Compose the Waves, and lay the Winds asleep.

Once jaws from Ids did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray:
Here Heav'n in vain that kind Retreat shoul'd found,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd.

Vast Sheets of Flame, and pitchy Clouds arise;
And burning-Vomit spouts against the Skies:
Tempests of Fire that astonish'd Heav'n annoys
Fierce as those Storms that from their Clouds destroy.

Now Seas of Water mix with Seas of Blood,
And crimson Billows reek along the Flood:
The half-burnt Ships, which on the Ocean glide,
With ignominious Wreck deform the Tide.

The burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no Light shines but that by which Men dye.
To the tall Masts the raging Flame aspires,
And Neighbour fits to Heav'n's contiguous Fires:
Scorch'd Bodies, broken Masts, and smoking Beams,
Promiscuous Ruin, float along the Streams.

Toft by a Whirlwind of tempestuous Fire,
A thousand Wretches in the Air expire:
Into the Waves some their pale Bodies throw,
And fly from Death above to Death below.

As th'Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,
New Strength and Vigour from its Wounds receives;
Their Rage by Loss of Blood is kindled more;
And with their Guns, like Hurricanes they roar.
Like Hurricanes, the knotted Oaks they tear,
Scourge the vex'd Ocean, and torment the Air:
Whilst Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confusion hurl'd,
With universal Wreck, and Chaos, threat the World.

Such would the Noise be should this mighty All,
Crush'd and confounded, into Atoms fall.
The Ships, which in magnificent Array,
But just before did their proud Flags display,
And seem'd with warring Destiny to play;
Now from our Rage, depoil'd of Rigging, tow,
Or burn, or up into the Air they blow.
Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain
The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain.

With
With their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,
Their huge extended Arms the Winds defy:
The Tempest sees their Strength, and fights, and passes by.

When Jove concern'd that they so high aspire,
Amongst them sends his own revenging Fire:
Which does with dismal Havock on 'em fall;
Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all;
From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn.
And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories born:
Upon the Heath they blasted stand, and bare;
And those whom once they shelter'd, now they scare.

Amid the Main Two mighty Fleets engage,
Their brazen Beaks oppos'd with equal Rage;
Moving they fight, with Oars and forky Prous
The Froth is gather'd, and the Water glows:
It seems as if the Cycldes again
Were rooted up, and justled in the Main;
Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains meet;
Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet:
Fireballs are thrown, and pointed Jav'lins fly:
The Fields of Neptune take a purple Die.

As when in Summer welcome Winds arise,
The watchful Shpherd to the Forest flies,
And fires the midmost Plants: Contagion spreads,
And catching Flames infest the neigh'b-ring Heads;
Around the Forest flies the furious Blast.
And all the leafy Nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in Triumph o'er the Waste:
The Pastor, pleas'd with his dire Victory,
Beholds the Statute Flames in Sheets ascend the Sky.

The conquering Flames advance with lawless Pow'r,
And with outrageous Heat the Trees devour.
The spreading Burning lays the Forest waste,
And footy Spoils lie smoking where it pass'd.
The Lawrels crackle in the burning Fire,
The frightened Sylvans from their Shades retire.
For first the smould'ring Flame the Trunk receives;
Ascending thence it crackles in the Leaves:
At length victorious to the Top aspires,
Involving all the Wood in smoky Fires:
But moost, when driv'n by Winds the flaming Storm,
Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form.

Thus when a Flood of Fire by Winds is born,
Crackling it rouls, and mows the standing Corn.
The Flames were blown aside,
Fann'd by the Winds, and gave a ruffled Light.
When strong rising Flames Resistance find,
Beat downwards by a fierce impetuous Wind;
The liquid Pyramids with Labour bend
Their Tops, and sink, still struggling to ascend.

If in some Town a Fire breaks out by chance,
Th'impetuous Flames with lawless Pow'r advance;
On ruddy Wings the bright Destruction flies,
Follow'd with Ruin, and amazing Cries:
The flaky Plague spreads swiftly with the Wind,
And ghastly Desolation howls behind.

The crackling Flames appear on high,
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky:
Driv'n on the Wings of Winds, whole Sheets of Fire
Thro' Air transported to the Roofs aspire;

With Vulcan's Rage the rising Winds conspire.

Ships on Fire. See Fighting at Sea.

The kindled Vengeance rears its dreadful Head,
And all around Æneas Terrors spread.
With dismal Wings the cracking Flames arise,
Shoot out their ruddy Tongues, and lick the Skies:
The airy Region shines with hideous Light;
And horrid Day dispers'd its horrid Night.
A dreadful Outcry on the Deep began;
Ships fell on Ships, Galleys on Galleys ran;
Rigging with Rigging met, and Masts with Masts,
And Sails with fatal Friendship Sails embrac'd.
With fruitless Toil the Crew oppose the Flame;
No Art can now the spreading Mischief tame:
Some chose'd and smother'd did expiring lie,
Burn with their Ships, and on the Waters fry:
Some, when the Flames could be no more withstood,
By wild Despair directed, midst the Flood
Themselves in Haste from their tall Vessels threw,
And from a dry to liquid Ruin flew.
Sad Choice of Death! when those who shun the Fire,
Must to as fierce an Element retire.
Uncommon Suff'ring's did these Wretches wait:
Both burnt and drown'd, they met a double Fate.

What ghastly Ruin then deform'd the Deep!
Here glowing Planks, and flaming Ribs of Oak:
Here smoking Beams, and Masts in funder broke;
Nor Coal intirely, nor intirely Wood,
Roll on the Billows, and pollute the Flood.
Here guilded Sterns, there ample Lanthorns float,
And curious Shapes by Master Carvers wrought.
There half-burnt Lions on the Water grin,
And footy Leopards lose their Spotted Skin.
The gazing Fish are all amaz'd to see
The Monsters of the Forest swim the Sea:
    The Flame, unstop'd at first, more Fury gains,
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd Reins;
Triumphant to the painted Sterns he fears,
And seizes in his way the Banks and crackling Oars.
A Storm of Sparkles and of Flames arise.
Nor will the raging Fires their Furies cease,
But lurking in the Seams with seeming Peace,
Work on their Way amid the smould'ring Tow,
Sure in Destruction, but in Motion slow.
The silent Plague thro' the green Timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy Flame by Fits.
Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,
The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:
Not Buckets pour'd, nor Strength of human Hand
Can the victorious Element withstand,
Or stop the fiery Peft.

FIRE-WORKS.
Before th'Imperial Palace tow'ring flood
Rare Works of Fire encas'd in painted Wood;
Whose rival Glories did to Heav'n arise,
And Earth-born Thunder rung along the Skies.
The Heav'n's amaz'd with borrow'd Lustre shone,
With Lights and Meteors of a Race unknown,
With foreign Stars, as thick and splendid as their own.
Such Noise, such Flames fill'd all the ambient Air,
The very Triumph seem'd another War,
And with the dreadful Joy did all the People scare.

F I R M A M E N T. See Creation.

F I S H. See Creation, Muse.
F L A T T E R Y.
Give me Flattery,
Flatter, the Food of Courts, that I may rock him,
And lull him in the Down of his Desires.
    No Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't.
It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
Use to cajole, and soften Fools withall:
If thou hast Flattery in thy Nature, out with it;
Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.
'Tis next to Money currant there;
To be seen daily in as many Forms,
As there are sorts of Vanities and Men.
The superfition State'smen has his Sneezer,
To smooth a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him:
The grave dull Fellow of small Bus'ness sooths
The Humourist, and will needs admire his Wit.
Who
Who without Slpeen could see a hot-brain'd Atheift
Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon?
Or a grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the Hand, and praise his good Complexion?

(Orw. Orph.)

There, like a Statue thou hast stood besiegd,
By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,
Met nothing but a Lie in evry Face;
And the gross Flattery of a gaping Crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The Stuff, or Royal Nomenle: When I spoke,
My honest homely Words were carp'd and censor'd,
For want of courtly Style: Related Actions,
Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for Boasts:
Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,
And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites. 
Dryd. Don Sed.

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what Advancement may I hope from thee?
Thou no Revenue haft but thy good Spirits,
To feed and cloath thee. Why should the Poor be flatter'd?
No: Let the candy'd Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
Where Gain may follow Feigning. 

Shak. Haml.

Nothing mis-becomes
The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery:
Flattery! the meanest Kind of base Difembling,
And only us'd to catch the groffest Fools. 

FL O O D. See Deluge.

Thus Deluges, descending on the Plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow Year, deffroy the Pains
Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasants' Gains;
Unroot the Forrest Oaks, and bear away
Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguifh'd Prey.
The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and fees from far
The waftful Ravage of the warty War. 

Dryd. Virg.

Not with fo fierce a Rage the foaming Flood
Roars when he finds his rapid Courie withflood;
Bears down the Dams with unrefifted Sway,
And sweeps the Cattle and the Cots away. 

Dryd. Virg.

The fruitful Nile
Flow'd e'er the wonfed Seafon, with a Torrent
So unexpefted, and fo wondroufs fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Hafe
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it. Men and Beasts
Were born upon the Tops of Trees, that grow

Oa
On th'utmost Margin of the Water-mark:
Then with so swift an Ebb the Flood drove backward;
It flipp'd from underneath the scaly Herd:
Here monstrous Phoebe panted on the Shore;
Forfalken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails;
Lay lashing the departing Waves; hard by 'em
Sea-Horses flound'ring in the slimy Mud,
Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em. Dry'd

The flowing Water o'er the Valley spreads,
And with a welcome Tide regales the Meadows.
Each joyful Field, care'd'd by fruitful Streams,
With verdant Births and gay Conceptions teems.

F L O W E R S. See Bower, Garden, Noon, Rose, Tulip, Youth;

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie;
Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray
Unbind the Glebe, and call them out to Day.
Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hue;
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew:
Hence the Carnation and the balmy Rose,
Their Virgin-blushes to the Morn disclose;
Hence the chaste Lilly rises to the Light,
Unveils her snowy Breast and charms the Sight;
Hence Arbors are with twining Greens array'd,
T'oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.

You took her up a little tender Flower,
Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand
Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always shines: There long the flourisht'd;
Grew sweet to Sense and lovely to the Eye:
Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Crupt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness;
Then cast it, like a loathsome Weed, away.
These Flowers last but for a little Space,
A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace.

This way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n;
Weak to sustain the Storms and Injuries of Heav'n.
Prop'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head;
But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed,

In Summer living, and in Winter dead.
For things of tender kind for Pleasure made, (Flower and the Leaf;
Shoot up with swift Increase, and sudain are decay'd. Dry'd. The
All Flowers will droop in absence of the Sun;

That wak'd their Sweets.

Such on the Ground the fading Rose we see,
By some rude Blast torn from the Parent Tree.
The Daffodil so leans his languid Head,  
Newly mown down upon his graffy Bed:  
Tho' from the Earth no more Supplies they gain,  
The splendid Form, in part, and lovely Hue remain.  
Blas.

Farewel, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care  
I watch'd, and to the cheerful Sun did rear!  
Who now shall bind your Stems? Or when you fall,  
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?  
Dryd.  
(State of Inn).

F O G S. See Clouds, Mistis.  
Thick Damps and lazy Fogs arise,  
And with their sluggish Treasures clog the Skies:  
Some from dark Caverns, far remote from Day,  
From each embowell'd Mount and hollow Vault,  
Crude Exhalations and raw Vapours brought.  
Some from deep Quagmires, Ponds, and sedgy Moors,  
Drive the dull Reeks, and shove the haizy Stores.  
To their appointed Station they repair,  
And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air:  
The pond'rous Night's impenetrable Steams,  
Exclude the Sun, and choke his brightest Beams.  
Blas.

F O N D. See Love, Marriage, Want.  
Fonder than Mothers to their first-born Joys.  
O she dotes on him!  
Dryd.

Feeds on his Looks; eyes him as pregnant Women  
Gaze at the precious things their Souls are set on. Lee Cef. Borg.  
She would hang on him,  
As if Increase of Appetite had grown  
By what it fed on.  
Shak. Ham.

Let me not live,  
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,  
Was ever half so fond.  
Dryd. All for Love.

I joy more in thee,  
Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,  
And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel past.  

So the soft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,  
Will have the Darling on her Bofom laid;  
Will talk and rave, and with the Nurces strive;  
And fond it still, as if it were alive:  
Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Crowd,  
And shrinks to see them wrap it in the Shroud.  

F O O L. See Fortune.  
Some took him for a Tool  
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.  
Fools are known by looking wise,  
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.  
Hud.  
For-
Fortune takes Care that Fools should still be seen:
She places 'em aloft, o'th'top-most Spoke
Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation: If she form
A Man she loses by't; 'tis too expensive;
He was a Fool thro' choice, not want of Wit.
His Poppery, without the Help of Sense,
Could ne'er have ris'n to such an Excellence:
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,
As a Philosopher: The very Top
And Dignity of Folly we attain
By studious Search and Labour of the Brain;
By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought;
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Great:
We owe that Name to Industry and Arts;
An eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts. Keill.
For Fools are double Fools, endeavouring to be wise. Dryd.

And Folly as it grows in Years,
The more extravagant appears. Had.

Forrest.
There stood a Forrest on a Mountain's Brow,
That over-look'd the shaded Plain below:
No founding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite;
Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight! Dryd. Ovid.
Black was the Forrest; thick with Beech it stood,
Horrid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn:
Few Paths of human Feet, or Tracks of Beasts were worn. Dryd. Virg.

Fortitude.
Reign'd in ev'ry State,
With Patience bear, with Prudence push your Fate:
By suff'ring well, our Fortune we subdue;
Fly when the frowns, and when she calls pursue. Dryd. Virg.
Endure and conquer; Jove will soon dispose
To future Good our palt and present Woes:
Resume your Courage; and dismis your Care.
An Hour will come, with Pleasure to relate
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.
Endure the Hardships of your present State;
Live, and reserve your selves for better Fate. Dryd. Virg.
But thou, secure of Soul, unbent with Woes,
The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppr
No Terrors to my View,
No frightful Fate of Danger can be new:

N

Inure'd
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare:
The Fates without my Pow'r, shall be without my Care.

Nor am I less, ev'n in this despicable Now,
Than when my Name fill'd Affick with Affrights,
And froze your Hearts beneath the Torrid Zone.

Dejected! No, it never shall be said,
That Fate had Pow'r upon a Spartan Soul:
My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,
And stable, as the Fabrick of the World,
Propt on it self. Still I am Cleomenes.
I fought the Battel bravely which I lost;
And lost it but to Macedonians,
The Successors of those who conquer'd Asia.
'Twas for a Cause too! such a Cause I fought!
Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword.
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, stood in view,
To see the rival Bulls each other gore;
But wish'd the Conquest mine.
I fle'd; and yet I languish not in Exile;
But here in Egypt whet my blunted Horns,
And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loss.

My Mind cannot be chang'd by Place or Time:
The Mind is its own Place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

Ev'n Time, that changes All, yet changes us in vain;
The Body, not the Mind; nor can controul
Th'immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul.

What tho' the Field be lost,
All is not lost! th'unconquerable Will,
And Study of Revenge; immortal Hate,
And Courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his Wrath or Might
Extort from me. To bow, and sue for Grace
With suppliant Knee, and deify his Power,
Who from the Terrour of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire; that were low indeed,
That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath
This Downfall.

Empire o'er the Sea and Main,
Heav'n that gave, can take again:
But a Mind that's truly brave,
Stands despising
Storms arising;

And can ne'er be made a Slave.

In struggling with Misfortunes
Lies the Proof of Virtue: On smooth Seas

Dryd. Virg.
(Sch.
Dryd. Den
Dryd. Cleom.
Dryd. Virg.
Dryd. Alb. & Albam.
How
How many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,
And make an equal way with firmer Vessels?
But let the Tempest once enrage the Sea,
And then behold the strong-rib'd Argosy
Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
Like Perseus mounted on his Pegasus:
Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main?
Or to avoid the Tempest fled to Port,
Or made a Prey to Neptune. Even thus
Do empty Show and true priz'd Worth divide
In Storms of Fortune.  
Shak. & Dryd. Troll. & Griff.
With such unshaken Temper of the Soul
To bear the swelling Tide of prosp'rous Fortune,
Is to deserve that Fortune. In Adversity
The Mind grows tough by buffetting the Tempest;
But in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease,
And loses all her Firmness.
Row. Tamerl.

Thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing:
A Man who Fortune's Buffets and Rewards
Hast ta'en with equal Thanks: And blest are they
Whose Blood and Judgment mingled are so well,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,
To sound what Stop the pleaze.
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield,
Can take in all, and Verge enough for more.
Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's.
Souls know no Conquerors.
Row. Tamerl.

We wage unequal War.
With Men unconquer'd in the lifted Field;
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
Dryd. Virg.
So tho' lefs worthy Stones are drown'd by Night,
The faithful Di'mond keeps his native Light;
And is oblig'd to Darknese for a Ray,
That would be more oppres'sd than help'd by Day.
Cowle.
What e'er besides, by Definy 'tis done,
And better bear like Men, than vainly seek to shun.
Dryd. Pal.

But Husiibas, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop.
Cheel'd up himself with Ends of Verse,
And Sayings of Philosophers.
Quoth he,
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
And as we see th'eclipsed Sun,
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,

N 3
Than
Than when adorn'd with all his Light,
He shines in serene Sky most bright:
So Valour in a low Estate
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
As Beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' Earth, still grow more reverend;
And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches;
The lower we let down their Breeches:
I'll make this low dejected Fate
Advance me to a greater Height.

fortune. See Fate, Fool, Vicissitude.

On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,
The hood-wink'd Goddes keeps her partial Court.
Upon a Wheel of Amethyst she sits;
Gives and refumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still Labyrinth around her lie
Spells, Philtres, Globes, and Schemer of Palmistry.
A Sigil in this Hand the Gypsy bears;
In th'o'ther a prophetick Sive and Shears.

Where Nature has deny'd, her Favours flow:
'Tis she that gives, so mighty is her Pow'r!
Faith to the Jew, Complexion to the Moor.
She is the Wretches Whisp, the Rook's Pretence,
The Sluggard's Eafe, the Coxcomb's Providence:
Souls heav'nly-born her faithles Boons defy;
The Brave is to himself a Deity.

Fortune a Goddes is to Fools alone,
Fortune was never worship'd by the Wise,
But, set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies.
She for her Pleasure can her Fools advance,
And to's em topmost on the Wheel of Chance.

Fortune! made up of Toys and Impudence,
Thou common Jade, thou hast not common Sense!
But, fond of Bus'ness, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, and spoil the World's Affairs!
She glitt'ring up and down her Favour's throws
On the next her, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to wooe her:
While she stays with me I'll be civil to her;
But if the offer once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain guegaw things;
And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command.
I'll marry Honesty tho' ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a blind dull Whore.  
Fortune's a Mistress, that with Caution's kind,
Knows that the Conceit merit her alone:
They, who tho' she seem forward, yet court on. Orm. Don Carl.
Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Work would cease, and half the World grow idle. Orm.
When Fortune means to Men most Good, (Orph:
She looks upon them with a threatening Eye.  Shakes. K. John.
Fortune, that with malicious Joy
Does Man, her Slave, oppress;
Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
Still various, and inconsistent still,
But with an Inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
And makes a Lottery of Life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the Wind,
And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away.
The Little or the Much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
And Virtue, the in Rags, will keep me warm.
What is't to me,
Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black,
If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck;
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill-gotten Gain,
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating Winds and Billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For me, secure from Fortune's Blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small Pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the buff'ring Roar;
And running with a merry Gale,
With friendly Stars my Safety seek;
Within some little winding Creek,
And see the Storm a-shore.

Good Fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome. Dr. Oedip.
Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,
Too great or little, is uneasy still:
Our Shoes and Fortunes sure are much ally'd,
We limp in strait, and stumble in the wide.
O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know
To bear high Fortune, or endure the low!
Pleasure has been the Business of my Life,
And every Change of Fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to myself.
In all my Wars good Fortune flew before me;
Sublime I fate in Triumph on her Wheel.
Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it;
And purpled Greatness met my ripen'd Years.
When first I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crowding to my Triumphs;
The Wish of Nations, and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took Pains
And work'd against my Fortune; chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights
At length have wearied her; and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever.
Fortune is Cæsar's now, and what am I?
Oh! I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark:
The Rivers that ran in and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another Course.
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a Heart that swells in scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.
Glutton of Fortune! thy devouring Youth
Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Ay me! what Perils do inviron
The Man that meddles with cold Iron?
What plaguy Mischiefs and Misshaps
Do dog him still with After-claps!
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after shew him, in the Nick
Of all his Honours, a Dog-trick.
For Hudibras who thought he'd won
The Field as certain as a Gun;
And, having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was cock-a-hoop;
Found in few Minutes to his Cos'f,
He did but count without his Horse;
And that a Turn-stile is more certain,
Than in Events of War Dame Fortune.
Events are doubtful which on Battels wait;  
But where's the Doubt to Souls secure of Fate?  
Dryd. Virg.

How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see  
That Fate, which waits on Pow'r and Victory.  
How.

'Tis better not to be than be unhappy!  
'Tis better not to be than to be Creon:  
A thinking Soul is Punishment enough;
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,  
Then every Thought draws Blood.

My Soul's ill marry'd to my Body:  
I would be young, be handom, be belov'd.  
Creon.

Could I but breath my self into Adrastus!  
Were but my Soul in Oedipus, I were a King!  
Oedipus.

Then I had kill'd a Monster! Gain'd a Battel!  
And had my Rival Pris'ner! Brave, brave Actions!  

Why have'nt I done these?  
My Fortune hindred!

There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all:  
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,  
But by young handom Fools! Body and Brawn  
Do all her Work: Hercules was a Fool,  
And stright grew famous; A mad boif't'rous Fool!  
Nay worfe, a Woman's Fool.

Fool is the Stuff of which Heav'n makes a Hero.  
Dryd.

[Fspoken by Creon in Oedipus.]

A Wife, a silly, harmless Household Dove,  
Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit:  
But Fortune that has made a Mistrefs of me,  
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd (All for Love.  
Of Falseness to be happy.  
[Spoken by Cleopatra.]  
Dryd.

Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,  
Which knows not to disguise its Grief and Weakness,  
But bears its Workings outward to the World?

I am made a shallow foarded Stream,  

Seen to the Bottom: All my Clearness scorn'd,  
And all my Faults expos'd.  
Dryd. All for Love.

Fate's dark Recesfes we can never find,  
But Fortune, at some Hours, to all is kind.  
The Lucky have whole Days, which fill they choose;  
The'Unlucky have but Hours, and thofe they loofe.  
Dr. Tyr. Love.

Who knows what changeful Fortune may produce?  
Dryd. Virg.

FOWL. See Mercury.

So spread upon a Lake, with upward Eye  
A Plump'of Fowl behold their Foe on high:  
They clofe their trembling Troop, and all attend  
On whom the swooping Eagle will descend.  
Dryd. Theod. & Hon.  
Sée
See over-head a Flock of new-sprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul;
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o'er, and shrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud.

F R E E D O M. See Liberty.

Freedom, the first Delight of Human-Kind!
Freedom with Virtue takes her Seat,
Her proper Place; her only Scene,
Is in the golden Mean.

She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.
The Wings of those Necessity has clipp'd,
And they're in Fortun's Bridewel whipt,
To the laborious Task of Bread:

These are by various Tyrants captive led,
Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
Rides, reins, and spurs them, like th'unruly Horse:
And servile Au'rice yoaks them now,
Like toilsum Oxen to the Plough:

And sometimes Luft, like the misguiding Light,
Draws them thro' all the Labyrinths of Night.
If any few among the Great there be,
From these insulting Passions free,
Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see

By Custom, Bus'ness, Crowds, and formal Decency,
And wheresoe'er they stay, and wherefo'er they go,
Impertinencies round them flow.
These are the small uneasy things,
Which about Greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound:

Like Gnats, which too much Heat of Summer brings:
But Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings.

F R I E N D.

I had a Friend that lov'd me:
I was his Soul: He liv'd not but in me:
We were so clos'd within each other's Breast,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet: We were so mix'd,
As meeting Streams; both to our selves were lost.
We were one Mafs, we could not give or take,
But from the same: For He was I; I, He:
Return my better half, and give me all my self,
For thou art all!

If I have any Joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to my self: Methinks I rob
Thee of thy Part.

Thou Brother of my Choice: A Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tie. By holy Friendship,

Glory

Dryd. All for Love.
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence; like a Prophet,
That waits the Inspiration of his God.

Art thou not half my self?
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason
Guided our Wills.

Thus from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together:
One Bed has held us; and the same Desires,
The same Aversions, still imploy'd our Thoughts.
Whence'er had I a Friend that was not Polydor's,
Or Polydor a Foe that was not mine?

Who knows the Joys of Friendship?
The Truth, Security, and mutual Tenderness,
The double Joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship, our only Wealth, our last Retreat and Strength,
Secure against ill Fortune and the World.

Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others Joys as Grievs partaking:
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

They both were Servants, they both Princes were.
If any Joy to one of them was sent,
It was most his to whom it least was meant:
And Fortune's Malice betwixt both was crost'd;
For striking one, it wounded th'other most.

Then Theseus join'd with bold Periobow came,
A single Concord in a double Name.
Their Love in early Infancy began,
And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man:
Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,
His Fellow, to redeem him, went to Hell.

There have been fewer Friends on Earth than Kings.
Friendship, of it self a holy Tie,
Is made more sacred by Adversity.
The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel.

When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It uses an enforced Ceremony.

There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at Hand,
Make gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal.
Protestations of Friendship.

'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
With Wind and Noise; but freely to impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart:
And in familiar Speech, to let thee know,
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my Heart, for thou hast Skill to find,
If it be solid, or be fill'd with Wind;
And thro' the Veil of Words, thou view'st the naked Mind.
For this a Hundred Voices I desire,
To tell thee what a Hundred Tongues would tire;
Yet never can be worthily express'd,
How deeply thou art feared in my Breast!

Oh thou'st so near my Heart, that thou may'st see
Its Bottom; found its Strength and Firmness to thee.

No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide
From thee, Heroick Youth! Be wholly mine!
Take full Possession: All my Soul is thine!

One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend;
My Life's Companion, and my Bosom Friend!

But if some Chance, as many Chances are,
And doubtful Hazards in the Deeds of War;
If one should reach my Head, there let it fall,
And spare thy Life; I would not perish All.

Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd,
And studded Wheels are on its Back sustaine'd:
All Hope now for Wagons, which before,
Tall Ships of Burthen on its Bosom bore.
The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd;
The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd:
With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence,
By Weight the solid Portions they dispense.
From Locks uncom'd, and from the frozen Beard
Long Icicles depend, and crackling Sounds are hear'd:
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow
Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.

With hostile Frown, and Visage all inflam'd.
Mark, my Sebaste, how that fullen Frown,
Like flashing Light'ning, opens angry Heavn,'n,
And while it kills, delights.

All these Wrongs
Have never made me few'r my patient Cheek,
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Face.

As when Two black Clouds,
With Heavn's Artillery fraught, come ratling on

Over
Over the Caspian; then stand Front to Front,
Hov'ring a Space, till Winds the Signal blow,
To join their dark Encounter in mid Air;
So srown'd the mighty Combatants.

He parted srown'g from me, as if Ruin
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon
Upon the daring Huntman, who has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Roman FUNERAL.

Mean time the Rites and Fun'r'al Pomp's prepare,
Due to your dear Companions of the War:
The last Respe& the Living can bestow,
To shield their Shadows from Contempt below.
That conquer'd Earth be theirs, for which they fought,
And which for us with their own Blood they bought.

They raise the Piles along the winding Strand:
Their Friends convey the Dead to Fun'r'al Fires.
Then thrice around the kindled Piles they go,
Thrice Horse and Foot about the Fires are led,
And thrice with loud Laments they hail the Dead.
Tears trickling down their Breasts bedew the Ground;
And Drums and Trumpets mix their mournful Sound.

Amid the Blaze their pious Brethren throw
The Spoils, in Battle taken from the Foe:
Helms, Bits embos'd, and Swords of shining Steel.
One casts a Target, one a Chariot-Wheel:
Some to their Fellows their own Arms restore;
The Pauclions, which in luckless Fight they bore:
Their Bucklers pierc'd, their Darts beftow'd in vain,
And thiver'd Lances, gather'd from the Plain.
Whole Herds of offer'd Bulls about the Fire,
And bristled Boars, and woolly Sheep expire.
Around the Piles a careful Troop attends,
To watch the wafting Flames, and weep their burning Friends.
Part in the Places where they fell, are laid,
And Part are to the neighb'ring Fields convey'd.
The Corps of Kings, and Captains of Renown,
Borne off in State, are bury'd in the Town:
The rest unhonour'd, and without a Name,
Are cast a common Heap to feed the Flame.

Now had the Morning thrice renew'd the Light,
And thrice dispell'd the Shadows of the Night;
When those who round the wafted Flames remain,
Perform the last sad Office to the Slain.
They rake the yet warm Ashes from below;
These, and the Bones unburn'd, in Earthbestow:
These Relicks with their Country's Rites they grace,
And raise a Mount of Turf around the Place.

Dryd. Virg.  

Mean
Mean while the Trojan Troops, with weeping Eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his Obsequies.
In Altar-wife a stately Pile they rear,
Of Pitch-Trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Fir,
The Bais broad below, the Top advance’d in Air.
The Fabrick’s Front with Cypress Twigs they strew,
And stick the Sides with Boughs of baleful Yeugh;
The topmost Part his glitt’ring Arms adorn;
Warm Waters then, in brazen Cauldrons born,
Are pour’d to wash the Body Joint by Joint,
And fragrant Oyls the stiffen’d Limbs anoint.
With Groans and Cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a Bier, with Purple cover’d o’er,
The breathless Body, thus bewail’d, they lay;
And fire the Pile, their Faces turn’d away;
Such rev’rend Rites their Fathers us’d to pay.
Pure Oyl and Incense on the Fire they throw,
And Fat of Victims which his Friends bestow.
These Gifts the greedy Flames to Dust devour,
Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour.
And last, the Relicks by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen Urn the Priests inclose.
Old chorinsus compaß’d Thrice the Crew,
And dip’d an Olive-Branch in holy Dew;
Which Thrice he sprinkleth round, and Thrice aloud
Invok’d the Dead, and then dismiss’d the Crowd.

FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Æneas took his Way,
Where, new in Death, lamented Pallus lay:
Accis watch’d the Corps.
Th’ Attendants of the Slain his Sorrow share;
A Troop of Trojans mix’d with those appear,
And mourning Matrons, with dishevell’d Hair.
Soon as the Prince appears they raise a Cry,
All beat their Breasts, and Echoes rend the Sky.
They rear his drooping Forehead from the Ground;
But when Æneas view’d the griev’d Wound
Which Pallus in his manly Bosom bore,
And the fair Flesh distain’d with purple Gore;
First, melting into Tears, the pious Man
Deplor’d so sad a Sight:
Then gave the Word around,
To raise the breathless Body from the Ground;
And chose a thousand Horse, the Flow’r of all
His warlike Troops, to wait the Funeral;
To bear him back, and share Eurinder’s Grief;
A well-becoming, but a weak Relief.
Of oaken Twigs they twist an easy Bier;
Then on their Shoulders the sad Burthen rear.
The Body on this rural Herse is borne:
Strew'd Leaves and funeral Greens the Bier adorn.
Then Two fair Veils of wond'rous Work and Cost,
Of Purple wove, and with Gold emboss'd,
For Ornament the Trojan Hero brought;
One Veil array'd the Corps, and one they spread
O'er his clos'd Eyes, and wrap'd around his Head;
That when the yellow Hair in Flame should fall,
The catching Fire might burn the golden Caul.
Besides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel slain,
Arms, Trappings, Horset, by the Herse are led
In long Array, (th'Achievements of the Dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their Hands behind, appear
Th'unhappy Captives, marching in the Rear:
Appointed Off'rings in the Victor's Name,
To sprinkle with their Blood the fun'ral Flame.
Inferior Trophys by the Chiefs are borne,
Guantlets and Helms their loaded Hands adorn:
And fair Inscriptions fix'd, and Titles Read,
Of Latian Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.
Agates on his Pupil's Corps attends,
With feeble Steps, supported by his Friends:
Pausing at ev'ry Pace.
The Champions Chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmeared with hostile Blood, and honourably foul.
To close the Pomp, Athena, the Steed of State,
Is led, the Fun'ral of his Lord to wait:
Stript of his Trappings, with a fullen Pace
He walks; and the big Tears run rolling down his Face.
The Lance of Pallas, and the crimson Creft
Are born behind; the Victor seiz'd the reft.
The March begins: The Trumpets hoarily Sound:
The Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.
In long Procession rank'd, they thus direct their course
To Pallanteen Tow'rs.
Rushing from out the Gate, the People stand,
Each with a Fun'ral Flambeaux in his Hand:
Wildly they stare, distraught with Amaze:
The Fields are lichten'd with a fiery Blaze,
That cast a fullen Splendor on their Friends,
The marching Troop, which their dead Prince attends.
Both Parties meet; they raise a doleful Cry,
The Matrons from the Walls with Shrieks reply:
And their mixt Mourning rends the vaulted Sky.
The Town is fill'd with Tumult and with Tears. Dryd. Virg.
Grecian
Grecian FUNERAL.
The Peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find.
With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row;
Vulcanian Food: A Bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid
The Corps of Arete in like Robes array'd.
White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head
A Wreath of Lawrel mixt with Myrtle, spread.
A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,
The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field:
Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier;
Menc'd his Count'nance, ev'n in Death severe.
Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight,
To lie in solemn State, a publick Sight:
Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place;
And unaffected Sorrow sate on ev'ry Face.
Sad Alcmen above the rest appears,
In fable Garments, dew'd with gushing Tears:
His aborn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,
Which to the Fun'r'al of his Friend he vow'd.
But Emily, as Chief, was next his Side,
A Virgin Widow, and a Mourning Bride.
The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th'Achievements of the Knight.
The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield,
His Lance of Cornel-Wood another held;
The third his Bow: And glorious to behold,
The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold,
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier;
With sober Face they March'd, and often stay'd,
And thro' the Master-street the Corps convey'd.
The House to their Tops with Black were spread,
And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid.
The right Side of the Pall old Egem kept,
And on the left the royal Thefex wept:
Each bore a golden Bowl of Work divine,
With Honey fill'd, and Milk; and mixt with ruddy Wine.
Then Alcmen, the Kinsman of the Slain,
And after him appear'd th'illustrious Train.
To grace the Pomp came Emily the bright,
With cover'd Fire, the fun'r'al Pile to light.
So lofty was the Pile, a Partian Bow,
With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below. The
The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,  
With crackling Straw beneath in due Proportion strow'd.  
The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,  
With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,  
To feed the Flames: The Trees were untouch'd Fir,  
And Mountain Ash, the Mother of the Spear;  
The Mourner Eugh, and Builder Oak were there.  
The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the Plane,  
Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain;  
And Laurel, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs ordain.

The Straw was laid below;  
Of Chips and Sear-Wood was the second Row;  
The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd;  
The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,  
And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich Array;  
In Midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.  
The Service sung, the Maid with mourning Eyes  
The Stubble fir'd; the smouldring Flames arise.  
While the devouring Fire was burning fast,  
Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy cast;  
And some their Shields, and some their Lances three;  
And gave the Warrior's Ghost a Warrior's Due.  
Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk, and Blood,  
Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood;  
And hissing Flames receive, and hungry lick the Food.  
Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around  
The Fire, and Ariz's Name they thrice refound:  
Hail and Farewel they shouted thrice amain;  
Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd again.  
Still as they turn'd they beat their clattering Shields,  
The Women mix their Cries, and Clamour fills the Fields.  
The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night,  
And fun'r'al Games were play'd at new-returning Light.  

Deep in the dismal Regions void of Light,  
Three Daughters at a Birth were born to Night:  
These their brown Mother, brooding on her Care,  
Indu'd with windy Wings to sit in Air,  
With Serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing Hair.  
In Heavn't the Dirce call'd; and still at hand,  
Before the Throne of angry Jove they stand;  
His Ministers of Wrath! and ready still,  
The Minds of mortal Men with Fears to fill:  
Whene'er the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate,  
On Realms or Towns, deserving of their Fate,  
Hurls down Diseases, Death, and deadly Care,  
And terrifies the guilty World with War.
Infernal Offsprings of the Night,
Debarr’d of Heav’n, their native Right;
And from the glorious Fields of Light,
Condemn’d in Shades to drag the Chain;
And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain:
Whose: Good is Ill, whose: Joy is Woe;
Whose Work’s t’embroil the Worlds above,

Disturb their Union, denounce their Love, \(\text{(Alb. & Albam.}\)
And blast the beauteous Frame of their victorious Foe. \(\text{Dryd.}\)

FUTURE.

Distrust and Darkness of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate,
Death in itself is nothing, but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where. \(\text{Dryd. Aurem.}\)
To be or not to be! that is the Question!
Whether ’tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die! to sleep!
No more! and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the thousand nat’ral Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to! ’Tis a Conflagration
Devoutly to be wish’d. To die! to sleep!
To sleep, perchance to dream I, there’s the Rub;
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffle’d off this mortal Coyle,
Must give us Pause. There’s the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th’ Oppressor’s Wrong, the poor Man’s Contumely,
The Pangs of dispriz’d Love, the Law’s Delay,
The Infolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th’Unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin. Who would these Fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life,
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover’d Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the native Hue of Resolution
Is sickled o’er with the pale Caution of Thought;
And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
With this Regard their Currents turn away,
And lose the Name of Action.

\(\text{Shak. Ham.}\)
In
In whatsoever Character
The Book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it:
We should grow mad with too much Learning there.
Upon the Brink of ev'ry Ill we did foresee,
Undecently and foolishly,
We should stand shiv'ring, and but slowly venture
The fatal Flood to enter.
Since willing or unwilling we must do it,
They feel least Cold and Pain who plunge at once into it. Cow.
Then ask not Bodies doom'd to die,
To what Abode they go;
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy;
'Tis better not to know.
Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
And draw the distant Landskip as they please:
But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions;
To tell their Manners and relate their Laws? Dryd. Don Sel.
Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,
How you will tremble there to stand expos'd
The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,
That must be doom'd for Murther! think on Murther!
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes:
The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
As far more black and more forlorn than they.
'Tis terrible! it shakes, it staggeres me:
I know this Truth, but I repel'd the Thought:
Sure there is none but fears a future State;
And when the most Obdurate Swear they do not;
Their trembling Hearts belie their boastful Tongues. Br. Spaw.
Consider former Ages past and gone,
Whose Circles ended long e'er thine begun:
Then tell me, Fool, what Part in them thou hast:
Thus may'st thou judge the Future by the Past.
What Horrour seest thou in that quiet State?
What bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?
No Ghosts, no Goblins, that still Passage keep,
But all is there serene in that eternal Sleep.
For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell:
No Tantalus looks up with fearful Eye,
Or dreads th'impending Rock to crush him from on high.
But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easy Hours,
Or vain-imagin'd Wrath of vain-imagin'd Pow'rs.
No Titus torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
Nor could the Lobes of his rank Liver swell:
To that prodigious Mass for their eternal Meal.
Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Giant's Floor.
Nor in eternal Torments could he lie,
Nor could his Corps sufficient Food supply:
But he's the Tyrius, who, by Love oppres'd,
Or Tyrant Passion preying on his Breast,
And ever-anxious Thoughts, is robb'd of Rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom Noise and Strife
Seduce from all the soft Retreats of Life;
To vex the Government, disturb the Laws:
Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applause,
He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,
And sweats, and toils in vain to mount the sorr'aign Seat.
For still to aim at Pow'r, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it but, in Reason's true Account,
To heave the Stone against the rising Mount?
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with Pain, (Plain.
Recoils, and rows impetuous down, and smoaks along the
Then still to treat thy ever-craving Mind
With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry Kind;
Yet never fill thy rav'ning Appetite,
Tho' Years and Seasons vary thy Delight;
Yet nothing to be seen of all the Store,
But still the Wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the Fable's Moral which they tell
Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell,
To leaky Vessels which the Liquor spill,
To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
And all the vain infernal Trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on Earth the Guilty have in view
The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due:
Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the Tarpeian Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak;
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
Th'avenging Horror of a conscious Mind,
Whose deadly Fear anticipates the Blow,
And fees no End of Punishment and Woe;
But looks for more at the last Gap of Breath;
This makes a Hell on Earth, and Life a Death. DRYD. LUCR.
Thus Men, too careless of their future State,
Dispute, know nothing, and repent too late. DRYD. D. OF GUINE.

Them
Then whither went his Soul, let such relate,
Who search the Secrets of the future State.
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
And Faith it self be lost in Certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save our selves, and not to damn the rest. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

G A L E S. See Paradise.

The Story of G A N Y M E D E in Needle-work.

There Ganymede is wrought with living Art,
Chasing thro' Ida's Grove the trembling Hart:
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
When from aloft descends in open View
The Bird of Jove, and sowing on his Prey,
With crooked Talons bears the Boy away.
In vain, with lifted Hand and gazing Eyes,
His Guards behold him soaring thro' the Skies;
And Dogs pursue his Flight with imitated Cries. Dryd. Virg.

G A R D E N.

Now did I not so near my Labours End
Strike Sail, and hast'ning to the Harbour tend,
My Song to flow'ry Gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable Arts, to sing
The Paeon Roses, and their double Spring:
How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams, and how
Green Beds of Parley near the River grow:
How Cucumers along the Surface creep,
With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep;
The late Narcissus, and the winding Trail
Of Bears-foot, Myrtle green, and Ivy pale.
For where with stately Tow'rs Tarentum stands,
And deep Gales foaks the yellow Sands,
I chanc'd an old Grecian Swain to know,
Lord of few Acres, and those barren too;
Unfit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to sow.
Yet lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,
Some scatt'ring Pot-herbs here and there he found;
Which cultivated with his daily Care,
And bruises'd with Vervain, were his frugal Fare:
Sometimes white Lillies did their Leaves afford,
With wholesome Poppy flow'rs to mend his homely Board.
For late returning home, he supp'd at Ease,
And wisely deemed the Wealth of Monarchs less:
The Little of his own, because his own, did please.
To quit his Care, he gather'd, first of all,
In Spring the Roses, Apples in the Fall;

O 3

And
And when cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,
And Ice the running Rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the Bears-foot of its leafy Growth,
And calling western Winds, accus'd the Spring of Sloth.
He therefore first among the Swains was found
To reap the Produce of his labour'd Ground,
And squeeze the Combs with golden Liquor crown'd.
His Limes were first in Flow'r, his lofty Pines
With friendly Shade secure'd his tender Vines:
For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,
An Autumn Apple was by Tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his Elms in even Rows,
For Fruit the grafted Pear-tree to dispence,
And tame to Plums the Sourness of the Sloes.
With spreading Planes he made a cool Retreat,
To shade Good-fellows from the Summer's Heat. Dryd. Virg.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle Seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green Retreats,
Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
Where western Gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride:
Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flow'r's together rise,
And the whole Year in gay Confusion lies.
O blessed Shades! O gentle cool Retreat
From all th'immoderate Heat
In which the frantick World does burn and sweat:
Where Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,
And sing above in ev'ry Tree,
Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
Than we, who lie, or walk below.
What Prince's Quire of Musick can excel
That which within this Shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give:
Birds, like other Poets, live
Without Reward or Thanks for their obliging Pains:
'Tis well if they become not Prey.
The whistling Winds add their last artful Strains,
And a grave B.C. the murm'ring Fountains play.
Nature does all this Harmony bestow;
But to our Plants Art's Musick too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Ghitar we owe;
The Lute it self, which once was green and mute:
When Orpheus struck th'inspir'd Lute,
The Trees danc'd round; and understood,
By Sympathy, the Voice of Wood.
These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,
And nothing does within Resistance make;
Which yet we moderately take,
Who would not chuse to be awake.
When he’s incompliant round with such Delight,
To th’ Ear, the Smell, the Touch, the Taste, the Sight?
When Venus would her dear Adonis keep
A Pris’ner in the downy Bands of Sleep;
She od’rous Herbs and Shrubs beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest Bed;
Not her own Lap would more have charm’d his Head.
We no-where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the Tree;
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docil Scholar can appear.
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her Master here.
Who would not joy to see his conqu’ring Hand
O’er all the vegetable World command?
He bids th’ill-natur’d Crab produce
The gentle Apple’s winy Juice.
He does the savage Hawthorn teach
To bear the Medlar and the Pear;
He bids the rustick Plum to rear
A nobler Trunk, and be a Peach.
Ev’n Daphne’s Coyness he does mock,
And weds the Cherry to her Stock;
Tho’ she refus’d Apollo’s Suit,
Ev’n she, that chaste and Virgin Tree,
Now wonders at her self, to see
That she’s a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.
Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salopian Garden’s noble Shade,
Which by his own imperial Hands were made.
Methinks I see him smile while he does talk
With the Embassadors, who come in vain
T’invite him to a Throne again:
If I, my Friends, says he, should to you shew
All the Delights that in this Garden grow;
’Tis likelier much that you would with me stay,
Than ’tis that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my Friends, if ev’ry Day
I walk not here with more Delight,
Than ever, after the most happy Fight,
In Triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the Gods, and to be thought my self almost a God.
G A U N T L E T S.

He threw
Two pond'rous Gauntlets down in open View;
Gauntlets which Epyx wont in Fight to wield,
And sheath his Hands within the lifted Field.
With Fear and Wonder seiz'd, the Crowd beholds
The Gloves of Death, with seven distinguish'd Folds
Of rough Bull-Hides: The Space within is spread
With Iron, or with Loads of heavy Lead.
These round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty'd:
Both on the Tiptoe stand, at full Extent,
Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent:
Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear afar;
And clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.
One on his Youth andpliant Limbs relies,
One on his Sinews and his Giant Size:
The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow,
He heaves for Breath, and staggers to and fro:
And Clouds of issuing Smoke his Nostrils loudly blow.
Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike;
Their Ways are different, but their Art a-like.
Before, behind, the Blows are dealt around;
Their hollow Sides the ratling Thumps resound.
A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with Fury flies,
And err's about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes:
Not always err's; for oft the Gauntlet draws
A sweeping Stroke along the crackling Jaws.
Heavy with Age, Entellus stands his Ground,
But with his warping Body wards the Wound:
His Hand and watchful Eye keep even Pace;
While Dares traverses and shifts his Place:
With Hands on high Entellus threats the Foe,
But Dares watch'd the Motion from below,
And slip'd aside, and shun'd the long-descending Blow.
Entellus wafers his Forces on the Wind,
And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell; his ample Breast
And weighty Limbs his antient Mother preft.
He lays on Load with either Hand amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the Plain;
Nor Stops, nor Stays, nor Rest, nor Breath allows,
But Storms of Strokes descendent about his Brows,
A ratling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows.
His Mouth and Nostrils pour'd a purple Flood,
And pounded Teeth came rushing with the Blood;
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing Throng,
And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along.

Dr. Dryd. Virg. See Battle, Soldier, War.

He in the Shock of charging Hosts unmov'd,
Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scopes of War:
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd;
To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel by divine Command,
With rising Tempests makes a guilty Land;
Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast:
And pleas'd the Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.


Forms without Body, and impasive Air,
The squallid Spectres, that in dead of Night
Break my short Sleep, and skim before my Sight;
Thin Shades, the Sports of Winds, are toss'd
O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coast.

Dr. Dryd. Virg.

I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful,
At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth will shake, and the old Ocean groan;
Rocks are remov'd, and Trees are thunder'd down,
And Walls of Brains, and Gates of adamant
Are passible as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Lee Oedip.

It faded at the crowing of the Cock,
And started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful Summons.

Shak. Ham.

Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell,
Be thy Events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape,
That I will speak to thee: Oh! oh! anwer me:
Let me not burft in Ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, heard in Earth,
Have burft their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd,
Has op'd its ponderous and marble Jaws,
To let thee out again? What may this mean,
That thou, dear Carse, again in compleat Steel
Revisit'st thus the Glimpse of the Morn,
Making Night hideous, and us Fools of Nature
So horridly to shake our Disposition,

With
With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls?
I am thy Father’s Spirit,
Doom’d for a certain Time to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin’d to fast in Fires;
Till the foul Crimes, done in my Days of Nature,
Are burnt and purg’d away.

Shak. Haml.

G I R D L E.

That which her slender Waist confin’d,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind.
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do as this has done.
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.
A narrow Compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that’s Good, and all that’s Fair.
Give me but what this Ribband bound;
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

Wall.

GOAT.

No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy Cliffs, or crop the low’ry Thyme.
No more, extended in the Grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the Mountain’s Brow.
The prickly Shrubs, and after on the Bare,
Lean down the deep Abyss, and hang in Air.

Dryd. Virg.

G O L D.

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious Gold!
Gold! that will make black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Bafe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant!
Ha! you Gods, why this
Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;
Pluck from Mens Pillows from below their Heads!
This yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions; bless th’occurs’d;
Make the hoar Leprofe ador’d: Place Thieves,
And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
With Senators on the Bench.

Shak. Tim. of Ash.

Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave;
A Dwarf an Atlas; a Thiefs brave;
It cancels all! Defects.
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind:
No Bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

Gar.

Virtue now, nor noble Blood,
Nor Wit, by Love is understood;
Gold alone does Passion move:
Gold monopolizes Love.
A Curse on her, and on the Man,
Who this Traffick first began.
A Curse, all Curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in Love!
Gold begets, in Brothers, Hate;
Gold, in Families, Debate;
Gold does Friendship separate.
Gold does civil Wars create.
These the smallest Harms of it;
Gold, alas! does Love beget.

For Love in all his am'rous Battels,
N'Advantage finds like Goods and Chattels.
Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd;
Thy self for Money! Oh! Let no Man know
The Price of Beauty fall'n so low:
What Dangers ought't thou not to dread,
When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led.
Can Gold, alas! with thee compare?
The Sun that makes it's not so fair.

Thou'r't so divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted Simony.
Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold;
But glorious Beauty is not to be sold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a Rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Love, what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,

When Gold and Titles buy thee?.
O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold!
What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold!
When I made

This Gold, I made a greater God than Jove,
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! What can be
In Happiness compar'd with thee?
Fed with Nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle Wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant Cup does fill:
All the Fields which thou dost see,
All the Plants belong to thee;
All that Summer Hours produce,
Fertile made with early Juice.
Man for thee doth sow and plough;
Farmer he, and Landlord thou.
Thee Country Hinds with Gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd Year!

To
To thee of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
Happy Insect! happy thou,
Dost neither Age nor Winter know;
But when thou'lt drunk, and dance'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among.
Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean Animal;
Sated with thy Summer Feast,
Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

GREATNESS.

How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate,
By so much more unhappy as we're great!
Greatness, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,
The wise Man's Fetter, and the Rage of Fools.
Greatness most envy'd when least understood,
Thou art no real, but a seeming Good:
Sick at the Heart, thou in the Face look'st well;
By thy exalted State we only gain,
To be more wretched than the Vulgar can.
Greatness we owe to Fortune or to Fate,
But Wisdom only can secure that State.

We look on Men, and wonder at such Odds,
'Twixt things that were the same by Birth:
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth.
These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.
The humblest and the proudest Oak
Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r's,
Have their short flourishing Hour;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Preeminence a while:
Ev'n so in the same Land,
Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'r's together stand:
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.
And all ye Men, whom Greatness does so please,
You feast, I fear, like Damocles.
If you your Eyes would upward move,
But you, I fear, think nothing is above,
You would perceive by what a little Thread
The Sword is hanging o'er your Head;
No sparkling Wine would drown your Cares,
No Mirth, no Mulick over-noise your Fears:
The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
As not to admit the Image of it; Sleep.
Go level Hills and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your Fancy please;
But trust me, when you've done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss. Cowl. Her.
Of Power and Honour the deceitful Light
Might half excuse our cheated Sight,
If it of Life the whole small Time should stay,
And be our Sun-shine all the Day:
Like Lightning, that begot but in a Cloud,
Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud,
While it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it gilds it wounds the Place.
Oh Scene of Fortune, which doth fair appear,
Only to Men that stand not near!
Proud Poverty! that tinsel Brav'ry wears,
And like a Rainbow, painted Tears.
Be prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep;
In a weak Boat trust not the Deep:
Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying rife,
Pity great Men, great things despise.
Farewel, a long Farewel to all my Greatness!
This is the State of Man; to Day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to Morrow Blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him:
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,
His Greatness is a rip'ning, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,
This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my Depth. My high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy
Of a rude Stream, that must for ever hide me. Shak. Hem. 5.

Upon the slipp'ry Tops of human State,
The gilded Pinacles of Fate,
Let others proudly stand, and for a while,
The giddy Danger to beguile,
With Joy, and with Difdain look down on all,
Till their Heads turn, and so they fall.
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near,
That I no Fall to Earth may fear.
And, O ye Gods, at a good Distance seat
From the long Ruines of the Great.
Here let my Life with as much Silence slide,
As Time, that measures it, does glide:
Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
From Town to Town echo about my Name:
Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be
With Scutcheon or with Elegy.
An old Piebeian let me die.
Alas! all then are such as well as I.
I now begin to loath all human Greatness:
I'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be my Guide;
Love, that's more worth than all the World beside.
Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam;
The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home;
In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,
Business and Cares eternally abound;
And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd.

From publick Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busy Ills of Life,
Take me, my Cloe, to thy Breast,
And lull my weary'd Soul to Rest:
For ever in this humble Cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell.
To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
Th' uneasy Seats of high Desires,
Let the unthinking Many crowd,
Who 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 Curfes shed.
To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
In the two things I dread and hate,
May't thou be False, and I be Great.

For I disdain
All Pomp when thou art by: Far be the Noise
Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another Way.
Free as the Forest Birds we'll pair together,
Without remembrance who our Fathers were;
Fly to the Arbours, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,
And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls;
Together drink the Chrysal of the Stream,
Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields:
And when the golden Evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy Beds, and sleep till Morn.

Thus I from tedious Toils of Empire free,
The servile Pomp of Government despise;
Find Peace, and Joy, and Love, and Heav'n in thee,
And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.
Poor are the brutal Conquests we obtain
O'er barbarous Nations by the Force of Arms:
But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,
And plant our Trophies on our Conqu'ror's Charms,
Such Triumphs ev'n to us may Honour bring:
No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring. Reh. Valen.
Curse then thy Birthright,
Thy glorious Titles and ill-fitted Greatness,
Since Athes is scorns thee. Take again
Your ill-timed Honours; take'em, take'em, Gods!
And change me to some humble Villager:
If so at least for Toils at scorching Noon,
In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields;
At Night he will but crown me with a Smile,
Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me.

State grows uneasy when it hinders Love;
A glorious Burthen, which the Wife remove.

Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp's it will remove,
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. Dryd. Aurem.
GRIEF. See Despair, Funeral, Melancholy, Sorrow, Tears, Weeping.

'Tis not alone my inky Cloak,
Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Together with all Forms, Moods, Shews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play;
But I have that within which passes Show,
These but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe. Shak. Ham.

My Grief lies all within;
And those external Manners of Laments
Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
That swells with Silence in my tortur'd Soul:

Alas! I have no Words to tell my Grief;
To vent my Sorrow would be some Relief:
Light Suff'ring gives us Leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak in greater Pain. Dryd. Pal. & Art.
Give Sorrow Words: The Grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-slaught Heart, and bids it break. Shak. Mac.
I'm dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be:
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no End. Orw. C. Mar.
Horror in all his Pomp was there:
Mute and magnificent without a Tear.
It is the Wretches Comfort still to have
Some Small Reverse of near and inward Woe. Dryd.
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And Glutton-like devour alone.  

Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come heavy-laden with th'oppressing Weight
To me; with me successively they leave.
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief that did retard their Flight;
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head:
Then fly with Joy and Swiftfbs from me.  

Of Comfort no Man speak;
Let's talk of Graves, and Worms, and Epitaphs!
Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes,
Write Sorrow in the Bosom of the Earth.  

Oh let no other Accents fill the Air,
But Strains of raging Grief, and Yellings of Despair. 

I have been in such a dismal Place,
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er chears;
Bound in with Darknes, over-spread with Damps;
Where I have seen, (if I could say I saw)
The good old King, Majestick in his Bonds,
And midst his Griefs most venerably great,
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours: He lay stretch'd along
Upon th'unwholfsom Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,
And ever and anon a silent Tear
Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard:
My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Bloffoms are with Eastern Blasts.
He sent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
And seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.  

His Griefs have rent my aged Heart afunder;
Stretch'd on the damp unwholfsom Earth he lies,
Nor had my Pray'rs or Tears the Pow'r to raise him.
Now motionlfs as Death his Eyes are fixt,
And then anon he starts, and casts 'em upwards,
And groaning cries, I am th'accurs'd of Heaven.  

O take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee:
I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear;
And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the Stream, and weep for both.
No further Voice her mighty Grief affords;
For Sighs came rushing in betwixt her Words,
And stopt her Tongue; but what her Tongue deny’d,
Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints supply’d. Dr. Ov.
In Sorrow drown’d,
Betwixt their Arms he sinks upon the Ground;
Where, grov’ling while he lies, in deep Despair,
He beats his Breast, and rends his hoary Hair. Dryd. Virg.
Forgetful of his State, he runs along
With a distraught Pace, and cleaves the Throng;
Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,
With silent Grief that speaks but at his Eyes.
Short Sighs and Sobs succeed, till Sorrow breaks
A Passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.
Thus long my Grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there’s a Lethargy in mighty Woe;
Tears stand congeal’d, and cannot flow;
Tears for a Stroke foreseen afford Relief;
But unprovided for a sudden Blow,
Like Niobe, we Marble grow,
And petrify with Grief. Dryd.
His drooping Head was rested on his Hand;
His grieved Beard his pensive Bosphor sought;
And all on Lausus ran his restless Thought.
He sat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful Dump,
Betwixt his Knees, his Hands apply’d
Unto his Cheeks, on either Side;
And by him in another Hole,
Afflicted Ralph, Cheek by Jowl. Hud.
Grief, tho’ not cur’d, is eas’d by Company. Dryd. Aurel.
That eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spite,
Grove. See Paradise.
And now my Muse what most delights her fees,
A living Gallery of aged Trees:
Bold Sons of Earth! that thrust their Arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the Sky.
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign’d,
Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain’d:
With such wise Counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise.
Straight as a Line, in beauteous Order stood,
Of Oaks unform’d a venerable Wood;
FRESH was the Grasse beneath, and every Tree
At Distance planted in a due Degree.
Their branching Arms in Air, with equal Space,
Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace.
And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were seen,
Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter Green.
The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,
Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to sing.
Both Ears and Eyes receiv'd a like Delight,
Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight.

This shadowing Desart, unvisited Woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled Towns.
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes
Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes.

Ah happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat
Of sacred Silence; Rest's eternal Seat:
How well your cool and unvisited Shade
Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid.
Oh if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine.

Dear solitary Groves! where Peace does dwell!

Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
How willingly could I for ever stay
Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,
Lifting to th'Harmony of warbling Birds,
Tun'd with the gentle Murmur of the Streams;
Upon whose Banks, in various Livery,
The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
Their Heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly down,
See their own Beauties in the chrysal Flood.

A Gipsy Jewels whispers in your Ear,
And begs an Alms: A High-Priest's Daughter she
Vers'd in their Talmud and Divinity;
And prophesies beneath a Shady Tree.
Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed;
She strolls, and telling Fortunes, gains her Bread.
Fartings, and some small Monies, are her Fees;
Yet she interprets all your Dreams for these:
For tellst th'Estate, when the rich Uncle dies,
And sees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.
She clasps the pretty Palm to make the Lines more fair.
The poorest of the Sex have still an Itch
To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich:
The Dairy-Maid enquires if she shall take
The trusty Tailor, and the Cook forfake.

Dryd. Juw.

H A G.
H A G. See Witch.

In a close Lane, as I purfu’d my Journey;
I spy’d a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double;
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self.
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall’d and red,
Cold Palsy shook her Head; her Hands seem’d wither’d;
And on her crooked Shoulders had the wrap’d
The tatter’d Remnants of an old Strip’d Hanging,
Which serv’d to keep her Carcass from the Cold;
So there was nothing of a Piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o’er courly patch’d
With differ’nt-colour’d Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem’d to speak Variety of Wretchednesses.

H A I L.

The pattering Hail comes pouring on the Main;
When Jupiter descends in harden’d Rain;
The bellowing Clouds, burst with a stormy Sound,
And with an armed Winter strew the Ground.

Thus when some Storm its chrysal Quarry rends,
And Love in rattling Show’ts of Ice descends;
Mount Atlas shakes the Forefts on his Brow,
While down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow;

And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o’er-spread the Vale belowy.

As when thick Hail comes rattling in the Wind,
The Ploughman, Passenger, and labring Hind,
For Shelter to the neigh’ring Coverts fly,
Or hou’d, or safe in hollow Caverns lie;
But that o’erblown, when Heav’n above them smilies,
Return to Travel; and renew their Toils.

H A I R. See Paradise, Venus.

His golden Hair did on his Shoulders shine,
Like Locks of Sun-beams, curl’d with Art divine.
Adown her Shoulders fell her Length of Hair,
A Ribband did her braided Tresses bind.
The rest was loose, and wanton’d in the Wind.

His Amber-colour’d Locks in Ringlets run;
With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun.

My Locks, the plenteous Harvest of my Head,
Hang o’er my manly Face; and dangling down,
As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown.

H A P P I N E S S.

All Happiness is seated in Content.
In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;
For ev’n our With is in Possession lost:
Refrains we wander to a new Desire,
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire.
We toss and turn about our fea’rish Will,
When all our Ease must come by lying still;
For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,
Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain.
We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest Tenements poss’d,
While swelling Coffers break their Owners Rest.
More truly happy those that can,
Govern the little Empire, Man;
Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
Thro’ all the glitt’ring Paths of charming Ill;
Who in a fix’d unalterable State,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate;
Who Poyson less than Falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase Life so dear;
But kindly for their Friend embrace their Death,
And seal their Countries Love with their departing Breath.
No Happiness can be where is no Rest,
Th’unknown, untalk’d-of Man is only blest.
He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the Labours of the Deep:
The Gold-fraught Vessels which mad Temp’sters beat,
He sees now vainly make to his Retreat;
And when from far the tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent Joy that he’s not there.
To be Good is to be Happy: Angels
Are happier than Men because they’re better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; ’tis the Fiend,
Th’avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings: The Blest’d know none of this,
But rest in everlastig Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heav’n in Goodness.

HARE.  See Hunting.

The Hare in Pastures or in Plains is found,
Emblem of human Life: who runs the Round;
And after all his wandering Ways are done,
His Circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising Sun:

HARPIES.

Monsters more fierce offended Heav’n he’er sent
From Hell’s Abys for human Punishment;
With Virgin Faces, but with Wombsofscene,
Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean,
With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean:
With hideous Cry,
And clatt’ring Wings the hungry Harpies fly:

Their
Their fated Skin is proof to Wounds,
And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds. Dr. Virg.

HAVEN.

Within a long Recess there lies a Bay,
An Island shades it from the rolling Sea,
And forms a Port secure for Ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting Land on either Side,
In double Streams the briny Waters glide,
Between two Rows of Rocks: A sylvan Scene
Appears above, and Groves for ever green.
A Grot is form’d beneath with mossy Seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the Heats.
Down through the Cranies of the living Walls,
The chrysal Streams descend in murm’ring falls;
No Haulfers need to bind the Vessels here,
Nor bearded Anchors; for no Storms they fear. Dryd. Virg.

Here th’op’ning Land invites, with out-stretch’d Arms,
The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms
Of the rough windy Pow’rs, to take their Ease,
And on its Bosom lie diffus’d in Peace:
The flowing Waters smooth their furrow’d Face,
And gently roll into the Land’s Embrace;
To secret Creeks the weary Billows creep,
And stretch’d on oozy Beds securely sleep. Blac.

The Land lies open to the raging East.
Then bending like a Bow, with Rocks compress’d,
Shuts out the Storms: The Winds and Waves complain,
And vent their Malice on the Cliffs in vain.
The Port lies hid within; on either Side
Two tow’ring Rocks the narrow Mouth divide. Dryd. Virg.

HEALTH.

The Salt of Life, which does to all a Relish give;
Its standing Pleasure, and intrinsic Wealth,
The Body’s Virtue, and the Soul’s good Fortune. Cowl.

Auspicious Health appear’d on Zephyr’s Wings;
She seem’d a Cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
Hail blooming Goddess! thou propitious Pow’r,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore;
With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts when those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown. Gar.

HEART.

My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woe,
My lab'ring Heart, that swells with Indignation,
Heaves to discharge its Burthen; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its Cell,
And never beat again.

Now Heart,
He ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt;
Set ope thy Sluices, send the vig'rous Blood
Thro' ev'ry active Limb for my Relief:
Then take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.

His mounting Heart
Bounces against my Hands, as if it would
Thrust off his manly Soul.

HE I R E S S.

What did ever Heirs yet
By being born to Lordships get?
When the more Lady she's of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners;
Pays for their Projects and Designs,
And for her own Destruction sines;
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To use her as the Devil does Witches;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a Space,
That when the Time's expir'd, the Dazels
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self and all she inherits;
Is bought and sold like stolen Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.

HELL.

Ye Realms yet unreliev'd to human Sight,
Ye Gods who rule the Regions of the Night,
Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystick Wonders of your silent State.

Where Lucifer the mighty Captive reigns,
Proud 'midst his Woes, and Tyrant in his Chains.

Him 'th Almighty Pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'etheral Sky,
With hideous Ruin and Com bustion down
To bottomless Perdition, 'there to dwell'.

In adamantine Chains and penal Fire.

Down, like Lightning with him struck, he came;
And roard at his first Plunge into the Flame:

Myriads.
Myriads of Spirits fell wounded round him there;  
With dropping Lights thick shone the singed Air.  
Hell heard th'unfutterable Noise: Hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled,  
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark Foundations.

Nine Days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt ten-fold Confusion in their Fall  
Through his wild Anarchy; so huge a Rout  
Incumber'd him with Ruin: Hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;  
Hell, their last Habitation, fraught with Fire  
Unquenchable, the House of Woe and Pain.

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night  
To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rouling in the fiery Gulph;  
Confounded, tho' immortal: But his Doom  
Refer'd him to more Wrath; for now the Thought  
Both of loft Happiness and lafting Pain  
Torments him: Round he throws his baleful Eyes,  
That witness'd huge Affliction and Dismay,  
Mix'd with odurate Pride and stedfast Hate:

At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
The dismal Situation, waste and wild;  
A Dungeon horrible, on all Sides round,  
As one great Furnace, flam'd; yet from these Flames  
No Light, but rather Darkness visible,  
Serv'd only to discover Sights of Woe,  
Regions of Sorrows, doleful Shades, where Peace  
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes,  
That comes to all: but Torture without End  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed  
With ever burning Sulphur unconfum'd.  
There the Companions of his Fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire,  
He soon discern'd, lie writhing about him:  
His Head up-lift above the Wave, his Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a Rood; in Bulk as huge  
As whom the Fables name of monstrous Size,  
Briareus, or Typhon, whom the Den  
By antient Tarfie held:

So stretch'd out huge in Length the Arch-Fiend lay,  
Chain'd on the burning Lake.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
His mighty Stature: On each Hand the Flames  
P 4  
Driv'n
Driv'n backward, slope their pointed Spires, and rowld'd
In Billows, leave i' th' Midst a horrid Vale:
Then with expanded Wings he steers his Flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air,
That felt unusual Weight; till on dry Land
He lights, if it be Land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the Lake with liquid Fire.
He walk'd
Over the burning Marl; the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire.
Yet this he so indu'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea he stood, and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intranc'd,
Thick as autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Tellambros, where th' Estrurian Shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r:
They heard and were abash'd, and up they sprung,
Hov'ring on Wing under the Cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime,
Upon the Wing, or in swift Race contend,
As at th'Olympian Games or Pythian Fields,
Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal
With rapid Wheels; or fronted Brigades form:
As when to warn proud Cities, War appears
Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush
To Battel in the Clouds; before each Van
Prick forth the airy Knights, and couch their Spears,
Till thickest Legions close; with Feats of Arms
From either Side of Heav'n the Welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhon Rage more fell,
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In Whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild Uproar.
Others more mild
Retreated in a silent Valley, sing
With Notes angelical to many a Harp,
Their own heroick Deeds and hapless Fall
By Doom of Battel; and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their Song was partial, but the Harmony
Suspended Hell, and took with Ravishment
The thronging Audience. In Discourse more sweet,
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)
Others apart sit on a Hill retir'd;
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate;
Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes loft.
Of Good and Evil much they argu'd then,
Of Happines and final Misery,
Passion and Apathy, Glory and Shame;
Vain Wisdom all, and false Philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing Sorcery could charm
Pain for a while, or Anguish; and excite
Fallacious Hope, or arm th'obdurate Breast.
With stubborn Patience as with triple Steel.
Another Part in Squadrons and gros Bands,
On bold Adventure, to discover wide
That dismal World, bend
Four Ways their flying March, along the Banks
Of Four infernal Rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning Lake their baleful Streams.
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly Hate;
Sad Acheron, of Sorrow black and deep:
Gygis, nam'd of Lamentation loud
Heard on the rufful Stream: Fierce Phlegon,
Whose Waves of torrent Fire enflame with Rage
Far off from these a slow and silent Stream,
Letha, the River of Oblivion rows
Her wat'ry Labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former State and Being forgets,
Forgets both Joy and Grief, Pleasure and Pain.
Beyond this Flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual Storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm Land
Thaws not, but gathers Heap, and Ruin seems
Of antient Pile: All else deep Snow and Ice.

The parching Air
Burns fore, and Cold performs th'Effect of Fire:
Thither by Harpy-footed Furies shall'd,
At certain Revolutions, all the Dam'd
Are brought, and feel by Turns the bitter Change
Of fierce Extremes, Extremes by Change more fierce;
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
Their soft ethereal Warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of Time; thence hurry'd back to Fire,
They ferry over this Letham Sound
Both to and fro, their Sorrow to augment;
And with, and struggle, as they pass to reach
The tempting Stream, with one small Drop to lose
In sweet Forgetfulness, all Pain and Woe;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose th'Attempt.
Medusa with Gorgonian Terrors guards
The Ford, and of it felf the Water flies
All Taste of living Wight, as once it fled
The Lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on,
In confus'd March, forlorn, th'advent'rous Bands
With thudd'ring Horrors pale, and Eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable Lot, and found
No Rest: Thro' many a dark and dreary Vale
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and Shades of Death:
A Universe of Death,
Where all Life dies, Death lives; and Nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things.
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd;
Gorgons, and Hydrae, and Chimaeras dire.
Obscure they went through dreary Shades that led
Along the waft Dominions of the Dead.
Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
By the Moon's doubtful and malignant Light;
When jov in dusky Clouds involves the Skies,
And the faint Crescent shoots by Fits before their Eyes.
Just in the Gates, and in the Jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unrelisht Rage:
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-Brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife, that shakes,
Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal Road,
An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad:
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head,
And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread:
Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more,
Centaurs and double Shapes besiege the Door;
Before the Passage horrid Hydra stands,
Briareus with all his Hundred Hands,
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple Frame,
And vain Chimaera vomits empty Flame.
Before the Gates the Cries of Babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
Assault his Ears: Then those whom Form of Laws
Condemn'd to dye, when Traitors judg'd their Cause;
Nor
Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review
The wrongful Sentence, and award a new:
Mines, the strict Inquisitor, appears,
And Lives, and Crimes, with his Assessors, hears:
Round in his Urn the blended Balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty Souls.
The next in Place and Punishment are they,
Who prodigally throw their Souls away:
Fools, who repining at their wretched State,
And loathing anxious Life, suborn'd their Fate.
With late Repentance now they would retrieve
The Bodies they forsook, and wish to live:
Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,
To view the Light of Heav'n, and breathe the vital Air.
But Fate forbids: The Stygian Pools oppose,
And, with Nine circling Streams, the captive Souls inclose.

They hasten onward to the pensive Grove,
The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
Here Jealousy with Jaundice Looks appears,
And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Tears:
The widow'd Turtle hangs her moult'ing Wings,
And to the Woods in mournful Numbers sings.
No Winds but Sighs are there; no Floods but Tears.
Each conscious Tree a tragick Signal bears:
Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there:
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire.
The Heroe looking on the Left, esp'y'd
A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry Side
With treble Walls, which Phlegmon surrounds,
Whole fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds:
And press'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing Noise re-

Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high,
With adamantine Columns threats the Sky.
Vain is the Force of Man, and Heav'n's as vain,
To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain:
Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd,
And dire Thispone there keeps the Ward;
Girt in her sanguin Gown by Night and Day,
Observant of the Souls that pass the downward Way:
From hence are heard the Groans of Ghosts, the Pains
Of founding Lashes, and of dragging Chains:

And
And loud Laments that rend the liquid Air.
These dire Abodes
Contain the Tortures of th'avenging Gods:
These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,
And awful *Radamanthus* rules the State:
He hears and judges each committed Crime,
Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time:
The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal,
Loath to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first Moment of his vital Breath,
To his last Hour of unrepenting Death.

Strait o'er the guilty Ghofts the Fury shakes
The founding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes,
And the pale Sinner, with her Sistets, takes.
High o'er their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,
That promises a Fall, and shakes at ev'ry Blast.
They lie below on golden Beds display'd,
And genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made:
The Queen of Furies by their Sides is set,
And snatchts from their Mouths th'untasted Meat;
Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes the rears,
Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown,
Expel their Parents, and usurp the Throne;
Defraud their Clients, and, to Lucre fold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold;
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend.

Waft is the Throng of these; nor lets the Train
Of lustful Youths for foul Adult'ry slain:
Hofts of Deferters, who their Honour fold,
And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold.
All these within the Dungeon's Depth remain,
Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.
Some roul a weighty Stone; some laid along,
And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are hung.
To Tyrants others have their Country fold,
Imposing foreign Lords for foreign Gold.
Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made,
Not as the People pleas'd, but as they pay'd.
With Incest some their Daughter's Bed prophan'd;
All dar'd the worst of I'lls, and what they dar'd attain'd.

Had I a Hundred Mouths, a Hundred Tongues,
And Throats of Brats, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,
I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat,
Nor half the Punishments those Crimes have met. *Dryd. Virg.*

**HEROE.**
HERO:

See Butcher, Fortune.

HONEST.

I pay my Debts,

I steal from no Man; would not cut a Throat,

To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,

Or a Whore's Bed: I'd not betray my Friend,

To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter

A blown-up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch beneath me.

Honest as the Nature

Of Man first made, e'er Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

HONOUR.

Honour! a raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul;

A painful Burthen which great Minds must bear;

Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

Honour is like a Widow, won

With brisk Attempt and pushing on;

With entering manfully, and urging;

Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.

O Honour! frail as Life, thy fellow-Flow'r,

Cherish'd, and watch'd, and humbly esteem'd;

Then worn for short Adornment of an Hour;

And is, when loft, no more to be redeem'd!

Honour is like that glassy Bubble

Which finds Philosophers such Trouble:

Whose least Part crackt, the whole does fly,

And Wits are crackt to find out why.

That Man is sure to lose

That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes;

For where no Honour's to be gain'd,

'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

Honour in the Breech is lodg'd,

As wife Philosophers have judg'd;

Because a Kick in that Part, more

Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.

Honour, the Erreur and the Cheat,

Of the ill-natur'd busie Great!

Fond Idol of the flavish Crowd!

Nonsense invent'd by the Proud!

Oh cursed Honour! those who first didst damn

A Woman to the Sin of Shame!

Honour, who first taught lovely Eyes the Art,

To wound and not to cure the Heart;

With Love to invite, but to forbid with Awe,

And to themselves prescribe a cruel Law.

His chiefest Attributes are Pride and Spight;

His Pow'r is robbing Lovers of Delight!

Honour, that puts our Words that should be free,

Into a set Formality!

Thou
Thou base Debaucher of the gen'rous Heart,
That teaches all our Looks and Actions Art!
What Love design'd a sacred Gift,
What Nature made to be posses'd;
Mistaken Honour made a Theft:
Thou Foe to Pleasure! Nature's worst Disease!
Thou Tyrant over mighty Kings!
Be gone to Princes Palates;
But let the humble Swain go on
In the blest Paths of the first Race of Man;
That nearest were to Gods ally'd;
And, form'd for Love, disdain'd all other Pride.
Have I o'ercome all real Foes,
And shall this Phantom me oppose?
Noisy nothing! Stalking Shade!
By what Witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty Cause of solid Harms!

'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave,
Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave;
The Heroes Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the hoisy Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exists by Hope, and by Despair:
Angry whence'er a Moment's Eafe we gain;
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But if his Safety he consults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol we disclaim
Rest, Health, and Eafe, for nothing but a Name.

What is this vain, fantastick, pageant Honour,
This buzy, angry thing, that scatters Discord,
'Amongst the mighty Princes of the Earth,
And sets the madding Nations in an Uproar?
This Honour is the veriest Mountebank;
It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,
And makes us freakish. What a Cheat must that be,
Which robs our Lives of all their sober Hours?
Beauty, our only Treasure, it lays wafte;
Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
To the detested State of Age and Ugliness.
Tearing our dearest Heart's Desire from us;
Then, in Reward of what it took away,
Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights,
It bountifully pays us all with Pride.
Poor Shifts! still to be proud, and never pleas'd!
Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.
Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit or allure the Mind,
Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd.
Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait
On publick Places and Affairs of State,
Should fondly court him to be safe and great;
With even Passions and with settled Face,
He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.
Tho' all the Storms and Tempefts should arise
That Church Magicians in their Cells devise,
And from their settled Bases Nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence, contemn them all,
And, decently array'd in Honour, fall.
Honneur, that Spark of the celestial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,
Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame
With Thirst of Glory and Desire of Fame;
The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,
Unleas this oft'en and direct the Courfe.
Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,
Raise the Scruples at unpractis'd Vice;
Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame:
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live;
They stop not here their Courfe, but safely in,
Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, press forward still,
And only bound by Appetite their Will;
Now faux and flatter while this Tide prevails,
But shift with ev'ry veering Blast their Sails.
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbothered their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

HOPE.

Hope, of all Ills that Men endure
The only cheap and universal Cure!
Thou Captive's Freedom, and thou sick Man's Health!
Thou Lofer's Victory, and thou Beggar's Wealth!
Thou Manna, which from heav'n we eat;
To ev'ry Taste a several Meat!
Thou strong Retreat! thou sure-catail'd Estate.

Which
Which nought has Pow'r to alienate!
Thou pleasant honest Flatterer; for none
Flatter unhappy Men but thou alone!
Hope, thou first Fruits of Happiness,
Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Success,
Who out of Fortune's Reach dost stand,
And art a Blessing still in Hand.
Happiness it self's all one
In thee, or in Possession:
Only the Future's thine, the Present his;
Thine's the more hard and noble Bliss.
Best Apprehender of our Joys, which hast
So long a Reach, and yet canst hold so fast!
Hope, thou sad Lovers only Friend!
Thou Way that may't dispute it with the End!
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other Way again to thee.

Hope, whose weak Being ruin'd is
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss!
Whom Good or Ill does equally confound,
And both the Horns of Fate's Dilemma wound!
Vain Shadow, which do'st vanish quite,
Both at full Noon, and perfect Night!
Hope, thou bold TASER OF Delight!
Who, while thou shouldst but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an Estate; yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with Legacies before.
The Joys, which we intire should wed,
Come desol'd Virgins to our Bed:
Hope, Fortune's cheating Lottery!
Where for one Prize, a hundred Blanks there be:
Fond Archer Hope! who tak'st thy Aim so far,
That still, or short, or wide, thy Arrows are.
Thin, empty Cloud! which th'Eye deceives
With Shapes, that our own Fancy gives:
A Cloud, which guilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in Tears.
Brother of Fear! More gaily clad!
The merrier Fool o' th' Two, but quite as mad?
Sire of Repentance, Child of fond Desire!
Thou blow'st the Chymicks and the Lovers Fire!
Leading them still insensibly along,
By the strange Witchcraft of Anon!
By thee, the one does changing Nature thro',
Her endless Labyrinths pursue:
And th' other chases Woman, while she goes
More Ways and Turns than hunted Natures knows.
Hope with a goodly Prospect feeds the Eye,
Shews, from a rising Ground, Possession nigh:
Shortens the Distance, or o'er-looks it quite:
So easy 'tis to travel with the Sight!

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects in an airy Height;
But all the Pleasure of the Game,
Is afar off to view the Flight.
The worthless Prey but only shews
The Joy consist'd in the Strife:
Whate'er we take as soon we lose,
In Homer's Riddle, and in Life.

So whilst in feur'ish Sleeps we think,
We taste what waking we desire.
The Dream is better than the Dram,
Which only feeds the sickly Fire.

To the Mind's Eye things well appear
At Distance, thro' an artful Glas;
Bring but the flatt'ring Object near,
They're all a senseless gloomy Mias.

H O R S E. See the Centaur Cyllarius.

Upright he walks, on Pastures firm and straight,
His Motions easy, prancing in his Gate;
The first to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood,
To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling Wood:
Dauntless at empty Noises, lofty neck'd,
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd:
Brawny his Cheek, and deep; his Colour grey;
For Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the Rearing pay.
The fiery Courser, when he hears from far
The shrill Trumpets, and the Shout of War,
Pricks up his Ears, and trembling with Delight,
Shifts Place, and paws, and hopes the promised Fight:
On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the Wind.
His horny Hoofs are jetty black and round;
His Chine is double: Starting with a Bound,
He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.
Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow;
He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

The trembling Ground th'outrageous Courser tear,
And shorting, blow their Foam into the Air.
Their servid Nostrils breath out Clouds of Smoke,
And Flames of Fire from their hot Eye-balls brook;
With furious Hoofs o'er slaughter'd Heaps they fly,
And dash up bloody Rain amidst the Sky.
Reeking in Sweat, and smear'd with Dirt and Gore,
They spurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar.
Blac.

Ples'd with the martial Noise, he snuffs the Air,
And smells the dusty Battel from afar;
And Neighs to the Captain's Thunder, and the Shouts of War. Blac.

Swift as a Dove purf'd, or Mountain Hind,
His nimble Feet could overtake the Wind;
Blac.

Leave flying Darts, and swifter Storms behind.
Thus form'd for Speed, he challenges the Wind,
And leaves the Scythian Arrow far behind.

He scours along the Field with loosen'd Reins,
And treads so light he scarcely prints the Plains. Dryd. Virg.

In such a Shape grim Saturn did refrain
His heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane:
When half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The Leacher gallop'd from his jealous Queen;
Ran up the Ridges of the Rocks amain,
And with thrill Neighings fill'd the neighbouring Plain. Dr. Virg.

Wanton with Life, and bold with native Heat,
With thund'ring Feet he paws the trembling Ground,
He strikes out Fire, and spurns the Sand around:
Does with loud Neighings make the Valley ring,
And with becoming Pride his Foam around him fling.
So light he treads, he leaves no Mark behind,
As if indeed descend'd from the Wind;
And yet so strong he does his Rider bear,
As if he felt no Burden but the Air.
A Cloud of Smoke from his wide Nostrils flies,
And his hot Spirits brighten in his Eyes.
Dryd. Virg.

At the thrill Trumpets Sound he pricks his Ears,
With brave Delight surveys the glitt'ring Spears,
And covetous of War, upbraids the Coward's Fears.

Freed from his Keepers thus, with broken Reins,
The wanton Courser prances o'er the Plains;
Or in the Pride of Youth o'er-leaps the Mounds,
And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds:
Or seeks his Wat'ring in the well-known Flood,
To quench his Thirst, and cool his fiery Blood;
He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain,
And o'er his Shoulder flows his waving Mane:
He neighs, he short's, he bears his Head on high;
Before his ample Cheft the frothy Waters fly.

He fought the Courtiers of the Thracian Race.
At his Approach they toss their Heads on high,
And proudly neighing, prom... Virg.

The Drifts of Thracian Snow were fain to white,
Nor northern Winds in Fleetness match'd their Flight!

Officious
Officious Grooms stand ready by their Side;
And some with Combs their flowing Manes divide. (Dryd. Virg:
And others stroke their Cheeks, and gently soothe their Pride.
White were his Fetlocks and his Feet before,
And on his Front a snowy Star he bore. DRYD. VIRG.
The Beast was sturdy, large and tall,
With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;
I would say Eye, for he'd but one;
As most agree, tho' some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave majestick State:
At Spur or Switch no more he skip'd,
Or mended Pace, than Spaniard whip'd;
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground;
That Caesar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half so tender hoof'd,
Nor trod upon the Ground so soft:
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his Rider up,
So Hidribas's (tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
His strutting Ribs on both Sides show'd
Like Furrow'd he himself had plow'd;
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel.
His dragging Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flirt;
Still as his tender Side he prick'd,
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd;
For Hidribas wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir,
To active Trot one Side of's Horse,
The other would not hang an Arse.

HORSE-RACE.
The Signal giv'n by the shrill Trumpets Sound,
The Couriers start, and scour along the Ground:
So Bucceas starting from his northern Goal,
Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverse Pole;
His furious Wings the flying Clouds remove
From the blue Plains and spacious Wilds above:
Insulting o'er the Seas, he loudly roars,
And shoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.
While for the Palm the strain'd Steeds contend;
Beneath their Hoofs the Grass does scarcely bend;
So long and smooth their Strokes, so swift they pass,
That the Spectators of the noble Race,
Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,
If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly.
So when the Earth smiles with a Summer's Ray,
And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play,
In Sport each other they so swiftly chase,
Sweeping with easy Wings the Meadows Face,
They seem upon the Ground to fly a Race.
O'er Hills and Dales the speedy Couriers fly,
And with thick Clouds of Dust obscure the Sky.
With clashing Whips the furious Riders tear
Their Couriers Sides, and wound th'afflicted Air.
On their thick Manes the stooping Riders lie,
Press forward, and would fain their Steeds outflying
By turns they are behind, by turns before,
Their Flanks and Sides all bath'd in Sweat and Gore.
Such Speed the Steeds, such Zeal the Riders shew,
To reach bright Fame that swift before them flew.
Upon the last, with spurning Heels, the first
Cast Storms of Sand, and smoth'ring Clouds of Dust:
The hindmost strain their Nerves, and snort and blow,
And their white Foam upon the foremost throw:
Eager of Fame, and of the promis'd Prize,
The Riders seize the Mark with greedy Eyes.
Now Hope dilates, now Fear contracts the Breast,
Alternately with Joy and Grief possesse'd:
Thus far with equal Fate the Riders pass,
Uncertain who should conquer in the Race;
But now the Goal appearing does excite
New Warmth, and calls out all their youthful Might;
They lash their Couriers Flanks with Crimson dy'd,
And stick their goaring Spurs into their Side.
Their native Courage, and the Rider's Stroke,
T' exert their Force, the gen'rous Kind provoke.

Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds snowy fair,
And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his Chair;
A Match for Pards in flight, in grappling for the Bear.

(Dryd. Pal. &c. &c.)

With Cries of Hounds thou may'st pursue the Fear
Of flying Hares, or chase the fallow Deer;
Rowze from their desert Dens the bristled Rage
Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toils engage.
So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dews,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by Degrees;
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he shoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.  
A noble Pack, or to maintain the Chace,
Or snuff the Vapour from the scented Grasfs.  
I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a Wood of Crete they bay'd the Boar
With Hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding; for besides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder!
My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan Kind;
So flu'd, so fanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew;
Crook-kneed, and dewlap'd like Thessalian Bulls;
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tunable (Night's Dream).
Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn. Shak. Midsummer.

On Mountains will I chase,
Mix'd with the Wood-lant Nymphs, the savage Race:
Nor Cold shall hinder me with Horns and Hounds,
To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy Rocks I go,
And rush thro' standing Woods, and bend the Parthian Bow.
My Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill Echo from the hollow Earth. Shak. Taming of
From Hills and Dales the cheerful Cries rebound; (the Shrew.
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the Sound. Dryd. Virg.

When thro' the Woods we chace'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like Thessalian Bulls,
Like Tygers flu'd, and fanded as the Shore,
With Ears and Cheffts that dash'd the Morning Dew;
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are toss'd in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course;
Now sweeping o'er the Summit of a Hill,
Now with a full Career came thund'ring down
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale. Lee Theoc.

Now had they reach'd the Hills, and storm'd the Seat
Of savagage Beasts, in Dens, their last Retreat:
The Cry pursues the Mountain Goats; they bound
From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggiy Ground:
Quite otherwise the Stags, a trembling Train,
In Herds unsing'd scour the dusty Plain,
And a long Chace in open view maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his Courier guides,
Spurs thro' the Vale, and these, and those outrides. Dryd. Virg.
With well-breath'd Beagles you surround the Wood,
And often have you brought the wily Fox
To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks;
Chas'd even amidst the Folds, and made to bleed,
Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed.

Th' impatient Greyhound flip'd from far,
Bounds o'er the Glebe to course the fearful Hare;
She in her Speed does all her Safety lay,
And he with double Speed pursues the Prey;
O'er runs her at her setting Turn, and licks
His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix.
She 'scapes, and for the neighbour' ring Covert strives,
And, gaining Shelter, doubts if yet she lives.

Chace of a S T A G.

The youthful Train
With Horns and Hounds a hunting Match ordain;
And pitch their Toils around the shady Plain.

The Pack is fir'd, they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry Nostrils with the Scent:
'Twas of a well-grown Stag, whose Antlers rise
High o'er his Front, his Beams invade the Skies.

The unexpect'd Sound
Of Dogs and Men his wakeful Ears does wound:
Rowz'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' illusion of his Fear
Had giv'n this false Alarm: But strait his View
Confirms that more than all his Fears is true.

Betray'd in all his Strength, the Wood befet,
All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met;
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head;
With those t'avoid, with this his Fate to meet;
But Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.
So saft he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has lost the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry:
Exulting, till he finds their nobler Sense
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompence;
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent
Betrays that Safety which their Swiftness lent;
Next tries his Friends; among the bafer Herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His Safety seeks: The Herd unkindly wife,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining Statesman left forlorn,
To his Friends Pity, and Pursuers Scorn,
With Shame remembers when himself was one
Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.
Then to the Coverts and the conscious Groves,
The Scenes of his past Triumphs and his Loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;
And, like a bold Knight-Errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
And taught the Woods to echo to the Stream,
His dreadful Challenge and his clashing Beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife,
So much his Love was dearer than his Life!
Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath,
Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
Weary'd, forsworn, and pursu'd at last,
All Safety in Despair of Safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes, for the Fight,
That Strength he wasted in ignoble Flight:
But when he sees the eager Chace renew'd,
Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd,
He strait revokes his bold Resolve, and more
Repents his Courage than his Fear before;
Finds that uncertain Ways unsafest are,
And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair:
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his Course;
Thinks not their Rage so desperate to essay,
An Element more merciless than they:
But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood
Quench their dire Thirst; alas! they thirst for Blood.
So toward's a Ship the oar-sinn'd Galleys ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on th'ouer that dare
Tempt the last Fury of extrem Despair.
So fares the Stag among th'engaged Hounds,
Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds:
At length resigns his Blood,
And stains the chrysal with a purple Flood.

Hunting the B O A R.

Some spread around

The Toils; some search the Footsteps on the Ground;
Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound;
Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
The Chiefs their honourable Danger fought.

The Boar was roused, and sprung amain,
Like Lightning suddain, on the Warrior Train:

Q 4

Denh.
Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground,
The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound:
Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring around.
All stood with their pretended Spears prepar'd,
With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd Weapons glare'd.
The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside,
Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide,
All spend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,
And struck his Bow-Spear in a Maple's Bark;
Then Jason, and his Javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whiz'd above his Back.

Mopsus was next;
He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew.
This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire,
And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.
Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown
Amid the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,
As flies the Beast: The left Wing put to flight,
The Chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the Right;
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
The fatal Fang drov'd deep within his Thigh,
And cut the Nerves; the Nerves no more sustains
The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd falls headlong on the Plain.
Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds.
Then trust'd in his Arms, young Orbyx found,
And ranch'd his Hip with one continu'd Wound.
And now both Leda's Twins, in act to throw,
Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe;
Nor had they miss'd, but he to Thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming Spears, nor pёрvious to the Steed,
But Telamon rush'd in, and hap'd to meet
A rising Root that held his fasten'd Feet;
So down he fell, whom sprawling on the Ground,
His Brother from the wooden Gyves unbound.
Meanwhile the Virgin-Huntress was not slow
T'expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow;
Beneath his Ear the fasten'd Arrow stood,
And from his Wound appear'd the trickling Blood:
She blush'd for Joy, a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew;
They flout, the Shouting animates their Hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging Darts;
But out of Order thrown, in Air they join,
And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.

With
With both his Hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting Ax;
Then forward to his Fate he took a Stride.
Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd.
The Boar is doom'd; then stretch'd on Tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty Promise good.
But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,
And upwards rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.
Ancæus falls; His Bowels from the Wound
Gush'd out, and clotter'd Blood distain'd the Ground.
Perithous, no small Portion of the War,
Pres't on, and shook his Lance, his Jav'lın threw,
Hissing in Air th'unerring Weapon flew;
But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
The Marks-man and the Mark, his Launce he fix'd.
Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound
The Boar, and flew an undeferving Hound;
And thro' the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground.
Two Spears from Meleager's Hand were sent
With equal Force, but various in the Event.
The first was fix'd in Earth, the second stood
On the Boar's bristled Back, and deeply drunk his Blood.
Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,
And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,
The Wound's great Author, close at Hand, provokes
His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes,
Wheels as he wheels, and with his pointed Dart
Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.
Quick, and more quick, he spins in giddy Gires,
Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.
This Act with Hands Heav'n-high the friendly Band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victor's Hand.
Then all approach the Slain with vast Surprize,
Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies.
And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar, (Dryd. Ovid.
And blood their Points to prove their Partnership of War.

HUNTRESS.

Grace of the Woods! A Diamond Buckle bound
Her Vest behind, which else had flow'd upon the Ground,
And skew'd her buskin'd Legs: Her Head was bare,
But for her native Ornament of Hair,
Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above,
Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love;
Her sounding Quiver on her Shoulder ty'd,
One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.

Such
Such was her Face as in a Nymph display'd
  A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
  The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid. \[Dryd. Ovid.\]
  A Huntress in her Habit, and her Mien;
  Her Dres a Maid, her Air confetti a Queen.
Bare were her Knees, and Knots her Garments bind
Loose was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind: \[Dryd. Virg.\]
  Her Hand sustains a Bow, her Quiver hung behind.
She cross'd the Lawn, or in the Forest stray'd.
  A painted Quiver at her Back the bore,
Vary'd with Spots, a Linx's Hide she wore;
And at full Cry pursu'd the tusky Boar. \[Dryd. Virg.\]

H U R R I C A N E.

As when Two adverse Hurricanes arie,
Must'reing their stormy Forces in the Skies,
  Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,
Against each other bend their rapid Course;
The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,
And Front to Front a fearful War display:
Exploded Flames against each other fly,
And fiery Arches vault the lighten'd Sky:
Conflicting Billows against Billows dash;
Thunder against Thunder roars, Lightnings against Lightnings
Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,
But equal Strength maintains a doubtful Field.
  \[Blac.\]

H U S B A N D and W I F E. \ See Marriage.

Are we not one? Are we not join'd by Heaven?
Each interwoven with the others Fate?
Are we not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,
Whose blended Waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the Sea one common Flood. \[Row. Fair Pen.\]

Force, and the Will of our imperious Rulers
May bind Two Bodies in one wretched Chain;
But Minds will still look back to their own Choice.
So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm
Stands on the Shore, and sends his Wishes back
To the dear native Land, from whence he came. \[Row. Fair Pen.\]

We think it Merit blindly to believe
Those pious Fallhoods we from Priests receive.
Faith is Religion's happy Lethargy;
The doubting Wife we brand with Heresy.
Husbands should more than the Religious strive,
Blindly to trust, and blindly to believe.
What can be sweeter than our native home;
Thither for Ease, and soft Repose we come.
Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,
Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.

If
If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt:
None but an inmate Foe could force us out:
Clamours our Privacies uneafy make; \( \text{(Dryd. Auren.)} \)
Birds leave their Nefts disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts forfake.

When Souls that should agree to will the fame,
To have one common Object for their Wishes,
Look different Ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a Train of Wretchedness ensues!
Love shall be banish'd from the Genial Bed;
The Nights shall all be lonely and unquiet;
And ev'ry Day shall be a Day of Cares. \( \text{Row. Fair Pen.} \)

What tho' some Fits of small Content
Sometimes fall out among the best?
That makes no Breach of Faith or Love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve:
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between Two Legs a Race;
In which both do their utmost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,
They're still as kind and constant Friends;
And to relieve their Weariness,
By Turns give one another Ease:
So all the false Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love:
When those who are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
In all Amours a Lover burns
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by Turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with fullen,
As charming Looks surpriz'd, and stoll'n:
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs;
And Curses are a kind of Pray'rs. \( \text{Hud.} \)

And yet of Marriage Bands I'm weary grown;
Love scorn's all Ties, but those that are his own:
Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneafy prove,
For there's a God-like Liberty in Love!

Sure of all IIs's domestick are the worst:
When we lay next us what we hold most dear,
Like Hercules, invenom'd Shirts we wear,
And cleaving Mischiefs. \( \text{Dryd. Auren.} \)

Secrets of Marriage still are sacred held:
Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd: \( \text{Errours} \)
Errours of Wives reflect on Husbands still;
And when divulgd, proclaim they've chosen ill:
And the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne
Should always be maintaun'd, but rarely shown. *Dryd. Auren.*

_Men's Eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward Misery: I bear my Grief
Hid from the World. How am I wretched then?
For ought I know all Husbands are like me;
And every Man I talk to of his Wife,
Is but a well Dissembler of his Woes,
As I am._ *Beau. Maid's Tragedy.*

_Few know what Care a Husband's Peace destroys,
His real Griefs, and his dissembled Joys. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

_H Y P O C R I S Y._

Hypocrify, the thriving'ft Calling,
The only Saint's-Bell that rings all in:
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd.
For no Degrees, unless th'employ it,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy it.
A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabbble;
But by the Law's impow'r'd to rout,
And awe the Greatest that stand out;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their Hand should slip, and come too near:
For no Sin else among the Saints,
Is taught to tenderly againft._ *Hud.*

_Seeing Devotion does but guild a Knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But where Religion does with Virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angel shine._ *Wall.*

_Yet few are truly by themselves express'd:
He that seems Virtuous, does but act a Part,

_**J A V E L I N.**_

_She wrench'd the Jav'lin with her dying Hands:
But wedg'd within her Breast the Weapon stands._

_The Wood she draws, the steely Point remains._ *Dryd. Virg.*

_Pois'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw,
The winged Weapon, whistling in the Wind,
Came driving on, nor mis'd the Mark design'd._

_The Shield gave way: Through treble Plates it went
Of solid Bras, of Linnen trebly rou'd,
And Three Bull-hides which round the Buckler fold._

_All these it pass'd, refittles in the Course._

_Transpiere'd his Thigh, and spent its dying Force._ *Dryd. Virg.*

_His
His feeble Hand a Jav’lin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem’d to loiter as it flew;
Just, and but barely, to the Mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen Shield.

JEALOUSY.

The greater Care, the higher Passion shews:
We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose:
Distrest in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
But yet ’tis Night in Love when that is gone:
And in those Climes which most his Scorching know,
He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow.

What Arts can blind a jealous Woman’s Eyes?
Love the first Motions of the Lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev’n in Safety fears.

Jealousy is a noble Crime;
’Tis the high Pulsæ of Passion in a Feaver;
A sickly Draught, but shews a burning Thirst.

For Jealousy is but a kind
Of Clap, or Crinçam of the Mind:
The natural Effect of Love,
As other Pains and Aches prove.

Ah! Why are not the Hearts of Women known?
False Women to new Joys unseen can move,
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:
All Goods besides by publick Marks are known,
But that we most desire to keep has none.

No Sign of Love in jealous Men remains,
But that which sick Men have of Life, their Pains.
Small Jealousies, ’tis true, inflame Desire,
The Great not fan, but quite put out the Fire.

O Jealousy! thou raging Ill!
Why hast thou found a Place in Lover’s Hearts?
Afflicting what thou canst not kill,
And poyssning Love himself with his own Darts.

What State of Life can be so blest
As Love, that warms a Lover’s Breast?
Two Souls in one; the same Desire
To grant the Blis, and to require.
But if in Heav’n a Hell we find,
’Tis Jealousy, thou Tyrant of the Mind!
All other Ills, tho’ sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect Love:
In Absence, or unkind Disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover’s Pain.
Thou art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.

What
What Tortures can there be in Hell,
Compard to those fond Lovers feel,
When doating on some fair One's Charms;
They think she yields them to their Rival's Arms?
As Lions, tho' they once were tame,
Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy Voices, roar;
And tear the Keepers they obey'd before.
So fares the Lover, when his Breast
By jealous Frenzy is posse'sd:
Forstears the Nymph for whom he burns;
Yet strait to her, whom he forstears, returns.
But when the Fair resolves his Doubt
The Love comes in, the Fear goes out:
The Cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd;
And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd:
With what strange Raptures is he blest,
Raptures, too great to be express'd!
Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
Who would not have the Sickness for the Cure?
Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart;
Attended on his Throne by all his Guard
Of furious Witches, Fears, and nice Suspicions.
Think'st thou I'll make a Life of Jealousy,
To follow still the Changes of the Moon
With fresh Surmises? No, to be once in Doubt,
Is to be resolv'd. But yet, 'tis true,
I'll see before I doubt: When I doubt, prove;
And on the Proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love or Jealousy.

If I do prove her haggard,
Tho' that her Jests were my dear Heart-strings;
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,
To prey at Fortune.
Villain! be sure thou prove my Love a Whore,
Be sure of it! give me the ocular Proof,
Or by the Worth of my eternal Soul,
Thou hadst much better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wrak'd Wrath:
Make me to see it, or at least to prove it,
That the Probation bear no Hinge, no Loop
To hang a Doubt on, or Woe upon thy Life!
If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all Remorse,
On Horrors' Head Horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to Damnation add,
Greater than that.
Give me a living Reason she's disloyal,
I'll have some Proof: My Name that was as fresh
As Diem's Visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poison or Fire, or suffocating Streams,
I'll not indure it: I'll be satisfy'd.
It is impossible you should see this;
But yet, I say,
If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you may have it.
Oh that the Slave had Forty thousand Lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true! Look here, Jago!
All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n! 'Tis gone!
Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell:
Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate! 'Swell, Bohem, with thy Fraught,
For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues. Like to the Prostick Sea,
Whose Icy Current, and compulsive Courfe,
Ne'er knows retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
To the Prospick and the Hellespont;
Ev'n so my bloody Thoughts, with violent Pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,
Till that a capable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up.

Oh you have done an Aë,
That blots the Face, and Blush of Modesty;
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rofe
From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
And makes a Blister there: Makes Marriage-Vows
As false as Diers Oaths. Oh such a Deed!
Heav'n's Face does glow at it.
Yea, this Solidity and compound Mafs,'
With tristles Visage, as against the Doom,
Is Thought-sick at the Act.  

Thou art as honest
As Summer Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou Weed
Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,
That the Senfe akes at thee!
Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book
Made to write Whore upon? O thou publisk Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,
Did I but speak thy Deeds.

Heav'n
Heav’n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks,
The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is bust’d within the hollow Mine of Earth,
And will not hear it. \[Shak. Othel.\]

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name,
Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;
And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o’er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work. \[Shak. Troil. & Cref.\]

Had it pleas’d Heav’n
To try me with Afflictions: Had they rain’d
All Kinds of Sores and Shames on my bare Head,
Steep’d me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Giv’n to Captivity me and my utmost Hopes,
I should have found in some Place of my Soul
A Drop of Patience. But alas! to make me
The fix’d Figure for the Time of Scorn
To point his flow and moving Finger at!
Yet could I bear that too! Well, very well!
But there, where I had garner’d up my Heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no Life;
The Fountain from which my Current runs,
Or else dries up: To be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a Cistern for soul Toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy Complexion there,
Patience, thou young and Rose-lip’d Cherubim,
I here look grim as Hell. \[Shak. Othel.\]

O plague me, Heav’n, plague me with all the Woes
That Man can suffer: Root up my Possessions,
Ship-werck my far-fought Ballast in the Haven,
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,
Let midnight Wolves howl in my desert Chambers,
May the Earth yawn! Shatter the Frame of Nature!
Let the wreck’d Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move!
But save me from the Rage of Jealous Love! \[Lee Caf. Borg.\]

For oh! what damned Minutes tells he o’er,
Who doats, yet doubts; Suspects, yet strongly loves. \[Shak. Othel.\]
And Doubts and Fears to Jealousies will turn,
The hottest Hell in which a Heart can burn. \[Cim.\]

How frail, how towardly is Woman’s Mind!
We shrink at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind;
And glittering Swords the brightest Eyes will blind.
Yet when strong Jealousy inflames the Soul,
The Weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul. \[Lee A.\]

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
O smile, and grant one reconciling Kiss:
Ye Gods! she’s kind, I’m Extasie all o’er!
My Soul's too narrow to contain my Bliss!
Thou pleasing Torture of my Breast!
Sure thou wert form'd to plague my Rest!
Since both the Good and Ill you do, alike my Peace destroy;
This kills me with Excess of Grief, that with Excess of Joy.

Walford

IGNORANCE.
Seeing aright, we see our Woes,
Then what avails us to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
The only wretched are the Wise.
Ignorance, Discord's Parent, by her flood,
And from her Breast squeeze'd Juice like blackish Blood,
Her hateful Offspring's most delicious Food.
A formidable Figure! black as Night!
That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight;
Exceeding fierce, but destitute of Sight.
A Crowd of howling Hell-hounds near her stay'd;
All hideous Forms! and her Commands obey'd.

Prior

Contention, Zeal, inexorable Rage,
And Strife, that wretched Men in Arms engage;
Various Division, Malice, deadly Hate,
That rend a Kingdom and dissolve a State.

Blay

Final Destruction seize on all the World:
Bend down, ye Heav'n's! and shut ting round this Earth,
Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion;
Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curtz Cinder,
And all us little Creepers in', call'd Men,
Burn, burn to nothing! But let Venice burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell
Ne'er to extinguish; and let Souls hereafter
Groan here in all those Pains which mine feels now.

Osw. Ven.

Oh that my Arms could both the Poles embrace,
And wrest the World's strong Pillars from their Base;
That all the crackling Frame might be disjoyn'd,
And bury in its Ruin Human-kind.

(Prof.)

That I could reach the Axle where the Pins are
Which bolt this Frame, that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into Chaos with myself!

Blac.

Who would not fall with all the World about him?

Johns.

Oh that, as oft I have at Athens seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now in very Deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof,
Meet like the Hands of Jove, and crush Mankind:
For all the Elements, and all the Powers

Celestial
Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
Conspire the Rack of outcast Oedipus.
Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night
Shadow the Globe: May the Sun never dawn;
The silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for a universal Rout of Nature,
Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a Glimpse, one flaring Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the Dark:
That Jars may rise, and Wrath divine be hurled,
Which may to Atoms shake the fold World.  

Curst be the Hour that gave me Birth:
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all Trust and Converse among Men;
'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism;
Till all things move against the Course of Nature;
Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Original of Being lost.

Loosen'd Nature
Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World,

Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,
Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence;
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate;
Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer;
An AIs a Bishop; can vil'th Blockheads rear
To wear red Hats, and sit in porphy'ry Chair:
'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence.

For he that has but Impudence,
To all things has a fair Pretence;
And put among his Wants but Shame,
To all the World he may lay Claim.

Nature abhors
To be forc'd back again upon herself;
And, like a Whirlpool, swallow her own Streams.

Custom our native Royalty does awe,
Promiscuous Love is Nature's eldest Law:
For whosoever the first Lovers were,
Brother and Sister made the second Pair;
And doubled by their Love their Piety.

Then is it Sin? or makes my Mind alone

Lee Odis.  
Osw. Orph.  
(Love  
Dryd. All for

IMPUDENCE.

Dryd. Oedip.

Oldb.  
Hud.

Dryd. Aaron.  
Th'
Th’imagin’d Sin? For Nature makes it none.
What Tyrant then these envious Laws began?
Made not for any other Beast but Man:
The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,
The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride.
What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,
Or more falacious Goat to rut their Dam?
The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,
And make a Husband whom she hatch’d before,
All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,
Whom not ill-natur’d Laws from Pleasure bind,
Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.
But Man a Slave of his own making lives,
Too busy Senates, with an over Care,
To make us better than our Kind can bear,
Have dash’d a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
And straining up too high, have spoil’d the Cause.
Yet some wise Nations break the cruel Chains,
And own no Laws but those which Love ordains;
Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join’d,
And Piety is doubly paid in Kind:
O that I had been born in such a Clime!
Not here, where ‘tis the Country makes the Crime.
But whither would my impious Fancy stray!
Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away. *Dryd. Ovid.*

**INCONSISTENCY.** See Constancy, False.

I never yet could see that Face
Which had no Dart for me;
From fifteen Years to fifty’s Space
They all victorious be.
Colour or Shape, good Limbs or Face;
Goodness or Wit in all I find;
In Motion or in Speech a Grace:
If all fail yet ‘tis Woman-kind.
If tall, the Name of Proper flays,
If fair, she’s pleasant as the Light;
If low, her Prettiness does please;
If black, what Lover loves not Night?
The fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart;
The lean, with Love, makes me so too;
If fright, her Body’s *Cupid’s* Dart
To me; if crooked ‘tis his Bow.

Nay, Age it self does me to Rage encline,
And Strength to Women gives, as well as Wine;
Him who loves always one why should we call
More constant, than the Man loves always all?

---

R. 2
All my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone,
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose Images are kept in Store,
By Memory alone.
Whatever is to come, is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is wholly thine.
Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I by Miracle can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.
For as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one;
So Love does, and has ever done:
And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first;
That after burns with Cold as much,
As Ice in Greenland does the Touch:
Melts in the Furnace of Desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
Change is Fate, and not Design;
Love, like us, must Fate obey:
Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
Inconstancy's the Plague that first or last
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Disease.

INFIRMARY.

Immediately a Place
Before his Eyes appear'd; sick, noisom, dark:
A Lazar-House it seem'd, wherein were laid
Number of all Diseas'd, all Maladies.
Dread was the tossing, deep the Groans: Despair
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
With Vows, as their chief Good and final Hope.

INGRATEITUDE.

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime.
And in this thankless World the Givers
Are envy'd ev'n by the Receivers:
'Tis now the cheap and frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay the Obligation:
Nay, 'tis much worse than so,
It now an Artifice does grow,
Wrongs and Outrages to do,
Left Men should think we owe. Cowl. Pind.

Fate ne'er strikes deep but when Unkindness joins:
But there's a Fate in Kindness,
Still to be least return'd where most 'tis given. Dryd. Sec. Love.
So often try'd, and ever found so true,
Has giv'n me Trust, and Trust has giv'n me Means
Once to be false for all. Dryd. Don Sel.

He trusts us both! mark that! shall we betray him?
A Master who reposes Life and Empire
On our Fidelity? I grant he is a Tyrant:
That hated Name my Nature most abhors;
More, as you say, has loaded me with Shame,
Ev'n with the last Contempt, to serve Sebastion:
Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge,
Which, but by this Revolt, I cannot compass.
But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part
To forsworn and yet betray, I should be hif's'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.
Is not the Bread thou eatt', the Robe thou weart',
Thy Wealth and Honour, all, the pure Indulgence
Of him thou would'st destroy?
And would his Creature, nay his Friend, betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on Human-kind;
Distrusts, Debates, immoral Strifes ensue;
Children may murther Parents, Wives their Husbands;
All must be Rapine, Wars, and Desolation,
When Trust and Gratitude no longer bind. Dryd. Don Sel.

Both false and faithless!

Draw near ye well-joynd' Wickedness, ye Serpents
Whom I have in my kindly Bosph warm'd
Till I am stung to Death.

My whole Life
Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship;
But now I wake, I'm like a Merchant rows'd
From soot Reposé, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatteries to my morning Wake;
But now my Winter comes she spreads her Wings,
And seeks the Spring of Caesar.

(Said of Cleopatra by Anthony.

He has prophan’d the sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vilenesse.
With how secure a Brow and specious Form
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty; but Heav’n mismatch’d it,
And furnish’d Treason out with Nature’s Pomp,
To make its Work more easy.
See how he sets his Countenance for Deceit,
And promises a Lie before he speaks.

(Said of Dolabella by Anthony.

Two, two such!
Oh! there’s no further Name! Two such to me?
To me, who lock’d my Soul within your Breasts,
Had no Desire, no Joy, no Life but you.
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart: I had no Use,
No Fruit of all but you; a Friend and Mistress
Was all the World could give. Oh Cleopatra!
Oh Dolabella! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant Fondness
Lay lull’d between your Bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injur’d Faith. I can forgive
A For, but not a Mistress and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest; and the Soul resign’d
Is stab’d by her own Guards.

Dryd. All for Love.

...To break thy Faith,
And turn a Rebel to so good a Master,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch’d on Earth:
The first revolting Angel’s Pride could only
Do more than thou hast done: Thou copy’dst well,
And keep’dst the black Original in view.

Dryd. Tamerl.

... Innocence.
Virtue, dear Friend, needs no Defence,
The surest Guard is Innocence:
None knew till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poyson’d Arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Thro’ Lybian Sands and Scythian Snows,
Or where Hydæses wealthy Side
Pays Tribute to the Persian Pride.

Rosc. Hor.

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence,
And conscious Virtue is allow’d some Pride.
Oh that I had my Innocence again,
My untouch’d Honour! but I wish in vain:

Dryd. Oedip.

The
The Fleece that has been by the Dier stain'd,
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.

Happy the Innocent, whose equal Thoughts
Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is fled,
And seeks with ebbing Tides his antient Bed;
The fat Manure with heav'nly Fire is warm'd,
And crust'd Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd:
These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find,
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their Kind;
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth,
One half alive, and one of lifeless Earth.

Interest is the most prevailing Cheat;
The fly Seducer both of Age and Youth,
They find it hard, and think they study Truth.

Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent;
For Souls already warp'd receive an easy Bent.

Intrest, that bold Impofer on our Fate,
That always to dark Ends misguides our Will's,
And with false Happinesse smooths o'er our ills.

Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it.

All seek their Ends, and each would other cheat:
'They only seem to hate and seem to love,
But Int'rest is the Point on which they move:

Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends again,
And in their Turns are Knaves and honest Men:

Our iron Age is grown an Age of Gold;
'Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold.

The Challenger with fierce Defy
His Trumpet sounds, the Challeng'd makes Reply;
With Clangor rings the Field, refounds the vaulted Sky.

Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest,
Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest;
They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,
And spurring, see decrease the middle Space.

A Cloud of Smoke envolves either Host,
And all at once the Combatants are lost:

Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Courfers with Courfers jousting, Men with Men.

As lab'ring in Eclipse awhile they stay,
Till the next Blatt of Wind restores the Day:
They look anew; the beauteous Form of Fight
Is chang'd, and War appears a grieveely Sight.
Two Troops in fair Array one Moment show'd;
The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd;
Not half the Number in their Seats are found,
But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.
The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,
The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.
The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Eight;
The glitt'ring Falchions cast a gleaming Light:
Hawberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound;
Our spines the streaming Blood, and dies the Ground.
The mighty Maces with such Haste descend,
They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour bend:
This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force;
Down goes at once the Horseman and the Horse:
That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,
And, flound'ring, throws the Rider o'er his Head:
One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;
One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows.
By Fits they cease; and leaning on the Lance,
Take Breath awhile, and to new Fight advance.
Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spair'd
His utmost Force, for each forgot to ward.
The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,
That other backward to the Crupper sent.
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows
Fall thick and heavy when on Foot they close:
So deep their Falchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke
Pierc'd to the Quick; and equal Wounds they gave and took.
Born far asunder by the Tides of Men,
Like Adamant and Steel they meet again.
So when a Tyger fucks the Bullock's Blood,
A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood,
Roars loudly fierce, and challenges the Food:
Each claims Possession, neither will obey,
But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:
They bite, they tear, and while in vain they strive,
The Swains come arm'd between, and both to Distant drive.
Behold the noble Youths of Form divine, (Dr. Pal. &c. &c.)
Upon the Plain advancing in a Line;
The Riders grace the Steeds, the Steeds with Glory shine.
Thus marching on in military Pride,
Shouts of Applause refund from Side to Side.
Their Cazques adorn'd with Laurel-Wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornell Spear:
Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore,
Their Chains of burnish'd Gold hung down before.

Three
Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green;
Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen;
Twelve follow'd every Chief, and left a Space between.
Th'unfledg'd every Commander, and their martial Train,
First make the Circuit of the sandy Plain:
Then at th'appointed Sign,
Drawn up in beauteous Order, form a Line:
The Second Signal sounds; the Troop divides
In Three distinguishing Parts, with Three distinguishing Guides.
Again they close, and once again disjoin,
In Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line:
They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar
With harmless Rage, and well-disembled War.
Then in a Round the mingled Bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.
Broken they break, and rallying they renew
In other Forms the military Shew.
At last, in Order, undiscern'd they joy,
And march together in a friendly Line.
And, as the Creton Labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring Wave, and many a winding Fold,
Involv'd the weary Feet, without Redress,
In a round Error, which deny'd Recess;
So fought the Trojan Boys in warlike Play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and still a different Way.  

J O Y.

Great Joys, as well as Sorrow's, make a Stay;
They hinder one another in the Crowd,
And none are heard, while all would speak aloud.

Joy is in ev'ry Face without a Cloud:
As in the Scene of op'ning Paradise
The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being,
Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other.  

Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure roll
Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul;
He sinks beneath the Pressure of his Joy,
And Joseph's Life does almost his destroy.

A secret Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins;
It works about the Inlets of my Soul.  

Now my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the Poles,
My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight;
'Tis Length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury.
Now by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,
I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel
A latter Spring within my wither'd Limbs,
That shoots me out again.

Be gone my Cares; I give you to the Winds,
Far to be borne; far from the happy Altisum
Far from the sacred Era of my Love:
A better Order of succeeding Days
Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all.
Casilda is the Mistress of the Year,
She crowns the Seasons with auspicious Beauty,
And bids ev'n all my Hours be good and joyful. ROW. Fair Pen
Be still my Sorrows, and be loud my Joys!
Fly to the utmost Circle of the Seas,
Thou furious Tempest that haft toss'd my Mind,
And leave no Thought but Leonora there.
What's this I feel of boding in my Soul,
As if this Day were fatal? Be it so!
Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love!
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great:
The Lion, tho' he fees the Toils are set,
Yet pinch'd with raging Hunger, scourc away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day,
(Span. Fry,
At Night, with fullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey. Dryd.
She bids me hope! O Heav'n! she pities me;
And Pity still fore-runs approaching Love,
As Light'ning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that Sound! and thou my Heart,
Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joys:
Hence all my Griefs, and ev'ry anxious Care,
One Look, and one kind Glance can cure Dispair.Dryd. Span. Fry.
Am I then pity'd? I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this Moment of my Joy:
But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion,
Spare this one Thought, Let me remember Pity;
And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was blest. Dryd. Span. Fry.
Oh you are so divine, and cause such Fondness,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and sain would out,
To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet:
Such Extase Life cannot carry long!
The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy
Darts with such Fiercenesse on me, Night will follow. Lee Alex.
Know, be it known to the Limits of the World;
Yet farther, let it pass yon dazling Roof,
The Mansions of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
With everlasting Peals of thund'ring Joy!
Oh for this News let Waters break their Bounds;
Rocks, Valleys, Hills with splitting It's ring!
Jo Jacars! Jo Paraum fignant. Lee Oedip.
Be this the gener'Al Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And ev'ry publick Place repeat this Echo.
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day:
Let
Let Labour cease; set out before our Doors
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Lawrels crown’d: With Lawrel wreath your Posts,
And strew with Flow’rs the Pavement. Let the Priests
Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,
And call the Gods to joyn with you in Gladness. Dr. All for Love.
Let Mirth go on: Let Pleasure know no Pause,
But fill up ev’ry Minute of this Day. Row. Fair Pen.
But oh! the Joy, the mighty Extasie
Posses’d thy Soul at this Discovery!
Speechless and panting at my Feet you lay,
And short-breath’d Sighs told what you cou’d not say:
A thousand Times my Hands with Kisses press’d,
And look’d such Darts as none could e’er resist:
Silent we gaz’d, and as my Eyes met thine,
New Joys fill’d theirs, new Love and Shame fill’d mine. Behn.
My charm’d Ears ne’er knew
A Sound of so much Rapture, so much Joy:
Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds,
Not Winds, nor murm’ring Waters joyn’d in Confort,
Not tuneful Nature, nor th’ according Spheres
Utter such Harmony, as when my Selima
With down-caft Looks and Blushes said, I love. Row. Surrey.
Oh the dear Hour, in which you did resign!
When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
And in a Kiss you said, your Heart was mine.
Thro’ each returning Year may that Hour be
Distinguish’d, in the Rounds of all Eternity.
Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light:
Let him collect the Day to be more bright;
Shine all that Hour, and all the rest be Night!
Cong.
There’s not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil’d that Hour thro’ all his Care,
And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony. Cong.
Oh my Soul’s Joy!
If after ev’ry Tempest come such Calm,
May the Winds blow till they have waken’d Death;
And let the lab’ring Bark climb Hills of Seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As Hell’s from heav’n. If it were now to die,
’Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My Soul has her Content so absolute,
That not another Comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown Fate. Shak. Othel.
Some strange Reverse of Fate must sure attend
This vast Profusion, this Extravagance
Of heav’n to bless me thus! ’Tis Gold so pure,
It cannot bear the Stamp without Allay.  
Mine is a Gleam of Bliss too hot to last;  
Wet, 'tis shines, and will be soon o'ercast.  
For, as Extremes are short of Ill and Good,  
And Tides at highest Mark regorge the Flood:  
So Fate, that could no more improve their Joy,  
Took a malicious Pleasure to destroy.  
WEEPING for Joy.

My plenteous Joys,  
Wanton in Fullness, seek to hide themselves  
In Drops of Sorrow.

I cannot speak; Tears so obstruct my Words,  
And choke me with unutterable Joy.

Then into Tears of Joy the Father broke;  
Each in his longing Arms by turns he took,  
Panted and pangs'd, and thus again he spoke.

My Joy stops at my Tongue;  
But it has found Two Channels here for One,  
And bubbles out above.  

SHAKESPEARE.  
MACHIAVELLI.  
OVID.  
DRYDEN, SIR & Guicci.  
DRYDEN, AURElius.  
DRYDEN, VIRGIL.  
DRYDEN, All for Love.

Her moonly Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,  
And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples grac'd:  
A Mitre, for a Crown, she wore on high;  
The Dog, and dappled Bull were waiting by.  
Ofsiris, fought along the Banks of Nile,  
The silent God, the sacred Crocodile:  
And left a long Procession moving on  
With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.

The fortunate Islands.

The happy Isles where endless Pleasures wait;  
Are still'd by tuneful Bards, The Fortunate.  
Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here  
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.  
From chrysal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow;  
The Rose still blushes, and the Vile's flow.  
The Vine undrefs'd her swelling Clusters bears;  
The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olives bears:  
Blossoms and Fruit at once the Citron shows,  
And as she pays, discovers still she owes;  
And the glad Orange courts the am'rous Maid  
With golden Apples, and a silken Shade.  
No Blasts e'er difcompose the peaceful Sky,  
The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but sigh.  
The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,  
And warbling Dirges dye on ev'ry Note.  
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr Garlands flings,  
Shaking rich Qdours from his purple Wings;  

And
And Birds from Woodbine Bow’rs, and Jess’mín Groves
Chant their glad Nuptials, and unenvy’d Loves.
Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,
Cool Grottos, silvery Brooks, and flow’ry Vales,
In this blest Climate all the circling Year prevail.

Great Queen of gath’ring Clouds,
Whose Moisture fills the Floods:
Great Queen of nuptial Rites,
Whose Pow’r the Soul unites,
And fills the Genial Bed with chaste Delights.

The nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage Joys.
The Majesty of Heav’n! The Sister-Wife of Jove.
The Pow’r, whose high Command
Is unconfin’d; who rules the Seas and Land;
And tempers Thunder in his awful Hand.

Who shakes Heav’n’s Axle with his awful Nod.
Who rules

The radiant Stars, and Heav’n and Earth controlls.
The Pow’r’s immense! Eternal Energy!
The King of Gods and Men; whose awful Hand
Disperces Thunder on the Seas and Land,
Disposing all with absolute Command.
The mighty Thund’rer, with majestick Awe,
Then shook his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around,
And scatter’d Tempelts on the teeming Ground.

So when of old Jove from the Titans fled,
Ammon’s rude Front his radiant Face bely’d,
And all the Majesty of Heav’n lay hid;
At length by Fate to Pow’r divine restor’d,
His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord:
The God grew terrible again, and was again ador’d.

So Jove look’d down upon the War of Atoms,
And rude tumultuous Chaos, when as yet
Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being,
But Discord and Confusion troubled all.
Calm and serene upon his Throne he sat,
Fix’d there by the eternal Law of Fate:
Safe in himself, because he knew his Pow’r,
And knowing what he was, he knew he was secure.

Of all the Virtues, Justice is the best;
Valour, without it, is a common Pest:
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac’d;
Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac’d:
'Tis our Complexion makes us chaste or brave;
Justice from Reason, and from Heaven we have:
All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood;
That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good:
Justice the Queen of Virtues!

Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker Side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else Right and Wrong
Could never hold it out so long.

Justice gives Sentence many times
On one Man for another's Crimes.
As lately 't happen'd in a Town,
Where liv'd a Cobbler, and but one;
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend Mens Lives, as well as Shoos:
This precious Brother having lain,
In Times of Peace an Indian,
The mighty Tottipottomy
Sent to our Elders an Envoy;
Complaining forely of the Beacch
Of League, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the Articles in Force
Between both Churches, his and ours.
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his Hands, or hang th'Offender.
But they, maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him o'th Trade;
(A Man that serv'd 'em in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hogan Hogan too
Impartial Justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bedrid.

So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

KINDNESS.
Kindness has resistles Charms;
All things else but weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love;
Beauty does the Heart invade;
Kindness can alone perswade:
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

Kindness can Indifference warm,
And blow that Calm into a Storm.

KING. See Emperor, Tyrant, Usurper.
A Monarch's Crown
Golden in Shew, is but a Crown of Thorns;
Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares, and sleepless Nights,
To him who wears the Regal Diadem;
When on his Shoulders each Man's Burthen lies:
For therein lies the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this Weight he bears.

Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around,
Pleas'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run:
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Luxurious Kings are to their People lost;
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Cost.

Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.
Some Kings the Name of Conquerors affirm'd;
Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd:
But boundless Pow'r, and arbitrary Lust,
Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just:
They shun'd the Praise this God-like Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their Lives.

Princes by Disobedience get Command,
And by new-queen'd Rebellions firmer stand:
Till by the boundless Offers of Success,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd Happiness.

O polit'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keeps the Ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchful Night! O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou deist sit
Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,
That scalds with Safety.

A Crown, whate'er we give, is worth the Cost.

How wretchedly he rules, (of Gran.

That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools! Orw. Dom Carl.

What's Royalty, but Pow'r to please my self?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
And my own Slaves the Soveraigns.

Weak Princes flatter when they want the Pow'r
To curb their People; Tender Plants must bend;
But when a Government is grown to Strength,
Like some old Oak, tough with its armed Bark,
It yields not to the Tug, but only nods,
And turns to full State.

Kings Titles commonly begins by Force,
Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right;
And Pow'r, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession.

All After-Ad's are sanctify'd by Pow'r.

Unbounded Pow'r, and Height of Greatness, give
To Kings that Lustré which we think divine;
The Wife, who know 'em, know they are but Men,
Nay, sometimes weak ones too: The Croud indeed,
Who kneel before the Image, not the God,
Worship the Deity their Hands have made. Row. Amb. Stepn.
He's in Possession! for Diseases are:
Should not a lingering Fever be remov'd,
Because it long has rag'd within my Blood?
Do I rebel when I would thrust it out?
What? shall I think the World was made for one;
And Men are born for Kings as Beasts for Men,
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark those who doat on arbitrary Pow'r,
And you shall find them either hot-brain'd Youth;
Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their Greatness,
And Slaves to some to lord it o'er the rest.
O Benefic! to support a Tyrant-Throne;
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World! Dr. Span. Fry.

Those Kings who rule with limited Command,
Have Player's Sceptres put into their Hand,
Pow'r has no Balance! one Side still weighs down, (of Gras.
And either hoists the Commonwealth or Crown. Dryd. Conq.
Force only can maintain

The Pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain. Cowl.
Sov'raigns, ever jealous of their State,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for Hate;
Ev'n tho' th' Offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like Embers rak'd within their Breast,
Burns forth in Flames, whose unrelisht Pow'r,

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,
The Walks of muffled Gods; sacred Retreat,
Where none but whom they please t'admit approach. Dryd.
The Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred Privacy,
Unknown and ven'erable to the Vulgar;
And like a Temple's innermost Recedes,
None enter to behold the hallow'd Mysteries,

Sebastian was a Man
Above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to Divinity;
Brave, pious, gen'rous, great and liberal;
Just as the Scales of Heav'n that weigh the Seasons.
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd.
His Goodness was diffus'd to human Kind.
He was the Envy of his neigh'ring Kings;
For him their fighing Queens despis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd. Dr. Don Sab.

Kissing.
KISSING.

She gather'd humid Kisses as she spoke.
She brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his;
At which he whisper'd Kisses back on hers.
She printed melting Kisses as she spoke;
Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,
When they give up their Souls too with their Breath.
Balm'ry as Cordials that recover Souls;
Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers.
They pour'd a Storm of Kisses thick as Hail.
I felt the while a pleasing kind of Smart,
The Kiss went tingling to my very Heart;
When it was gone the Sense of it did stay,
The Sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away.
They kiss'd with such a Fervour,
And gave such furious Earnest of their Flames,
That their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood
Fllew flushing o'er their Faces.
How I could dwell for ever on those Lips!
Oh I could kiss 'em pale with Eagerness!
So soft, by Heav'n! and such a juicy Sweet,
That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour.
The Nectar of the Gods to them is tasteless.
Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,
As if, like Doves, we did engender there:
No Bound, nor Rule my Pleasures shall endure,
In Love there's none too much an Epicure.

Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul,
I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very Soul.
Then thus we'll lie, and thus we'll kiss,
Thus, thus improve the lasting Bliss;
There is no Labour here, no Shame,
The solid Pleasure's still the same;
Never, oh never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.

As amorous, and fond, and billing,
As Philip and Mary on a Shilling.

K N I G H T - T E R R A N T S.
Th'ancient Errant-Knights
Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights;
And cut whole Giants into Fitters,
To put them into am'rous Twitters;
Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their Gallants were half kill'd:
But when their Sides were drub'd so sore,
They durst not wooe one Combat more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,  
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt:  
So Spanish Heroes with their Lances,  
At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies;  
And he acquires the noblest Spouse,  
That widows greatest Herds of Cows.  

LABYRINTH. See Jousts and Tournaments.

LAMB.

The tender Firlings of the woolly Breed.  
Come lead me forward now, like a tame Lamb  
To Sacrifice. Thus in his fatal Garlands  
Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,  
Trots by th'enticing flatt'ring Priestess Side;  
And much transported with its little Pride,  
Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain,  
Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain,  
Yet then too hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain.  

A hundred Lambs  
With bleating Cries attend their milky Dams.  

LARK. See Morning.

The Lark that shuns on lofty Boughs to build  
Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;  
But if the Promise of a cloudless Day,  
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play;  
Then strait she shews 'twas not for want of Voice,  
Or Pow'r to climb, she made so low a Choice;  
Singing she mounts, her airy Wings are stretch'd  
Towards Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Note she fetch'd.  

The wise Example of the heav'nly Lark,  
Thy Fellow-Poet, Cowley, mark:  
Above the Clouds let thy proud Musick sound,  
Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.  
And now the Herald Lark  
Left his Ground-Nest, high tow'ring to descry  
The Morn's Approach, and greet her with his Song.  

D A P H N E chang'd into a Laurel.  

Scarce had the finish'd, when her Feet the found  
Benum'd with Cold, and fasten'd to the Ground.  
A filmy Rind about her Body grows;  
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs:  
The Nymph is all into a Laurel gone,  
The Smoothness of her Skin remains alone.  
Yet Phoebus loves her still, and casting round  
Her Bole his Arms, some little Warmth he found;  
The Tree still pant'd in th'unfinished Part,  
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart:  
He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd.
To whom the God;  Because thou canst not be
My Mistres, I espouse thee for my Tree.
Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown,
The deathless Poet, and the Poem, crown:
Thou shalt the Roman Festivals adorn,
And after Poets, be by Victors worn:
Thou shalt returning Caesar's Triumphs grace;
When Pomp shall in a long Procession pafs:
Wreath'd on his Posts before the Palace wait,
And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate.
Secure from Thunder, and unharmin'd by love,
Unfading as th'immortal Pow'r's above:
And as the Locks of Phæbus are unhorned,
So shall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.
The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

Thus Laurel is the Sign of Labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to Ground.
From Winter-Winds it suffers no Decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month is May:
Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow;
The Life is in the Leaf, and still between (Flower and the Leaf).
The Fits of falling Snow appears the streaky Green. Dryd. Tho.
The Story of Phæbus and Daphne apply'd.

Thirsts, a Youth of the inspir'd Train;
Fair Sacharisse lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Like Phæbus fung the noles am'rous Boy,
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy:
With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues;
With Numbers such as Phæbus self might ufe.
Such is the Chafe, when Love and Fancy leads
O'er craggy Mountains and thro' flow'ry Meads;
Invok'd to testify the Lovers Care,
Or form some Image of his cruel Fair.
Urg'd with his Fury, like a wounded Deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay;
Whom all his Charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he fung in his immortal Strain,
Tho' unsuccessful, was not fung in vain;
All but the Nymph who should redress his Wrong;
Attend his Passion and approve his Song.
Like Phæbus thus, acquiring unsought Praise,
He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

S a

L A W:
LAW, and Lawyer.

Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw
Into the noify Markets of the Law,
The Camp of gowned War.

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Pow'r;
The Cause is bad when'er the Client's poor:
Those strict-liv'd Men that seem above our World,
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold;
So Judgment like our other Wares is sold:
And the grave Knight that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, hems and approves the Cause.

You save th'Expence of long litigious Laws,
Where Suits are travers'd and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone.

He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
Is fillier than a forthi Chowne,
Who, when a Thief has rob'd his House,
Applies himself to Cunning-Men,
To help him to his Goods agen;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain.

For Lawyers, left Bear Defendant
And Plaintif Dog should make an End on't,
Do stave and tail with Writs of Errour,
Reverse of Judgment and Demurrer,
To let 'em breath a while, and then
Cry Whoop, and let 'em on agen;
Until with subtle Cobweb-Cheats
They're catch'd in knotted Law like Nets;
In which when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir the more they're tangled;
And while their Purges can dispute,
There's no End of th'immortal Suit.

'Tis Law that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but wooe;
That makes the most peridious Lover,
A Lady that's as false, recover.
For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages
And manag'd by the ablest Sages;
Who tho' their Bus'ness at the Bar,
Be but a kind of Civil War,
With which th'engage with fiercer Dudgeons;
Than e'er the Grecians did the Trojans,
They never manage the Contest
'Timpar their publick Interest,
Or by their Controversies lessen
The Dignity of their Profession:
For Lawyers have more sober Sense,
Than t'argue at their own Expence;
But make their best Advantages
Of others Quarrels, like the Swift;
And out of foreign Controversies,
By aiding both Sides fill their Purse:
But have no Interest in the Cause,
For which th'engage, and wage the Laws;
Nor farther Prospect than their Pay,
Whether they lose or win the Day.
And tho' th'abounded in all Ages
With sundry learned Clerks and Sages;
Tho' all their Business be Dispute,
With which they canvass every Suit;
They've no Disputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert;
While all Professions else are found
With nothing but Disputes th'abound.
Divines of all sorts, and Physicinns,
Philosophers, Mathematicians,
The Gallenists and Paracelsins.
Condemn the Way each other deals in:
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out Work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
That in their Sleep they talk of Schemes;
And Heralds stickle who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.
But Lawyers are too wise a Nation
'T expose their Trade to Disputation;
Or make the busy Rabble Judges
Of all their secret Piques and Grudges;
In which, whoever wins the Day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.
Besides, no Mountebanks nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They swarm like Insects, and increase:
For what Bigot durst ever draw,
By inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their Tools,
Will cut their Fingers if they're Fools.
I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A Straw to understand a Cafe.

S 3

Without
Without the admirable Skill,
To wind and manage it at Will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a Cause
Against the Weather-gage of Laws,
And ring the Changes upon Cares
As plain as Nose upon Faces;
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd, here 'tis, your Fee.  Hud.

LEARNING.

Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain;
A Trade of Knowledge as replete
As others are with Fraud and Cheat;
A Cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Men's Reason and their own;
A Fort of Error to infuse
Absurdity and Ignorance;
That renders all the Avenues
To Truth, impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things in Debate,
By Art, perplex'd and intricate;
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This pagan heathenish Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention;
For as in Sword and Buckler Fight
All Blows do on the Target light,
So when Men argue, the greatst Part
O'th' Contest falls on Terms of Art,
Until the Puffian Stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Books had spoil'd him,
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession. Dr. All for Love.

LETHARGY.

A Sleep, dull as your laft, did you arrest,
And all the Magazines of Life posset'd;
No more the Blood its circling Course did run,
But in the Veins like Icicles it hung;
No more the Heart, now void of quick'ning Heat,
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat:
Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,
And a short Death crept cold through ev'ry Limb.

On the dark Banks where Lethe's lazy Deep
Does its black Stores and drowsy Treasures keep,
Rolls his slow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves asleep.
LEVIA THAN. See Creation.

So when Leviathans dispute the Reign,
And uncontrol'd Dominion of the Main,
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
And Isles of Sea-weed on the Waves are born;
Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea and which is Sky.

LIBERTY. See Brutus, Freedom.

The Love of Liberty with Life is given,
'Tis quick'ning Liberty that gives us Breath;
Her Absence, more than that of Life, is Death.

Quoth he, th'one Half of Man, his Mind,
Is sui juris, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the Heels,
Whate'er the other Moity feels.
'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,
That makes Men Prisoners or free,
But Perturbations that possess
The Mind, or Equanimitities.
The whole World was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd
Because he had but one to subdue;
As was a paulytry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not said,
For ought that ever I could read,
To whine, put Finger i'th'Eye, and sob,
Because he'd ne'er another Tub.

O give me Liberty;

For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,
Still I should long to leap the chrysfal Walls. Dryd. Don Seb.

Oh Liberty! thou Goddes 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, Subje&ion grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy Sight.
Thou mak'ft the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'ft Beauty to the Sun and Pleasure to the Day.

LIFE.

Oh Life! thou Nothing's younger Brother;
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What's Some-body or No-body?
In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmens Trade
We no such nice Diffinction woven see,
As 'tis to be, or not to be.

S 4 Dream
Dream of a Shadow! A Reflexion made
From the false Glories of the gay reflected Bow,
Is a more solid thing than thou.
Thou weak-built Ishmael! which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two Eternities;
Yet canst not Wave or Wind sustain,
But broken or o'er-whelm'd, the endless Oceans meet again.

From the maternal Tomb
To the Grave's fruitful Womb,
We call here Life; but Life's a Name
Which nothing here can truly claim.

This wretched Inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
We call our dwelling Place;
We call one Step a Race.
We grow at last by Custom to believe
That really we live;
Whilst all these Shadows that for Things we take,
Are but the empty Dreams which in Death's Sleep we make.
When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat;
Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit:
Trust on, and think To-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's faller than the former Day;
Lies more, and while it says we shall be blest'd
With some new Joys, cuts off what we posses'd.
Strange Cour'nage! none would live past Years again,
Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the Dregs of Life think to receive
What the first sprightly Running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Heav'n punishes the Bad and proves the Best.
To-morrow, To-morrow, and To-morrow,
Creep in a stealing Pace from Day to Day,
To the last Minute of revolving Time;
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
To their eternal Homes.
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That frets and struts his Hour upon a Stage;
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing.

Life is but Air,
That yields a Passage to the whittling Sword,
And closes when 'tis gone.
Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st,
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n.
They live too long who Happiness out-live.
For Life and Death are things indifferent; Each to be chose as either brings Content.  
'Tis not for Nothing that we Life pursue; It pays our Hopes with something still that's new: Each Day's a Miftres unenjoy'd before;  
Like Travellers we're pleas'd with seeing more.  
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give; For not to live at Ease, is not to live; Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour. Live while thou liv'st, for Death will make us all  
A Name, a Nothing but an old Wife's Tale.  
Short Bounds of Life are set to mortal Man; 'Tis Virtue's Work alone to stretch the narrow Span.Dryd. Virg.  
Improperly we measure Life by Breath; They do not truly live who merit Death.  
Gods! Life's your Gift; then seaxon't with such Fate, That what you meant a Blessing prove no Weight.

Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd Of this your Play-thing, made in Haste, the World:  
But grant me Quiet, Liberty, and Peace; By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease;  
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love: Then fix me, and if e'er I wish Remove, Make me as great, that's wretched, as you can;  
Set me in Pow'r, the wofulst State of Man; To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a Prey.  
But make Life what I ask, or take't away. Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too:  
To live and die is all we have to do. Otw.  

LIGHT. See Creation:  
First-born of Chaos! who so fair didst come From the old Negro's darksom Womb!  
Which, when it saw the lovely Child, The melancholy Mafs put on kind Looks, and smil'd.  
Thou Tide of Glory! which no Rest do'st know! But ever ebb, and ever flow!  
Hail active Nature's watchful Life and Health!  
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth! Hail to thy Husband Heat and thee!  
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the lufty Bridegroom be. Say, from what golden Quivers of the Sky Do all thy winged Arrows fly.  
Swiftness and Pow'r by Birth are thine, From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine!  
Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run, Thy Race is finish'd when begun.

Thou
Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,
Doft thy bright Wood of Stars fürvey:
And all the Year doft with thee bring
Of thousand flow'ry Lights thy own nocturnal Spring.
Thou, Scythian-like, doft round thy Lands above,
The Sun's guilt Tent, for ever move;
And still as thou in Pomp doft go.
The shining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.
Nor amidst all those Triumphs doft thou scorn
The humble Glow-worms to adorn;
And with those living Spangles guild
(O Greatness without Pride !) the Bubbles of the Field.
Night, and her ugly Subjects thou doft fright,
And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night,
Afham'd and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemisphere.
With them there hastens, and wildly takes th'Alarm,
Of painted Dreams, a busy Swarn.
At the first Op'ning of the Eye,
The various Clutters break, the antick Atoms fly.
The guilty Serpents and obscene Beasts
Creep conscious to their secret Rests:
Nature to thee does Rev'rence pay,
Ill Omens and ill Sights remove out of thy Way.
At thy Appearance Grief it self is said
To shake his Wings, and rouse his Head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.
At thy Appearance Fear it self grows bold;
The Sun-shine melts away his Cold.
Ev'n Luft, the Master of a harden'd Face,
Blushes if thou be'ft in the Place;
To Darkness's Curtains he retires,
In sympathizing Night he rouls his smoky Fires.
When, Goddes ! thou lift'ft up thy waken'd Head,
Out of the Morning's purple Bed,
 Thy Choire of Birds about thee play;
And all the joyful World salutes the rising Day.
All the World's Brav'ry that delights our Eyes,
Is but thy sev'ral Liveryes.
Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'ft;
Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'ft.
A crimfon Garment in the Rose thou wear'ft,
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'ft.
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.
The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou dost doat,
Thou cloath'st it with a gay and party-colour'd Coat.
But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
In the Empyrean Heav'n does stay;
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below;
From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must flow.
Thro' the rude Chaos thus the running Light
Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the native Night:
Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd.
Last shone the Sun, who radiant in his Sphere,
Illumin'd Heav'n and Earth, and roul'd around the Year.

Hail holy Light! Offspring of Heav'n, first-born,
Or of th'Eternal Co-eternal Beam:
Bright Efluence of bright Essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal Stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'n thou wert, and at the Voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
The rising World of Waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite:
Thee I revisit now with bolder Wing,
Escap'd the Stygian Pool, tho long detain'd
In that obscure Sojourn; while in my Flight
Thro' utter, and thro' middle Darkness born,
With other Notes than to the Orphean Lyre
I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark Descent, and up to re-ascend,
Tho' hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy Sov'reign vital Lamp; but thou
Re-visit'st not these Eyes, that roul'd in vain
To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn:
So thick a Drop serene has quench'd their Orbs,
Or dim Suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease: I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or sunny Hill,
Smit with the Love of sacred Song: But chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry Brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: Nor sometimes forget
Those other Two, equall'd with me in Fate,
So were I equall'd with them in Renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Meonides,
And Phineas and Tyresias, Prophets old:
Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move

Harmo-
Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seafons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,
Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Robe,
Or Flocks, or Herds, or humane Face divine:
But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of Man
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair,
Preseetned with a universal Blank
Of Nature's Works to me expung'd and ras'd;
And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather, thou Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs
Irraditate; there plant Eyes, all Mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
LIGHTNING. See Greatness, Sickness, Singing, Necromancer, Storm, Thunder.

Quick Lightning flies when heavy Clouds rush on,
And strikes like Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone:
For then small Sparks appear, and scatters' Light
Breaks swiftly forth, and wakes the sleepy Night,
The Night amaz'd begins to haste away,
As if those Fires were Beams of coming Day. Cre. Luc.

As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly thro' the Sky,
Strikes and consumes e'er scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden Ill prevents the Fear. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

As when tempestuous Storms overspread the Skies,
In whose dark Bowels in-born Thunder lies;
The warry Vapours numberless conspire
To smother and opprefs th' imprison'd Fire;
Which, thus collected, gathers greater Force,
Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Course
From the Clouds gaping Womb in Lightning flies,
Flashing in ruddy Streaks along the Skies. Blair.

The dismal Lightnings all around,
Some flying thro' the Air, some running on the Ground,
Some swimming o'er the Waters Face,
Fill'd with bright Horror Ev'ry Place. Cowl.

The Clouds,
Justling, or push'd by Winds, rude in their Shock,
Tine the flant Lightning, whose thwart Flame driven down
Kindles the gummy Bark of Firr, or Pine. Milt.

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound; Nor
Nor bladed Gras nor bearded Corn succeed,
Like Lightnings fatal Flash,
Which by destructive Thunder is pursu'd,
Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before. Roch. Valent.
As when a pointed Flame of Lightning flies,
With mighty Noise exploded from the Skies;
The ruddy Terroir with resiftless Strokes
Invades the Mountain-Pines, and Forest Oaks;
Wide Lanes a-cross the Woods, and ghastly Tracks,
Where'er it goes, the swift Destruction makes. Blac.
L I O N. See Creation, Enjoyment, Frown, Joy, Paradise,
Retreat, Revenge, Twilight.
Thus as a hungry Lion, who beholds
A game-som Goat, that frisks about the Folds;
Or beamy Stag, that grazes on the Plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane,
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws;
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws:
He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd Morfels, while he churns the Gore. Dryd. Virg.
The famish'd Lion thus, with Hunger bold,
O'erleaps the Fences of the nighty Fold;
And tears the peaceful Flocks: With silent Awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his Paw. Dryd. Virg.
So when the gen'rous Lion has in Sight
His equal Match, he roufes for the Fight:
But when his Foe lies prostrate on the Plain,
He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane;
And pleas'd with bloodies Honours of the Day,
Walks over, and difdains th'inglorious Prey. Panth. Dryd. Hind &
As when the Swains the Lybian Lion chase,
He makes a fou'r Retreat, nor mends his Pace;
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
The Lordly Beast returns with double Pride:
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain,
His Sides he lashes, and erefts his Mane.
His Eye-balls flash with Fire,
Thro' his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire. Dryd. Virg.
Thus as a Lion, when he spies from far
A Bull, that seems to meditate the War,
Bending his Neck and spurning back the Sand;
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand,
To rush from high on his unequal Foe. Dryd. Virg.
Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terroir of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat;
Till caught at length within some hidden Snare, With
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him;
And roars, and rolidays his fiery Eyes in vain:  (Amb. Stepm.
While the surrounding Swains wound him at Pleasure.    Rowe
L O O K S; or Mien:  See Beauty, Eyes.
The King arose with awful Grace,        (Pal. & Arc.
Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his Face. Dryd.
Deep on his Front engraven,
Deliberation fate, and publick Care,
And Princely Council in his Face yet shone.    Milt.
Big made he was and tall; his Port was fierce;
Ereft his Countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes;
Commanding all he view'd.            Dryd. Oedip.
His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,
Nor durst the rath Spectators meet his Eyes;
Eyes that confest'd him born for Kingly Sway;
The Trojan Chief appear'd in open Sight,
August in Visage, and serenely bright:
His Mother Goddes, with her Hands divine,
Had form'd his curling Locks, and made his Temples shine;
Had giv'n his rousing Eyes a sparkling Grace,
And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face:
Like polisht'd Ivy, beauteous to behold;
Or Parian Marble, when enchass'd with Gold.                Dryd. Virg.
Amidst the Priest appears the beauteous Boy:
His lovely Face unarm'd, his Head was bare;
In Ringlets o'er his Shoulders hung his Hair;
His Forehead circled with a Diadem.
Distingisht'd from the Crowd he shines a Gem,
Enchas'd in Gold: Or polisht'd Ivy, set
Amidst the meaner Foil of fable Jet.                  Dryd. Virg.

Thro' his youthful Face,
Wrath checks the Beauty, and sheds manly Grace;
Both in his Looks so joyn'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in Friends, and from an En'my Love.
Hot as ripe Noon, sweet as the blooming Day:
What's he, who with contracted Brow,
And full'en Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardless of his Chains or Liberty?
He shuns my Kindness;
And with a haughty Mien and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Office: If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to Do, and did disdain to talk,
At least to talk where he must not command. Cong. Mourn. Bride.
That
That gloomy Out-side, like a rufly Chest, 
Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul 
Resolv'd and brave. 
Dryd. Don Seb.

He looks secure of Death: Superior Greatness;
Like Love, when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The Slave of my Creation.
He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
That scorn his brittle Corps, and seems ashamed
He's not all Spirit: His Eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accusing Fortune that he fell not warm,
Yet now disdains to live. 
Dryd. Don Seb.

By his warlike Port,
His fierce Demeanour, and erected Look,
He's of no vulgar Note. 
Dryd. All for Love.

Methinks you breathe
Another Soul; your Looks are more divine;
You speak a Hero, and you move a God. 
Dryd. All for Love.

Care fate on his faded Cheek; but under Brows
Of dauntless Courage, and confid'rate Pride,
Waiting Revenge. Cruel his Eye, but cast
Signs of Remorse and Passion. 
Milt.

His grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible. 
Milt.

LOVE. See Absence, Enjoyment.
Love, the moft gen'rous Passion of the Mind:
The softest Refuge Innocence can find.
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
The Cordial-drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down:
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise:
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and blest'd his Pow'r in Love. 
Rach.

Love rais'd his noble Thoughts to brave Achievements:
For Love's the Steel that strikes upon the Flint;
Gives Coldness Heat, exerts the hidden Flame, 
(Love Triumph.
And spreads the Sparkles round to warm the World. 
Dryd.

Love that does all that's Noble here below. 
Dryd. Don Seb.

For Love's not always of a vicious Kind,
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind:
Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul;
And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool:
Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts
With pollish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.
Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhyme,
The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime;
To lib'ral Arts enlarga'd the narrow-soul'd,
Softens'd the Fierce, and made the Coward bold. Dryd. Cym. & Iph.
Ye niggard Gods! ye make'our Lives too long:
Ye fill 'em with Diseases, Wants, and Woes,
And only dash 'em with a little Love;
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand: Dryd. Amphit.
Life without Love is Load, and Time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to Death we give,
And then, then only, when we love, we live. Cong. Mourn. Bride.
Love's an heroick Passion, which can find
No Room in any base degenerate Mind:
It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his Desire. Dryd. Cong. of Gran. p. 2.
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love:
Mine is a Flame so holy and so clear,
That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,
What art thou, Love, thou great mysterious Thing?
From what hid Stock does thy strange Nature spring?
'Tis thou that mov'st the World thro' ev'ry Part;
And hold'st the vast Frame fast that nothing start.
From the due Place and Office first ordain'd:
By Thee were all things made, and are sustain'd. Cowe.
The Pow'r of Love,
In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,
Rules unre sist with an awful Nod:
By daily Miracles declar'd a God;
He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind:
No Law is made for Love:
Law is to things which to free Choice relate;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate:
Laws are but positive; Love's Pow'r we see
Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.
Each Day we break the Bond of human Laws
For Love, and vindicate the common Cause.
Laws for Defence of civil Rights are plac'd;
Love throws the Fences down, and makes a gen'ral Wafte.
Maids, Widows, Wives, without Distinction fall: (Pal. & Arc.
The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all. Dryd.
In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love: Dryd. Virg.
For Love the Sense of Right and Wrong confounds:
Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds:
Dryd.
The Faults of Love by Love are justified:
With unre sist'd Might the Monarch reigns,
He raises Mountains, and he levels Plains: Dryd. Sig. & Guise.
Kings
Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause, (Par. & Arc.)
But Love for Love alone, that crowns the Lover's Cause. Dryd.
Love gives Esteem, and then he gives Desert:
He either finds Equality or makes it;
Like Death, he knows no Difference in Degrees,

By Heav'n, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she:
Why should she ashamed; or angry be,
To be belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their Altars o'er,
They'll smoke but seldom any more,

If none but happy Men must them adore.
The Lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble Furzes of the Plain.
She being so high, and I so low,
Her Pow'r by this does greater shew,

Who at such Distance gives so sure a Blow.
If there be Man who thinks himself so high
As to pretend Equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his Relief,
And one would give with lesser Grief

T'n undeserving Beggar than a Thief.
I knew 'twas Madness to declare this Truth,
And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds,
Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds:
My Merit's but the rash Result of Chance,
My Birth unequal: All the Stars against me;
Pow'r, Promise, Choice, the Living and the Dead;
Mankind my Foes, and only Love to friend me:
But such a Love, kept at such awful Distance,
As what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd;
And so may Gods, else why are Altars rais'd?
Why shines the Sun but that he may be view'd?
But oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our Eyes in Darkness.

Love various Minds does variably inspire,
He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fires,
Like that of Incense on the Altars laid;
But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade;
A Fire which ev'ry windy Passion blows,
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows. Dr. Tyr. Love.

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are,
In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly;  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.  
The Fate of Love is such,  
That still it sees too little or too much.  

Wall.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

That Proverb holds, That to be wife, and love,  
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.  
A gen'ral Doom on all Mankind is past'd,  
And all are Fools and Lovers first or last;  
This both by others and my self I know,  
For I have serv'd their Sov'raign long ago;  
Oft have been caught within the winding Train  
Of female Snares, and felt the Lover's Pain;  
And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts constrain. Dryd.

Love is the pleant Frenzy of the Mind;  
And frantick Men in their mad Actions show  
A Happines that none but Madmen know.  
Love is that Madness which all Lovers have;  
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave:  
'Tis an Enchantment where the Reason's bound,  
But Paradise is in th'enchanted Ground;  
A Palace void of Envy, Cares and Strife,  
Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life.  
To take those Charms away, and set me free,  
Is but to send me into Misery;  
And Prudence, of whose Cure you so much boast,  
Restores the Pains which that sweet Folly lost.  

Dryd. Cong. of

I have no Reason left that can assist me,  
And none would have! My Love's a noble Madness,  
Which shews the Cause deserves it. Moderate Sorrow  
Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man;  
But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,  
I soar'd at first quite out of Reason's View,  
And now am lost above it.  

Dryd. All for Love.

In Love what use of Prudence can there be?  
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful She!  
One Look of hers my Resolution breaks;  
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks;  
And aw'd by her whom it was made to sway,  
Platters her Pow'r and does its own betray.  

Dryd. State of Inn.

Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?  
He knows him not the Executioner.  
Oh! she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love;  
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,  
And made Perdition pleasing.  

Dryd. All for Love.

Wit's ef ye Pow'rs!  

How much I suffer'd and how much I strove:  
But mighty Love who Prudence does despite,
For Reason shew'd me Indamora's Eyes:  
What would you more, my Crime I sadly view;  
Acknowledge, am affam’d, and yet pursuie.  
For Love does human Policy despise,  
And laughs at all the Counsels of the Wise.  
For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,  
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth, downwards. Hud;  
FALLING in LOVE.

I came, I saw, and was undone!  
Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run;  
A pointed Pain pierc’d deep my Heart,  
A swift cold Trembling seiz’d on ev’ry Part;  
My Head turn’d round, nor could it bear  
The Poyson that was enter’d there.  
A Change fo swift what Heart did ever feel!  
It rush’d upon me like a mighty Stream,  
And bore me in a Moment far from Shore!  
I’ve lov’d away my self in one short Hour;  
Already I am gone an Age of Passion.  
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?  
These might perhaps be found in other Men:  
’Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me;  
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,  
And with a silent Earthquake shook his Soul:  
But when he spoke, what tender Words he said?  
So yooftly, that, like Flakes of feather’d Snow,  
They melted as they fell.  
Thus anxious Fears already seiz’d the Queen;  
She fed within her Veins a flame unseen:  
The Hero’s Valour, Acts, and Birth inspire  
Her Soul with Love, and fan the secret Fire.  
His Words, his Looks, imprinted in her Heart,  
Improve the Passion, and encrease the Smart.  
I am not what I was since Yesterday;  
My Food forsakes me, and my needful Rest:  
I pine, I languish, love to be alone,  
Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh;  
When I see Torrismond I am unquiet,  
And when I see him not I am in Pain.  
They brought a Paper to me to be sign’d,  
Thinking on him; I quite forgot my Name;  
And writ for Leonora, Torrismond.

I went to Bed, and to myself I thought  
That I would think on Torrismond no more;  
Then shut my Eyes, but could not shut out him;  
I turn’d, and try’d each Corner of my Bed  
To find if Sleep was there, but Sleep was lost.
Feav'rish for want of Rest, I rose, and walk'd,
And by the Moonshine to the Windows went;
There thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
I cast my Eyes upon the neigh'ring Fields,
And e'er I was aware sigh'd to my self,
There fought my Terrismond.  

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since first her Eyes I saw,
As I were stung with some Tarantula:
Arms and the dusty Field I left admire,
And soften strangely in some new Delire;
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
But pale as Fires when mafter'd by the Light.
Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more,
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm numb'd and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!
'Tis he! I feel him now in ev'ry Part;
Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart;
Surveys in State each Corner of my Breast;
And now I'm all o'er Love!

He'd got a Hurt
On th' Inside of a deadly fort,
By Cupid made, who took his Stand;
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land;
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the Knight:
The Shaft against a Rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the Purtenance.

O Love! O cursed Boy!
Where art thou that torment'st me thus unseen,
And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast
With idle Purpose to inflame her Heart,
Which is as inaccessible and cold.
As the proud Tops of those aspiring Hills
Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,
Tho' the hot Sun rousl o'er 'em ev'ry Day:
And as his Beams, which only shine above,
Scorch and confume in Regions round below;
So Love, which throws such Brightness thro' her Eyes,
Leaves her cold Heart, and burns me at her Feet.

My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave thou art,
A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.

That proud Dame for whom his Soul
Was burnt in's Belly to a Coal,
Us'd him so like a base Rascalion,
That old Pyg (what d'y' call him) malion,

That
That cut his Mistres out of Stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.  

**LOVE and OLD AGE.**

Love, like a Shadow, while Youth shines is shown;
But in old Age's Darkness there is none.  

Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd;
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature: Yours in your declining Age;
When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk;
When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature to supply Desire:
Oh! 'tis mere Dotage in you.  

The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,
Nor will be gather'd with such wither'd Hands:
You importune us with a false Desire,
Which sparkles out, and makes no solid Fire.
This Impudence of Age, whence can it spring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring:
Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want:
Have Conscience; give not her you love this Pain;
Solicit not your self and her in vain:
All other Debts may Compensation find,
But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.  

You cannot love, nor Pleasure take nor give;
But Life begin when 'tis too late to live:
On a tir'd Course, you pursue Delight;
Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.  

**PROTESTATIONS of LOVE.**

While on Septimus panting Breast,
Meaning nothing less than Rest,
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimus said:
My dearest Acme! if I be
Once alive, and love not thee,
With a Passion far above
All that e'er was called Love,
In a Lybian Desart may
I become some Lion's Prey;
Let him, Acme! let him tear
My Breast, when Acme is not there.

Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending Head;
And her purple Mouth with Joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kiss'd his drunken rolling Eyes:
My little Life! my all! said she,
So may we ever Servants be
To this best God, and ne'er retain
Our hated Liberty again:
So may thy Passion last for me,
As I'a Passion have for thee;
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee, a Man.
Into my Marrow it is gone,
Fix'd and settl'd in the Bone;
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs like Life thro' ev'ry Part.
Madam I do as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tie.

For your Love does lie
As near and as nigh
Unto my Heart within,
As my Eye to my Nose;
My Leg to my Hose,
Or my Flesh unto my Skin.

My Love's so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.

All constant Lovers shall in future Ages
Approve their Truth by Troilus: When their Verse,
Full of Protest, and Oath, and big Compare,
Want Similes; as Turtles to their Mates,
As true as flowing Tides are to the Moon,
Earth to the Centre, Iron to Adamant:
At last, when Truth is tir'd with Repetition,
As true as Troilus shall crown the Verse,
And sanctify the Numbers.

Prophet may you be!
If I am false, or swerve from Truth and Love;
When Time is old, and has forgot itself
In all things else, let it remember me;
And after all Comparisons of Falsity,
To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids,
Let it be said, as false as Cressida.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forfake,
To which with trembling Rev'rence it does bend;
Go bid the Stones a Journey upward make;
Go bid th'ambitious Flame no more ascend:
And when these false to their old Motions prove,
Then will I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my Pulse to move;
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a Fit, to hickup;
Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.

That I do love you, O all you Host of Heav'n
Be Witness! That you are dear to me!
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die;
O thou bright Pow'r be judge whom we adore,
Be witness of my Truth! be witness of my Love! Lee Mithrid.

If all my Heart and Soul be'n't thine,
May thy dear Body ne'er be mine.
O my Monimia, to my Soul thou'rt dear
As Honour to my Name; dear as the Light
To Eyes but just restor'd and heal'd of Blindness.
O dearer than the vital Air I breathe.
O she is dearer to my Soul than Reft
To weary Pilgrims, or to Miser's Gold,
To great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride.
Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life;
Dear as these Eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.

Let me haste to tell thee
What and how dear Monefer has been to me:
What has he not been! All the Names of Love,
Brothers or Fathers, Husbands, all are poor:
Monefer is my self; in my fond Heart,
Ev'n in my vital Blood he lives and reigns:
The last dear Object of my parting Soul
Will be Monefer; the last Breath that lingers
Within my panting Breast, shall sigh Monefer.
Perdition catch my Soul, but I do love thee;
And when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

My Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor shew it where 'tis not.

Quoth he, my Faith as Adamantine,
As Chains of Destiny I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.
Then shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other Piglineye,
The Sun and Day shall sooner part,
Than Love or you shake off my Heart.

How I have lov'd,
Witness ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Business were to count my Passion.

T 4

Dryd. All for Love.

Row. Tamerl.

Shak. Othel.

Hud.

Otsw. Orph.

Dryd. Virg.

Otsw. Orph.

Otsw. Orph.

Otsw. Orph.
One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and 'twas only Love;
The Sun were weary out with looking on,
And I untr'd with loving.
I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day,
And ev'ry Day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.  
'Tis she, she only, that can make me blest.
Empire and Wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love.  
Dryd. All for Love.
Oh she's all Softness!
All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant;
Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heav'n
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles.  
Lee Alex.
And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy Body in my longing Arms!
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars!
To taste thy Lips and thy dear balmy Breath;
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.  
Lee Alex.
The vernal Bloom and Fragancy of Spices,
Wafted by gentle Winds, are not like thee:
From thee, as from the Cyprian Queen of Love,
Ambrosial Odours flow: My ev'ry Faculty.
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure.  
Stepm.  
By Heav'n, my Edith,
Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee!
The Sweetness of th' Arabian Wind still blowing
Upon the Treasures of Perfumes and Spices,
In all their Pride and Pleasures call thee Mistress.  
Beau. Rollo.
Sweet as the rosy Morn she breaks upon me;
And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholom Shade,
Gives way before the golden Dawn she brings.  
Row. Tamerl.
Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of Jeffamin,
Nor Vi'lets Infant-sweets, nor op'ning Buds;
Are half so sweet as Alexander's Breast!
From ev'y Port of him a Perfume falls;
He kiss's softer than a Southern Wind,
Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God!
Then he will talk! good Gods! how he will talk!
Ev'n when the Joy he sigh'd for is pass'd,
Ev'n then he speaks such Words, and looks such things,
Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much Grace;
That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.
If I but mention him, the Tears will fall:
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.  
Lee Alex.
My
My Lord, my Love, my Refuge,
Happy my Eyes when they behold thy Face!
My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating
Does she not come like Wisdom, or good Fortune,
Replete with Blessings, giving Wealth and Honour?
The Dowry which she brings is Peace and Pleasure;
And everlasting Joy is in her Arms. Rev. Fair Pen.
Oh! she's the Pride and Glory of the World!
Without her, all the rest is worthless Dross;
Life a base Slav'ry; Empire but a Mock;
And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse. Roch. Valent.

If Love be Treasure, we'll be wondrous rich:
I have so much, my Heart will surely break with't:
Vows can't express it. When I would declare
How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought:
I swell, and figh, and labour with my Longing.
Oh lead me to some Desert wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its Vent; where I may tell aloud
To the high Heav'n's and ev'ry lift'ning Planet,
With what a boundless Stock my Bosom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
Give loose to Love with Kisses, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart. Otsw. Ven. Pref.
'Tis now that I begin to live again,
Since I behold my Aurengzebe appear!
His Name alone afforded me Relief;
Repeated as a Charm to ease my Grief.
I that lov'd Name, did as some God invoke,
And printed Kisses on it as I spoke. Dryd. Aureei.

Lavinia! Oh there's Music in the Name,
That soft'ning me to Infant Tenderness,
Oh Pierre! were thou but she!
How I could pull thee down into my Heart,
Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love,
Till all my Sinews, with its Fire extended,
Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
Then dwelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Hold off, and let me run into his Arms!
My Dearest! my all Love, my Lord, my King,
Thou shalt not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy Scatira can restore thy Life!
Give me thy wonted Kindness! Bend me, break me
With thy Embraces!

'Les Alex.
Love
Love mounts and rouls about my stormy Mind,
Like Fire that's born by a tempestuous Wind:
Oh I could stifle you with eager Haste,
Devour your Kisses with my hungry Tast,
Ruth on you, eat you, wander o'er each Part,
Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart;
Then hold you off and gaze! then with new Rage
Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage
Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow;
So loft, so blest as I but then could know!

The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart!
She is all mine! By Heav'n! I feel her here,
Panting and warm! the Dearest! oh Statira!

Lee Alex.
Semandra shall be mine! ev'n all Semandra!

The Thought is Extase! These Arms shall hold her
Fist to my throbbing Breast, these ravish'd Eyes
Gaze till they're blind with looking on her Blushes!
These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
And follow her with such Pursuit of Kisses,
That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasures.

Who should be lov'd but you?
So lov'd that ev'n my Crown and self are vile
When you are by.

Come to my Arms, and be thy Harry's Angel;
Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown sit easy.

Give, ye Gods, give to your Boy, your Caesar,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This gewgaw World, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Dryd. All for Love.

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rd's Phæbus Lodging; such a Charioteer
As Phæton wouldraith you to the Weft,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtains, Love-performing Night;
Thou sober-suited Matron, all in Black,
That jealous Eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these Arms untalk'd of, and unseen.
Oh! Give me Romeo, and when he shall dye,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n fo fine,
That all the World will be in love with Night,
And pay no Worship to the gawdy Sun.


But oh! there wants to crown my Happiness,
Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights!
My dear Statira! Oh that heav'nly Beam!

Warmth
Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart!
Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been among the Gods;
If any Extase can make a Height,
Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heav'n.

Oh thou're my Soul itself, Wealth, Friendship, Honour!
All present Joys, and Earnest of all future
Are sum'd in thee! Methinks when in thy Arms
Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more
Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours.

She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever,
She garrisons my Breast, and mans against me
Ev'n my own Rebel Thoughts with thousand Graces,
Ten thousand Charms, and new-discover'd Beauties:
Oh had't thou seen her when she lately bless'd me,
What Tears, what Looks, what Languishings she darted!
Love bath'd himself in the distilling Balm;
And oh! the subtle God has made his Entrance
Quite thro' my Heart: He shouts and triumphs there,
And all his Cry is Death or Bellamira!

O Expectation burns me! Heart! how she inflames me!
Let's talk no more of War; for now my Theme's all Love!
The War, like Winter, vanishes; 'tis gone,
And Bellamira, with eternal Spring,
Dress'd in blue Heav'n, and breathing vernal Sweets,
Drops, like a Cherubim, in Spoils before me.
Thus to a glorious Coast, thro' Tempests hurl'd,
We fail, like him who fought the Indian World:
'Tis more, 'tis Parad're I go to prove,
And Bellamira is the Land of Love!
I have her in my View, and hark, she talks,
And see, about like the first Maid she walks;
Fair as the Day, when first the World began,
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man!

The God of Love once more has shot his Fires
Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him:
Alessand now returns with all her Charms:
I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood. So when Makomet
Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Parad're,
A brisk Arabian Girl came tripping by;
Passing the cast at him a sidelong Glance,
And look'd behind in Hopes to be pursu'd;
He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair,
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.
O the killing Joy!  
O Extasie! my Heart will burst my Breast
To leap into thy Bosom! But, by Heav'n,
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this Day endured;
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning Loves;
So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wand'ring Eyes;
The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day. Lea. Alex.

Where am I? Surely Paradise is round me;
Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
And ev'ry Sense is full of thy Perfection.
To here thee speak might calm a Mad-man's Frenzy,
Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th'amazing Beauties,
Wou'd make him rage again with Love, as I do;
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh!
Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece!
Sure, framing thee, Heav'n took usual Care,
As its own Beauty it design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best-lov'd Angel there. Otw. Orph.

Who can behold such Beauty and be silent?
Desire first taught us Words: Man when created,
At first, alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and silent as his Vassal Beast:
But when a Heav'n-born Maid like you appear'd,
Strange Passion fill'd his Eyes, and fill'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love. Otw. Orph.

Love in your sunny Eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasanl Mazes of your Hair;
Loves does on both your Lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there.

The Sun shall now no more dispence
His own, but your bright Influence:
I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,
With True-Love's Knots and Flourishes;
That shall infuse eternal Spring,
And everlasting Flourishing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,
And make it brisk Champaign become:
Where'er you tread, your Foot shall set
The Primrose and the Violet:
All Spices, Perfumes, and sweet Powders,
Shall borrow from your Breath their Odours,
Nature her Charter shall renew,
And take all Lives of Things from you:

The
The World depend on your Eye,  
And when you frown upon it, die:  
Only our Loves shall still survive;  
New Worlds and Natures to outlive:  
And like to Heralds Moons, remain  
All Crescent, without Change or Wane.  

Hud:

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this;  
Sir Knight, you take your Aim amiss:  
For you will find it a hard Chapter,  
To catch me with poe'tick Rapture:  
In which your Majesty of Art  
Does shew it self, and not your Heart:  
Nor will you raise, in mine, Combustion,  
By Dint of high heroick Fusian.  
She that with Poetry is won,  
Is but a Desk to write upon:  
And what Men say of her, they mean  
No more than that on which they lean.  
Some with Arabian Spices strive  
'Tembalm her cruelly alive.  
Her Mouth's compar'd t'an Oysters, with  
A Row of Pearls in't, 'stead of Teeth;  
Others make Posies of her Cheeks,  
Where red and whitest Colours mix:  
In which the Lilly and the Rose.  
For Indian Lake and Ceruse goes.  
The Sun and Moon, by her bright Eyes  
Eclips'd and darken'd in the Skies,  
Are but black Patches which she wears,  
Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars:  
By which Astrologers, as well  
As those in Heav'n above, can tell  
What strange Events they do foreshow  
Unto her Under-World below.  
Her Voice the Musick of the Spheres,  
So loud it deafens mortal Ears:  
As wise Philosophers have thought,  
And that's the Cause we hear it not.  
This has been done by some, who those  
Th'ador'd in Rhyme, would kick in Prose;  
And in those Garters would have hung  
of which melodiously they sung.  

Hud.  

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover!  
Prishee why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  

Why
Why so dull and mute, young Sinner!
   Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
   Saying nothing do't?
Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
   This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
   Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her.

Tell me then the Reason, why
   Love from Hearts in Love does fly?
Why the Bird will build a Nest,
   Where he ne'er intends to rest?
Love like other little Boys;
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys:
Which, when gain'd in childish Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.
Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
Love does nothing by Degrees:
Safely flying when most prized;
Meanly fawning when despis'd,
Flatt'ring or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes severe Extremes.

Oh Love! How are thy precious sweetest Minutes
   Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with Disappointments!
Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quarrels,
And sullen Coldness, give us Pain by Turns:
Malicious medling Chance is ever busy
To bring us Fears, Disquiets, and Delays;
And ev'n at last, when after all our Waiting,
Eager we think to snatch our dear-bought Bliss,
Ambition calls us to its sullen Cares;
And Honour stern, impatient of Neglect,
Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures;
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Bus'nels of our Lives.

Ah! cruel Heav'n, that made no Cure for Love!
   Love has no Bounds in Pleasure or in Pain.
What priestly Rites, alas! what pious Art
What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart?
A gentle Fire she feeds within her Veins,
Where the soft God secure in Silence reigns:
Sick with Desire, and seeking him she loves,
From Street to Street the raging Dido roves.
So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds with a random Shaft the careless Hind;
Distracted with her Pain she flies the Woods,
Bounds o'er the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods,
With fruitless Care; for still the fatal Dart
Sticks in her Side, and rankles in her Heart.  

\textit{Dryd. Virg.}

\textit{Anger in hafty Words or Blows,}
\textit{It self discharges on our Foes;}
\textit{And Sorrow too finds some Relief}
\textit{In Tears, which wait upon our Grief;}
\textit{So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,}
\textit{Unto its own Redress does move:}
\textit{But that alone the Wretch inclines}
\textit{To what prevents his own Designs;}
\textit{Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,}
\textit{Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep:}
\textit{Postures which render him despis'd,}
\textit{Where he endeavours to be priz'd.}

\textit{Wall.}

\textit{But I must rowze my self, and give a Stop}
\textit{To all those Ills by headlong Passion caus'd:}
\textit{In Minds resolv'd weak Love is put to flight,}
\textit{And only conquers when we dare not fight.}
\textit{But we indulge our Harms, and while he gains}
\textit{An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains. \textit{Dryd. Sec. Love.}}

\textit{Rowze to the Combat,}
\textit{And thou art fure to conquer: Wars shall restore thee,}
\textit{The Sound of Arms shall wak: thy martial Ardour,}
\textit{And cure this amorous Sickness of thy Soul,}
\textit{Begun by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Ease.}
\textit{The idle God of Love supinely dreams}
\textit{Amidst inglorious Shades of purling Streams;}
\textit{In rofy Fetters and fantastick Chains}
\textit{He binds deluded Maids and simple Swains:}
\textit{With soft Enjoyments woos them to forget}
\textit{The hardy Toils and Labours of the Great:}
\textit{But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms,}
\textit{To virtuous Acts excite and manly Arms;}
\textit{The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,}
\textit{On silken Wings sublime he cuts the Air,}
\textit{Scar'd at the noble Noise, and Thunder of the War. Raw. Tametl.}

\textit{Away then, feeble God,}
\textit{I banish thee my Bosom: Hence, I say,}
\textit{Be gone; or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,}
\textit{And stab thee in my Heart. The Wars come on:}
\textit{By Heav'n I'll drown thy laughing Deity}
\textit{In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword. LeeMithrid.}

\textit{Yes!}
Yes! I will shake this Cupid from my Arms,
If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of Hercules;
Make the World drunk, and then let Babel
When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,
I'll stick my Spear into the reeling Globe
To let it Blood: Set Babylon in a Blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

LOYALTY. See Subject.

For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game;
True as the Dial to the Sun,
Altho' it be not thin'd upon.
But True and Faithful's faire to lose,
Which Way ever the Game goes;
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While Pow'r usurp'd, like Stoll'n Delight,
Is more bewitching than the right;
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

The Faith of most with Fortune does decline,
Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design.
Let Fools the Name of Loyalty divide;
Wife Men and Gods are on the strongest Side.

For whom should we esteem above
The Men whom Gods do love.
The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,
And 'tis but simple Villany to break 'em.
But Faith to Princes broke is Sacrilege,
An Injury to the Gods; and that last Wretch,
Whose Breast is poison'd with so vile a Purpose,
Tears Thunder down from Heaven on his own Head,
And leaves a Curse to his Pesterity.

L. U. S. T.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
Tho' Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heaven:
So Luft, tho' to a radiant Angel joyn'd,
Will feast itself in a celestial Bed,
And pray on Garbage.

To a Lady playing on the LUTE.

The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,
And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kifs aloud:
Small Force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes Stand, and while she charms the Ear,
Empties his Quiver on the list'ning Deer,
Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,
That not one Arrow does Resistance find:
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
And asks her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
So Nero once with Harp in Hand survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as that burn'd he play'd.
To burning Rome when frantick Nero play'd,
Had he but heard thy Lute, he soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
And from Destruction call'd a fairer Town:
Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,
Nor could he burn so fast as thou could'st build.

Awake, awake, my Lyre,
And tell thy silent Master's humble Tale,
In Sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire:
Tho' so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her such different Notes make all thy Harmony.
Hark how the Strings awake,
And tho' the moving Hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful Fear,
A kind of numerous Trembling make:
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy Charms apply;
Revenge upon her Ear the Conquests of her Eye.
Weak Lyre, thy Virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My Passion to remove:
Physick to other ills, thou'rt Nourishment to Love.
Sleep! sleep again, my Lyre;
For thou canst never tell my humble Tale
In Sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle Thoughts in her inspire:
All thy vain Mirth lay by,
Bid thy Strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Master die.

Now see that noble and most sov'raign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of Tune and harsh;
Mad as the Seas and Winds, when both contend
Which is the mightier.
She hems, and beats her Breast,
Spurns enviously at Strafs; speaks things in Doubt,
That carry but half Sense:
Yet her unshap’d Use of Speech does move
The Hearers to Collection: They aim at it,
And her Words up-fit to their own Thoughts;
Which as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there would be Thoughts.
Tho’ nothing suit, yet much, unhappily.
Behold her lying in her Cell,
Her unregard’d Locks—
Matted like Furies’ Tresses; her poor Limbs
Chain’d to the Ground; and stead of those Delights,
Which happy Lovers taste, her Keeper’s Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish
Of wretched Sustenance.
Observe the Gallantry of her Distraction:
Hark how she mouths the Heavns, and mates the Gods;
Her blazing Eyes darting the wand’ring Stars,
While with her thund’ring Voice she threatens high,
And ev’ry Accent twangs with smarting Sorrow.
He raves: His Words are loose
As Heaps of Sand, and scatt’ring wide from Sense.
So high he’s mounted in his airy Throne,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.
As a robb’d Tigress bounding o’er the Woods.
Wild as Winds,
That sweep the Deserts of our moving Plains.
There is a Pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but Madmen know.
Madmen ought not to be mad,
But who can help their Frenzy?
A Woman! If you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me: But to think
Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains
Till they ferment to Madness. A Woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.
To my charm’d Ears no more of Woman tell;
Name not a Woman and I shall be well:
Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
And for a while beguiles his Lookers on;
He reasons well, his Eyes their Wildness lose,
He vows the Keepers his wrong’d Sense abuse;
But if you hit the Cause that hurt his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls rowl, and he is mad again.  

T O M - A - B E D - L A M.

I have bethought my self
To take the basest and the poorest Shape,
That ever Penury in Contempt of Man,
Brought near to Beast. My Face I'll grime with Filth,
Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in Knots;
And with preseated Nakedness out-face
The Winds and Persecutions of the Sky.
The Country gives me Proof, and President
Of Bedlam Beggars, who with roaring Voices
Strike into their numb'd and mortify'd Arms
Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Rosemary;
And with this horrible Object from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheep cotes, and Mills,
Sometimes with lunatick Bans, sometimes with Pray'rs,
Inforce their Charity.  

M A N.  

Shak. K. Lear.

Time was when we were low'd, and just began
From some few fruitful Drops, the Promise of a Man:
Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the soft coagulated Mass;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathless Embryo, with a Spirit warm'd:
But when the Mother's Throes begin to come,
The Creature pent within the narrow Room,
Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air;
Curt on the Margin of the World he lies
A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he tries:
He next essay to walk, but downwards press'd,
On four Feet imitates his Brother-Beast:
By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the Rouling-Chair is bound:
Then walks alone; a Horseman now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
In time he vaults among his youthful Peers,
Strong bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years.
He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
But manages his Strength and spares his Age:
Heavy the third, and stiff, he links apace,
And tho' 'tis Down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.

U a

Now
Now sapless on the Verge of Death he stands,
Contemplating his former Feet and Hands;
And, *Milo* like, his slacken'd Sinews sees,
And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
Unable now to shake, much less to tear the Trees.

Thus ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive,
Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave;
Nor are to Day what Yesternight they were,
Nor the whole Same To-morrow will appear. *Dryd. Ovid.*

So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat;
Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat:
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell,
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid,
Then helpless in his Mother's Lap is laid:
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,
Grudges their Life from whence his own began:
Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne.
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last,
Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waste:
Some thus, but thousands more in Flow'r of Age,
For few arrive to run the latter Stage. *Dryd. Pal. & Ari.*

Man is but Man, inconstant still and various.
There's no To-morrow in him like To-day:
Perhaps the Atoms rolling in his Brain,
Make him think honestly this present Hour;
The next, a Swarm of base ungrateful Thoughts
May mount aloft.
Who would trust Chance, since all Men have the Seeds
Of Good or Ill, which should work upward first? *Dryd. Clem.*

Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain:
And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward
To the World's open View. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Ah! what is Man when his own Wise prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in Ill!
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will!

With what unequal Tempers are we fram'd?
One Day the Soul, supine with Ease and Fullness,
Revels secure, and fondly tells her self,
The Hour of Evil can return no more:
The next, the Spirits pall'd, and sick of Riot.

*Turn*
Turn all to Discord, and we hate our Beings;
Curse the past Joy, and think it Folly all,
And Bitterness and Anguish.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear,
The next they're cloudy, sullen, and severe.
New Passions new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon despise at Night.
They gain with Labour what they quit with Ease,
And Health for want of Change becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And tho' they're couzen'd still, they still believe.

Mankind upon each others Ruin rise,
Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wife.

Mankind each others Stories still repeat,
And Man to Man is a succeeding Cheat.

Were I, [who to my Cost already am
One of those strange prodigious Creatures Man]
A Spirit free to chafe for my own Share
What Cash of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear;
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any thing but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth to contradict the other five:
And before certain Instinct will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.

Reason, an Ignis Fatuus in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature, Sense, behind,
Pathless, and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,
Thru' Errors, silly Bogs, and thorny Brakes:
While the misguided Follow'r climbs with Pain
Mountains of Whimseys heap'd in his own Brain;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
In hopes still to o'ertake th'escaping Light;
Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.

Huddled in Dirt the reason'ning Engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wifdom did his Happiness destroy;
Aiming to know that World he should enjoy.

U 3

And
And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
Of pleasing others at his own Expence:
For Wits are treated just like common Whores,
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
Those Creatures are the wisest who attain
By Jurelament Means the Ends at which they aim:
If therefore Jowler finds and kills his Hare
Better than Merri supplies Committee-Chair,
Tho' one's a Statesman, th'o' other but a Hound,
Jowler in Justice would be wiser found.

Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,
But savage Man alone does Man betray!
Pres',d by Necessity, they kill for Food;
Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.
With Teeth and Claws, by Nature arm'd, they can't
Nature's Allowance to supply their Want:
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
Unhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays;
With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
Not through Necessity but Wantonness.

For Hunger or for Love they fight and tear,
While wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear;
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
By Fear to Fear successively betray'd:
Safe Fear, the Source whence his best Passion came,
His boasted Honour and his dear-bought Fame.
The Good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure:
Meerly for Safety after Fame we thirst,
For all Men would be Cowards if they durst:
And Honesty's against all common Sense;
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence:
Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair
Among known Cheats to play upon the Square,
You'll be undone;

Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave:
Long shall he live insulted o'er, oppress'd,
Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.
Joyous the Birds: Fresh Gales and gentle Airs
Whisper'd it to the Woods; and from their Wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub;
Disporting till the am'rous Bird of Night
Sung Spoufal, and bid haste the Evening-Star
On his Hill-top to light the bridal Lamp.

And Venus bless'd with nuptial Bliss the long laborious Night.

Eros and Anteros on either Side,
One for the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride;
And Hymen from above
Shower'd on the Bed the whole Idalian Grove, Dryd. Pal. & Art.
Hail wedded Love! mysterious Law! true Source
Of human Offspring! sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else!
By thee adult'rous Luft was driv'n from Man
Among the bestial Herds to range; by thee
Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known!
Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets!
Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings:
Here reigns and revels; not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
Casual Fruition; nor in Court-Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.

When fix'd to one, Love safe at Anchor rides,
And dares the Fury of the Wind and Tides;
But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born,
It drives away at Will, to ev'ry Wave a Scorn. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

All Women would be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron and the Mif's;
The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,
The same with those in Lukner's Lane;
But for the Diff'rence Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives and Ladies of the Lakes.

Marriage, thou Curse of Love and Snare of Life!
That first debas'd a Mistrefs to a Wife!
Love like a Scene at Distance should appear,
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landscape near.
Love's nauseous Cure! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st please,
And when thou curst, then thou art the Disease.
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties;
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies. Dryd. Cong. of
And Wedlock without Love, some say.
Is but a Lock without a Key:
It is a kind of Rape to marry
One that neglects or cares not for you;
For what does make it Ravishment,
But being 'gainst the Mind's Consent.
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him of himself t'apply;
So Men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.

With gaudy Plumes and jingling Bells made proud,
The youthful Beast sets forth and neighs aloud:
A morning Sun his tinsell'd Harness gilds,
And the first Stage a down-hill Green-sword yields.
But oh!

What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life,
Our Sun declines, and with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug that galling Load a Wife?
All Courters the first Heat with Vigour run,
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.  

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul Way;
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd.

For after Matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a Lover,
Deferves for every Minute more
Than half a Year of Love before.

Fondness is still th'Effect of new Delight:
Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day;
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.
Dryd. Auren.

Marriage at best is but a Vow,
Which all Men either break or bow.

Lord of your self, uncomber'd with a Wife!
Where for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight.

Minds are so hardly match'd, that 'ev'n the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were ours'd:
For Man and Woman, tho' in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two:
He to God's Image, she to his was made;

So farther from the Fount the Stream at Random stray'd:
How could he stand; when, put to double Pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain?
Each might have stood perhaps, but each alone;
Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my Verse would blemish all the Fair,
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware;
And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare. Dryd.
I would not wed her:
No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
When I am old, and weary of the World,
I may grow desperate,
And take a Wife to mortify withal.
Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,
The Battle causeth Fear, but the sweet Hopes
Of winning at the last still draws them in.
M A R S.
The God of War, whose unresisted Sway
The Labours and Events of Arms obey.
Thus on the Banks of Hæbrus freezing Flood,
The God of Battels, in his angry Mood,
Clothing his Sword against his brazen Shield,
Let's loose the Reins, and scours along the Field:
Before the Wind his fiery Couriers fly,
Groans the sad Earth, refounds the rattling Sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Turnuit, and Despair,
Dire Faces and deform'd, surround the Car,
Friends of the God, and Follow'rs of the War. Dryd. Virg.
-Strong God of Arms! whose Iron Sceptre sways
The freezing North, and Hyperborean Seas,
And Scythian Colds, and Thracia's wintry Coast,
Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known,
The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild Amazement flung
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong:
And Disarray, and shameful Rout ensue,
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Venus, the publick Care of all above,
Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love:
Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful Charms,
When yielded, the lay curling in thy Arms;
Evn' by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his Net inthrall'd;
(Oh envied Ignominity! Sweet Disgrace!
When ev'ry God that saw thee, with'd thy Place!)
By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight,

And
And make me conquer in my Patron's Right.
For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to perswade;
And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair;
But caught my self, lie struggling in the Snare.
Nought can my Strength avail, unless by thee
Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r.
If ought I have achiev'd, deserve thy Care;
If to my utmost Pow'r, with Sword and Shield,
I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield;
And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field,
So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine.
Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and Strife
Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life.
And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoil among,
High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be hung.
Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers; and below,
With Arms revers'd, th'Achievements of my Foe.
And while these Limbs the vital Spirit feeds,
While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,
Thy smoking Altar shall be far with Food
Of Incense, and the grateful Stream of Blood:
Burnt-Off'rings Morn and Evening shall be thine,
And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine:
This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair
Which from my Birth inviolate I bear;
Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razor free,
Temple of M A R S.

In the Dome of mighty Mars the Red,
With different Figures all the Sides were spread:
This Temple, last in Form, with equal Grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace.
For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
And Sov'rain Mansion of the Warrour-God.
The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare,
Where neither Beast nor Human-kind repair.
The Fowl that scent afar, the Borders fly,
And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.
A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
And prickly Stubs instead of Trees are found;
Or Woods with Knots and Knares, deform'd and old;
Headless the most; and hideous to behold.
A rattling Tempest thro' the Branches went,
That stript them bare, and one sole Way they bent.
Heav'n froze above sever; the Clouds congeal,
And through the chrysal Vault appear'd the standing Hail.
Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood,
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the Wood:
Beneath the lowering Brow, and on a Bent
The Temple stood of Mars Armipotent.
The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
A freight long Entry to the Temple led,
Blind with high Walls; and Horrour over-head;
Thence issu'd such a Blust, and hollow Roar,
As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door.
In, thro' that Door a northern Light there shine,
'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
The Gate was Adamant; eternal Frame!
Which hew'd by Mars himself from Indian Quarries came,
The Labour of a God! and all along
Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A Tun about was every Pillar there,
A polished Mirror shine not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret Fellon wrought;
And Treason lat'ring in the Traitor's Thought,
And Midwife-Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought.
There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Misan'ry, with holy Leer,
Soft-smiling, and demurely looking down;
But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown.
Th'assassinating Wife, the Household-Fiend,
And, far the blackest there, the Traitor-Friend.
On th'o'ther Side there stood Destruction bare,
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War.
Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters drawn,
And all with Blood besmear'd the holy Lawn.
Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Insamy in Language base,
Till Sens'd was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place.
The Slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The Gore congeal'd was clotter'd in his Hair;
With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his fitten Soul away.
In midst of all the Dome, Misfortune fate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate:
And Madnes: laughing in his ireful Mood;
And arm'd Complaint on Theft, and Cries of Blood.
There was the murder'd Corps in Covert laid,
And vi'lent Death in thousand Shapes display'd.
The City to the Soldiers Rage resign'd;
Successless Wars, and Poverty behind.
Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,
And the rash Hunter strangling by the Boars.
The new-born Babe by Nurses over-laid,
And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made.
All Ills of Mars's Nature; Flame, and Steel;
The gaping Charioteer beneath the Wheel
Of his own Car; the ruin'd Hou'le that falls
And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls.
The whole Division that to Mars pertains,
All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains
Were there; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith
Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions or the Scythe:
The scarlet Conquest on a Tow'r was plac'd,
With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.
There saw I Mars's Idea, the Capitol,
The Seer in vain foretelling Caesar's Fall;
The last Triumvirs, and the Wars they move,
And Anthony who lof't the World for Love.
These, and a thoufand more the Pane adorn,
Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were born.
All copy'd from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force
Of the red Star, in his revolving Course.
The Form of Mars high on a Chariot s'tood,
All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God. *Dryd. Pal. & M A T.*

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the Year.
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours;
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs:
When thy short Reign is past, the fea'ry Sun (Pal. & Arc.
The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more slowly on. *Dryd.
Spritely May commands our Youth to keep,
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their sluggard Sleep:
Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth the moves, (Arc.
Golden M E A N. See Greatness.

Superfluous Pomp and Wealth I not desire,
But what Content and Decency require.
*Pleasures abroad the Sport of Nature yields*
Her living Fountains and her smiling Fields:
And then at home what Pleasure is't to see
A little, cleanly, cheerful Family!
Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,
Than Fortune, I the golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise she should not be,
No nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.

*Thus*
Thus let my Life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.
Let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, tho' inglorious Destiny:
In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid.
Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires:
Thrice happy he,
To whom the wife Indulgency of Heav'n
With sparing Hand but just enough has giv'n!
He does not Palaces nor Mannors crave,
Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have:
The Ground he owns, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heav'n because 'tis small.
Let gay and toilless Greatness others please,
He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.
Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he slept as cheaply as he din'd.
His calm and harmless Life,
Free from th'Alarms of Fear and Storms of Strife,
Does with Substantial Blessnesses abound,
And the soft Wings of Peace cover him round.
Their Wealth was the Contempt of it; which more
They valu'd, than rich Fools the shining Ore.
A silent Life he led;
Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,
But wisely from th'infectious World withdrew.
He's no small Prince, who every Day,
Thus to himself can say:
Now will I sleep, now eat, now fit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk;
This will I do, here will I stay;
Or if my Fancy calleth me away,
My Man and I will presentely go ride,
For we have nothing to provide:
If thou but a short Journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou must go;
Nor canst thou stir unless there be
A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,
And many a Mule, and many a Cart,
What an unwieldly Man thou art!
The Rhodian Catos' so
A Journey too might go.

If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to lose;
For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear untainted Pleasures do afford;
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.

Then might I live by my own surly Rules,
Not forc'd to worship Knaves, or flatter Fools;
And thus secure'd of Ease by shunning Strife,
With Pleasure would I sail down the swift Stream of Life.

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:
Happy the Man with little boast,
Of what his Father left posses'd;
No base Desires corrupt his Head;
No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe; a fruitful Flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
Rich Robes to deck, and make thee please:
For me, a little Cell I choose,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse;
Which soft Content does best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

M E L A N C H O L Y. See Grief.

A sudden Damp has seiz'd my Spirits,
And like a heavy Weight
Hangs on their active Springs.

A Kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart,
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and laggs along
As if she were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Substance, made of Fire.
My Senses too are dull and stupidly'd,
Their Edge rebated: Sure some ill approaches,
And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Breast
To tell me Fate's at Hand.

Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
Now coming to'wards me, grieves my inmost Soul.
Sure some ill Fate's upon me:

Distrust and Heaviness fit round my Heart,
And Apprehension shocks my tim'rous Soul.
This Melancholy flatters, but unmans you;
What is it else but Penury of Soul?
A lazy Frost, a Numness of the Mind,
That locks up all the Vigour to attempt;
By barely crying, 'tis impossible!

Dryd. Clem. It
It makes a Toy press with prodigious Weight,
And swells a Mole-hill to a Mountain's Height.
For melancholy Men lie down and groan,
Press'd with the Burthen of themselves alone.
Cru'd with fantastick Mountains they despair,
Their Heads are grown vast Globes too big to bear.
A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,
And each weak Blast a Storm too fierce to tame.
So peevish is the quarrellsom Disease,
No prof'rous Fortune can procure it Ease.
Some abfent Happines they still pursue,
Dislike the prefent Good, and long for new.

**MEMORY.**

Things which offend when present, and affright,
In Memory well painted move Delight.
Remember thee!
I, thou poor Ghost! while Memory holds a Seat
In this distraffed Globe. Remember thee!
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Pressures past,
That Youth and Reflection copy'd there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
Unmix'd with baser Matter.

**Shak. Ham.**

Something like
That Voice methinks I shou'd have somewhere heard,
But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off
Beyond my Ken of Soul.

**Dryd. Don. Sc.**

A confus'd Report
Paff'd thro' my Ears;
But full of Hurry, like a morning Dream,
It vanish'd in the Business of the Day.
'Tis lost;
Like what we think can never shun Remembrance,
Yet of a suddain's gone beyond the Clouds.

**Dryd. Ond.**

So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coast,
Gladly for Life the Treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape and live:
Gold and his Gains no more imploy his Mind,
But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank; and leaves the rest behind.

I, in my private Bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
That had by chance pack'd up his dearest Treasure

**Lab.**

In
In one rich Casket, and sav'd only that;
Since I must wander further on the Shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. 

When Merchants break, o'erthrown
Like Ninepins, they strike others down.

Hermes obeys; with golden Pinions binds
His flying Feet, and mounts the western Winds.
But first he grasps within his awful Hand,
The Mark of sov'raign Pow'r, his magick Wand:
With this he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves,
With this he drives them down to Stygian Waves;
With this he heals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,
And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light,
Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy Race,
And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space;
Now sees the Top of Atlas as he flies,
Where, pois'd upon his Wings, the God descends;
Then, refted thus, he from the tow'ring Height
Plung'd downward with precipitated Flight;
Lights on the Seas, and skims along the Flood;
As Water-Fowl, who seek their fifty Food,
Lees and yet less to distant Prospect throw,
By turns they dance aloft and dive below;
Like these the Steerage of his Wings he plies,
And near the Surface of the Waters flies;
Till having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands,
He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on Lybian Lands.

The Herald of the Gods.

His Hat adorn'd with Wings disclos'd the God,
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod.
Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Command
On Argus Head he laid the fiaky Wand.

Offspring Divine! in Heav'n the most belov'd,
By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd:
Her Looks so moving, such celestial Grace,
So mild and sweet an Air dwells on her Face;
So tender and engaging all her Charms,
That oft th'Almighty's Fury she disarms:
Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wreaths.

'To Threats the stubborn Sinner oft is hard,
Wrap'd in his Crimes against the Storm prepar'd;
But when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.
Lightning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery,
As Harbingers, before th'Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his Style, and disappear;
The stiller Sound succeeds, and God is there.  

Heav'n has but

Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
To pardon erring Man. Sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite,
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than punish to Extent.  

Curse on th'unpard'n ing Prince; whom Tears can draw
To no Remorse; who rules by Lions Law;
And, deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,
Rends all alike, the Penitent and Proud.

But Kings too tame, are despicably good:
For Goodness in Excess may be a Sin.
Justice must tame whom Mercy cannot wit.
Ev'n Heav'n is weary'd with repeated Crimes,
Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.  

Now those profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Ore:
Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.
There glimm'ring in their dawning Beds are seen:
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper Sparkles next in ruddy Streaks,
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then, with bright and burnish'd Grace;
Youth, and a blooming Lufter in its Face,
To th'Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
Their Love's more vi' lent than the Chymist's Fire.

A Way there is in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
Which, when the Skies are clear, is seen below;
And Mortals by the Name of Milky know:
The Ground-work is of Stars, thr' which the Road
Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode.

A broad and ample Road, whose Dust is Gold,
And Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky-Way,
Like to a circiling Zone, powder'd with Stars;

X  
M I S E R:
M I S E R. See Content.

Like a Miser 'midst his Store,
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more;
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back and sighs on what he left behind. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

At Midnight thus th'Ufurer steals untrack'd,
To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,
And feast his Eyes upon the shining Mammon. Otw. Orph.

Slaves, who ne'er knew Mercy;
Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains,
Who laugh at human Nature and Forgiveness,
And are, like Fiends, the Factors for Destruction. Row. Fair Pen.

M I S T R E S S.

Beware the dang'rous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements: Ruin, like a Vultur,
Waits on their Conquests: Fallhood too's their Bus'ness;
They put false Beauty off to all the World,
Use false Endearments to the Fools that love them;
And when they marry, to their silly Husbands
They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune. Otw. Orph.

You bear the specious Title of a Wife
To guild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the Glory of my royal House;
And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.

[Spoken by Cleopatra.] Dryd. All for Love.

For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather trust on Tick't Amours,
The Cross and Pile for better or worse:
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as French and fashionable.

M I S T S. See Clouds, Fog.

Ye Mist's and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky, and grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold;
Either to deck with Clouds th'uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs.

M O N E Y. See Gold.

Money being the common Scale
Of things by Measure, Weight, and Tale;
In all th Affairs of Church and State,
Is both the Ballance and the Weight.
For Money is the only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before.

Men
Men venture Neck to gain a Fortune:
The Soldier does it ev'ry Day,
(Eight to the Week) for Sixpence Pay:
Your Petrifoggers damn their Souls
To share with Knaves in cheating Fools;
And Merchants vent'ring thro' the Main,
Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain.

This Money has a Pow'r above
The Stars and Fates to manage Love;
Whose Arrows, learned Poets hold,
That never fail, are tipp'd with Gold.
And tho' Love's all the World's Prétence,
Money's the mythologick Sense;
The real Substance of the Shadow,
Which all Address and Courtship's made to.

For Money 'tis, that is the great
Provocative to am'rous Heat;
'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
That buds and blossoms at Fourscore;
'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
That Men divine and sacred call:
For what's the Worth of any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?
Hence 'tis no Lover has the Pow'r
'T'enforce a desperate Amour,
Like him that has two String to's Bow;
And burns for Love and Money too:
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit;
Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the Trouble.

And to be plain, 'tis not your Person
My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better Part, your Riches,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches.
For Money, like the Swords of Kings;
Is the last Reason of all things.

M O O N. See Blush, Creation, Hell.
He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,
And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold:
Be thou, said he, Queen of the mournful Night,
And, as he spoke, the rose clad o'er in Light,
With thousand Stars attending on her Train;
With her they rise, with her they set again.

The Moon
Rising in clouded Majesty, at length
Unveil'd her peerless Light;

X 2

$e$
She o'er the Dark her silver Mantle threw,
And in her pale Dominion check'd the Night. Milt.
Nor equal Light th'unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning Horns:
For ev'ry Day she wanes her Face is les,
But gathering into Globe, she fattens at Increase. Dryd. Ovid.
The Queen of Night, whose vast Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land;
And over moist and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-Tides at Midnight reigns. Hud.
M O R N I N G. See Blush.
'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of Night,
And Phosphor on the Confiness of the Light,
Promis'd the Sun, e'er Day began to spring:
The tuneful Lark began to stretch her Wing, {Pal. & Aec.}
And flick'ring on her Neft, made short Effays to sing. Dryd.
Now Morn her rosy Steps in th'orient Clime
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with eastern Pearl.
Milt.
The rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle shakes her Tears:
The Sun arising, Mortals cheer,
And drives the rising Mist's away,
In promise of a glorious Day. Dryd. Alb. & Alban.
Dim Night her shadowy Cloud withdraws; the Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy Hand
Unbark'd the Gates of Light.
Now the fair Morn smiles with a purple Ray,
Clearing before the Sun the eastern Way;
Whose radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,
And the new Day does to new Toils invite.
And now went forth the Morn array'd in Gold,
And from before her vanish'd gloomy Night,
Shot through with orient Beams.
Aurora had but newly-chac'd the Night,
And purpled o'er the Sky with blushing Light. Dryd. Pal. & Aec.
'Twas just the Time when the new Ebb of Night
Did the moist World unveil to human Sight.
And now a Glance from mild Aurora's Eyes
Shoots through the chrysal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
And Sots, o'er-charg'd with nauseous Loads, reel home:
Light's cheerful Smiles o'er th'azure Waste are spread,
And Mist from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid.
Mean while to re-salute the World with sacred Light
Leucosboe wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd
The Earth. And now the smiling Morn begins
Her rosy Progress,
The morning Lark, the Messenger of Day,
Saluted in her Song the Morning grey;
And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,
That all th'Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight.
He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,
And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the Dews.

Now rose the ruddy Morn from Tithon's Bed,
And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erspread.
Nor long the Sun his daily Course with-held,
But added Colours to the World reveal'd.

At length gay Morn smiles in the eastern Sky;
From robbing silent Graves the Sextons fly:
The rising Mists skud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The Chanters at his early Mattins yawns:
The Vi'lets ope their Buds, Cowlips their Bells,
And Progne her Complaint of Tereus tells.

The Sun had long since in the Lap
Of Thetis taken out his Nap;
And, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn.

Aurora on Etean Breezes borne,
With blushing Lips breathes out the sprightly Morn.
Each Flow'r in Dew their short-liv'd Empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her loö'd Endymion sleeps.

Now had Aurora on the Face of Night
Pour'd from her golden Urn fresh Streams of Light,
That fin'd and clear'd the Air; while down to Hell
The shady Dregs precipitated fell.

And now the rising Morn with rosy Light
Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to flight.

The Morn enwuing from the Mountain's Height,
Had scarcely spread the Skies with rosy Light;
Th'etherial Courfers, bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Nostrils breath'd the Day.

Behold, the Morn, in rob'd Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high eastern Hill.

Behold what Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.

Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily dress'd,
While all the Birds bring Musick to his Levy.

From Amber Shrouds I see the Morning rise,
Her rosy Hand begins to paint the Skies:
And now the City Emmets leave their Hive,
And roufing Hinds to cheerful Labour drive.
High Cliffs and Rocks are pleasing Objects now,
And Nature smiles upon the Mountain's Brow;
The joyful Birds salute the Sun's Approach,
The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach;
While from his Car the dropping Gems distil;
And all the Earth and all the Heav'n's do smile.  
——(Pariss.)  
It is methinks a Morning full of Fate:
It rises slowly, as her full'en Care
Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung on it.
She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black;
Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood;
And her sick Head is bound about with Clouds,
As if she threaten'd Night e'er Noon of Day.  
——(Job. Catiline.)
The Morning rises black, the low'ring Sun
Drives heavily his sable Chariot on:
The Face of Day now blushes scarlet-deep.
——(Lee. Alex.)
Wish'd Morning's come; and now upon the Plains
And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shephards leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The lufty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats;
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up;
And looking towards the neigh'ring Pastures, raise
Their Voice, and bid their Fellow-brutes Good-morrow;
The cheerful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
Salute, and welcome up the rising Sun.
——(Osw. Orph.)
Parent of Day! whose beauteous Beams of Light
Spring from the dark'埧 Womb of Night,
And midst their native Horrors shew
Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow.
Not Heav'n's fair Bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy Drapery:
Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledge of Day,
Rival of Shade! Eternal Spring of Light!
From thy bright unexhausted Womb,
The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.
Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
But 'spite of Time thou'rt ever young.
Thou art alone Heav'n's modest Virgin-Light,
Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from humane Sight.
At thy Approach Nature erects her Head;
The smiling Universe is glad;
The drowsy Earth and Seas awake.
——(And)
And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take.
   When thy more cheerfull Rays appear,
   Ev'n Guilt and Women cease to fear:

Horour, Despair, and all the Sons of Night,
Retire before thy Beams, and take their hafty Flight.
Thou risest in the fragrant East,
Like the fair Phoenix from her balmy Nest;
But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,
   Thine's but a momentary Stay;
   Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,

Borne down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with Light:
   Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haste,
   They're fram'd too exquisite to last:

Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State;
Pity to fare a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

Montes, the drowsy God,
Excited Morpheus from the sleepy Crowd:
   Morpheus, of all his numerous Train, express'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated best
The Walk, the Words the Gesture could supply,
The Habit mimick, and the Mien bely:
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human Kind.

Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images and Monster-shapes:
This Demon, Icelos, in Heav'n's high Hall
The Gods have nam'd; but Men Phobetor call.
A Third is Phantasus, whose Actions roul
On meaner Thoughts, and things devoid of Soul:
Earth, Fruits, and Flow'r's he represents in Dreams,
And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams:
These three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes display,
The rest before th'ignoble Commons play.

Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,
And drowsy Night invades the weary World,
Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantastick Morpheus;
Ten thousand mimick Fancies fleet around him,
Subtle as Air, and various in their Natures:
Each has ten thousand thousand different Forms,
In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper;
While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain

Imaginary Evils give Mankind.

T O - M O R R O W. See Drinking:
Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom,
That is not ours which is to come!
The present Moment's all our Store,
The next should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one instant
Now.
Look on each Day you've past
To be a mighty Treasure won;
And lay each Minute out in haste,
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
To-Morrow and her Works defy,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
Whate'er thou get'st To-Day is Gain.
We are not sure To-Morrow will be ours;
Wars have, like Love, their favourable Hours:
Let us use all; for if we lose one Day,
The white one in the Crowd may slip away.
Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He who can call To-Day his own!
He, who secure within, can say,
To-Morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd To-Day:
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The Joys I have possest'd in spite of Fate are mine;
Nor Heav'n it self upon the past has Pow'r,
But what has been, has been; and I have had my Hour.
The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hopes, and blindly lays
The desp'rate Bett upon To-Morrow:
To-Morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,
This Day like all the former fled,
Yet on he runs to seek Delight
To-Morrow, till To-Night he's dead.
Learn
The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.
Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And till To-Morrow would the Search delay;
His lazy Morrow will be like To-Day.
Yesterday was once To-Morrow:
That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,
And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd;
Nor thou hast more To-Morrows yet to ask;
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;
Thou like the hindmost Chariot-wheels art curb'd,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone,
And still a new To-morrow does come on;
We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,
Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.  
Cowl. Pers.

To-morrow I will live, the Fool does say;
To Day it self's too late; the Wife liv'd Yesterday.  Cowl. Mart.

Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give;
None ever yet made too much Haste to live.  Cowl. Mart.

MOUNTAINS. See Atlas, Creation, Parting, Teneriff, Vesuvius.

His proud Head the airy Mountain hides
Among the Clouds; his Shoulders and his Sides
A shady Mantle cloaths; his curled Brows
Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows:
While Winds and Storms his lofty Fore-head beat,
The common Fate of all the high and great.

As Alpine Hills, which o'er the Clouds arise,
And rear their Heads amidst contiguous Skies,
Enjoy serene, uninterrupted Day,
And floating Tempests all beneath survey:
Their lofty Peaks no threat'ning Meteors wear,
Nor pond'rous Fogs, which cloud inferior Air:
The stedfast Heaps the raging Winds defy,
So deep they fix their Roots, and raise their Heads so high.  Blair.

Nigh the dull Shore a shapeless Mountain stood
That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood:
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on;
No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone:
Ridges of high contiguous Hills arise,
Divide the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies.

Like Eris, or like Asbos great he shows,
'Or Father Appenine, when white with Snows,
His Head divine, obscure in Clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding Forest on his Sides.

As when a Fragment from a Mountain torn,
By raging Tempests, or by Torrents borne;
Or lap'd by Time, or loofen'd from the Roots,
Prone thro' the Void, the rocky Ruin shoots,
Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep;
Down sink at once the Shepherds and their Sheep;
Involv'd alike, they rush to neither Ground; (bound. Dryd. Virg.
Stunn'd with the Shock they fall, and stunn'd from Earth re-
Not with less Ruin than the Balian Mole,
Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to control,
At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall;
Prone to the Deep the Stones disjoined fall
Off the vast Pile: The scatter'd Ocean flies,

M U R.
MURRAIN.

Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies,
A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise.
During th' autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,
Tame Cattle, and the Beasts of Nature flew:
Pois'n'ing the standing Lakes, and Pools impure,
Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure:
Strange Death! For when the thirsty Fire had drunk
Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were shrunk;
When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A waterish Humour swell'd, and ooz'd agen;
Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better Use.
The Victim Ox, that was for Altars pres't,
Trim'd with white Ribbons, and with Garlands dress'd,
Sunk of himself, without the God's Command,
Preventing the flow Sacrificer's Hand:
Or, by the holy Butcher if he fell,
Th' unspect'ed Entrails could no Fates foretell:
Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise,
But Clouds of smould'ring Smoak forbade the Sacrifice.
Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor.
The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forfake,
And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack:
The howling Dog runs mad: The whealing Swine
With Coughs is choked, and labours from the Chine.
The Victorious Horse, forgetful of his Food,
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood:
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
A doubtful Sweat in clammy Drops appears:
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.
Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease;
But in Time's Progress, when his Pains increase;
He rouls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,
With patient Sobblings, and with manly Moans:
He heaves for Breath, which, from his Lungs supply'd,
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring Side:
To his rough Palate his dry Tongue succedes,
And rosy Gore he from his Nostril's bleeds.
Fi'rd into Rage, at length he grinds his Teeth
In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death:
The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of Tillage and the crooked Plough,) Falls down and dies; and dying spews a Flood
Of foamy Madness mix'd with clotted Blood.

The
The Clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
His mournful Fellow from the Team disjoyns;
With many a Groan forsakes his fruitless Care,
And in th'unfinisht'd Furrow leaves the Share.
The pining Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
Nor flow'ry Meads can ease, nor chrysal Floods
Roul'd from the Rocks: His flabby Flanks decrease,
His Eyes are settled in a stupid Peace:
His Bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown,
And his unwieldy Neck hangs drooping down.
The nightly Woof that round th'Enclosure prowl'd,
To leap the Fence, now plots not on the Fold,
Tam'd with a shaper Pain. The fearful Doe,
And flying Stag, amidst the Greyhounds go;
And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe.
The stily Nations of the Sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd Carcasses, are driv'n aground;
And mighty Phoece, never seen before
In shallow Streams, are stranded on the Shore.
The Viper dead within her Hole is found;
Defenceless was the Shelter of the Ground.
The Water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,
With glaring Scales lies poison'd in his Bed.
To Birds their native Heav'n's contagious prove,
From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
The Rivers, and their Banks, and Hills around
With Lowings, and with dying Bleats resumed:
At length, Fate strikes a universal Blow,
To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:
Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'rent Species in Confusion lie.

Dryd. Virg.

From pois'nous Stars a mortal Influence came.
(The mingled Malice of their Flame)
A skilful Angel did th'Ingredients take,
And with just Hands the said Composture make;
And over all the Land did a full Vial shake:
Thirst, Giddines, Faintnes, and putrid Heats,
And pining Pains, and shiv'ring Sweats,
On all the Cattle, all the Beasts did fall:
The lab'ring Ox drops down before the Plough;
And the crown'd Victims, to the Altar led,
Sink, and prevent the lifted Blow.
The gen'rous Horfe from the full Manger turns his Head,
Does his lov'd Floods, and Pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill Trumpet and the Horn,
Nor can his lifeless Nostrils pleafe,
With the once ravishing Smell of all his dappled Mistresses.

The
The starving Sheep refuse to feed,
They bleat their innocent Souls out into Air;
The faithful Dogs lie gasping by them there:

(Cowl.
Th' astonish'd Shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful Reed.

M U S E.

Go, the rich Chariot instantly prepare;
The Queen, my Muse, will take the Air:
Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace,
Put in the nimble-footed Wit,
Smooth-pac'd Eloquence joyn with it:
Sound Memory with young Invention place,
Harness all the winged Race:
Let the Postilion Nature mount,
The Coachman Art be set;

And let the airy Footmen, running all beside,
Make a long Row of goodly Pride.

Figures, Conceits, Raptures and Sentences,
In a well-worded Drefs;

And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and artful Lies,
In all their gawdy Liveries.

Mount, glorious Queen! thy trav'ling Throne,
And bid put on;
For long, tho' cheerful is the Way,
And Life, alas! allows but one ill Winter's Day;

Where never Foot of Man, nor Hoof of Beast
The Passage press'd;
Where never Fish did fly,
And with short silver Wings cut the low liquid Sky;
Where Bird, with painted Oar, did ne'er
Row thro' the trackless Ocean of the Air.

Where never yet did pry
The busy Morning's curious Eye,

The Wheels of thy bold Coach pass quick and free,
And all's an open Road to thee:

Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted Way.
Nay, ev'n beyond his Works thy Voyages are known,
Thou hast Ten thousand Worlds too of thy own.

Thou speakest, great Queen, in the same Stile as He;
And a new World leaps forth when thou say'st, Let it be.
Thou fathom'st the deep Gulph of Ages past,
And canst pluck up with Ease,
The Years which thou dost please;

Like shipwreck'd Treasures, by rude Tempests cast
Long since into the Sea,
Brought up again to Light and publick Use by thee.
Nor dost thou only dive so low,
But fly,
With an unwearied Wing, the other Way as high:
Where Fates among the Stars do grow,
There into the close Nefts of Time dost peep,
And there with piercing Eye,
Thro' the firm Shell, and the thick White dost spy
Times to come a forming lye,
Close in their sacred Secundine asleep;
Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital Heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding sit,
They Life and Motion get:
And ripe at last with vig'rous Might
Break thro' the Shell, and take their everlasting Flight.
And sure we may
The same too of the Present say,
If Past and Future Times do thee obey:
Thou stopp'st this Current, and dost make
The running River settle, like a Lake;
Thy certain Hand holds fast this flipp'ry Snake.
The Fruit which does so quickly waste,
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
Thou comfitest in Sweets to make it last.
This shining Piece of Ice,
Which melts so soon away,
With the Sun's Ray;
Thy Verse does solidate and crystallize,
Till it a lasting Mirrour be:
Nay, thy immortal Rhyme
Makes this one short Point of Time
To fill up half the Orb of round Eternity.

Invocations of the Muse.

Now e'er we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned Poets use,
Invoke th'Assistance of some Muse:
We think 'tis no great matter which;
They're all alike; yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost.
Queen of all harmonious Things!
Dancing Words, and speaking Strings;
What God, what Hero wilt thou sing?

What happy Man to equal Glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble Choice;
And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice.

Now
Now Erato, thy Poet's Mind inspire,
And fill his Soul with thy celestial Fire.
And now the mighty Labour is begun,
Ye Muse, open all your Helicon:
For well you know, and can record alone,
What Fame to future Times conveys but darkly down.
Ye Muse, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song.
For you in singing martial Facts excel;
You best remember, and alone can tell.
Descend from Heav'n, Urania! by that Name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Foll'wing, above th'Olympian Hill I soar;
Above the Flight of Pegasean Wing:
The Meaning, not the Name I call; for thou
Nor of the Muse Nine, nor on the Top,
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heav'nly-born,
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountains flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse;
Wisdom, thy Sister; and with her didst play
In Presence of th'Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial Song: Up-led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'n's I have presum'd,
An earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Air,
Thy Temp'ring: With like Safety guided down,
Return me to my native Element:
Left from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, tho' from a lower Clime)
Dismounted, on th' Alcian Field I fall,
Erroneous, there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal Sphere;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I sing with mortal Voice, unchang'd
To hoarfe or mute; tho' fall'n on evil Days,
On evil Days tho' fall'n and evil Tongues;
In Darkness, and with Dangers compass'd round,
And Sollitude: Yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my Slumberers nightly, or when Morn
Purple's the East; still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit Audience find, tho' few:
But drive far off the barb'rous Difformance
Of Bacchus and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wild Rout that tore the Thracian Bard
In Rhodope; where Woods and Rocks had Ears
To Rapture, till the savage Clamour drown'd
Beth Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend

Dryd. Virg.
Milton.

Tell me, O Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell)
The mystick Pow'rs, that in blest Numbers dwell,
At first a various uniform'd Hint we find
Rife in some God-like Poet's fertile Mind,
Till all the Parts and Words their Places take;
And with just Marches Verse and Musick make.
Such was God's Poem, this World's new Essay;
So wild and rude in its first Draught it lay:
Th'ungovern'd Parts no Correspondence knew,
And artless War from thwarting Motions grew,
Till they to Number and fix'd Rules were brought
By the eternal Mind's poetick Thought:
Water and Air he for the Tenour chose,
Earth made the Base, the Treble Flame arose:
To th'active Moon a quick brisk Stroke he gave,
To Saturn's String a Touch more soft and grave:
The Motions strict, and round, and swift, and slow,
And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so,
Did in such artful Figures smoothly fall,
As made this decent measur'd Dance of All.
And this is Musick.

From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony,
This universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Thro' all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

But Man may justly tuneful Strains admire,
His Soul is Museick, and his Breast a Lyre.
A Lyre, which while its various Notes agree,
Enjoys the Sweet of its own Harmony.
In us rough Hatred with soft Love is joyn'd,
And sprightly Hope with grov'ling Fear combin'd,
To form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.
What ravishes the Soul, what charms the Ear,
Is Museick, tho' a various Dress it wear.
Beauty is Museick too, tho' in Disguise,
Too fine to touch the Ear, it strikes the Eyes;
And thro' em to the Soul the silent Stroke conveys.
'Tis Museick Heavenly, such as in a Sphere,
We only can admire, but cannot hear.

Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers less below;
By them all Humours yield, all Passions bow,
And stubborn Crowds are chang'd, yet know not how.
Let other Arts in senseless Matter reign,
Mimick in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain;
Museick, the mighty Artift, Man can rule,
As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,
As much as Man can those mean Arts controul:
If Museick be the Food of Love, play on:
That Strain again: It had a dying Fall:
Oh! It came o'er my Ear like a sweet Sound,
That breaths upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving Odour.

Museick has Charms to soothe a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, and bend a knotty Oak:
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd
Let there be Museick! Let the Mafter touch
The sprightly String, and softly-breathing Flute;
Till Harmony rowze ev'ry gentle Passion!
Teach the cold Maid to lose her Fears in Love,
And the fierce Youth to languish at her Feet.
Begin! Ev'n Age it self is cheer'd with Museick,
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport. Raw. Fair Priz.

'Twas at the Royal Feast for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike Son;
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Heroe sate,
On his Imperial Throne.

Dryd.
His valiant Peers were plac'd around,
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound;
(So should Desert in Arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais by his Side
Sate like a blooming eastern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauties Pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair;
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.
Timoteus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire;
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky;
And heav'nly Joy inspire.
The Song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love;)
A Dragon's fiery Form bel'd the God:
Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he fought her snowy Breast;
Then round her slender Waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World.
The lif'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound;
A present Deity, they shout around,
A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound,
With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.
The Praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums.
Flush'd with a purple Grace,
He shews his honest Face;
Now give the Harbours Breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain:
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure,
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.
Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the Slayn.
The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride:
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft Pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a Fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high Estate,
And weltering in his Blood
Deserted at his utmost Need
By those his former Bounty fed;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below,
And now and then a Sigh he stole,
And Tears began to flow.
The mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Soul to Love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian Measures,
Soon he footh'd his Soul to Pleasures:
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble;
Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thus fits beside thee;
Take the Good the Gods provide thee:

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause,
So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.
The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor funk upon her Breast.
Now strike the golden Lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain;
Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
And rouze him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark,
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head;
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he stares round.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!
Behold a ghastly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!

These are Grecian Ghosts that in Battel were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the Plain;
Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew:
Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
How they point to the Persian Abodes;
And glittering Temples of their hostile Gods,
The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
And the King hez'd a Flambeau with Zeal to destroy;
Thus led the Way,
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
E'er heaving Bellows learnt to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
And founding Lyre,
Could swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.

Thus David's Lyre did Saul's wild Rage controul,
And tune the harsh Disorders of his Soul.
His Sheep would scorn their Food to hear his Lay;
And savage Beasts stand by as tame as they,
Rivers whose Waves roul'd down aloud before,
Mute as their Fish, would listen towards the Shore.

The Groves rejoic'd the Thracian Verse to hear,
In vain did Nature bid them stay:
When Orpheus had his Song begun,
They call'd their wond-ring Roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.

For Orpheus Lute could soften Steel and Stone;
Make Tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forsake unfounded Deeps, and dance on Sands.

Shak. the two
(Cont. of Perina:)

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Th’unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful Harp his Lofs deplore,
And sought his mournful Mind with Musick to restore.
On thee, dear Wife, in Deserts all alone,
He call’d, sigh’d, sung: His Grievs with Day begun,
Nor were they finish’d with the setting Sun.
Ev’n to the dark Dominions of the Night
He took his Way, thro’ Forests void of Light;
And dar’d amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,
And stood before th’inexorable King.
Th’infernal Mansions nodding seem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth’d Dog forgets to snarl,
The Furies harken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his Pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing Wheel.

Mean while (*) the mis-begotten Infant grows,
And ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throws
The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
To leave the wooden Womb, and push’d into Life.
The Mother-Tree, as if oppress’d with Pain,
Writhes here and there to break the Bark in vain;
And, like a lab’ring Woman, would have pray’d,
But wants a Voice to call Lucina’s Aid.
The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thick upon the Ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall’d, and stood
Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood;
Then reach’d her Midwife-hand to speed the Throws,
And spoke the powerful Spells that Babes to Birth disclose.
The Bark divides, the living Load to free;
And safe delivers the convulsive Tree.

NAT U R E and A R T: See Painting.

Let Art use Method and good Husbandry;
Art lives on Nature’s Alms, is weak and poor;
Nature her self has unexhausted Store;
Wallows in Wealth, and runs a turning Maze,
That no vulgar Eye can trace;
Art instead of mounting high,
About her humble Food does baying fly:

(*) The Poets feign that Myrrha was got with Child by her Father,
and deliver’d after she was chang’d into a Tree.

Like
Like the ignoble Crow, Rapine and Noise does love;
While Nature, like the sacred Bird of Jove,
Now bears loud Thunder, and anon with silent Joy,
    The beauteous Phrygian Boy:
Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying Prey;
And sometimes basks in th'open Flames of Day,
    And sometimes too he throws
His soaring Wings among the Clouds.

NECROMANCER. See Witch.

Him have I seen (on Iler's Banks he stood,
Where last we winter'd) bind the headlong Flood
In sudden Ice; and where most swift it flows,
In crystal Nets the wondering Fishes close;
Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Stream enlarge,
And from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge.
In a deep Vale, or near some ruin'd Wall,
He would the Ghosts of slaughter'd Soldiers call;
Who flow to wounded Bodies did repair,
And loath to enter, shiver'd in the Air:
These his dread Wand did to short Life compell,
And forc'd the Fates of Battles to foretell.
In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I saw
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
Four Angels, made by that Circumference,
Bore holy Words inscrib'd of mystick Sense:
When first a hollow Wind began to blow,
The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low;
Around the Field did nimble Lightning play,
Which offer'd us by Fits, and snatch'd the Day.
'Midst this was heard the thrill and tender Cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghosts, which in the Storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,
Till to the magick Circle they were bound. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

By my rough Magick I have oft bedim'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds;
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War: To the dread rattling Thunder
Have I giv'n Fire; and rifted Jove's stout Oak
With his own Bolt. Graves at my Command
Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd and let them forth
By my so potent Art. Shak. Temp.

Let the dark Mysteries of Hell begin.
    Chuse the darkest Part o'th' Grove,
Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love.
    Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of Laius lie:
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
Will th' infernal Pow'rs have none.
Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit;
Draw the barren Heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full between her Horns and Brows;
Pour in Blood, and blood-like Wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine.
Mingle Milk into the Stream,
Feast the Ghosts that love the Stream.
Snatch a Brand from fun'r'al Pile,
Test it in to make 'em boil.
And turn your Faces from the Sun.
Answer me if all be done?

NEPTUNE.

His finny Train Saturnian Neptune joins;
Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws,
And to the loofen'd Reins permits the Laws.
High on the Waves his azure Car he guides,
Its Axles thunder, and the Sea subsides.
And the smooth Ocean rolls her silent Tides.
The Tempests fly before their Father's Face,
Trains of inferior Gods his Triumph grace;
And Monster-Whales before their Master play,
And Quires of Tritons crowd the watry Way.
The marshal'd Pow'rs in equal Troops divide
To Right and Left; the Gods his better Side
Inclo'f, and on the wofe the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

When thus the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the Seas his fav'rain Trident rears,
Their Fury falls; he skims the liquid Plains,
High on his Chariot, and with loofen'd Reins
Majestic moves along, and awful Peace maintains.

NIGHT.

Darkness now rose, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy Offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of Light, and absent Day.
The Night descends
With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World.
And now from End to End
Night's Hemisphere had veil'd th' Horizon round.
Now Night advancing, draws her fable Train
Along the Air, and shades th'ethereal Plain.
The Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale:

The
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World resign'd.  Reft.
So soon as with gentle Sighs the ev'n'ing Breeze
Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
And Night had wrapt in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds.
Now Night had shed her silver Dews around,
And with her sable Wings embrac'd the Ground.  Dryd. Virg.
Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,
And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night.  Dryd. Virg.
Now dewy Night
Now decks the Face of Heav'n with starry Light.  Dryd. Virg.
Now her brown Wings the silent Night displays,
Night, sprinkled o'er with Cynthia's silver Rays:
Silence and Darkness all to Rest invite,
And Sleep's soft Chains make fast the Gates of Light.  Blac.
Mean while therapid Heav'n's roul'd down the Light,
And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night.  Dryd. Virg.
'Twas at an Hour when busy Nature lay
Dissolv'd in Slumbers from the noisy Day:
When gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms spread
A Darkness o'er the universal Bed;
And all the gawdy Beams of Light were fled.  Dorf.
And now the Night does her black Throne ascend,
And dusky Shades her silent State attend :
While pale-fac'd Cynthia with her starry Train
Dart down their trembling Lustré on the Main;
The weary Lab'rous their stiff Limbs repose,
And Sleep's soft Hands their drowsy Eyelids close.  Blac.
When the still Night with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady Finions o'er the Ground;
And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumph's dream,
While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme;
The Surfes gently dash against the Shore,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Galley-slaves the Oar;
Sleep shaks its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes.  Gar.
'Tis Night; the Season when the Happy take
Repose, and only Wretches are awake:
Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholesom Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the Reflles wait,
To frighten 'em with some fad Tale of Fate:  Ott. Den. Card.
The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down, some say, by Ladies Eyes;
The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face by Day from Sight:
(Mysteries of Brightness made,
That's both her Lufter and her Shade)
And in the Night as freely shone,
As if her Rays had been her own:
For Darkness is the proper Sphere,
Where all false Glories use t'appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd Lufter:
While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
For Night's the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind.

Midnight.

The Night proceeding on with silent Pace,
Stood in her Noon, and view'd with equal Pace
Her sleepy Rise and her declining Rate.

The Steeds of Night had travel'd half the Sky.

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy Cone
Half way up Hill this vast sublunar Vault.

It was a Time when the still Moon
Was mounted softly to her Noon.

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion standing still;
So much the from her Work appears to cease,
And ev'ry warring Element's at Peace:
All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd,
The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
And to the Murmurs of the Waters sleep:
The feeling Air's at Rest, and feels no Noise,
Except of some short Breaths upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon them.

'Twas still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere;
But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
As if old Chaos were again return'd;

When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night:
In dismal-Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep:
No whispering Zephyrus aloft did blow,
Nor warrying Boughs were murmuring below:
No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purl'd,
But all conspir'd to hush the drowsy World.

'Twas in the Dead of Night, when Sleep repairs
Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares.
Dogs cease to Bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
And roll themselves asleep upon the Shore.
'Twas Night, when Nature was in Sables dress'd; Tempestuous Winds in hollow Caves did rest. Impending Rocks with Slumber seem'd to bow; And drowsy Mountains hung their heavy Brow: The weary Waves roil'd nodding on the Deep, Or stretch'd on oozy Beds, they murmur'd in their Sleep. B. S. A. 'Tis Night, dead. Night, and weary Night lies So vast, as if she never were to rise: No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees, No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas: Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon, No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon; Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by, To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie; The Ravens perch, and no Prefages give, Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave: The Owls forget to scream, no Midnight Sound Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground. In Vaults the waking Fires extinguish'd lie; The Stars, Heav'n's Century, wink, and seem to die. L. T. H. Twas Dead of Night, when weary Bodies close Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and soft Repose. The Winds no longer whisper thro' the Woods, Nor murm'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods: The Stars, in silent Order, mov'd around, And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the Ground. The Flocks, and Herds, and party-colour'd Fowl, Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool, Stretch'd on the quieter Earth, securely lay, Forgetting the past Labours of the Day. D. V. The Winds are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead; The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Head: The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat, And sleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew sweat: E. V. N. L. E. E. All things are hush'd, as when the Drawers tread Softly to steal the Key from Master's Head: The dying Sniffs do twinkle in their Urns, As 'twere the Socket, not the Candle, burns: The little Foot-boy shores upon the Stair; And greasy Cook-maid. sweats in Elbow-chair; No Coach nor Link was heard: R. C. S. E. C. L. A. The Night-warbling Bird Tunes sweetest her Love-labour'd Song. She all Night long her am'rous Descant sings, Trills her thick-warbled Notes the Summer long.
So, close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
The Mother Nightingale laments done:
Whose Neft some praying Churl hath found, and thence
By Stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
And melancholy Musick fills the Plains.

Thus in some Poplar Shade, the Nightingale
With piercing Moans does her loft Young bewail:
Which the rough Hind observing as they lay
Warm in their downy Neft, had stole away:
But she in mournful Sound does still complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable Strain.

Nobility of Blood. See Bastard.
Nobility of Blood,
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good:
The Nobleman is he, whose noble Mind
Is fill'd with in-born Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid.
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid:
Then what can Birth on mortal Men bestow,
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow?
We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,
Our true Nobility from him derive.
Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride;
And vast Estates, to mighty Titles cy'd,
Did not your Honour, but their own advance;
For Virtue comes not by Inheritance:
If you tralinate from your Father's Mind,
What are you else but of a Bastard Kind:
Do as your great Progenitors have done,
And by your Virtue prove your self their Son.

Virtue alone is true Nobility:
Let your own Acts immortalize your Name;
'Tis poor relying on another's Fame:
For take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superstructure must in Ruins fall:
As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd,
From the Embraces of the Elm she lov'd.

Search we the Springs,
And backward trace the Principles of Things:
There shall we find that when the World began,
One common Mafs compos'd the Mould of Man;
One Paffe of Fleh on all Degrees bellow'd;
And kneaded up alike with moif'ning Blood.
The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the Frame
With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the same.
The Faculties of Intellect and Will,
Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with equal Skill:
Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man
He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
But that which made him Noble, made him Good.
Warm'd with more Particles of heav'nly Flame,
He wing'd his upward Flight and soar'd to Fame;
The rest remain'd below a Tribe without a Name.
This Law, tho' Custom now diverts the Course,
As Nature's Institute is yet in Force:
Uncancell'd, tho' disus'd: And he, whose Mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble Kind;
Tho' poor in Fortune, of celestial Race;
And he commits the Crime, who calls him base.
Ev'n Mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return:
All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance;
For Fortune can depress, and can advance.
But true Nobility is of the Mind,
Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance resign'd. Dryd. Sig.
No Father can infuse or Wit, or Grace;
A Mother comes across and mars the Race;
A Grandfire or a Grandame taints the Blood;
And seldom Three Descents continue good.
Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name
Could never villanize his Father's Fame:
But as the first, the last of all the Line,
Would, like the Sun, ev'n in descending, shine.
Nobility of Blood is but Renown
Of thy great Fathers, by their Virtue known,
And a long Trail of Light to thee descending down.
If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories shine,
But Infamy and Villanage are thine. Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.
And still more publick Scandal Vice extends,
As he is Great and Noble who offends.
Fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty Birth.
The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
The Sap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is spread;
But Virtues which in Parents shine,
Make not like Progress thro' the Line.
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of native Worth:

They
They blow those Sparks, and make 'em rise
Into such Flames as touch the Skies.
To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
A Pedigree that reach'd to Heav'n.
Of mortal Seed they were nor held,
Who other Mortals to excell'd:
And Beauty too in such Excess
As yours, Zelinda, claims no less.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can describe the shady Grove,
Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove;
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name.
Thy matchless Form will Credit bring
To all the Wonders I shall sing.

Well.

NOON.

The fiery Sun has finish'd half his Race.
The fouthing Sun inflames the Day,
And the dry Herbage thirsts for Dews in vain;
And Sheep in Shades avoid the parching Plain.
The full blazing Sun
does now sit high in his meridian Tow'r.
Shoots down direct his fervid Rays, to warm
Earth's inmost Womb.

At Noon of Day
The Sun with sultry Beams began to play.
Not Syrius shoots a fiercer Flame from high,
When wish his pois'rous Breath he blasts the Sky.
Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs, their Beauty fled,
They clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the Head,
And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in the Bed.
The Ladies gasp'd and scarcely could respire,
The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.
The fainty Knights were scorched, Dryd. The Flower and the Leaf.

NOTHING.

Nothing, thou Elder-Brother ev'n to Shade!
Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was made,
And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.
E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not;
When primitive Nothing Something strait begot:
Then all proceeded from the great united—What?
Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,
Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet
Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.
Matter the wicked'tt Off-spring of thy Race,
By Form asifted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky Face.
With Form and Matter, Time and Place did joyn;
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.
Yet turn-coat Time asifts the Foe in vain,
But brib'd by thee asifts thy short-liv'd Reign;
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.
Th'o' Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant prays
Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies;
Yet this of thee the Wife may freely lay,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'ft away,
And to be Part of thee the Wicked wisely pray.
Great Neglect! how vainly would the Wife
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devote,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies.
Is, or is not! the Two great Ends of Fate;
And true or false, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate;
When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.
Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
For whom they rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like thee,
(look wise.)

French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,
Hyberian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spanish Dispatch, Dames Wit, are mainly seen in thee.
The great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
Kings Promises, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

NOVELTY.

All Novelties must this Success expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect.
Actions of the last Age, are like Almanacks of the last Year.
And when remote in Time, like Objects
Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their Greatness.
And what is new finds better Acceptation,
Than what is good and great.

Gar.

Soth. Sophy.

NUN-
NUNNERY.

Some solitary Cloister will I choose,

And there with holy Virgins live immured:

Coffe my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep,

Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:

There board'd up every Moment of my Life,

To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears:

Fasting, and Tears, and Penitence, and Pray'r,

Shall do dead Sancho True as every Hour:

Till ev'n fierce Raymond the last shall say,

Now let her die, for she has giv'd enough. Ddry. Span. Foj.

Oh save me in a Cloister: There well-pleas'd,

Religious Hardships I will learn to bear,

To fast and freeze at midnight Hours of Pray'r:

Nor think it hard within a lonely Cell,

With melancholy Speechless Saints to dwell;

But bless the Day I to that Refuge ran,

Free from the Marriage-Chain; and from that Tyrant, Man.

O A. K. See Fishing at Sea, Trees.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of Trees,

Shoots rising up, and spreading by slow Degrees:

Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays,

Supreme in State; and in three more decays.

Dryd. Ovid.

Jove's own Tree,

That holds the Woods in awful Sovereignty,

Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground,

And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound:

High as his topmost Boughs to Heavn ascend,

So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend:

Therefore nor Winds, nor Winter's Rages o'ertrow,

His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows:

For length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,

And Lives of mortal Man contend with his in vain.

Full in the Midst of his own Strength he stands,

Stretching his brawny Arms and leavy Hands,

His Shade procures the Plains, his Head the Hills' commands:

As a tall Oak, that young and verdant stood

Above the Grove, it self a nobler Wood:

His wide extended Limbs the Forest drown'd,

Shading its Trees, as much as they the Ground.

Young murm'ring Tempefts in his Boughs are bred,

And gathering Clouds frown round his lofty Head:

Outrageous Thunder, Stormy Winds, and Rain

Discharge their Fury on his Head in vain:

Earthquakes below, and Lightning from above

Reap not his Trunk, nor his fix'd Root remove.

But
But then his Strength worn by destructive Age,
He can no more his angry Poes engage:
He spreds to Heavn his naked wither'd Arms;
As Aid imploring from invading Harms:
From his dishonour'd Head the lightest Storm
Can tear his Beauties, and his Limbs deform;
He rocks with ev'ry Wind, while on the Ground
Dry Leaves and broken Arms lie scatter'd round.
As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try;
Juftling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
This way and that the Mountain Oak they bend;
His Boughs they shatter, and his Branches rend:
With Leaves and falling Maist they spread the Ground,
The hollow Valleys echo to the Sound:
Unmov'd, the royal Plant their Fury mocks,
Or shaken, clings more closely to the Rocks.
For as he shoots his tow'ring Head on high,
So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie.

Thus Two tall Oaks, that Pusus Banks adorn,
Lift up to Heavn their leafy Heads unborn;
And over-pres'd with Nature's heavy Load,
Dance to the whistling Winds, and at each other nod.

As the stout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
Does in soft Wreaths and am'trous Foldings twine,
Ealy and flight appears: The Winds from far
Summon their noisy Forces to the War:
But tho' so gentle seems his outward Form,
His hidden Strength out-braves the loudest Storm;
Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field;
Showing stout Minds when unprovok'd are mild.

So when a noble Oak, that long has stood,
High in the Air, the Beauty of the Wood,
Is shock'd by Stormy Winds, he either Way
Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway.
His lab'ring Roots disturb the neighbouring Ground,
And make a heaving Earthquake all around;
Yet fast he stands, and the loud Storm defies;
His Roots still keep the Earth, his Head the Skies.

O A T H.

Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind;
Too feeble Implements to bind:
And Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
Know little of their Privilege:
For, if the Devil, to serve his Turn,
Can tell Truth, why the Saints should scorn,

When
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little Reason why.
We're not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to swear;
But to swear idly and in vain,
Without Self-Interest or Gain:
For breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying.
Oaths were not purpos'd more than Law,
To keep the Just and Good in awe;
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like moral Cattle in a Pinfold.
If Oaths can do a Man no Good
In his own Bus'ness, why they should
In other Matters do him Hurt,
I think there's little Reason for't.
He that imposes an Oath, makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any Man be said,
To break an Oath he never made.

O B S T I N A T E.

So sullenly addcited still,
To's only Principle, his Will;
That whatso'er it chanc'd to prove,
No Force of Argument could move:
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of Holborn,
Could render half a Grain less stubborn;
For he at any time would hang,
For th'Opportunity 't'harangue;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear Delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were so accomplish'd,
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plus'd:
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of Weight it bore, with greater Ease;
And with its everlasting Clack,
Set all Men's Ears upon the Rack:
No sooner could a Hint appear,
But up he started to pickear;
And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in Controversy:
Not by the Force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teasing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable:
For tho' his Topicks, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a Freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat'fl Assults;
And back'd their feeble want of Sense
With greater Heat and Confidence:
As Bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.
He still resolv'd, to mend the Matter,
T'adhere and cleave the obstinater:
And still the skittisher and looser
His Freaks appear'd, to fit the closer.
For Fools are stubborn in their Way,
As Coins are harden'd by th' Alay:
And Obstinance's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.
O E D I P U S tearing out his Eyes.
Thrice he struck
With all his Force his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus with Outcries to himself complain'd:
But thou canst weep then? and thou think'st 'tis well!
These Bubbles of the shallow'st emptiest Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain.
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on:
Yet these, thou think'st, are ample Satisfaction
For bloodiest Murther and for burning Luft!
No Parricide! if thou must weep, weep Blood,
Weep Eyes instead of Tears! O, by the Gods!
'Tis greatly thought, he cries, and fits my Woes:
With that he smil'd revengefully, and leap'd
Upon the Floor; thence gazing on the Skies,
His Eye-balls fiery red, and glowing Vengeance;
Gods! I accuse you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glasses,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,
I find your dazzling Beings. Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal farewell View:
Then with a Groan that seem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
He snatch'd, he tore from out their bloody Orbs
The Balls of Sight, and dash'd 'em on the Ground. Lee Oedip.

OLD AGE. See Death, Dying of Old Age, Youth.

Some few, by Temp'rance taught, approaching slow
To distant Fate, by easy Journeys go.
Gently they lay them down, as E'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.
So noiseless would I live, such Death to find;
Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless Bough,
And dying, nothing to my self would owe.
Thus daily changing, with a duller Taste
Of less'ning Joys, I by Degrees would waste.
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
And steal my self from Life, and melt away. Dryd. State of Inn.

How happy is the ev'ning Tide of Life!
When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions; trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with:
Free from the wounding and tormenting cares

The Soul, with nobler Resolutions deck'd,
The Body slopping, does her self erect.
Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes,
Conceal that Happiness which Age defeces.
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lest in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by Weakness, wiser Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal Home.
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the Threshold of the new.
We yet may see the old Man in a Morning,
Lufty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,
And there pursue the Chace, as if he meant
To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again:

As in a green old Age his Hair just grieved.
While yet few Furrows on my Face are seen,
While I walk upright, and old Age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.

Inconveniences of Old Age.

Love! grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store
Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more:
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young, conspire
In this one sily mischievous Defire.
Mistaken Blessing, which Old Age they call!
'Tis a long, nasty, darksform Hospital!
A ropy Chain of Rheums! a Village rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
A fitch-fall'n Cheek that hang below the Jaw,
Such Wrinkles as a skilful Hand would draw
For an old grandame Ape, when with a Grace
She fits at squat, and scrubs her leathern Face.
In Youth Distinctions infinite abound:
No Shape, no Feature just alike is found.
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong,
But the same Foulness does to Age belong;
The self-same Paltry both in Limbs and Tongue.
The Skull and Forehead an old barren Plain,
And Gums unrind'd to mumble Meat in vain.

These are th' Effects of doating Age,
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution;
The second Nonage of a Soul more wise,
But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,
Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light.

Now my chill'd Blood is curdI'd in my Veins,
And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.
I am left behind,
To drink the Dregs of Life, by Fate assign'd:
Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gone.
Dodder'd with Age, the Winter of Man's Life!
The gloomy Eve of endless Night.

Prop'd on a Staff, she takes a trembling Mien.
Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obscene:
Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheeks she draws;
Sunk are her Eyes, and toothless are her Jaws;
Hoary her Hair.

Time has plow'd that Face with many Furrows.
His Blear-eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin,
His Beard was flubble, and his Cheeks were thin.
Decrepit Bodies, worn to Ruin,
Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,
And to let drop the Soul.

When my Blood was warm,
This languish'd Frame when better Spirits fed,
E'er Age unfrung my Nerves, or Time o'er-show'd my Head:
Oft am I by the Women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
Look how thy Hairs are falling all!
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' Effects I do not know:
This I know without being told,
'Tis time to live if I grow old:
'Tis time short Pleasures now to take,
Of little Life the best to make,
And manage wifely the last Stake.

O P R E S S I O N.

It is not hard for one that feels no Wrong;
For patient Duty to employ his Tongue.

Oppression makes Men mad, and from their Breasts
All Reason, and all Sense of Duty wrefts.
The Gods are safe when under Wrongs we groan,
Only because we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, who are but Gods of Clay,
Think they may safely with our Honour play?  
Be careful to withhold
Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold:
Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Despair;
For tho' your Violence should leave them bare
Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
And will revenge the Wrongs which they sustain.
The Plunder'd still have Arms.  

ORPHEUS.  See Musick.

OWL.
The boding Bird,
Which haunts the ruin'd Piles and hallow'd Urns,
And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings,
Where Songs obscene on Sepulchres the sings.

With boding Note
The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat;
Or on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height,
With Songs obscene disturbs the Silence of the Night.

As an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes
As if he slept, until he spies
The little Beast within his Reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the Wretch.

PAIN.

What avail
Valour or Strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with Pain,
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the Hands
Of mightiest Men? Sense of Pleasure we may well
Spare out of Life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest Life:
But Pain is perfect Misery. the worst
Of Evils; and excessive, overturns
All Patience.

PAINTER and PAINTING.
Rare Artisan! whose Pencil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return that enter'd free.
Strange that thy Hand should not inspire
The Beauty only, but the Fire;
Not the Form alone and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so:
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her Name that has his Heart.  

Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind,
(And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind.)
True, she was dumb, for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue;
But smiling said, she still shall gain the Prize,
I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes:
Such are thy Pictures, Kneller! such thy Skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will!
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught,
Lives there, and wants but Words to speak her Thought.

At least thy Pictures look a Voice; and we
Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that Degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but Privations of the Light,
Yet when we walk they shoot before the Sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall,
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all:
Such are thy Pieces! imitating Life.

So near, they almost conquer'd in the Strife;
And from their animated Canvas came
Demanding Souls, and loofen'd from the Frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a Soul to Clay;
And either would thy noble Work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness raise;
This is the least Attendant on thy Praise:
From hence the Rudiments of Art began,
A Coal, or Chalk first imitated Man:
Perhaps the Shadow taken on a Wall,
Gave Out-Lines to the rude Original;
E'er Canvas yet was strain'd; before the Grace
Of blended Colours found their Use and Place;
Or Cypress Tablets first receiv'd a Face.

By slow Degrees the God-like Art advanc'd,
As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanced:
Greece added Piture, Shade, and Perspective,
And then the Mimick-Piece began to live.
Yet Perspective was lame; no Distance true,
But all came forward in one common View:
No Point of Light was known, no Bounds of Art;
When Light was there, it knew not to depart;
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd,
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd,
Long time the Sister Arts, in iron Sleep,
A heavy Sabbath did fininely keep:
At length, in Raphael's Age at once they rise,
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.
Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard Line,
One Colour'd best, and one did best Design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler Part,
But Titian's Painting look'd like Virgil's Art.
Thy Genius gives thee both; where true Design,
Poetures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.
Likeness is ever there, but still the best.
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dress'd:
Where Light, to Shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by Degrees, and by Degrees revives.
Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought;
Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.
Our Arts are Sisters, tho' not Twins in Birth;
For Hymns were sung in Eden's happy Earth
By the first Pair.
But oh! the Painter Muse, tho' last in Place,
Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like Jacob's Race.
Apelles Art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's Gold abound:
But Homer was with barren Lawrel crown'd.
Thou hast thy Charles awhile, and so had I;
But pass we that unpleasing Image by.
Thou paint'st as we describe; improving still,
When on wild Nature we engraft our Skill.
But not creating Beauties at our Will.
But Poets are confin'd in natter Space,
To speak the Language of their native Place:
The Painter widely stretches his Command;
Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.
But we who Life bestow, our selves must live,
Kings cannot reign unless their Subjects give.
And they who pay the Taxes bear the Rule:
Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to draw a Fool;
Put to his Follies in thy Poeture sink,
The senseless Ideot seems at least to think.
Rich in thy self, and of thy self divine,
All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine:
A graceful Truth thy Pencil can command,
The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand:
Likeness appears in ev'ry Lineament;
But Likeness in thy Work is eloquent.
Thou! Nature there her true Resemblance bears,
A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.
So warm thy Work, so glows the generous Frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.
More cannot be by mortal Art express’d;
But venerable Age shall add the rest.
For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand,
Re-touch your Fingers with his rip’ning Hand,
Mellow your Colours, and imbrow the Teint,
Add ev’ry Grace which Time alone can grant:
To future Ages shall your Fame convey,
And give more Beauties than he takes away. Dr. to Sir G. Kneller.

Men thought so much a Flame by Art was shown,
The Picture’s self would fall in Ashes down.
The Painter who so long had vex’d his Cloth,
Of his Hound’s Mouth to feign the raging Froth,
His des’rate Pencil at the Work did dart;
His Anger reach’d that Rage which pass’d his Art.
Chance finish’d that which Art could not begin;
And he’sate smiling how his Dog did grin.

PROMETHEUS ill painted.

How wretched doth Prometheus State appear,
While he his second Misery suffers here.
Draw him no more, lest as he tortur’d stands,
He blame great Jove’s less than the Painter’s Hands.
It would the Vulture’s Cruelty out-go,
If once again his Liver thus should grow.
Pity him, Jove, and his bold Theft allow,
The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

UNDER A LADY’S PICTURE.

Such Helen was, and who can blame the Boy
That in so bright a Flame consum’d his Troy?
But had like Virtue shin’d in that fair Greek,
The amorous Shepherd had not dar’d to seek,
Or hope for Pity; but with silent Moan,
And better Fate, had perish’d alone.

WOMEN’S PAINTING.

As Pyrates all false Colours wear,
T’intrap th’unwary Mariner;
So Women, to surprize us, spread
The borrow’d Flags of White and Red.
Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues
In Tow’rs, and Curls, and Periwigs;
With greater Art and Cunning rear’d,
Than Philip Nye’s thanksgiving Beard.
Prepof’tiously t’entice and gain
Those to adore them they disdain.
Quoth she, if you’re impos’d upon,
’Tis by your own Temptation done;

Z 4
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the Slight:
For when we find you're still more taken
With fallacious Attractive of your own making;
Swear that's a Rose and that's a Stone,
Like Sots, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly dawb in Rhyme:
You force us, in our own Defences,
To copy Beams and Influences;
To lay Perfections on the Graces,
And draw Attraights upon our Faces:
And in Compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit;
Which when they're nobly done and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted Rose,
Beyond the wild in Hedges, grows!
For without Art the noblest Seeds
Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds.
How dull and rugged, e'er'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a Diamond!
Tho' Paradise was e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.
The whole World, without Art and Dress,
Would be but one great Wilderness;
And Mankind but a savage Herd,
For all that Nature has confer'd:
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.

PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the Border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her Enclosure green,
As with a rural Mound, the Champaign Head
Of a steep Wilderness; whose hairy Sides,
With Thicket over-grown, Grotefque and wild,
Access deny'd: And over-head up-grew
Insuperable Height of Jolliest Shade;
Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm;
A sylvan Scene: And as the Ranks ascend
Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre,
Of statelyst View; and higher than their Tops
The verd'rous Wall of Paradise up-sprung;
And higher than that Wall a circling Row
Of goodliest Trees, laden with fairest Fruit,
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden Hue,

Appeard
Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams,
Than on fair Ev'n'ing Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God has show'r'd the Earth: So lovely seem'd
That Landscape. And of pure, now purer Air
Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inspires
Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive
All Sadness, but Despair: Now gentle Gale,
Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy Spoils. As when to them who fail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique: Off at Sea North-East Winds blow
Sabaean Odours from the spicy Shore
Of Arabia the Blest, with such Delay
Well-pleas'd, they flack their Course; and many a League
Cheers'd with the grateful Smell old Ocean smiles.
So entertain'd those od'rous Sweets the Fiend.

A blissful Field, circled with Groves of Myrrh,
And flowing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balm;
A Wilderness of Sweets! for Nature here,
Wanton'd as in her Prime; and play'd at Will'
Her Virgin Fancies; pouring forth more Sweet,
Wild, above Rule or Art, enormous Bliss!
Out of this fertile Ground God caus'd to grow
All Trees of noblest Kind for Sight, Smell, Taste;
And all amidst them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life,
Our Death, the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by.
Southward thro' Edin went a River large,
Nor chang'd his Course, but thro' the flaggy Hill
Pais'd underneath ingulf'd; and thence thro' Veins
Of porous Earth, with kindly Thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a Rill
Water'd the Garden: Thence united fell
Down the steep Glade, and met the nether Flood.

But oh! what Art can tell
How from that Saphir Fount, the crisped Brook,
Rolling on Orient Pearls, and Sands of Gold,
With many Errour, under pendants Shades,
Ran Nectar; visiting each Plant; and fed
Flow'ds worthy of Paradise: Which not nice Art
In Beds, and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse, on Hill, and Dale, and Plain;
Both where the Morning Sun first warmly smote

The
The open Field, and where the unpierc'd Shade
Imbrownd the Noon-tide Bow'rs. Thus was this Place
A happy rural Seat of various View.
Groves, whose rich Trees wept odorous Guns and Balm;
Others, whose Fruit, burnish'd with golden Rind,
Hung amiable; Hesperian Fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious Taste:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level'd Downs, and Flocks
Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd;
Or palm-y Hillook, or the flow'ry Lap
Of some irriguous Valley spread her Store;
Flow'rs of all Hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
Another Side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of cool Recess, o'er which the mantling Vine
Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant. Mean while murm'ring Waters fall
Down the slope Hills, dispers'd or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
Her chrysalid Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.
The Birds their Choir apply: Airs, vernal Airs,
Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
The trembling Leaves; while universal Pan,
Knut with the Graces and the Hours in Dance,
Led on th'eternal Spring.

A D A M and E V E in Paradise.

His large fair Front, and Eye sublime declar'd
Ab solute Rule, his Hyacinthine Looks
Down from his parted Forelock manly hung,
Clust'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, down to her slender Waste
Her undorned golden Tresses wore
Dishovell'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
As the Vine curls her Tendrils.
Under a Tuft of Shade that on the Green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain Side
They sit them down.

There to their Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits, which the compliant Boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they late recline
On the soft downy Bank, damask'd with Flow'rs.
The savoury Pulp they chew, and in the Rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming Stream.

About them frisking play'd
All Beasts of th'Earth, since wild, and of all Chase
In Woods or Wilderness, Forest or Den:
Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his Paw
Dandled the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,

Gambol'd
Gambol'd before 'em; Th'unwieldy Elephant,
To make them Mirth, us'd all his Might, and wreak'd
His lithe Proboscis: Close the Serpent fly,
Infusenging, wove with Gordian Twine
His breeded Train, and of his fatal Guile
Gave Proof unheeded: Others on the Grafs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with Pasture, gazing fate.  

Mils.

P A R D O N.

Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong;  
But they ne'er pardon, who have done the Wrong:  

Dryd. Cong.

The Laws that are inanimate,
And feel no Sense of Love or Hate,
That have no Passions of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on Criminals, as strict.
But to have Pow'r to forgive
Is Empire and Prerogative:
And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem,
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.

Hud.

P A R T I N G.

Parting is worse than Death; 'tis Death of Love!
The Soul and Body part not with such Pain,
As I from you.

Dryd. Spaw. Fry.

Now I would speak the last Farewel, but cannot;
It would be still Farewel, a thousand Times;
And multiplied in Echoes still Farewel.
I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand.
And be thou silent too, my soft Sebastian!
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Adieu then, O my Soul's far better Part;
Thy Image sticks so close,
That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.

A last Farewel!

For since a last must come, the rest are vain,
Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain.

Dryd. Cong.

I cannot, cannot tell her, we must part;
I could, pull out an Eye, and bid it go;
And th'other should not weep: But oh!

How many Deaths are in this Word Depart!  Dryd. All for Love.

Death is Parting:

'Tis the last sad Adieu 'twixt soul and Body.
But this is somewhat worse! My Joy, my Comfort,
All that was left in Life fleets after thee:
My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties.
So sinks the setting Sun beneath the Waves,
And leaves the Traveller in pathless Woods

Benighted
Benighted and forlorn: Thus with sad Eyes
Westward he turns to mark the Light's Decay,
Till having lost the last faint Glimpse of Day,
Cheerless in Darkness he pursues his Way.

{Row. Tamer.}

Like one who wanders thro' long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger; eats his Fill
Before his painful March.
So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes
Before we part: For I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return.

Dryd. All for Love.

There's such sweet Pain in Parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes.

Osw. Caius Marius.

What have we gain'd by this one Minute more?

Only to with another and another,
A longer Struggling with the Pangs of Death.
Oh! those that do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to die.

When I but think this Sight may be our last,
If Love should set me in the Place of Atlas,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He could not press me more.

Oh! let me go, that I may know my Grief:
Grief is but grief'sd, while thou art standing by:
But I too soon shall know what Absence is;
Why 'tis to be no more; another Name for Death;
'Tis the Sun Parting from the frozen North,
And I, methinks, stand on some icy Cliff,
To watch the last low Circles that he makes,
Till he sink down from Heav'n! O only Cressida!
If thou depart from me I cannot live.
I have not Soul enough to last for Grief,
But thou shalt hear what Grief has done with me:
If I could live to hear it, I were false:
But as a fearful Traveller, who, fearing
Assaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind;
I trust my Heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty Casket.

Then I will live that I may keep that Treasure;
And arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go
Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle Hawk,
When, whistled off, she mounts into the Wind.
Our Loves, like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,
Tho' Winds and Tempests beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder know, (Cress)
But scorn the threatening Rack that rous'd below. Dryd. Trail.

Since Fate divides us then, since I must lose thee,
For Pity's Sake, for Love's, oh! suffer me,

Thus
Thus languishing, thus dying, to approach thee,
And sigh my last Adieu upon thy Bosom:
Permit me thus to fold thee in my Arms,
To press thee to my Heart, to taste thy Sweets;
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight;
Thus for my last of Moments, gaze upon thee,
Thou best, thou only Joy, thou lost Semanthe.

For ever I could listen, but the Gods
The cruel Gods forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember, oh! remember me, Telemachus;
Perhaps thou wilt forget me; but no Matter:
I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
The sad Companion of this faithful Breast,
While Life and Thought remain: And when at last
I feel the icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-strings break, and all my Senses fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my closing Eye,
Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die.  

PASSIONS.

They fate them down to weep, nor only Tears
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within,
Began to rife; high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord; and shook fore
Their inward State of Mind; calm Region once,
And full of Peace, now soft and turbulent;
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her Lore, both in Subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath,
Usurping over Sov'reign Reason, claim'd
Superior Sway.

Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness wrought
Dispair and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,
Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast.
Stupid he fate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,
And various Care revolving in his Mind,
Rage boiling from the Bottom of his Breast,
And Sorrow, mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppress'd;
And conscious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought;
And Love, by Jealousy to Madness wrought.
By slow Degrees his Reason drove away
The Mists of Passion, and resum'd her Sway.

Love, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge
Have kindled up a Wildfire in my Breast,
And I am all a Civil War within.
And, like a Vessel, struggling in a Storm,
Require more Hands than one to steer me upright.  

Thus
Thus while he spoke, each Passion dimm'd his Face,
Thrice chang'd with Pale, Ire, Envy, and Despair,
Which marr'd his Viilage.

Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows. Lex Aes.

Mili:

Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear,

Come what come may,

Patience and Time run thro' the roughest Day. Shak. Macb.

Men counsel, and give Comfort to that Grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before
Would give instructful Medicine unto Rage,
Fetter strong Madness in a silken Thread,
Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words:
Thus it is all Men's Office to speak Patience
To those that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself:

Men's Grieves cry louder than Advertisement;
And there was never yet Philosopher
That could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the Style of Gods,
And made a Fish at Chance and Sufferance.

Shak. Much ado

Our Armour's now may rust, our idle Scimitars
Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Use:
Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums;
And all the noisy Trades of War no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn:
Nor shall Sebastian's formidable Name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe.

Again the Hinds may sing and plow,
And fear no Harm but from the Weather now;
Again may Tradesmen love their Pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain:
The Armour now may be hung up to Sight,
And only in the Halls the Children fright.

Dryd. Don塞b.

A Fury crawl'd from out her Cell,
The bloodiest Minister of Death and Hell.
Huge full-gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
And Death's dark Courts with their loud Hissing rung:
Her Teeth and Claws were Iron, and her Breath,
Like subterranean Damps, gave present Death.

Flames
Flames worse than Hell's shot from her bloody Eyes,
And Fire and Sword eternally the cries.
No certain Shape, no Feature regular,
No Limbs distinct in th'odious Fiend appear.
Her squallid bloated Belly did arise,
Swoln with black Gore to a prodigious Size.
Distended vastly by a mighty Flood
Of slaughter'd Saints, and constant Martyrs Blood.
Part stood out prominent, but Part fell down,
And in a swagging Heap lay wall'wing on the Ground.
Horreur, till now the ugliest Shape esteem'd,
So much out-done, a harmless Figure seem'd.
Envy, and Hate, and Malice blush'd to see
Themselves eclips'd by such Deformity.
Her sev'ril Thirst drinks down a Sea of Blood,
Not of the Impious, but the Just and Good;
'Gainst whom she burns with unextinguish'd Rage,
Nor can the exhausted World her Wrath assuage.

To subdue th'unconquerable Mind,
To make one Reason have the same Effect
Upon all Apprehensions; to force this
Or this Man just to think as thou and I do;
Impossible! unless Souls, which differ
Like human Faces, were alike in all.

PHILOSOPHER and PHILOSOPHY.
Happy the Man! alone thrice happy he,
Who can through gros Effects their Causes see;
Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things:
But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go,
Thro' all th'Alarms of Death and Hell below.

He his Study bent
To cultivate his Mind; to learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause.

He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n could move
With Strength of Mind, and tread th'Abysms above;
And penetrate with his interior Light
Those upper Depths which Nature hid from Sight.
And what he had observ'd and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar Language to dispense.
The Crowd with silent Admiration stand
And heard him as they heard their God's Command;
When he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious Laws,
The World's Original and Nature's Cause:
And what was God; and why the fleecy Snows
In Silence fell, and rattling Winds arose.

What
What shook the steadfast Earth, and whence begun
The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun:
If Thunder was the Voice of angry Jove;
Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burst above.       Dryd. Ovid.

Some few, whose Lamps shone brighter, have been led
From Cause to Cause to Nature's secret Head:
And found that one first Principle must be,
But What, or Who that universal He;
Whether some Soul, incompassing this Ball,
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all;
Or various Atoms interfering Dance
Leap'd into Form, the noble Work of Chance;
Or this great All was from Eternity:
Not ev'n the Stagyrite himself could see,
And Epicurus gues'd as well as he.
As blindly grop'd they for a future State,
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
But leaf of all could their Endeavours find
What most concern'd the Good of human Kind;
For Happines was never to be found,
But vanish'd from them like enchanted Ground.
One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd;
This ev'ry little Accident destroy'd:
The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toil;
A thorny, or at best a barren Soil:
In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would steep,
But found their Line too short, the Well too deep,
And leaky Vessels, which no Bliss could keep.
Thus anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roll,
Without a Centre where to fix the Soul.
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end,
How can the Less the Greater comprehend?
Or finite Reason reach Infinity?
Rel. Laici. Dryd.

For what could fathom God, were more than he.
'Tis pleasingly to behold from Shore
The rowling Ship, and hear the Tempest roar:
Not that another's Pain is our Delight,
But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.
'Tis pleasing also to behold from far,
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more sweet thy lab'ring Steps to guide
To Virtue's Heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,
And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd;
From thence to look below on human Kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind.
O wretched Man! in what a Mift of Life,
Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,
He spends his little Span; and oversets
His cramm’d Desires with more than Nature needs!
For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb’d Delight;
Which Minds unmix’d with Cares and Fears obtain.
A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.
But just as Children are surpriz’d with Dread,
And tremble in the Dark; so riper Years,
Ev’n in broad Day-light, are possess’d with Fears.
And shake at Shadows, fanciful and vain
As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.
These Bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
No Rays of outward Sun-shine can dispell;
But Nature and right Reason must display
Their Beams abroad, and bring the darklym Soul to Day. Dryd.
Oh! if the foolish Race of Man, who find
A Weight of Cares still press ing on their Mind,
Could find as well the Cause of this Unrest,
And all this Burden lodg’d within the Breast;
Sure they would change their Course, not live as now,
Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Uneasy both in Country and in Town,
They search a Place to lay their Burthen down.
One reflects in his Palace walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load:
But straight returns; for he’s as reflects there,
And finds there’s no Relief in open Air:
Another to his Villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter’d at his Country Door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore,
Or seeks the City which he left before.
Thus every Man o’er-works his weary Will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill;
The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No Prospect of Repose, nor Hope of Ease;
The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease;
Which known, would all his fruitless Trouble spare,
For he would know the World not worth his Care:
Then would be search more deeply for the Cause,
In all her Mazes Nature’s Face they view’d;
And as the disappear’d they still pursu’d:
Wrept in the Shades of Night the Goddess lies,
Yet to the Lear’d unveils her dark Disguise,
But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.
A a

Natural Philosophy. See Country Life.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain.
How the unfolds the faint and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life;
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes;
And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,
By just Degrees to harden into Bone;
Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of purple Streams return.
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise;
And dart in Emanations thro' the Eyes;
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
To flake a fea'rful Heat with ambient Show'rs;
Whence their mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim;
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
How the lame Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain;
Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
To work its brittle Being up to Man;
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young Ammon, Caesar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler Looks impetuus Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame;
Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
And why gay Mirth fits smiling in the Eyes.
All Ice why Lucrece; or Sempronius Fire;
Why s—— rages to survive Desire;
Whence Milo's Vigour at th'Olympicks shown;
Whence Tropes to F——ch or Impudence to S——n;
Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe;
Why Me——n muddy, M——gue why clear.
Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
How Body acts upon impassive Mind;
How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire;
Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
And how the Passions in the Features are;
How Touch and Harmony arise between
Corporeal Substances and things unseen.
With mighty Truths mysterious to descry,
Which in the W——mb of distant Causes lie.

Gar.

He sung

The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,
And whence proceed th'Eclipses of the Sun;
Th’Original of Man and Beasts; and whence
The Rains arise, and Fires their Warmth dispence,
And fixed and erring Stars dispose their Influence:
What shakes the solid Earth; what Cause delays
The Summer Nights, and shortens winter Days.

Dryd. Virg.

His noble Verse through Nature’s Secrets leads.
He sung how Earth blots the Moon’s gilded Wane,
While foolish Men beat founding Brass in vain:
Why the great Waters her might Horns obey;
Her changing Horns not conquer than they.
He sung how grievely Comets hang in Air;
Why Sword and Plagues attend their fatal Hair:
Why Contraries feed Thunder in the Cloud,
What Motions vex it till it roar so loud;
How lambent Fire’s become so wondrous tame,
And bear such shining Winter in their Flame:
What radiant Pencil draws the war’ry Bow;
What ties up Hail, and picks the fleecy Snow;
What Palsy of the Earth here shakes fix’d Hills.
From off her Brows, and here whole Rivers spills.

Cont.

With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there;
And lambent Jellies, kindling in the Night,
Shoot thro’ the Ether in a Trail of Light:
How rising Steams in th’azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show’rs descend;
Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Honey-Dews imbalm the fragrant Morri,
And the fair Oak with luscious Sweats adorn.
How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Light’ning blaze.
Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
Or bold Tornado’s bluster in the Sky.
Why a prolific Aura upward tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show’r descends.
How Vapours, hanging on the tow’ring Hills,
In Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills.
Whence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply.

Gai

How in the Moon such Change of Shapes is found,
The Moon, the changing World’s eternal Bond:
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong Dismas
Dares trouble the fair Centre’s ancient Eafe:
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance;
Varieties too regular for Chance!

A a 2

What
What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the Night.
Then sung the Bard, how the light Vapours rise
From the warm Earth, and cloud the smiling Skies.
He sung, how some, chill'd in their airy Flight,
Fall scatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night;
How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret Steams
On the reflected Points of bounding Beams.
Till, chill'd with Cold, they shade th'etherial Plain,
Then on the thirsty Earth descend in Rain.
How some, whose Parts a flight Contexture shew,
Sink, hov'ring thro' the Air in fleecy Snow.
How Part is string'd in silken Threads, and clings
Entangled in the Grass in gleowy Strings:
How others, stamp'd to Stones, with ruling Sound
Fall from their chrysal Quarries to the Ground.
How some are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
In harmless Fires by Night about the Sky.
How some on Winds blow with impetuous Force,
And carry Ruin where they bend their Courfe;
While some conspire to form a gentle Breeze,
To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.
How some enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud,
That cracks as if the Axis of the World
Was broke, and Heav'n's bright Tow'rs were downwards hurl'd.

He was a threwd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over.
Whatever Sceptick could enquire for,
For ev'ry Why he had a Wherefore.
He could reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Nature by Abstracts:
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly.
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in northern Air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysick Wit can fly.

P H O E N I X.

Thus all receive their Birth from other things,
But from himself the Phoenix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by born or Herbs his Life suffains,
But the sweet Essence of Ammomum drains;
And watches the rich Gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
He (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
His Nest on oaken Boughs begins to build,
Or trembling Tops of Palm: And first he draws
The Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,
Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
Is form'd, and rises round: Then with the Spoil
Of Cassia, Cinnamon, and Stems of Nard,
For Softness strew'd beneath, his funeral Bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd.
On this incumbent, till ethereal Flame
First catches, then consumes the costly Frame;
Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies;
He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
An infant Phoenix from the former springs,
His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
Shakes off his Parent Dust: His Method he pursues,
And the same Leafe of Life on the same Terms renews;
When grown to Manhood he begins to reign,
And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain:
He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
His Father's royal Sepulchre before,
And his own Cradle; this, with pious Care
I'lac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,
Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
And decently lays down his Burthen in the Porch.  Dryd. Ovid.

PHYSICK.

Physick can but mend our crazy State;
The first Physicians by Debauch were made;
Exces began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil strung the Nerves and purify'd the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to three-score Years and ten:
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than see the Doctor for a pois'nous Draught.
The Wife for Cure on Exercise depend;
God never made his Work for Man to mend.  Dryd.
He 'scapes the best, who Nature to repair,
Draws Physick from the Fields in Draughts of vital Air.  Dryd.

PITY.

As softest Metals are not slow to melt,
So Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds.
Pity on fresh Objects only stays,
But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays.  Dryd. Ind. Emp.

As 3

The
The Rocks were mov'd to Pity with his Moan,
Trees bent their Heads to hear him sing his Wrongs, (Dr. Virg.
Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning Tongues.
The Brave and Wife we pity in Misfortunes;
But when Ingratitude and Folly suffer,
'Tis Weakness to be touch'd.

PLAGUE.
The rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,
And Blasts of noisom Winds corrupt the Year.
The Trees devouring Caterpillars burn,
Parch'd with the Grafs, and blighted with the Corn:
Nor 'scape the Beast's, for Sirius from on high,
With pestilential Heats infests the Sky.
The raw Damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scatt'ring their pestilential Colds and Rheums
Thro' all the lazy Air: Hence Murains follow
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.
At last the Malady
Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Master's Feet; and next his Master.
For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
First on inferior Creatures try their Force,
And last they siez'd on Man:
And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And ev'ry Dart took Place. All was so sudden,
That scarce a first Man fell: One but began
To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
Drop'd in the pious Alt. Heard you that Groan?
A Troop of Ghosts took Flight together there:
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes.
With dead and dying Men our Streets lie cover'd;
And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
More than the hides in Graves.
Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death. Caft round your Eyes,
Where e'er the Streets were fo thick-fown with Men,
Like Cadmus Brood they jostled for their Passage;
Now look for those erected Heads, and see 'em,
Like Pebbles, paving all our publick Ways.

O'er Ethiopia, and the southern Sands,
A mortal Influence came,
Kindled by Heav'n's angry Beam.

Who
Who all the Stores of Poyson sent,
Threat'ning at once a gen'ral Doom,
Lavish'd out all their Hate, and meant
In future Ages to be innocent.

Those Africk Desarts straight were double Desarts grown,
The rav'rous Beasts were left alone.
The rav'rous Beasts then first began,
To pity their old En'my Man,
(done.

And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves have
Nor slay'd the cruel Evil there;
Plagues presently forfake.

The Wildernes which they, themselves do make;
Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,
Driv'n by a mighty Wind;
The loaded Wind went swiftly on,
And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan:
Thence it did Persia over-run;

In every Limb a dreadful Pain they felt;
Tortur'd with secret Coals they melt.
The Persians call'd their Sun in vain,
Their God increas'd their Pain:
They look'd up to their God no more,

But curse the Beams they worshipped before.
Glutted with Ruins of the East,
She took her Wings, and down to Athens past:
Just Plague! which doth no Parties take,
But Greece as well as Persia lack:

Without the Wall the Spartan Army fay,
The Spartan Army came too late,
For now there was no farther Work for Fate.

They saw the City open lay,
An easy and a bootless Prey;
They saw the Rampires empty stand,
The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unman'd:

No Need of Cruelty or Slaughter now,
The Plague had finish'd what they came to do.
They now might unresisted enter there,
Did they not the very Air
More than th'Athenians fear;

The Air itself to them was Wall and Bulwarks too.
The Air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal Poyson grow.
The Lungs, which us'd to fan the Heart,
Serv'd only now to fire each Part;
What should refresh, increas'd the Smart.

And now their very Breath,
The chiefest Sign of Life, became the Cause of Death.

A a 4

Upon
Upon the Head first the Disease,
As a bold Conqueror does seize;
Blood started thro' each Eye,
The Redness of that Sky
Foretold a Tempest nigh.
The Tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted Filth and Gore:
Hoarsenefs and Sores the Throat did fill,
And flopt the Passages of Speech and Life:
Too cruel and imperious Ill!
Which not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,

Does take from Men the very Power to complain:
Then down it went into the Breast,
There all the Seats and Shops of Life possessed:
Such noifom Smells from thence did come,
As if the Stomach were a Tomb.
No Food would there abide,

Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemy's Side;
The very Meat new Poylons to the Plague supply'd.
Next, to the Heart the Fires came,
The tainted Blood its Course began,
And carry'd Death where e'er it ran:
That which before was Nature's noblest Art,
The Circulation from the Heart,
Was more destructive now,
And Nature speedier did undo.
The Belly felt at last its Share,
And all the subtle Labyrinths there
Of winding Bowels, did new Monsters bear.
Here seven Days it rul'd and sway'd,
And oft'ner kill'd, because it Death so long delay'd:
But if thro' Strength and Heat of Age,
The Body overcame its Rage,
The vanquish'd Evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, some Part, some Limb;
Some all their Lives before forgot,
Their Minds were but one darker Blot:
Those various Pictures in the Head,
And all the numerous Shapes were fled:

They pass'd the Lethe Lake altho' they did not die:
Whatever lesser Maladies Men had,
Those petty Tyrants fled,
And as this mighty Conqueror shrunk their Head.
Feyers, Agues, Pallsies, Stone,
Gout, Cholick, and Consumption,
And all the milder Generation

By
By which Mankind is by Degrees undone,
Wrote quickly routed out and gone.
Physicians now could nought prevail,
No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Pow'r;
None of Apollo's Art could cure:
But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.
Some cast into the Pit the Urn,
And drank it dry at its Return;
Again they drew, again they drank;
They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning Store.
So strong the Heat, so strong the Torments were,
They like some Burthen bear
The lightest Covering of Air:
The Virgins blu'd but, yet uncloth'd appear;
The Pain and the Disease did now,
Unwillingly reduce Men to
That Nakedness once more,
Which perfect Health, and Innocence caus'd before.
Their fiery Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the Night,
No Sleep, no Peace, no Rest,
Their wandring and affrighted Minds posset's'd.
Upon their Souls, and Eyes,
Hell, and eternal Horrour lies.
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray,
Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breath,
Not Sleep, but Waking now was Sister unto Death,
Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay.
The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take the Flesh away.
In vain the call'd; they came not nigh,
Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy:
Whom Tyrant Hunger pres't;
And forc'd to taste; he prov'd a wretched Guest;
The Price was Life: It was a costly Feast.
Here lies a Mother and her Child,
The Infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd;
But straight by its own Food was kill'd.
There Parents hugg'd their Children last,
Here parting Lovers last embrac'd;
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
And gain a twofold Liberty;
Here others, poison'd by the Scent,
Which from corrupted Bodies went,

These Three Lines are in Creoch's Lucrecius.
Quickly return the Death they did receive,
And Death to others give.
And ev'n after Death they all are Murth'rs here.
Up starts the Soldier from his Bed,
He, tho' Death's Servant, is not freed.
The Learned too as fast as others die,
They from Corruption are not free,
Are mortal, tho' they give an Immortality.
They turn'd their Authors o'er to try,
What Help, what Cure, what Remedy,
All Nature's Stores against this Plague supply.
And tho' besides they shunn'd it every where,
They search'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it there.
There was no Number now of Death,
The Sist'rs scarce stood still to breathe,
But weary'd quite with cutting sngle Threads,
Began at once to part whole Looms;
One Stroke did give whole Hou'fes Dooms:
But what, Great Gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its Magazine of Lust did call,
Into the upper World it went;
Such Guilt, such Wickedness,
Such Irreligion did increase,
That the few Good that did survive,
Were angry with the Plague for suff'ring them to live,
More for the Living than the Dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very Dead,
Tho' sure to be infected e'er they fled.
Some nor the Shrines nor Temples spar'd,
Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
Tho' such Examples of their Pow'r appear'd,
Virtue was esteem'd an empty Name,
And Honesty the foolish Voice of Fame.
For having pass'd those tort'ring Flames before,
They thought the Punishment already o'er,
Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

[ Bishop of Rochester's Plague of Athens.]

PLANET.

Like some malignant Planet,
Foe to the Harvest, and the healthy Year,
That scours adverse, and pours upon the World,
When all the other Stars with gentle Aspect
Propitious shine, and meaning Good to Man.

Row. Fair Plan.

Planet of Saturn.

Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,
Till Length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.
Man feels me when I press th’ethereal Plains,
My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains,
Mine is the Shipwreck in a wat’ry Sign,
And in an earthly, the dark Dungeon mine.
Cold thiv’ring Agues, melancholy Care,
And bitter blasting Winds, and poifon’d Air,
And willful Death resulting from Despair.
The throttling Quinsey ’tis my Star appoints,
And Rheumatisms I fend to rack the Joynts.
When Churls rebel against their native Prince,
I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence:
And housing in the Lion’s hateful Sign,
Bought Senators, and deserting Troops are mine.
Mine is the privy Posis’ning: I command
Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.
By me King’s Palaces are push’d to Ground,
And Miners crush’d beneath their Mines are found.
’Twas I slew Sampson, when the pillar’d Hall
Fell down, and crush’d the Many with the Fall.
My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,

PLAY E R.

I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on ev’ry Side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw,
Intending deep Suspicion. Ghastly Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any Time to grace my Stratagems.

Shak. Rich. 3.

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit,
That from her Working all his Vifage warm’d;
Tears in his Eyes, Distract in his Aspect,
A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting
With Forms to his Conceit? And all for Nothing!
For Hecuba! What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Passion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech;
Make mad the Guilty, and apale the Free,
Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.

Like a Player,
Bellowing his Passion till he break the Spring,
And his rack’d Voice jar to the Audience. Shak. Troil. & Cress.

The
The purple Emp'rors, who in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread.

PLEASURE.
Pleasure never comes sincere to Man,
But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury:
And while Jesus holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis dash'd with Gall
By some Left-handed God.

The Gods will frown where- ever they do smile;
The Crocodile infests the fertile Nile.
Lions and Tigers on the Lybian Plain,
Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swain.
Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,
They fear their Ruin midst of their Delight.

Delights, those beautiful Illusions play
Around us, and when grasp'd they glide away:
They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell,
But like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretell.
Pure unmixed Pleasures on us never flow'd,
But stream, like watry Sun-beams, thro' a Cloud.

And frequent Use does the Delight exclude:
Pleasure's a Toil when constantly pursu'd.

One Grain of Bad imbitters all the Best.

POETASTER.

He Rhimes appropriate could make,
To ev'ry Month in th' Almanack:
When Terms begin and end, could tell,
With their Returns, in Doggerel.

When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And Sowgelder with Safety cuts.
When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
And when be temp'rate, if they will.
When ufe, and when abtain from Vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
In Lyricks he would write an Ode on
His Miftres eating a Black-pudden.
And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
It puff'd him with poetick Rapture.
His Sonnets charm'd th'attentive Croud,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud.
That, circled with his long-ear'd Guefts;
Like Orpheus look'd among the Beasts.
A Carman's Horse could not pas by,
But flood ry'd up to Poetry.
Each Window like a Pill'ry 'ppears,
With Heads thruft thro', nail'd by the Ears:

All
All Trades run in as to the Sight
Of Monsters, or their dear Delight
The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purls
Breeds Bus’nesses for Heroick Verse.
Which none does hear, but would have hung,
T’have been the Theme of such a Song. 

POETRY and POETS. See Musick, River, Stile, Verse.
Sometimes of humble rural things,
Thy Muse in middle Air with vary’d Numbers sings;
And sometimes her sonorous Flight
To Heav’n sublimely wings.
But first takes Time with Majesty to rise,
Then without Pride divinely great,
She mounts her native Skies,
And Goddess-like retains her State,
When down again she flies.

Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,
Both to depress her Flight, and raise.
Thus Mercury from Heav’n descends,
But still descending, Dignity maintains;
As much a God upon our humble Plains,
As when he tow’ring re-asced to Heav’n.
But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,
With such a Majesty, to such a Height,
As can alone suffice to prove
That she descends from mighty Jove,
Gods! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine!
Immortal Spirit animates each Line:
Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown’d,
Each has Magnificence of Sound,
And Harmony divine.
Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,
With shining Pomp advance,
And to their own celestial Sounds
Majestically dance.

Or with eternal Symphony they roll,
Each turn’d in its harmonious Course,
And each inform’d by the prodigious Force,
Of an Empyreal Soul.

In your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound:
Slide without falling, without straining soar.
Harsh Words, tho’ pertinent, uncooth appear,
None please the Fancy who offend the Ear.
In Sense and Numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherly, consider Dryden well.
In one what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine,
In th'other Syrens warble in each Line,
If Dorflies's sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
The Smile's and Graces melt in soft Desire,
And little Loves confess their am'rous Fire.
The gentle Jet claims the ivy Crown,
To bind th'immortal Brows of Addison.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the lift'ning Fawns the Plains,
And Phidias, in Notes like his, complains.
When Stephney paints the God-like Acts of Kings,
Or what Apollo dictates Prior sings,
The Banks of Rhine a pleas'd Attention show,
And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can with a resplendent Charm impart
The loosest Wishes to the choicest Heart;
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
Between declining Virtue and Defire,
That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away,
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
Such were the Numbers, which could call
The Stones into the Theban Wall.
As there is Musick uninform'd by Art,
In those wild Notes, which with a merry Heart
The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
Who better taught at home, yet please us least:
So in your Verse a native Sweetness dwells,
Which shames Composures, and its Art excels.
Singing no more can your soft Numbers grace,
Than Paint add Charms unto a beauteous Face.
Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even Calmness does suppose them deep:
Such is your Muse;
So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Sampson's Riddle meet. Dryd. to Sir Rob. Howard.
The Colours there so artfully are laid,
They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade. Stepn. to L. Hallifax.
Not fierce but awful in his manly Page;
Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage.
We must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Those as thy Forehead smooth, these sparkling as thy Eye.
'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,
Or rather, 'tis angelical.
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet; 
They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

With conceal'd Design
Did crafty Horse his low Numbers join;
And with a fly infinuating Grace
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:
Would raise a Blush where secret Vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob'd the Wound.
With seeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd,
And made the desperate Passes when he smil'd. 

Dryd. Per.$

Pindar's unnavigable Song
Like a swoll'n Flood from some steep Mountain pours along;
The Ocean meets with such a Voice
From his enlarged Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noise.
So Pindar does new Words and Figures roll.
Down his impetuous Dithyrambick Tide,
Which in no Channel deigns to abide;
Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul.
Whether th'immortal Gods he sings
In no less immortal Strain,
Or the great Aës of God-descended Kings,
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.
Whether at Pisa's Race he pleale
To carve in polished Verse the Conquerors Images:
Whether the Swift, the Skilful, or the Strong
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vig'rous Song;
Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate,
In Words worth dying for he celebrate.

He bids him live and grow in Fame,
Among the Stars he sticks his Name:
The Grave can but the Drofs of him devour;
So small is Death's, so great's the Poet's Power.

Lo! how th'obsequious Wind and swelling Air
The Theban Swan does upwards bear
Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,
And with extended Wings opens his liquid Way.

While alas! my tim'rous Muse
Unambitious Tracks pursues;
Does with weak unballast'd Wings
About the mossy Brooks and Springs,
About the Trees new-blossom'd Heads,
About the Gardens painted Beds,
About the Fields and flow'ry Meads,
And all inferior Beauteous things,
Like the laborious Bee,
For little Drops of Honey flee,
And there with humble Sweets content her Industry. 

Cowl. Her.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made,
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
I could have once sung down a Summer’s Sun;
But now the Chime of Poetry is done;
My Voice grows hoarse, I feel the Notes decay;
For Cares and Time
Change all things, and untune my Soul for rhyme. Dryd. Virg.
P O L T P H E M U S and his Den.

The Cave, thro’ large, was dark: The dismal Floor
Was pav’d with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
The monstrous Hoff, of more than human Size,
Breasts his Head and stares within the Skies.
Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hue.
The Joints of slaughter’d Wretches is his Food,
And for his Wine he quaffs the streaming Blood.
These Eyes beheld when with his spacious Hand
He seiz’d two Captives of the Grecian Band;
Stretch’d on his Back, he dash’d against the Stones
Their broken Bodies and their crackling Bones:
With spouting Blood the purple Pavement swms,
While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.
Thus gorg’d with Flesh, and drunk with human Wine;
While fast asleep the Giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw
His indigestid Foam and Morbels raw;
We surround
The monstrous Body stretch’d along the Ground a
Each, as he could approach, him lends a Hand
To bore his Eye-ball with a flaming Brand.
Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye;
For only one did the vast Frame supply;
But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill’d;
Like the Sun’s Disk, or like a Grecian Shield:
The Stroke succeeds, and down the Pupil bends.
Such, and so vast as Polyphemus appears,
A hundred more this hated Hand bears:
Like him, in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep,
Like him their Herds on Tops of Mountains keep;
I oft from Rocks a dreadful Prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking Tree:
From far I hear his thund’ring Voice refund,
And trampling Feet that shake the solid Ground.
Scarse had he said, when on the Mountain’s Brow,
We saw the Giant-Shephard stalk before
His foll’wing Flock, and leading to the Shore.

A Mone
A monstrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight:
His Staff a Trunk of Pine, to guide his Steps aright.
His pond'rous Whistle from his Neck descends;
His woolly Care their penive Lord attends;
This only Solace his hard Fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves,
From his gor'd Eye the gut'tring Blood he laves;
He gnash'd his Teeth and groan'd; thro' Seas he strides,
And scare the topmost Billows touch'd his Sides.
Siz'd with a suddain Fear, we run to Sea,
And buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.
The Giant hearken'd to the dashing Sound;
But when our Vessel out of Reach he found,
He strid'd downward, and in vain effay'd
Th' Ionian Deep, and durst no farther wade;
With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful Cry
Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas; the Billows fly
Before the bell'wing Noise, to distant Italy.
The neighbour Etna trembling all around,
The winding Caverns echo to the Sound.

His Brother Cyclops hear the yelling Roar,
And rushing down the Mountains crowd the Shores:
We saw their stern distorted Looks from far,
And one-eyed! Glance that vainly threaten'd War.
A dreadful Council, with their Heads on high,
The misty Clouds about their Foreheads fly;
Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of Jove,
Or tallest Cypress of Diana's Grove.

The Vulgar, a scarce-animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God.
That horrid'ed Beast that bears against the Curb;
Hard to be broken ev'n by lawful Kings,
But harder by Usurpers.

Almighty Crowd! thou short'enst all Dispute:
Pow'r is thy Essence, Wit thy Attribute.
Nor Faith nor Reason makes thee at a Stay,
Thou leap'ft o'er all eternal Truths in thy pindarick Way.
Safe mongrill Souls! fleth 'em but once with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if some cramped Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,
Make your selves Scabs.
That like not Peace nor War, the one affrights you,

Bb

The
The other makes you proud.
Who deserves Greatness
Defy's your Hate, Your Affections are
A sick Man's Appetite, who defies most that
Which would encrease his Evil. He that depends

The Scum
That rises upmost when the Nation boils. *Dryd. Don Sc.*
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And listen with their Mouths.
Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make it;
And he that lies most loud, is most believ'd. *Dryd. Span. Et.*

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night
Than at the mid-day Sun: A drowsy Horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake.
All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night Alarm,
The Bees drive out upon each others Backs
Timbros their Hives in Clusters: All ask News:
Their busy Captain runs the weary Round
To whisper Orders; and commanding Silence,
Makes not Noise cease, but deafens it to Murmurs. *Dr. Dare Sc.*

The Commonwealth is sick of their own Choice;
Their over-greedy Love has surfeited:
A Habitation giddy and unsure
Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.
O thou fond Many! with what loud Applause
Did'st thou beat Heav'n with belling *Bullingbrough*,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
But being trimm'd up in thy own Desires,
Thou beastly Feeder art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.
So, so, thou common Dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton Bosom of the royal *Richard*;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead Vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What Trust is in these Times?
They that when *Richard liv'd* would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd of his Grave:
Thou that threw'st Dust upon his goodly Head,
When thro' proud *London* he came fighting on
After th'admir'd Heels of *Bullingbrough*;
Cry'st now, O Earth! yield us that King again,
And take thou this. *Shak. 2 Part Hen. 4.*

The Genius of your Moors is Mutiny:
They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madness.
Prompt to rebel on ev'ry weak Pretence,
Bluff Ring when courted, Crouching when oppress'd;
Wife to themselves, and Fools to all the World; *Restless*
Reftlesf in Change, and perjur’d to a Proverb.
They love Religion sweeten’d to the Sense;
A good luxurifous palatable Faith.
Thus Vice and Godlines, preposterous Pair,
Ride Cheek by Jowl! But Churchmen hold the Reins;
And when e’er Kings would lower Clergy Greatness,
They’ll learn too late what Pow’rs the Preachers have,
And whose the Subjects are. 

By Heav’n, ’twas never well since Sawcy Priests
Grew to be Masters of the lift’ning Herd,
And into Mitres cleft the regal Crown.
Empire, thou poor and despifable thing,
When such as thefe unmake or make a King! Dr. Cong. of Gram.
Observe the mountain Billows of the Main,
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm;
Brush off those Winds, and the high Waves return
Into their quiet firt created Calm:
Such is the Rage of bus'ly bluf't'ring Crowds,
Tormented by th’Ambition of the Great.
Cut off the Causes and th’Effects will ceafe,
And all the moving Madness fall in Peace.

I have no Taffe
Of popular Applaufe, the noify Praise
Of giddy Crowds as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and still without a Caufe:
Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
Of fwohn Success; but veering with its Ebb,
It leaves the Channel dry.

As when in Tumults rife th’ignoble Crowd,
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud;
And Stones and Brands in rattling Vollies fly,
And all the rustick Arms that Fury can supply.
If then some grave and pious Man appear,
They hault their Noife and lend a lift’ning Ear;
He soothing with sober Words their angry Mood,
And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,
With Noife fay nothing, and in Parts divide.
In Tumults People reign and Kings obey.
The People like a headlong Torrent go,
And ev’ry Dam they break or overflow:
But unoppos’d they either lose their Force,
Or wind in Volumes to their former Course.
Their Fright to no Perfwations will give Ear,
There’s a deaf Madness in a People’s Fear.

Th’admiring Crowd are dazled with Surprize,
And oh his godly Perfon feed their Eyes.

Bb 2

His
His Joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
On each Side bowing popularly low:
His Looks, his Gestures, and his Words he frames,
And with familiar Ease repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret Hearts;
Fame runs before him as the morning Star,
And Shouts of Joy salute him from afar.
Each House receives him as a Guardian-God,
And consecrates the Place of his Abode. Dryd. Abs. & Aesop.

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,
And heav'n can hear no other Name but yours;
The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager Joy make Triumph flow. Dryd. Span. Fry.

Thou art thy longing Country's Darling and Desire,
Their cloudy Pillar and their Guardian Fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land;
Whose dawning Day in ev'ry distant Ace,
Has exercis'd the sacred Prophet's Rage;
The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The young Mens Vision and the old Mens Dream.
Thee Saviour, thee the Nation's Vows confess;
And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless.
Swift unbespoken Pomp thy Steps proclaim,
And stamping Babes are taught to lip thy Name. & Aesop.

All Tongues speak of him, and the bleared Sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Nurse
Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him. The Kitchin Malkin pins
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
Clamb'ring the Walls to see him;
Stalls, Bulks, Windows are smother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hor'd.
I've seen the dumb Men throng to see him,
And the Blind to hear him speak. The Nobles bended
As to Jove's Statue; and the Commons made
A Show'r and Thunder with their Caps and Shouts. Coriol.

P O Y S O N.

Observe in this small Phial certain Death;
It holds a Poyson of such deadly Force,
Should Aesculapius drink it, in five Hours,
For then it works, the God himself are mortal.
I drew it from Nonacrus horrid Spring:
It scatters Pains
All sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns;
Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Who runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.  

Lee Alex.

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded Reins;
Pull, draw it out:
Oh! I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks crosst my Shoulders; the fad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro' my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.
Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure?
A Bolt of Ice runs hizzing through my Bowels,
'Tis sure the Arm of Death:
Cover me, for I freeze, my Teeth chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heav'n bless the King!
Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?
I am all Hell, I burn, I burn a\g
My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.  

Lee Alex.

Nothing in vain the Gods create;
This Bough was made to hasten Fate.
'Twas in Compassion of our Woe,
That Nature first made Poisons grow,
For hopeless Wretches, such as I,
Kindly providing Means to die.
As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep;
The Indispos'd she does invite
To go to Bed before 'tis Night.
Dead I shall be, as when unborn;
And then I knew nor Love nor Scorn.
Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
From Passion and from Injury.
The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,
In Triumph led, her Changes feel;
And Conquerors kept Poisons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.
Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow;
But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough.  

Quick Shootings through my Limbs, and prickling Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves,
Shiv'ring's of Cold, and burning of my Entrails,
Within my little World make medly War,
Lofe and regain, beat and are beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground:
Some deadly Draught, some Enemy to Life,
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.

Dryd. Don Seb.
PREDESTINATION and FREE WILL.

See Fate.

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute,
Some hold Predestination absolute:
Some Clerks maintain, that heav'n at first foresees,
And in the Virtue of Foresight decrees.
If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will,
And Mortals are not free to Good or ill;
For what he first foresaw he must ordain,
Or his eternal Prescience may be vain:
As bad for us if Prescience had not been;
For first or last he's Author of the Sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming Man
Say worse, ev'n of the Devil, if he can:
For how can that eternal Pow'r be just
To punish Man, who sins because he must?
O! how can he reward a virtuous Deed,
Which is not done by us, but first decreed?
I cannot doubt this Matter to the Bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Ansin can.
If Prescience can determine Actions so,
That we must do because he did foreknow;
Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict Necessity;
This strict Necessity they simple call;
Another sort there is conditional:
The first so binds the Will, that things foreknown,
By Spontaneity not Choice are done.
Thus Galley-slaves tug willing at their Oar,
Content to work in Prospect of the Shore;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd before.
The other does not Liberty restrain,
But Man may, either act or may refrain;
Heav'n makes us Agents free to Good or ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.
Freedom was first below'd on human Race,
And Prescience only held the second Place.
If he could make such Agents wholly free,
I'll not dispute, the Point's too high for me;
For Heav'n's unfathom'd Power what Man can sound,
Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound?
He made us to his Image all agree,
That Image is the Soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.
But whether it had better Man had been
By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock.

Dryd. the Cock and the
The Priesthood grossly cheat us with Free-will,  
Will to do what? But what Heaven first decreed:  
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,  
Since from eternal Causes they proceed.  
Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,  
Meer senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate:  
Like Ships on stormy Seas without a Guide,  
Toft by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.  

Hard State of Life! since Heav'n foreknows my Will,  
Why am I not ty'd up from doing ill?  
Why am I trusted with myself at large?  
When he's more able to sustain the Charge?  
Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than mine,  
'Twould shew more Grace my Frailty to confine.  
For knowing the Success, to leave me free,  
Excuses him, and yet supports not me.  

A Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train:  
An awful, rev'rend, and religious Man.  
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,  
And Charity it self was in his Face.  
Rich was his Soul, tho his Attire was poor,  
As God had cloth'd his own Ambassador;  
For such, on Earth, his blest Redeemer bore.  
Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,  
And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.  
Yet had his Aspect nothing of severe,  
But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.  
Nothing reserv'd, or hidden was to see;  
But sweet Regards, and pleasing Sanctity:  
Mild was his Accent; and his Action free.  
With Eloquence innate his Soul was arm'd;  
Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.  
He bore his great Commission in his Look:  
But sweetly temper'd Awe, and soften'd all he spoke.  
He taught the Gospel rather than the Law;  
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw:  
For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like Heat,  
Exhales the Soul sublime to seek her native Seat.  
The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he took;  
But never fu'd, or curs'd with Bell and Book.  
With Patience bearing Wrong, but off'ring none,  
Since ev'ry Man is free to lose his own.  
Yet of his little he had some to spare,  
To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare,  
And Hill he was at Hand, without Request,  
To serve the Sick, to succour the Distreß'd.
He duly watch'd his Flock by Night and Day;  
And from the prowling Woolf redeem'd the Prey,  
But hungry sent the wily Fox away.  
The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he cheer'd,  
Nor to reprove the rich Offender fear'd;  
His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,  
(A living Sermon of the Truth he taught)  
Thus all might see the Doctrine which they heard:  
For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest,  
The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impress'd:  
If they be foul, on whom the People trust,  
Well may the baser Brass contract a Ruft:  
With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd,  
And gave the Charities himself receiv'd:  
Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,  
Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easy to be poor.  

Quoth Ralph, you mistake the Matter,  
For in all Scruples of this Nature,  
No Man includes himself, nor turns  
The Point upon his own concerns,  
As no Man of his own self catches  
The Itch, or amorous Frantic Aches;  
So no Man does himself Convince  
By his own Doctrine of his Sins.  
And 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In Love and Preaching, that must sway.  

Priesthood that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n:  
Priesthood that sells ev'n to their Pray'r's and Blessings,  
And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage.  
Nay, cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals,  
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,  
And keeps the best for private Luxury.  

The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray  
For happy Omens, we their Price must pay:  
In vain at Shyines thanksgiving Suppliant stands:  
In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands.  
Safe Offerings are the Priesthood's only Care:  
They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r:  
Without a Bribe, their Oracles are mute,  
And their instructed Gods refuse the Suit.  
The pious Priesthood the lit Goats receive,  
And they once brib'd, the Godhead must forgive:  
For Gain has wonderful Effects,  
'T improve the Factory of Sects;  
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,  
And great Digns of th' Ephesians.
For Priests of all Religions are the same:
Of whatsoe’er Descent their Godhead be,
Stone, Stock, or other homely Pedigree;
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
For ‘tis their Duty, all the Learned think,
To apprehend his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
I tell thee, Mafa, if the World were wise,
They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels:
Your Heav’n you Promote, but our Earth you covet;
The Phaetons of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm.

For whether King or People seek Extremes,
Still Conscience and Religion are the Themes.
And whatsoever Change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces, or perfwades.
Others may give the Fuel or the Fire,
But Priests the Breath, that makes the Flame, inspire.

We know their Thoughts of us; that Laymen are
Lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
Which Heav’n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
Set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
And bid us pass for Men.

We know their holy Juggling,
Things that would startle Faith, and make us deem
Not this, or that, but all Religions false.

You want to lead
My Reason blindfold, like a hampered Lion,
Check’d of its noble Vigour: Then when baited
Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch
And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith:
So silly Souls are gul’d, and you get Money.

If we must pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a grey-Beard forging Priest come there,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with their Dotage mad the gaping World.

Why seek we Truth from Priests?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradesmen’s Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Priests tell:
Oh why has Priesthood Privilege to lie,
And yet to be believ’d?

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient?
Are not your holy-Stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly Noises,
To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases?
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up ev'ry Cranny of your Time,
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.
Why then these foreign Thoughts of State Employments,
Abhorrent to your Function, and your Breeding?
Poor droning Truants of unprac'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys;
What Wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there you live demure with down-cast Eyes,
And humble as your Discipline requires:
But when let loose from thence to live at large,
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury succeeds, and set alog
With a new Scene of yet untao'd Joys,
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast;
Of all your College Virtues, nothing now
But your original Ignorance remains.

Triumphant Plenty, with a cheerful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face:
How fleck their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin?
Each Faculty in Blandishments they indu;
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No leant Debate molest their downy Trance,
Or undecompose their pompous Ignorance.
But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and blossom in Decay.
Deep-funk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
' Avoid th'Inclinations of Morning Air;
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Pray's.

But bloated with Ambition, Pride and Avarice,
You swell to counsel Kings and govern Kingdoms:
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n.
And let this little hanging Ball alone;
For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
And you, like Archimedes, toss the Globe.

Your Saviour came not with a gaudy Show,
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below;
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn.
In Purple he was crucify'd, not born:
They who contend for Place and high Degree,
Are not his Sons, but those of Zebidee.
Yet Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woful, aukard Politicians:
They make lame Mischief, tho' they mean it well.
Their Interest is not finely drawn and hid,
But Seams are coarly bungled up and seen.  

Dryd. Don Seb.

Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,
That Grace is founded in Dominion,
Great Piety consists in Pride;
To rule is to be sanctify'd.
To domineer and to controul
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect Disciplin
Of Church-Rule, and by Right Divine.
Bel and the Dragon's Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far.
For they, poor Knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children Meat.
But these will not be fobbd off so,
They must have Wealth and Pow'r too;
Or else with Blood and Defolation,
They'll tear it out o' th'Heart o' th'Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive
And Heathen Priesthood do derive;
When Butchers were the only Clerks,
Elders and Presbyters of Kирks:
Whose Directory was to kill,
And some believe that 'tis so still.
The only Difference is, that then
They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.
For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to Moloch,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole Nation.

CHAPLAIN.

My Time is spent pleasantly;
My Lord is neither haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical: He has good Nature,
And I have good Manners.
His Sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
I meddle with no Man's Business, but my own.
I rise in a Morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent Pleasures freely;

So meet with Respect, and am not the Jest of the Family.

PROMISE.

Promises once made are past Debate;

Dryd. Riv. Lad.
It is no Scandal nor Aspersion,
Upon a great and noble Person,
To say, he naturally abhor'd
Th'o' old fashion'd Trick to keep his Word;
Tho' 'tis Profidiousness and Shame,
In meaner Men to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the Great,
Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wife.

In the Carpathian Bottom makes abode,
The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God:
High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
His Azure Car, and finny Courters guides.
Protect his Name.
Him, not alone the River Gods adore,
But aged Nereus harkens to his Lore.
With sure Fore-sight, and with unerring Doom
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly Flocks, that graze the watry Deep.
When weary with his Toil and scorch'd with Heat,
The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat:
With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him fast;
For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought,
Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Platt'ry bought.
The flipp'ry God will try to loose his Hold,
And various Forms assume to cheat thy Sight,
And with vain Images of Beasts affright.
With foamy Tusks will seem a briefly Boar,
Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar;
Break out in crackling Flames to shun thy Snares,
Or his a Dragon, or a Tiger stares;
Or with a Wile thy Caution to betray,
In fleeting Streams attempt to slide away.
Will weary all his Miracles of Lies,
Till having shifted ev'ry Form to 'scape
Convinc'd of Conquest he resumes his Shape.

Protus's Cave.

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lies
A large Recess, conceal'd from human Eyes:
Where Heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
In Form of War their watry Ranks divide,
And there, like Centuries set, without the Mouth abide.
A Station safe for Ships, when Tempefts roar,
A silent Harbour and a cover'd Shore.

Secure
Secure within resides the various God,
And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode,
His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
And roulings round him spirt the bitter Sea.
Unweildily they wallow first in Ooze,
Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.
Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount,
Takes of his mustur’d Flocks a just Account.
So, feated on a Rock, a Shepherd’s Groom,
Surveys his Ev’nig Flocks returning home;
When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs from far,
Provoke the prowling Woolf to nightly War.  Drjd. Virg.

PROVIDENCE.
The holy Pow’r that cloaths the senseless Earth
With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow’rs and verdant Grasf,
Whose bounteous Hand feeds the whole brute Creation,
Knew our all our Wants, and has enough to give us. Rov. Fair Pen.
PRUDENCE. See Wisdom.

Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,
And with Age purchas’d, art too dearly bought:
We’re past the use of Wit for which we toil:
Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.  Drj.d. Auren.
P T G M Y.

So when the Pygmy’s marshall’d on the Plains,
Wage puny War against th’invading Cranes,
The Poppers to their Bodkin Spears repair,
And scatter’d Feathers flutter in the Air.
But soon as e’er th’imperial Bird of Jove,
Stoops on his sounding Pinions from above:
Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the Strymonian Squadron seeks the Clouds:  Gar.

When Cranes invade, his little Sword and Shield
The Pygmy takes, and strait attends the Field;
And not one Soldier is a Foot in Height;
The Fight’s soon o’er; the Cranes descend, and bear
The sprawling Warriours thro’ the liquid Air.  Cre. Jau.

PITHAGOREAN Philosophy. See Transmigration of Souls.

Know first, that Heav’n, and Earth’s compacted Frame,
And flowing Waters, and the starry Flame,
And both the radiant Lights, one common Soul
Inspires; and feeds, and animates the Whole.
This active Mind, infus’d thro’ all the Space,
Unites, and mingles with the mighty Mafs.
Hence Men and Beasts the Breath of Life obtain;
And Birds of Air, and Monsters of the Main:
Th’ethereal Vigour is in all the fame,
And ev’ry Soul is fill’d with equal Flame:

As
As much as earthy Limbs, and gross Allay
Of mortal Members, subject to Decay,
Blunt not the Beams of Heav’n, and Edge of Day.
From this coarse Mixture of terrestrial Parts,
Desire and Fear, by Turns, possess their Hearts;
And Grief and Joy: Nor can the grov’ling Mind,
In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin’d,
Assert the native Skies, or own its heav’nly Kind.
Nor Death itself can wholly wash their Stains;
But long-contrasted Filth, ev’n in the Soul, remains.
The Reliques of invest’rate Vice they wear;
And Spots of Sin obscene in ev’ry Face appear.
For this are various Pennances enjoin’d;
And some are hung to bleach upon the Wind;
Some plung’d in Waters, others purg’d in Fires;
Till all the Dregs are drain’d, and all the Rust expires:
All have their Manes, and those Manes bear:
The few, so cleans’d, to blest Abodes repair,
And breath in ample Fields the soft Elysian Air.
Then are they happy, when by Length of Time,
The Scurf is worn away of each committed Crime.
No Speck is left of their habitual Stains;
But the pure Æther of the Soul remains.
But, when a thousand roul’ing Years are past,
(So long their Punishments and Pennance left.)
Whole Drovés of Minds are, by the driving God,
Compell’d to drink the deep Leth’ran Flood:
In large forgetful Draughts to steep the Cares
Of their past Labours, and their irksome Years;
That unrememb’ring of its former Pain,
The Soul may suffer mortal Flesh again.

He first the Taste of Flesh from Tables drove,
And argu’d well, if Arguments could move.
O Mortals! from your Fellows Blood abstain,
Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane:
While Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow’d,
And planted Orchards bend their willing Load;
While labour’d Gardens wholesome Herbs produce;
And teeming Vines afford their gen’rous Juice:
Nor tardier Fruits of cru’der Kind are loit,
But t’em with Fire, or mellow’d by the Frost;
While Kine to Pains distended Udders bring,
And Bees their Honey, redolent of Spring:
While Earth not only can your Needs supply,
But lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury;
A guil’less Feast administers with Ease;
And without Blood is prodigal to please.
Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain Brethren fill;
And yet not all; for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed
On Browze, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed.
Beasts, Tygers, Wolves; the Lions angry Brood,
Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell;
Where stronger Beasts oppress the weak by Might,
And all in Prey, and purple Feasts delight.
O impious Use! to Nature's Laws oppos'd,
Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
Where fatten'd by their Fellow's Fat they thrive,
Maintain'd by Murther; and by Death they live.
'Tis then for Nought that Mother Earth provides
The Stores of all the shews, and all she hides,
If Men with fleshly Morfeis must be fed,
And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread:
What else is this, but to devour our Guests,
And barb'rously renew Cyclopean Feasts?
We, by destroying Life our Life sustain,
And gorge th'ungodly Maw with Meats obscene.
Not so the golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.
Then Birds in airy Space might safely move,
And tim'rous Hares on Heaths securely rove:
Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful; and that Peace sincere.
Whoever was the Wretch, (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our Food's Simplicity;
Th'Effay of bloody Feasts on Brutes began,
And after forg'd the Sword to murther Man.
Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd,
On Beasts of Prey, that other Beasts destroy'd,
Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,
And Self-defence: But who did Feasts begin
Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin.
To kill Man-Killers, Man has lawful Pow'r;
But not th'extended Licence to devour.

The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting up
Th'intraffed Seed, was judg'd to spoil the Crop,
And intercept the sweating Farmer's Hope.
The cov'tous Churl of unforgiving Kind,
Th'Offender to the bloody Priest reign'd:
Her Hunger was no Plea; for that she dy'd.
The Goat came next in order to be try'd:
The Goat had crop'd the Tendrils of the Vine:
In Vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine.
Here was at least some Shadow of Offence:
The Sheep was sacrific'd on no Pretence,
But meek, and unresisting Innocence.
A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer;
And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.
Living, both Food and Raiment she supplies,
And is of least Advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve,
A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve?
O Tyrant! with what Justice canst thou hope
The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop,
When thou destroy'd thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd
And plough'd with Pains, thy elle ungrateful Field?
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck, with which the furry Clods he broke;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began!
From whence, O mortal Man, this Gulp of Blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food?
Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,
Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won:
And when you eat the well-deferring Beast,
Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you feast.
Besides; whatever lies
In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
All suffer Change; and we, that are of Soul
And Body mix'd, are Members of the Whole:
Then, when our Sires or Grandfathers shall forsake
The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take;
Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
Nor violate thy Father in the Beast;
Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kind;
If none of thole, yet there's a Man within:
O spare to make a Thyfæan Meal,
T'inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.
And let not Piety be put to Flight,
To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite;
But suffer Inmate Souls secure to dwell,
Left from your Seats your Parents you expel;
With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

What
What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin;
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Def to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:
Def to the harmless Kid, that e'er he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates, in vain, thy Children's Cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with Household Bread;
Then eats the Poultry, which before he fed?
Let plough thy Steers; that when they lose their Breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
And Sheep from Winter-Cold thy Sides defend;
But neither Springs, Nets, nor Shares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
Nor let insidious Glue their Wings constrain:
Nor op'ning Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight:
Nor Hooks, conceal'd in Baits, for Fish prepare;
Nor Lines to heave them twining up in Air.
Take not away the Life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal Right to live.
Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save;
This only just Prerogative we have:
But nourish Life with vegetable Food,
And shun the sacrilegious Taste of Blood.

QUIET.

In Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide:
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
That does not wish for Quiet here.
For Quiet, Friend! the Soldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, sleepleas Nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

RACE.

To their appointed Bafe the Rival Runners went;
With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And starting all at once, the Barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds, they flew,
And siez'd the distant Goal with greedy View.
Shot from the Crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpas'd,
Nor Storms, nor Thunder equal half his Haste;
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoyn'd,
Came Saturn, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diurus ply'd,
Step after Step, and almost Side by Side:
His Shoulders pressing, and in longer Space
Had won, or left at least a dubious Race.
Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
When eager Nisus, hapless in his Haste,
Slip first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,
Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen newly slain.
The careless Victor had not mark'd his Way,
But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay;
His Heels flew up, and on the grassy Floor
He fell, besmear'd with Filth and holy Gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred Bonds of Amity,
Herove the immediate Rival's Hope to cross,
And caught the Foot of Salius as he rose;
So Salius lay extended on the Plain,
Euryalus springs out the Prize to gain,
And leaves the Crowd: Applauding Peals attend
The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend. (Virg.)
R A G E. See Anger.

Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls.
Like narrow Brooks, that rise with sudden Showr's,
It swells in Haste, and falls again as soon.
Still as it ebbs the softer Thoughts flow in,
And the Deceiver Love supplies its Place.
His Breast with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire,
Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire.
Ruffled his Feet, disdraid was his Walk,
Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk;
Mad as the vanquish'd Bull when forc'd to yield
His lovely Mistress, and for sake the Field.
He found his Veins with Indignation swell,
And felt within the Fire and Rage of Hell.
Legions of spleenful Spirits fill'd his Breast,
And dire Revenge his troubled Soul possesse'sd.
As the vast Rage of vanquish'd Lucifer,
When dreadful Thunder charg'd his flying Rear:
When by th'Almighty's conquering Squadrons driv'n
O'er the blue Plains and from the Brow of Heaven,
Rush'd into Hell; he saw his ruin'd Hoft
Plung'd in hot Vengeance, and for ever loft.
Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' his Bosom move,
Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above
The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love. (Dryd. Cleom.)
At first Her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words,
But when the Storm found way, 'twas wild and loud: (Mad)
Mad as the Priestess of the Delphick God,
Enthusiastick Pasion swell’d her Breast,
Enlarg’d her Voice, and ruffled all her Form. \(\text{Row, Fair Pen.}\)

Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps;
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury. \(\text{Otw. Orph.}\)

My Mind, and its Intents are savage, wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tigers, or the roaring Sea. \(\text{Otw. Cai. Mar.}\)

Oh give me Daggers, Fire, or Water!
How I could bleed! how burn! how drown! the Waves
Hizzing and booming round my sinking Head,
Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom.
Oh there all’s quiet; here all Rage and Fury:
The Air’s too thin, and pierces my weak Brain,
I long for thick substantial Sleep: Hell! Hell!
Burl’d from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am. \(\text{Otw. Ven. Pref.}\)

Patience! Oh I’ve none!
Go bid the moving Plains of Sand lie still,
And stir not when the stormy South blows high;
From Top to Bottom thou hast tost my Soul,
And now ’tis in the Madness of the Whirl,
Requir’d a sudden Stop. \(\text{Dryd. Don Sel.}\)

Patience! Preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires: The Knaves,
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe’em. \(\text{Otw. Orph.}\)

Madness! Confusion! let the Storm come on:
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me,
Dash my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it;
’Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises. \(\text{Row. Fair Pen.}\)

Away! be gone! and give a Whirlwind room!
Or I will blow you up like Duff! Avaunt!
Madness but meanly represents my Toil!
Eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain and Indignation
Tear my swoln Breast; make Way for Fire and Tempest;
My Brain is burst; Debate and Reason quench’d,
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the rack; while Passions, like the Winds;
Rise up to Heav’n, and put out all the Stars. \(\text{Lee Alex.}\)

Rage has no Bounds in flighted Womankind. \(\text{Dryd. Cleom.}\)

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force;
But give it way awhile, and let it waste:
The rising Deluge is not stopp’d with Dams,
Those it o’erbears, and drowns the Hope of Harvest:

\(\text{C c. 2}\)
But wisely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is fluid in Channels, and securely drain'd.
And when its Force is spent and unf supply'd,
The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd,
And dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford. *Shak. Troil. & Cref.*

**RAINBOW.**

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the Air
Hangs Ev'ning Clouds, his sable Canvas, where
His Pencil, dip'd in heav'nly Colours, made
Of intercepted Sun-beams, mix'd with Shade
Of temper'd Aether, and refracted Light,
Paints his fair Rainbow charming to the Sight.

**R A P E.**

Force is the last Relief which Lovers find;
And 'tis the best Excuse of Womankind:
It is Resistance that inflames Defire,
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire:
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease,
He languishes, and does not care to please:
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard,
With so much Care, to make Possession hard.

*Who'd be that forsdid, foolith Thing, call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure;
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?*

The lufty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.

*It shall be so! I'll yet possess my Love;*

Wait on, and watch her loose une guarded Hours;
Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,

*I'll very Minute when her Vertue nods, I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,*

Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
And forfeit upon Joys, till ev'n Desire grows sick.


'Tis nobler, like a Lyon, to invade,
Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
Till dull Content throws out the Scraps of Love.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
I'll tear up Pleasure by the Roots;

*And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame.*

To what a Height did Infant Rome,
By ravishing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouses siez'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd.
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the Minds they were in, dy'd:

*No.*
Nor plaid the Masquerade to woe,
Didstn't to stay for Friends Content,
Nor juggl'd about Settlements:
Did need no Licence, nor no Priest,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;
Nor Lawyers to join Land and Money,
In th' holy State of Matrimony;
Nor would endure to stay until
They'd got the very Bride's Good-will:
But took a wife, and shorter Course
To win the Ladies, down-right Force:
And when they had 'em at their Pleasure,
They talk'd of Love and Flames at Leisure.
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best Way of Application,
Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er were known
By Suit or Treaty to be won:
And such as all Posterity,
Could never equal, or come nigh.
Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras; soft Fire,
They say, does make sweet Malt; Good Squire:
The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon Mistake.

Force never yet a gen'rous Heart did gain,
We yield on Parley, but are storm'd in vain.
Constraint in all things makes the Pleasure less,
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness. Dryd. Aurin.

DIM as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high,
Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky,
Not light us here: So Reafons glimm'ring Ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear,
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere,
So pale grows Reafon at Religion's Sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral Light. Dryd. Rel. Laici.

For Reafon is a Guide we must resign,
When the Authority is Divine.

Reason, the Power to ghefs at Right and Wrong!
The twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by turns;
Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining. Cong. Mourn.

C c 3

Reason
Reasoon was given to curb our headstrong Will,
And yet but shews a weak Physician's Skill;
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last;
But stays to cure it when the Worst is pass'd:
Reasoon's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.  Dryd. Conq. of Gram.

Our Passions gone, and Reasoon in her Throne,
Amaz'd we see the Mischiefs we have done:
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.

Oh why did Heav'n leave Man so weak Defence,
To truft frail Reasoon with the Rule of Sense?
'Tis overpou'd, and kick'd up in the Air;
While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there:
Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away,
And forc'd to countenance its own Rebels Sway:

Oh no! our Reasoon was not vainly lent,
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent:
If Reasoon on his Subject's Triumph wait,
An easy King deserves no better Fate.  Dryd. Conq. of Gram.

RELIGION.
The common Cry is ever Religion's Test;
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India, Popery at Rome;
And our own Worship only true at home:
And true but for the Time; 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This Side to Day, and that to Morrow burns;
So all are God-A'mighty in their Turns.

Turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade:
And tho' some change it for a worfe,
They put themselves into a Course.
For all Religions flock together,
Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather.
Hence 'tis Hypocrify as well,
Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:
As Persecution or Promotion
Do equally advance Devotion.

To prove Religion true
If either Wit or Suff'ring's could suffice,
All Faiths afford the Constant 'and the Wife;
And yet, ev'n they, by Education sway'd,
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

All Faiths are to their own Believers just,
For none believe, because they will, but must.
By Education most have been misl'd,
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man. Dryd. Hind and Panth.

Look round, how Providence befields alike
Sun-shine and Rain, to bless the fruitful Year,
On different Nations, all of different Faiths:
And (tho' by several Names and Titles worship'd)
Heav'n the various Tribute of their Praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of All. Row. Tam. Er.

All under various Names adore and love
One Power Immense, which ever rules above. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

If you've Religion, keep it to your self;
Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't. Never shew Religion,
Unless you mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
And cheat believing Fools that think you honest. Otsw. Orph.
REPENTANCE. See Nunnery.

These Books teach holy Sorrow and Contrition
And Penitence. Is it become an Art then?
A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gown-men
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.
I have more real Anguish in my Heart,
Than all their Pedantic Discipline e'er knew. Row. Fair Pen.

Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so horrid,
As can express my Guilt. Dryd. All for Love.

Let that Night,
That guilty Night be blotted from the Year;
Let not the Voice of Mirth or Musick know it.
Let it be dark and desolate: No Stars
To glitter o'er it: Let it with for Light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the Dawn:
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame. Row. Fair Pen.

This fatal Form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting and Tears and Hardship shall destroy;
Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated Life.
Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her Tears have wash'd her Stains away.
At length 'tis time her Punishment shou'd cease,
Dye then poor suff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace. Row. Fair Pen.

Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burthen,
Creep with the Remnant of the Strength they've left,

Oh
Oh my Offence is rank! it smells to Heav'n;
It has the primal eldest Curse upon it,
A Brother's Murther! Pray, I cannot,
Tho' Inclination be as sharp as Will,
My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent,
And like a Man, to double Bus'ness bound,
I stand in Pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: What if this curfed Hand
Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'n's,
To wash it White as Snow? Whereto serves Mercy,
But to confront the Visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer but this twofold Force,
To be forestalled e'er we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up:
My Fault is past: But oh what Form of Prayer
Can serve my Turn? Forgive me my foul Murther!
That cannot be, since I am still posses'd
Of those Effects for which I did the Murther!
My Crown; my own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th'Offence?
No! while our former Flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of Pow'r to sin.
In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may thove by Justice:
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize it self
Buys out the Law: But 'tis not so above.
There is no Shuffling, there the Action lies
In its true Nature; and we our selves compell'd
Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
To give in Evidence: What then? What reft?
Try what Repentance can! what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched State! Oh Bofom black as Death!
Oh limed Soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Help, Angels! make Effay!
Bows stubborn Knees, and Heart with Strings of Steel,
Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe.
All may be well.
For true repentance never comes too late;
As soon as born, she makes herself a Shroud,
The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud;
And swift as Thought her airy Journey takes,
Her Hand Heav'n's Azure Gate with trembling strikes,
The Stars do with Amazement on her Look,
She tells her Story in so sad a Tone,
That Angels start from Bliss, and give a Groan. Lee Mas. of Par. Soc.
So cheers some pious Saint a dying Sinner,
Who trembled at the Thoughts of Pains to come,
With Heav'n's Forgiveness, and the Hopes of Mercy:
At length the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,
And ev'ry Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,
Boldly he proves the dark uncertain Road;
The Peace his holy Comforter bestow'd,
Guides and protects him like a Guardian God. Row. Tamorl.

REPUTATION.

Good Name in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
Who steals my Purse steals Trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Rob's me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. Shak. Othel.

RESURRECTION.

Th' Arch-Angel's Trumpet shakes the trembling Ground:
The Startled Dead awaken at the Sound;
The Grave resigns her antient Spoils, and all
Death's adamantine Prisons burst and fall:
The Souls that did their forc'd Departure mourn,
To the same Bodies with swift Flight return.
The crowding Atoms re-unite apace,
All without Tumult know and take their Place:
Th' assembl'd Bones leap quick into their Frame,
And the warm Blood renews a brighter Flame.
The quicken'd Dust feels fresh and youthful Heats,
While its old Task the beating Heart repeats.
The Eyes, enliven'd with new vital Light,
Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.
The Veins too twine their bloody Arms around
The Limbs, and with red leaping Life abound.
Hard-twisted Nerves new-brace, and faster bind
The close-knit Joints, no more to be disjoin'd.
Strong new-spun Threads immortal Muscles make,
That justly fix'd, their antient Figure take.
Brisk Spirits take their upper Seats, and dart
Thro' their known Channels thence to ev'ry Part.
The Men now draw their long forgotten Breath,
And striving, break th'unweildy Chains of Death.
Victorious Life to ev'ry Grave returns,
And rifles Death's inhospitable Courts:
Its Vigour through those dark Dominions spread,
From all their gloomy Mansions frees the Dead.
Now ripe Conceptions through the Earth abound,
And new-sprung Men stand thick on all the Ground.
The Sepulchres are quick, and ev'ry Tomb
Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.
Whom Thunder's dismal Noise,
And all that Prophets and Apostles louder spake,
And all the Creatures plain confining Voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd awake;
This mightier Sound shall make,
When dead arise:
And open Tombs, and open Eyes,
To the long Sluggards of five thousand Years;
This mightier Sound shall make its Hearers Ears.
Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crowding come
Back to their antient Home;
Some from Birds, from Fishes some,
Some from Earth, and some from Seas,
Some from Beasts, and some from Trees,
Some descend from Clouds on high,
Some from Metals upward fly,
And where the attending Soul naked and shiv'ring stands,
Meet, salute, and join their Hands;
As dispers'd Soldiers at the Trumpet's Call,
Haste to their Colours all;
Unhappy moit, like tortur'd Men,
Their Joints new-set, to be new-rack'd agen:
To Mountains they for Shelter pray,
The Mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd than they.
RETREAT.
As compass'd with a Wood of Spears around,
The lordly Lion still maintains his Ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,
Threats his distended Paws, and shakes his Mane;
He lofes, while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his Courage let him dare to run:
So Turrets fares; and, unrefolv'd of Flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from Fight:
Disdains to yield,
And with slow Paces measures back the Field,
And inches to the Walls.

REVENGE.
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave:
He drank the poys'rous Draught
With Mind serene, and could not will to see
His vile Accuser drink as deep as he.

Dryd. Virg.
Too noble for Revenge! which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble Mind.
Degenerate Passion, and for Man too base,
It feats its Empire in the female Race;
There rages, and to make its Blow secure,
Puts Flatter'y on until its Aim be sure.

What tho' his mighty Soul his Grief contains,
He meditates Revenge who least complains:
And like a Lion, slumbering in his Way,
Or Sleep dissembling while he waits his Prey,
His fearless Foes within his Distance draws,
Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws;
Till at the last, his Time for Fury found,
He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground;
The prostrate Villain passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly Rage his Hunters tears.

Revenge is but a Frailty incident
To craz'd and sickly Minds; the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to surmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.

Now might I do it; now he is praying,
And now I'll do it, and so he goes to Heav'n!
And so I am reveng'd? That would be scann'd.
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his foul Son do this fame Villain send
To Heav'n! O this is Hire and Sallary, not Revenge.
He took my Father grofsly, full of Bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, and fresh as May;
And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heav'n?
But in our Circumstance and Course of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the Purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his Passage?
No! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous Pleasure of his Bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some Act
That has no Relish of Salvation in it;
Then trip him that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as Swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
Will sweep to my Revenge.

A base Revenge is Vengeance on myself.
Revenge, at first tho' sweet,
Bitter e'er long back on itself recoils.
Rhetorician.
For Rhetorick, he could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I'd_middle of his Speech, or cough,
H'd Words ready to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest Art he Spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
For all a Rhetorician's Rules,
Teach nothing but to name his Tools.

RHYME.

Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses. Hud.
And those who write in Rhyme, still make
The one Verse for the other's sake;
For one for Sense and one for Rhyme,
I think's sufficient for one time.

RICHES.

Greatness of Mind and Fortune too,
Both their several Parts must do,
In the noble Chase of Fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
Nor is fair Virtue's Picture seen aright,
But in Fortune's golden Light.
Riches alone are of uncertain Date;
And on short Man long cannot wait.
The Virtuous make of them the best,
And put them out to Fame for Interest;
With a frail Good they wisely buy
The solid Purchase of Eternity.
'Tis Madness sure Treasures to hoard,
And make them useless as in Mines remain,
To lose th'OCCasion Fortune does afford,
Fame and publick Love to gain.

Of all the Vows the first and chief Request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul,
He dreads no Poyson in his homely Bowl:
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
Enchase the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine.
The fearful Passenger who travels late,
Charg'd with the Carriage of a paltry Plate,
Shak'd at the Moon-shine Shadow of a Ruth,
And sees a Red-Coat rise from ev'ry Bulb.
The Beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the Place
Beset with Thieves, and never mends his Pace.
Fond Men, by Passions wilfully betray'd,
Adore those Idols which their Fancy made:
Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to our selves refuse,
Oppress'd with Blessings which we fear to lose.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wish for more.

Riding.

First, he that led the Cavalcade,
Wore a Sow-Gelder's Flagellet,
On which he blew as strong a Levet,
As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate.
When over one another's Heads
They charge, three Ranks at once, like Swedes.
Next Pans and Kettles of all Keys,
From Trebles down to double Bafe;
And after them upon a Nag,
That might pass for a fore-hand Stag,
A Cornet rode, and on a Staff
A Smock display'd did proudly wave:
Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones,
With snuffling broken-winded Tones,
Whose Blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
Look filthier than that from Gut;
And make a viler Noise than Swine,
In windy Weather when they whine.
Next one upon a Pair of Panniers,
Full fraught with that which for good Manners
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with Grains,
Which he dispensed among the Swains:
Then mounted on a horned Horse,
One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,
Ty'd to the Pumme! of a long Sword,
He held revers'd, the Point turn'd downward.
Next after on a raw-bon'd Steed
The Conq'ror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the Champion
A Petticoat display'd and rampant.
Next whom the Amazon Triumphant
Bestrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't
Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,
The Warrior whom overcome;
Arm'd with a Spindle and a Dittaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chatlis'd the Reformado Soldier.

Before
Before the Dame, and round about,
March’d Whifflers and Staffers on Foot,
With Lacquays, Grooms, Valets, and Pages,
In fit and proper Equipages;
Of whom some Torches bore, some Links,
Before the proud Virago Minx,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero’s Sporus, or Pope Joan:
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clam’rous Shout.
But Hudibras, who us’d to ponder
On such Sights with judicious Wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His Animadversions for his Heart:
Quoth he, in all my Life till now
I ne’er saw so prophan show a Show:
It is a paganish Invention,
Which heathen Writers oft mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
I warrant him, and understood him;
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those antient Shows.

O Love! thou sternly dost thy Pow’r maintain,
And will not bear a Rival in thy Reign;
Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear;
All precious things are still possess’d with Fear. Dryd. Auren.
Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the Stealth
Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth; Sed. Ant. & Cli.
Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew’d,
Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view’d;
Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand,
But when they met they made a furly Stand;
And glare’d like angry Lions as they pass’d,
And wish’d that ev’ry Look might be their last. Dr. Pal. & Arc.

Roxana then enjoys my perjur’d Love!
Roxana claps my Monarch in her Arms!
Doats on my Conqu’ror, my dear Lord, my King!
Devours his Lips, e’er him with hungry Kisse’s!
She grasps him all! She, the curs’d happy she!
By Heav’n, I cannot bear it; ’tis too much!
I’ll die, or rid me of this burning Torture.
I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
Or grow distracted; Madnes may throw off
This mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion.
O I shall find Roxana in his Arms,
And taste her Kisses left upon his Lips:
Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd his Body,
Nor shall I meet the wonted Sweetness there,
But artificial Smells and aking Odours.
    My Life! my Soul! my All! Ophelia has him!
O fatal Name to Cleopatra's Love!
My Kisses my Embraces now are hers.
    Methinks I see her yonder! O the Torment,
Busy for Blifs, and full of Expectation.
Sh'dorns her Head, and give her Eyes new Luftre,
Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks;
Steps to the Door, and listen's for his Coming;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes;
Then lays the Pillow eafy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses.
Oh I am loth! torn with Imagination!
Kill me, Caffander, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;
Hafting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Tho' with those Streams he no Refemblance hold,
Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
His genuine, and less guilty Wealth t'explore,
Search not the Bottom, but survey his Shore:
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,
And hatches Plenty for th'enfuing Spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a Stay,
Like Mothers who their Children overlay:
Nor with a sudden and impetuous Wave,
Like profuse Kings, refumes the Wealth he gave:
No unexpected Inundations spoil
The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil;
But, God-like, his unweary'd Bounty flows,
First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When he to boast or to dispence his Stores,
Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
Visits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs,
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theam!

Tho'
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without Rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heavn' her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose Fame's in thine, like leffer Currents, lost:
Thy nobler Streams shall visit Jove's Abodes,
To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.
The fair Meduagia, that with wanton Pride
Forms silver Mazes with her crooked Tide.
Its wanton Tide in wreathen Volumes flows,
Still forming reedy Islands as it goes.
The fair Necla rouls here noble Tide,
And o'er the Meads unfolds her silver Pride.
Fair Ligur, the Armorick Region's Pride,
Does thro' the Vale in smooth Meanders glide,
And rolls her silver Volumes by its Side.
Then rolling down the Steep, Timamus raves,
And thro' nine Channels disembogues his Waves.
And Lykus swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks at another Door.
Thus Erasus dives, and blind in Earth,
Runs on, and gropes his Way to second Birth;
Starts up in Argos Meads, and shakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
And here he threatens the drunken Fields to drown,
And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.
There Po first issues from his dark Abodes,
And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods.
Two golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
And his grim Face a Bull's Resemblance bears.
With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,
And fattens as he runs the fruitful Plain.
Betwixt the Trees the Tyber took his Course;
With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force
That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.
About him, and above, and round the Wood,
The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his Side;
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.
Thus in Meanders to the neigh'ring Main,
The liquid Serpent drew its silver Train
When a calm River, rais'd with sudden Rains,
Or Snows diffus'd, o'erflows th'adjoyning Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure
Their greedy Hopes; and this he can endure:

Denh.

Blae.

Blae.

Blae.

Blae.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Ovid.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Virg.
But if with Bays and Dams they strive to force
His Channel to a new or narrow Course,
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells:
Stronger and fiercer by Restraint he roars,
And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shores.  Denh.

Thus rising in his Might, the King of Floods,
Rush'd through the Forefts, tore the lofty Woods;
And rouling onward with a sweepy Sway,

A pointed flinty Rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:
Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,
Here built their Nefts, and hither wing'd their Flight.
The leaning Head hung threatening o'er the Flood.  Dryd. Virg.

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shore,
There stands a Rock: The raging Billows roar
Above his Head in Storms; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
In Peace below the gentle Waters run,

A Rock that braves
The raging Tempests and the rising Waves:
Propp'd on himself he stands, his solid Sides

See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky,
About whose Feet such Heaps of Rubbish lie,
Such indigested Ruin: Bleak and bare,
How desart now it stands, expos'd in Air.  Dryd. Virg.

He, like a solid Rock, by Seas inclos'd,
To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd,
From his proud Summet looking down, disdain's
Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains.  Dryd. Virg.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that waftes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I re semble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Desarts where no Men abide,
Thou must have uncondemned dy'd.
Then die, that she
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a Part of Time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ROWING.

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shoar,
There stands a Rock:
On this the Heroe fix'd an Oak in sight,
The Mark to guide the Mariners aright.
To bear with this, the Seamen stretch their Oars,
Then round the Rock they steer, and seek the former Shoars.
Four Gallies first which equal Rowers bear,
Advancing in the wat'ry Lifts appear;
Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar,
The Banks in three Degrees the Sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy Strokes the Billows roar.
The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs
Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.
Besmeard with Oil their naked Shoulders shine;
All take their Seats, and wait the sounding Sign.
They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast
Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depress'd.
The Clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign,
At once they start, advancing in a Line:
With Shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skies;
Lash'd with their Oars, the smoaky Billows rise,
Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
Exact in Time with equal Strokes they row;
At once the bruising Oars and brazen Prow,
Dash up the sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below:
Gyre out-strip'd the rest, and sprung before;
Cleanthor, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast,
But his o'er-master'd Galley check'd his Haste.
The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the Brine,
With equal Oars advancing in a Line.
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets ahead:
Now Board to Board the rival Vessels row;
The Billows lave the Skies, and Ocean groans below.
They reach the Mark; proud Gyre and his Train,
In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main.
But steering round, he charg'd his Pilot stand
More close to Shore, and skim along the Sand:
Let others bear to Sea. The Pilot heard,
But secret Shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
And fearing, sought the Deep, and still aloof he steer'd.
With louder Cries the Captain calls again,
Bare to the rocky Shoar, and shun the Main.
He spoke, and speaking, at his Stern he saw
The bold Cleanthus near the Shelvings draw;
Betwixt the Mark and him the Scylla stood,
And in a closer Compass plough'd the Flood.
He pass'd the Mark, and wheeling got before;
Gyas blasphemed the Gods, devoutly swore;
The trembling Dotard overboard he threw,
Then siez'd the Helm himself, his Fellows cheer'd.
Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly steer'd.
The following Centaur and the Dolphin's Crew
Their vanish'd Hopes of Victory renew;
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the Race
To reach the Mark, Sergesthus takes the Place;
Mnestheus pursues; and while around they wind,
Comes up not half his Gailey's Length behind.
His Crew exert their Vigour, tug the Oar,
Stretcher to their Strokes.
Now one and all they tug a main, they row
At the full Stretch, and shake the brazen Prow.
The Sea beneath 'em sinks, their lab'ring Sides
Are swell'd, and Sweat runs gutt'ring down in Tides.
Chance aids their Daring with unhop'd Success;
Sergesthus, eager with his Beak to press
Betwixt the rival Galley and the Rock,
Shuts up th'unweildy Centaur in the Lock.
The Vessel struck, and with the dreadful Shock,
Her Oars the thiever'd, and her Head the broke;
The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,
And anxious for themselves, renounce the Prize.
With iron Poles they heave her off the Shores,
And gather from the Sea their floating Oars.
The Crew of Mnestheus with elated Minds
Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds;
They ply their Oars, and cut their liquid Way
In larger Compass on the roomy Sea:
Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedge'd in the rocky Shoals, and sticking fast.
In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd Oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies;
The Ship, without a Pilot, yields the Prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains,
Her he pursues, and all his Vigour strains.
Refoloy'd to hold their own, they mend their Pace,
All obstinate to die, or gain the Race.
Rais'd with Success, the Dolphin swiftly ran;
(For they can conquer who believe they can:)
Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both supplies,
And both perhaps had shar'd an equal Prize;
But old Portus, with his Breadth of Hand,
Push'd on, and sped the Seylla to the Land:
Swift as a Shaft or winged Wind she flies,
And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize.

So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current stem,
And, flow advancing, struggle with the Stream;
But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the Flood with headlong Hast they drive.

R U M O U R.

Rumour is a Pipe:
Blown by Surmises, Jealousies, Conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a Stop,
That the blind Monster with uncounted Heads,
The still discordant wav'ring Multitude,
Can play upon't.

R U N A W A Y.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his Flight:
In equal Fear of Night and Day:
He never was in greater Need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed:
Disabled both in Man and Beast;
To fly, and run away his Best;
To keep th'Enemy and Fear
From equal falling on his Rear.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The farther and the nearer Side;
As Seamen ride with all their Force,
And tug as if they row'd the Horfe;
And when the Hackney fails most swift,
Believe they lag or run adrift:
So tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his Haste,
For Fear, tho' fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.

But timely Running's no small Part
Of Conduit in the martial Art.
But that some glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens by Breaking thrive.
It saves th'Expence of Time and Pains,
And dang'rous beating out of Brains:
For they that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

And
And they who run from th'Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the Fight's become a Chace,
They win the Day that win the Race. 

S A C R I F I C E S. See Necromancer: 
We Heav'n it self to brie, 
Do recompence with Death their Creatures Toil,
Then call the Blest'd above to share the Spoil:
The fairest Victim must the Pow'r's appease;
So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!
A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns:
He hears the murder'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his Doom he hears;
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours past)
And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life;
Then broken up alive, his Entrails sees,
Torn out for Priests to inspect the Gods Decrees. 

So when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
His Eye-balls rooted out are thrown to Ground,
His Nose dismanbled in his Mouth is found,
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.

They next with sober Grace,
Their Gifts around the well-built Altar place:
Then wash'd, and took the Cakes; while Chrys'es stand
With Hands up-lifted, and invoke'd his God.
And when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,
Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast.
Then turning back, the Sacrifice they sped,
The fatted Oxen flew, and fle'd the Dead;
Chopt off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
T'involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.
Sweetbreads and Collops were with Skewers prickt'd
About the Sides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The Priest with holy Hands was seen to tine
The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.
The first Libations to the Gods they pour,
And then with Songs indulge the genial Hour,
Holy Debauch! till Day to Night they bring,
With Songs and Peans to the bowyer King.

With perfect Hetacombs the God they grac'd,
Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.
Black Bulls and bearded Goats on Altars lie,
And Clouds of sav'ry Stench involve the Sky.

Dryd. Hom.

Dd 3
A chosen Ewe of two Years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day;
The beauteous Queen before her Altar stands,
And holds the golden Goblet in her Hands:
A milk-white Heifer she with Flow'r's adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns,
And while the Priests with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their Altars with Sabeon Smoke.
With hourly Care the Sacrifice renew'd,
And anxiously the panting Entrails views.

He pour'd to Bacchus on the hallow'd Ground
Two Bowls of sparkling Wine, of Milk two more,
And two from offer'd Bulls of purple Gore:
With Roses then the Sepulchre he throw'd.
Five Sheep according to the Rites he slew,
As many Swine, and Steers of Sable Hue:
New gen'reous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
And call'd his Father's Ghost, from Hell restor'd.
The glad Attendants in long Order come,
Off'ring their Gifts at great Anchise's Tomb:
Some add more Oxen, some divide the Spoil,
Some place the Chargers on the grassy Soil,
Some blow the Fires, and offer'd Entrails broil.

Haste the Sacrifice;
Sev'n Bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phabus chase,
And for Diana sev'n unspotted Ewes.

Thick Clouds of rouling Smoke involve the Skies,
And Fat of Entrails on the Altar fries.
The Victim Beasts are slain before the Fire;
The trembling Entrails from their Bodies torn,
Are to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers born.

S A I L I N G. See Paradise.

Our Anchors weigh'd, and Topsails loos'd, a Gale
Sprung up, and swell'd the Womb of ev'ry Sail;
Old Ocean, pleas'd, our bounding Vessels laves,
Which with sharp Keels cut through the foaming Waves.

The Wind suffice'd the Sail;
The bellying Canvas strutted with the Gale;
The Waves indignant roar with furly Pride,
And press against the Sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy Way.

Ent'ring with cheerful Shouts the watry Reign,
And ploughing frothy Furrows on the Main,
The houling Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,
And the tall Ships their spacious Wings display'd.
They spoom'd away before the hoving Wind,
And left-retreating Cliffs and Rocks behind.
They stretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars,
All Hands aloft, for Creet, for Creet, they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy Billows fly.
Now Seas and Skies their Prospect only bound,
An empty Space above, a floating Field around.
There rose a gentle Breeze,
That curl'd the Smoothness of the glassy Seas:
The rising Winds a ruffling Gale afford,
And call the merry Mariners aboard.
They slip their Haulsters.
Fresh Gales arise; with equal Strokes they vie;
And brush the buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly. Dryd. Virg.
The threaden Sails,
Born with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas,
Breasting the lofty Surge. Shak. Hen. §.

The floating Castles dance upon the Tide,
And on its foamy Ridge triumphant ride.

Stand to your Tackle, Mates; and stretch your Oars,
Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind.
Now shift your Sails.
Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea: Veer Starboard Sea and Land.

Before the Wind
They skud amain, and make the Port assigned.
Their Anchors dropt, his Crew the Vessel moor;
They turn their Heads to Sea, their Sterns to Shore. Dryd. Virg.

Sure he who first the Passage try'd,
In harren'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side:
Or his at least in hollow Wood,
Who tempted first the briny Flood;
Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar,
Nor Billows beating on the Shore;
Nor Hyades, portending Rain,
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What Form of Death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd with steadfast Sight,
Cou'd view the Surges Mountain steep,
And Monsters roaring in the Deep?
Could through the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below;
In vain did Nature's wise Command
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men profane,
Incline th'inviolable Main,
Th'eternal Fences over-leaf,

D d 4
And pass at Will the boundless Deep.
No Toil no Hardships can restrain
Ambitious Man inure'd to Pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.  

Dryd. Ht.

A Fleet under Sail.

The wanton Zephyrs with the Pendants play,
Which looke in Air their waving Pride display.
The Streamers gay Defiance spread on high,
At once adorn and terrify the Sky.
Th'unweildy Ships were on the Billows toss,
And all the Blasts the Winds could blow engross'd.
The longest breath'd, and the most vig'rous Gales,
Are all employ'd to swell the spacious Sails:
The lofty Firs, which pregnant Canvas wear,
Bear thro' the floating Clouds the floating War.
Oaks which by Land did fiercest Winds disdain,
Become obedient to them on the Main.
The lab'ring Gales with Pain the Navy shove,
And o'er the Billows heave the bounding Grove.
Stript of their Boughs the naked Pines advance,
And to the Musick of the Trumpet dance.
They pass in long Procession o'er the Deep,
And with their Flags contiguous Æther sweep.
Their gilded Sides and Sterns improve the Day,
And with augmented Glory Heav'n repay.
His Rays recoll'd so bright, th'astonish'd Sun
Started, unmindful that they were his own.  

Blst.

S A L M O N E U S.

Salmon us suff'reng cruel Pains I found,
For emulating you, the ratling Sound
Of mimick Thunder, and the glitt'reng Blaze
Of pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays:
Thro' Elig and the Grecian Towns he flew,
Th'audacious Wretch four fiery Courser's drew:
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and madly vain,
Sought godlike Worship from a servile Train:
Ambitious Fool! with horn'd Hoofs to pass
O'er hollow Arches of resounding Brafs;
To rival Thunder in its rapid Courfe,
And imitate inimitable Force.
But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
Bar'd his right Arm, and lashing from the Sky
His writhe, vol't, not shaking empty Smoak,
Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon stook.  Dryd. Virg.

S C A N D A L.

There is a Lust in Man, no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame:

On
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,  
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.  
Slander, the worst of Poysons, ever finds  
An easy Entrance in ignoble Minds.

SCHOOLMEN.

In School-Divinity as able  
As he that hight inrrefragable.  
Profound in all the nominal,  
And real Ways beyond them all;  
And with as delicate a Hand  
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand;  
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull,  
That's empty when the Moon's at full;  
Such as take Lodgings in a Head,  
That's to be let unfurnished.  
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,  
And after solve 'em in a trice.  
As if Divinity had catch'd  
The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;  
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound,  
And stab herself with Doubts profound,  
Only to shew with how small Pain  
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;  
Altho' by woful Proof we find  
They always leave a Scar behind.  
He knew the Seat of Paradise,  
Could tell in what Degree it lies,  
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it  
Below the Moon, or else above it.  
What Adam dreamt of, when his Bride  
Came from her Closet in his Side:  
Whether the Devil tempted her  
By a High-Dutch Interpreter,  
If either of them had a Navel,  
Who first made Musick malleable.  
Whether the Serpent at the Fall,  
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.  
All this without a Gloss or Comment  
He could unriddle in a Moment;  
In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,  
When they throw out, and miss the Matter.

SCORN.

Who Pride and Scorn do undergo,  
In Tempests and rough Seas Love's Galleys row:  
They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find  
Their Sighs increase the angry Wind.  
As Water fluid is till it do grow  
Solid and fix'd by Snow;
So in warm Seasons Love does loosely ow;
Frost only can it hold.
A Woman's Rigour and Disdain
Does its swift Course restrain;
But when kind Beams appear,
It melts, and glides asleep into the Sea,
And loses itself there:
So the Sun's am'rous Play
Kisses the Ice away.

Thus some the harther and hide-bounder
The Damfels prove; become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd
To gain a soft and gentle Bride?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In purling Streams or Hemp departed?
But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
The amorous Fly burnt in his Flame.

SCULPTURE. See Statues.

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes bellow,
Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow.
In midst a Table of rich Iv'ry stands,
By three fierce Tygers and three Lyons born,
Which grin, and fearfully the Place adorn:
Widely they gape, and to the Eyes they roar;
As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore.

SCYLLEA and CHARIBDIS.

In the Streights,
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider Way,
Far on the right, her Dogs foul Scylla hides;
Charibdis roaring, on the Left presides,
And in her greedy Whirlpool sucks the Tides:
Then spouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,
The Waves mount up, and wash the Face of Heav'n:
But Scylla from her Den, with open Jaws,
The sinking Vessels in her Eddy draws,
Then dashes on the Rocks: A humane Face,
And Virgin's-Bosom hide her Tail's Digrace.
Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,
With Dogs inclos'd, and in a Dolphin end.

SEA. See Creation, Jealousy, Rowing, Sailing.
Storm, Tempest.

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the Bottom torn by furious Winds,
And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav'n's Height, and with the Centre mix the Pole.
The Sea it self smooths his rough Face a while,
Flatt'ring the greedy Merchant with a Smile;
But he whose shipwreck'd Bark it drank before,  
Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more.  
Comm.  

SEA, divided for a Passage to the Israelites.  

Commanded by thy Breath, th'obsequious Main  
Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing Train.  
Th'Almighty did the Sea divide,  
And as he rends the Hills, he split the Tide:  
Benum'd with Fear, the Waves erect'd stood,  
O'erlooking all the distant Flood.  
Mountains of craggy Billows did arise,  
And Rocks of stiffer'd Water reach'd the Skies.  
Remoter Waves came rolling on to see  
The strange transforming Mystery.  
But they, approaching near,  
Where the high chrysal Ridges did appear,  
Felt the divine Contagion's Force,  
Mov'd slothfully a while, and then quite stop'd their Course.  
Th'Egyptians cry'd, Let us pursue the flying Slaves,  
We'll bathe the Desart with a purple Flood,  
And heal its gaping Wounds with Hebrew Blood.  
Blas.  

SERPENT. See Creation, Paradise, Snake.  

With speckled Pride  
A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:  
His huge Bulk on seven high Volumes roll'd,  
Blue was his Breadth of Back, but streak'd with scaly Gold.  
Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass,  
A rowling Fire along, and singe the Gras';  
More various Colours through his Body run,  
Than Iris, when her Bow imbibes the Sun.  
Dryd. Virg.  

Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,  
And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.  
Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,  
Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:  
Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,  
And on the founding Shore the flying Billows force.  
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,  
Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;  
Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,  
And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame.  
Dryd. Virg.  

Serpent tempting E V E.  

The Serpent, sleeping fast, the Devil found  
In Labyrinth of many a Round self-rowl'd,  
His Head the midst, wellstor'd with subtle Wiles;  
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
Nor nocent yet; but on the grasy Herb  
Fearless, unfeard he slept: In at his Mouth  
He enter'd, Inmate bad, and coward Eve  

Address'd
Address'd his Way, not with indented Wave,
Prone on the Ground, as since; but on his Rear,
Circular Base of rising Folds, that tow'r'd
Fold above Fold, a surging Maze: His Head
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burnish'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the Graves
Floated redundant:

With Tra& oblique,
At first, as one who sought Access, but fear'd
To interrupt, sidelong he works his Way.
As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought
Nigh Rivers Mouth, or Foreland, where the Wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her Sail;
So vay'd he, and of his tortuous Train
Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in Sight of Eve,
To lure her Eye;
Then as in Gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
His Turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon the trod:
Lead on, said Eve; he leading swiftly rowl'd
In Tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To Milchief swift: Hope elevates, and Joy
Brightens his Crest.

HERCULES killing the Serpents.
The big-limb'd Babe in his huge Cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by Nurses Hands:
When lo! by jealous Juno's fierce Commands,
Two dreadful Serpents come
Rowling, and hissing loud into the Room.
To the bold Babe they trace their bidden Way,
Forth from their flaming Eyes dread Lightnings went, (sent.
Their gaping Mouths fork'd Tongues, like Thunderbolts, pre-
The mighty Infant smil'd, and seem'd well pleas'd:
At his gay gilded Foes,
And as their spotted Necks up to the Cradle rose,
With his young warlike Hands on both he seiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
In vain their armed Tails they twist;
And angry Circles cast about,
Black Blood, and fiery Breath, and pois'nous Soul he squeezes out.

S H A D E.
Behold Alexa, see this gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made:
Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
But Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day:

Where
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
    And lightsome Notes to cheer the dusky Air;
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By Morning Lark, or Ev'ning Philomel!
No Vi'let here or Daffy e'er was seen,
No sweetly-budding Flow'r, nor springing Green:
For fragrant Myrtle and the blushing Rose,
Here baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.
    Here highest Woods, impenetrable
To Sun or Starlight, spread their Umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening.
So black the Shade, so thick the stagnant Air;
That no reviving Sun-beams enter'd there:
Nothing but here and there a straggling Ray,
That lost it self in wandring from the Day:
Which serv'd not to refresh, but to affright,
Not to dispell, but to disclose the Night.
A Green-wood Shade, for long Religion known,
Incomparable, with gloomy Hills above,
Which added holy Horror to the Grove.

Guyomar. As far as I could cast my Eyes
Upon the Sea, something methought did rise,
Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd towards the Shore;
The Object I could first distinctly view,
Wastall strait Trees, which on the Waters grew;
Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow;
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Monsrmas. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods are these,
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas?
Gave they alive or dead upon the Shore?

Guyom. Alas they liv'd too sure, I heard 'em roar:
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke,
I saw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunder from on high,
And their the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the Noise, I took my hasty Flight,
No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

Behold a stately Ship
Proud of her gawdy Trim, comes this Way failing,
With all her Brav'ry on, and Tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and Streamers waving,
Courted by all the Winds that hold them Play.
This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind:
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon:
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows;
And then again he curtied down so low,
I could not see him; till at last, all sidelong
With a great Crack, his Belly burst in pieces.
Shak. Ten.

Thus as a Ship, which Winds and Waves assail,
Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail:
She feels a double Force: By Turns obeys
Th'imperious Tempest and impetuous Seas.

SICKNESS. See Diseases.
Dryd. Oui.

Mean while the Health of Arcite still impares,
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares:
Swoll'n is his Breast, his inward Pains increase;
All Means are us'd, and all without Success.
The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spight of Art:
The Mould of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,
Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void:
The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell,
All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell;
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
These breathing Organs, thus within oppress'd,
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast;
Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
Nor vomits upward Aid, nor downward Laxative.
The midstoff Region batter'd and bestroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th'Effect of Art is void.
Dryd.

Physicians had forfaken his Cure:
All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The Moiture that maintain'd consuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away.

Dryd. Riu. Lad.

He had a Fever when he was in Spain,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake!
His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that same Eye, whose Bend does awe the World,
Did lose his Lustr. I did hear him groan;
I, and that Tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas! it cry'd, Give me some Drink, Titinius;
As a sick Girl.

And thus the Wretch, whose Feavour-weak'n'd Joints,
Like strengthless Hinges, buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,  
Out of his Keepers Arms.  


As he who in a Fever burning lies  
First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,  
Which tafted once, unable to give o'er,  
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thursts after more.  


Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,  
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint.  
And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains;  
But yields at last to her resistless Pains.

Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,  
Thro' all her Veins makes his delightful Way;  
Her Fate's like Semele's: The Flames destroy  
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.

Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,  
Pale grow the Rosés, and the Lillies fade:  
Her Skin has lost that Luttre; which surpass'd  
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last.

Her Eyes, which use'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,  
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.  
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move;  
And Sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.

Ah! lovely Amoret, the Care  
Of all that know what's good or fair!  
Is Heav'n become our Rival too?  
With such a Grace you entertain,  
And look with such Contempt on Pain,  
That languishing you conquer more,  
And wound us deeper than before.

So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,  
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.  
And as pale Sickness does invade  
Your fairer Part, the Breaches made  
In that fair Lodging, still more clear  
Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear.

So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,  
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn,  
From their fair Limbs exposing new  
And unknown Beauties to the View  
Of following Gods, increase their Flame,  
And haste to catch the flying Game.

Shak. Ham.

He rais'd a Sigh so hideous and profound,  
That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk.  
And end his Being.

She drew a Length of Sighs.  
Sigh'd from her inward Soul.
All around
A general Sigh diffus’d a mournful Sound.
Then such deep Sighs heav’d from his woful Heart,
As if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack’d the Strings of Life, and burst away:
He knock’d his aged Breast, and inward groan’d,
Like some sad Prophet, who foretaw the Doom:
Of those whom best he lov’d, and could not save.
All the vital Air that Life draws in,
Is render’d back in Sighs.
Nor Women’s Sighs, nor Tears are true,
Those idly blow, these idly fall;
Nothing like to ours at all:
But Sighs and Tears have Sexes too.
Keep down, ye rising Sighs!
And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast;
Run to my Heart, and gather more ad Wind;
That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,
You may at once rush from the Seat of Life,
Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder.

S I L E N C E.
Silence, the midnight God appears:
In all its downy Pom’latey’d,
Behold the rev’rend Shade.
An ancient Sigh he fits upon,
Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his Throne.
Beneath two soft transparent Clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer Feet:
A melancholy Thought condens’d to Air,
Stoll’d from a Lover in Dispair,
Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid Folds his visionary Shape;
A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,
Where curling Mists supplies the want of Hairs.
While the pallid vapours, which from Poppies rise,
Bedew his heavy Head, and hilt his Eyes.
Silence, more dreadful than reverest Sounds!
Would she but speak, tho’ Death, eternal Exile,
Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,
There would be Musick ev’n in my Undoing.
Far from my Lips, within my Breast I’ll keep it;
Nor breathe it softly to my self alone,
Left some officious murm’ring Wind should tell it,
And babbling Echoes catch the feeble Sound.

No, to what purpose should I speak!
No, wretched Heart, swell till you break!

No,
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear;
As silent as they will be there:
I will not ask her, 'tis a milder Fate
To fall by her not loving, than her Hate.  

Mean while the Knight had no small Task,
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her Ignorance is his Devotion.
Like Caitiff vile, that for Misdeed,
Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed.
Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or as a Tumbler that does play
His Game, and look another Way;
Until he seize upon the Coney;
Just to does he by Matrimony.

Silent as the extatick Blifs.  

Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse.
Still as the Bosph of the desert Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep-plott'ng Friends.
Still as the peaceful Walks of antiquit Night;
Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs.
Silent as Dews that fall in Dead of Night.
She rais'd her Voice so high, and sung so clear,
The Fawns came scudding from the Groves to hear,
And all the bending Forrest lent an Ear.
Ate'ry Clo'she made, th'attending Throng
Reply'd, and bore the Burthen of the Song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note,
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

She sung, and carol'd out so clear,
That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring. Dr. Pal. & Att.
He rais'd his Voice, and soon a num'rous Throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the Song;
And sylvan Fawns and savage Beasts advanc'd,
And nodding Forrests to the Numbers danc'd.
Not by Hamonian Hills the Thracian Bard,
Nor awful Phæbus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper Silence, or with more Regard.

Amphion sung not sweeter to his Herd,
When summon'd Stones the Théban Turrets rear'd. Dr. Virgin.
Unweary'd he pursues the tuneful Strain,
Till unperceiv'd the Heav'n with Stars were hung,
And fuddain Night surpriz'd the yet unfinished Song. Dr. Virgin.
A Song that would have charm'd th'infernal Gods,
And banish'd Horrour from the dark Abodes.

While I listen to thy Voice,
Chlorus! I feel my Life decay;
That powerful Noise
Calls my flit'ning Soul away.
Oh! suppress the magick Sound,
Which destroys without a Wound.
Peace Chloris! Peace! or singing, die,
That together you and I
To Heav'n may go:
For all we know,
Of what the Blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.
Chlorus! your self you so excel,
While you vouchsafe to breathe my Thought;
That, like a Spirit, with this Spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.
That Eagles Fate and mine are one,
Who, on the Shaft that made him die,
Epy'd a Feather of his own,
With which he went to soar so high:
Had Echo with so sweet a Grace
Narcissus loud Complaints return'd.
Not for Reflexion of his Face,
But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.
[Wall. To a Lady that sung a Song of his composing;]

S I R E N.

Thus as a Mariner, that sails along,
With Pleasure hears th'enticing Siren's Song;
Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd.

Ow. Don Carl.

S L E E P.

Near the Gimmerians, in his dark Abode,
Deep in a Cavern dwells the drowsy God;
Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod.
Whose gloomy Mansion, nor the rising Sun,
Nor setting Visits, nor the light from Moon;
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight and a doubtful Sky.
No crowing Cock does there his Wings display;
Nor with his homy Bill provoke the Day:
No watchful Dogs, nor the more watchful Geese;
Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace.
No Beast of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Temples rock'd, nor human Cry:
But safe Repose without an Air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.

An Arm of Lethe with a gentle Flow
Arising upward from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps;
And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleep.
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow.
Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent Plains:
No Door there was th'unguarded House to keep,
Or creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.
But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon Sted;
Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God,
And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad:
About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
Which various Images of Things supply,
And mock their Forms, the Leaves on Trees not moré;
Nor beard'd Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.Dryd. Virg.

O sacred Rest!

Sweet pleasing Sleep! of all the Powers the best.
O Peace of Mind! Repairer of Decay,
Whole Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day;
Care shuns thy soft Approach, and sullen flies away. Dryd. Virg.
The weary World's best Medicine, Sleep!
It shuts those Wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
And flies Oppressors to relieve the Oppressor.
It loves the Cottage, and from Court abstains;
It stills the Seaman, tho' the Storm be high;
Frees the griev'd Captive in his cloistered Chains;
\[\text{Gent.}\
\text{Stops Want's loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spy.}\
\text{Dav.}\
\]
Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care;
The Death of each Day's Life: Tir'd Nature's Bath!
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
Death's Counterfeit.

Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

\[\text{Shak. Mar.}\
\]
Somew, the humble God that dwells,
In Cottages and smokey Cells;
Hates gilded Roofs, and Beds of Down,
And tho' he fears no Princes Frown,
Flies from the Circle of a Crown.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Oblig'd unto thy greatest Foe?
Sleep, that is thy best Repast,
Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
And both are the same Thing at last.

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep!

Natur's best Nurse! how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye- lids down,
And sleep my Senses in Forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky Cribs,
Upon uneasy Pallads stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing Night fly'st to thy Slumber;

Than in the perfume'd Chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of costly State,

And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody?
O thou dull God! why ly'rt thou with the Vile
In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the kingly Couch?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast,
Seal up the Ship-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the Vizitation of the Winds?

Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy Repose,
To the wet Sea-boy in an Hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stilllest Night
Deny it to a King?

So sleeps the Sea-boy on the cloudy Mast,
Safe as a drowsy Trizon, rock'd with Storms,
While toiling Princes wake on Beds of Down.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
And yet so humble too as not to scorn

The
The meanest Country Cottages!
His Poppy grows among the Corn.

The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest
In any stormy Breast.
'Tis not enough, that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in the Mind;
Darkness but half his Work will do,
'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

In vain, thou drowsy God, I thee invoke,
For thou, who dost from Fumes arise,
Thou, who Man's Soul dost over-shade,
With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,
Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,
Or Passage of his Spirits to choke,
Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoke.
Thou who dost Men, as Nights to Colours do,
Bring all to an Equality;
Come, thou just God, and equal me
A while to my disdainful She:
In that Condition let me lie,
Till Love do the Favour shew;

Love equals all a better Way than thou.
Thou never more shalt be invok'd by me:
Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy Kinsman Death defy:
For betwixt thee, and them that love,
Never will an Agreement be,

Thou scorn'st the Unhappy, and the Happy thee.

The timely Dew of Sleep
Now falling, with soft slumberous Weight inclines
My Eye-Lids.
Then gentle Sleep, with soft Oppression siez'd
My drowzed Sense.

Thick Mists arise,
And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

They stop the Sense, and close the conquer'd Eyes.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
The God of Sloth for his Asylum chose.

Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods:
Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease.
With Murmurs of soft Rills, and whispering Trees.
The Poppy, and each numming Plant dispense
Their drowsy Virtue, and dull Indolence.
A careless Deity!
No Passions interrupt his easy Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain;
But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed;
And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.
Thus at full Length the pamper’d Monarch lay,
Batt’ning in Ease, and slumbering Life away.

The slumbering God, amazed at this new Din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again;
Liftless he stretch’d, and gaping rubb’d his Eyes,
Then faulter’d thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

She spoke it with a Smile,
That seem’d at once to pity and revile.
A Smile that glow’d

Celestial rosy Red, Love’s proper Hue.
He screw’d his Face into a harden’d Smile.
From his bent Brow a gloomy Smile arose.
The Terror of their Brows so rough e’er while
Sunk down into the Dimples of a Smile.
What Charms has Sorrow in that Face?
Sorrow seems pleas’d to dwell with so much Sweetness;

Yet now and then a melancholy Smile,
Breaks out, like Lightning in a Winter’s Night,
And shews a Moment’s Day.

The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the lung’d Bellows hissing Fire provoke.
One starts the Fire, and one the Bellows blows:

The hissing Steel is in the Smithy drown’d;
The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around:
By Turns their Arms advance in equal Time,
By Turns their Hands descend, and Hammers chime;
They turn the glowing Mafs with crooked Tongs,
The fiery Work proceeds with rustic Songs.

As when the Cyclops at th’almighty Nod,
New Thunder hasten for their angry God;
Subdu’d in Fire, the stubborn Metal lies;
One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plys,
And draws and blows reciprocating Air;
Others to quench the hissing Mafs prepare;
With lifted Arms they order ev’ry Blow,
And chime their sounding Hammers in a Row:
With labour’d Anvils Ems groans below.
Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flame expire.

With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.

SMOKE
SMOKE.

In dusky Wreaths the Smoke began to roll.

The Smoke in cloudy Vapours flies,

Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies.

Black smould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires,

The Light of Heav'n is choak'd, and the new Day retires.

Feebly the Flames on clumpy Wings aspire,

And smooth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.

SNAKE. See Serpent.

In fair Calabria's Wood a Snake is bred,

With curling Crest, and with advancing Head;

Waving he rous'd, and makes a winding Track;

His Belly spotted, burnish'd is his Back;

While Springs are broken, while the southern Air,

And dropping Heav'n's the moisten'd Earth repair.

He lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,

And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.

But when in muddy Pools the Water sinks,

And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,

He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,

And, hissing, rolls his glaring Eyes around:

With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,

He rages in the Fields, and wide Destruction threats;

Oh! let not Sleep my closing Eyes invade,

In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,

When he, renew'd in all the speckled Pride

Of pompous Youth, has cast his Slough asile:

And in his Summer Livery rous'd along

EREFT, and brandishing his fork'd Tongue,

Leaving his Neft, and his imperfect Young:

And, thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear,

The Hopes of Poyson for the following Year.

So when the Springs warm Breath, and cheering Ray

Calls from his Cave th'awaken'd Snake, that lay

Folded to Reft, while Winter's Snows conceal'd

The Mountains Heads, and Frosts the Lakes congeal'd;

The floughy Spoils from his sleek Back depos'd,

And the gay Pride of his new Skin disclos'd:

He views himself, with youthful Beauties crown'd,

Elated, cafts his haughty Eyes around,

And rous'd his speckled Spires along the Ground.

Freh Colours die his Sides, and thro' his Veins,

Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.

The sprightly Beast unfolds upon the Plain,

The glossy Honours of his Summer Train:

His Crest erected high, and fork'd Tongue

Shot out, he hisses, bounds, and leaps along.

E c 4

Dryd. Virg.
So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,  
Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake;  
And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,  
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:  
Reftor'd with pois'rous Herbs, his ardent Sides  
Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:  
High o'er the Grass he hissing rouls along  
And brandishes by fits his forky Tongue.  
\textit{Dryd. Virg.}

As when a Snake surpriz'd upon the Road,  
Is crush'd athwart her Body by the Load  
Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal Wound  
Her Belly bruis'd, or trodden to the Ground;  
In vain with loosen'd Curls she crawls along,  
Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue;  
Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales,  
But grov'ling in the Dust, her Part unfound the trails. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}

A Snake of Size immense ascends a Tree,  
And in the leafy Summer spy'd a Nest,  
Which o'er her callow young a Sparrow pres'd,  
Eight were the Birds unfeidg'd: The Mother flew  
And hover'd round her Care, but still in View,  
Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood,  
Then fiev'd the fluttering Dam, and drank her Blood. \textit{Dryd. Ovid:}

\textit{Of a Lady playing with a Snake.}

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes  
\textit{In Chloris Fancy such Mistakes,}

To start at Love, and play with Snakes.  
Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve  
May'st boldly creep; we dare not give  
Our Thoughts so unconfin'd a Leave.

Contented in that Nest of Snow  
He lies, as he his Bliss did know,  
And to the Wood no more would go.  
Take heed, fair Eve, you do not make  
Another Tempter of this Snake,  
A marble one, so warm'd, would speak. \textit{Wall.}

A Shower of soft and fleecy Rain  
Falls to new-cloth the Earth again:  
Behold the Mountains Tops around,  
As if with Fur of Ermin crown'd:  
And lo! how by Degrees,  
The universal Mantle hides the Trees,  
In hoary Flakes which downward fly,  
As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,  
Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply. \textit{Trem.}
Trembling the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
   Like aged Limbs, which feebly go,
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

SOLDIER. See Mars, Storm, and Shipwreck.
A Leader seem'd
Each Warrior single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the Sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The Ridges of grim War: No Thought of Flight,
None of Retreat: No unbecoming Deed
That argu'd Fear; each on himself rely'd
As only in his Arm the Moment lay
Of Victory.

   Full Fifty Years, harness'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blast,
And the feverer Heats of parching Summer;
    While they who loll'd at home on lazy Couches,
Were, at my Coff, secure in Luxury.

The Tyrant, Custom,
Has made the flinty and steel Couch of War
My thrice driven Bed of Down.

Let Honour
Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams:
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,
And let me hunt her thio' embattel'd Foes,
In dusty Plains amidst the Cannons Roar;
There will I be the first.

Rude am I in my Speech,
And little bless'd with the soft Phraze of Peace:
For since these Arms of mine had Seven Years Pith,
Till now some Nine Moon wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest Action in the tents Field:
And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broil and Battel.

Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face,
The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head;
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red:
He look'd a Lyon with a gloomy Stare,
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long:
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the Field.
His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back:
His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven black:
When'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,
Loud as a Trumpet with a silver Sound.
Ravish'd with Wars, and Danger's horrid Charms,
He with impetuous Ardour flew to Arms:
Soon as the rang'd Battalions came in Sight,
He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,
And thudd'rd with his Eagerness to fight.
What Flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far
View'd the sour Brows, and murthering Jaws of War! Blac.
Rough in Battel

As the first Roman, when they went to War;
Yet after Victory more pitiful,
Than all their praying Virgins left at home. Dryd. Ab for Love.
Had'st thou once seen him, like the God of War,
While grievously Terroir perch'd upon his Plumes,
Severely shining in his dreadful Helmet,
And thund'ring thro' the Tempest of the Field. Den.Rin.& Arm.

When the young Hero, yet unseldg'd in Arms,
Made the tough Age of bold Ramirez bend,
He fought like Mars defending from the Skies,

How nobly he becomes the great Batt'lon!
See how he shines in Arms, and funs the Field! (of Guise.
Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War. Leo D.
Adorn'd with Sweat, and painted gay with Blood,
He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around.
Thro' all the Mazes of the bloody Field
I hunted his sacred Life. I fought him
Where Ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the Place,
To seek Sebastian; thro' a Tract of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men:
But still I came too late; for he was flown,
Like Lightning, swift before me, to new Slaughter.
I mow'd across, and made irregular Harvest,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain;
For he was still supplying Death elsewhere. Dryd. Don Seb.

As for Sebastian, we must search the Field,
And where we see a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below,
There shall he find him at his manly Length,
With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument
Which his true Sword has digg'd. Dryd. Don Seb.

He in the Battle had a thirsty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there. Dryd. Don Seb.
Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,
And like the Grave, the glut'tous Blade devour'd:
Slaughter upon its Point in Triumph late,
And scatter'd Death as quick and wide as Fate.

Twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys
I led them, patient of both Heat and Hunger:
'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their scar'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands; there's Virtue in
They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than you trim Bands can buy. Dryd. All for Love.

Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
Watchful they stood, expecting op'ning Day:
And now are hardly by their Leaders held,
From darting on the Foe: Like a hot Courier,
That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, disdaining
The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race. Row. Tamerl.

Oh thou haft fir'd me! my Soul is up in Arms,
And mans each Part about me: Once again
That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me,
That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Caffius Camp: In vain the steepy Hill
Oppos'd my Way: In vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield:
I won the Trenches while my foremost Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier!
Our Hearts and Arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Passage,
And entering where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noblest Harvest of the Field. Dryd. All for Love.

SOLITUDE.

O Solitude! first State of human Kind,
Which blest remain'd, till Man did find
Ev'n his own Helper's Company!
Affoon as two, alas! together join'd,
The Serpent made up three.
Thee God himself thro' countless Ages, thee
His sole Companion chose to be!
Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy Head of Numbers three
Sprung from the Trunk of one.
Ah! wretched and too solitary He,
Who loves not his own Company!
He'll feel the Weight of 't ev'ry Day,
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity,
To help to bear it away.
For Solitude sometimes is best Society:
In Solitude
What Happiness? Who can enjoy alone?
Or all enjoying what Contentment find?

Cowl:
Milt.
Milt.
SOR-
Sorrow. See Despair, Funeral, Grief, Tears, Weeping
Heart-struck, with chilling Gripe of Sorrow stood,
That all his Senses bound.

Some secret Anguish rouls within his Breast,
That shakes him, like an Earthquake, which he presses,
And will not give it Vent.

He blushes and would speak, and wants a Voice,
And stares, and gapes like a forbidden Ghost.

Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all the insufferable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever.

Misfortunes on Misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my Head like Waves, and dash me down.
Sorrow, Remorse, and Shame have torn my Soul,
And blast the Spring and Promise of my Year.

They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes;
So Flow'r's are gather'd to adorn a Grave,

To lofe their Frenzies among Bones and Rottenness,
And have their Oudours stifled in the Dust.

All Ages, all Degrees unsluice their Eyes;
And Heav'n and Earth resound with Murmurs, Groans, and Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair.

Confusion, Fear, Distraction, and Disgrace,
And silent Shame, afe seen on ev'ry Face.

Distraught with ungovernmentable Woe,
All mingle Tears; their Cries together flow,
And form a hideous Harmony of Woe.

The wretched Parent with a pious Haste,
Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd:

Accusing all the Gods, and ev'ry Star.

The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow funk, lies prostrate on the Floor;
Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscured,
And curfes Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.

Had I a Hundred Tongues, a Wit so large,
As could their Hundred Offices discharge;
Had Phaethon all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the Streams, inspiring all the Gods;
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God, in vain Would offer to describe his Sister's Pain.

They beat their Breasts with many a bruizing Blow,
Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow:

The Corps they cherish'd, while the Corps remains,
And exercize and rub with fruitless Pains.

And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis born away,
They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay.

And
And when those fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
(The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess,
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bofoms press. Dryd. Ovid.
Mean time no squallid Grief his Looks defiles,
He gilds his father Fate with nobler Smiles.
Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams
Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams.

SPIRITS.

Spirits, that live throughout,
Vital in ev'ry Part, not as frail Man,
In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die;
Nor in their liquid Texture mortal Wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid Air:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
All Intellecf, all Sense; and, as they please,
They limb themselves, and Colour, Shape, or Size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

For Spirits, when they please,
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft,
And un compounded is their Essence pure,
Not ty'd or manac'd with Joynt or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,
Like cumbersome Flesh; but in what Shape they chuse,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy Purposes,
And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil.

The SPRING. See Venus, Year.

When with his golden Horns in full Carreer,
The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year;
And Argos and the Dog forsake the Northern Sphere. Dryd. Virg.

Now turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun
His Course exalted thro' the Ram had run:
And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
Thro' Taurus, and the light from Realms of Love;
When Venus from her Orb descends in Show'r's
To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'r's:
When first the tender Blades of Grass appear,
And Buds that yet the Blasts of Eurus fear,
Stand at the Door of Life, and doubt to cloath the Year:
Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins;
Then, at their Call embolden'd, out they come,
And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room:
Broader and broader yet their Blooms display;
Salute the welcom Sun, and entertain the Day.
Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair
To scent the Skies, and purge th'unwholsom Air.
Joy spreads the Heart, and with a gen'rous Song (and the Leaf)
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along. Dr. The Flower
The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives;
For then Almighty _you_ descends, and pours
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs;
And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
Her Births with timely Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love.
Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,
And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,
Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.
With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
The Grass securely springs above the Ground:
The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail.
They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share,
And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.
In this soft Season, (let me dare to sing),
The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's imperial King.
In Prime of all the Year, and Holy-days of Spring.
Then did the new Creation first appear,
Nor other was the Tenour of the Year;
When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
And Eastern Winds their wintry Breath suspend;
Then Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields,
And savage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds;
And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
And Man's relentless Race from _fronto_ Quarries rise.
Nor could the tender new Creation bear
Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year;
But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd:
When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,
And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

_Dryd. Virg._

When Spring makes equal Day,
When Western Winds on curling Waters play;
When painted Meads produce their flow'ry Crops,
And Swallows twitter on the Chimney-tops.
Now lavish Nature twitter on the Chimney-tops.
Now the pale Primrose, and blue Vi'ter spring.
And Birds essay their Throats, diffus'd to sing._Dryd. The Cock_
See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring,
Where Nightingales their love-flick Ditties sing;
See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
The Grottoes cool with shady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines on Arbours swerv'd around.   Dryd. Virg.

The early dawning of the Year,
While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
Her frozen Bosom to the western Winds;
While mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,
And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.   Dryd. Virg.

When Winter's Rage abates, when cheerfull Hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs;
'Tis when the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground.
With milder Beams the Sun securely shines,
Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines.   Dryd. Virg.

The purple Spring arrays the various Ground.
The Trees are cloth'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grains,
The Blossoms blow, the Birds on Bushes sing,
And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring.

SPUR.

The Horfes Flanks and Sides are forc'd to feel

He ply'd
With iron Heel his Courier's Side,
Conveying sympathetick Speed
From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed.

While Hudibras, with equal Haste,
On both Sides laid about as fast;
And spur'd, as Jockies use, to break,
Or Padders, to secure a Neck.

Adds the Remembrance of the Spur, and hides
The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides.

As once the Phrygian Knight,
So ours with rusty Steel did smite
His Trojan Horse, and just as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch;
But from his empty Stomach groan'd,
Jut as that hollow Beast did found;
And angry, answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail and Blast of Wind.
So have I seen with armed Heel,
A Wight bestride a Common-weal;
While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The loft the sullen Jade has stirr'd.   Hud.

STAG.
S T A G. See Creation, Hunting.

On the Plain,
Three beamy Stags command a Lordly Train
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their stately Steps, and slowly graze along. Ddry. Vir.

So when two vigorous Stags, each of his Herd
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Forest fear'd,
Resolv'd to try which must in Combat yield,
In all their Might advance across the Field;
They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
Flourish their Horns, preluding to the War.
The Combatants their threatening Heads incline,
And with their clashing Horns in Battle join.
They rush to Combat with amazing Strokes,
And their high Antlers meet with dreadful Shocks;
The mighty Sound runs rattling o'er the Hills,
And Echo with the Fight the Valley fills:
Retiring oft, the Warriors cease to push,
But then with fiercer Rage to Battle rush.
The trembling Herds at Distance stand, and stay
To know the Conqueror whom they must obey. Blac.

Thus when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
With crimson Toils, or in a River found,
High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears,
Still op'ning, following still where'er he fleeting;
The persecuted Creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his. Umbrían Foe:
Steep is th' Ascent, and if he gain the Land,
The purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand.
His eager Foe, determin'd to the Chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains Ground at ev'ry Pace:
Now to his beamy Head he makes his Way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds the Prey;
Just at the Pinch, the Stag springs out with Fear,
He bites the Wind, and fills his founding Jaws with Air:
The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries, (Virg.
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies. Ddry.

Thus like a Stag, whom all the Troop surrounds
Of eager Huntsmen, and invading Hounds;
No Flight is left, nor Hopes to force his Way:
Embolden'd by Despair, he stands at Bay;
Resolv'd on Death, he dissipates his Fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed Spears. Ddry. Virg.

So the tall Stag upon the Brink
Of some smooth Stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed Head,
With Shame remembers that he fled.
The Dogs he scorns; resolves to try
The Combat next; but if their Cry
Invade a'gen his trembling Ear,
He strait resumes his wonted Care;
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
And wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind.

On the Head of a Stag.

So we some antique Heroe's Strength
Learn by his Lance's Weight and Length,
As these vast Beams express the Beast,
Whose shady Brows alive they dress'd,
O 'erly Head, which ev'ry Year
Could such a Crop of Wonder bear!
Which, might it never have been cast,
Each Year's Growth added to the last,
These lofty Branches had supple'd
The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride:
Heav'n with these Engines had been scal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

STANDARD.

He from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd
Th'imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd,
Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind,
With Gems and golden Lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphick Arms and Trophies! all the while,
Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds,
All in a Moment through the Gloom were seen,
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air,
With orient Colours waving.

He wav'd his royal Banner in the Wind,
Where in an argent Field the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his iron Carr;
Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire;
And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire:
Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,
And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguin Hue.

STARS. See Creation, Sun.
The Sparks of Light,
The Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n.

The Gems of Heav'n that gild Night's fable Throne.
The Moon's slarry Train.
His marshall'd Clouds, to intercept the Light;
Seal up the Stars, the twinkling Eyes of Night.
With Orbs of Light he inlays all the Spheres,
And fluts the fable Night with silver Stars.

He spread the pure cerulean Fields on high,
And arch'd the Chambers of the vaulted Sky;
Which he, to suit their Glory with their Height,
Adorn'd with Globes that reel as drunk with Light:
His Hand directed all the tuneful Spheres,
He turn'd their Orbs, and polish'd all the Stars.
As when the Stars in their ethereal Race,
At length have roul'd around the liquid Space,
At certain Periods they resume their Place.
From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance,
And move in Measures of their former Dance.

Morning Star.

Guide of the starry Flock,
Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn:
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'd the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet.
So from the Seas exerts his radiant Head,
The Star by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led;
Shakes from his rosy Locks the pearly Dews,
Dispels the Darkness, and the Day renews.

Evening Star.

Dryd. Virg.

Bright Hesperus, that leads the starry Train;
Whole Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth: Short Arbiter
'Twixt Day and Night.

Falling Star. See Archers, Philosophy.

The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies,
And shooting through the Darkens gild the Night
With sweeping Glories and long Trails of Light.

The shooting Stars end all in purple Jellies.

Statues that Skill inimitable shou'd be shown,
In beauteous Order on the Terras stodd:
They shou'd indeed, but yet such Life did show,
Spectators wonder'd why they did not go.
He carv'd in Ivory such a Maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare;
Were she to work but in her own Defence,
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores, and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
And had the mov'd, a living Maid had been.
One would have thought she could have starr'd, but strove
With Modesty, and was ashamed to move.
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit;
He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more.  [Spoken of Pygmalion.]

STOCKS and WHIPPING-POST.
At farther End o'th' Town there stands
An ancient Castle that commands
Th' adjacent Part: In all the Fabrick
You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick;
But all of Wood, by powerful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither iron Bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;
And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide,
With Roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whole is in
Is to the Middle-leg in Prison:
In Circle Magical confin'd
With Walls of subtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to breath thorough
Until they are freed by Head of Borough,
Near th' outward Wall of this there stands
A Bastile, built to imprison Hands,
By strange Enchantment made to fetter
The lesser Parts, and free the greater;
For tho' the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Gate are fast enough.
And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by a Witch,
At twenty Miles an hour Pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.

For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's Temple had no Door,
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this Dungeon there's no Way
To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous School of Lashing;
Where Knights are kept in narrow Lifts,
With wooden Locket's 'bout their Wrists,
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon' rable Discharge.
Then in their Robes the Penitentials.
Are strict presented with Credentials;
And on their Way attended on
By Magistrates of ev'ry Town,
And all Respect and Charges paid,
They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.

STORK.

As when the Storks prepare to change their Clime,
The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air sublime,
Wheeling, and tow'ring up in Circles fly,
And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky.
In ling'ring Clouds they hang, and Leifure give
For all their feather'd People to arrive:
To th'airy Rendezvous all haste away,
And their known Leader's noisy Call obey.
Then through the Heav'n their trackless Flight they take,
And for new Worlds their present Seats forsake.

STORM.

Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise
From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies;
The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born;
With such a Force the flying Rack is driv'n,
And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n!
And oft-whole Sheets descend of flu'icy Rain,
Suck'd by the spungy Clouds from off the Main:
The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown;
The Dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound,
The rising Rivers float the nether Ground,
And Rocks the bellowing Noise of boiling Seas rebound.

The Father of the Gods his Glory throu'ds,
Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds;
And from the middle Darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod,
And flying Beasts in Forests seek Abode.

Now gath'ring Clouds the Day begin to drown,
Their threat'ning Fronts thro' all th'Horizon frown;
Their swagging Wombs low in the Air depend,
Which struggling Flames and inbred Thunder rend.
The strong'st Winds their Breath and Vigour prove,
And thro' the Heav'n's th'unweildy Tempest hove;
O'er-charg'd with Stores of Heav'n's Artillery,
They groan, and pant, and labour up the Sky.
Impending Ruin does the Sailor fear,
Rolling and wall'ing thro' th'incumber'd Air.

Dryd. Virg.
Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and Stygian Night,
Compounded Horrors, all the Deep at right:
Rent Clouds a Medley of Destruction spout,
And throw their dreadful Entrails round about:
Tempefts of Fire, and Carafafts of Rain,
Unnat’ral Friendship make t’afflict the Main.
Pref’t by incumbent Storms, the Billows rise,
Climb o’er the Rocks, and foam amid the Skies;
Then falling lower than before they rose,
The secret Horrors of the Deep disclose:
Purfu’d by conqu’ring Winds, they fly and roar,
And croud, and headlong run against the Shoar.
This Orb’s wide Frame with the Convulsion shakes,
Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks.
Horror, Amazement, and Despair appear,
In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.

Either Tropic now

’Gan Thunder: At both Ends of Heav’n the Clouds,
From many a horrid Rift abortive pour’d
Fierce Rain with Lightning mixt, Water with Fire
In Ruin reconcil’d. Dreadful was the Rack,
As Earth and Sky would mingle. Nor yet slept the Winds
Within their fomy Caves, but ruth’d abroad.
From the four Hinges of the World, and fell
On the vex’d Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Tho’ rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks,
Baw’d their stiff Necks, loaden with stormy Blasts,
Or torn up sheer.

Heav’n’s crystalf Battlements to Pieces dash’d,
In Storms of Hail were downward hurl’d,
Loud Thunder roar’d, red Lightning flash’d,
And universal Uproar fill’d the World.
Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame,
From Heav’n in fighting Ruins came.
At once the Hills that to the Clouds aspire,
Were wash’d with Rain, and scorched with Fire.

Thus Storms, let loose,
Do rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
Tear from their Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flower’s, but yet half blown:
But having no more Fury left in Store,
Heav’n’s Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
And Nature smiles as gaily as before.

On the Storm that preceded the Death of Oliver Cromwel.
We must resign! Heav’n his great Soul does claim,
In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame:

Ff 3

His
His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncut fall for his fun’ral Pile;
About his Palace their broad Roots are toss
Into the Air: So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a Tempest mis’d her King,
And from obeying fell to worshipping:
On Oeta’s Top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin’d Oaks and Pines about him spread.
Nature her self took Notice of his Death,
And sighing, swell’d the Sea with such a Breath,
That to remotest Shores her Billows roul’d,
Th’approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Storm at Sea.

Now like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun;
The Promise of a Storm! The shifting Gales
Forfake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails.
Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
And Night came on, not by Degrees prepar’d,
But all at once: At once the Winds arise,
The Thunders roul, the fork’y Lightning flies;
In vain the Master issues out Commands,
In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands;
The Tempest unforseen prevents their Care,
And from the first they labour in Despair.
The giddy Ship between the Winds and Tides,
Forc’d back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
Stunn’d with the different Blows; then shoots amain,
Till, counterbuff’d, the stops, and sleeps again.

And now with Sails declin’d,
The wand’ring Vessel drove before the Wind;
Toss’d and retoss’d aloft, and then slow;
Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course they know,

Then o’er our Heads descends a Burst of Rain,
And Night with sable Clouds involves the Main:
The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raise:
The scatter’d Fleet is forc’d to sever’al Ways:
The Face of Heav’n is ravish’d from our Eyes,
And in redoubl’d Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
Cast from our Course we wander in the Dark,
Nor Star to guide, nor Point of Land to mark:
E’n Palinurus no Distinction found
Between the Night and Day, such Darkness reign’d around.
Thus when a black-brow’d Gust begins to rise,
White Foam at first on the curl’d Ocean flies,
Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies.

Till
Till by the Fury of the Storm, full blown, 
The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown. 
                   Dryd. Virg. 
The furious Winds the swelling Surges bear, 
And rowze old Ocean from his peaceful Seat. 
The raging Seas in high-rigid'd Mountains rise, 
And cast their angry Foam against the Skies; 
Then gape so deep that Day-light Hell invades, 
And shoots grey Dawning thro' th' affrighted Shades. 
Low-bellying Clouds soon intercept the Light, 
And o'er the Sailors spread a Noon-day Night. 
Exploded Thunder tears th'embowell'd Sky, 
And sulph'rous Flames a dismal Day supply. 
                    Blsc. 
To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride, 
Then down to Hell descend when they divide; 
And thrice our Galleys knock'd the stony Ground, 
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound, {Dr. Virg.} 
And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with Dews around. 
A sudden Storm did from the South arise, 
And horded Black began to hang the Skies. 
By slow Advances loaded Clouds ascend, 
And cross the Air their lowring Front extend. 
Heav'n's loud Artillery began to play, 
And Wrath divine in dreadful Peals convey. 
Darkness and raging Winds their Terrors join, 
And Storms of Rain with Storms of Fire combine. 
Some run ashore upon the shoaly Land, 
Some perish by the Rocks, some by the Sand. 
                  Blsc.  
Storm and Shipwreck. 
Then Aeolus hurl'd against the Mountain Side 
His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd. 
The raging Winds run thro' the hollow Wound, 
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground; 
Then settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep, 
Raife liquid Mountains, and disclose the Deep: 
South, East, and West, with mixt Confusion roar, 
And roll the foaming Billows to the Shoar. 
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries 
Ascend, and fable Night involves the Skies, 
And Heav'n itself is ravish'd from our Eyes. 
Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue, 
Then flaming Fires the transient Light renew. 
The Face of things a frightful Image bears, 
And present Death in various Forms appears. 
Fierce Boreas drives against the flying Sails, 
And rends the Sheets; the raging Billows rise, 
And mount the tossing Vessel to the Skies. 

E f q  No.
Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow,
The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow;
While those a-stern, descending down the Steep,
Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.
Three Ships were hurry'd by the southern Blast,
And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast;
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry Mood,
Dash'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
And in Mid-ocean left them moor'd aland.
From Stem to Stem one was by Waves o'erborn,
The trembling Pilot, from the Rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd: The Ship thrice 'round was tost,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the Deep was loft;
And here and there above the Waves were seen
Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave Way,
And suck'd thro' loft'en Planks the rushing Sea.
The Ships with gaping Seams,
Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams:
Dryd. Virg.
And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their Yards strip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind and catch the Gales.
By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
And as much rested till the setting Sun.
Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the Closse
Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose:
The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,
Like Heralds, first denounce the watry War.
This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the Topsail, let the Main-sheet fly,
And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the Sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd:
Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught,
Each in his Way, officiously they wrought;
Some row their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,
Another, bolder yet, the Yard bestrides,
And folds the Sails; a fourth with Labour laves
Th'intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves,
In this Confusion, while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage intestine Wars; the suff'ring Seas
Are toss'd and mingled as their Tyrants please.
The Master would command, but in Despair
Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care;
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th'ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows;

Vain
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill:
The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds;
Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds.
At once from East to West, from Pole to Pole,
Theforky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roul.
Now Waves on Waves ascending scale the Skies,
And in the Fires above the Water fries.
When yellow Sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show;
And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,
The Stygian Die the tainted Waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted Seas,
And change their Colour, changing their Disease.
Like various Fits the beaten Vessel finds,
And now, sublime, she rides upon the Winds;
As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky;
Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
And at a Distance see superior Light:
The dashing Billows make a loud Report,
And beat her Sides, as battering Rams a Fort;
Or as a Lyon, bounding in his Way,
With Force augmented, bears against his Prey,
Sidelong to seize; or, unappal'd with Fear,
Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear:
So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,
Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.
The Planks, their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning Breach display.
The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide,
Rush thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.
Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,
And Ocean, swell'd with Waters, upward tends.
One rising, falling one, the Heav'n's and Sea
Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,
Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
No Star appears to lend his friendly Light:
Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.
But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns;
And while the Lightnings blaze, the Waters burns.
Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite;
And as a Soldier foremost in the Fight,
Makes Way for others; and, an Host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the Town:
So while th'invading Billows come a-breast,
The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
And from the Walls descends upon the Prey;
Part following enter, Part remain without,
With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring th'house,
And mount on others' Backs, in Hope to share
The City, thus become the Seat of War.
An universal Cry resounds aloud,
The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Crowd:
Art fails, and Courage falls; no Succour near;
As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.  
One weeps, and yet desairs of late Relief;
One cannot weep, his Fears conceal his Grief;
But, stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
And calls those happy who their Fun'rais wait.
This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the Skies he cannot see, adores;
That other, on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
The covetous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.
All Gey's his Alcyone imploys;
For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys.
His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her.
Now with laft Looks he seeks his native Shore,
Which Fate has desir'd him to see noe more;
He fought, but in the dark tempestuous Night,
He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
So whirls the Seas, such Blackness blinds the Sky,
That the black Night receives a deeper Die.
The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
Her Maff, and over-board the Rudder bore.
One Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow,
Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;
Nor lighter falls than if some Giant tore
Pindus and Aetos with the Freight they bore,
And tost'd on Seas; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,
Down sinks the Ship, within th'Abys below:
Down with the Vessel sink into the Main
The Many never more to rise again.
Some few on Scatter'd Planks with fruitless Care,
Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.
Ev'n he, who late a Scepter did command,
Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand;
And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
Invokes his Father, and his Wife in vain;
But yet his Comfort is his greatest Care,
Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r:
Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind;
Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
From Prayers to Wishes he descends at last;
That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath on her he raves,
Murm'ring Alcyone below the Waves.
At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
Breaks o'er his Head, and whels him underneath. Dryd. Ovid.

S T R E A M. See Brooks, Business, Country Life.

The Stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the Bottom, not his Face had seen. Dryd.

Hard by a Stream did with that Softness creep,
As't were by its own Murmurs hush'd asleep.
Close by a softly murm'ring Stream,
Where Lover's us'd to loll and dream.

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

Thus a tame Stream does wild and dang'rous grow
By unjust Force : He now with wanton Play
Kisses the smiling Banks, and glides away:
But his known Channel stopp'd, begins to roar,
And swell with Rage;
His mutinous Waters hurry to the War,
And Troops of Waves come rowling from afar:
Then scorns he such weak Stops to his free Source,
And over-runs the neigh'ring Fields with violent Force. Cowl.

Th'innocent Stream, as it in Silence goes,
Fresh Honours, and a sweatain Spring bestows
On both its Banks, to ev'ry Flow'r and Tree.

S T R E N G T H.

Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he stands
A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands.

Dryd. Virg.

His
His brawny Back, and ample Breast he shows,
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws,
And deals in whistling Air his empty Blows.  Dryd. Virg.

We met in Fight; I know him to my Cost,
With what a whirling Force his Lance he tos'd!
Heav'n's! what a Spring was in his Arm to throw!
How high he held his Shield, and rose at ev'ry Blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more his Match in Might,
They would have chang'd the Fortun'e of the Fight:
Th' Invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,
Our Empire wafted and our Cities burn'd.  Dryd. For.

[Diomedes says it of Aeneas]

But what is Strength without a double Share
Of Wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burthen'som:
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest Subtilties; Strength's not made to rule,
But to subserve, where Wisdom bears Command. Mil.

STY L E. See Eloquence, Poet, River, Verse.
His candid Style like a clear Stream does slide,
And his bright Fancy all the Way
Does like the Sun-shine on it play.
It does like Thames, the best of Rivers, glide;
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the chrysal Urn,
And with judicious Hands does the whole Torrent guide;
'T has all Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dress, without the Paint of Art.
Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know:
Yet to such Height in all that Plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
Eassy in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime,
On its first Steps each Age and Sex may rise;
'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
Its Foot on Earth, its Height beyond the Skies.

S T T X. See Hell.
The Thunderer said:
And shook the sacred Honours of his Head,
Attending Styx, th'inviolable Flood,
And the black Regions of his Brother God:  Dryd. Virg.
Trembled the Poles of Heaven, and Earth confess'd the Noe.
To seal his sacred Vow, by Styx he swore,
The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreary Shore;
And Phelegon's un navigable Flood:
He said; and shook the Skies with his imperial Nod. Dryd. Virg.

SUB JECT.
SUBJECT: See King.

We are but Subjects, Maximus; Obedience
To what is done, and Grief for what's ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods; pure Incense,
Till some unhallow'd Hands desile their Off'ring's,
Burns ever there: We must not put it out,
Because the Priests who touch those Sweets, are wicked:
We dare not, dearest Friend; nay more, we cannot,
While we consider whose we are, and how,
To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver:
While Majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquir'd into.

Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majesty?
To place my self beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be crush'd and pounded into Atoms
By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too presuming
For Subjects to preserve that wilful Pow'r,
Whichcourts its own Destruction.  

Dryd. All for Love.

The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor must that Man who would reclaim a Lyon,
Take him by the Teeth.
Our honest Actions, and the Truth, that breaks,
Like Morning, from our Service, chaste and blushing,
Is that which pulls a Prince back: Then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his Errors.

Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
Feel Jacken'd Reins, and throw the Rider down.

Dryd. Aur.

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest Need,
Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty;
But that'd my Dangers to the last Event,
And fenc'd them with their own.

Dryd. Dom Sol.

He who his Prince too blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

SUCCESS.

Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or surest Hand can always hit:
For whatso' er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.
Which in Success oft disinherit's,
For spurious Causes, noblest Merits:
Great Actions are not always true Sons,
Of great and mighty Resolutions:
Nor do the bold'd Attempests bring forth
Events, still equal to their Worth.

But
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardise succeed.
For Falling is no Shame,
And Cowardise alone is Loss of Fame:
The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown,
But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own:
If Crowns and Palms the conqu'ring Side adorn,
The Victor under better Stars was born,
The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,
Nor overpower'd with Arms, deserts his Cause;
Unchang'd tho' foil'd, he does the best he can:
Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.  Dryd. Pal. &c.

If he that is in Battle slain,
Be in the Bed of Honour lain;
Sure he that's beaten may be said,
To lie in Honour's Truckle-bed.
Virtue without Success
Is a fair Picture shown by an ill Light:
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven.  Dryd. Spet. br.
All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause.  Dryd. Pal.

For all Affections wait on prosp'rous Fame:
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame.
SUMMER. See Year.

The Sun is in the Lyon mounted high,
The Syrian Star
Barks from afar,
And with his fulry Breath infects the Sky;
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'n's above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the Covert of a Rock;
And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh;
The Sylvans to their Shades retire;
Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams require,
And want a cooling Breath of Wind to fan the raging Fire.
The saltry Dog Star from the Sky (Dryd. Vit.
Scorch'd Indian Swains, the rival'd Grafs was dry;
The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood;
And darting to the Bottom bake'd the Mud.
S'UN. See Creation, Light.

O Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul.
Oh thou! that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'd from thy sole Domination, like the God;
Of this great World, at whose Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd Heads!
The golden Sun, in Splendour likest Heav'n,
(Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Distance due.)
Dipens'd Light from far: They as they move
Their starry Dance, in Numbers that compute
Days, Months, and Years, tow'rs his all-cheering Lamp,
Turn twift their various Motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetick Beam, that gently warms
The Universe, and to each inward Part,
With gentle Penetration, tho' unseen,
Shoots invisible Virtue ev'n to the Deep.

Mark how the lofty Sun fertilizes the Spring,
And gently kisses ev'ry thing:
His loving Beams unlock each Maiden Flow'r,
Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour;
Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat,
He does still new Flow'rs beget.

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

The self-same Sun
At once does flow and swiftly run.
Swiftly his daily Journey goes,
But treads his Annual with a stately Pace,
And does three hundred Rounds inclose
Within one yearly Circle's Space,
At once with double Course, in the same Sphere,
He runs the Day, and walks the Year.

Thus the great Lamp, by which the Globe is blest,
Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,
Thro' different Regions does his Course pursue,
And leaves one World but to revive a new.
While by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his Lustr'd with a milder Light.

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
Strike on the polish'd Gras of their trembling Light:
The glittering Species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious Beams from Side to Side.
Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
And to the Ceiling flash the glaring Day.

The Disk of Phoebus, when he climbs on high
Appears at first but as a blood-shot Eye:
And when his Chariot downwards drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the same Sufusion red.
But mounted high, in his meridian Race,
All bright, he shines, and with a better Face.

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
To the admiring Eyes of gaz'ing Mortals.

When
When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,  
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.  
Sun-rising. See Morning.  
Oth. Don Carl.  
The Sun scarce riven,  
With Wheels yet ho’ring o’er the Ocean Brim,  
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy Ray.  
Sun-set. See Evening.  
Milt.  
The parting Sun,  
Beyond the Earth’s green Cape, and verdant Isles,  
Milt.  
Helperean sets.  
It was the time when witty Poets tell,  
That Phoebus into Thetis Bosom fell;  
She blush’d at first, and then put out the Light,  
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.  
Cow. Hor.  
The setting Sun  
Still leaves a Track of Glory in the Skies.  
S W A L L O W. See Horfe-Race.  
Dryd. Don Scib.  
As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,  
O’er empty Courts, and under Arches flies;  
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,  
To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food.  
Dryd. Virg.  
The Swallows, privileg’d above the rest;  
Of all the Birds, as Man’s familiar Guest,  
Pursue the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,  
But wisely shun the persecuting Cold.  
When frowning Skies begin to change their Cheer,  
And Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year,  
They seek a better Heav’n and warmer Climes;  
But whether upward to the Moon they go,  
Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,  
Or hawk at Flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.  
Dryd.;  
S W A N. See Creation.  
Dryd. Virg.  
The silver Swans fall down the watry Road  
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.  
The Swans that sail along the silver Flood,  
And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food.  
Dryd. Virg.  
Like a long Team of snowy Swans on high,  
Which clap their Wings and cleave the liquid Sky:  
When homeward from their wat’ry Pastures born,  
They sing, and Asia’s Lakes their Notes return.  
Dryd. Virg.  
Twelve Swans behold in beauteous Order move,  
And stoop with cloosing Pinions from above;  
Whom late the Bird of True had drove along,  
And thro’ the Clouds pursu’d the scatt’ring throng.  
Now all united in a goodly Team,  
They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.  
Dryd. Virg.
See! they with joy returning clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings.
As rising swans

Brush with their wings the falling drops away,
And proudly plough the waves.

Sweet as the breath of morn.
Sweet as the hopes on which starv'd lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding maid.

O soft as blossoms, and yet sweeter far!

Sweet as incense which to heav'n ascends,
Thou'rtis presented there by angels hands.
Sweet as lovers freshest kisses,
Or their riper following blisses.

Swift as the winds, or scythian arrows flight.
Swift as a shooting star that thwarts the night.

Swift as exploded lightning from the skies.
Swift as the journeys of the sight,
Swift as the race of light.

Asabel, swifter than the northern wind,
Scarce could the nimble motion of his mind
Outgo his feet: so strangely would he run,
That time itself perceiv'd what was done.

Oft o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,
His weight unknown, and harmless to the grasi
Oft o'er the sands and hollow dust would trace,
Yet not one atom trouble or displace.

I've seen him swifter run than starting hinds,
Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet:

Nay, ev'n the winds with all their stock of wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting breath to reach him.

I saw him beat the billows under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The most swoll'n surge that met him. his bold head

High above the most contentious waves he kept,
And oar'd himself with his strong arms to shore.

Th'affrighted bilvedera,
As the flood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,

And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.

Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her.

And
And with the other dash'd the saucy Waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize. Otw. Ven. Pref.
Accoutred as we were, we both plung'd in
The troubled Tiber, chafing with his Shores:
The Torrent roar'd, and we did burst it,
With lufy Sinews throwing it aside,
He stem'd the stormy Tide,
And gain'd by Stress of Arms the farther Side. Dryd. Virg.
S W O O N I N G.
A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs,
His Eyes distorted grew, his Visage pale,
His Speech forsook him, Life it self seem'd fled. Otw. Orph.
She faints;
Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids. Row. Ulyss.
A sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,
His Ears rung inward, and his Senses fail'd. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.
My Sight grows dim, and ev'ry Objext dances
And swims before me in the Maze of Death. Dryd. All for Love.
Affright'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
Forfakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat;
She faints, she falls. Dryd. Virg.
Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty shines without the Help of Light.
Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,
And through her Lips soft Whispers steal of Life:
How fresh they shew! the Rofes almost gone
For want of Air, by Breath seem newly blown.
Her Eyes begin to move, and shine with Life,
Now sink again in Death's ungentle Strife:
In doubtful Weather so the Sun resigns,

He therefore sent out all his Senses,
To bring him in Intelligences;
Which Vulgars out of Ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a Trance;
But those who deal in Geomancy,
Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy.

Then Ralph gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his Bum upright:
To rowze him from lethargick Dump,
He tweak'd his Nose; with gentle Thump
Knock'd on his Breast, as if 'twas been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within:
They waken'd with the Noise did fly
From inward Room to Window Eye,

And
And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement.

SWOR D. See Armour, Battel, Soldier War.
His puissant Sword unto his Side,
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd;
The trenchant Blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt;
The Rancour of its Edge had felt;
For of the lower End two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful.

With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his Way:
From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,
Magnificent with Gold Lyacov made,
And in an iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the Blade.
A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diversify'd,
For Ornament, not Use, hung idly by his Side:

STBIL. See Enthusiasm.

The mad prophetick Sybil you shall find
Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd:
She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits,
The Notes and Names inscrib'd to Leaf's commits:
What she commits to Leaf's, in order laid,
Before the Cavern's Entrance are display'd;
Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blast of Wind
Without, or Vapours issue from behind,
The Leaf's are born aloft in liquid Air,
And the refumes no more her museful Care,
Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verse,
Nor sets in order what the Winds disperse.
Thus many not succeeding, moat upbraid
The Madness of the visionary Maid,
And with loudCURSES leave the mystick Shade.

Dryd.Virg. 3

Have you been led thro' the Cumaen Cave,
And heard the impatient Maid divinely rave?
I hear her now, I see her rolling Eyes,
And panting, Lo! the God! the God, she cries:
With Words not hers, and more than man sound

(Ground. Ros.)

She makes th'obedient Ghosts peep trembling thro' the

T E A R S. See Funerall, Grief, Sortow, Weeping.

I'll teach him a Receipt to make
Words that weep and Tears that speak;
I'll teach him Sighs like those in Death,
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath.
A rising Storm of Passion shook her Breast;
Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd as if her Heart were breaking.
Tears not squeeze'd by Art,
But shed from Nature like a kindly Show'r.
She then look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her unchang'd Face the silent Tears (for Love.
Drop'd as they had not Leave, and stole their parting. Dryd. All
Her Head reclin'd, as hiding Grief from view,
Droops like a Rose surcharg'd with morning Dew. Dryd. Aurora.
He begg'd Relief
With Tears, the dumb Petitioners of Grief;
With Tears so tender as adorn'd his Love,
And any Heart but only hers would move. Dryd. Theo.
Believe those Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep:
Passion I see is catching; for my Eyes
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
He thrice assay'd to speak, and thrice in sight of Scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep burst forth: At last
Words interwove with Sighs found out their way. Milt.
She acts the Jealous, and at will she cries;
For Women's Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes. Dryd. Juv.
The waiting Tears stood ready for Command,
And now they flow to varnish the false Tale. Row. Amb. Step.
I found her on the Floor
In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful;
Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown;
Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,
That were the World on fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heaven, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. Let Mith.
'Twould raise your Pity, but to see the Tears
Force thro' her snowy Lids their melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murr'ning Lips,
That talk such mournful things; when strait a Gale
Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flow'rs. Let Mith.
She mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries,
And countless Tears came trickling from her Eyes. Dryd. Virg.
Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Despair;
And if a manly Drop or two fall down.
It scalds along my Cheeks, like the green Wood,
That sput't'ring in the Flames, works outward into Tears. Dr.
TEMPLE.

From Atlas far, beyond a Waste of Plains,
Proud Teneriff his giant Brother reigns.
With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
As from his Sides, he shakes the fleecy Snow.
Around their hoary Prince, from watry Beds
His subject Islands raise their verdant Heads:
The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill,
The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still.

THANES. See Storm.

Things that love Night,
Love not such Nights as these: The wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
And make them keep their Caves. Since I was Man,
Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Winds and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th'Affliction, and not fear. Let the great Gods
That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou, Wretch,
That haft within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipp'd of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou Similar of Virtue,
That art inceftuous: Caitiff, to Pieces shake
That under Covert and convenient Seeming,
Haft practis'd on Man's Life. Close pent-up Guilt,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners Grace.

THANKS.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine.

O my more than Father!
Let me not live, but at thy very Name
My eager Heart springs up and leaps with Joy.
When I forget the vast Debt I owe thee,
Forget! but 'tis impossible; then let me
Forget the Use and Privilege of Reason,
Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
To wander in the Desart among Brutes,
To bear the various Fury of the Seasons,
The Night's unwholsom Dew, and Noon-day's Heat,
To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curse of Heaven.

My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the Crowd:
To you with hasty Flight they take their Way,
And hardly for the Dreas of Words will stay.
And now such haste to tell their Message make,
They only stammer what they meant to speak.
Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all Day.
With what becoming Thanks can I reply,
Not only Words lie lab'ring in my Breast,
But Thought it self is by thy Praise oppres'd.
Oh let me unlace my Breast!
Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought
This wond'rous Goodness flirs: But 'tis impossible,
And Ut'trance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much. Row. Fair Pen.
For should our Thanks awake the rising Sun,
And lengthen as his latest Shadows run,
That, tho' the longest Day, would soon, too soon be done.

T H I E F.

Like a Thief,
A Pilferer; descr'y'd in some dark Corner,
Who there had lodg'd with mischievous Intent
To rob and ravage at the Hour of Rest,
And do a midnight Murther on the Sleepers. Row. Fair Pen.

T H O U G H T S.

Oh wretched Man! whose too too busy Thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Heavens round,
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul:
Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rolling Year
Seems to stand still; dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath disturbs the drowsy Waves:
But Man, the very Monster of the World,
Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.

Thoughts succeed Thoughts, like restless troubled Waves
Dashing out one another.
Restless Thoughts, that like a deadly Swarm
Of Hornets arm'd, in Throngs come rushing on me.

I have been studying how to compare
The Prison where I live unto the World;
And for because the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my self,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out:
My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul the Father; and these two beget
A Generation of still breeding Thoughts,
And these same Thoughts people this little World,
In Humours like the People of this World,
For no Thought is contented. The better sort,
As Thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With Scruples, and do set the Faith it self
Against the Faith.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely Wonders; how these vain weak Nails
May pass a Passage thro' the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my ragged Prison Walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of Fortune's Slaves,
And shall not be the last: Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stocks, refuse their Shame
That many have, and others must be there:
And in this Thought they find a kind of Ease,
Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison many People,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then Treason makes me with myself a Beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing Penury
Perdwades me I was better when a King;
Then I am King'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bullingbrook,
And freight am nothing. But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any Man, but that Man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
By being nothing. [spoken by Rich. 2.]

Thus my Thoughts are tir'd
With tedious Journeys up and down my Mind:
Sometimes they lose their Way; sometimes as slow
As Beasts o'er-loaded heavily they move,

Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
To let them brood in secret o'er their Sorrows. Row. Fair Pen.

Some melancholy Thought that flings the Light,

Turn not to Thought, my Brain, but let me find
Some unfrequented Shade; there lay me down,
And let forgetful Dulness steal upon me,
To soften and asswage this Pain of thinking. Row. Fair Pen.

Thought is Damnation; 'tis the Plague of Devils
To think on what they are. Row. Amb. Step.

Her thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
Of high Import, which justles like an Embryo
In its dark Womb, and longs to be disclos'd. Row. Amb. Step.
Time will perfect
A lab'ring Thought, that rouls within my Breast. Dryd. DonSeb.
He heav'd beneath a pressing Load of Thought, Row. FairPen.
My Thoughts grow wild,
And lie in Fears of ugly Form upon me. Otw. Orph.
Wild hurrying Thoughts
Start ev'ry Way from my distracted Soul.
To find out Hope, and only meet Despair. South. Fatal Mar.
A Beam of Thought came glancing to my Soul. Dryd. Clem.
THUNDER. See Lightning. Storm.
With Terrour thro' the dark Aerial Hall.
A Peal of rattling Thunder roll'd along,
And shook the Firmament.
The furious Infant's born, and speaks, and dies. Cre. Lucr.
Deep Thunders roar,
Must'ring their Rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell. Mila.
A Noise confus'd rofe from the mingled Croud,
Like unforn'md Thunder, mur'm'ring in a Cloud.
It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful Break; if here it falls,
The subtle Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes. Dryd. Trai. & Cref.
The Thunder now
Wing'd with red Lightning, and impetuous Rage,
Has spent its Shafts; it ceases now to roar,
And bellow thro' the vast and boundless Deep.
The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roll. Dr. DrySeh.
TYGER. See Joufts.
So when a Scythian Tyger gazing round,
A Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found,
Lowing secure, he swells with angry Pride,
And calls forth all his Spots on ev'ry Side:
Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes at all,
In choice of some strong Neck on which to fall;
Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,
And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
Thus as a Tyger, who by Chance has spy'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising, changes oft
His couchant Watch, as one who chose his Ground,
Whence rushing, he might soonest seize them both,
Grasp'd in each Paw.

TIME.

Time of it self is Nothing, but from Thought
Receives its Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought
From things consider'd, while we think on some
As present, some as past, or yet to come.
No Thought can think on Time,
But thinks on things in Motion or at Rest.
For Nature knows,
No steadfast Station, but or ebbs or flows.
Ever in Motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new Figures in another Mold.
Even Times are in perpetual Flux, and run
Like Rivers from their Fountains rolling on:
For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay,
The flying Hour is ever on her Way:
And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
The Wave behind impels the Wave before:
Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
And urge their Predecessor Minutes on.
Still moving, ever new; for former Things
Are set aside, like abdicated Kings.
And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,
And innovates some Act, till then unknown:
Time is th' Effect of Motion, born a Twin,
And with the World did equally begin:
Time like a Stream, that hastens from the Shore,
Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.
All must be swallowed in this endless Deep,
And Motion rests in everlasting Sleep.
Time glides along with undiscover'd Haste,
The Future but a Length behind the Past,
So swift are Years.

Thy Teeth, devouring Time! thine, envious Age!
On things below still exercise your Rage;
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
And then, at lingering Meals, the Morsels eat.

Time hastens away,
Nor is it in our Pow'r to bribe its Stay:
The rolling Years with constant Motion run:
Lo! while I speak the present Minute's gone:
And following Hours urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Pow'r,
'Tis not thy Piety can thee secure.

They're all too feeble to withstand
Gray Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless End. Old. Hor.
To things immortal Time can do no Wrong,
And that which never is to dye, for ever must be young. Gozl.

T I T U S.

There Tityus was to see, who took his Birth
From Heav'n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth;

Hera
Here his gigantic limbs with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd side
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd,
Still for the growing liver dig'd his breast,
The growing liver still supply'd the feast:
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains;
Th' immortal hunger leaves, th' immortal food remains.

TOAD.

So when a toad, squat on a border, spies
The gard'ner passing by, his blood-shot eyes
With spite and rage inflam'd, dart fire around
The verdant walks; and on the flow'ry ground
The bloated vermin loath'som poison spits,
And twain, and bursting with his malice, sits.

A TOP.

As young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine whirs and flies about,
Admir'd with clamours of the beardless rout.
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke.

The whirling top they whip,
And drive her giddy till she fall asleep.

TORRENT. See brook, flood, stream.

As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course:
The flood constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along the uneasy race:
White foam in gathering eddies floats around,
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.

Thus when two neighboring torrents rush from high,
Rapid they run, the foamy waters flow,
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course.

TRAINBANDS.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And, raw in fields, the rude militia swarms.
Of seeming arms they make a short essay;
Then hasten to be drunk, the bus'ness of the day.
'Twas not the spawn of such as these;
That dy'd with punick blood the conquer'd seas;
And quali'd the stern Aeacides;
Made the proud Scipio Monarch feel,
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel:
Fore'd even the gigantic to yield,
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But
But Soldiers of a rustick Mold,
Rough, hardy, fearon'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the sturdy Ground,
Or th'o' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did found.
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done:
Home with their weary Team they took their Way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

TRANSMIGRATION of SOULS.

Now since the God inspires me to proceed;
Be thou, what'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd:
For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,
Of Truths conceal'd before from human Eyes;
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year:
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height
Of Atlas, who supports the heav'ly Weight.
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals wand'ring from the Way,
And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
Of future things, and trembling at their Fate.
These I would teach, and by right Reason bring
To think of Death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkness, and fictitious Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,
And Fables of a World, that never was.
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires?
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
Then Death, to call'd, is but old Matter dress'd
In some new Figure, and vary'd Vest.
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th'unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispos'd
And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beast.
Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd;
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.
And, as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,
This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another Name,
The Form is only chang'd the Wax is still the same:
So Death, so call'd, can but the Form deface,
Th'immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
To seek her Fortune in some other Place. Dryd. Ovid.

TECTES. See Creation, Funeral, Grove, Paradise.

Part to the Groves and woody Hills repair,
And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air.
Axes, high rais'd by brawny Arms, descend
With mighty Sway, and make the Forest bend.
The Mountains murmur, and the nodding Oaks
Groan with their Wounds from thick redoubled Strokes.
The falling Trees desert the neigh'ring Sky,
Where now the Clouds may unmolested fly.
A shady Harvest lies dispers'd around,
And loaftly Ruin loads th'incumber'd Ground.
They found an antient Wood.
The shady Covert of the savage Kind.

The foundling Ax is ply'd:
Pirs, Pines, and Pitch-trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Forest Alders, feel the fatal Stroke,
And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak.
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, roul with Ruin down. Dryd. Virg.

Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's Edge,
Whose Arms gave Shelter to the princely Eagle:
Under whose Shade the ramping Lion leapt,
Whose Top-Branch over-look'd Jove's spreading Tree, (Hen. 6)
And kept low Shrubs from Winter's powerful Wind. Shak. I Part.

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
And the last mortal Stroke alone remains;
Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatening all,
This Way and that she nods, consid'ring where to fall. Dryd. Ovid.

The Indian Fig-tree too there spreads her Arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the Ground
The bending Twigs take Root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree: A pillar'd Shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between:
There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning Heat
Shelters in Cool, and tends his past'ring Herds.
At Loop-holes cut thro' thickest Shades.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

Fair Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,
Yet from the Stain of Ink preserve it White;
Whose Travel o'er that silver Field does show,
Like Trafts of Leverets in Morning Snow.
Love's Image thus in purest Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemish to the Thought.

Strange
Strange that your Fingers should the Pencil foil,
Without the Help of Colours, or of Oil:
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake.
Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove,
Like Southern Winds, and make it gently move.
Orpheus could make the Forest dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

T R O P H Y.

He bar'd an antient Oak of all its Boughs;
Then on a rising Ground the Trunk he plac'd,
Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd:
The Coat of Arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked Snag in Triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A Trophy sacred to the God of War.
Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafless Wood,
Appear'd his plumy Crest, besmeard with Blood.
His brazen Buckler on the Left was seen,
Truncheons of th' vjer'd Lances hung between;
And on his Right was plac'd his Corslet bor'd;
And to the Neck was ty'd the unavailing Sword.


The sprightly Trumpets from afar,
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War;
Had rowz'd the neigh'ring Steeds to scour the Fields,
While the fierce Rider clatter'd on their Shields.

The Trumpets terribly from far,
With ratling Clangor rowze the sleepy War:
The Soldiers Shouts succeed the brazen Sounds,
And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noise rebounds.

The Clangor of the Trumpets pierce the Sky.

By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound as well as Sense perswades.

T R U M P E T E R.

None so renown'd

The Warrior Trumpet in the Field to sound;
With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Alarms,
And rowze to dare their Fate in honourable Arms.

T U L I P.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head:
Rob'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flower does Homage to their Queen.

T W I L I G H T.

When blended Shades and Light
A brown Confusion make of Day and Night,
When Birds obscene fly from their dark Abodes;
And prowling Wolves forsake the shady Woods:
The Lion now, who in his Den by Day,
His lazy Limbs extended, slumbering lay,
Yawning and stretching from his Covert comes,
Roars o'er the Hills, and thro' the Forest roams.

T Y R A N T. See King, Usurper.

Our Emperour is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I scarce remember in his Reign one Day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable Head:
He thinks the Sun is lost, that sees not Blood;
When none is shed, we count it Holiday.
We, who are most in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own.

This to Tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs.

Proud, impatient,
Of ought superior, ev'n of Heav'n that made him:
Fond of false Glory, of the savage Pow'r
Of ruling without Reason, of confounding
Just and Unjust, by an unbounded Will;
By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands
That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wise Princes
To draw their easy Neighbours to Destruction,
To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields:
Like some accursed Fiend, who, 'scap'd from Hell,
Poysons the balmy Air thro' which he flies;
He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches, (Row.Tamerl.
The lab'ring Hinds beft Hopes, and marks his Way with Ruin.

Oh the sweet Charms of independant Sway!
Princes, whose Will pretended Law restrains,
Are only royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.
But he's a King, who triumphs free from Law,
Like the fierce Monarchs who the Desert awe.
Who uncontroul'd range the wide Mountains o'er;
And shake the Forest with their dreadful Roar:
Whose haughty Nod the trembling Herds obey,
Nor are their Subjects, only, but their Prey.

Long had this Prince imperiously thus iway'd
By no fet Laws, but by his Will obey'd.
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
Admire his Strength, and dare nor use their own.

Beneath a Vale its Bosom does display,
Oppress'd with Riches, and profufely gay:
Where Nature throws her Gifts with lavish Hand,

And
And crowns, with flow'ry Luxury, the Land.
Fruits, Rivers, Meadows, Groves, and airy Plains,
Still echoing with the Lays of happy Swains,
Lovely Confusion make, and charm the Eye
With beautiful Irregularity.

Delight of human Kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love!
Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
And breeds what'er is born beneath the rolling Skies:
For ev'ry Kind by thy prolific Might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.
Thee Goddes! thee, the Clouds and Tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing Presence disappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dres'd.
For thee the Ocean smiles and smooths her wavy Breast.
And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer Light is blest.
For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd;
When teeming Buds, and cheerful Greens appear,
And Western Gales unlock the lazy Year;
The joyous Birds thy Welcome first express,
Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confes:
Then savage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
Strook with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea:
Of all that breathes the various Progeny,
Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee,
O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main,
Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless Reign.
Thro' all the living Regions thou dost move,
And scatter'st where thou go'st, the kindly Seeds of Love.
Since then the Race of ev'ry living Thing
Obey's thy Pow'r; since nothing new can spring
Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,
Or beautiful or loveome can appear;
Be thou my Aid: My tuneful Song inspire,
And kindle with thy one productive Fire;
While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal Lay, (Pow'r display.)
Of Heav'n, and Earth; and ev'ry where thy wondrous
Mean time, on Land and Sea let barbarous Discord cease,
And lull the list'ning World in universal Peace.
To thee Mankind their soft Repose must owe,
For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow;

Because
Because the brutal Bus'ness of the War,
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care:
Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love:
And, panting on thy Breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heav'nly Form he feeds his famish'd Eyes:
Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
By Turn's restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.
There while thy curling Limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love;
When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that suspicious Moment try,
With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
And Quiet to the weary World restore. [Dryd. Luc.

Creator Venus! Genial Pow'r of Love!
The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above!
Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race,
Doft fairest shine, and best become thy Place:
For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear,
Thy Mouth reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
Thee Goddess! thee, the Storms of Winter fly,
Earth smiles with Flow'r's renewing, laughs the Sky,
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply.
For thee the Lyon loaths the Taffe of Blood,
And roaring hunts his Female thro' the Wood;
For thee the Bulls rebellow thro' the Groves,
And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent Loves:
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair,
All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care,
Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World repair.
Thou Gladder of the Mount of Cythera,
Increase of Jove, Companion of the Sun!
With smiling Aspekt you serenely move
In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser Clue,
The finest of the Wool is left for you;
Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,
And let the Sifters cut below your Line;
The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep:
Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap. [Dryd. Pal. & Ari.

She turn'd, and made appear
Her Neck refulgent, and dishevel'd Hair;
Which flowing on her Shoulders reach'd the Ground,
And widely spreads ambrosial Scents around.
In Length of Train descends her sweeping Gown,
And by her graceful Walk the Queen of Love is known. [Dryd.

The
The Goddess flies sublime
To visit Paphos, and her native Cline:
Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With Vows are offer'd, and with solemn Pray'r:
A hundred Altars in her Temple smoke;
A thousand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke.  Dryd. Virg.
She flood reveal'd before my Sight:
Never so radiant did her Eyes appear,
Not her own Star confess'd a Light so clear.
Great in her Charms; as when on Gods above
She looks, and breaths herself into their Love.  Dryd. Virg.
So when bright Venus rises from the Flood,
Around in Throng's the wond'ring Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune the vocal Shell,
And ev'r Grace unfung the Waves conceal.  Gal.

In Venus Temple on the Sides were seen
The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men;
Pray'r's that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call;
And issuing Sighs that smock'd along the Wall;
Complaints and hot Desires, the Lovers Hell,
And scalding Tears that wore a Channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial Bands, and Ties;
Of Love's Assurance, and a Train of Lies,
That, made in Luft, conclude in Perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries to raise th' infernal Pow'rs,
And Sigils, fram'd in planetary Hours;
Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Despair;
Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dreft,
Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fift.
Oppos'd to her, on th'other Side, advance
The coffly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance;
Minstrils and Musick, Poetry and Play,
And Balls by Night and Turnaments by Day.

———There th'Idalian Mount, and Cytheron,
The Court of Venus, was in Colours drawn.
Before the Palace-Gate, in careless Dress,
And loofe Array, fate Portrefs Idleness:
There by the Fount Narcissus pin'd alone,
There Sampson was, with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty Names by Love undone.
Medea's Charms was there; Circean Feasts,
With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youths to Beasts:

Hh  Here
Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit;
The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,
And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The Goddess-fell some noble Hand had wrought,
Smiling the feem'd, and full of pleasing Thought;
From Ocean as the first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies;
She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breast,
And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest:
A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen
A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green:
Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,
And, by his Mother, stood an infant Love,
With Wings display'd, his Eyes were banded o'er,
His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore
(Pal. & Arc.)
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store. Dryd.

VERSE. See Poets and Poetry.

Well-shewing Verses are the Charms we use,
Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue to infuse.

Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty Numbers told.
Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,
That play thro' trembling Trees delight me more,
Nor murmur'ing Billows on the sandy Shore,
Nor winding Streams that thro' the Valley glide,
And the scarce-cover'd Pebbles gently chide:
For such thy Verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears,
As to the weary Swain with Cares opprest,
Beneath the sylvan Shade refreshing Rest:
As to the feverish Traveller, when first
He finds a chystal Stream, to quench his Thirst.
Dryd. Frg.

Not Winds to Voyagers at Sea,
Nor Show'r's to Earth more necessary be,
Than Verse to Virtue, which can do
The Midwife's Office, and the Nurse's too.
It feeds it strongly, and it cloaths it gay;
And when it dies, with comely Pride,
Embalm's it, and erects a Pyramid,
That never will decay,
Till Heav'n it self shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.

For ev'n when Death dissolves our human Frame,
The Soul returns to Heav'n from whence it came,
Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame.
Begin the Song, and strike the living Lyre!

Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted Quire,

All
All Hand in Hand do decently advance,
And to my Song with smooth and equal Measures dance;
While the Dance lasts, how long soever it be,
My Musick's Voice shall bear it Company.
Till all gentle Notes be drown'd
In the last Trumpet's dreadful Sound.
That to the Spheres themselves shall Silence bring,
Untune the universal String.
Then all the wide extended Sky,
And all th'harmonious Worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred Work shall die:
And he himself shall see in one Fire shine,

As high Vesuvius, when the Ocean laves
His fiery Roots with subterranean Waves;
Disturb'd within, does in Convulsions roar,
And calls on high his undigested Oar;
Discharges maffy Surfeit on the Plains,
And empties all his rich metallic Veins;
His ruddy Entrails; Cinders, pitchy Smoke,
And intermingled Flames the Sun-beams choke.

Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
Short is th'uncertain Reign and Pomp of mortal Pride;
New Turns and Changes ev'ry Day
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts;
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts:
But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy or little Sorrow shows.
For over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate,

One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal Destinies have only left
A common Bank of Happines below,
The lowest and most abject Thing of Fortune
Stands still in Hope, lives not in Fear:
The lamentable Change is from the best,
The worst returns to better.

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
Is bound in Shallows and in Miseries.

Shak. K. Lear.


Whad
What God, alas! will Caution be
For living Man's Security,
Or will ensure his Vessel in this faithless Sea?
Where Fortune's Favour, and her Spight,
He various Changes of the World had known,
And strange Vicissitudes of humane Fate.
Still alt'ring, never in a steady State.
Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.
Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity;
With equal Mind what happens let us bear,
Not joy nor grieve too much, for things beyond our Care:
Like Pilgrims, to th'appointed Place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End:
Ev'n Kings but play, and when their Part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.
What then remains, but after past Annoy
To take the good Vicissitude of Joy:
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.
V I N E. See Embraces.
They led the Vine
To wed her Elm: She, Spous'd, about him twines,
Her marriageable Arms; and with her brings
Her Dower, th'adopted Clusters, to adorn
His barren Leaves.
Milk.
Th'aspiring Vines
Embrace their Husband Elms in am'rous Twines. Dryd. Virg.
Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters, and my Branches gone. Orm. Don Carl.
V I R A G O. See Amazon.

A Warriour Dame,
Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the Field;
Mix'd with the first the fierce Virago fought,
Sustain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger fought:
Out-stript the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain,
She swept the Seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung:
Men, Boys, and Women, stupid with Surprize,
Where'er she passes, fix their wonder'ring Eyes.

Longing
Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast Delight.
Her purple Habit sits with such a Grace,
On her smooth Shoulders, and so suits her Face:
Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,
And in a golden Caul the Curls are bound.
She shakes her Myrtle Jay'lin, and behind
Her Lycian Quiver dances in the Wind.

Next Trulla came; Trulla more bright
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight.
A bold Virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall:
Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him:
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprize,
She sh'd i'th'Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forrage,
Behav'd herself with matchless Courage;
And laid about in Fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Pen-Thebly.

But here some Criticks do cry shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That spite of all Philosophers,
Who hold no Females stout but Bears,
Make feeble Ladies in their Works
To fight like Termagants and Turks;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their Modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open Field,
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that should have been the Mistress
Of Gondibert; but he had Grace,
And rather took a Country-Lass.

VIRTUE.

Virtue, the noble Caufe for which you're made!
Improperly we measure Life by Breath,
Those do not truly live who merit Death.
Our Life is short, but to extend that Span
To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work.
He lives in Fame that dies in Virtue's Cause.
How vain is Virtue which directs our Ways
Through certain Dangers to uncertain Praise!
Barren and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies,
With thy lean Train, the pious and the wife.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man,
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can;
Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword:
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
And while she long consults, the Prize is gone.  Dryd. Aurora.
Great Minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing Good,
Tho' the ungrateful Subjects of their Favours
Are barren in Return. Virtue does still
With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
Where abject Souls do Good, and hope Reward:
Above the worthless Trophies Men can raise,
She seeks not Honours, Wealth, nor airy Praise,
But with herself, herself the Goddess pays:  Row. Tamers.

But few are virtuous when Reward's away.

For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward?  Dryd. Juv.
Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And they who taught it first were Hypocrites.
Would'st thou to Honours and Preferments climb?
Be bold in Mischief, dare some mighty Crime;
Which Dangers, Death, or Banishment deserves,
For Virtue is but dryly prais'd and starves:
Great Men to great Crimes owe their Plate imbuss'd,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Coft,
And high Commands: A sneaking Sin is lost.  Dryd. Juv.

Torment of Mind! O feeble Virtue, hence:
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
To build in Hearts of Hins; bless their rude Hands,
With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour:
For me, since I have burft th' ungrateful Chain,
That held me to thee like a shackled Slave,
I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
And forseit on the Beauties of Semantra.  Lee Mithrid.

If when a Crown and Mistress are in Place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face;
Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe:
Why does she come where she has nought to do?
Let her with Anch'rets, not with Lovers lie,
Statesmen and they keep better Company.  Dryd. Cong. of Gran.

Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul;
A Man is wholly wise, or wholly is a Fool.  Dryd. Pers.
How strange a Riddle Virtue is!
They never misf it, who possess it not;
And they who have it, ever find a Want.
Virtue, the more it is expos'd,
Like purest Linnen, laid in open Air,  Will
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View. 
Dryd. Amphi.
For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds. 
U S U R P E R. See King, Tyrant.
He who by Force a Scepter does obtain,
Shews he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of Course, whate'er he was before,
Murder and Usurpation are no more. 
Dryd. Aurem.
As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,
And overflows the level Grounds;
Those Banks and Dams, that like a Screen
Did keep it out, now keeps it in:
So when tyrannick Usurpation,
Invades the Freedom of a Nation,
Those Laws o'th'Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it. 
Hud.
A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a flipp'ry Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up.  
Shak. R. John.
Dare to be great without a guilty Crown,
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.
'Tis base to flaze on all because you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's Joy, when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.
A Joy which none but greatest Minds can taste,
A Fame which will to endless Ages last. 
Dryd. Aurem.
And few Usurpers to the Shades descend,
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End. 
Dryd. Juv.
Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune does seldom lay them gently down. 
How.

V U L C A N. See Cyclops.

In Aspilian Land

Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the chrysal Battlements: From Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith, like a falling Star,
On Lemnos, th'Egean Isle.

Milst.

Me by the Heel he drew:

And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All Day I fell: My Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the Lemnian Ground, (Dryd. Hom.
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the Sibthian's heal'd my Wound.
H h 4   WANT.
WANT.

Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
Because its Virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to Thought,
Have been by Need, to full Perfection brought.
The Daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence.
Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives,
And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives:
For e'en that Indigence which brings me low,
Makes me my self, and him above to know.
A Good which none would challenge, few would chuse,
A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.
If we from Wealth to Poverty descend,          (of Bath's Tale.
Want gives to know the Flatterer from the Friend.   Dryd. Wife
Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Redicule.            Dryd. Juv.
Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression staring in thy Looks,

Oh! we must change the Scene,
In which the past'd Delights of Love were tasted.
The Poor sleep little, we must learn to watch
Our Labours late, and early ev'ry Morning,
'Midst Winter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Oh Belov'ders!

Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend
Is at our Heels, and chases us in View.
Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,
Fam'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads,
Wilt thou then talk to me thus?
Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love?

Oh! I will love thee, ev'n in Madness love thee,
Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me!
Tho' the bare Earth be all our resting Place,
Its Roots our Food, some Cliff our Habitation;
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Bofom, pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest.
Oh we will bear our wayward Fate together,
And never know Comfort more.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

Lord!
Lord! what an am'rous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages enchant!
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from Execution save?
What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent?
What magical Attractions and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire Factas?
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge?
These are the highest Excellencies,
Of all our true or false Pretences;
And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t'an Hostels Dowager,
Grown fat and purfy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer and bottled Ale,
And find her fitter for your Turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your Desire;
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Graces int'your Pocket.  Hud.

W A R.  See Battle, Fighting, Joufts, Mars, Soldier.

Now impious Arms from ev'ry Part refound:
The peaceful Peasant to the War is preb'd,
The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Rest,
The Plain no Pature to the Flocks affords;
The crooked Scythes are frighten'd into Swords.
Perfidious Mars long plighted Leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides.  Dryd. Virg.

The peaceful Cities,
Lull'd in their Ease, and undisurb'd before,
Are all on Fire; and some with studious Care,
Their restiff Steeds in sandy Plains prepare.
Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,
And War is all their Wifh, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and Part
New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.
With Joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,
And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.
Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield,
The Corflet some, and some the Cuishes mould,
With Silver plated, and with duftile Gold.
The rustick Honours of the Scythe and Share,
Give Place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.

Old
Old Falchions are new-temper’d in the Fires;
The sounding Trumpet ev’ry Soul inspires.
The Word is given, with eager Haste they haste
The shining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty’d,
The truly Weapon fits on ev’ry Side.  
Dryd. Virg.

As Legions in the Field their Front display,
To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day;
And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace,
Strict to their Figure, tho’ in wider Space,
Before the Battle joyns, while from afar,
The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War;
And equal Mars, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune and the Dint of Sword.  
Dryd. Virg.

An iron Harvest on the Field appears,
Of Lances, burnish’d Shields, and bristling Spears:
Throng’d Helms in long embattel’d Ranks dispos’d,
The louring Front of horrid War disclos’d.  
Blai.

The neighbr’ing Plain with Arms is cover’d o’er,
The Vale an iron Harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field,
The polish’d Steel gleams terribly from far;
And ev’ry Moment nearer flews the War.
Dryd. Ayr.

The various Glories of their Arms combine,
And in one fearful dazzling Medley joyn.
The Air above, and all the Fields beneath
Shine with a bright Variety of Death.
The Sun starts back to see the Fields display
Their rival Lustrè, and terrestrial Day.  
Blai.

The Fields
Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields;
A shining Harvest either Hoff displays,
And shoots against the Sun with equal Rays.
Dryd. Virg.

All in a Moment rose
A Forest huge of Spears; and thronging Helms
Appeard, and serry’d Shields in thick Array,
Of Depth immeasureable; straight out flew
Millions of flaming Swords; the suddain Blaze
Far round illumin’d Hell. They fierce with grasped Arms
Clash’d on their sounding Shields the Din of War,
Hurling Defiance towards the Vault of Heav’n.  
Mib.

It was the Time
When creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark
Fill the wide Vessel of the Univerfe:
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,
The Hum of either Army stilly sounds.
Fire answers Fire, and through their paly Flames
Each
Each Battel sees the other's umber'd Face,
Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neighs,
Piercing the Nights dull Ear; and from the Tents
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busy Hammers closing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation.  
Shak. Hen. 5.

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring;
When confus'd and high,
Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry,
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the Sky.
The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
Sharpening their Sights, and leaning from their Stars:
The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,
For Battel by the busy Groom prepar'd.
Ruffling of Harnes, Rattling of the Shield,
Clatt'ring of Armour furbish'd for the Field:
The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold
Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazzling to behold;
And polished Steel that cast the View aside,
And crested Motions with their plummy Pride.
Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires
In gawdy Liv'ries, march and quaint Attires:
One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance,
A third the shining Buckler did advance:
The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,
And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden Bit.
The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side;  
And Nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields pro-
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Peace leaves the violated Fields, and Hate
Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.
The gloomy Throng's look terrible from far,
Disco'ling slow the horrid Face of War.
The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
As lowering Clouds advance before a Storm.
A Cloud of blinding Dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their Feet the trembling Ground.  
Dryd. Virg.

Advancing in a Line they couch their Spears,
And left and left the middle Space appears.
Thick Smoke obscures the Field, and scarce are seen
The neighing Courser, and the shouting Men.
In distance of their Darts they stop their Course,
Then Man to Man they rush, and Horse to Horse:
The Face of Heav'n the flying Jav'lins hide,
And Deaths unseen are dealt on either Side.

Dryd. Virg.

Thick
Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky.
Dryd. Virg.
Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance,
By Turns they quit their Ground, by Turns advance;
Visors and Vanquish'd in the various Field,
Not wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife;
And mourn the Miseries of human Life.
Dryd. Virg.
Now bearded Darts, and fatal Jav'lin's fly,
And Balls of Fire hiss through the enlighten'd Sky.
Each on his Foe mislively Distraction pours,
And Death receives and gives in feather'd Show'rs.
Blac.
To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal and their Strength the same:
With Spears afar, with Swords at Hand they strike;
And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.
The Soldiers dauntless thus maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound;
And Heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground.
Dryd. Virg.
And now both Hosts their broken Troops unite,
In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty Space,
Resolv'd on Death, impatient of Disgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his Place.
Dryd. Virg.
An undistinguiz'd Noise ascends the Sky,
Dryd. Virg.
The Shouts of those who kill, and Groans of those who die.
The Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at work,
And the goar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein.
Shak. K. Lear.
When Greeks joy'n'd Greeks, then was the Tug of War;
The labour'd Battel twere, and Conquest bled.
Lee Alix.
Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are Strew'd
With fallen Bodies, and are drunk with Blood.
Arms, Horfes, Men, on Heaps together lie:
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.
The Sands with streaming Blood are sanguin dy'd,
And Death with Honour fought on ev'ry Side.
Dryd. Virg.
What Noise of Arms, what Shouts the Air confound!
What Ruin, what flain Heaps deform the Ground?
The Dead make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,
That in the Air rife, like our Walls, sublime.
Blac.
Dead Corps imbof the Vale with little Hills.
Cowle.
His smoaking Horfes at their utmost Speed
He laches on, and urges o'er the Dead:
Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and when they bound,
The Gore and gathering Duft are dash'd around.
Dryd. Virg.

The
The Rear so press'd the Front, they could not wield
The angry Weapons to dispute the Field. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}
They Darts with Clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd War alive. \textit{*Dryd. Virg.}
The frighted Soldiers when their Captains fly,
More on their Speed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in Fight they bear each other down,
And spur their Horse's headlong to the Town;
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.
These drop the Shield, and those the Lance forego,
Or on their Shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow:
The Hoofs of Horse's, with a rattling Sound,
Beat thick and short, and shake the Solid Ground.
Black Clouds of Dust come rolling in the Sky,
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampiers fly.
All press'ing on, Pursuers and Pursu'd
Are crush'd in Crowds, a mingled Multitude,
Some happy few escape'd: The Throng too late
Rush on for Entrance, till they choke the Gate.
Then in Affright the folding Gates they close,
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.
The Vanquish'd cry, the Victors loudly shout,
'Tis Terrour all within, and Slaughter all without.
Blind in their Fear, they bound against the Wall;
Or to the Moats pursu'd precipitate their Fall. \textit{Dryd. Virg.}
Then planting at the Walls a scaling Ladder,
I mounted spight of Show'r's of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the Walls to fly among my Foes,
And, like a baited Lyon, dy'd my self
All over with the Blood of those bold Hunters;
Till spent with Toil, I battel'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd Fury. \textit{Les. Alex.}
Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar.
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War:
Louder, and yet more loud, we hear th'Alarms
Of human Cries distinct, and clashing Arms:
New Clamours and new Clangours now arise,
The Sound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting Cries.
The Fire consumes the Town, the Foe commands;
And armed Hofts, an unexperienc'd Force,
Break in, and Foes for Entrance press without.
To sev'ral Posts their Parties they divide;
Some block the narrow Streets, some scour the wide:

The
The Bold they kill, th'Unwary they surprize;
Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
The Warders of the Gate but scarce maintain
Th'unequal Combat, and resign in vain.
We heard: And Heav'n, that well-born Souls inspires,
Prompts us thro' lifted Swords and riling Fires.
To run, where clashing Arms and Clamour calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the Walls.
The passive Gods behold the Greeks defile
Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil.
Their own Abodes; we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking Town involv'd in Fire.
We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
Th'unequal Combat in the publick Square;
Night was our Friend, our Leader was Despair.
What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night?
What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright?
An ancient and imperial City falls;
The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals:
Houses and holy Temples float in Blood,
And hostile Nations make a common Flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but in their Turn,
The Vanquish'd triumph, and the Victors mourn.
Ours take new Courage from Despair and Night,
Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight;
All Parts refund with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears,
And grieved Death in sundry Shapes appears:
New Clamours from th'invested Palace ring;
So hot th'Assault, so high the Tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose;
As if all Ilium else were void of Fear,
And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there.
Their Targets in a Tortoise cast, our Foes
Secure advancing, to the Turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling Ladders, some more bold
Swerve upwards, and by Posts and Pillars hold:
Their left Hand grips their Bucklers in th'Ascend,
While with the right they seize the Battlement.
From their demolish'd Tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge Heaps of Stones, that falling, crush the Foe,
And heavy Beams and Rafters, from the Sides,
And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,
The Marks of State and antient Royalty.
The Lightning flies not swifter than the Fall,
Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall.
Down goes the Top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into Death.

Yet
Yet more succeed, and more to Death are sent:
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
The Guards below, fix’d in the Pals, attend
The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.

The Infantry

Rush on in Crowds, and the barr’d Passage free.
Ent’ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend,
And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs ascend.

Tyrrhex, among the foremost, deals his Blows,
And with his Ax repeated Strokes bestows
On the strong Doors: Then all their Shoulders ply,
Till from the Posts the brazen Hinges fly.

He hews space, the double Bars at length
Yield to his Ax and unresisted Strength.
A mighty Breach is made: The Rooms conceal’d
Appear, and all the Palace is reveal’d.

The fatal Work inhuman Tyrrhex plies,
And all his Father sparkles in his Eyes.
Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his Force sustain,
The Bars are broken, and the Guards are slain.
In truth the Greeks, and all th’Apartments fill;
These few Defendants which they find, they kill:
Where’er the rising Fire had left a Space,
They enter and possess the Place.

The fearful Matrons run from Place to Place.
And kis the Thresholds, and the Posts embrace.

Dri’ning like a Flock of Doves along the Sky,
The Images they hug, and to the Altars fly.
But the protecting Gods are deaf to Pray’rs.

The wondring Babes from Mothers Breasts are sent,
And suffer ills they neither fear’d nor meant:
No silver Rev’rence guards the stooping Age,
No Rule or Method ties their boundless Rage.
Nothing but Fire and Slaughter meets the Eyes,
Nothing the Ear but Groans and dismal Cries.

Now march the bold Confederates thro’ the Plain,
Well hors’d, well clad, a rich and shining Train.
Silent they move; majestically flow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his Flow.

The Trojan view the dusty Cloud from far,
And the dark Menace of the distant War.

They from the Rampire saw it rise,
Black’ning the Fields; and thick’ning thro’ the Skies.
And when the rolling Clouds approach the Walls,
They arm, and man the Works, prepare the Spears,
And pointed Darts: Then shut their Gates; with Shouts ascend
Their Bulwarks, and secure, their Foes attend.

For
For their wife Gen'ral, with foreseeing Care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War:
Nor, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance;
But clofe within their Lines attend their Chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict Command;
And fourly wait in Arms the hostile Band:
The Foe then fac'd the Lines,
Amaz'd to find a daftard Race, that run
Behind the Rampires, and the Battel shun.
All clad in shining Arms the Works invest:
Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Crest.
The Trojan from above their Foes beheld,
And with arm'd Legions all the Rampiers fill'd:
Siez'd with Affright, their Gates they first explore:
Join Works to Works with Bridges; Tow'r to Tow'r;
The Soldiers draw their Lots, and as they fall,
By Turns relieve each other on the Wall.

The Volfsan bear their Shields upon their Head,
And ruthing forward, form a moving Shed;
These fill the Ditch, those pull the Bulwarks down;
Some raise the Ladders, others scale the Town.
But where void Spaces on the Walls appear,
Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
With Poles and mislive Weapons, from afar,
The Trojan keep aloof the rising War.
They roul down Ribs of Rocks, an unresifted Weight,
To break the Penthouse with the pond'rous Blow:
Which yet the patient Volfsan undergo.
But could not bear th'unequal Combat long;
For where the Trojan find the thickest Throng,
The Ruin falls: Their scatter'd Shields give way,
And their crush'd Heads become an easy Prey.
They shrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind Fight engage.
Contented now to gaul them from below,
With Darts and Slings, and with the distant Bow.
They blazing Pines within the Trenches threw,
Broke down the Palifades; the Trenches won,
And loud for Ladders call, to scale the Town.
The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe
Tos'd Firebrands to the steepy Turrets throw.
There stood a Tow'r, amazing to the Sight,
Built up of Beams, and of stupendious Height;
Art and the Nature of the Place, conspir'd
To furnih all the Strength that War requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italian's joyn;
The wary Trojan obviate their Design:

With
With weighty Stones o'erwhelm their Troops below,
Shoot thro' the Loopholes, and sharp Jav'lings throw.
Turn'd, the Chief, tots'd from his thund'ring Hand,
Against the wooden Walls, a flaming Brand:
It struck, the fiery Plague: The Winds were high;
The Planks were season'd, and the Timber dry.
Contagion caught the Pofts: It spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd Throng.
The Trojans fled; the Fire pursu'd amain,
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling Train;
Till crowding to the Corners of the Wall,
Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.
The mighty Flaw makes Heav'n it self resound.
The dead and dying Trojans strew the Ground.
The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
Whelm'd o'er their Heads, and bury'd whom it flew:
Some struck upon the Darts themselves had sent;
All the fame equal Ruin underwent.

Undaunted they no Danger shun;
From Wall to Wall the Shouts and Clamours run.
They bend their Bows, they whirl their Slings round:
Heaps of spent Arrows fall, and strew the Ground;
And Helms, and Shields, and rattling Arms resound.
The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
From Westward, when the show'ry Kids arise.

And now the Trojan Troops
Presuming on their Strength, the Gates unbar;
And on their own Accord invite the War.
Arm'd on the Right and on the Left they stand;
And flank the Passage.
In flows a Tide of Lastians, when they see
The Gate set open and the Passage free.

But soon repuls'd they fly;
Or in the well-defended Pafs they dye:
The dreadful Business of the War is over;
And Slaughter, that, from yeftet Morn till Even,
With Giant Steps, pass'd striding o'er the Field,
Besmear'd, and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary fits among the mangled Heaps,
And flumbers o'er her Prey.

WA VES. See Enjoyment.

So swelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar;
Driv'n on each others Backs, infult the Shore;
Bound o'er the Rocks, incroach upon the Land,
And far upon the Beach ejec't the Sand:
Then backward with a Swing they take their Way,
Repuls'd from upper Ground, and seek their Mother Sea.
With equal Hurry quit th'invaded Shore,  
And swallow back the Sand and Stones they spew'd before.  
Far off we hear the Waves with fury Sound  
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound.  
The Billows break upon the sounding Strand;  
And roul the rising Tides impure with Sand.  

_Weeping._ See Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Tears.  

Her brimful Eyes that ready flood,  
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,  
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd amain,  
Like Clouds, low-hung, a sober Show'r of Rain:  
Mute, solemn Sorrow, free from Female Noise,  
Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys.  
_Dryd. Sig. & Guif._  

O'er her Adams so  
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r  
Of her warm Tears, cherish'd the springing Flow'r.  
_Wall._  

So silver Thetis on the Phrygian Shore,  
Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate:  
The Sea-Nymphs fate around, and joyn'd their Tears,  
While from his lowest Deep old Father Ocean  
Was heard to groan, in Pity of their Pain.  
_Row. Ulyss._  

She silently a gentle Tear let fall  
From either Eye, and wip'd them with her Hair:  
Two other precious Drops that ready flood,  
Each in their chrysal Sluice, he, e'er they fell,  
Kiss'd, as the gracious Signs of sweet Remorse,  
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended.  
_Milt._  

A Show'r of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,  
Which from her Grief receiv'd yet sweeter Grace.  
Blac.  

So thro' a watry Cloud,  
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine. _Dryd. Sec. Love._  

She came weeping forth,  
Shining thro' Tears, like April-Suns in Show'rs,  
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads them.  
While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,  
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,  
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;  
Ev'n the lew'd Rabble, that were gather'd round  
To see the Sight, flood mute when they beheld her,  
_Govrn'd_ their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity.  
_Osw. Ven._  

Dumb Sorrows fiez'd the Standers by,  
The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,  
The Pattern form'd of perfect Woman-hood,  
For tender Pity wept; when she began,  
Through the bright Quire th'infectious Virtue ran;  
All drop'd their Tears.  
_Dryd. Pal. & Arc._  
The
The Tears ran gushing from her Eyes,
And stop’d her Speech in pompous Train of Woe.  Dryd. Virg.
See where she sits; and in what comely wife
Drops Tears more fair than others Eyes;
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see
Th’Attire thy Sorrow wears,
Nor view the Beauty of thy Tears,
For she’ll still come to dres her self in thee.
Ne’er did I yet behold such glorious Weather,
-As this Sun-shine and Rain together. Gowl.
With Head declin’d,
Like a fair Flower surcharg’d with Dew, she weeps. Dryd.
Then setting free a Sigh from her fair Eyes,
She wip’d two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show’rs,
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow’r’s, Dryd. Sec. Love.
So Morning Dews on new-blown Roses lodge,
By the Sun’s am’rous Heat to be exhal’d. Otsw. Orph.
Why art thou wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal jove descends in gentle Show’rs;
To cause Increase, and bless the Infant Year;
When ev’ry spry Grass and painted Flow’r
In Palammon, a many Grief appears,
Silent he wept, aham’d to shew his Tears. Dryd. Pal. & Arcè
Bear my Weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
Look Emperor! this is no common Dew;
I have not wept these forty Years, but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes,
I cannot help her Softness.
By Heav’n he weeps! Poor good old Man he weeps,
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. Dryd. All for Love.

His Eyes,
Altho’ unus’d unto the melting Mood,
Drop Tears more fast than the Arabian Tree
Her medicinal Gums.
Behold his Sorrow streaming from his Eyes.
Compasion quell’d

His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears.
WELCOME.
Welcome as kindly Show’rs to long-parch’d Earth. Dr. Spens. Fry.
Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn’d.
Welcome to me as to a sinking Marriner
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore.

I i s
Wels
Welcome as the Light
To cheerful Birds, or as to Lovers Night.
Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.
W I F E. See Marriage, Husband.
Who loves to hear of Wife?
That dull insipid thing without Desires,
And without Pow'r to give them.
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife!
But a new-marry'd Wife's a seeming Mischief,
Full of herself: Why what a deal of Horrour
Has that poor Wretch to come that wedded Yesterday? Otw. Orph.
O wretched Husband! while she hangs about thee,
With idle Blandishments, and plays the fond one;
Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,
Contriving Riot, and looie Scapes of Love:
And while she claps thee close, makes thee a Monster.
We hope to find
That Help which Nature meant in Woman-kind.
To Man, that Supplemental self design'd:
But proves a burning Caustick when apply'd:
And Adam sure could with more Ease abide,
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride.
What hunt a Wife
On the dull Soil? Sure a stanch Husband
Of all Hounds is the tullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Cawdles and Confections?
What feminine Tale haft thou been list'ning to
Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooth-ach got
By thin-foal'd Shooes?
Wives, like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow,
To Husbands, tho' unjust, long Patience owe:
They were for Freedom made, Obedience we,
Courage their Virtue, ours is Chastity:
Reason it self in us must not be bold,
Nor decent Custom be by Wit controul'd;
On our own Heads we desperately stray,
And are still happiest the vulgar Way.
To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain;
It gives them Courage to offend again:
For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend,
Again are pardon'd, and again offend:
Fathom our Pity when they seem to grieve,
Only to try how far we can forgive:
Till launching out into a Sea of Strife,
They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

Dryd. Aure.

W I N D S.
W I N D S. See Αἰών, Storms, Tempests.
He views with Horrour next the noisy Cave,
Where with hoarse Din imprison'd Tempefts rave;
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

Thus rag'd the Goddess, and with Fury fraught,
The refliefs Region of the Storms she fought.
Where in a spacious Cave of living Stone,
The Tyrant Αἰων from his airy Throne,
With Pow'r imperial curbs the struggling Winds,
And sounding Tempefts in dark Prisons binds.
This Way and that, th'impatient Captives tend,
And preffing for Release the Mountain rend.
High in his Hall th'undaunted Monarch stands,
And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted Sway
Would sweep the World before 'em in their Way:
Earth, Air, and Seas, thro' empty Space would roul,
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
In Fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their Fury to these dark Abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppref'sd with Mountain Loads.
Impos'd a King with arbitrary Sway,
To loofe their Fetters, or their Force alay.

Nor were thofe bluff'ring Brethren left at large,
On Seas and Shores their Fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumfcrib'd in Place,
They rend the World refliefs where they pass;
And mighty Marks of Mifchief leave behind.
Such is the Rage of their tempeftuous Kind.
First Ενεργος to the rising Morn is sent,
(The Regions of the balmy continent)
And Eastern Realms, where early Ψερσις run
To greet the bleft Appearance of the Sun.
Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his Flight,
Pleas'd with the Remnant of departing Light.
Fierce Boreas, with his Off-spring issues forth
T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North;
While frowning Αυστερ feeks the Southern Sphere,
And rots with endless Rain th'unwholfsom Year.

Thus when the rival Winds their Quarrel try,
Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky:
South, East, and West, on airy Courfers born;
The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn;
Then Νερευς strikes the Deep, the Billows rife,
And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies.

I i 3

As
As when a Whirlwind, rushing to the Shore,
From the mid Ocean drives the Waves before;
The painful Hind with heavy Heart foresees
The flatted Fields, and Slaughter of the Trees.  (*Dryd. Virg.*

As when loud *Boreas,* with his bluff'ring Train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main;
Where'er he flies, he drives the Rack before,
And rolls the Billows on the *Aegean* Shore.

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth
He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast,
The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast.
He flies aloft,* and with impetuous Roar
Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore.

Fierce *Boreas* flies

To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies:
Serenely while he blows, the Vapours driv'n
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.  (*Dryd. Ovid.*

The South Wind Night and Honour brings,

And Fogs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
His Head and rheumy Eyes distill in Show'r's:
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow,
And lazy Mists are louring on his Brow.  (*Dryd. Ovid.*

So Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,
In Whispers first their tender Voices try:
Then issue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,
And Storms to trembling Mariners preface.  (*Dryd. Virg.*

As wintry Winds, contending in the Sky,
With equal Force of Lungs their Titles try,
They rage, they roar; the doubtful Rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long suspend the Fortune of the Field.  (*Dryd. Virg.*

W I N T E R.  See Year.

No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear,
The frozen Earth lies bury'd there below
A hilly Heap, seven Cubits deep in Snow,
And all the Welt Allies of stormy *Boreas* blow.
The Sun from far peeps with a fickle Face,
Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chase,
When up the Skies he shoots his rosy Head,
Or in the roddy Ocean seeks his Bed.
Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd,
And flud'ded Wheels are on its Back sustain'd;
An Hoftry now for Wagons, which before
Tall Ships of Burthen on its Bosom bore.

The
The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd,
The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd;
With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence
By Weight the solid Portions they dispence;
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
Long Icicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard:
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls,
Huge Oxen stand enclos'd in wintry Walls
Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there
Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.
The dextrous Huntsman wounds not these afar,
With Shafts or Darts, or makes a distant War
With Dogs, or pitches Toils to stop their Flight,
But close engages in unequal Fight;
And while they strive in vain to make their Way
Thro' Hills of Snow, and pitifully Bray,
Assaults with Dint of Swords or pointed Spears,
And homeward on his Back the joyful Burthen bears.
The Men to subterranean Caves retreat,
Secure from Cold, and crowd the cheerful Fire;
With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
Their jovial Nights in Frolicks and in Play
They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away;
And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets cheer
Of windy Cyder, or of barmy Beer:
Such are the cold Ripbeen Race, and such
The Savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch;
Where Skins of Beasts the rude Barbarians wear,
The Spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.
Then when the fleecy Skies new-cloath the Wood,
And Cakes of rustling Ice come rowling down the Flood.
When gagg'd with Ice the Waves no longer roar,
But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shore.
When naked Hills in frozen Armour stand.
Behold yon Mountains hoary Height,
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winter's Weight
Oppres't the lab'ring Woods below;
And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid Ground.
With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
And feed the genial Heat with Fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires.
Wisdom's too forward to let any find
Trust in himself, or Pleasure in his Mind;
She takes by what she gives; her Help destroys;
She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys.  
Wisdom's an Evenness of Soul,
A steady Temper which no Cares control,
No Passions ruffle, no Desires inflame;
Still constant to itself, and still the same.

The Wife and Active conquer Difficulties
By daring to attempt them: 'Sloth and Folly
Shiver and shrink at Sight of Toil and Hazard,
And make th'Impossibility they fear.
But Wisdom is too great a Slave,
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.

Vain boast of Wisdom,
That with fantastick Pride, like busy Children,
Builds Paper-Towns and Houses, which at once
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and loosely scatters.

Wishless.  See Content.

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or knowing it, pursue!
How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But when we have our Wish, we wish undone?
Whole Houses of their whole Desires possess'd,
Are often ruin'd at their own Request.
In Wars and Peace things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Desire:

So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our Pain.

With Lawrels some have fatally been crown'd,
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that un navigable Stream were drown'd.
Some ask for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate.
All with the dire Prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the Pow'r, who want the Will.

'Tis plain from hence, that what our Vows require,
Are hurtful Things, or useless at the best.
Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,
We know not what to wish, nor what to fear.
We go afield
In ev'ry field, and know not how to pray:
For he, who grasp'd the World's exhausted Store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more;
Rais'd a Top-heavy Tow'r of monstrous Height,
Which mould'ring crum'd him underneath the Weight.  

What then remains; are we depriv'd of Will?
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing Ill?
Receive my Counsel, and securely move:
Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want.
In Goodness as in Greatness they excel;
Oh! that we lov'd our selves but half so well!  

W I T.

A thousand different Shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand Shapes appears.
'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,
Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast,
Nor florid Talk, which can this Title gain,
The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.
'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet,
With their five gouty Feet;
All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,
And Reason the inferior Pow'rs controul.
Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each Part;
That shews more Cost than Art;
'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noise,
(Jests for Dutch Men, and English Boys,)
In which who finds out Wit, the fame may see
In Anagrams and Acrostick Poetry.

Much less can that have any Place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face:
Such Drools the Fire must purge away:
'Tis just

The Author bluffs, where the Reader must,
'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,
When Bajazet begins to rage:
Nor a tall Metaphor in the bombast Way,
Nor the dry Chips of short-Lung'd Seneca:
Nor upon all things to intrude
And force some odd Similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Pow'r divine,
We only can by Negatives define?
In a true Piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree.
As in the Ark, joyn'd without Force or Strife,
All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life.
Or as the Primitive Forms of all,
Which without Discord and Confusion lie,
In that strange Mirrour of the Deity.
'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Dazzling our Minds, sets off the lightest Rhymes.
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun.
Wit like a luxuriant Vine,
Unles to Virtue's Prop it joyn,
Firm and erect tow'd Heav'n bound.
Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd and rotting on the Ground.
Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.
Wit, like Tierce Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglect'd lies, and's of no Use at all;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.
Unequally th'impartial Hand of Heav'n,
Has all but this one only Blessing giv'n.
In Wit alone't has been munificent,
Of which so just a Share to each is sent,
That the most avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought, the due Division's such,
His own too little, or his Friend's too much:
Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.
Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights.
Th'Extremes of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same.
No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More Foll'wers, than a Thief to th'Gallows.

W I T C H. See Despair, Necromancer.
What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire,
That look not like th'Inhabitants of the Earth,
And yet are on it? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy Fingers laying
Upon her skinny Lips.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And see which Grain will grow, and which will not;
I conjure you by that which you profess,
To answer me,

Tho'
Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight
Against the Churches; tho' the yeasty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up:
Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;
Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads:
Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope
Their Heads to their Foundations:
Ev'n till Destruction sicken, answer me.

The mumbling Beldam mutters thus her Charms.

On the Corner of the Moon
Hangs a vap'rous Drop profound,
I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground:
Which distill'd by magick Slights,
Shall raise artificial Sprights.
Thrice the brindled Cat has mew'd,
Twice and once the Hedge-pig whin'd:
Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time:
Round about the Cauldron go,
In the poyson'd Entrails throw:
Pour in Sow's Blood that has eaten
Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweet
From the Murtherer's Gibbet throw
Into the Flame.
Toad that under the cold Stone
Days and Nights has thirty one
Swel'ter'd Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed Pot.
Fillet of a fenny Snake
In the Cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
Adder's Fork, and blind-Worm's Sting,
Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,
For a Charm of pow'rful Trouble,
Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.
Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Woolf,
Witch's Mummy, Maw and Gulph
Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yeugh,
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips;
Finger of a Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a Tyger's Chaldron
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron,
Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then our Charm is firm and good.  

Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices, on the Plain
He howls a Woof among the hungry Train;
And oft the mighty Negromancer boasts,
With these to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts,
And from the Roots to tear the standing Corn,
Which whirl'd aloft to distant Fields is born:
Such is the Strength of Spells.  

Pale Phæbe, drawn by Verse, from Heav'n descends,
And Circe chang'd with Charms Ulysses Friends.
Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake,
And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake;
Verse fires the frozen Veins.
Renown'd for magick Arts, her Charms unbind
The Chains of Love, or fix'em to the Mind;
She stops the Currents, leaves the Channel dry,
Repels the Stars, and backward beats the Sky.
The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call,
Pale Ghosts ascend, and Mountain Athes fall.

I saw Canidus here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loo'e her flaky Hair;
With her fierce Sagana went stalking round,
Their hideous Howling thock the trembling Ground.
A Palene's, casting Horrour round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haste:
A Cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore.
By this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell;
And Anfwers to their wild Demands compel.
Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool.
The waxen was a little puling Fool,
A chidden Image, ready still to skip
Whene'er the woollen one but snap'd his Whip:
On Hecate aloud this Beldam calls,
Tiphone as loud the other bawls.
A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compafs'd all the Garden round.
Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
The Moon skull'd down, or out of Shame or Fright.

Not uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air, she comes
Lur'd with the Smell of Infant-Blood, to dance
With Lapland Witches, while the lab'ring Moon
Eclipses at their Charms.

Mil.
But
But see, they’re gone,  
The Earth has Bubbles as the Waters has,  
And these are of them: They vanish’d  
Into the Air, and what seem’d corporal  
Melted as Breath into the Wind.  

Shak. Macb.

W O O LF.

So roams the nightly Woolf about the Fold,  
Wet with descending Show’rs, and stiff with Cold;  
He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain,  
His gnashing Teeth are exercise’d in vain;  
And impotent of Anger, finds no Way  
In his distended Paws to grasp the Prey.  
The Mothers listen, but the bleating Lambs  
Securely swing the Dug beneath the Dams.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Woolf, pinch’d by nocturnal Cold  
And Hunger-starv’d, scour’s round the lofty Fold;  
He licks his rabbid Jaws, and seems posses’d  
Already of his Prey, and bloody Feast.  
He offers oft to enter, while the Lambs  
Affrighted tremble round their bleating Dams.

Blac.

As hungry Wolves, with raging Appetite,  
Scour through the Fields, nor fear the stormy Night;  
Their Whelps at home expect the promis’d Food,  
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood.

Dryd. Virg.

Whom Hunger drives to seek new Haunts for Prey,  
Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve,  
In huddled Cotes amid the Field secure,  
Leaps o’er the Fence with ease into the Fold.  
So siezes the grim Woolf the tender Lamb,

Mils.

In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.  
As when the Woolf has torn a Bullock’s Hide,  
At unawares, or ranch’d a Shepherd’s Side,  
Conscious of his audacious Deed he flies,  
And claps his quiv’ring Tail between his Thighs.  

Dryd. Virg.

Such Rage inflames the Woolf’s wild Heart and Eyes,  
Robb’d, as he thinks, unjustly of his Prize;  
Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws  
The bleating Lamb from out his rav’rous Jaws.  
The Shepherd fain himself he would affail,  
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail:  
He knows his Foe’s too strong, and must be gone;  
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

Cowl.

L Y C A O N turn’d into a Woolf.

The Tyrant in a Fright for Shelter gains  
The neigh’ring Fields, and scour’s along the Plains:  
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,  
But human Voice his brutal Tongue forsook;  

About
About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
And breathing Slaughter, still with Rage he burns,
But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns.
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs,
Cleaves to his Back, a famish'd Face he bears,
His Arms descend, his Shoulders sink away,
To multiply his Legs for Chace of Prey.
He grows a Woolf, his Hoariness remains,
And the same Rage in other Members reigns;
His Eyes still sparkle in a narrower Space,
His Jaws retain the Grin and Violence of Face.  Dryd. Ovid.

ROMULUS and REMUS nurs'd by a Woolf.

The Cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy Greens;
There by the Woolf were laid the martial Twins;
Intrepid on her swelling Dugs they hung,
The Foster-Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue;
They suck'd secure, while bending back her Head, (Dryd. Virg.
She lick'd their tender Limbs, and form'd them as they fed.

WOMAN.

Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst:
Your Sex, by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on! a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,

Oh Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman!
Made from the Drofs and Refuge of a Man:
Heav'n took him sleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking he had ne'er contented.  Dryd. Span. Fry.

Out of my Sight thou Serpent, that Name beft
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false,
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
Like his, and Colour serpentine, may shew
Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee.  Milf.

Thy all is but a Show,
Rather than solid Virtue; all but a Rib,
Crooked by Nature. Oh why did God,
Creator wife, that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate Mankind?
Ah Traitors! Ah ingrate! Ah faithless Mind!
Ah Sex invented first to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up for Sin;
Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within:
Hence by, no Judgment you your Love direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong affect.
So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
That Love to others still remains unfix'd.
Greatness, and Noise, and Shew, are your Delight;
Yet wise Men love you in their own Despight:
And finding in their native Wit no Ease,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please.

Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right: You're always false,
Or silly; ev'n your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites: You think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none:
To Day you're nice, to Morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown, now sorrowful, then glad.
Now pleas'd, now not, and all you know not why.
Virtue you affect; Inconstancy you practice;
And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast:
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down.

The Sex was first in Mock'ry of us made;
They are the false, deceitful Glasse, where
We gaze, and dress our selves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is it Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
Where Fops have daily Entrance: Make a Priest,
Forgotten the Hypocrisy of's Office,
Dance and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn.
Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge
Put on false Hair and Paint: And after all,
Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.

For'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearance:
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of intellectual Complexions;
And dawb their Tempers o'er with Washes,
As artificial as their Faces.

Who can describe
Their Affectation, Pride, Ill Nature, Noise,
Proneness to change, ev'n from the Joy that pleas'd them:
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety.

That
That for another's Love, they would forego
An Angel's Form to mingle with a Devil's.
Thro' ev'ry State and Rank of Men they wander,
Till ev'n their large Experience takes in all
Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires inhabit:
But all that gaze upon them are undone.
For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety.
One Lover to another still succeeds;
Another, and another after that,
And the last Fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the Herd that went before him.
Fair Pmk.
Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt,
That shook her Soul, tho' damn'd Diffimulation
Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to publick View
A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty.
Oh false Appearance! What is all our Sov'reignty,
Or boasted Pow'r, when they oppose their Arts?
Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools:
With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
The first fair She beguil'd her easy Lord:
Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare:
Nor could believe that such a heav'nly Face,
Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched Race.
Fawm Pmk. Row.
Henceforth not name a Woman;
'Tis Treason to my Ear. They are
The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Pow'r!
The Cause of all our Mischief, Murders, Massacres!
What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages?
Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
And faster damn'd than Providence can save.
Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold,
But Womankind in Ills is ever bold.
Oh Woman, Woman, Woman! All the Gods
Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Men,
As you of doing Harm!
Dryd. All for Lov.
I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman!
Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty!
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman!
Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid at last old Troy in Ashes? a Woman!
Who loth Mark Antony the World? a Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Woman, to Man first as a Blessing given,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray:
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil he saw, he chang'd her Love.
To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

But I forget my self, and rove
Beyond th'Instruction of my Love:
Forgive me, Fair! and only blame
Th'Extravagancy of my Flame;
Since 'tis too much at once to show
Excess of Love and Temper too:
All I have said that's bad and true;
Was never meant to aim at you.

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made you
To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Under how hard a Fate are Women born!
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn.
If we want Beauty we of Love despair,
And are besieged like Frontier-Towns, if Fair.
How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man!
In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid Father dictates to our Will's,
And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand:
To his, the Tyrant Husband's Reign succeeds:
Proud with Opinion of superiour Reason,
He holds domestick Buffines and Devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloyster'd Ideots, from the World's Acquaintance;
And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high Souls, but to affer our selves,
Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,
And claim an equal Empire o'er the World.

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your Snare;
Expos'd to Trials, made too frail to bear.
Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate;
Their Love's inexpressible as their Hate;
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
No ill Request can afface their Love.

K k
For I who made them, know their inward State:
No Woman, once well-pleas’d, can thoroughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty to subdue the Strong;
A mighty Empire! But it lasts not long:
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
But in Exchange, to Men I Flatt’ry gave.
Th’offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise.  

*Spoken by Jupiter.*

Why was I made with all my Sex’s Softness,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
I'll see *Castalia*; tax him with his Falshood;
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs,
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

A strange diffembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we ourselves deceive.
Long has my secret Soul lov’d *Troilus*:
I drunk his Praisès from my Unkle’s Mouth,
As if my Ears could ne’er be satisfy’d.
Why then, why said I not, I love this Prince?
How could my Tongue confirme against my Heart,
To lay I lov’d him not. O childish Love!
’Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And what he most desires, he throws away.  

*Shak. Trail. & Cref.*

Forbidding me to follow, she invites me:
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex;
I gave them but one Tongue to say us Nay,
And two kind Eyes to grant.  *

*Dryd. Amph.*  

Spoken by Jupiter.

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.  

*Dryd. Oedip.*

Hard Fate of Lovers, subject to our Laws!
Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway,
For none but Fools will Womankind obey:
If they prove stubborn, and resist our Will,
We exercise our Pow’r, and use ‘em ill:
The passive Slave, that whines, adores, and dies,
Sometimes we pity, but we still despise:
But when we doat, the self-same Fate we prove;
Fools at the best, but double Fools in Love.
We rage at first with ill-disssembled Scorn;
Then, falling from our height, more basely mourn;
And Man, th’ insulting Tyrant, takes his Turn;
Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Mistress in his Arms:
And that which humbles our proud Sex the most,
Of all our slighted Favours makes his Boast.  

*Dryd. Cleom.*

Some
Some with a Husband-Fool, but such are cuthst;
For Fools perverse of Husbands are the Worst:
All Women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our Spouses see, but with our Eyes!
For Fools will prate, and tho' they want the Wit
To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit:
Tho' better for their Ease to hold their Tongue;
For Womankind was never in the Wrong:
So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life, (of Bath's Tale.
The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife. Dryd. The Wife:
Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust;
So many of your Sex would not in vain
Of broken Vows, and faithless Men complain.
Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd?
 Convinc'd by Reason, they your Pow'r confess;
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your Worth, can never love you less. Row.
Women, like Summer-Storms, a while are cloudy,
Surf out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'r's;
But strait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair Horizon is serene. Row. Tamer.
Women, to the brave an easy Prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way. Dryd. Pal. & Art:
For Women born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
Who first the generous Steed opprest,
Not kneeling did salute the Beast;
But with high Courage, Life, and Force
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horse.
Unwifely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them opprest
With Tyrant's Force, whose Law is Will;
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each Nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less Rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty Lasses bright and young,
And beckons to the willing Dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present Flame;
Behold as many Gallants here;
With modest Guise, and silent Fear;
All to one Female Idol bend,
Whilst her high Pride does scarce descend.
To mark their Follies, he would swear
That these her Guards of Eunuchs were;
And that a more majestic Queen,
Or humbler Slaves he had not seen.
   
For Women, you know, seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn Tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desperate Attacks.
   
They wound like Parthians, while they fly,
And kill with a retreating Eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes.
   
W O R D S.

Words with the Leaves of Trees Resemblance hold,
In this Respect; where ev'ry Year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:
Death is the Fate of all things here below.
If Man, and Nature's Works submit to Fate,
Much less must Words expect a lasting Date:
Many, which we approve for current now,
In the next Age out of Request will grow:
And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,
If Custom please, from whom their Force they draw,
Which of our Speech is the sole Judge and Law.

Words are but the Pictures of our Thoughts.
His Words replete with Guile,
Into her Heart too ease Entrance won.
In her Ears the Sound
Yet rung of his persuasive Words, impregn'd
With Reason, to her Seeming, and with Truth.

Teach me, some Pow'r, that happy Art of Speech,
To dress my Purpose up in gracious Words;
Such as may softly steal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempestuous Passions.

W O R L D.

The World's a stormy Sea,
Whose ev'ry Breath is strew'd with Wrecks of Wretches.
That daily perish in it.
Where solid Pains succeed our senseless Joys,
And short liv'd Pleasures fleet like passing Dreams.
The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,
Tho' by a different Path each goes astray.
The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men,
Walk up and down to find their Weariness:
No sooner have we measur'd with much Toil,
One crooked Path in hope to gain our Freedom,  
But it betrays us to a new Affliction.  
Beau. Night-walker.  

W O R M S. See Creation.  

W O U N D S.  

His Face and Limbs were one continu’d Wound;  
Dishonest, with loft Arms the Youth appears,  
Spoil’d of his Nofe, and shorten’d of his Ears.  
Dryd. Virg.  
Then with a speeding Thrust his Heart he found;  
The lake-warm Blood came rushing thro’ the Wound,  
And sanguin Streams distain’d the sacred Ground.  
Dryd. Virg.  
Scars of Honour seam’d his manly Face.  
Biac.  
With many a Wound she made her Bosom gay,  
Her Wounds like Floodgates, did themselves displa’y,  
Thro’ which Life ran in scarlet Streams away.  
Lee Nero.  

The yawning Wound  
Gush’d out a purple Stream, and stain’d the Ground.  
Dryd. Virg.  
The gaping Wound gush’d out a crimson Flood.  
Dryd. Virg.  
Like dumb Mouths, his Wounds  
Open’d their ruby Lips.  

There Duncan lay;  
His silver Skin lac’d with his golden Blood,  
And his gath’d Stabs look’d like a Breach in Nature  
For Ruin’s wasteful Entrance.  
Shak. Macth.  
Old as I am, and quench’d with Scars and Sorrows,  
Yet could I make this wither’d Arm do Wonders;  
And open in an Enemy such Wounds,  
Mercy would weep to look on.  
Roch. Valent.  

They made bare their Breasts,  
Lac’d with long Scars and studded o’er with Thrusts,  
The noble Wardrobe of the Scarlet War.  
Lee Mith.  
He bare his Breast, and shew’d his Scars,  
As of a furrow’d Field, well plough’d with Wars.  
Dryd. Ov.i.d.  
Close by each other laid they press’d the Ground,  
Their manly Bosoms pierc’d with many a grievely Wound.  
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,  
But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear:  
The wand’ring Breath was on the Wing to part,  
Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav’d the Heart.  
W R E T C H.  

Look who comes here! a Grave unto a Soul:  
Holding th’eternal Spirit gainst her Will,  
In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath.  

To be a Dog, and dead,  
Were Paradise to such a State as his;  
He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion,  
With strong Reluctance, and convulsive Strugglings:  
While his Misfortunes press him to disgorgé it.  
Row. Tamer.  

To
To know no Thought of Rest, to have the Mind
Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,
Where one Dishonour treads upon another,
What know the Fiends beyond it!
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity,
But's happier far than me: For I have known
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; Ev'ry Night
Have slept with loft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning:
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose Blossoms 'scap'd, but's wither'd in the Rip'ning.

Then looking on the neighb'ring Woods, we saw
The ghastly Visage of a Man unknown:
An uncouth Feature, meagre, pale and wild;
Afflictions foul and terrible Dismay
Sat on his Looks: His Face impair'd and worn
With Marks of Famine, speaking fore Distress;
His Locks were tangled, and his shaggy Beard
Matted with Filth.

Then from the Wood there bolts before our Sight,
Somewhat, botwixt a Mortal and a Sprite;
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of Flesh, he scarce resembled Man.
This Thing all tatter'd was; shaggy his Beard:
His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs.

YE A R.
Perceiv'lt thou not the Proces of the Year:
How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,
Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
Helplesfs, though fresh, and wanting to be fed.
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
Then laughs the childish Year with Flowrets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the Fields around.
But no substantial Nourishment receives;
Infirm the Stalks, un sólid are the Leaves,
Proceeding onward whence the Year began;
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man:
This Season, as in Men, is most replete
With kindly Moisture, and prolific Heat.
Autumn succceeds, a sober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
More than mature, and tending to Decay.
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.
Less Winter sweeps along with tardy Pace;
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.
His Scalp, if not dishonour’d quite of Hair,
The ragged Fleece is thin; and thin is worse than base. Dryd. Ov.

YO U T H.

The Spring of Life. The Bloom of gawdy Years.
Before the tender Nerves had strung his Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. Shak. Troil. & Cres.
Then, past a Boy, the callow Down began
To shade my Chin, and call me first a Man.
The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,
And blooming Beauty grac’d his youthful Years.
Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly,
Sweets that wanton i’th’Bosom of the Spring,
In Winter’s cold Embraces die.
Secure those golden early Joys,
That Youth, unfowrd with Sorrow, bears;
E’er with’ring Time the Taste destroys,
With Sicknes and unwieldy Years.
For active Sports, for pleasing Reft,
This is the Time to possess’d !
The Best is but in Season best.
The pointed Hour of promis’d Bliss,
The pleasing Whisp’r in the Dark,
The half-unwilling willing Kifs,
The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark.
When the kind Nymph would Coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain. Dryd. Hor.

In Youth alone unhappy Mortals live;
But ah! the mighty Bliss is fugitive:
Discolour’d Sicknes, anxious Labours come,
And Age, and Death’s inexorable Doom. Dryd. Virg.

All the good Wine of Life our drunken Youth devours,
Sourness and Lees, which to the Bottom sink,
Remain for latter Years to drink;
Untill some one, offended with the Taste,
The Vessel breaks, and out the wretched Reliques run at last.
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The Vi’let sweet, but quickly past the Prime.
White Lillies hang their Heads, and soon decay,
And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away:
Such, and so with’ring is our blooming Youth.

Dryd. Theoc.
Grief seldom joyn’d with blooming Youth is seen;
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been?
Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does; unlucky Age misguide. How. Ind. Queen.

K E A L
ZEAL.
Zeal is the pious Madness of the Mind. 
And Confidence in Sin, when mix'd with Zeal,
Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well.

Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant;
And Independants to profes
The Doctrine of Dependances:
Turns meek and sneaking secret Ones
To Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody-bones:
And not content with endless Quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The Ghiblin's for want of Guelfs,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.

ZONES.
Five Girdles bind the Skies: The torrid Zone
Glows with the passing and re-passing Sun.
Far on the Right and Left, th' Extremes of Heav'n
To Frosts and Snows and bitter Blasts are giv'n.
Between the midst and these, the Gods assign'd
Two habitable Seats for Human-kind:
And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway:
Two Poles turn round the Globe: One seen to rise
O'er Scythian Hills, and one in Lybian Skies.
The first sublime in Heav'n: The last is whirl'd
Below the Regions of the nether World.
Around our Pole the sipy Dragon glides,
And, like a wand'ring Stream, the Bears divide:
The less and greater, who by Fate's Decree
Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea.
There, as they say, perpetual Night is found,
In Silence brooding on th'unhappy Ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our Northern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.
And when on us she breathes the living Light,
Red Vesper kindles there the Tapers of the Night.

And as five Zones th' Ethereal Regions bind,
Five correspondent are to Earth assign'd.
The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone.
The two beneath the distant Poles complain,
Of endless Winter, and perpetual Rain.
Betwixt the Extremes two happier Climates hold,
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.

FINIS.
Quelque sujet qu'on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,
Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la Rime;
L'un l'autre vainement ils semblent se bair,
La Rime est un esclave, & ne doit qu'obéir.
Lors qu'à la bien chercher d'abord on s'évertue,
L'esprit à la trouver aisément s'habitue ;
Au joug de la Raison sans peine elle fléchit,
Et loin de la gêner, la sert & l'enrichit.
Mais lors qu'on la néglige, elle devient rebelle,
Et pour la rattraper, le sens court après elle.

Boileau.
The PREFACE.

THIS Dictionary contains a Collection of such Words only, as both for their Sense and Sound are judged most proper for the Rhymes of Heroick Poetry.

For which Reason are omitted:

I. All Burlesque Words, and such whose Signification can be employed only in Subjects of Drollery.

II. All uncommon Words, and that are of a generally unknown Signification; as the Names of Diffusers that are unusual; most of the Terms of Arts and Sciences; all proper Names both of Persons and Places; together with all Pedantic hard Words, whose Sound is generally as harsh and unpleasing as their Sense is dark and obscure.

III. All Base, Low Words; by which I mean such as are never met with but in the Mouth of the Vulgar, and never used, either in Conversation or Writing, by the better and more polite Sort of People. The French call them Des Nus Bas, but our Language scarce allows us a Term to distinguish them. And if any such are inserted, the Reason is, because they are used in a Figurative, as well as in their proper Signification: Thus Starch properly signifies only that which Landdressers use, to stiffen Linnen; in which Sense, it can hardly find Place in an Heroick Poem; but in its Figurative it may: For 'tis used to express an Action done with Affection, and we say a Starch'd, for a formal, stiff, affected Person. Therefore I have not omitted it, nor any of the like Nature.

IV. All Obsolete, Spurious, and Miscompounded Words, which are unworthy the Dignity of Style, requir'd in an Heroick Poem; e.g. Dittio debeas ete perfetta, & absolute.

V. All the Words that ought not to end a Verse; as the Particles An, And, As, Of, The, &c. together with all the Words of more than three Syllables that have their Accent upon the fourth Syllable from the last; as Dissolute, Niggardliness, Vindicated, and the like, whose Accent being too far removed from their final Syllable, they ought never to end a Verse in any Sort of Poetry whatsoever.

VI. The Terminations that have not more than one Word that can be employed to end a Verse in Heroick Poetry. Thus because there are no Words that rhyme to Badge but Edge and Gadge; the first of which is a Low Word, and the last very uncommon, being a Term in Falconry, and known but to a few, the Termination ADGE is entirely omitted.

VII. All the Words that end in Mute E, preceded by the Liquid
The P R E F A C E.

Liquid L and another Consonant; as those in ELE, CLE, DLE, &c. For, besides that most of them are double Rhymes, all which, as shall be said hereafter, are excluded this Dictionary, the Sound of their last Syllable is so very weak and languishing, that the Verses that end in any of them can never be graceful in the Delivery, nor pleasing to the Ear.

VIII. Almost all the Words that are compounded with any of the Particles, Our, Rs or Us; for they may not only be easily form’d from their Simples, which are to be found under their respective Terminations, but are so very numerous in our Language, that to have inserted them, would have increas’d this Dictionary to a far greater bulk than the Volume would permit: For this last Reason, and for that they are seldom employ’d at the End of Verses, most of the Polysyllables in AL, ANCE, ANT, ATE, ENCE, ENT, ESS, OUS, and Y preceded by a Consonant, which are the Terminations with which our Language most abounds, have found no Place here. As have not likewise, because they are all double Rhymes, any of the Words in ION, or of the Polysyllables in ING, of both which there is an infinite Number. This Dictionary would likewise have been swell’d to a much larger Volume, had the same Word been inserted several times, according to its different Significations; As Beam, a great Piece of Timber in Building; Beam of a Coach or Waggon; Beam of a Stag; Beam of a Balance; Beam or Ray of Light, &c. But fearing to be too prolix in a Work of this Nature, I have not done it. However, the Words, which, tho’ written alike, differ both in Sense and Sound, are inserted severally, according to their various Pronuntiations. Thus Bow is plac’d twice under the Termination OW: First among the Words whose W is silent, as Crow, Grow, &c. And then among those whose W is sound’d; as Grow, View, &c. Among the first ’tis a Noun, and signifies the Weapon so call’d; and several other things. Among the last, a Verb, to Bow or Bend.

IX. All the Terminations that contain only Derivative Words. Thus because there are no Words that end in AILD, but the Participles of the Verbs in AIL, the Termination AILD is omitted; it being easy to find all the Words of those Rhymes by looking for the Termination of their Primitives: For Example, to find the Rhymes to Prevail’d, consider it to be the Participle of the Verb Prevail, whose Termination is AIL. See AIL, and you shall find Hail, Sail, Bewail, and all the other Verbs of that Rhyme, whose Participles are the only Words that rhyme to Prevail’d.

X. Lastly, the Terminations ASM, ISM, and OSM; not only because they contain none but uncommon Words, deriv’d from the Greek, but also because they properly belong to the double Rhymes; all which, as well as most of the treble, are
are, for the Reafons allledged in the Rules for making Verfe, omitted in this Collection. Which, as I faid before, is composed of a fecent Number of fuch ufual Words as are of the best Sense, and that for the Agreeableness of their Sound are most proper to be employ'd in the Rhymes of Heroick Verfe.

Thus having given a short Account of the Words omitted in this Dictionary; it will be neccesary to fay something of the Method and Disposition of thofe that are contain'd in it.

In looking for a Word, consider the five Vowels A,E,I,O,U; and begin at the Vowel that precedes the laft Confonant of the Word; For Example, to find Perswade; and the Words that rhyme to it, D is the laft Confonant, A the Vowel that precedes it, look for ADE, and you will find Made, Fade, In-quake, and all the other Words of that Rhyme.

In like manner, if a Word end in two or more Confonants, begin at the Vowel that immediately precedes the first of them: For Example, Land; N is the first of the final Confonants, A the Vowel that precedes it, See AND, and you will find Band, Stand, Command, &c.

But if a Diphthong, that is to fay two or more Vowels together, precedes the laft Confonant or Confonants of a Word, begin at the first of those two Vowels; Thus to find the Rhymes to Difdain, look not for IN, but for AIN, and you will find Brain, Chain, Gain, &c.

To find a Word that ends in a Diphthong, preceded by a Confonant; begin only at the firt Vowel of the Diphthong: For Example, to find the Rhymes to Subdue, look for UE, and you will find Clue, Due, Enfue, &c.

All the Words that end in a single Vowel, preceded by a Confonant, are found by looking for that Vowel only. Except always the Words that end in Mute E, which are constantly found by the fame Method that has been already prefcribed for finding the Rhymes to Perswade, whose final E is silent, and serves only to lengthen the Sound of the A in the laft Syllable.

Except also the Words in Y, which are plac'd under the Termination IE, not only because their Sound is exactly the fame, but also because they may be indifferently written either with a Y or IE, as Dy or Die, Ly or Lie, Defy or Defi, &c.

The Words that rhyme strictly one to another, tho' they differ in Orthography, are plac'd under the fame Termination. Thus the Words in AIGN, AIN, ANE, EIGN, and EIN, are plac'd together, becaufe their Terminations have exactly the fame Sound: But as there are more Words in AIN, than in any other of thofe Terminations, I have plac'd them all under AIN; and from their respective Terminations have referred thither.

The Verbs are only in the Infinitive, and the Nouns in the
Singular; and from the Terminations to which any Tense, Person, or Participle of a Verb, or any Plural of a Noun rhymes, I have, I say, also the third Person present of the Verbs, and Plurals of the Nouns in AT, EIGH, and ET. The Reader is desir'd to see those Terminations, and from the Primitive Words of them, as Day, Ray, Delay, Neigh, Convey, &c he will easily form Days, Rays, Delays, Neighs, Conveys, &c., all which rhyme perfectly to the Words in AZE.

So after the Rhymes in ADE, I say, also the Participles of the Verbs in AT, EIGH, and ET. See the Verbs of those Terminations, and by forming their Participles, you will find they all rhyme to the Words in ADE; as from Play, Neigh, Convey, &c. Play'd, Neigh'd, Convey'd, &c.

I have observ'd the like Method thro' the whole Course of this Dictionary, as to all the regular Nouns and Verbs: But the Tenses, Persons, and Participles of all the Irregular Verbs, and Plurals of all the Irregular Nouns, are found under the several Terminations to which they rhyme. Thus Fought, Sought, Thought, are plac'd under OUGHT, without referring to IGHT, EEK, INK, the Termination of the Verbs Fight, Seek, Think, from whence they are deriv'd. Men is plac'd under EN, without referring to AN, the Termination of its Singular, Man.

Observe therefore, that whenever I say Persons, or Participles of Verbs, or Plurals of Nouns, I mean only of such as are Regular in their Formation; the Irregular being always found under the Terminations to which they rhyme.

Observe also that the Participles and Preterperfect Tenses of all the Regular Verbs being exactly the same, whenever I had occasion to refer to them I have made choice of the Word Participle, rather than Preterperfect Tense.

Some Words are plac'd twice, because they are pronounc'd differently, as Draught; which Dryden rhymes both to the Words in AFT, and OUGHT; and therefore I have put it under both those Terminations.

But as there are several Words, whose Terminations, tho' different in Writing, are pronounc'd alike; so there are others that agree in Orthography, but differ in Sound. Thus the Words in ASE have two different Sounds; some of them are pronounc'd like ACE, others like AZE; the first of which I have plac'd under ACE, the latter under AZE, and from the Termination ASE have refer'd to the two other.

The Words in OVE have three different Sounds, as Love, Prove, Rove; and though they are all plac'd under their own Termination, yet they do not in Strictness rhyme to one another. Therefore to distinguish them from each other, a little
Space is left in the Printing between the different Rhymes.

There are also several other Terminations of like Nature, whose different Sounds are distinguish'd in like manner.

I have already said that all the Double and most of the Treble Rhymes are omitted in this Alphabet; yet by observing the Method I am going to propose, the greatest Part of the Double Rhymes may be discover'd.

Most of our Double Rhymes consist in derivative Words, and terminate either in ED, ER, ES, EST, ING, or LY.

Derivative Words are those that are form'd from Primitives, which must be either Verbs or Nouns. The Primitive of a Verb is the Infinitive; the Primitive of a Noun is the Nomina
tive Singular.

Now all the Derivative Words, whose Primitives are ac
cented on the last Syllable, and that are form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to their Primitives, thereby become Double Rhymes.

For it is a Rule, (and I think without any Exception) That all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is to say, on the same Syllable: From whence it follows, that the Accent that was on the last Syllable of a Primitive, or Original Word, must be on the last Syl
e of its Derivative, if it be form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to its Primitive; from whence it consequent
tly follows, that such a Derivative must be a Double Rhyme. For Example, to E\n\n
Arisf are Primitives, accented upon the last Syllable, and therefore are Single Rhymes: E\n\n
A\n\n
\n\n
form'd from them by adding the Syllable ING, and being ac
cented on the last Syl\nne, thereby become Double Rhymes.

Now to find the Rhymes to E\n\n
To\n\n
s\n\n
\n\n
Evading, and Arising are Gerunds form'd from them by adding the Syllable ING, and being ac
cented on the last Syl\nne, thereby become Double Rhymes. Now to find the Rhymes to E\n\n
As from Fades, Wade, Fow\n\n
\n\n
\n\n
F\n\n
choosing, &c. Fading, Wading, Posing, &c. In like manner to find the Rhyme to Arising, see ISE, and you will find Advise, Chastise, Distr
de off, and many other; whose Gerunds all rhyme to Arising; as Advising, Cha
\n\n
\n\n
The Observation of this Rule only will lead you to the Dis
cov•

The
The Double Rhymes in ED are generally only the Participles of the Regular Verbs; of which there are two Sorts: One that will admit of an Elision of the E that precedes their Consonant, and one that will not.

Those that will admit of an Elision always ought to be us'd so; and it is a Fault to make Loved two Syllables, and Amazed three, by which Means they become Double Rhymes; instead of Loved, which is but one Syllable, and Amazed, which is but two, and both of them Single Rhymes.

Those that will not suffer the like Elision, and consequently are Double Rhymes, are only the Participles of the Regular Verbs that end in D or T, or in Mute E preceded by D or T, as from the Verbs to Land, Grant, Persuade, and Hate, are form'd the Participles Landed, Granted, Persuaded, Hated: Which will not admit of such an Elision, and therefore are Double Rhymes. The Method of finding the Rhymes to these Words is the same as has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to the Words in ING; that is to say, by seeking the Terminations of the Infinitives from whence they are form'd; which are AND, ANT, ADE, and ATE.

Many of the Double Rhymes in ER, are either the Comparative Degrees of Adjectives, and form'd by adding ER to their Positive, or Nouns Verbal form'd by the Addition of ER to their Infinitive. For Example, to find a Rhyme to Plainer the Comparative of Plain, see the Termination of the Positive, which is AIN, and you will find the Verb to Gain, from whence is form'd the Noun Verbal Gainer; Pain, from whence the Comparative PAINER; Pajane from whence Pronamer, &c.

The like Method may also be observ'd for finding the Double Rhymes in ES, EST, and LY.

Those in ES, consist of the Third Person Present of the Verbs, and of the Plural Numbers of the Nouns whose final Letters are CE, CH, GE, S, SE, SH, X, or ZE, and that are form'd by adding the Syllable ES to their Primitive.

Those in EST, consist of the Superlative Degrees of Adjectives, form'd by adding EST to their Positives; and of the Second Persons Present of Verbs form'd by adding EST to their Infinitive.

Those in LY, consist in Adverbs form'd from Adjectives, by adding the Syllable LY to their Positive.

This Method may be also useful for finding of Rhymes to Original Words. For Example, to Morning, which being accented on the last fave one, is a Double Rhyme: See the Termination of that Syllable, which is ORN, and you will find Dorm, Adorn, &c. whose Gerunds are, Scorming, Adorning, &c.

There are also several other Double Rhymes that consist in Derivative Words, and may be found by the same Method. Of this Nature are several Participles in EN, that are form'd irre-
irregularly; as Given, Driven, &c. from the Verbs in IVE; Taken, Forsaken, &c. from those in AKE; and some others.

As for the Treble Rhymes inserted in this Dictionary; I have not retain'd them as such, but as they rhyme to the Words accented upon the last Syllable; that is to say, to Single Rhymes: Thus Tenderness rhymes as well to Confess, as to Slen-
derness. Pity to Charity and Jusfly, as well as to Satiety. But the Reason why most of the Treble, and all the Double Rhymes are omitted, may be seen in The Rules for making Verses. And so much for the Matter and Method of the following Alphabet. It may now be expected that I should say something of the Usefulness of it.

And here I will not pretend that it is a Work of such a Nature, as can be of any farther Use to the Publick in general, than as it may be a Help and Ease to those Persons who apply themselves to the making English Verses: And they, I pre-
fume, will reap some Advantage by it; since in a Moment, and without Trouble, they may here find Words, that for a con-
siderable Space of Time their Thoughts have in vain been labouring to recover.

An Instance of this we daily meet with in Conversation; where we often find our selves at a loss for a Word to express our Meaning: Nay, sometimes for the Names of Persons with whom we are conversant enough, and more than personally acquainted.

Besides, I dare almost affirm, that the Difficulty of finding Rhymes, has been the unlucky Caufe that has frequently re-
duced even the best of our Poets to take up with Rhymes that have scarce any Consonance, or Agreement in Sound.

Rhyme is by all allow'd to be the chief Ornament of Ver-
sification in any of the Modern Languages; and therefore the more Exact we are in the Observation of it, the greater Ap-
plause our Productions of that Nature will deservedly chal-
lenge and find:

The Italian, the Spaniards, and the French, and among them Men eminent for their Learning and Parts, have not thought
their Time mispent in composing Dictionaries that contain all
the Words of their Languages, dispos'd Alphabetically accord-
ing to their several Rhymes, and which have been printed in all
Volumes, and receiv'd with general Approbation.

But if after this, and much more that might be added in De-
fence of such a Work, any should be of Opinion that my Time
has been thrown away in this Composition; to such I freely
confess, that while I was about it, I have often reflected on the
Operose nihil agit of Seneca, and apply'd it to my self.
# A Dictionary of Rhymes

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(And the Participles of the Verbs in ACK.)

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Complaint  Capital to end Verses Recall
Constraint  Cardinal 'tis needless to
Restrain  Comical insert them Gaul
Feint  Corporal Bawl
Teint  Criminal ALD. Brawl
AIR. See ARE.  Festival Bald Crawl
AISE. See AZE.  Funeral Scald Scrail
AIT. See ATE.  General Emerald Squail
AITH. v. ATH.  Hospital Apd the Par-ALM.
AIZE. v. AZE.  Interval. ticiples of the Verbs in ALL.
AKE.  Liberal Calm
Ake  Madrigal ALE. See ALL. Balm
Bake  Magical Psalm
Brake  Mineral Pslm
Cake  Mystical Palm
Drake  Musical Qualm
Drake  Natural Becalm
Flake  Original Embalm
Lake  Original ALK. Alms, which
Make  Pastoral rhymes to
Rake  Pedital Nouns, and 3d
Quake  Personal of the Verbs
Sake  Physical of this Termin-
Shake  Poetical nation.
Snake  Political ALL. ALT.
Slake  Principal
Stake  Prodigal All Halt
Take  Prophetical Ball Malt
Wake  Rational Call Sale
Awake  Satirical Fall Exalt
Betake  Reciprocal Gall Revolt
Spake  Rhetorical Hall Fault
Forfike  Several Shall Vault
Mistake  Temporal Stall Assault
Partake  Tragical Small Default
Overtake  Tyrannical Tall
Undertake  Carnival
Bespoke  Schismatical Thrall
AL.  Whimsical Wall ALVE.
Cabal  Arfalen Calve
Canal  There are ma- Salve
Animal  Words of Enthral AM.
Admiral  this Termini- Ama

(a 2)

Cram
Dam
A Dictionary of Rhymes.

Dam  Lamp  Countenance  Understand
Dram  Decamp  Deliverance  Reprimand
Ham  Encamp  Consonance  Aland
Ram  AN.  Diffinence  Dry.
Swarm  Ban  Extravagance  ANE. v. AIN.
Anagram  Bran  Ignorance  ANG.
Epigram  Can  Inheritance  Bang
Damn  Clan  Intemperance  Fang
Lamb  Fan  Maintenance  Gang
AME.  Man  Exorbitance  Hang
Blame  Pan  Ordinance  Pang
Came  Plan  Concordance  Tang
Dame  Ran  Sufferance  Twang
Fame  Scan  Sustenance  Harangue
Flame  Span  Temperance  ANGE.
Frame  Tan  Utterance  Change
Game  Began  Arrogance  Range
Lame  Trepan  Vigilance  Grange
Name  Unman  Expanse  Strange
Same  Foreran  Inhanse  Estrange
Shame  Partisan  ANCH.
Tame  Artisan  Branch  Arrange
Defame  Pelican  Lanch  Exchange
Inflame  Caravan  Blanch  Interchange
Misname  Courtefan  Ranch  ANK.
Became  Swan  Hanch  Bank
Misbecame  Wan  Stanch  Blank
Overcame  These two AND.

Aim  Band
Claim  Brand
Maim  Grand
Acclaim  Hand
Declaim  Land
Disclaim  Rand
Exclaim  Sand
Proclaim  Stand
Reclaim  Strand

AMP.
Camp  Command
Champ  Countermand
Cramp  Demand
Damp  Disband
Stamp  Expand

ANSE. v. ANGE.

ANT.

Cant
A Dictionary of Rhymes

Cant Flap And the Participles of the
Chant Gap ARCH. Verbs in AP.
Grant Hap March
Pant Lap Parch
Plant Map Starch
Rant Pap Bar
Slant Rap Countermarch
Allant Sap AR.
Complaisant Scrap Bard
Displant Snap Card
Enchant Strap Guard
Gallant Tap Hard
Implant Trap Lard
Recant Wrap Nard
Supplant Enwrap Shard
Transplant Mispap Yard
Abfonant Entrap Bombard
Adamant APE. Debar
Arrogant APE. Unbar
Combatant Ape Catarrh
Consonant Cape Particular
Cormorant Chape Perpendicular
Protestant Gape Secular
Significant Grape Angular
Visitant Rape Regular
Covenant Scape Popular
Diffinant Scrape Singular
Disputant Shape Titular
Elegant Escape Vinegar
Elephant Exorbitant Scimitar
Converfant APH. See AFF. ARE.
Extravagant APSE. Calendar
Ignorant Lapse Bare
Insignificant Elapse Biare
Inhabitant Relapse Care
Militant Perhaps Darë
Predominant And the Plural of the Nouns Fare
Sycophant Exorbitant ARB. Knare
Vigilant and Third Per- Scarce Mare
Petulant son Present of And the Plural of the Nouns Rare
Cap APT. son Present of Share
Chap APT. the Verbs in Rare
Clap APT. the Verbs in SnaRE
Crap Adapt Spare

(a3)

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| Delicate |

Note: The list continues with verbs and their meanings, but the table format is not complete in the image.
<p>| Delicate  | Neccessitate  | Eight   | AVE.   |
| Disconsolate | Nominate     | Straight | Brave  |
| Desolate  | Obliterate    | Weight  | Cave   |
| Desperate | Participate   | Height  | Give   |
| Educate   | Passionate   | Conceit | Grave  |
| Effeminate | Penetrate    | Deceit  | Grave  |
| Elevate   | Perpetrator  | Receipt | Have/   |
| Emulate   | Personate    |         | Knave  |
| Esteimate | Potentiate   |         | Lave   |
| Elaborate | Precipitate  |         | Lave   |
| Equivocate | Predetermine |         | Nave   |
| Eradicate | Predominate  |         | Nave   |
| Evaporate | Premeditate  |         | Pave   |
| Exaggerate | Prevaricate  |         | Rave   |
| Exasperate | Procrastinate|         | Save   |
| Expostulate | Prodigate   |         | Shave  |
| Exterminate | Prognosticate|         | Slave  |
| Extricate  | Propagate    |         | Slable |
| Facilitate | Recriminate  |         | Wave   |
| Fortunate | Regenerate   |         | Behave |
| Generate  | Regulate     |         | Deprave|
| Gratulate  | Reiterate    |         | Engrave|
| Heftiate   | Reprobate    |         | Outbrave|
| Illiterate | Reverberate  |         | Forgive|
| Illuminate | Ruminante    |         | Milgave|
| Imitate   | Separate     |         | Architrave|
| Immoderate | Sophisticate |         |        |
| Impetrate | Stipulate    |         |        |
| Importunate | Subjugate   |         |        |
| Imprecate | Subordinate  |         |        |
| Inanimate | Suffocate    |         |        |
| Innovate  | Terminate    |         |        |
| Infiltrate | Tolerate     |         |        |
| Intemperate | Temperate   |         |        |
| Intimate  | Vindicate    |         |        |
| Intimidate | Violate      |         |        |
| Intoxicate | Unfortunate  |         |        |
| Intricate | Bait         |         |        |
| Invalidate | Plait        |         |        |
| Inveterate | Strait       |         |        |
| Inviolate | Wait         |         |        |
| Irritate  | Await        |         |        |
| Legitimate | Great        |         |        |
| Magistrate | Freight      |         |        |
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### A Dictionary of Rhymes

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A Dictionary of Rhymes. 13

Beg
Dreg
LEG.
Held
Geld
Upheld
ELVES.
Elves
Themselves
And the Plural of the Nouns in ELF, and 3d Person Present of the Verbs in ELVE.

EESE. v. EBZE.

EETH. v. EAT.
See
EATH. v. EBZE.
EIGH. See AT.
Withheld
EIGHT. v. ATE.
Beheld
EIGN. v. AIN.
And the Participles of the Verbs in EL.
EIL. See AIL.
EIN. See AIN.
EINT. v. AINT.
EEZE. v. EIZE.
EIR. See ARE.
EEZE.
Breeze
EIT. See ATE.
Elf
Fleeze
EIVE. v. EAWE.
Pelf
Sneeze
EIZE. v. EEZE.
Self
Squeeze
Shelf
Wheeze
Himself
ELL.

Ease
Bell
Cell
ELK.

Grease
Dwell
Dwell

Pleaze
Ell
Fell

Appeaze
Hell

Teaze
Knell

Appenaze
Quell

Difeaze
Sell

Frieze
Shell

Seize
Smell

Diffaze
Spell

Frieze

And the Plural of the Nouns and 3d Yell

Persen Present Befel of the Verbs in Compel

EE.

EEF. v. EAT.
Cleft
Difpel
Excel
Expel

Deft
Foretel

Left
Impel

Theft
Rebel

Weft
Repel

Berest
Refell

EG.
Citadel
Infidel

Egg
Sentinel
Parallel

ELVE.
Delve
Helve

ENCE
A Dictionary of Rhymes.
Presbyter    Verse   ERVE.    Adultereress
Lawgiver    Absterfe    Serve    Bashfulness
Philosopher    Adverfe    Nerve    Bitterness
Astrologer    Averfe    Swerve    Cheerfulness
Loiterer    Converse    Serve    Comfortfulness
Prisoner    Disperse    Confervfe    Comlinefs
Grazshopper    Immerfe    Deferve    Dizziness
Astronomer    Perverfe    Observe    Dicefs
Sepulchre    Reverse    Preferve    Drownefs
Thunderer    Traverfe    Reserve    Eagerness
Traveller    Asperfe    Differve    Eafynefs
Murderer    Intersperfe    Subferve    Embaffadrefs
Usurer    Univerfe    ESS.    Emptinefs

ERCH.    See    Blesfs    Evenness
See    Amerce    Ceffs    Fatherlefs
EARCH.    Coerce    Chefs    Filthinefs
ERGE.    Commerce    Drefs    Foolifhnefs
See    Fierce    Ghefs    Forgetfulness
ERSE.    Tierce    Lefs    Forwardnefs
    Pierce    Meff    Prowardnefs
    Press    Pref    Fruitfulness
ERD. v. EARD.    And the Plural of the Nouns    Giddinefs
    and Third Per-    Stress    Greedinefs
    fon Present of    and Acquiefce    Gentlenefs
    the Verbs in    Addrefs    Governefs
    ER.    ER.    Happiness
    Absterfe    Afferfs    Haughtinefs
    Verse    Comprefs    Heavinefs
    Emerge    Confefs    Heinousnefs
    Dirge.    Carefs    Hoirinefs
    ERT.    Depref    Hollownefs
    Wert    Digrefs    Holinefs
    Advert    Dilpoffefs    Idlenefs
    Affer    Diffrefs    Lasciviousnefs
    Avert    Excefs    Lawfulness
    Concert    Exprefs    Lazinefs
    Controvert    Imprefs    Lawlinefs
    Difcfern    Opprefs    Lefifnefs
    Quern    Poffefs    Lofinefs
    Divert    Profefs    Lionefs
    Exert    Reriffs    Lowlinefs
    Expert    Reciffs    Manlinefs
    Infert    Reprefs    Maniftefs
    Invert    Redrefis    Mightinefs
    Perverfe    Succefs    Motherlefs
    Subvert    Tranfgress    Motionlefs
    Herfe    Nakedness
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**ESB. v. EEEZ.**

- Breast
- Abreast

**ESH.**

- And the Participles of the Blew

**Flesh**

- Verbs in ESS. Brew

**Fresh**

- (b)

**EWE. v. EAVE.**

- Adieu

**EUM. v. UMB.**

- Purleu

**BWD. v. BUD.**

- Perdue

**LWN.**

- Residue
| EWNE. v. UNE. | Convex | Present of the ticiple of the Verbs in ECK. Verbs in EX. |
| EX. | Complex | Circumflex |
| Sex | And the Plural Number of Next |
| Vex | the Nouns, and Pretex | EXT. | Ext. See At. |
| Annex | Third Person | And the Par-

| IB. | Entice | Heretick | Chide |
| Bib | Device | Rhetorick | Glide |
| Crib | Artifice | Schismatick | Hide |
| Drib | Avarice | Splenetic | Pride |
| Glib | Cockatrice | Lunatick | Ride |
| Nib | Benefice | Afterick | Side |
| Rib | Caticrissce | Politick | Slide |
| Squib | Edifice | Empirick | Stripe |
| IBE. | Orifice | ICT. | Tide |
| Bribe | Precipice | Strick | Wide |
| Scribe | Prejudice | Addict | Bride |
| Tribe | Sacrifice | Afflict | Abide |
| Acribe | Rize | Convitect | Guide |
| Circumscribe | Concise | Inflict | Aside |
| Describe | Paradise | Contradict | A stride |
| Imbibe | ICH. See ITCH. | Interdict | Be side |
| Inscribe | ICK. | And the Par-
| Prescribe | Subdivide | Betide |
| Proscribe | Verbs in ICK. | Confide |
| Subscribe | ICK. | Decide |
| Transcribe | Bid | Deride |
| Superscribe | Chick | Divide |
| ICE. | Kick | Preside |
| Dice | Lick | Provide |
| Ice | Nick | Subside |
| Mice | Quick | Misguide |
| Nice | Sick | IDES. |
| Price | Slick | Ides |
| Rice | Stick | besides |
| Slice | Thick | Which rhyme |
| Spice | Tricke | to the Plurals |
| Thrice | Arithmetick | of the Nouns, |
| Trice | Arithmetic | and Third Per-
<p>| Twice | Cholerick | sons of the |
| Vice | Catholick | Verbs of this |
| Advice | Flegmatick | Termination. |
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A Dictionary of Rhymes.

Neceffity  Gallantry  IEN. v. EEN.  IGN. See INE.
Neutrality  Canopy  IEND. v. END.
Nobility  History  IERCE.  IGUE.
Obscurity  Memory  See  EAGUE.
Opportunity  Victory  ERSE.  IKE.
Partiality  Calumny  IEST. v. EAS.  Dike
Perpetuity  Injury  IEVE v. EAVE.  Like
Pofferity  Luxury  Pike
Priority  Penury  Strike
Prodigality  Perjury  Alike
Prosperity  Usury  IFE.  Spike
Purity  Industry  Fife
Quality  Industry  Knife
Quantity  IBCE. v. EASE.  Life
Scarcity  IEF.  Strife
Security  Chief  Wife
Severity  Fief  BILL
Simplicity  IFF.  Chill
Sincerity  Grief  Drill
Solemnity  Thief  Gill
Sterility  Belief  Fill
Stupidity  Relief  Hill
Trinity  Brief  Ill
Vacuity  Beef  IFT.  Kill
Validity  Leaf  Kill
Vanity  Drift  Mill
Vivacity  Sheaf  Gift
Unanimity  Deaf  Lift
Uniformity  Deaf  Rift
Unity  IEGE.  Shrift
Anxiety  Iege  Skill
Gayety  Siege  Spill
Impiety  Oblige  Still
Piety  Disobligge  Swill
Satiety  Aislege  Thrill
Sobriety  Belsiege  Till
Society  IG.  Trill
Variety  IELD.  Trill
Custody  Field  Fig
Melody  Shield  Pig
Philosophy  Wield  Rig
Astronomy  Yield  Sprig
Anatomy  Afield  Twig
Colony  And the Participles of some  Swig
Gluttony  of the Verbs  IGHE. v. IEGE.
Harmony  in EAL.  IGH. See IE.
Agony  IGH. v. ITE.

(b3)
A Dictionary of Rhymes.

ILD.    Child       Quilt        the Verbs of Assassin
Mild    Guilt       the preceding Javelin
Wild    Spilt       Termination. Magazin

And the Past participle of the Tilt
Verbs in ILE.

Gild    Filth       ILTH.
Build    Tilth
Rebuild

And the Past participle of the Brim
Verbs in ILL.

ILE.
Bile    Rim
Chyle    Skim
File     Slim
File     Swim
Mile    Trim
Pile    Limb

Smile   Style

Style   IMP.

Tile    IMP.

Vile    Dim
While    Grim
Wile    Him

AWHILE
Compile   Chime
Defile    Clime
Exile     Climb
E'erwhile Rhyme
Reconcile Time
Revile    Slime
Spile     Grime
Guile     Thyme
Seguile   Sublime

ILK.

Milk    Betimes
Silk    Sometimes

ILT.

Gils    Thin
Jilt    Twin
Hills   Sons

And the Past participles of the Verbs

INCE.

IMN.
Hymn
Linn
Which may be rhym'd to
those in IM.
Since
Wince

Convince
Evince

Clinch
Flinch
Inch

Which rhymes to the Plurals
of the Nouns, and Third Person.
son Present of Extinct:
the Verbs of In transit:
the foregoing Present:
Termination. Succinct

IN.

IN.

And the Past participles of some
of the Verbs in

IND.

Bind
Blind
Find
Hind
Kind
Grind
Mind
Rind
Wind

Behind
Unkind
Remind

And the Past participles of the Verbs
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<tr>
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| Chine | These Poly-
|       | syllables in
|       | INE, are often
|       | rhym’d to those
|       | in IN. |
| Dine  | Shrink |
| Line  | Sink   |
| Mine  | Slink  |
| Nine  | Stink  |
| Pine  | Think  |
| Shine | Wink   |
| Shrine| Bethink|
| Swine | Forethink|
| Kine  | Archetype |
| Thine | Wipe   |
| Trine | Typo   |

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O. See 00 and OW. OACH, Broach Coach Poach Abroach Approach Incroach Reproach Debauch OAD. v. AUD. and ODE. OAE. v. OFF. OAK. v. OKE. OAL.
Verbs in OCK. ticiples of the Foil
Verbs in OFE. Moil

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Odd
Red
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Sod
Trod
Jog
Log
Agog

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Clog
Dog
Fog
Frog
Hog

OGUE.

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Vogue
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Prorogue
Colologue

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Im-
A Dictionary of Rhymes.

Import
Report
Support
Transport
Court
ORTH.
Forth
Fourth
North
Worth
OSE.
Close
Dose
Jocose
Morose
Grofs
Engros
OSE, or OZE.
Close
Chose
Doze
Close
Froze
Noze
Pose
Prose
Those
Rose
Compose
Depose
Difclose
Difpose
Discompose
Expose
Impose
Inclose
Interpose
Oppose
Propose
Recompose
Repose
Suppose
Transpaze
Arose
Appose

Prefsupose
Foreclose
And the Plural of the Nouns Shot
and the Third Person
son Present of Spot
the Verbs of Trot
the Terminations
on OW.
OSS.
Bos
Crois
Dros
Los
Mois
Tofs
Across
Imbois
OST.
Coft
Frois
Los
Toff
Accoist
Imbois'd
Exhaust
Holocaust
Ghost
Hoft
Moft
Post
Rost
Coast
Boast
Traiff
OT. See AT.
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Hot
Jot
Lot
Knot
Not
Plot
Pot
Shot
Sot
Spot
Trot
Rot
Blot
Grot
Begot
Forgot
Allot
Befot
Complot
Abricot
Counterplot
OTCH.
Borch
Crotch
Notch
Watch
OTE.
Core
Note
Lote
Mote
Quote
Rote
Vote
Smote
Wrote
Denote
Promote
Remote
Devote
Antidote
Bloat
Boat
Coat
Doat
Float
Gloat
Goat
Moat
Oat
O'erfloat
Afloat
Throat
OTH.
Broth
Cloth
Froth
Moth
Troth
Betroth
Wrath
Both
Lothe
Sloth
Oath
Loath
Cloath
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Crouch
Pouch
Slouch
Vouch
Avouch
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Croud
Loud
Proud
Shroud
Aloud
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Rove
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A Dictionary of Rhymes.

Strove
Throve
Drove
Wove
Devove
Alcove
Inwove
Interwove

OUL. v. OLE, Fount
Mount
Amount
Difmount
Remount
Surmount
Account
Accompt
Discount
Miscalc

Dove
Glove
Shove
Love
Above

Bounce
Flounce
Pounce
Ounce
Denounce
Pronounce
Renounce
OUNCE.

Move
Prove
Approve
Behove
Disapprove
Disprove
Improve
Remove
Reprove

BOUND.

Prepare
Bound
Found
Ground
Hound
Mound
Pound
Round
Sound

OUGHT. v. OF,
OW, and UFF.

Wound
Abound
Abound
Around
Aground

OUGH.

Bought
Brought
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