

THE
POEMS
OF
SIR JOHN DENHAM.

THE
LIFE OF DENHAM,

BY DR JOHNSON.

OF SIR JOHN DENHAM very little is known but what is related of him by Wood, or by himself.

He was born at Dublin in 1615; the only son of Sir John Denham, of Little Horsely in Essex, then chief baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and of Eleanor, daughter of sir Garret More, baron of Mellefont.

Two years afterwards, his father, being made one of the barons of the Exchequer in England, brought him away from his native country, and educated him in London.

In 1631 he was sent to Oxford, where he was considered as "a dreaming young man, given more to dice and cards than study:" and therefore gave no prognostics of his future eminence; nor was suspected to conceal, under his sluggishness and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

When he was, three years afterwards, removed to Lincoln's Inn, he prosecuted the common law with sufficient appearance of application; yet did not lose his propensity to cards and dice; but was very often plundered by gamesters.

Being severely reproved for this folly, he professed, and perhaps believed, himself reclaimed; and to testify the sincerity of his repentance, wrote and published *An Essay upon Gaming*.

He seems to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for, in 1636, he translated the second book of the *Æneid*.

Two years after, his father died; and then, notwithstanding his resolutions and professions, he returned again to the vice of gaming, and lost several thousand pounds that had been left him.

In 1642, he published *The Sophy*. This seems to have given him his first hold of the public attention; for Waller remarked, "that he broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when no body was aware, or in the least suspected it;" an observation which could have had no propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

He was after that pricked for sheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Castle for the king; but he soon resigned that charge and retreated to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published *Cooper's Hill*.

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence.

A report was spread, that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of *Cato*, and Pope of his *Essay on Criticism*.

In 1647, the distresses of the royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was entrusted by the queen with a message to the king; and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his intercession, admission was procured. Of the king's condescension he has given an account in the dedication of his works.

He was afterwards employed in carrying on the king's correspondence; and, as he says, discharged this office with great safety to the royalists: and, being accidentally discovered by the adverse party's knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he escaped happily both for himself and his friends.

He was yet engaged in a greater undertaking. In April, 1648, he conveyed James the duke of York from London into France, and delivered him there to the queen and prince of Wales. This year he published his translation of *Cato Major*.

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled king; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses; one of which amusements was probably his ode or song upon the embassy to Poland, by which he and lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scotch, that wandered over that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessaries which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotchmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and that their numbers were not small, the success of this negociation gives sufficient evidence.

About this time, what estate the war and the gamesters had left him was sold, by order of the parliament; and when, in 1652, he returned to England, he was entertained by the earl of Pembroke.

Of the next years of his life there is no account. At the Restoration he obtained that which many missed, the reward of his loyalty; being made surveyor of the king's buildings, and dignified with the order of the Bath. He seems now to have learned some attention to money; for Wood says, that he got by this place seven thousand pounds.

After the Restoration, he wrote the poem on *Prudence and Justice*, and perhaps some of his other pieces: and as he appears, whenever any serious question comes before him, to have been a man of piety, he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical version of the *Psalms of David*. In this attempt he has failed; but in sacred poetry who has succeeded?

It might be hoped that the favour of his master and esteem of the public would now make him happy. But human felicity is short and uncertain; a second marriage brought upon him so much disquiet, as for a time disordered his understanding: and Butler lampooned him for his lunacy. I know not whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuse.

His frenzy lasted not long; and he seems to have regained his full force of mind; for he wrote afterwards his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley, whom he was not long to survive; for, on the 19th of March, 1668, he was buried by his side.

DENHAM is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. "Denham and Waller," says Prior, "improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it." He has given specimens of various composition, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic and sublime.

He appears to have had, in common with almost all mankind, the ambition of being upon proper occasion *a merry fellow*, and in common with most of them to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilarating than the ridiculousness of Denham; he does not fail for want of efforts; he is familiar, he is gross; but he is never merry, unless the Speech against Peace in the close Committee¹ be excepted. For gr^{ate} burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant shows him to be well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher, we have an image that has since been often adopted:

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill.

And Pope,

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

But this is not the best of his little pieces: it is excelled by his poem to Fanshaw and his elegy on Cowley.

¹ In Grammont's Memoirs many circumstances are related, both of his marriage and his frenzy very little favourable to his character. R.

His praise of Fanshaw's version of Guarini contains a very spritely and judicious character of a good translator.

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd birth of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains :
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly stick at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too,
They but preserve the ashes ; thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

The excellence of these lines is greater, as the truth which they contain was not at that time generally known.

His poem on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best performance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

COOPER'S HILL is the work that confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated *local poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise, and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope* ; after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarcely a corner of the island not dignified either by rhyme, or blank verse.

COOPER'S HILL, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry.

The four verses, which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known :

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strung without rage, without o'erflowing full.

The lines are in themselves not perfect ; for most of the words, thus artfully opposed, are to be understood simply on one side of the comparison, and metaphorically on the other ; and if there be any language that does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated. But so much meaning is comprised in so few words ; the particulars of resemblance an

* By Garth, in his Poem on Claremont ; and by Pope, in his Windsor Forest. H.

so perspicaciously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted; and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet; that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry.

He appears to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words. How much this servile practice obscured the clearest and deformed the most beautiful parts of the ancient authors, may be discovered by a perusal of our earlier versions; some of them are the works of men well qualified, not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a mistaken ambition of exactness, degraded at once their originals and themselves.

Denham saw the better way, but has not pursued it with great success. His versions of Virgil are not pleasing; but they taught Dryden to please better. His poetical imitation of Tully on Old Age has neither the clearness of prose, nor the spriteliness of poetry.

The "strength of Denham," which Pope so emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weight than bulk.

On the Thames.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.

On Strafford.

His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear.
While single he stood forth, and seem'd; although
Each had an army, as an equal foe,
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The bearers more concern'd than he that spake:
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he;
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.

On Cowley.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;

Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
 He did not steal but emulate !
 And, when he would like them appear,
 Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear.

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of posterity arises from his improvement of our numbers, his versification ought to be considered. It will afford that pleasure which arises from the observation of a man of judgment, naturally right, forsaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice as he gains more confidence in himself.

In his translation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be still found the old manner of continuing the sense ungracefully from verse to verse.

Then all those
 Who in the dark our fury did escape,
 Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
 And differing dialect ; then their numbers swell
 And grow upon us *f* first Chordebus fell
 Before Minerva's altar ; next did bleed
 Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
 In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
 Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
 Their friends ; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
 Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
 Ill fate could save ; my country's funeral flame
 And Troy's cold ashes, I attest, and call
 To witness for myself, that in their fall
 No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
 Did and deserv'd no less, my fate to find.

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their sense in couplets ; which has perhaps been with rather too much constancy pursued.

This passage exhibits one of those triplets which are not unfrequent in this first essay, but which it is to be supposed his maturer judgment disapproved, since in his latter works he has totally forborn them.

His rhimes are such as seem found without difficulty, by following the sense ; and are for the most part as exact at least as those of other poets, though now and then the reader is shifted off with what he can get ;

O how transform'd !
 How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
 Clad in Achilles' spoils !

And again :

From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung
 Like petty princes from the fall of Rome.

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to sustain it:

Troy confounded falls
 From all her glories : if it might have stood
 By any power, by this right hand it *shou'd*.
 —And though my outward state misfortune *hath*
 Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
 —Thus, by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
 A feigned tear destroys us, against *whom*
 Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
 Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verses ; in one passage the word *die* rhymes three couplets in six:

Most of these petty faults are in his first productions, where he was less skilful, or at least less dextrous in the use of words ; and though they had been more frequent, they could only have lessened the grace, not the strength of his composition. He is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language ; and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

TO

THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well-instructed from the queen (his majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs. But, sir, I will not lanch into an history, instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before (being those to sir R. Fanshaw); and asking me when I made them, I told hin two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton-Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London; to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnished with nine several cyphers in order to it: which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr

Cowley's hand, I happily escaped both for myself, and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your majesty's expectation.

After, when your majesty, departing from St. Germain's to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these clouds being now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth; yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it; neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your majesty's view, and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your majesty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices, till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not frigiditatis causa, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, sir, I shall only call it an humble petition, that your majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look

up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy reputation of being nimis poëta; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

*Splendidis longum valedico nugis.
Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.*

Your majesty's most faithful
and loyal subject, and most
dutiful and devoted servant,

JO. DENHAM.

POEMS

BY

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER'S HILL.

Some there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the
court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye :
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the
space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse, ' whose
flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height :
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or
fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings,
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise ;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud :
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems :
Where, with like haste, though several ways,
they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone ;

1 Mr. Waller.

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 reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content !
To be at once secure, and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus
dwells,

Beauty with strength) above the val'ey swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes :
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain
bears,

But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus ad-
vance,

'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance ;
Mark'd-out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T'invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heavenly
race

Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
Among that numerous, and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Caesar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnut,
(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities
strove)

Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in
fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whose'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those several kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
But thee great Edward³, and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)
And thy Bellona², who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to the triumph led one captive & king
And brought that son, which did the second &
bring.

Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move) :
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design, has been the great success :
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives
were,

In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour :
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear ;
That blood, which thou and thy great grand-
sire shed,

And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel, and prophecy of him.
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
That bound which to the world's extremest
ends,

Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my
praise,

But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye be-
trays,

Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell : (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire of-
fence,

What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage ? Was't luxury, or lust !
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just ?
Were these their crimes ? They were his own
much more :

But wealth is crime, enough to him that's poor ;
Who, having spent the treasures of his Crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.

¹ Edward III. and the Black Prince.

² Queen Philippa.

³ The kings of France and Scotland.

No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good :
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame :
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils :
But princes' swords are sharper than their
styles.

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell ;
And like the block, unmoved lay : but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone ?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a caldron ?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance ;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day ?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land ?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring,
This desolation, but a Christian king ;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twill our best actions and the worst of theirs :
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are ?

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and
fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too
near,

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays,
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs ;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance
hold,

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;
His genuine and less guilty wealth ' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore ;
O'er which he kindly spread his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman'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 hoast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours :
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy streams
My great example, as it is my theme !

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not
dull;

Strong without rage, without overflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast;
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars', and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight,
To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight.
Though these delights from several causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence de-
light.

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.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly
flows;

While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream em-
brac'd,

Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous
flames?

'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would
buy,

And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where no man's eye, nor heaven's should in-
vade

‡ The Forest.

His soft repose, when the unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his
ear,

Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his
speed,

His winged heels, and then his arm'd head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends: among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
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, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.

Thence 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 every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursued, 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 chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight 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 friend's, 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 towards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair:
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for
wounds.

And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assaults, now those

Though prodigal of life, didains to die
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly,
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued⁶, and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at
bay ;

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least the last.
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown

All marks of arbitrary power lays down :
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier stile of king and subject bear :
Happy, when both to the same center move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood ;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their prin⁶ gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave :
Till kings, by giving give themselves away,
And even that power, that should deny, be-
tray,
" Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear re-
Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts, but
spoils."

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could
hold,

First made their subjects, by oppression bold ;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes ; and this he can endure.
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 power his
shores.

THE
DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea,
and how, being cast by tempest upon the

⁶ Runny Mead.

coast of Carthage, he was received by queen
Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to
make the relation of the destruction of Troy ;
which is the Argument of this book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state ;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed
anew,

And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd
more :

Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear, then how can I

Repress the horror of my thoughts, which
fly
The said remembrance ? Now th' expiring
night

And the declining stars to rest invite ;
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return ; this Fame
Divulges ; then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops en-
tomb.

In view the isle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth
lie,

(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither by stealth the Greeks their fleet con-
vey.

We gave them gone, and to Mycense sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd ;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy re-
sort

To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles ; here
The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there ;
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thy metes moves (urg'd by the
power

Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower ;
But Cypys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains t' ex-
plore.

Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends.
Crying, " What desperate frenzy's this, (oh
friends)

To think them gone ? Judge rather their re-
treat

But a design, their gifts but a deceit ;
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd, no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force ; yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts ?
Their swords less danger carry than their
gifts."

(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with enclosed fear,

Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had
stood.

55 Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray.

At once the taker, and at once the prey;

Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd;

60 Or of his death or his design assur'd.

The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.

Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.

65 Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what sea, for me what fate at-
tends?"

Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,

Incens'd Troy a wretched captive seeks

70 To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks."

To pity this complaint our former rage

Converts, we now inquire his parentage,

What of their counsels or affairs he knew:

75 Then fearless he replies, Great king, to you

All truth I shall relate: nor first can I

Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;

And though my outward state misfortune hath

Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.

You may by chance have heard the famous

name

80 Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his
friend.

And me to his commands did recommend,

85 While laws and counsels did his throne support;

I but a youth, yet some esteem and port

We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft

(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:

90 Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,

Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,

I could not silence my complaints, but wou'd

Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd

My wish'd return to Greece; from hence his

hate,

From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear

date:

95 Old guilt fresh malice gives; the peoples' ears

He fills with rumours, and their hearts with

fears,

And then the prophet to his party drew.

But why do I these thankless truths pursue:

100 Or why defer your rage? on me, for all

The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.

Ulysses this, th' Atridae this desire

At any rate." We straight are set on fire

(Unpractis'd in such mysteries, to inquire

The manner and the cause, which thus he

told,

105 With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.

"Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting)

trid

With tedious war, a stolen retreat desir'd,

And would to Heaven they'd gone: but still dis-
may'd

By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.

Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd, 110
Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Dispatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,
Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;

'A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
When first towards Troy the Grecians took the 115
seas;

Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood

Must purchase.' All at this confounded stood;

Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all

Of what, the mischief but on one can fall.

Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd) 120

Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods re-
quir'd;

Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well

Inspir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)

Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,

Would no man's fate pronounce; at last, con- 125
strain'd

By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd

Me for the sacrifice; the people join'd

In glad consent, and all their common fear

Determine in my fate. The day drew near,

The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd 130

With holy wreaths; then I confess I found

The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,

Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake

Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,

Till they their sails had hoist (if so they did). 135

And now, alas! no hope remains for me

My home, my father, and my sons to see,

Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,

And punish, for my guilt, their innocence,

Those gods who know the truths I now relate, 140

That faith which yet remains inviolate

By mortal men; by these I beg, redress

My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress."

And now true pity in exchange he finds

For his false tears, his tongue his hands un- 145
binds.

"Then spake the king, Be ours, who'er thou

art,

Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,

Why did they raise, or to what use intend

This pile? to a war-like, or religious end?"

Skilful in fraud (his native art), his hands 150

Toward Heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from
bands.

"Ye pure æthereal flames, ye powers ador'd

By mortal men, ye altars, and the sword

I scap'd, ye sacred fillets that involv'd

My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd 155

From all their laws and rights, renounce all

name

Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim;

Only, O Troy, preserve thy faith to me,

If what I shall relate preserveth thee.

From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all 160

Counsels and actions, took original,

Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit

By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)

Assails the sacred tower, the guards they slay,

Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey 165

The fatal image; straight with our success

Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express

Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw

Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow

A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear, 170

Her statue from the ground itself did rear;

- Then, that we should our sacrifice restore,
And re-convey their gods from Argos' shore,
Calchas persuades, till then we urge in vain
175 The fate of Troy. To re-ascend back the main
They all consent, but to return again,
When reforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then, instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd; to recon-
180 TH' offended power, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
Lest, through your gates receiv'd, it might re-
new
Your vows to her, and her defence to you,
But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
185 The cruel plagues (which Heaven divert on
them!)
Shall fall on Priam's state: But if the horse
Your walls ascend; assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract;
Our sons then suffering what their sires would
act."
- 190 Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'er-
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom [come,
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.
This seconded by a most sad portent;
195 Which éredit to the first imposture lent;
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did slay:
When two prodigious serpents were descri'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face
divide;
- 200 Above the deep they raise their acily crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts,
Their winding tails advance and steer their
course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there
came,
- 205 A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flate.
Amaz'd we fly, directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him, who arm'd to their rescue runs,
210 They seiz'd, and with entangling foes embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing, and twice his waist:
Their poisonous knots he strives to break and
tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths be-
smear;
- Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
215 From th' altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge axe; and the conquering serpents
To cruel Pallas' altar, and their lie [fly
Under her feet, within her shield's extenit.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
220 Justly on him, who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.
A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud
wall.
- 225 Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall;
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords and some the monster
drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and
rhimes,

- Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let
230 down
It enters with a thundering noise the town,
Oh Troy, the heat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it struck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
Of Fate, we place it in the sacred tower. 235
Cassandra then foretels th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and
waite
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies, 240
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek bands
involv'd.
- The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers 245
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinoia (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and through the unlockt doors
To the free air the armed freight restores:
Ulysses, Sthenelus, Tisander, slide 250
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep
and wine
Opprest, surprise, and then their forces join. 255
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep re-
pair
Our bodis spent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and
blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust, 260
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet
were thrust:
By his insulting foe, O how transform'd
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils: when he among
A thousand ships, (like Jove) his lightning flung! 265
His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, "The joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee, whence so much desir'd, 270
Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths; but what sad cause con-
founds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?"
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry, 275
"Fly from the flame, O goddess-born, our walls
The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories; if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it should.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls ex-
pect,
Which, tost on seas, thou shall at last erect:"
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house); approaching still more near
The clash of arms, and voice of men we hear:

Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses' tops, and listening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging course
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlook'd-
for noise

From neighbouring hills th' amazed shepherd
bears;

Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon, then thine
Deiphobus, Sigeon seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful
sound

The louder groans of dying men confound;
"Give me my arms," I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and despair at once suggest,
That of all deaths to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phoebus' priest,
Who, 'scaping with his gods and reliques, fled,
And towards the shore his little grandchild led.
"Pantheus, what hope remains? what force,
what place

Made good?" but sighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incens'd Jove's transfers to Grecian hands;
The foe within the burning town commands;
And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse:
Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came
Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,
And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights, nor flies; their fates so
near

At once suspends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through
swords,

Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did shine);
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Choroebus, Mygdon's
Who, by the love of fair Cassandra, won, [son,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse;
Whom when I saw yet daring to maintain
The fight, I said, "Brave spirits (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes; the state of our affairs
You see: the gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood; nor can the flame be staid:
Then let us fall amidst our foes; this one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none."
Then reinforc'd, as in a stormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among
Foes, fire, and swords, t' assur'd death we pass,
Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.

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Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume;
And now the victors fall: on all sides fears,
Groans and pale Death in all her shapes appears:
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd;
Thus greeting us, "You lose by your delay,
Your share both of the honour and the prey;
Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
Back to those ships which you but now forsake."
We making no return, his sad mistake
Too late he finds: as when an unseen snake
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts when the snake's azure
Swoln with his rising anger, he espies, [crest,
So from our view surpriz'd Androgeus flies.
But here an easy victory we meet: [fect.
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their
Whilst fortune our first enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Choroebus said,
"O friends we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
First change your arms, and their distinctions
The same, in foes, deceit and virtue are." [bear;
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield he takes, and plumed crests,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune stiff
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire;
But vain's that hope, 'gainst which the gods con-
Behold the royal virgin, the divine [spire:
Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine [vain,
Dragg'd by the hair, casting towards heaven, in
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain;
Choroebus, at the spectacle enrag'd
Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd,
To second him, among the thickest ran;
Here first our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a shower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour;
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who
Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew. [knew
Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridae, rally all their men;
As winds, that meet from several coasts, contest,
Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
And Eurus on his winged coursers borne,
Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from the bottom; then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
And different dialect: then their numbers swell
And grow upon us. First Choroebus fell
Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thes, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
Ill fate could save; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold ashes I attest, and call
To witness for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did, and deserv'd no less, my fate to find.

R

Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire ; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear :
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets
cast

Over their heads ; some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement ; on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams ; such arms as
these,

Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down ; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they
bring :

Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, nor not observ'd,
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king, her little son [run
She would present) through this we pass, and
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could deary
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet ;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.
But others still succeed : meantime, nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.

Before the gate in gilded armour shone [grown,
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new
Who fed on poisonous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the Sun ;
With him his father's squire, Automedon,
And Peripas, who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court ; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof ; Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sat.
At the first gate an armed guard appears ;
But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arch'd vaults re-echo to the skies ;
Sad matrons wandering through the spacious
rooms

Embrace and kiss the posts : then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain, the torn portcullis falls,
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates di-
vorce,

And where the way they cannot find, they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows
Above his banks, th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds and flocks, the foaming surges sweep.

And now between two sad extremes I stood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atreides drunk with blood,
There th' hapless queen amongst an haunched
dames,

And Priam quenching from his wounds those
flames

Which his own hands had on the altar laid ;
Then they the secret cabinets invade,
Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race ; the golden posts, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey.

Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire :
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possess'd,
Arms long disus'd his trembling limbs invest ;
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own :
There stood an altar open to the view
Of Heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd ;
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives
And frights into one flock ; but having spy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arm, she cried,
" Alas, my wretched husband, what pretence
To bear those arms, and in them what defence ?
Such aid such times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain ;
Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
Or as in life we shall in death be join'd."

Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.
Meantime Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court,
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt ;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (though him so many deaths enclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows ;
" The gods requite thee, (if within the care
Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen :
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
Thy father) so inhuman was to me ;
He blusht, when I the rights of arms impior'd ;
To me my Hector, me to Troy restor'd :"
This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering,
rung.

Then Pyrrhus ; " Go a messenger to Hell
Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
The acts of his degenerate race." So through
His son's warm blood the trembling king he
drew

To th' altar ; in his hair one hand he wreaths ;
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have :
He whom such titles swell'd, such power made
proud,

To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
 Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
 Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
 Which too much merit did accumulate:
 As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw,
 Pretexs are into treason forg'd by law.
 His wisdom such, at once it did appear
 Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear;
 While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
 Each had an army, as an equal foe.
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make
 The hearers more concern'd than he that spake;
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
 And none was more a looker-on than he;
 So did he move our passions, some were known
 To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
 Now private pity strove with public hate,
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate:
 Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
 He's not too guilty, but too wise to live;
 Less seem those facts which Treason's nick-name bore,
 Than such a fear'd ability for more.
 They after death their fears of him express,
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.
 Their legislative frenzy they repent:
 Enacting it should make no precedent. [lose
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

ON HIS INCOMPARABLE FORM?

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
 So high above all vulgar eyes! so long?
 One single rapture scarce itself confines
 Within the limits of four thousand lines:
 And yet I hope to see this noble heat
 Continue, till it makes the piece complete,
 That to the latter age it may descend,
 And to the end of time its beams extend.
 When Poesy joins profit with delight,
 Her images should be most exquisite,

The honourable Edward Howard, by his poem called *The British Princes*, engaged the attention of by far the most eminent of his contemporaries; who played upon his vanity, as the wits of half a century before had done on that of Thomas Coryat, by writing extravagant compliments on his works. See Butler's, Waller's, Sprat's, and Dorset's verses, in their respective volumes; and in the *Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*, 1780, vol. III. p. 105, are other verses on the same subject, by Marston Clifford, and the lord Vaughan. N.

Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
 Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
 Therefore the patterns man should imitate
 Above the life our masters should create.
 Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome,
 Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
 Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
 Yet, like himself, his characters were blind;
 Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
 But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd.

Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
 Would think he had beheld their blest abodes;
 And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
 From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
 From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
 And by the best original does draw
 Bonduca's honour, with those heroes Time
 Had in oblivion wrapt, his saucy crime;
 To them and to your nation you are just,
 In raising up their glories from the dust;
 And to Old England you that right have done
 To show, no story nobler than her own.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace; those busy eyes
 Will weep at their own sad discoveries;
 When every line they add improves thy loss,
 Till having view'd the whole, they sum a cross;
 Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
 And scorns the succours of thy easy grief.
 Yet, lest thy ignorance betray thy name
 Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
 Of an exemption, from just sense, doth show
 Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
 Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
 Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here,
 Upon this noble urn. Here, here, remains
 Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
 Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
 That which compleats the age's tyrannies:
 Who weak to such another ill appear,
 For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
 What sin unexpiated, in this land
 Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand?
 The late great victim^a that your altars knew,
 Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new
 Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
 Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
 By whose example good, condemned, we
 Might have run on to kinder destiny.
 But as the leader of the herd fell first
 A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
 Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
 But this white-fatted youngling cou'd atone,
 By his untimely fate; that impious smoke,
 That sullied Earth, and did Heaven's pity choke.

^a King Charles the First.

Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
 In him more than the widow'd world can boast
 In any lump of her remaining clay.
 Fair as the grey ey'd Morn he was ; the day,
 Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing parts ;
 Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
 Was seen, as full of comfort and as bright.
 Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
 That only wanted immortality
 To make him perfect, now submits to night,
 In the black bosom of whose sable spite,
 He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,
 Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the skies.

Great saint ! shine there in an eternal sphere,
 And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st
 near, [dead,

That by our trembling sense, in HASTINGS
 Their anger and our ugly faults are read ;
 The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
 Their love and majesty epitomize :
 Tell them, whose stern degrees impose our laws,
 The feasted Grave may close her hollow jaws :
 Though Sin search Nature, to provide her here
 A second entertainment half so dear,
 She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
 Till Time present her with the universe.

ON MY LORD CROFT'S AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND,
 FROM WHENCE WE BROUGHT 10,000*l.* FOR HIS
 MAJESTY, & THE DECIMATION OF HIS SCOTISH
 SUBJECTS THERE.

TOLL, toll,
 Gentle bell, for the soul
 Of the pure ones in Pole,
 Which are damn'd in our scroul.

Who having felt a touch
 Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
 Which though it was not much,
 Yet their stubbornness was such,

That when we did arrive,
 'Gainst the stream we did strive ;
 They would neither lead nor drive :

Nor lend
 An ear to a friend,
 Nor an answer would send
 To our letter so well penn'd.

Nor assist our affairs
 With their monies nor their wares,
 As their answer now declares,
 But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist
 Did and said what they list,
 Till the diet was dismiss ;
 But then our breach they kist.

For when
 It was mov'd there and then
 They should pay one in ten,
 The diet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
 To discover the troth,
 They must give word and oath,
 Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
 Condemns them every one,
 From the father to the son.

But John
 (Our friend) Molleson
 Thought us to have out-gone
 With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
 He complain'd long before,
 Of the mischiefs in store,
 Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye,
 A letter they came by
 From our king's majesty.

But Fate
 Brought the letter too late,
 'Twas of too old a date
 To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter's to be seen,
 With seal of wax so green,
 At Dantsige where 't has been
 Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
 This letter for to print,
 Must also pay his stint.

That trick,
 Had it come in the nick,
 Had touch'd us to the quick,
 But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
 And sooner been brought,
 They had got what they sought,
 But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
 And our return was crown'd
 With full ten thousand pound.

ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW'S RETURN FROM VENICE,
 AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S FROM SCOTLAND.

Our resident Tom,
 From Venice is come,
 And hath left the statesman behind him :
 Talks at the same pitch,
 Is as wise, is as rich ;
 And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he was not
 A man of much plot,
 May repent that false accusation ;
 Having plotted and penn'd
 Six plays, to attend
 The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
 How Satan 's the old
 Came here with a beard to his middle ;
 Though he chang'd face and name,
 Old Will was the same,
 At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

* Mr. W. Murrey.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,
For he is one too, or would be ;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all 's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying :
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears ;
But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad ;
But of that they are seldom in danger ;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they 're at home ;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

BEING INVITED FROM CALAIS TO BOLOGNE TO

EAT A FIG.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little admiral John
To Bologne is gone.
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting,
Will Aubrey, count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd A pox on ?

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent,
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, Hang him pirate.

Thou might'st have ta'en example,
From what thou read'st in story ;
Being as worthy to sit
On an ambling tit
As thy predecessor Dory.

But oh ! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter !
But the rain made an ass
Of tilt and canvass ;
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender strippling Astoot,
Who was soak'd to the skin,
Through drugged so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart so base,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth,

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to sing,
With a gullet in string,
—A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

But what was all this business ?
For sure it was important :
For who rides i' th' wet
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John, thou hadst a malice,
The old driver of swine
That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA.

WHAT gives us that fantastic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit ?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names express'd,

Why is it then thought sin or shame,
Those necessary parts to name ;
From whence we went, and whence we came ?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires ;
With love inflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires :

Death she abhors ; yet when men die
We 're present ; but no stander-by
Looks on when we that loss supply.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear ;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year,
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

Thus Reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS,

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus spake
Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others, as great in place, as great in mind.
Above the rest why is our pomp, our power,
Our flock, our herds, and our possessions more ?
Why all the tributes land and sea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous
boards ?

Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their
ears.

Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Licians see
Our brave examples, thy admiring say,
"Behold our gallant leaders! These are they
Deserve the greatness; and unenvy'd stand:
Since what they act, transcends what they com-
mand."

Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death sought not them who seek not death,
Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

Pr'ythee die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind and brisk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies;
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to see, and to see,
As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers, with a pox;
I could wish, could Nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

But if a mistress I must have,
Wise and grave,
Let her so herself behave;
All the day long Susan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or such a devil.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE,

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the smart,

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
Through those deceitful sally-ports,
Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains,
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But Death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he bears.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

This was the cause the poets sung
Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father not her son art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grand sire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the god of Love.

His father and son,

To him doth his feign'd mother yield ;
Nor Mars (her champion)'s flaming shield
Guards him when Cupid takes the field .

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is ;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When matches Love alone projects
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quench'd in cold neglects :

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness disposesst,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes ; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear :

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy ?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

ON

**MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH,
AND BURLAL AMONGST THE
ANCIENT POETS.**

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far ;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd :
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.

Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows ;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phoebus, the poets' god, inspires ;
By Shakespear's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines :
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays :
But curs'd be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have ;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share :
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Ncr, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators :
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate !
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear :
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden flecco ;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swar extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies :
To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd ;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe :
As rigid husbands, jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know :
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear :
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass.
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts ;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And show the world this parallel :
Fixt and contemplative their looks,

Still turning over Nature's books :
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine ;
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.
 When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
 They praise, on their exalted wings
 To the celestial orbs they climb,
 And with th' harmonious spheres keep time :
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd ;
 Each drew fair characters, yet none
 Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
 Both by two generous princes lov'd,
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd,
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busy throng retire.
 Their bodies to their minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their kind :
 Yet though both fell before their hour,
 Time on their offspring hath no power,
 Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor Death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE

CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, " I went from England."

But will you now to peace incline,
 And languish in the main design,
 And leave us in the lurch ?
 I would not monarchy destroy,
 But as the only way t' enjoy
 The ruin of the church.

Is not the bishop's bill deny'd,
 And we still threaten'd to be try'd ?
 You see the king embraces
 Those counsels he approv'd before :
 Nor doth he promise, which is more,
 That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot ?
 (For 'tis no secret now) the plot
 Was Saye's and mine together :
 Did I for this return again,
 And spend a winter there in vain,
 Once more t' invite them hither ?

Though more our money than our cause
 Their brotherly assistance draws,
 My labour was not lost.
 At my return I brought you thence
 Necessity, their strong pretence,
 And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
 To help their knight against their king,
 And raise the first sedition ?
 Though I the business did decline,
 Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
 And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the city
 In that invisible committee,

The wheel that governs all :
 From thence the change in church and state,
 And all the mischief bears the date
 From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
 Upon the king to cast the war,
 To make the world abhor him,
 Because the rebels us'd his name ?
 Though we ourselves can do the same,
 While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
 With what was given to quench it there,
 And wisely lost that nation :
 To do as crafty beggars use,
 To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
 The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between
 Windsor and Westminster, unseen,
 And did myself divide :
 To keep his excellence in awe,
 And give the parliament the law ?
 For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
 Our zealous ignorants to preach,
 And did their lungs inspire ;
 Gave them their texts, show'd them their parts,
 And taught them all their little arts,
 To sing abroad the fire ?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
 And say the cavaliers have beaten,
 To stroke the people's ears ?
 Then straight when victory grows cheap,
 And will no more advance the heap,
 To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
 And now our act the preacher tells,
 To edify the people ;
 All our divinity is news,
 And we have made of equal use
 The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
 Only to put it out again,
 And must we now give o'er,
 And only end where we begun ?
 In vain this mischief we have done,
 If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
 Where 's the necessity to fight,
 That breaks both law and oath ?
 They'll say they fight not for the cause,
 Nor to defend the king and laws.
 But us against them both,

Either the cause at first was ill,
 Or being good, it is so still ;
 And thence they will infer,
 That either now or at the first
 They were deceiv'd ; or, which is worst,
 That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
 For they and we are near of kin,

And cannot go asunder :
 But while the wicked starve, indeed
 The saints have ready at their need
 God's providence; and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
 And gallant villains if we fail :
 When to our fame 'tis told,
 It will not be our least of praise,
 Since a new state we could not raise.
 To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay and fight, and vote,
 Till London is not worth a groat ;
 Oh 'tis a patient beast !
 When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
 And can no longer have the rule,
 We'll have the spoil at least.

TO THE FIVE MEMBERS

OF THE

HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

AFTER so many concurring petitions
 From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
 We come in the rear to present our follies
 To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and
 Holles.

Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
 Set forms of petitions find great approbation :
 Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their
 souls,

So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
 According unto the bless'd form you have taught
 us,

We thank you first for the ills you have brought us :

For the good we receive we thank him that gave

And you for the confidence only to crave it. [it

Next in course, we complain of the great viola-

Of privilege (like the rest of our nation) ; [tich

But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,

Which never had being until they were broken ;

But ours is a privilege ancient and native,

Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.

And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,

Without fear of a prison or pursuivant's fees.

Next, that we only may lye by authority ;

But in that also you have got the priority.

Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it

Poetical licence, and always did claim it.

By this we have power to change age into youth,

Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth ;

In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty ;

This art some poet, or the Devil, has taught ye :

And this our property you have invaded,

And a privilege of both houses have made it.

But that trust above all in poets reposed,

That kings by them only are made and deposed,

This though you cannot do, yet you are willing :

But when we undertake deposing or killing,

They're tyrants and monsters ; and yet then the
 poet

Takes full revenge on the villains that do it :

And when we resume a sceptre or crown,

We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.

But is 't not presumption to write verses to you,

Who make better poems by far of the two ?

For all those pretty knacks you compose,
 Alas, what are they but poems in prose ?
 And between those and ours there's no difference,
 But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the
 sense :

But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
 You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it ;
 And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
 'T has done you good service, and thank Hell
 for it :

Although the old maxim remains still in force,
 That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd
 If poverty be a part of our trade, [course,
 So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
 Nay even so far as undoing will do it,

You have made king Charles himself a poet :
 But provoke not his Muse, for all the world
 knows,
 Already you have had too much of his prose.

A WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know not a fortnight ago,
 How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder ?
 When a hundred and ten slew five thousand men,
 With the help of lightning and thunder ?

There Hopton was slain again and again,
 Or else my author did lye ; [living,
 With a new Thanksgiving, for the dead who are
 To God, and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd,
 I hope we at last are even ; [graves,
 For sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their
 To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was
 Of the gout three months together ; [lame
 But it prov'd when they fought, but a running
 For his heels were lighter than ever. [gout

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
 And leaves all his money behind him ;
 But they follow after ; unless he takes water,
 At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath
 Goes deep in the sequestrations ! [lost,
 These wounds will not heal, with your new great
 Nor Jepson's declarations. [seal.

Now, Peters and Case, in your prayer and grace
 Remember the new Thanksgiving ;
 Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
 Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that wonder, of the lightning and
 thunder,
 Which made the lye so much the louder :
 Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
 Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it struck through the camp !
 But as for honest sir Ralph,
 It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
 But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the news-monger
From the preaching ladies letter, [took
Where, in the first place, stood the Conqueror's
Which made it show much the better. [face,

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him,
Great William the Con, so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping, [eyes,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his
Which kept the lord-mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,
For the laws, not your cause, you that loath
'em,

Lest Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipful sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER :

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain Carnal Pas-
sages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horsly,
near Colchester, in Essex.

To the tune of Tom of Bedlam.

ALL in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank,
Was play'd such a prank,
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green 's a stallion :
Now, alas, what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian :

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain,
Amongst the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas gambal !

Had thy flesh, O Green, been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pyc hadst swallow'd :

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh,
The fiend might have crep into thee ;
Then fullness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the Devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas ! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation,
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal :
" Filly foal," quoth he,
" My bride thou shalt be,
And how this is lawful, learn all.

" For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a mare 's as good as a madam."

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet veil'd, nor kiss'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

Now when in such a saddle
A saint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there be not some back-sliding ?

" No surely," quoth James Naylor,
" 'Twas but an insurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

" For (as our masters ' teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the Devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The saint stands uninfected."

But alas ! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what 's intended ;
Then say what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we enrol
For a saint, Filly Foal
Shall pass herself for a martyr.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchester, now
Who 's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the letter ?

A SONG.

MORPHUS, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoaky cells,
Eates gilded roofs and beds of down ;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

§ The Jesuits.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethæan lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas!) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all, whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to
fire,

We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do, to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more
wounds

Hath suffer'd, than Actæon from his bounds;
Which first their brains, and then their belly
fed,

And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy
wit

Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whether am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full
grown

Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say, here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF
PASTOR FIDO.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate,

But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth
stand

Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are;
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at
words.

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow;
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-
fac'd [known
The world, it were thy work: for we have
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their
own.

That master's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A vary'd posture or a flattering dress;
He could have made those like, who made the
rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN POOLEY

AND

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

Pool. To thee dear Tom, myself addressing,
Most quereimoniously confessing,
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity,
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
For some venereal rejoissance,
I got (as once may say) a nuryssance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, cousin Pooley,
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look so bluey?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail
you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The faces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation,
Through th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, cousin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so economic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a—

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks towards fifty should take
warning.

Once in a pit, you did ' miscarry,
That danger might have made one wary
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies' favour,
Yet it may raise an evil savour
Upon all grave and staid behav'our.

And I will rub my mater pia,
To find a rhyme to gonorrhœa,
And put it in my Lytania.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR UPON THE
GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET stood of that abstersive tree, [nest,
Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build her
Inlaid it was with Lybian ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent
beast.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell
into a quarry.

Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
Their equal armies draw into the field:
Till one take th' other prisoner they contest;
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
From theace to busy Europeans sent,
And styl'd by modern Lombards pensive Chem.
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this sport,
To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and
peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modesty her motion steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops' heads like
knights.

THE

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
Cyllenius from Æneas straight doth fly:
He loth to disobey the god's command,
Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
But more afraid to take a solemn leave;
He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
But fear o'ercoming shame at last resolves
(Instructed by the god of thieves *) to steal
Himself away, and his escape conceal.
He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
That at the port they privately should meet;
And some dissembled colour to project,
That Dido should not their design suspect:
But all in vain he did his plot disguise;
No art a watchful lover can surprise.
She the first motion finds; love though most
Yet always to itself seems unsecure. [sure,
That wicked fame which their first love pro-
claim'd,
Foretells the end; the queen with rage inflam'd
Thus greets him: "Thou dissembler, would'st thou
Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously? [fly
Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move?
And in the depth of winter, in the night,
Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,
To plow the raging seas to coasts unknown,
The kingdom thou pretend'st to, not thy own!
Were Troy restor'd thou should'st mistrust a
wind
False as thy crows, and as thy heart unkind.
Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of
brine

I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
If all my kindness aught have merited;
If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
From ruin me and my lost house redeem.
Cannot my prayers a free acceptance find,
Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?
My fame of chastity, by which the skies
I reach'd before, by thee extinguish'd dies.

* Mercury.

Into my borders now Iarbus falls,
And my revengeful brother scales my walls ;
The wild Numidians will advantage take,
For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
Might in my sight have sported, I had then
Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been ;
By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the
least."

With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast
By Jove's command, his struggling care sup-
prest.

"Great queen, your favours and desert so great,
Though numberless, I never shall forget ;
No time, until myself I have forgot,
Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot :
But my unwilling flight the gods enforce,
And that must justify our sad divorce.
Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,
To my desires I might my fortune fit ;
Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,
And where I first began, would end my days.
But since the Lycian lots, and Delphic god
Have destin'd Italy for our abode ;
Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre)
enjoy,

Why should not Latium us receive from
Troy ?

As for my son, my father's angry ghost
Tells me his hopes by my delays are crost,
And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
With the same message, whom I saw and
heard ;

We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all complaints are
vain :

I call to witness all the gods, and thy
Beloved head, the coast of Italy
Against my will I seek."

[eyes,
Whilst thus he speaks, she rolls her sparkling
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies ;
"Thy mother was no goddess, nor thy stock
From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
Perfidious wretch, rough Caucasus thee bred,
And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
Dissimulation I shall now forget,
And my reserves of rage in order set,
Could all my prayers and soft entreaties force
Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse.
Where shall I first complain ? can mighty Jove
Or Juno such impieties approve ?
The just Astræa sure is fled to Hell ;
Nor more in Earth, nor Heaven itself will dwell.
Oh Faith ! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd ;
His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
I rescued : Now the Lycian lots conspire
With Phœbus ; now Jove's envoy though the
air

Brings dismal tidings ; as if such low care
Could reach their thoughts, or their repose dis-
turb !

Thou art a false impostor, and a fourbe ;
Go, go, pursue thy kingdom through the main,
I hope, if Heaven her justice still retain,
Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,
Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke :

I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed,
And when the gods on thee their vengeance
show,

That welcome news shall comfort me below."

This saying, from his hated sight she fled,
Conducted by her damsels to her bed ;
Yet restless she arose, and, looking out,
Beholds the fleet and hears the seamen shout,
When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah, cruel Love, to what dost thou enforce
Poor mortal breasts ! Again she hath recourse
To tears and prayers, again she feels the smart
Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.
That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her sister she herself apply'd ;
"Dear sister, my resentment had no been
So moving, if this fate I had foreseen ;
Therefore to me this last kind office do,
Thou hast some interest in our scornful foe,
He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,
Thou his soft hours, and free access canst find ;
Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast
My fleet to aid the Greeks ; his father's ghost
I never did disturb ; ask him to lend
To this, the last request that I shall send,
A gentle ear ; I wish that he may find
A happy passage, and a prosperous wind.

The contract I don't plea, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conquest he delay d ;
All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve ;
Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
If thy address can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that service shall repay."
Thus she entreats ; such messages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him, bears,
But him no prayers, nor arguments can move ;
The Fates resist, his ears are stop't by Jove.
As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps
descend,

From his firm roots with struggling gusts to
An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound [rend
Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the
Is over-laid ; yet he stands fixt, as high [ground
As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
So low towards Hell his roots descend. With
prayers

And tears the hero thus assail'd, great cares
He smothers in his breast, yet keeps his post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.
Then she deceives her sis'er, with a smile :

"Anne, in the inner court erect a pile ;
Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey ;
All cursed monuments of him with fire
We must abolish (so the gods require.)"
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys.

Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread ;
The queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
The navy under sail, the haven clear'd ;
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she
knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.

"O Jove," she cry'd, "and shall he thus delude
 Me and my realm! why is he not pursued?
 Arm, arm," she cry'd, "and let our Tyrians board
 With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword;
 Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
 That perjurd' race, then let us die with joy.
 What if th' event of war uncertain were?
 Nor death, nor danger, can the desperate fear.
 But, oh, too late! this thing I should have done,
 When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne,
 Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
 His honour'd household gods, his aged sire
 His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did bear;
 Why did I not his carcase piece-meal tear,
 And cast it in the sea? why not destroy
 All his companions, and beloved boy
 Ascanius; and his tender limbs have drest;
 And made the father on the son to feast?
 Thou Sun, whose lustre all things here below
 Surveys; and Juno, conscious of my woe;
 Revengeful Furies, and queen Hecate,
 Receive and grant my prayer? if he the sea
 Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
 If Jove decreit, Jove's decrees must stand;
 When landed, may he be with arms oppress
 By his rebelling people, be distrest
 By exile from his country, be divorc'd
 From young Ascanius' sight, and be enforc'd
 To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends
 By violent and undeserv'd ends!
 When to conditions of unequal peace
 He shall submit, then may he not possess
 Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
 I' th' sands, when he before his day shall fall!
 And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
 Pursue this race, this service dedicate
 To my deplored ashes, let there be
 'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
 May from my bones a new Achilles rise,
 That shall infest the Trojan colonies
 With fire, and sword, and famine, when at length
 Time to our great attempts contributes strength;
 Our seas, our shores, our armies theirs oppose,
 And may our children be for ever foes!"
 A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
 Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends;
 Viewing the Trojan reliques, she unsheath'd
 Eneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd;
 Then on the guilty bed she gently lays
 Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays:
 "Dear reliques, whilst that Gods and Fates give
 leave,
 Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
 That date which Fortune gave, I now must end;
 And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
 Sicheus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
 I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.
 Happy, alas; too happy I had liv'd,
 Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
 But shall I die without revenge? yet die
 Thus, thus with joy to thy Sicheus fly.
 My conscious foe my funeral fire shall view
 From sea, and may that ocean him pursue!"
 Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
 With blood, and then the mortal wound ap-
 pear'd;
 Through all the court the fright and clamours
 rise,
 Which the whole city fills with fears and cries

As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
 The foe had enter'd, and had set on fire.
 Amazed Aeneas with speed ascends the stairs
 And in her arms her dying sister bears:
 "Did you for this, yourself and me beguile?
 For such an end did I erect this pile?
 Did you so much despise me, in this fate
 Myself with you not to associate?
 Yourself and me, alas! this fatal wound
 The senate, and the people, doth confound.
 I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her
 death
 My lips from hers shall draw her parting
 breath."
 Then with her vest the wound she wipes and
 dries;
 Thrice with her arm the queen attempts to
 rise,
 But her strength failing, falls into a swoond,
 Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound;
 Thrice on her bed she turns, with wandering
 sight
 Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.
 Then Juno pitying her disastrous fate,
 Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
 (Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
 Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
 Iris descends; "This fatal lock (says she)
 To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free;"
 Then clips her hair: cold numbness straight be-
 reaves
 Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul re-
 ceives.

OF PRUDENCE.

Going this last summer to visit the Wells, I
 took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon
 an ancient and honourable friend of mine,
 whom I found diverting his (then solitary) re-
 tirement with the Latin original of this trans-
 lation, which (being out of print) I had never
 seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw
 that it had formerly passed through two learn-
 ed hands not without approbation; which were
 Ben Johnson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but
 I found it (where I shall never find myself)
 in the service of a better master, the earl of
 Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I
 love not to improve the honour of the living by
 impairing that of the dead; and my own
 profession hath taught me not to erect new
 superstructures upon an old ruin. He was
 pleased to recommend it to me for my com-
 panion at the Wells, where I liked the enter-
 tainment it gave me so well, that I undertook
 to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise,
 wherein an old monk had clothed it, and to
 make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.
 The author was a person of quality in Italy, his
 name Mancini, which family matched since
 with the sister of cardinal Mazarine; he was
 contemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and
 not long before Terquato Tasso; which shows
 that the age they lived in was not so unlearn-
 ed as that which preceded, or that which fol-
 lowed.
 The author wrote upon the four cardinal vir-

tues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

Wisdom's first progress is to take a view
What's decent or indecent, false or true.
He's truly prudent, who can separate
Honest from vile, and still adhere to that;
Their difference to measure, and to reach,
Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach.
And these high scrutines are subjects fit
For man's all-searching and inquiring wit;
That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.
Wisdom of what herself approves, makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.
Clear-sighted Reason, Wisdom's judgment leads,
And Sense, her vessel, in her footsteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st
know,

To these all her specific forms I'll show;
He that the way to honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.
Thyself from flattering self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeciv'd, thou after may'st repent;
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st choose safely that which most doth
weigh;

'Tis not secure this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd;
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith, Who could such ill events expect?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good, whate'er they act believe;
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-blown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults re-
gard

With pleasure, and their crimes with gift re-
ward.

Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;
Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love;
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)

These who are generous, humble, just, and wise,
Who not their gold, nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn
(For many eyes can more than one discern);
But yet beware of counsels when too full,
Number makes long disputes and graveness
dull;

Though their advice be good, their counsel
wise,

Yet length still loses opportunities:

Debate destroys dispatch; as fruits we see
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree;
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.

A general sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight, and win the day.

'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which slow advice is little worth.

Yet they who give good counsel, praise deserve,
Though in the active part they cannot serve:

In action, learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.

Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,
Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;

Yet vainly meet their age in study spend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:

Beating their brains for strange and hidden
things,

Whose knowledge, nor delight nor profit brings:
Themselves with doubt both day and night per-
plex,

Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

What need we gaze upon the spangled sky?
Or into matter's hidden causes pry.

To describe every city, stream, or hill
P' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?

What is 't to hear a sophister, that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?

If we were wise, these things we should not mind,
But more delight in easy matters find.

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do:

The way (if no digression's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.

Then seek to know those things which make us
blest,

And having found them, lock them in thy
breast;

Inquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.

Some their whole age in these inquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they've past.

'Tis strange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.

The learned teach, but what they teach, not do,
And standing still themselves, make others go.

In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.

The soldier that philosopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;

"Tell" (said the soldier) "venerable sir,
Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?"

Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day?
Whilst one says only yes, and t'other nay?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "we for wisdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much": the soldier

smil'd;

" You're grey and old, and to some pious use
 This mass of treasure you should now reduce :
 But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
 For which the infernal spirits shall you thank."
 Let what thou learnest be by practice shown,
 'Tis said that Wisdom's children make her known.
 What's good doth open to th' inquirer stand,
 And itself offers to th' accepting hand ;
 All things by order and true measures done,
 Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
 Let early care thy main concerns secure,
 Things of less moment may delays endure :
 Men do not for their servants first prepare,
 And of their wives and children quit the care ;
 Yet when we 're sick, the doctor's fetcht in haste,
 Leaving our great concernment to the last.
 When we are well, our hearts are only set
 (Which way we care not) to be rich or great :
 What shall become of all that we have got ?
 We only know that us it follows not ;
 And what a trife is a moment's breath,
 Laid in the scale with everlasting death !
 What's time, when on eternity we think ?
 A thousand ages in that sea must sink ;
 Time's nothing but a word, a million
 Is full as far from infinite as one.
 To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must
 pay,
 Think on the debt against th' accompting-day ;
 God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
 Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
 Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind,
 He's mad, that seeks what no man e'er could
 find.
 Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
 Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin ?
 What thoughts man's reason better can become,
 Than th' expectation of his welcome home ?
 Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
 And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
 Death cancels Nature's bonds, but for our deeds
 (That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds ;
 If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
 Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.
 Christ's blood's our balsam ; if that cure us
 here,
 Him, when our judge, we shall not find severe ;
 His joke is easy when by us embrac'd,
 But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.
 Be just in all thy actions ; and if join'd
 With those that are not, never change thy mind :
 If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
 But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill ;
 To the same end men several paths may tread,
 As many doors into one temple lead ;
 And the same hand into a fist may close,
 Which instantly a palm expanded shows :
 Justice and faith never forsake the wise,
 Yet may occasion put him in disguise ;
 Not turning like the wind, but if the state
 Of things must change, he is not obstinate ;
 Things past, and future, with the present weighs,
 Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
 Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd :
 An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd :
 For many truths have often past for lies,
 And lies as often put on truth's disguise :
 As flattery too oft like friendship shows,
 So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.

No quick reply to dubious questions make,
 Suspense and caution still prevent mistake.
 When any great design thou dost intend,
 Think on the means, the manner, and the end :
 All great concernments must delays endure ;
 Rashness and haste make all things unsecure ;
 And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
 Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty ;
 But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
 Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
 Let thy discourse be such, that thou may'st give
 Profit to others, or from them receive :
 Instruct the ignorant ; to those that live
 Under thy care, good rules and patterns give ;
 Nor is 't the least of virtues, to relieve
 Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.
 Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love :
 But less condemn whom thou dost not approve ;
 Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth
 wrong,
 And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue :
 But let inviolate truth be always dear
 To thee ; e'en before friendship, truth prefer.
 Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less ;
 Hold fast thy power thy promise to increase.
 Look forward what's to come, and back what's
 past,
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence
 grac'd :
 What loss or gain may follow thou may'st guess,
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success ;
 Yet be not always on affairs intent,
 But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent :
 When our minds' eyes are disengag'd and free,
 They clearer, farther, and distinctly see ;
 They quicken sloth, perplexities untie,
 Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify ;
 And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
 Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
 Search not to find how other men offend,
 But by that glass thy own offences mend ;
 Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
 (So it be learning) or from whence it come.
 Of thy own actions others' judgments learn ;
 Often by small, great matters we discern.
 Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show ;
 We may our ends by our beginnings know.
 Let none direct thee what to do or say,
 Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway.
 Let not the pleasing many thee delight, [right
 First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge
 Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
 Nor to know things, whose knowledge is f.r-
 bid ;
 Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn
 round
 Standing, and whence no safe descent is found :
 In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
 To rise, whose raising unsecure remains :
 They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
 Are wise, when they their measures can adjust.
 When well at ease, and happy, live content,
 And then consider why that life was lent.
 When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
 To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.
 Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
 Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
 The highest hill is the most slippery place,
 And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face ;

And her unsteady band hath often plac'd
Men in high power, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herself confines.
More in prosperity is reason tost,
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors
lost :

Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
But with side winds into safe harbours steer :
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseem rocks, than in high storms are lost.
Who casts out threats and frowns, no man de-
Time for resistance and defence he gives ; [ceives,
But flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,
And poison in high-tasted meats conveys ;
So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprise,
But when she frowns, be arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'TIS the first sanction Nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can ;
Just or unjust, this law for ever stands,
All things are good by law which she commands ;
The first step, man towards Christ must justly
live,

Who t' us himself, and all we have, did give ;
In vain doth man the name of just expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect ;
So must we reverence God, as first to know
Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow ;
God those accepts, who to mankind are friends,
Whose justice far as their own power extends ;
In that they imitate the Power divine ;
The Sun alike on good and bad doth shine
And he that doth no good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the just fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear ;
We live not only for ourselves to care,
Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
That succour each to other might afford ;
Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
But several parts to several men consign'd,
He that of his own stores no part can give,
May with his counsel or his hand relieve.
If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
'Gainst fraud, and force, to naked innocence :
And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way :
First to our God we must with reverence bow ;
The second honour to our prince we owe ;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred, we direct :
The we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate :
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,
Our justice more compassion should extend ;
To such, who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with interest should be paid :
As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
Mischief and wrong be to another done ;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give, that is not thine ;

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That liberality 's but cast away,
Which make us borrow what we cannot pay ;
And no access to wealth let rapine bring ;
Do nothing that 's unjust, to be a king.
Justice must be from violence exempt,
But fraud 's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells ;
But justice both from human hearts expels ;
But he 's the greatest monster (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and slanders bear their share.
Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears,
Truth above all things a just man reveres ;
Though not by oaths we God to witness call,
He sees and hears, and still remembers all ;
And yet our attestations we may wreat,
Sometimes to make the truth more manifest ;
If by a lye a man preserve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and absolution hath ;
Or if I break my promise, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy trust conceal,
Nor what 's forbid by any means reveal.
Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or disputes affords :
Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue ;
Thyself or others, careless talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public power,
And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms ;
Small praise from len'ty and remissness comes ;
Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright :
When by a pardon'd murderer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt ;
Who accuse rigour, make a gross mistake,
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make ;
When justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown ;
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire,
T' unlock the gates, and set the town on fire.
Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proceed ;
Yet when pronouncing sentence seem not glad,
Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad ;
Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to re-
pent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent :
Rather than all must suffer, some must die ;
Yet Nature must condole their misery.
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn, and those absolve.
Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind ;
When some escapo for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives ;
And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die ;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords like Sampson, and escape :
So like a fly the poor offender dies,
But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.
Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend ;
Or after warning the offence forget ;
So God himself our failings doth remit,

Expect not more from servants than is just,
Reward them well, if they observe their trust ;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brothers made !
If his offence be great, let that suffice ;
If light, forgive, for no man 's always wise.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING .

PREFACE.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circean liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with dis-inchanted wings to truth:
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough ;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how Learning shoots
To Heaven her branches, and to Hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the East,
He his own image on the clay imprest ;
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam their did name ;
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence ;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before ;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldaea fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was ;
From thence did learning into Ægypt pass :
Moses in all th' Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd ;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities ;
To many gods th-y taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one ;
Th' Eternal Cause, in their immortal lines,
Was taught and poets were the first divines :
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire ;
To th' one the style of friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart :
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wise ;
The divine Plato moral virtue shows,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
V. Nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach ;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds ;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits ;
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.

Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
'Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome ;
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread ;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part ;
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muse :
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy
flight,

And not to thy great ancestor do right ?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those, who say the Sun hath never shin'd ;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight, who taught the world to
see.

They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive ;
And from his brain, that Helicon distil,
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great Augustus made war's tempest cease,
His halycon days brought forth the arts of peace ;
He still in his triumphant chariot shins,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same ;
What the Tragedian ² wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration, and not guess :
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold :
" At last the ocean shall unlock ³ the bound
Of things, and a new world by Typhus found ;
Then ages far remote shall understand
The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
Sure God, by these discoveries, did design
That his clear light through all the world should
shine,

But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian
kings ;

That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From Heaven the Prince of Peace himself came
down ;

Then the true Sun of Knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.

His passion, man from his first fall redeem'd ;
Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd ;
Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent, as he tempted man ;
Then Hell sends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy their guide :
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd ;
Though the apostles these events foretold,
Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold :

¹ Vates.

² Seneca.

³ The Prophecy.

The fisher to convert the world began,
 The pride convincing of vain-glorious man ;
 But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
 And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
 Which still maintains for his adopted son
 Vast patrimonies, though himself had none ;
 Wresting the text to the old giants' sense,
 That Heaven, once more, must suffer violence.
 Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize,
 Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes ;
 Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
 And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
 Then Mahomet's crescent, by our feuds increas'd,
 Bled the learn'd remainders of the East :
 That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
 Made mother Ignorance Devotion's dame ;
 Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
 His faithful emissary, rose from Hell
 To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
 Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand,
 And before that exalted idol, all
 (Whom we call gods on Earth) did prostrate fall.
 Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
 From lazy cells, where Superstition bred,
 Which, link'd with blind Obedience, so increas'd,
 That the whole world, some ages, they oppress ;
 Till through those clouds the Sun of Knowledge
 brake,

And Europe from her lethargy did wake ;
 Then first our monarchs were acknowledged here,
 That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
 When Lucifer no longer could advance—
 His works on the false ground of ignorance,
 New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
 Then his well studied master-piece he plays ;
 Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
 And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
 Sends their forerunner, (conscious of th' event)
 Printing, his most pernicious instrument !
 Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
 Into the press from ruin'd cloysters leapt.
 No longer by implicit faith we err,
 Whilst every man's his own interpreter ;
 No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
 Lay-elders, from their ends create their God ;
 But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
 We scarce know seven who think themselves not

so,

When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
 We were commanded to be all as one ;
 Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd,
 Almost as many minds as men we find,
 And when that flame finds combustible earth,
 Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their
 birth,

Legions of sects and insects come in throngs ;
 To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
 Such were the Centaurs of Ixion's race,
 Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace ;
 And such the monsters of Chimæra's behind,
 Lions before, and dragons were behind.

Then from the clashes between popes and
 kings,
 Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs ;
 As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by
 heat,

The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat ;
 All the rich mines of Learning ransack'd are,
 To furnish ammunition for this war ;

Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
 And double edges on our passions sets ;
 'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
 That the best things corrupted, are the worst :
 'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, huri'd
 Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world ;
 That Sun, like this, (from which our sight we
 have)

Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave ;
 And when thick mists of doubts obscure his
 beams,

Our guide is error, and our visions dreams.
 'Twas no false heraldry, when Madness drew
 Her pedigree from those who too much knew ;
 Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge
 toils, [coils ;

Like guns o'er-charge'd, breaks, misses, or re-
 When subtle wits have spun their thread too
 fine,

'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line :
 True piety, without cessation tost
 By theories, the practic part is lost,
 And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit ;
 Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
 The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.
 Through seas of knowledge we our course ad-
 vance,

Discovering still new worlds of ignorance ;
 And these discoveries make us all confess
 That sublunary science is but guess.
 Matters of fact to man are only known,
 And what seems more is mere opinion ;
 The standers-by see clearly this event,
 All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent ;
 With their new light our bold inspectors press
 Like Cham, to show their father's nakedness,
 By whose example after-ages may
 Discover, we more naked are than they :
 All human wisdom, to divine, is folly ;
 This truth the wisest man made melancholy ;
 Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
 But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief :
 Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not

so,

Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
 Our God, when Heaven and Earth he did
 create,

Form'd man, who should of both participate ;
 If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
 Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate
 When like a bridegroom from the east, the
 Sun [run ;

Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth
 Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
 Those rivers to replenish which he drinks ;
 So learning, which from reason's fountain springs
 Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
 'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
 To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO TO CATO.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are crown'd
 With wisdom, nothing makes them more re-
 now'n'd,

Than that those years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourself, nor us uneasy seem ;
Under which weight most, like th' old giants,
groan,

When *Æna* on their backs by *Jove* was thrown.
CATO. What you urge, *Scipio*, from right
reason flows ;

All parts of age seem burthensome to those
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern ; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
Which though all equally desire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain,
Such our inconstancies and follies are,
We say it steals upon us unaware ;
Our want of reasoning these false measures makes,
Youth runs to age, as childhood youth o'er-
takes.

How much more grievous would our lives ap-
pear,

To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth
year ?

Of what, in that long space of time hath past,
To foolish age will no remembrance last.
My age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve, I much desire)
'Tis my first rule, on Nature, as my guide
Appointed by the gods, I have rely'd ;
And Nature (which all acts of life designs)
Not like ill poets, in the last declines :
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot or fall.
And this from Nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, sir, 'tis *Scipio*'s and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire, [hear,
That from your grave instructions we might
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long, our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth re-
late)

Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls (who in years my equals were)
When senators, lamenting I did hear,
That age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn :
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuse,
Not others, but themselves their age abuse :
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose cheerful age, with honour, youth at-
tends,

Joy'd that from pleasure's slavery they are free,
And all respects due to their age they see.
In its true colours this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years ;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies,
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise :
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind,
Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe ; yet others may dispute,
Their age (as yours) can never bear such fruit

Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them
sweet ;

Not every one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, say
Lælius, bears,

But not so much as at first sight appears.

This answer by *Themistocles* was made,
(When a *Seriphian* thus did him upbraid,
" You those great honours to your country owe,
Not to yourself ")—" Had I at *Seripho*
Been born, such honour I had never seen,
Nor you, if an *Athenian* you had been."

So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easy be ;
But to a fool, the greater his estate,
The more uneasy is his age's weight.
Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise ;
All just returns to age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes ;
The sweetest cordial we receive at last,

Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

I (when a youth) with reverence did look
On *Quintus Fabius*, who *Tarentum* took ;
Yet in his age such cheerfulness was seen,
As if his years and mine had equal been :
His gravity was mixt with gentleness,
Nor had his age made his good-humour less ;
Then was he well in years, (the same that he
Was consul, that of my nativity)
(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
On him at *Capua* I in arms did wait.

I five years after at *Tarentum* wan
The quaestorship, and then our love began,
And four years after, when I praetor was,
He plead'd, and the *Cincian* law did pass.
With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temperate arts of patient age
He breaks fierce *Hannibal*'s insulting beats ;
Of which exploits thus our friend *Ennius* treats,
He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

" When I reflect on age, I find there are
Four causes, which its misery declare.

1. Because our body's strength it much im-
pairs :
2. That it takes off our minds from great af-
fairs :
3. Next that our sense of pleasure it deprives :
4. Last, that approaching death attends our
lives.

Of all these several causes I'll discourse,
And then of each, in order weigh the force."

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed,
Which vigorous youth, and strength of body
need :

But to more high affairs our age is lent,
Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
Did *Fabius*, and your father *Scipio*
(Whose daughter my son married) nothing do ?
Fabricii, *Coruzanni*, *Curi*,
Whose courage, counsel, and authority,

The Roman commonwealth restor'd did boast,
 Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was
 lost,
 Who, when the senate was to peace inclin'd
 With Pyrrhus, show'd his reason was not blind.
 Wh' ther's our courage and our wisdom come,
 When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome?
 The rest with ancient gravity and skill
 He spake (for his oration's extent still.)
 'Tis seventeen years since he had consul been
 The second time, and there were ten between;
 Therefore their argument's of little force,
 Who age from great employments would divorce,
 As in a ship some climb the shrouds t' unfold
 The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the
 hold;
 Whilst he that guides the helm, employs his
 And gives the law to them, by sitting still.
 Great actions less from courage, strength, and
 speed,
 Than from wise counsels and commands, proceed;
 Those arts age wants not, which to age belong,
 Not heat, but cold experience, makes us strong.
 A consul, tribune, general, I have been,
 All sorts of war I have past through, and seen;
 And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
 Yet to the senate I prescribe what's fit.
 I every day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
 (For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
 Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
 Which triumph may the gods design for thee;
 That Scipio may revenge his grandsire's ghost,
 Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
 Is on record; nor had he weary'd been
 With age, if he an hundred years had seen:
 He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
 But counsel, order, and such aged arts,
 Which, if our ancestors had not retain'd,
 The senate's name our council had not gain'd.
 The Spartans to their highest magistrate
 The name of Elder did appropriate:
 Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
 How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
 With vigilant conduct: when that sharp reply
 He gave to Salinator, I stood by,
 Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
 Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast,
 'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
 'Tis true, had you not lost, I had not gain'd.
 And as much honour on his gown did wait,
 As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.
 When his colleague Carvilius step'd aside,
 The tribune of the people would divide
 To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
 Against the senate's will, he will not yield;
 When being angry, boldly he declares
 Those things were aced under happy stars,
 From which the commonwealth found good ef-
 But otherwise they came from bad aspects. [facts,
 Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
 But his son's death did all the rest excel;
 (His gallant son, though young, had consul been)
 His funeral oration I have seen
 Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
 I all the old philosophers despise.
 Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
 Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
 When feasting with his private friends at home,
 Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,

Such science in his art of augury,
 No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
 Knowledge of all things present and to come,
 Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
 Nor only there, but all the world's beside:
 Dying in extreme age, I prophesy'd
 That which is come to pass, and did discern
 From his survivors I could nothing learn.
 This long discourse was but to let you see,
 That his long life could not uneasy be.
 Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are
 Takers of cities, conquerors in war.
 Yet others to like happy age arrive,
 Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live:
 Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
 With honour after ninety years did die.
 Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
 By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
 His master Gorgias at the hundredth year
 And seventh, not his studies did forbear:
 And, ask'd, why he no sooner left the stage,
 Said, he saw nothing to accuse old age.
 None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,
 Age, of their own mistakes and crimes, accuse.
 All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
 As by age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd have
 When the tragedian Nævis did demand, [been.
 Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?
 'Twas answer'd, that their senators were new,
 Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.
 Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
 But with cold prudence age doth recompense;
 But age, 'tis said, will memory decay:
 So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
 Or, if by nature it be dull and slow:
 Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know
 Of all th' Athenians; and none grow so old,
 Not to remember where they hid their gold.
 From age such art of memory we learn
 To forget nothing, which is our concern;
 Their interest no priest nor sorcerer
 Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;
 No understanding memory can want,
 Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
 Nor does it only in the active live,
 But in the quiet and contemplative.
 When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
 Was by his sons before the judges brought,
 Because he pay'd the Muses such respect,
 His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
 Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
 "Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus:"
 The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
 Freed him, and said, "No fool such lines had
 What poets and what orators can I [penn'd."
 Recount! what princes in philosophy!
 Whose constant studies with their age did strive,
 Nor did they those, though those did them sur-
 vive.
 Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
 Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
 For never any man was yet so old
 But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
 Cæcilius vainly said, "Each day we spend
 Discovers something, which must needs offend."
 But sometimes age may pleasant things behold,
 And nothing that offends: he should have told
 This not to age, but youth, who oftener see
 What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:

That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
That as it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth ;
For youth delights in age, and age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleasure be,
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see ;
When they with reverence follow where we lead,
And in straight paths by our directions tread !
And ev'n my conversation here I see,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our age
Of idleness, who all our powers engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold ;
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon the sage his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd ;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek ;
Which I did only learn, that I might know
Th' so great examples which I follow now :
And I have heard that Socrates the wise,
Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
Though many of the ancients did the same,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

Now int' our second grievance I must break,
" That loss of strength makes understanding
weak."

I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant ;
Then with that force content which Nature gave,
Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
When the young wrestlers at their sport grew
warm,

Old Milo wept to see his naked arm ;
And cry'd, 'twas dead : Trifler, thine heart, and
head,

And all that 's in them (not thy arm) are dead ;
This fully every looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and sides.
Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
Their strength decreasing by increasing years ;
But they advanc'd in wisdom every hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in power.
But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides ;
Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And still my own sometimes the senate hear.
When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well pleas'd audience lead :
Which, if I had not strength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
What's to be done, or not to be done, instruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandsire, the great African,
Were joyful, when the flower of nob'e blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,
Like oracles their counsels to receive,
How in their progress they should act, and live.
And they whose high examples youth obeys,
Are not despis'd, though their strength decays,
And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.
Intemperate youth (by sad experience found)
Ends in an age imperfect and unbound.

Cyrus, though ag'd, (if Xenophon say true)
Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his second consulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate ;
Neither of these, in body or in mind,
Before their death the least decay did find.
I speak not of myself, though none deny
To age, to praise their youth, the liberty :
Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almost :
And though from what it was my strength is far,
Both in the first and second Punic war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I consul into Spain did go ;
But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my strength ;
And I my guest, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of justice can defend :
Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
" Who would be ancient, must be early so."
I would be youthful still, and find no need
To appear old, till I was so indeed.
And yet you see my hours not idle are,
Though with your strength I cannot mine com-
pare ;

Yet this centurion's doth your's surmount,
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his shoulder came.
Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind ?
The force which Nature gives with care retain,
But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain ;
In age to wish for youth is full as vain,
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
And she sets forth the seasons of the year.
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth ;
To elder years to be discreet and grave,
Then to old age maturity she gave.
(Scipio) you know, how Massimissa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years !
When marching with his foot, he walks till night ;
When with his horse, he never will alight ;
Though cold or wet, his head is always bare ;
So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
You see how exercise and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance.
Our law (because from age our strength retires)
No duty which belongs to strength requires,
But age doth many men so feeble make,
That they no great design can undertake ;
Yet, that to age not singly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beside.
That Scipio, who adopted you, did fall
Into such pains, he had no health at all ;
Who else had equal'd Africanus's parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.
Why should those errors then imputed be
To age alone, from which our youth's not free ?
Every disease of age we may prevent,
Like those of youth, by being diligent.
When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
And diet, as our vital heat renews ;
And if our body thence refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our minds.
If with continual oil we not supply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die :

Though bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
 No weariness the mind could e'er surprize.
 Cæcilius the comedian, when of age
 He represents the follies on the stage ;
 They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute,
 Neither those crimes to age he doth impute,
 But to old men to whom those crimes belong.
 Lust, petulance, rashness, are in youth more
 strong

Than age, and yet young men those vices hate,
 Who virtuous are, discreet and temperate :
 And so what we call dotage, seldom breeds
 In bodies, but where Nature sows the seeds.
 There are five daughters, and four gallant sons,
 In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
 With a most numerous family beside,
 Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide,
 Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
 And to his business like a bow stood bent :
 By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
 He not a master, but a monarch seem'd.
 All his relations his admirers were,
 His sons paid reverence, and his servants fear :
 The order and the ancient discipline
 Of Romans did in all his actions shine.
 Authority kept up old age secure,
 Whose dignity as long as life endures.
 Something of youth I in old age approve,
 But more the marks of age in youth I love.
 Who this observes, may in his body find
 Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
 The seven volumes of my own Reports,
 Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts ;
 All noble monuments of Greece are come
 Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
 The pontifical, and the civil law,
 I study still, and thence orations draw.
 And to confirm my memory, at night,
 What I hear, see, or do, by day I still recite.
 These exercises for my thoughts I find,
 These labours are the chariots of my mind.
 To serve my friends, the senate I frequent,
 And there, what I before digested, vent.
 Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
 Nor any outward force of body needs :
 Which, if I could not do, I should delight
 On what I would to ruminate at night.
 Who in such practices their minds engage,
 Nor fear nor think of their approaching age ;
 Which by degrees invisibly doth creep :
 Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep,

THE THIRD PART.

Now must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
 Of pleasures, which i' th' sea of age are lost.
 O thou most high transcendent gift of age !
 Youth from its folly thus to disengage.
 And now receive from me that most divine
 Oration of that noble Tarentine,
 Which at Tarentum I long since did hear,
 When I attended the great Fabius there.
 Ye gods ! was it man's nature, or his fate,
 Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd
 bait ?
 Which he with all designs of art or power ;
 Doth with unbridled appetite devour :
 And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
 Pleasure possesses first the head and heart ;

Intoxicating both, by them, she finds,
 And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
 Furies, which, reason's divine chains had bound,
 (That being broken) all the world confound.
 Lust, Murder, Treason, Avarice, and Hell :
 Itself broke loose, in Reason's palace dwell :
 Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, are fled,
 All her attendants into darkness led.
 But why all this discourse ? when pleasure's rage
 Hath conquer'd reason we must treat with age.
 Age undermines, and will in time surprize
 Her strongest forts : and cut off all supplies ;
 And join'd in league with strong necessity,
 Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
 Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
 (Then censor) from the senate I displac'd ;
 When he in Gaul, a consul, made a feast,
 A beauteous courtesan did him request
 To see 'he cutting off a prisoner's head ;
 This crime I could not leave unpunished,
 Since by a private villainy he stain'd
 That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
 Then to our age (when not to pleasures bent)
 This seems an honour, not disparagement.
 We, not all pleasures, like the Stoics, hate ;
 But love and seek, those which are moderate.
 (Though divine Plato thus of pleasures thought,
 They us, with hooks and baits, like fishes caught)
 When quæstor, to the gods, in public calls
 I was the first who set up festivals.
 Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
 But fill'd with conversation and discourse ;
 Which feasts convivial meetings we did name :
 Not like the ancient Greeks, who, to their shame,
 Call'd it a comotation, not a feast ;
 Declaring the worst part of it the best.
 Those entertainments I did then frequent
 Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment :
 But now I thank my age, which gives me ease
 From those excesses ; yet myself I please
 With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,
 (Discourses are to age continual feasts)
 The love of meat and wine they recompense,
 And cheer the mind, as much as those the sense.
 I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
 The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young ;
 Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
 To which, in age, some natural motions are.
 And still at my Sabinum I delight
 To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
 But we the sense of gust and pleasure want
 Which youth at full possesses, this I grant ;
 But age seeks not the things which youth re-
 quires,
 And no man needs that which he not desires.
 When Sophocles was ask'd, if he deny'd
 Himself the use of pleasures, he reply'd
 " I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
 From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free."
 But they, whom pressing appetites constrain,
 Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
 Young men the use of pleasure understand,
 As of an object new, and near at hand :
 Though this stands more remote from age's sight,
 Yet they behold it not without delight :
 As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
 With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd ;
 So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
 Delighted with itself, our age doth rest.

No part of life's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed.
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease,
But those of age ev'n with our years increase.
We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from surfeits our repose is sound.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went;
Ambassador, from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
He heard a grave philosopher maintain,
That all the actions of our life were vain,
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd;
Fabricius the philosopher desir'd,
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach;
Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
Now into rustic matters I must fall.
Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the rules of Nature live.
Earth (though our mother) cheerfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays;
For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
Greater or less, a vast return she makes,
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource.
But with her ways, her method, and her force.
The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and
spread,

Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
Which from the root through nerves and veins
are sent,

Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving doth itself disclose:
Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd;
At Nature's god-like power I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies bath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'er shade a plain:
But thou, dear vine, forbid'st me to be long,
Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong.
Nor can thy head (not helpt) itself sublime,
Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb;
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine.
Though Nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands;
As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of morials springs.
But lest thou should'st consume thy wealth in
vain

And starve thyself to feed a numerous train,
Or like the bee, (sweet as thy blood) desigu'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must
quench

Thy heat and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is raised (call'd a gum),
Whence in short space, itself the cluster shows,
And from earth's moisture mixt with sun-beams
grows.

P' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste,
But summer doth, like age, the sourness waste;
Then cloth'd with leaves, from heat and cold
secure,

Like virgins, sweet, and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could
dwell,

At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell;
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the several natures of each earth,
What fruits from each most properly take birth
And with what arts to enrich every mould,
The 'dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly inclinate;
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the sour crab the sweetest apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed doth her laws o'er rule;
Nature herself doth from herself depart,
(Strange transmigration!) by the power of
art.

How little things give law to great! we see
The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
Here even the power divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the
tame

For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
(For age of what delights it, speaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,
Great Curius, his remaining days did spend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire:
The Samnite chiefs, as by his fire he sat,
With a vast sum of gold on him did wait;
"Return," said he, "your gold I nothing weigh,
When those, who can command it, me obey:"
This my assertion proves, he may be old,
And yet not sordid, who refuses gold.
In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.
What can in winter render more delight,
Than the high Sun at noon, and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feast and
play,

And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwell's
With age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe, that I that age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applaus receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd,
That most unhappy age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads;
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
Eut our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.
Those things to age most honourable are,
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crowding attendance to, and from the court:

And not on Róme alone this honour waits,
 But on all civil and well-govern'd states,
 Lysander pleading in his city's praise,
 From thence his strongest argument did raise,
 That Sparta did with honour age support,
 Paying them just respect at stage, and court.
 But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
 Nor at the plays would rise, or give them place.
 When an Athenian stranger of great age
 Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
 To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
 To place and ease this old and reverend man,
 Who thus his thanks returns, "Th' Athenians
 know

What's to be done; but what they know, not do."
 Here our great senate's orders I may quote,
 The first in age is still the first in vote.
 Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
 In competition with great years may stand.
 Why should our youth's short transient pleasures
 dare

With age's lasting honours to compare?
 On the world's stage, when our applause grows
 high,

For acting here life's tragico-comedy,
 The lookers-on will say we act not well,
 Unless the last the former scenes excel:
 But age is froward, uneasy, scrupulous,
 Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious;
 But all those errors from our manners rise,
 Not from our years; yet some morosities
 We must expect, since jealousy belongs
 To age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
 Yet those are mollifi'd, or not discern'd,
 Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
 So the Twins' humours, in our Terence, are
 Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
 Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
 Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;
 So age's gravity may seem severe,
 But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
 Of age's avarice I cannot see
 What colour, ground, or reason there should be:
 Is it not folly, when the way we ride
 Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
 To avarice some title youth may own,
 To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
 And with the providence of bees, or ants,
 Prevent with summer's plenty, winter's wants.
 But age scarce sows, till Death stands by to reap,
 And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
 Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
 And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
 Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
 Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

Now against (that which terrifies our age)
 The last, and greatest grievance, we engage;
 To her, grim Death appears in all her shapes,
 The hungry grave for her due tributes gapes.
 Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd,
 Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd;
 This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
 That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
 What else is to be fear'd, when we shall gain
 Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?

The youngest in the morning are not sure,
 That till the night their life they can secure,
 Their age stands more expos'd to accidents
 Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
 Death's force (with terror) against Nature strives,
 Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
 From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
 For if all men were old they would be wise;
 Years and experience our forefathers taught,
 Them under laws, and into cities brought;
 Why only should the fear of death belong
 To age, which is as common to the young?
 Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you
 (Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
 But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
 To many years, which age must not expect;
 But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
 With grief he says, "Who this would have be-
 liev'd?"

We happier are than they, who but desir'd
 To possess that, which we long since acquir'd.
 What if our age to Nestor's could extend?
 'Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
 And when 'tis past, not any part remains
 Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
 Days, months, and years, like running waters
 flow,

Nor what is past, nor what's to come, we know:
 Our date, how short soe'er, must us content.
 When a good actor doth his part present,
 In every act he our attention draws,
 That at the last he may find just applause;
 So (though but short) yet we must learn the art
 Of virtue, on this stage to act our part;
 True wisdom must our actions so direct,
 Not only the last plaudit to expect: [last,
 Yet grieve no more, though long that part should
 Than husbandmen, because the spring is past,
 The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth pro-
 duce,

But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use;
 So age a mature mellowness doth set
 On the green promises of youthful heat.
 All things which Nature did ordain are good,
 And so must be receiv'd and understood.
 Age like ripe apples, on Earth's bosom drops,
 While force our youth, like fruits untimely,
 crops;

The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
 As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;
 But age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
 As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent;
 Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
 As seamen from a tempest to their port.
 Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
 Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.
 Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
 Then Death at his approach we shall contemn.
 Though to our heat of youth our age seems cold,
 Yet, when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
 Thus Solon to Pisisstratus reply'd,
 Demanded, on what succour he rely'd,
 When with so few he boldly did engage;
 He said, he took his courage from his age.
 Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
 When, leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
 She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
 Pulls down with ease, what her own hand did
 build.

That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the least violent separation.

Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.

Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us disband.

Wise Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live.

Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;

Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which straight in immortality shall end.

In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space to age it will remain;

On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But timorous youth on this should meditate:

Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know;
Nor whether it may be this night or no:

How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain? and none knows how near.

They err, who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.

Thee Brutus, Rome's first martyr I must name,
The Curtii bravely divid'd the gulph of flame;

Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave;

With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal;

The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.

Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew:

Must then the wise, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd for-

bear?

Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.

Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;

And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.

And when the last delights of age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety. [hear,

Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.

Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know;

As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive:

Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
Our souls with heavy burthens lie oppress'd;

Which part of man from Heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown.

A place so dark to the celestial light,
And pure eternal fire 's quite opposite.

The gods through human bodies did disperse
An heavenly soul, to guide this universe,

That man, when he of heavenly bodies saw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw;

Nor this to me did my own dictates show,
But to the old philosophers I owe.

I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
With him, and from our country took their name;

Who never doubted but the brains divine,
Deriv'd from gods in mortal breasts did shine.

Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;

He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,

(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd.)

Why should we doubt of that, whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?

Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that 's mortal can so swiftly move.

Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that 's past collect.

Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.

Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;

And therefore that no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.

And since the matter of our soul is pure
And simple, which no mixture can endure

Of parts, which not among themselves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.

And Nature shows (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.

We ev'n in early infancy discern,

Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can speak, they find so many ways

To serve their turn, and see more arts than
days:

Before their thoughts they plainly can express,
The words and things they know are numberless,

Which Nature only, and no art could find,
But what she taught before, she call'd to mind.

These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words;

"Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
I shall be no where, or to nothing turn:

That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
Yet by the actions it design'd, was known;

And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.

That soul, which can immortal glory give,
To her own virtues must for ever live.

Can you believe, that man's all-knowing mind
Can to a mortal body be confin'd?

Though a foul foolish prison her immature

On Earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.

Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
With beasts, and must return from whence it
came;

But whence into our bodies reason flows,

None sees it, when it comes, or where it goes.

Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
Yet then our minds themselves from slumbers keep.

When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
Then what divine and future things they see!

Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
And what they shall hereafter be, declare."

This noble speech the dying Cyrus made,
Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade,

Thy grandsire, and his brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their
name,

Nor thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal;

Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd

In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,
That only Fame our virtuous actions bought;

'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose
Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:

Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.

Unless our souls from the immortals came,
 What end have we to seek immortal fame?
 All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
 Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
 The foolish and short-sighted die with fear,
 That they go no-where, or they know not
 where.

The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
 Before she parts, some happy port describes.
 My friends, your fathers I shall surely see
 Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
 But such as before ours did end their days
 Of whom we hear, and read, and write their
 praise.

This I believe: for were I on my way,
 None should persuade me to return, or stay:
 Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
 And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
 Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
 To be led back to my first starting-place.
 And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
 We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd:
 Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
 As many wise and learn'd have done before;
 Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
 Which for our country and our friends is spent.
 Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
 Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
 Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
 That peaceful and divine assembly see:

Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
 But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
 Nor did I weep, when I to ashes turn'd
 His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
 I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
 Where his fixt hopes our interview attend:
 Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
 From age, which is of my delights the chief.
 My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
 (That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
 And if I err, no power shall dispossess
 My thoughts of that expected happiness:
 Though some minute philosophers pretend,
 That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
 If it be so, I hold the safer side,
 For none of them my error shall deride;
 And if hereafter no rewards appear,
 Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
 If those, who this opinion have despis'd,
 And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
 Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
 Too late will wish, that me they had believ'd.
 If souls no immortality obtain,
 'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
 The same uneasiness which every thing
 Gives to our nature, life must also bring.
 Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is age,
 Acting too long upon this Earth, her stage,
 Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
 That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.