

THE

POEMS

OF

*JOHN DRYDEN.*

THE  
LIFE OF DRYDEN,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

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Of the great poet whose life I am about to delineate, the curiosity which his reputation must excite will require a display more ample than can now be given. His contemporaries, however they revered his genius, left his life unwritten; and nothing therefore can be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied.

JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9, 1631<sup>1</sup>, at Aldwinkle near Oundle, the son of Erasmus Dryden of Titchmarsh; who was the third son of sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Ashby. All these places are in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family was in the county of Huntingdon<sup>2</sup>.

He is reported by his last biographer, Derrick, to have inherited from his father an estate of two hundred a year, and to have been bred, as was said, an anabaptist. For either of these particulars no authority is given. Such a fortune ought to have secured him from that poverty which seems always to have oppressed him; or, if he had wasted it, to have made him ashamed of publishing his necessities. But though he had many enemies, who undoubtedly examined his life with a scrutiny sufficiently malicious, I do not remember, that he is ever charged with waste of his patrimony. He was indeed sometimes reproached for his first religion. I am therefore inclined to believe, that Derrick's intelligence was partly true, and partly erroneous<sup>3</sup>.

From Westminster school, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars by Dr. Busby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was in 1650 elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Malone has lately proved, that there is no satisfactory evidence for this date. The inscription on Dryden's monument says only *natus* 1632. See Malone's Life of Dryden, prefixed to his Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works, p. 5, note. C.

<sup>2</sup> Of Cumberland. *Ibid.* p. 10. C.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Derrick's Life of Dryden was prefixed to a very beautiful and correct edition of Dryden's Miscellanies, published by the Tonsons in 1760, 4 vols. 8vo. Derrick's part, however, was poorly executed, and the edition never became popular. C.

<sup>4</sup> He went off to Trinity College, and was admitted to a bachelor's degree in January 1653-4, and in 1657 was made master of arts. C.

Of his school performances has appeared only a poem on the death of lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the small-pox; and his poet has made of the pustules, first rosebuds, and then gems; at last exalts them into stars; and says,

No comet need foretell his change drew on,  
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.

At the university he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction, or to have lavished his early wit either on fictitious subjects or public occasions. He probably considered, that he who proposed to be an author ought first to be a student. He obtained, whatever was the reason, no fellowship in the college. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain. In the life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the college with gratitude; but, in a prologue at Oxford, he has these lines;

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be  
Than his own mother-university;  
Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage;  
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a public candidate for fame, by publishing Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector; which, compared with the verses of Sprat and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet.

When the king was restored, Dryden, like the other panegyrists of usurpation, changed his opinion, or his profession, and published *Astrea Redux*, a Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second.

The reproach of inconstancy was, on this occasion, shared with such numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor disgrace! If he changed, he changed with the nation. It was, however, not totally forgotten when his reputation raised him enemies.

The same year, he praised the new king in a second poem on his restoration, in the *Astrea* was the line,

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,  
And in that silence we a tempest fear—

for which he was persecuted with perpetual ridicule, perhaps with more than was deserved. *Silence* is indeed mere privation; and, so considered, cannot *invade*; but privation likewise certainly is *darkness*, and probably *cold*; yet poetry has never been refused the right of ascribing effects or agency to them as to positive powers. No man scruples to say that *darkness* hinders him from his work; or that *cold* has killed the plants. Death is also privation; yet who has made any difficulty of assigning to Death a dart and the power of striking?

In settling the order of his works there is some difficulty; for, even when they are important enough to be formally offered to a patron, he does not commonly date his dedication; the time of writing and publishing is not always the same; nor can the

first editions be easily found, if even from them could be obtained the necessary information<sup>3</sup>.

The time at which his first play was exhibited is not certainly known, because it was not printed till it was, some years afterwards, altered and revived; but since the plays are said to be printed in the order in which they were written, from the dates of some those of others may be inferred; and thus it may be collected, that in 1663, in the thirty-second year of his life, he commenced a writer for the stage; compelled undoubtedly by necessity, for he appears never to have loved that exercise of his genius, or to have much pleased himself with his own dramas.

Of the stage, when he had once invaded it, he kept possession for many years; not indeed without the competition of rivals, who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of critics, which was often poignant and often just; but with such a degree of reputation, as made him at least secure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the public.

His first piece was a comedy called *The Wild Gallant*. He began with no happy auguries; for his performance was so much disapproved, that he was compelled to recall it, and change it from its imperfect state to the form in which it now appears, and which is yet sufficiently defective to vindicate the critics.

I wish that there were no necessity of following the progress of his theatrical fame, or tracing the meanders of his mind through the whole series of his dramatic performances; it will be fit, however, to enumerate them, and to take especial notice of those that are distinguished by any peculiarity, intrinsic or concomitant; for the composition and fate of eight-and-twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted.

In 1664, he published *The Rival Ladies*, which he dedicated to the earl of Orrery, a man of high reputation both as a writer and as a statesman. In this play he made his essay of dramatic rhyme, which he defends, in his dedication, with sufficient certainty of a favourable hearing; for Orrery was himself a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with sir Robert Howard in *The Indian Queen*, a tragedy in rhyme. The parts which either of them wrote are not distinguished.

*The Indian Emperor* was published in 1667. It is a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a sequel to Howard's *Indian Queen*. Of this connection notice was given to the audience by printed bills, distributed at the door; an expedient supposed to be ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, where Bayes tells how many reams he has printed, to instill into the audience some conception of his plot.

In this play is the description of *Night*, which Rymmer has made famous by preferring it to those of all other poets.

The practice of making tragedies in rhyme was introduced soon after the Restoration, as it seems by the earl of Orrery, in compliance with the opinion of Charles the Second, who had formed his taste by the French theatre; and Dryden, who wrote, and made no difficulty of declaring that he wrote only to please, and who perhaps knew, that by his dexterity of versification he was more likely to excel others in rhyme than without it, very readily adopted his master's preference. He therefore made rhyming tragedies, till, by the prevalence of manifest propriety, he seems to have grown ashamed of making them any longer.

<sup>3</sup> The order of his plays has been accurately ascertained by Mr. Malone. C.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatic rhyme, in confutation of the preface to *The Duke of Lerma*, in which sir Robert Howard had censured it.

In 1667 he published *Annus Mirabilis*, the Year of Wonders, which may be esteemed one of his most elaborate works.

It is addressed to sir Robert Howard by a letter, which is not properly a dedication; and, writing to a poet, he has interspersed many critical observations, of which some are common, and some perhaps ventured without much consideration. He began, even now, to exercise the domination of conscious genius, by recommending his own performance: "I am satisfied that as the prince and general [Rupert and Monk] are incomparably the best subjects I ever had, so what I have written on them is much better than what I have performed on any other. As I have endeavoured to adorn my poem with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution."

It is written in quatrains, or heroic stanzas of four lines; a measure which he had learned from the *Gondibert* of Davenant, and which he then thought the most majestic that the English language affords. Of this stanza he mentions the encumbrances, increased as they were by the exactness which the age required. It was, throughout his life, very much his custom to recommend his works by representation of the difficulties that he had encountered, without appearing to have sufficiently considered, that where there is no difficulty there is no praise.

There seems to be, in the conduct of sir Robert Howard and Dryden towards each other, something that is not now easily to be explained. Dryden, in his dedication to the earl of Orrery, had defended dramatic rhyme; and Howard, in the preface to a collection of plays, had censured his opinion. Dryden vindicated himself in his *Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry*: Howard, in his preface to *The Duke of Lerma*, animadverted on the vindication; and Dryden, in a preface to *The Indian Emperor*, replied to the animadversions with great asperity, and almost with contumely. The dedication to this play is dated the year in which the *Annus Mirabilis* was published. Here appears a strange inconsistency; but Langbaine affords some help, by relating, that the answer to Howard was not published in the first edition of the play, but was added when it was afterwards reprinted; and as *The Duke of Lerma* did not appear till 1668, the same year in which the *Dialogue* was published, there was time enough for enmity to grow up between authors, who, writing both for the theatre, were naturally rivals.

He was now so much distinguished, that in 1668<sup>e</sup> he succeeded sir William Davenant as poet-laureat. The salary of the laureat had been raised in favour of Jonson, by Charles the First, from an hundred marks to one hundred pounds a year, and a tierce of wine; a revenue in those days not inadequate to the conveniences of life.

The same year, he published his essay on *Dramatic Poetry*, an elegant and instructive dialogue, in which we are told, by Prior, that the principal character is meant to represent the duke of Dorset. This work seems to have given Addison a model for his *Dialogues upon Medals*.

*Secret Love*, or the *Maiden Queen*, (1668) is a tragi-comedy. In the preface he discusses a curious question, whether a poet can judge well of his own productions? and determines very justly, that, of the plan and disposition, and all that can be reduced to

<sup>e</sup> He did not obtain the laurel till August 18, 1670; but, Mr. Malone informs us, the patent had a retrospect, and the salary commenced from the Midsommer after D'Avenant's death. C.

principles of science, the author may depend upon his own opinion ; but that, in those parts where fancy predominates, self love may easily deceive. He might have observed, that what is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.

Sir Martin Marr-all (1668) is a comedy, published without preface or dedication, and at first without the name of the author. Langbaine charges it, like most of the rest, with plagiarism ; and observes, that the song is translated from Voiture, allowing however that both the sense and measure are exactly observed.

The *Tempest* (1670) is an alteration of Shakspeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant ; "whom," says he, "I found of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him in which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising ; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the Latin proverb, were not always the least happy ; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other ; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man."

The effect produced by the conjunction of these two powerful minds was, that to Shakspeare's monster, Caliban, is added a sister-monster, Sycorax ; and a woman, who, in the original play, had never seen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man, that had never seen a woman.

About this time, in 1673, Dryden seems to have had his quiet much disturbed by the success of *The Empress of Morocco*, a tragedy written in rhyme by Elkanah Settle ; which was so much applauded, as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger. Settle had not only been prosperous on the stage, but, in the confidence of success, had published his play, with sculptures and a preface of defiance. Here was one offence added to another ; and, for the last blast of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies.

Dryden could not now repress those emotions, which he called indignation, and others jealousy ; but wrote upon the play and the dedication such criticism as malignant impatience could pour out in haste.

Of Settle he gives this character : "He is an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation. His being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought, which he can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding. The little talent which he has, is fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought ; but, with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, 'tis commonly still-born ; so that, for want of learning and elocution, he will never be able to express any thing either naturally or justly."

This is not very decent ; yet this is one of the pages in which criticism prevails over brutal fury. He proceeds : "He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great felicity in writing nonsense for them. Fools they will be in spite of him. His King, his two Emperesses, his Villain, and his Sub-villain, nay his Hero, have all a certain natural cast of the father—their folly was born and bred in them, and something of the Elkanah will be visible."

This is Dryden's general declamation ; I will not withhold from the reader a particular remark. Having gone through the first act, he says, "To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet :

To flattering lightning our feign'd smiles conform,  
Which, back'd with thunder, do but gild a storm.

*Conform a smile to lightning*, make *smile* imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning* : lightning sure is a threatening thing. And this lightning must *gild a storm*. Now, if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to *gild* with *smiles*, is a new invention of *gilding*. And *gild a storm* by being *backed with thunder*. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to *gild* another part, and help by *backing*; as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here is *gilding* by *conforming*, *smiling*, *lightning*, *backing*, and *thundering*. The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering stone-horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown. Sure the poet writ these two lines a-board some smack in a storm, and, being sea-sick, spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once."

Here is perhaps a sufficient specimen; but as the pamphlet, though Dryden's, has never been thought worthy of republication, and is not easily to be found, it may gratify curiosity to quote it more largely:

..... Whene'er she bleeds  
He no severer a damnation needs,  
That dares pronounce the sentence of her death,  
Than the infection that attends that breath.

"*That attends that breath.*—The poet is at *breath* again: *breath* can never 'scape him; and here he brings in a *breath* that must be *infectious* with *pronouncing* a sentence; and this sentence is not to be pronounced till the condemned party *bleeds*; that is, she must be executed first, and sentenced after; and the *pronouncing* of this sentence will be *infectious*; that is, others will catch the disease of that sentence, and this infecting of others will torment a man's self. The whole is thus; *when she bleeds, thou needest no greater hell or torment to thyself, than infecting of others by pronouncing a sentence upon her*. What hodge-podge does he make here! Never was Dutch grout such clogging, thick, indigestible stuff. But this is but a taste to stay the stomach; we shall have a more plentiful mess presently.

"Now to dish up the poet's broth, that I promised:

For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd,  
Of Nature's grosser burthen we're discharg'd,  
Then, gentle as a happy lover's sigh,  
Like wandering meteors through the air we'll fly,  
And in our airy walk, as subtle guests,  
We'll steal into our cruel fathers' breasts,  
There read their souls, and track each passion's sphere,  
See how Revenge moves there, Ambition here;  
And in their orbs view the dark characters  
Of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars,  
We'll blot out all those hideous draughts, and write  
Pure and white forms; then with a radiant light  
Their breasts encircle, till their passions be  
Gentle as Nature in its infancy;  
Till, soften'd by our charms, their furies cease,  
And their revenge resolves into a peace.  
Thus by our death their quarrel ends,  
Whom living we made foes, dead we'll make friends,

If this be not a very liberal mess, I will refer myself to the stomach of any moderate guest. And a rare mess it is, far excelling any Westminster white-broth. It is a kind of gibblet-porridge, made of the gibblets of a couple of young geese, stodged full of *meteors, orbs, spheres, track, hideous draughts, dark characters, white forms, and radiant lights*, designed not only to please appetite, and indulge luxury; but it is also physical, being an approved medicine to purge choler; for it is propounded, by Morena, as a receipt to cure their fathers of their choleric humours; and, were it written in characters as barbarous as the words, might very well pass for a doctor's bill. To conclude: it is porridge, 'tis a receipt, 'tis a pig with a pudding in the belly, 'tis I know not what: for, certainly, never any one that pretended to write sense had the impudence before to put such stuff as this into the mouths of those that were to speak it before an audience, whom he did not take to be all fools; and after that to print it too, and expose it to the examination of the world. But let us see what we can make of this stuff:

For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd—

Here he tells us what it is to be *dead*; it is to have *our freed souls set free*. Now, if to have a soul set free, is to be dead; then to have a *freed soul* set free, is to have a dead man die.

Then, gently as a happy lover's sigh—

They two like one *sigh*, and that one *sigh*, like two wandering meteors,

..... Shall fly through the air—

That is, they shall mount above like falling stars, or else they shall skip like two Jacks with lanterns, or Will with a whiap, and Madge with a candle.

“*And in their airy walk steal into their cruel fathers' breasts, like subtle guests.* So that their *fathers' breasts* must be in an *airy walk*, an *airy walk* of a *flier*. *And there they will read their souls, and track the spheres of their passions.* That is, these walking fliers, Jack with a lantern, &c. will put on his spectacles, and fall a *reading souls*; and put on his pumps, and fall a *tracking of spheres*: so that he will read and run, walk and fly, at the same time! Oh! nimble Jack! *Then he will see, how revenge here, how ambition there*——The birds will hop about. *And then view the dark characters of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars, in their orbs: track the characters* to their forms! Oh! rare sport for Jack! Never was place so full of game as these breasts! You cannot stir, but flush a sphere, start a character, or unkennel an orb!”

Settle's is said to have been the first play embellished with sculptures; those ornaments seem to have given poor Dryden great disturbance. He tries however to ease his pain by venting his malice in a parody.

“The poet has not only been so imprudent to expose all this stuff, but so arrogant to defend it with an epistle; like a saucy booth-keeper, that, when he had put a cheat upon the people, would wrangle and fight with any that would not like it, or would offer to discover it; for which arrogance our poet receives this correction: and to jerk him a little the sharper, I will not transpose his verse, but by the help of his own words transnonsense sense, that, by my stuff, people may judge the better what his is:

Great boy, thy tragedy and sculptures done,  
From press and plates, in fleets do homeward run;



And, in ridiculous and humble pride,  
 Their course in ballad-singers' baskets guide,  
 Whose greasy twigs do all new beauties take,  
 From the gay shows thy dainty sculptures make  
 Thy lines a mass of rhyming nonsense yield,  
 A senseless tale, with flattering fustian fill'd.  
 No grain of sense does in one line appear,  
 Thy words big bulks of boisterous bombast bear.  
 With noise they move, and from players' mouths rebound,  
 When their tongues dance to thy words' empty sound,  
 By thee inspir'd the rumbling verses roll,  
 As if that rhyme and bombast lent a soul;  
 And with that soul they seem taught duty too;  
 To huffing words does humble nonsense bow,  
 As if it would thy worthless worth enhance,  
 To th' lowest rank of fops thy praise advance,  
 To whom, by instinct, all thy stuff is dear:  
 Their loud claps echo to the theatre.  
 From breaths of fools thy commendation spreads,  
 Fame sings thy praise with mouths of logger-heads,  
 With noise and laughing each thy fustian greets,  
 'Tis clapt by choirs of empty-headed cits,  
 Who have their tribute sent, and homage given,  
 As men in whispers send loud noise to Heaven.

"Thus I have daubed him with his own puddle; and now we are come from aboard his dancing, masking, rebounding, breathing fleet: and, as if we had landed at Gotham, we meet nothing but fools and nonsense."

Such was the criticism to which the genius of Dryden could be reduced, between rage and terrour; rage with little provocation, and terrour with little danger. To see the highest mind thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of multitudes.

An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer, a comedy, (1671) is dedicated to the illustrious duke of Newcastle, whom he courts by adding to his praises those of his lady, not only as a lover but a partner of his studies. It is displeasing to think how many names, once celebrated, are since forgotten. Of Newcastle's works nothing is now known but his Treatise on Horsemanship.

The Preface seems very elaborately written, and contains many just remarks on the fathers of the English drama. Shakspeare's plots, he says, are in the hundred novels of Cinthio; those of Beaumont and Fletcher in Spanish stories; Jonson only made them for himself. His criticisms upon tragedy, comedy, and farce, are judicious and profound. He endeavours to defend the immorality of some of his comedies by the example of former writers; which is only to say, that he was not the first, nor perhaps the greatest, offender. Against those that accused him of plagiarism, he alleges a favourable expression of the king: "He only desired that they, who accuse me of thefts, would steal him plays like mine;" and then relates how much labour he spends in fitting for the English stage what he borrows from others.

Tyrannic Love, or the Virgin Martyr, (1672) was another tragedy in rhyme, conspicuous for many passages of strength and elegance, and many of empty noise and

ridiculous turbulence. The rants of Maximin have been always the sport of criticism; and were at length, if his own confession may be trusted, the shame of the writer.

Of this play he has taken care to let the reader know, that it was contrived and written in seven weeks. Want of time was often his excuse, or perhaps shortness of time was his private boast in the form of an apology.

It was written before *The Conquest of Granada*, but published after it. The design is to recommend piety. "I considered, that pleasure was not the only end of poesy; and that even the instructions of morality were not so wholly the business of a poet, as that the precepts and examples of piety were to be omitted; for to leave that employment altogether to the clergy, were to forget that religion was first taught in verse, which the laziness or dullness of succeeding priesthood turned afterwards into prose." Thus foolishly could Dryden write, rather than not show his malice to the parsons.

The two parts of *The Conquest of Granada*, (1672) are written with a seeming determination to glut the public with dramatic wonders, to exhibit in its highest elevation a theatrical meteor of incredible love and impossible valour, and to leave no room for a wilder flight to the extravagance of posterity. All the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in *Almanzor* by a kind of concentration. He is above all laws; he is exempt from all restraints; he ranges the world at will, and governs wherever he appears. He fights without inquiring the cause, and loves in spite of the obligations of justice, of rejection by his mistress, and of prohibition from the dead. Yet the scenes are, for the most part, delightful; they exhibit a kind of illustrious depravity, and majestic madness, such as, if it is sometimes despised, is often revered, and in which the ridiculous is mingled with the astonishing.

In the Epilogue to the second part of *The Conquest of Granada*, Dryden indulges his favourite pleasure of discrediting his predecessors; and this epilogue he has defended by a long postscript. He had promised a second dialogue, in which he should more fully treat of the virtues and faults of the English poets, who have written in the dramatic, epic, or lyric way. This promise was never formally performed; but, with respect to the dramatic writers, he has given us in his prefaces, and in this postscript, something equivalent; but his purpose being to exalt himself by the comparison, he shows faults distinctly, and only praises excellence in general terms.

A play thus written, in professed defiance of probability, naturally drew upon itself the vultures of the theatre. One of the critics that attacked it was Martin Clifford, to whom Sprat addressed the *Life of Cowley*, with such veneration of his critical powers, as might naturally excite great expectations of instructions from his remarks. But let honest credulity beware of receiving characters from contemporary writers. Clifford's remarks, by the favour of Dr. Percy, were at last obtained; and, that no man may ever want them more, I will extract enough to satisfy all reasonable desire.

In the first letter his observation is only general: "You do live," says he, "in as much ignorance and darkness as you did in the womb; your writings are like a Jack-of-all-trade's shop; they have a variety, but nothing of value; and if thou art not the dullest plant-animal that ever the Earth produced, all that I have conversed with are strangely mistaken in thee."

In the second he tells him, that *Almanzor* is not more copied from Achilles than from Ancient Pistol. "But I am," says he, "strangely mistaken if I have not seen this very *Almanzor* of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Pr'ythee tell me true, was not this huffcap once the Indian Emperor? and at

another time did he not call himself Maximin? Was not Lyndaraxá once called Almeria? I mean, under Montezuma the Indian emperor. I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I cannot, for my heart, distinguish one from the other. You are therefore a strange unconscionable thief; thou art not content to steal from others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self too."

Now was Settle's time to take his revenge. He wrote a vindication of his own lines; and, if he is forced to yield any thing, makes his reprisals upon his enemy. To say that his answer is equal to the censure, is no high commendation. To expose Dryden's method of analysing his expressions, he tries the same experiment upon the same description of the ships in *The Indian Emperor*, of which however he does not deny the excellence; but intends to show, that by studied misconstruction every thing may be equally represented as ridiculous. After so much of Dryden's elegant animadversions, justice requires that something of Settle's should be exhibited. The following observations are therefore extracted from a quarto pamphlet of ninety-five pages:

" Fate after him below with pain did move,  
And victory could scarce keep pace above.

These two lines, if he can show me any sense or thought in, or any thing but bombast and noise, he shall make me believe every word in his observations on *Morocco* sense.

" In *The Empress of Morocco* were these lines :

I'll travel then to some remoter sphere,  
Till I find out new worlds, and crown you there.

" On which Dryden made this remark : ' I believe our learned author takes a sphere for a country; the sphere of *Morocco*; as if *Morocco* were the globe of earth and water; but a globe is no sphere neither, by his leave,' &c. So *sphere* must not be sense, unless it relates to circular motion about a globe, in which sense the astronomers use it. I would desire him to expound those lines in *Granada* :

I'll to the turrets of the palace go,  
And add new fire to those that fight below.  
Thence, hero-like, with torches by my side,  
(Far be the omen though) my love I'll guide.  
No, like his better fortune I'll appear,  
With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,  
Just flying forward from my rolling sphere.

I wonder, if he be so strict, how he dares make so bold with *sphere* himself, and be so critical in other men's writings. Fortune is fancied standing on a globe, not on a *sphere*, as he told us in the first act.

" Because *Elkana's similes* are the most unlike things to what they are compared in the world, I'll venture to start a simile in his *Annus Mirabilis*: he gives this poetical description of the ship called the *London* :

The goodly *London* in her gallant trim,  
The Phenix-daughter of the vanquish'd old,  
Like a rich bride does on the ocean swim,  
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.  
Her flag aloft spread ruffling in the wind,  
And sanguine streamers seem'd the flood to fire :

The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,  
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.  
With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,  
Whose low-laid mouths each mountain billow laves,  
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,  
She seems a sea-wasp flying in the waves.

“What a wonderful pother is here, to make all these poetical beautifications of a ship; that is, a *phenix* in the first stanza, and but a *wasp* in the last; nay, to make his humble comparison of a *wasp* more ridiculous, he does not say it flies upon the waves as nimbly as a wasp, or the like, but it seemed a *wasp*. But our author at the writing of this was not in his altitudes, to compare ships to floating palaces: a comparison to the purpose, was a perfection he did not arrive to till the *Indian Emperor's* days. But perhaps his similitude has more in it than we imagine; this ship had a great many guns in her, and they, put altogether, made the sting in the wasp's tail: for this is all the reason I can guess, why it seemed a *wasp*. But because we will allow him all we can to help out, let it be a *phenix sea-wasp*, and the rarity of such an animal may do much towards heightening the fancy.

“It had been much more to his purpose, if he had designed to render the senseless play little, to have searched for some such pedantry as this:

Two *ifs* scarce make one possibility.  
If Justice will take all, and nothing give,  
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.  
To die or kill you is the alternative;  
Rather than take your life, I will not live.

“Observe how prettily our author chops logic in heroic verse. Three such fustian canting words as *distributive*, *alternative*, and *two ifs*, no man but himself would have come within the noise of. But he's a man of general learning, and all comes into his play.

“'Twould have done well too, if he could have met with a rant or two, worth the observation: such as,

Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace;  
Leave months and weeks behind thee in thy race.

“But surely the Sun, whether he flies a lover's or not a lover's pace, leaves weeks and months, nay years too, behind him in his race.

“Poor Robin, or any other of the Philo-mathematics, would have given him satisfaction in the point,

If I could kill thee now, thy fate 's so low,  
That I must stoop, ere I can give the blow.  
But mine is fix'd so far above thy crown,  
That all thy men,  
Piled on thy back, can never pull it down.

“Now where that is, Almanzor's fate is fixed, I cannot guess: but, wherever it is, I believe Almanzor, and think that all Abdalla's subjects, piled upon one another, might not pull down his fate so well as without piling: besides I think Abdalla so wise a man, that, if Almanzor had told him piling his men upon his back might do the feat, he

would scarcely bear such a weight, for the pleasure of the exploit; but it is a buff, and let Abdalla do it if he dare.

The people like a headlong torrent go,  
And every dam they break or overflow.  
But, unoppos'd, they either lose their force,  
Or wind in volumes to their former course:

“A very pretty allusion, contrary to all sense or reason. Torrents, I take it, let them wind never so much, can never return to their former course, unless he can suppose that fountains can go upwards, which is impossible; nay more, in the foregoing page he tells us so too; a trick of a very unfaithful memory.

But can no more than fountains upward flow;

which of a *torrent*, which signifies a rapid stream, is much more impossible. Besides, if he goes to quibble, and say, that it is impossible by art water may be made to return, and the same water run twice in one and the same channel; then he quite confutes what he says: for it is by being opposed, that it runs into its former course; for all engines, that make water so return, do it by compulsion and opposition. Or, if he means a headlong torrent for a tide, which would be ridiculous, yet they do not wind in volumes, but come fore-right back, (if their upright lies straight to their former course) and that by opposition of the sea-water, that drives them back again.

“And for fancy, when he lights of any thing like it, 'tis a wonder if it be not borrowed. As here, for example of, I find this fanciful thought in his *Ann. Mirab.*

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head;  
But fear'd the fate of Simoeis would return:  
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed;  
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

“This is stolen from Cowley's *Dauides*, p. 9:

Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,  
Hiding amongst thick reeds his aged head.  
And when the Spaniards their assault begin,  
At once beat those without and those within.

“This *Almanzor* speaks of himself; and sure for one man to conquer an army within the city, and another without the city, at once, is something difficult: but this flight is pardonable to some we meet with in *Granada*: *Osmin*, speaking of *Almanzor*,

Who, like a tempest that outrides the wind,  
Made a just battle, ere the bodies join'd.

“Pray what does this honourable person mean by *a tempest that outrides the wind*: a tempest that outrides itself? To suppose a tempest without wind, is as bad, as supposing a man to walk without feet; for if he supposes the tempest to be something distinct from the wind, yet, as being the effect of wind only, to come before the cause is a little preposterous; so that, if he takes it one way, or if he takes it the other, those two *ifs* will scarcely make one *possibility*.” Enough of *Settle*.

*Marriage-a-la-mode* (1673) is a comedy dedicated to the earl of Rochester; whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but the promoter of his fortune. *Langbaine* places this play in 1673. The earl of Rochester, therefore, was

the famous Wilmot, whom yet tradition always represents as an enemy to Dryden, and who is mentioned by him with some disrespect in the preface to *Juvenal*.

*The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery*, a comedy, (1673) was driven off the stage, *against the opinion*, as the author says, *of the best judges*. It is dedicated, in a very elegant address, to sir Charles Sedley: in which he finds an opportunity for his usual complaint of hard treatment and unreasonable censure.

*Amboyna* (1673) is a tissue of mingled dialogue in verse and prose, and was perhaps written in less time than *The Virgin Martyr*; though the author thought not fit either ostentatiously or mournfully to tell how little labour it cost him, or at how short a warning he produced it. It was a temporary performance, written in the time of the Dutch war, to inflame the nation against their enemies; to whom he hopes, as he declares in his Epilogue, to make his poetry not less destructive than that by which *Tyrteus* of old animated the Spartans. This play was written in the second Dutch war, in 1673.

*Troilus and Cressida* (1679) is a play altered from Shakspeare; but so altered, that, even in *Langbaine's* opinion, "the last scene in the third act is a masterpiece." It is introduced by a discourse on the *Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy*, to which I suspect that *Rymer's* book had given occasion.

*The Spanish Friar* (1681) is a tragi-comedy, eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots. As it was written against the papists, it would naturally at that time have friends and enemies; and partly by the popularity which it obtained at first, and partly by the real power both of the serious and risible part, it continued long a favourite of the public.

It was Dryden's opinion, at least for some time, and he maintains it in the dedication of this play, that the drama required an alternation of comie and tragic scenes; and that it is necessary to mitigate by alleviations of merriment the pressure of ponderous events, and the fatigue of toilsome passions. "Whoever," says he, "cannot perform both parts, is but half a writer for the stage."

*The Duke of Guise*, a tragedy, (1683) written in conjunction with *Lee*, as *Edipus* had been before, seems to deserve notice only for the offence which it gave to the remnant of the Covenanters, and in general to the enemies of the court, who attacked him with great violence, and were answered by him; though at last he seems to withdraw from the conflict, by transferring the greater part of the blame or merit to his partner. It happened, that a contract had been made between them, by which they were to join in writing a play: and "he happened," says Dryden, "to claim the promise just upon the finishing of a poem, when I would have been glad of a little respite.—Two-thirds of it belonged to him; and to me only the first scene of the play, the whole fourth act, and the first half, or somewhat more, of the fifth."

This was a play written professedly for the party of the duke of York, whose succession was then opposed. A parallel is intended between the Leaguers of France and the Covenanters of England: and this intention produced the controversy.

*Albion and Albanus* (1685) is a musical drama or opera, written, like *The Duke of Guise*, against the republicans. With what success it was performed, I have not found.

<sup>7</sup> Downes says, it was performed on a very unlucky day, viz. that on which the duke of Monmouth landed in the West; and he intimates, that the consternation into which the kingdom was thrown by this event was a reason, why it was performed but six times, and was in general ill received. H.

The *State of Innocence and Fall of Man* (1675) is termed by him an opera: it is rather a tragedy in heroic rhyme, but of which the personages are such as cannot decently be exhibited on the stage. Some such production was foreseen by Marvel, who writes thus to Milton:

Or if a work so infinite be spann'd,  
Jealous I was lest some less skilful hand,  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill-imitating would excel)  
Might hence presume the whole creation's day  
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

It is another of his hasty productions; for the heat of his imagination raised it in a month.

This composition is addressed to the princess of Modena, then dutchess of York, in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it was wonderful that any man, that knew the meaning of his own words, could use without self-detestation. It is an attempt to mingle Earth and Heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of Religion.

The preface contains an apology for heroic verse and poetic licence; by which is meant not any liberty taken in contracting or extending words, but the use of bold fictions and ambitious figures.

The reason which he gives for printing what was never acted cannot be overpassed: "I was induced to it in my own defence, many hundred copies of it being dispersed abroad without my knowledge or consent; and every one gathering new faults, it became at length a libel against me." These copies, as they gathered faults, were apparently manuscript; and he lived in an age very unlike ours, if many hundred copies of fourteen hundred lines were likely to be transcribed. An author has a right to print his own works, and need not seek an apology in falsehood; but he that could bear to write the dedication, felt no pain in writing the preface.

*Aureng Zebe* (1676) is a tragedy founded on the actions of a great prince then reigning, but over nations not likely to employ their critics upon the transactions of the English stage. If he had known and disliked his own character, our trade was not in those times secure from his resentment. His country is at such a distance, that the manners might be safely falsified, and the incidents feigned; for the remoteness of place is remarked, by Racine, to afford the same conveniences to a poet as length of time.

This play is written in rhyme, and has the appearance of being the most elaborate of all the dramas. The personages are imperial: but the dialogue is often domestic, and therefore susceptible of sentiments accommodated to familiar incidents. The complaint of life is celebrated; and there are many other passages that may be read with pleasure.

This play is addressed to the earl of Mulgrave, afterwards duke of Buckingham, himself, if not a poet, yet a writer of verses, and a critic. In this address Dryden gave the first hints of his intention to write an epic poem. He mentions his design in terms so obscure, that he seems afraid lest his plan should be parloined, as, he says, happened to him when he told it more plainly in his preface to *Juvenal*. "The design," says he, "you know is great, the story English, and neither too near the present times, nor too distant from them."

All for Love, or the World well Lost, (1678) a tragedy founded upon the story of Antony and Cleopatra, he tells us, "is the only play which he wrote for himself:" the rest were given to the people. It is by universal consent accounted the work in which he has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or character; but it has one fault equal to many, though rather moral than critical, that, by admitting the romantic omnipotence of Love, he has recommended, as laudable and worthy of imitation, that conduct which, through all ages, the good have censured as vicious, and the bad despised as foolish.

Of this play the prologue and the epilogue, though written upon the common topics of malicious and ignorant criticism, and without any particular relation to the characters or incidents of the drama, are deservedly celebrated for their elegance and sprightliness.

Limberham, or the Kind Keeper, (1680) is a comedy, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too indecent for the stage. What gave offence was, in the printing, as the author says, altered or omitted. Dryden confesses, that its indecency was objected to; but Langbaine, who yet seldom favours him, imputes its expulsion to resentment, because it "so much exposed the keeping part of the town."

Edipus (1679) is a tragedy formed by Dryden and Lee, in conjunction, from the works of Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille. Dryden planned the scenes, and composed the first and third acts.

Don Sebastian (1690) is commonly esteemed either the first or second of his dramatic performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents; and though it is not without sallies of frantic dignity, and more noise than meaning, yet, as it makes approaches to the possibilities of real life, and has some sentiments which leave a strong impression, it continued long to attract attention. Amidst the distresses of princes, and the vicissitudes of empire, are inserted several scenes which the writer intended for comic; but which, I suppose, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, passages of excellence universally acknowledged; the dispute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian has always been admired.

This play was first acted in 1690, after Dryden had for some years discontinued dramatic poetry.

Amphytrion is a comedy derived from Plautus and Moliere. The dedication is dated October 1690. This play seems to have succeeded at its first appearance; and was, I think, long considered as a very diverting entertainment.

Cleomenes (1692) is a tragedy, only remarkable as it occasioned an incident related in the Guardian, and allusively mentioned by Dryden in his preface. As he came out from the representation, he was accosted thus by some airy stripling: "Had I been left alone with a young beauty, I would not have spent my time like your Spartan." "That, sir," said Dryden, "perhaps is true: but give me leave to tell you, that you are no hero."

King Arthur (1691) is another opera. It was the last work that Dryden performed for king Charles, who did not live to see it exhibited, and it does not seem to have been ever brought upon the stage<sup>1</sup>. In the dedication to the marquis of Halifax, there is

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake. It was set to music by Purcell, and well received, and is yet a favourite entertainment. H.



a very elegant character of Charles, and a pleasing account of his latter life. When this was first brought upon the stage, news that the duke of Monmouth had landed was told in the theatre; upon which the company departed, and Arthur was exhibited no more.

His last drama was *Love Triumphant*, a *tragi-comedy*. In his dedication to the earl of Salisbury, he mentions "the lowness of fortune to which he has voluntarily reduced himself, and of which he has no reason to be ashamed."

This play appeared in 1694. It is said to have been unsuccessful. The catastrophe, proceeding merely from a change of mind, is confessed by the author to be defective. Thus he began and ended his dramatic labours with ill-success.

From such a number of theatrical pieces, it will be supposed, by most readers, that he must have improved his fortune; at least, that such diligence with such abilities must have set penury at defiance. But in Dryden's time the drama was very far from that universal approbation which it has now obtained. The playhouse was abhorred by the puritans, and avoided by those who desired the character of seriousness or decency. A grave lawyer would have debased his dignity, and a young trader would have impaired his credit, by appearing in those mansions of dissolute licentiousness. The profits of the theatre, when so many classes of the people were deducted from the audience, were not great; and the poet had, for a long time, but a single night. The first that had two nights was *Southern*; and the first that had three was *Rowe*. There were, however, in those days, arts of improving a poet's profit, which Dryden forebore to practise; and a play therefore seldom produced him more than a hundred pounds, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

Almost every piece had a dedication, written with such elegance and luxuriance of praise, as neither haughtiness nor avarice could be imagined able to resist. But he seems to have made flattery too cheap. That praise is worth nothing of which the price is known.

To increase the value of his copies, he often accompanied his work with a preface of criticism; a kind of learning then almost new in the English language, and which he, who had considered with great accuracy the principles of writing, was able to distribute copiously as occasions arose. By these dissertations the public judgment must have been much improved; and Swift, who conversed with Dryden, relates, that he regretted the success of his own instructions, and found his readers made suddenly too skilful to be easily satisfied.

His prologues had such reputation, that for some time a play was considered as less likely to be well received, if some of his verses did not introduce it. The price of a prologue was two guineas, till, being asked to write one for Mr. Southern, he demanded three: "Not," said he, "young man, out of disrespect to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap."

Though he declares, that in his own opinion his genius was not dramatic, he had great confidence in his own fertility; for he is said to have engaged, by contract, to furnish four plays a year.

It is certain that in one year, 1678<sup>9</sup>, he published *All for Love*, *Assignment*, two

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Johnson in this assertion was misled by Langbaine. Only one of these plays appeared in 1678. Nor were there more than three in any one year. The dates are now added from the original editions. *Jk.*

parts of *The Conquest of Granada*, *Sir Martin Marr-all*, and *The State of Innocence*, six complete plays, with a celerity of performance, which, though all Langbaine's charges of plagiarism should be allowed, shows such facility of composition, such readiness of language, and such copiousness of sentiment, as, since the time of Lopez de Vega, perhaps no other author has ever possessed.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however great, nor his profits, however small, without molestation. He had critics to endure, and rivals to oppose. The two most distinguished wits of the nobility, the duke of Buckingham and earl of Rochester, declared themselves his enemies.

Buckingham characterized him, in 1671, by the name of Bayes in *The Rehearsal*; a farce which he is said to have written with the assistance of Butler, the author of *Hudibras*; Martin Clifford, of the Charter-house; and Dr. Sprat, the friend of Cowley, then his chaplain. Dryden and his friends laughed at the length of time, and the number of hands, employed upon this performance; in which, though by some artifice of action it yet keeps possession of the stage, it is not possible now to find any thing that might not have been written without so long delay, or a confederacy so numerous.

To adjust the minute events of literary history is tedious and troublesome; it requires indeed no great force of understanding, but often depends upon inquiries which there is no opportunity of making, or is to be fetched from books and pamphlets not always at hand.

*The Rehearsal* was played in 1671<sup>10</sup>, and yet is represented as ridiculing passages in *The Conquest of Granada*<sup>11</sup> and *Assignment*, which were not published till 1678; in *Marriage-a-la-mode*, published in 1673; and in *Tyrannic Love*, in 1677. These contradictions show how rashly satire is applied<sup>12</sup>.

It is said that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterized by the name of Bilboa. Davenant had been a soldier and an adventurer.

There is one passage in *The Rehearsal* still remaining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant. Bayes hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise; how this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution by mishaps among the women, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him.

It is said likewise, that sir Robert Howard was once meant. The design was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whoever he might be.

Much of the personal satire, to which it might owe its first reception, is now lost or obscured. Bayes probably imitated the dress, and mimicked the manner, of Dryden: the cant words which are so often in his mouth may be supposed to have been Dryden's habitual phrases, or customary exclamations. Bayes, when he is to write, is blooded and purged; this, as Lamotte relates himself to have heard, was the real practice of the poet.

There were other strokes in *The Rehearsal* by which malice was gratified; the debate

<sup>10</sup> It was published in 1672. R.

<sup>11</sup> *The Conquest of Granada* was published in 1672; *The Assignment*, in 1673; *Marriage-a-la-mode* in the same year; and *Tyrannic Love*, in 1672.

<sup>12</sup> There is no contradiction, according to Mr. Malone, but what arises from Dr. Johnson's having copied the erroneous dates assigned to these plays by Langbaine. C.

same antagonist. Elkanah Settle, who had answered Absalom, appeared with equal courage in opposition to *The Medal*; and published an answer called *The Medal reversed*, with so much success in both encounters, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the suffrages of the nation. Such are the revolutions of fame, or such is the prevalence of fashion, that the man, whose works have not yet been thought to deserve the care of collecting them, who died forgotten in an hospital, and whose latter years were spent in contriving shows for fairs, and carrying an elegy or epithalamium, of which the beginning and end were occasionally varied, but the intermediate parts were always the same, to every house where there was a funeral or a wedding, might with truth have had inscribed upon his stone,

Here lies the rival and antagonist of Dryden.

Settle was, for his rebellion, severely chastized by Dryden under the name of Doeg, in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*; and was, perhaps for his factious audacity, made the city poet, whose annual office was to describe the glories of the Mayor's day. Of these bards he was the last, and seems not much to have deserved even this degree of regard, if it was paid to his political opinions: for he afterward wrote a panegyric on the virtues of judge Jefferies; and what more could have been done by the meanest zealot for prerogative?

Of translated fragments, or occasional poems, to enumerate the titles, or settle the dates, would be tedious, with little use. It may be observed, that, as Dryden's genius was commonly excited by some personal regard, he rarely writes upon a general topic.

Soon after the accession of king James, when the design of reconciling the nation to the church of Rome became apparent, and the religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favours, Dryden declared himself a convert to popery. This at any other time might have passed with little censure. Sir Kenelm Digby embraced popery; the two Reynoldses reciprocally converted one another<sup>13</sup>; and Chillingworth himself was awhile so entangled in the wilds of controversy, as to retire for quiet to an infallible church. If men of argument and study can find such difficulties, or such motives, as may either unite them to the church of Rome, or detain them in uncertainty, there can be no wonder that a man, who perhaps never inquired why he was a protestant, should by an artful and experienced disputant be made a papist, overborne by the sudden violence of new and unexpected arguments, or deceived by a representation which shows only the doubts on one part, and only the evidence on the other.

That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth or honour, will not be thought to love Truth only for herself. Yet it may easily happen that information may come at a commodious time; and, as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may by accident introduce the other. When opinions are struggling into popularity, the arguments by which they are opposed or defended become more known; and he that changes his profession would perhaps have changed it before, with the like opportunities of instruction. This was the then state of popery;

<sup>13</sup> Dr. John Reynolds, who lived temp. Jac. I. was at first a zealous papist, and his brother William as earnest a protestant; but, by mutual disputation, each converted the other. See Fuller's Church History, p. 47, book x. H.

every artifice was used to show it in its fairest form ; and it must be owned to be a religion of external appearance sufficiently attractive.

It is natural to hope, that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. I am willing to believe, that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right, than virtue to maintain it. But inquiries into the heart are not for man ; we must now leave him to his Judge.

The priests, having strengthened their cause by so powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controversial papers found in the strong box of Charles the Second ; and, what yet was harder, to defend them against Stillingfleet.

With hopes of promoting popery, he was employed to translate Maimbourg's History of the League ; which he published with a large introduction. His name is likewise prefixed to the English Life of Francis Xavier ; but I know not that he ever owned himself the translator. Perhaps the use of his name was a pious fraud ; which however seems not to have had much effect ; for neither of the books, I believe, was ever popular.

The version of Xavier's Life is commended by Brown, in a pamphlet not written to flatter ; and the occasion of it is said to have been, that the queen, when she solicited a son, made vows to him as her tutelary saint.

He was supposed to have undertaken to translate Varillas's History of Heresies ; and, when Burnet published remarks upon it, to have written an Answer<sup>16</sup> ; upon which Burnet makes the following observation :

“ I have been informed from England, that a gentleman, who is famous both for poetry and several other things, had spent three months in translating M. Varillas's History ; but that, as soon as my Reflections appeared, he discontinued his labour, finding the credit of his author was gone. Now, if he thinks it is recovered by his Answer, he will perhaps go on with his translation ; and this may be, for aught I know, as good an entertainment for him as the conversation that he had set on between the Hinds and Panthers, and all the rest of animals, for whom M. Varillas may serve well enough as an author ; and this history and that poem are such extraordinary things of their kind, that it will be but suitable to see the author of the worst poem become likewise the translator of the worst history that the age has produced. If his grace and his wit improve both proportionably, he will hardly find that he has gained much by the change he has made, from having no religion, to choose one of the worst. It is true, he had somewhat to sink from in matter of wit ; but, as for his morals, it is scarcely possible for him to grow a worse man than he was. He has lately wreaked his malice on me for spoiling his three months' labour ; but in it he has done me all the honour that any man can receive from him, which is to be railed at by him. If I had ill-nature enough to prompt me to wish a very bad wish for him, it should be, that he would go on and finish his translation. By that it will appear, whether the English nation, which is the most competent judge in this matter, has, upon the seeing our debate, pronounced in M. Varillas's favour, or in mine. It is true, Mr. D. will suffer a little by it ; but at least it will serve to keep him in from other extravagances ; and if he

<sup>16</sup> This is a mistake. See Malone, p. 194, &c. C.

gains little honour by this work, yet he cannot lose so much by it as he has done by his last employment."

Having probably felt his own inferiority in theological controversy, he was desirous of trying whether, by bringing poetry to aid his arguments, he might become a more efficacious defender of his new profession. To reason in verse was, indeed, one of his powers; but subtilty and harmony, united, are still feeble, when opposed to truth.

Actuated therefore by zeal for Rome, or hope of fame, he published *The Hind and Panther*, a poem in which the Church of Rome, figured by the *milk-white Hind*, defends her tenets against the Church of England, represented by the *Panther*, a beast beautiful, but spotted.

A fable, which exhibits two beasts talking theology, appears at once full of absurdity; and it was accordingly ridiculed in *The City Mouse and Country Mouse*, a parody, written by Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the first specimen of his abilities.

The conversion of such a man, at such a time, was not likely to pass uncensured. Three dialogues were published by the facetious Thomas Brown, of which the two first were called *Reasons of Mr. Bayes's changing his Religion*: and the third, *The Reasons of Mr. Hains the Player's Conversion and Re-conversion*. The first was printed in 1688, the second not till 1690, the third in 1691. The clamour seems to have been long continued, and the subject to have strongly fixed the public attention.

In the two first dialogues Bayes is brought into the company of Crites and Eugenius, with whom he had formerly debated on dramatic poetry. The two talkers in the third are Mr. Bayes and Mr. Hains.

Brown was a man not deficient in literature, nor destitute of fancy; but he seems to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be a *merry fellow*; and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery; so that his performances have little intrinsic value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty of the event that occasioned them.

These dialogues are like his other works: what sense or knowledge they contain is disgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited. One great source of pleasure is to call Dryden *little Bayes*. Ajax, who happens to be mentioned, is "he that wore as many cow-hides upon his shield as would have furnished half the king's army with shoe-leather."

Being asked whether he had seen *The Hind and Panther*, Crites answers: "Seen it! Mr. Bayes, why I can stir no where but it pursues me; it haunts me worse than a pewter-buttoned serjeant does a decayed cit. Sometimes I meet it in a band-box, when my laundress brings home my linen; sometimes, whether I will or no, it lights my pipe at a coffee-house; sometimes it surprises me in a trunk-maker's shop; and sometimes it refreshes my memory for me on the backside of a Chancery-lane parcel. For your comfort too, Mr. Bayes, I have not only seen it, as you may perceive, but have read it too, and can quote it as freely upon occasion as a frugal tradesman can quote that noble treatise, *The Worth of a Penny*, to his extravagant 'prentice, that revels in stewed apples and penny custards."

The whole animation of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparisons. "To secure one's chastity," says Bayes, "little more is necessary than to leave off a correspondence with the other sex, which, to a wise man, is no greater a punishment than it would be to a fanatic person to forbid seeing *The Chest*

and The Committee; or for my lord mayor and aldermen to be interdicted the sight of The London Cuckolds." This is the general strain, and therefore I shall be easily excused the labour of more transcription.

Brown does not wholly forget past transactions: "You began," says Crites to Bayes, "a very different religion, and have not mended the matter in your last choice. It was but reason that your Muse, which appeared first in a tyrant's quarrel, should employ her last efforts to justify the usurpation of the Hind."

Next year the nation was summoned to celebrate the birth of the prince. Now was the time for Dryden to rouse his imagination, and strain his voice. Happy days were at hand, and he was willing to enjoy and diffuse the anticipated blessings. He published a poem, filled with predictions of greatness and prosperity; predictions of which it is not necessary to tell how they have been verified.

A few months passed after these joyful notes, and every blossom of popish hope was blasted for ever by the Revolution. A papist now could be no longer laureat. The revenue, which he had enjoyed with so much pride and praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of Og. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called *Mac Flecknoe*<sup>17</sup>; of which the *Dunciad*, as Pope himself declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents.

It is related by Prior, that lord Dorset, when as chamberlain he was constrained to eject Dryden from his office, gave him from his own purse an allowance equal to the salary. This is no romantic or incredible act of generosity; an hundred a year is often enough given to claims less cogent by men less famed for liberality. Yet Dryden always represented himself as suffering under a public infliction; and once particularly demands respect for the patience with which he endured the loss of his little fortune. His patron might, indeed, enjoin him to suppress his bounty; but, if he suffered nothing, he should not have complained.

During the short reign of king James, he had written nothing for the stage<sup>18</sup>, being, in his opinion, more profitably employed in controversy and flattery. Of praise he might perhaps have been less lavish without inconvenience, for James was never said to have much regard for poetry: he was to be flattered only by adopting his religion.

Times were now changed: Dryden was no longer the court-poet, and was to look back for support to his former trade: and having waited about two years, either considering himself as discountenanced by the public, or perhaps expecting a second revolution, he produced *Don Sebastian* in 1690; and in the next four years four dramas more.

In 1693 appeared a new version of *Juvenal* and *Persius*. Of *Juvenal* he translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires; and of *Persius* the whole work. On this occasion he introduced his two sons to the public, as nurselings of the Muses. The fourteenth of *Juvenal* was the work of John, and the seventh of *Charles Dryden*. He prefixed a very ample preface, in the form of a dedication to lord Dorset; and there

<sup>17</sup> All Dryden's biographers have misdated this poem, which Mr. Malone's more accurate researches prove to have been published on the 4th of October, 1682. C.

<sup>18</sup> *Albion* and *Albionus* must however be excepted. R.

gives an account of the design which he had once formed to write an epic poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince. He considered the epic as necessarily including some kind of supernatural agency, and had imagined a new kind of contest between the guardian angels of kingdoms, of whom he conceived that each might be represented zealous for his charge, without any intended opposition to the purposes of the Supreme Being, of which all created minds must in part be ignorant.

This is the most reasonable scheme of celestial interposition that ever was formed. The surprises and terrours of enchantments, which have succeeded to the intrigues and oppositions of pagan deities, afford very striking scenes, and open a vast extent to the imagination; but, as Boileau observes, (and Boileau will be seldom found mistaken) with this incurable defect, that, in a contest between Heaven and Hell, we know at the beginning which is to prevail; for this reason we follow Rinaldo to the enchanted wood with more curiosity than terrour.

In the scheme of Dryden there is one great difficulty, which yet he would perhaps have had address enough to surmount. In a war justice can be but on one side; and, to entitle the hero to the protection of angels, he must fight in defence of indubitable right. Yet some of the celestial beings, thus opposed to each other, must have been represented as defending guilt.

That this poem was never written, is reasonably to be lamented. It would doubtless have improved our numbers, and enlarged our language; and might perhaps have contributed, by pleasing instructions, to rectify our opinions, and purify our manners.

What he required as the indispensable condition of such an undertaking, a public stipend, was not likely in these times to be obtained. Riches were not become familiar to us; nor had the nation yet learned to be liberal.

This plan he charged Blackmore with stealing; "only," says he, "the guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage."

In 1694, he began the most laborious and difficult of all his works, the translation of Virgil; from which he borrowed two months, that he might turn Fresnoy's Art of Painting into English prose. The preface, which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings, exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with a miscellaneous collection of critical remarks, such as cost a mind stored like his no labour to produce them.

In 1697, he published his version of the works of Virgil; and, that no opportunity of profit might be lost, dedicated the Pastorals to the lord Clifford, the Georgics to the earl of Chesterfield, and the Æneid to the earl of Mulgrave. This economy of flattery, at once lavish and discreet, did not pass without observation.

This translation was censured by Milbourne, a clergyman, styled, by Pope, "the fairest of critics," because he exhibited his own version to be compared with that which he condemned.

His last work was his Fables, published in consequence, as is supposed, of a contract now in the hands of Mr. Tonson: by which he obliged himself, in consideration of three hundred pounds, to finish for the press ten thousand verses.

In this volume is comprised the well-known ode on St. Cecilia's day, which, as appeared by a letter communicated to Dr. Birch, he spent a fortnight in composing and correcting. But what is this to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose Equivoque, a poem of only three hundred and forty-six lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it?

Part of his book of Fables is the first Iliad in English, intended as a specimen of a

version of the whole. Considering into what hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that this project went no further.

The time was now at hand which was to put an end to all his schemes and labours. On the first of May, 1701, having been some time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died, in Gerard-street, of a mortification in his leg.

There is extant a wild story relating to some vexatious events that happened at his funeral, which, at the end of Congreve's *Life*, by a writer of I know not what credit, are thus related, as I find the account transferred to a biographical dictionary.

“ Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then bishop of Rochester and dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other Abbey-fees. The lord Halifax likewise sent to the lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden her son, that, if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came; the corpse was put into a velvet hearse; and eighteen mourning coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were just ready to move, the lord Jefferies, son of the lord chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was: and being told Mr. Dryden's, he said, ‘What, shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this; and I will bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him.’ The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of the bishop of Rochester's favour, nor of the lord Halifax's generous design, (they both having, out of respect to the family, enjoined the lady Elizabeth, and her son, to keep their favour concealed to the world, and let it pass for their own expense) readily came out of their coaches, and attended lord Jefferies up to the lady's bedside, who was then sick. He repeated the purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was granted. The rest of the company by his desire kneeled also; and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried, ‘No, no.’ ‘Enough, gentlemen,’ replied he; ‘my lady is very good, she says, Go, go.’ She repeated her former words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in their acclamations of joy; and the lord Jefferies ordered the hearsemen to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheapside, and leave it there till he should send orders for the embalment, which, he added, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and lady Elizabeth and her son remained inconsolable. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the lord Halifax and the bishop, to excuse his mother and himself, by relating the real truth. But neither his lordship nor the bishop would admit of any plea; especially the latter, who had the Abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time without any corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days expectance of orders for embalment without receiving any, waited on the lord Jefferies, who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest, saying, that those who observed the orders of a drunken frolic deserved no better; that he remembered nothing at all of it; and that he might do what



he pleased with the corpse. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse home, and set it before the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the lord Jefferies, who returned it with this cool answer: 'That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' He then addressed the lord Halifax and the bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do any thing in it. In this distress Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the college of Physicians, and proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration, at the college, over the corpse; which was attended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches. When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to the lord Jefferies, who refusing to answer it, he sent several others, and went often himself; but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to speak to him; which so incensed him, that he resolved, since his lordship refused to answer him like a gentleman, that he would watch an opportunity to meet and fight off-hand, though with all the rules of honour; which his lordship hearing left the town: and Mr. Charles Dryden could never have the satisfaction of meeting him, though he sought it till his death with the utmost application."

This story I once intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence; nor have I met with any confirmation, but in a letter of Farquhar; and he only relates, that the funeral of Dryden was tumultuary and confused<sup>19</sup>.

Supposing the story true, we may remark, that the gradual change of manners, though imperceptible in the process, appears great when different times, and those not very distant, are compared. If at this time a young drunken lord should interrupt the pompous regularity of a magnificent funeral, what would be the event, but that he would be jostled out of the way, and compelled to be quiet? If he should thrust himself into an house, he would be sent roughly away; and, what is yet more to the honour of the present time, I believe that those, who had subscribed to the funeral of a man like Dryden, would not, for such an accident, have withdrawn their contributions<sup>20</sup>.

He was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where, though the duke of Newcastle had, in a general dedication prefixed by Congreve to his dramatic works,

<sup>19</sup> An earlier account of Dryden's funeral than that above cited, though without the circumstances that preceded it, is given by Edward Ward, who in his *London Spy*, published in 1706, relates, that on the occasion there was a performance of solemn music at the college, and that at the procession, which himself saw, standing at the end of Chancery-lane, Fleet-street, there was a concert of hautboys and trumpets. The day of Dryden's interment, he says, was Monday the 13th of May, which, according to Johnson, was twelve days after his decease, and shows how long his funeral was in suspense. Ward knew not that the expense of it was defrayed by subscription; but compliments lord Jefferies for so pious an undertaking. He also says, that the cause of Dryden's death was an inflammation in his toe, occasioned by the flesh growing over the nail, which being neglected produced a mortification in his leg. *H.*

<sup>20</sup> In the register of the College of Physicians, is the following entry: "May 3, 1700. Comitibus Censoriis ordinariis. At the request of several persons of quality, that Mr. Dryden might be carried from the College of Physicians to be interred at Westminster, it was unanimously granted by the president and censors."

This entry is not calculated to afford any credit to the narrative concerning lord Jefferies. *R.*

accepted thanks for his intention of erecting him a monument, he lay long without distinction, till the duke of Buckinghamshire gave him a tablet, inscribed only with the name of DRYDEN.

He married the lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter to the earl of Berkshire, with circumstances, according to the satire imputed to lord Somers, not very honourable to either party. By her he had three sons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles was usher of the palace to pope Clement the XIth; and, visiting England in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Windsor.

John was author of a comedy called *The Husband his own Cuckold*. He is said to have died at Rome. Henry entered into some religious order. It is some proof of Dryden's sincerity in his second religion, that he taught it to his sons. A man, conscious of hypocritical profession in himself, is not likely to convert others; and, as his sons were qualified in 1693 to appear among the translators of Juvenal, they must have been taught some religion before their father's change.

Of the person of Dryden I know not any account; of his mind, the portrait which has been left by Congreve, who knew him with great familiarity, is such as adds our love of his manners to our admiration of his genius. "He was," we are told, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship, where he professed it, went beyond his professions. He was of a very easy, of very pleasing access; but somewhat slow, and as it were diffident, in his advances to others: he had that in nature which abhorred intrusion into any society whatever. He was therefore less known, and consequently his character became more liable to misapprehensions and misrepresentations; he was very modest, and very easily to be discountenanced in his approaches to his equals or superiors. As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory tenacious of every thing that he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than he was communicative of it; but then his communication was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation, but just such, and went so far, as, by the natural turn of the conversation in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit the reprehensions of others, in respect of his own oversights or mistakes."

To this account of Congreve nothing can be objected but the fondness of friendship; and to have excited that fondness in such a mind is no small degree of praise. The disposition of Dryden, however, is shown in this character rather as it exhibited itself in cursory conversation, than as it operated on the more important parts of life. His placability and his friendship indeed were solid virtues; but courtesy and good-humour are often found with little real worth. Since Congreve, who knew him well, has told us no more, the rest must be collected as it can from other testimonies, and particularly from those notices which Dryden has very liberally given us of himself.

The modesty, which made him so slow to advance, and so easy to be repulsed, was certainly no suspicion of deficient merit, or unconsciousness of his own value: he appears to have known, in its whole extent, the dignity of his own character, and to have set a very high value on his own powers and performances. He probably did not offer his conversation, because he expected it to be solicited; and he retired from a cold

reception, not submissive but indignant, with such deference of his own greatness, as made him unwilling to expose it to neglect or violation.

His modesty was by no means inconsistent with ostentatiousness; he is diligent enough to remind the world of his merit, and expresses with very little scruple his high opinion of his own powers; but his self-commendations are read without scorn or indignation; we allow his claims, and love his frankness.

Tradition, however, has not allowed, that his confidence in himself exempted him from jealousy of others. He is accused of envy and insidiousness; and is particularly charged with inciting Creech to translate Horace, that he might lose the reputation which Lucretius had given him.

Of this charge we immediately discover, that it is merely conjectural; the purpose was such as no man would confess; and a crime that admits no proof, why should we believe?

He has been described as magisterially presiding over the younger writers, and assuming the distribution of poetical fame; but he who excels has a right to teach, and he whose judgment is incontestable may without usurpation examine and decide.

Congreve represents him as ready to advise and instruct; but there is reason to believe, that his communication was rather useful than entertaining. He declares of himself, that he was saturnine, and not one of those whose sprightly sayings diverted company; and one of his censurers makes him say,

Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay;  
To writing bred, I knew not what to say.

There are men whose powers operate only at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in conversation; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts: whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past; or whose attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter at hazard what has not been considered, and cannot be recalled.

Of Dryden's sluggishness in conversation it is vain to search or to guess the cause. He certainly wanted neither sentiments nor language; his intellectual treasures were great, though they were locked up from his own use. "His thoughts," when he wrote, "flowed in upon him so fast, that his only care was which to choose, and which to reject." Such rapidity of composition naturally promises a flow of talk; yet we must be content to believe what an enemy says of him, when he likewise says it of himself. But, whatever was his character as a companion, it appears, that he lived in familiarity with the highest persons of his time. It is related by Carte of the duke of Ormond, that he used often to pass a night with Dryden, and those with whom Dryden consorted: who they were, Carte has not told, but certainly the convivial table at which Ormond sat was not surrounded with a plebeian society. He was indeed reproached with boasting of his familiarity with the great: and Horace will support him in the opinion, that to please superiors is not the lowest kind of merit.

The merit of pleasing must, however, be estimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions or laudable qualities. Caresses and preferments are often bestowed on the auxiliaries of vice, the procurers of pleasure, or the flatterers of vanity. Dryden has never been charged with any personal agency unworthy of a

good character: he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen. One of his enemies has accused him of lewdness in his conversation; but, if accusation without proof be credited, who shall be innocent?

His works afford too many examples of dissolute licentiousness, and abject adulation; but they were probably, like his merriment, artificial and constrained; the effects of study and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleasure.

Of the mind that can trade in corruption, and can deliberately pollute itself with ideal wickedness for the sake of spreading the contagion in society, I wish not to conceal or excuse the depravity.—Such degradation of the dignity of genius, such abuse of superlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation. What consolation can be had, Dryden has afforded, by living to repent, and to testify his repentance.

Of dramatic immorality he did not want examples among his predecessors, or companions among his contemporaries; but, in the meanness and servility of hyperbolic adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled, except by Afra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn. When once he has undertaken the task of praise, he no longer retains shame in himself, nor supposes it in his patron. As many odoriferous bodies are observed to diffuse perfumes from year to year, without sensible diminution of bulk or weight, he appears never to have impoverished his mint of flattery by his expenses, however lavish. He had all the forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation; and, when he had scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue; he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue with another stamp. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity: he considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift, more delighted with the fertility of his invention, than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment. It is indeed not certain, that on these occasions his judgment much rebelled against his interest. There are minds which easily sink into submission, that look on grandeur with undistinguishing reverence, and discover no defect where there is elevation of rank and affluence of riches.

With his praises of others and of himself is always intermingled a strain of discontent and lamentation, a sullen growl of resentment, or a querulous murmur of distress. His works are undervalued, his merit is unrewarded, and “he has few thanks to pay his stars that he was born among Englishmen.” To his critics he is sometimes contemptuous, sometimes resentful, and sometimes submissive. The writer who thinks his works formed for duration mistakes his interest when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by showing that he was affected by their censures, and gives lasting importance to names, which, left to themselves, would vanish from remembrance. From this principle Dryden did not often depart; his complaints are for the greater part general; he seldom pollutes his pages with an adverse name. He condescended indeed to a controversy with Settle, in which he perhaps may be considered rather as assaulting than repelling; and since Settle is sunk into oblivion, his libel remains injurious only to himself.

Among answers to critics, no poetical attacks, or altercations, are to be included; they are like other poems, effusions of genius, produced as much to obtain praise as to obviate censure. These Dryden practised, and in these he excelled.

Of Collier, Blackmore, and Milbourne, he has made mention in the preface to his Fables. To the censure of Collier, whose remarks may be rather termed admonitions than criticisms, he makes little reply; being, at the age of sixty-eight, attentive to better things than the claps of a playhouse. He complains of Collier's rudeness, and the "horse-play of his raillery;" and asserts, that "in many places he has perverted by his glosses the meaning" of what he censures; but in other things he confesses that he is justly taxed; and says, with great calmness and candour, "I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts or expressions of mine that can be truly accused of obscenity, immorality, or profaneness, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, he will be glad of my repentance." Yet as our best dispositions are imperfect, he left standing in the same book a reflection on Collier of great asperity, and indeed of more asperity than wit.

Blackmore he represents as made his enemy by the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, which, "he thinks a little hard upon his fanatic patrons;" and charges him with borrowing the plan of his Arthur from the preface to Juvenal, "though he had," says he, "the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but instead of it to traduce me in a libel."

The libel in which Blackmore traduced him was a Satire upon Wit; in which, having lamented the exuberance of false wit and the deficiency of true, he proposes, that all wit should be re-coined before it is current, and appoints masters of assay, who shall reject all that is light or debased.

'Tis true, that when the coarse and worthless dross  
Is purg'd away, there will be mighty loss:  
Ev'n Congreve, Southern, manly Wycherly,  
When thus refin'd, will grievous sufferers be.  
Into the melting-pot when Dryden comes,  
What horrid stench will rise, what noisome fumes!  
How will he shrink, when all his lewd alloy,  
And wicked mixture, shall be purg'd away!

Thus stands the passage in the last edition; but in the original there was an abatement of the censure, beginning thus:

But what remains will be so pure, 'twill bear  
Th' examination of the most severe.

Blackmore, finding the censure resented, and the civility disregarded, ungenerously omitted the softer part. Such variations discover a writer who consults his passions more than his virtue; and it may be reasonably supposed, that Dryden imputes his enmity to its true cause.

Of Milbourne he wrote only in general terms, such as are always ready at the call of anger, whether just or not: a short extract will be sufficient. "He pretends a quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul upon priesthood; if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his share of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall never be able to force himself upon me for an adversary; I condemn him too much to enter into competition with him.

"As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourne are only distinguished from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy."

Dryden indeed discovered, in many of his writings, an affected and absurd malignity to priests and priesthood, which naturally raised him many enemies, and which was sometimes as unseasonably resented as it was exerted. Trapp is angry, that he calls the sacrificer in the *Georgics* the Holy Butcher: the translation is not indeed ridiculous; but Trapp's anger arises from his zeal, not for the author, but the priest; as if any reproach of the follies of paganism could be extended to the preachers of truth!

Dryden's dislike of the priesthood is imputed by Langbaine, and I think by Brown, to a repulse which he suffered when he solicited ordination; but he denies, in the preface to his *Fables*, that he ever designed to enter into the church; and such a denial he would not have hazarded, if he could have been convicted of falsehood.

Malevolence to the clergy is seldom at a great distance from irreverence of religion, and Dryden affords no exception to this observation. His writings exhibit many passages, which, with all the allowance that can be made for characters and occasions, are such as piety would not have admitted, and such as may vitiate light and unprincipled minds. But there is no reason for supposing, that he disbelieved the religion which he disobeyed. He forgot his duty rather than disowned it. His tendency to profaneness is the effect of levity, negligence, and loose conversation, with a desire of accommodating himself to the corruption of the times, by venturing to be wicked as far as he durst. When he professed himself a convert to popery, he did not pretend to have received any new conviction of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The persecution of critics was not the worst of his vexations; he was much more disturbed by the importunities of want. His complaints of poverty are so frequently repeated, either with the dejection of weakness sinking in helpless misery, or the indignation of merit claiming its tribute from mankind, that it is impossible not to detest the age which could impose on such a man the necessity of such solicitations, or not to despise the man who could submit to such solicitations without necessity.

Whether by the world's neglect, or his own imprudence, I am afraid that the greatest part of his life was passed in exigencies. Such outcries were surely never uttered but in severe pain. Of his supplies or his expenses no probable estimate can now be made. Except the salary of the laureat, to which king James added the office of historiographer, perhaps with some additional emoluments, his whole revenue seems to have been casual; and it is well known, that he seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal; and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to day on the profits of the morrow.

Of his plays the profit was not great; and of the produce of his other works very little intelligence can be had. By discoursing with the late amiable Mr. Tonson, I could not find that any memorials of the transactions between his predecessor and Dryden had been preserved, except the following papers:

"I do hereby promise to pay John Dryden, esq. or order, on the 25th of March, 1699, the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, in consideration of ten thousand verses, which the said John Dryden, esq. is to deliver to me Jacob Tonson, when finished, whereof seven thousand five hundred verses, more or less, are already in the said Jacob Tonson's possession. And I do hereby further promise, and engage myself, to make up the said sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, three hundred pounds sterling to the said John Dryden, esq. his executors, administrators, or assigns, at the beginning of the second impression of the said ten thousand verses.

" In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of March, 1693.

" JACOB TONSON."

" Sealed and delivered, being first duly stampd, pursuant to the acts of parliament for that purpose, in the presence of

*Ben. Portlock,  
Will. Congreve."*

" March 24, 1698.

" Received then of Mr. Jacob Tonson the sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings, in pursuance of an agreement for ten thousand verses, to be delivered by me to the said Jacob Tonson, whereof I have already delivered to him about seven thousand five hundred, more or less; he the said Jacob Tonson being obliged to make up the foresaid sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings three hundred pounds, at the beginning of the second impression of the foresaid ten thousand verses;

" I say, received by me

" Witness, *Charles Dryden.*"

" JOHN DRYDEN."

Two hundred and fifty guineas, at *1l. 1s. 6d.* is *268l. 15s.*

It is manifest, from the dates of this contract, that it relates to the volume of *Fables*, which contains about twelve thousand verses, and for which therefore the payment must have been afterwards enlarged.

I have been told of another letter yet remaining, in which he desires Tonson to bring him money, to pay for a watch which he had ordered for his son, and which the maker would not leave without the price.

The inevitable consequence of poverty is dependence. Dryden had probably no recourse in his exigencies but to his bookseller. The particular character of Tonson I do not know; but the general conduct of traders was much less liberal in those times than in our own; their views were narrower, and their manners grosser. To the mercantile ruggedness of that race, the delicacy of the poet was sometimes exposed. Lord Bolingbroke, who in his youth had cultivated poetry, related to Dr. King of Oxford, that one day, when he visited Dryden, they heard, as they were conversing, another person entering the house. "This," said Dryden, "is Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes away: for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue."

What rewards he obtained for his poems, besides the payment of the bookseller, cannot be known. Mr. Derrick, who consulted some of his relations, was informed, that his *Fables* obtained five hundred pounds from the dutchess of Ormond; a present not unsuitable to the magnificence of that splendid family; and he quotes Moyle, a relating, that forty pounds were paid by a musical society for the use of Alexander's Feast.

In those days the economy of government was yet unsettled, and the payments of the exchequer were dilatory and uncertain; of this disorder there is reason to believe, that the laureat sometimes felt the effects; for, in one of his prefaces, he complains of

those, who, being intrusted with the distribution of the prince's bounty, suffer those that depend upon it to languish in penury.

Of his petty habits or slight amusements, tradition has retained little. Of the only two men whom I have found to whom he was personally known, one told me, that at the house which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-house, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him: and the other related, that his armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This is all the intelligence which his two survivors afforded me.

One of his opinions will do him no honour in the present age, though in his own time, at least in the beginning of it, he was far from having it confined to himself. He put great confidence in the prognostications of judicial astrology. In the Appendix to the Life of Congreve is a narrative of some of his predictions wonderfully fulfilled; but I know not the writer's means of information, or character of veracity. That he had the configurations of the horoscope in his mind, and considered them as influencing the affairs of men, he does not forbear to hint.

The utmost malice of the stars is past.—  
 Now frequent *trines* the happier lights among,  
 And *high-raisd Jove*, from his dark prison freed,  
 Those weights took off that on his planet hung,  
 Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

He has elsewhere shown his attention to the planetary powers; and in the preface to his Fables has endeavoured obliquely to justify his superstition, by attributing the same to some of the ancients. The latter, added to this narrative, leaves no doubt of his notions or practice.

So slight and so scanty is the knowledge which I have been able to collect concerning the private life and domestic manners of a man, whom every English generation must mention with reverence as a critic and a poet.

DRYDEN may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled, and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of propriety had neglected to teach them.

Two Arts of English Poetry were written in the days of Elizabeth by Webb and Puttenham, from which something might be learned, and a few hints had been given by Jonson and Cowley; but Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poetry was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.

He who, having formed his opinions in the present age of English literature, turns back to peruse this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increase of knowledge, or much novelty of instruction; but he is to remember, that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and French. The structure of dramatic poems was then not generally understood. Audiences applauded by instinct; and poets perhaps often pleased by chance.

.. A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an



opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

To judge rightly of an author, we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which is easy at one time was difficult at another. Dryden at least imported his science, and gave his country what it wanted before; or rather, he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own skill.

The Dialogue on the Drama was one of his first essays of criticism, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence which he might allow himself somewhat to remit, when his name gave sanction to his positions, and his awe of the public was abated, partly by custom, and partly by success. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus, on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon, by Demostheues, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other essays on the same subject, the criticism of Dryden is the criticism of a poet; not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed; but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment by his power of performance.

The different manner and effect with which critical knowledge may be conveyed, was perhaps never more clearly exemplified than in the performances of Rymer and Dryden. It was said of a dispute between two mathematicians, "malim cum Scaligero errare, quam cum Clavio rectè sapere;" that "it was more eligible to go wrong with one, than right with the other." A tendency of the same kind every mind must feel at the perusal of Dryden's prefaces and Rymer's discourses. With Dryden we are wandering in quest of Truth; whom we find, if we find her at all, drest in the graces of elegance; and, if we miss her, the labour of the pursuit rewards itself; we are led only through fragrance and flowers. Rymer, without taking a nearer, takes a rougher way; every step is to be made through thorns and brambles; and Truth, if we meet her, appears repulsive by her mien, and ungraceful by her habit. Dryden's criticism has the majesty of a queen; Rymer's has the ferocity of a tyrant.

As he had studied with great diligence the art of poetry, and enlarged or rectified his notions, by experience perpetually increasing, he had his mind stored with principles and observations; he poured out his knowledge with little labour; for of labour, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his productions, there is sufficient reason to suspect that he was not a lover. To write *con amore*, with fondness for the employment, with per-

petual touches and retouches, with unwillingness to take leave of his own idea, and an unwearied pursuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character.

His criticism may be considered as general or occasional. In his general precepts, which depend upon the nature of things, and the structure of the human mind, he may doubtless be safely recommended to the confidence of the reader; but his occasional and particular positions were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious. It is not without reason that Trapp, speaking of the praises which he bestows on Palamon and Arcite, says, *Novimus judicium Drydeni de poemate quodam Chauceri, pulchro sane illo, et admodum laudando, nimirum quod non modo vere epicum sit, sed Iliada etiam atque Æneada æquet, imo superet. Sed novimus eodem tempore viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam exactas: illo iudice id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc præ manibus habet, et in quo nunc occupatur.*

He is therefore by no means constant to himself. His defence and desertion of dramatic rhyme is generally known. Spence, in his remarks on Pope's *Odyssey*, produces what he thinks an unconquerable quotation from Dryden's preface to the *Æneid*, in favour of translating an epic poem into blank verse; but he forgets, that when his author attempted the *Iliad*, some years afterwards, he departed from his own decision, and translated into rhyme.

When he has any objection to obviate, or any licence to defend, he is not very scrupulous about what he asserts, nor very cautious, if the present purpose be served, not to entangle himself in his own sophistries. But, when all arts are exhausted, like other hunted animals, he sometimes stands at bay; when he cannot disown the grossness of one of his plays, he declares, that he knows not any law that prescribes morality to a comic poet.

His remarks on ancient or modern writers are not always to be trusted. His parallel of the versification of Ovid with that of Claudian has been very justly censured by Sewel<sup>a</sup>. His comparison of the first line of Virgil with the first of Statius is not happier. Virgil, he says, is soft and gentle, and would have thought Statius mad, if he had heard him thundering out

*Quæ superimposito moles geminata colosso.*

Statius perhaps heats himself, as he proceeds, to exaggeration somewhat hyperbolic; but undoubtedly Virgil would have been too hasty, if he had condemned him to straw for one sounding line. Dryden wanted an instance, and the first that occurred was impress into the service.

What he wishes to say, he says at hazard; he cited Gorbuduc, which he had never seen; gives a false account of Chapman's versification; and discovers, in the preface to his *Fables*, that he translated the first book of the *Iliad* without knowing what was in the second.

It will be difficult to prove, that Dryden ever made any great advances in literature. As having distinguished himself at Westminster under the tuition of Busby, who advanced his scholars to a height of knowledge very rarely attained in grammar-schools, he resided afterwards at Cambridge, it is not to be supposed, that his skill in the ancient

<sup>a</sup> Preface to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Dr. J.

we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things.

Those happy combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted: we had few elegances or flowers of speech; the roses had not yet been plucked from the bramble, or different colours had not been joined to enliven one another.

It may be doubted whether Waller and Denham could have overborn the prejudices which had long prevailed, and which even then were sheltered by the protection of Cowley. The new versification, as it was called, may be considered as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent, that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse to its former savageness.

The affluence and comprehension of our language is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translations of ancient writers; a work which the French seem to relinquish in despair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity. Ben Jonson thought it necessary to copy Horace almost word by word; Feltham, his contemporary and adversary, considers it as indispensably requisite in a translation to give line for line. It is said, that Sandys, whom Dryden calls the best versifier of the last age, has struggled hard to comprise every book of the English *Metamorphoses* in the same number of verses with the original. Holyday had nothing in view but to show, that he understood his author, with so little regard to the grandeur of his diction, or the volubility of his numbers, that his metres can hardly be called verses; they cannot be read without reluctance, nor will the labour always be rewarded by understanding them. Cowley saw that such copiers were a servile race: he asserted his liberty, and spread his wings so boldly, that he left his authors. It was reserved for Dryden to fix the limits of poetical liberty, and give us just rules and examples of translation.

When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impossible that the same modes of expression should always be elegant in both. While they run on together, the closest translation may be considered as the best; but when they divaricate, each must take its natural course. Where correspondence cannot be obtained, it is necessary to be content with something equivalent. "Translation therefore," says Dryden, "is not so loose as paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase."

All polished languages have different styles; the concise, the diffuse, the lofty, and the humble. In the proper choice of style consists the resemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the translator. He is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English: rugged magnificence is not to be softened; hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed; nor sententious affectation to have its point blunted. A translator is to be like his author; it is not his business to excel him.

The reasonableness of these rules seems sufficient for their vindication; and the effects produced by observing them were so happy, that I know not whether they were ever opposed but by sir Edward Sherburne, a man whose learning was greater than his power of poetry, and who, being better qualified to give the meaning than the spirit of Seneca, has introduced his version of three tragedies by a defence of close translation. The authority of Horace, which the new translators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reason wants not Horace to support it.

It seldom happens, that all the necessary causes concur to any great effect: will is

wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obstructions. The exigences in which Dryden was condemned to pass his life are reasonably supposed to have blasted his genius, to have driven out his works in a state of immaturity, and to have intercepted the full-blown elegance which longer growth would have supplied.

Poverty, like other rigid powers, is sometimes too hastily accused. If the excellence of Dryden's works was lessened by his indigence, their number was increased: and I know not how it will be proved, that if he had written less he would have written better; or that indeed he would have undergone the toil of an author, if he had not been solicited by something more pressing than the love of praise.

But, as is said by his Sebastian,

What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.

We know that Dryden's several productions were so many successive expedients for his support; his plays were therefore often borrowed; and his poems were almost all occasional.

In an occasional performance no height of excellence can be expected from any mind, however fertile in itself, and however stored with acquisitions. He whose work is general and arbitrary has the choice of his matter, and takes that which his inclination and his studies have best qualified him to display and decorate. He is at liberty to delay his publication till he has satisfied his friends and himself, till he has reformed his first thoughts by subsequent examination, and polished away those faults which the precipitance of ardent composition is likely to leave behind it. Virgil is related to have poured out a great number of lines in the morning, and to have passed the day in reducing them to fewer.

The occasional poet is circumscribed by the narrowness of his subject. Whatever can happen to man has happened so often, that little remains for fancy or invention. We have been all born; we have most of us been married; and so many have died before us, that our deaths can supply but few materials for a poet. In the fate of princes the public has an interest; and what happens to them of good or evil, the poets have always considered as business for the Muse. But after so many inauguratory gratulations, nuptial hymns, and funeral dirges, he must be highly favoured by Nature, or by Fortune, who says any thing not said before. Even war and conquest, however splendid, suggest no new images; the triumphant chariot of a victorious monarch can be decked only with those ornaments that have graced his predecessors.

Not only matter but time is wanting. The poem must not be delayed till the occasion is forgotten. The lucky moments of animated imagination cannot be attended; elegances and illustrations cannot be multiplied by gradual accumulation; the composition must be dispatched, while conversation is yet busy, and admiration fresh; and haste is to be made, lest some other event should lay hold upon mankind.

Occasional compositions may however secure to a writer the praise both of learning and facility; for they cannot be the effect of long study, and must be furnished immediately from the treasures of the mind.

The death of Cromwell was the first public event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroic stanzas have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and, though not always proper, show a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are smooth, and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy.

Davenant was perhaps at this time his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears to have been popular; and from Davenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of four lines alternately rhymed.

Dryden very early formed his versification; there are in this early production no traces of Donne's or Jonson's ruggedness; but he did not so soon free his mind from the ambition of forced conceits. In his verses on the Restoration, he says of the king's exile,

..... He, toss'd by Fate—  
 Could taste no sweets of youth's desir'd age,  
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.

And afterwards, to show how virtue and wisdom are increased by adversity, he makes this remark:

Well might the ancient poets then confer  
 On Night the honour'd name of *counsellor*,  
 Since, strack with rays of prosperous fortune blind,  
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.

His praise of Monk's dexterity comprises such a cluster of thoughts unallied to each another, as will not elsewhere be easily found:

'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose  
 Those real bonds false Freedom did impose.  
 The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene  
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder leaze,  
 To see small clues draw vastest weights along,  
 Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.  
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore  
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.  
 With ease such fond chimeras we pursue,  
 As fancy frames, for fancy to subdue:  
 But, when ourselves to action we betake,  
 It shuns the mint like gold that chymists make,  
 How hard was then his task, at once to be  
 What in the body natural we see!  
 Man's Architect distinctly did ordain  
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,  
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense  
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense:  
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,  
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.  
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,  
 Would let them play awhile upon the hook.  
 Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,  
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.  
 Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,  
 While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;  
 Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,  
 Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.

He had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to forbear the improper use of mythology. After having rewarded the heathen deities for their care,

With Alga who the sacred altar strows?  
 To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes;

A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain ;  
A ram to you, ye Tempests of the Main.

He tells us, in the language of Religion,

Prayer storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,  
As Heaven itself, is took by violence.

And afterwards mentions one of the most awful passages of sacred history.

Other conceits there are, too curious to be quite omitted ; as,

For by example most we sinn'd before,  
And, glass-like, clearness mix'd with frailty bore.

How far he was yet from thinking it necessary to found his sentiments on Nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles :

The winds, that never moderation knew,  
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew ;  
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge  
Their straiten'd lungs.—  
It is no longer motion cheats your view ;  
As you meet it, the land approacheth you ;  
The land returns, and in the white it wears  
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.

I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe some verses, in which he represents France as moving out of its place to receive the king. " Though this," said Malherbe, " was in my time, I do not remember it."

His poem on the Coronation has a more even tenour of thought. Some lines deserve to be quoted :

You have already quench'd Sedition's brand ;  
And Zeal, that burnt it, only warms the land ;  
The jealous sects that durst not trust their cause,  
So far from their own will as to the laws,  
Him for their umpire and their synod take,  
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.

Here may be found one particle of that old versification, of which, I believe, in all his works, there is not another :

Nor is it duty, or our hope alone,  
Creates that joy, but full fruition.

In the verses to the lord chancellor Clarendon, two years afterwards, is a conceit so hopeless at the first view, that few would have attempted it ; and so successfully laboured, that though at last it gives the reader more perplexity than pleasure, and seems hardly worth the study that it costs, yet it must be valued as a proof of a mind at once subtle and comprehensive ;

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,  
Until the Earth seems join'd unto the sky :

So in this hemisphere our utmost view  
 Is only bounded by our king and you :  
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,  
 And beyond that no further Heaven can find.  
 So well your virtues do with his agree,  
 That though your orbs of different greatness be,  
 Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,  
 His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd.  
 Nor could another in your room have been,  
 Except an emptiness had come between.

The comparison of the chancellor to the Indies leaves all resemblance too far behind it :

And as the Indies were not found before  
 Those rich perfumes, which from the happy shore  
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,  
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd ;  
 So by your counsels we are brought to view  
 A new and undiscover'd world in you.

There is another comparison, for there is little else in the poem, of which, though perhaps it cannot be explained into plain prosaic meaning, the mind perceives enough to be delighted, and readily forgives its obscurity, for its magnificence :

How strangely active are the arts of peace,  
 Whose restless motions less than war's do cease !  
 Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise ;  
 And war more force, but not more pains employs.  
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,  
 That, like the Earth's, it leaves our sense behind ;  
 While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,  
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.  
 For as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng  
 Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,  
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye,  
 Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony :  
 So, carried on by your unwearied care,  
 We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.

To this succeed four lines, which perhaps afford Dryden's first attempt at those penetrating remarks on human nature, for which he seems to have been peculiarly formed :

Let Envy then those crimes within you see,  
 From which the happy never must be free ;  
 Envy, that does with Misery reside,  
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd Pride.

Into this poem he seems to have collected all his powers ; and after this he did not often bring upon his anvil such stubborn and unmanageable thoughts : but, as a specimen of his abilities to unite the most unsociable matter, he has concluded with lines, of which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning :

Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,  
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.  
 Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,  
 And measure change, but share no part of it :

And still it shall without a weight increase,  
 Like this new year, whose motions never cease  
 For since the glorious course you have begun  
 Is led by Charles, as that is by the Sun,  
 It must both weightless and immortal prove,  
 Because the centre of it is above.

In the *Annus Mirabilis* he returned to the quatrain, which from that time he totally quitted, perhaps from experience of its inconvenience; for he complains of its difficulty. This is one of his greatest attempts. He had subjects equal to his abilities, a great naval war, and the fire of London. Battles have always been described in heroic poetry; but a sea-fight and artillery had yet something of novelty. New arts are long in the world before poets describe them; for they borrow every thing from their predecessors, and commonly derive very little from nature or from life. Boileau was the first French writer that had ever hazarded in verse the mention of modern war, or the effects of gunpowder. We, who are less afraid of novelty, had already possession of those dreadful images. Waller had described a sea-fight. Milton had not yet transferred the invention of fire-arms to the rebellious angels.

This poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation raised by such subjects and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant he has sometimes his vein of parenthesis and incidental disquisition, and stops his narrative for a wise remark.

The general fault is, that he affords more sentiment than description, and does not so much impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences and make comparisons.

The initial stanzas have rather too much resemblance to the first lines of Waller's poem on the war with Spain; perhaps such a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided without affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the civil war of Rome, *Orbem jam totum, &c.*

Of the king collecting his navy, he says,

It seems, as every ship their sovereign knows,  
 His awful summons they so soon obey:  
 So hear the scaly herds when Proteus blows,  
 And so to pasture follow through the sea.

It would not be hard to believe, that Dryden had written the two first lines seriously, and that some wag had added the two latter in burlesque. Who would expect the lines that immediately follow, which are indeed perhaps indecently hyperbolic, but certainly in a mode totally different?

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,  
 Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;  
 And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,  
 For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

The description of the attempt at Bergen will afford a very complete specimen of the descriptions in this poem:

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught  
 With all the riches of the rising Sun:  
 And precious sand from southern climates brought,  
 The fatal regions where the war begun.



## LIFE OF DRYDEN.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,  
 Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring;  
 Then first the North's cold bosom spices bore,  
 And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,  
 Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie;  
 And round about their murdering cannon lay,  
 At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,  
 The English undertake th' unequal war:  
 Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,  
 Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:  
 These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy:  
 And to such height their frantic passion grows,  
 That what both love, both hazard to destroy:

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,  
 And now their odours arm'd against them fly;  
 Some precious by shatter'd porcelain fall,  
 And some by aromatic splinters die:

And, though by tempests of the prize bereft,  
 In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find;  
 Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,  
 And only yielded to the seas and wind.

In this manner is the sublime too often mingled with the ridiculous. The Dutch seek a shelter for a wealthy fleet: this surely needed no illustration; yet they must fly, not like all the rest of mankind on the same occasion, but "like hunted castors;" and they might with strict propriety be hunted; for we winded them by our noses—their perfumes betrayed them. The *husband* and the *lover*, though of more dignity than the castor, are images too domestic to mingle properly with the horrors of war. The two quatrains that follow are worthy of the author.

The account of the different sensations with which the two fleets retired, when the night parted them, is one of the fairest flowers of English poetry:

The night comes on, we eager to pursue  
 The combat still, and they asham'd to leave;  
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,  
 And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,  
 And loud applause of their great leader's fame:  
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,  
 And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,  
 Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie;  
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,  
 (Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.)

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,  
 Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore:  
 Or, in dark churches, walk among the dead;  
 They wake with horreur, and dare sleep no more.

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge; and of this kind, certainly, is technical navigation. Yet Dryden was of opinion, that a sea-fight ought to be described in the nautical language; "and certainly," says he, "as those, who in a logical disputation keep to general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in poetical description would veil their ignorance."

Let us then appeal to experience; for by experience at last we learn as well what will please as what will profit. In the battle, his terms seem to have been blown away; but he deals them liberally in the dock:

So here some pick out bullets from the side,  
Some drive old *okum* through each *seam* and rift:  
Their left hand does the *calking-iron* guide,  
The rattling *mallet* with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand  
(From friendly Sweden brought) the *seams in-stops*;  
Which, well laid o'er, the salt-sea waves withstand,  
And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the *gall'd* ropes with dawby *marling* bind,  
Or *sear-cloth* masts with strong *tarpauling* coats:  
To try new *shrouds* one mounts into the wind,  
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

I suppose there is not one term which every reader does not wish away.

His digression to the original and progress of navigation, with his prospect of the advancement which it shall receive from the Royal Society, then newly instituted, may be considered as an example seldom equalled of seasonable excursion and artful return.

One line, however, leaves me discontented; he says, that, by the help of the philosophers,

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,  
By which remotest regions are allied.—

Which he is constrained to explain in a note "by a more exact measure of longitude." It had better become Dryden's learning and genius to have laboured science into poetry, and have shown, by explaining longitude, that verse did not refuse the ideas of philosophy.

His description of the Fire is painted by resolute meditation out of a mind better formed to reason than to feel. The conflagration of a city, with all its tumults of concomitant distress, is one of the most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes; yet it seems to raise little emotion in the breast of the poet; he watches the flame coolly from street to street, with now a reflection, and now a simile, till at last he meets the king, for whom he makes a speech, rather tedious in a time so busy; and then follows again the progress of the fire.

There are, however, in this part, some passages that deserve attention; as in the beginning:

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,  
 And luxury, more late, asleep were laid!  
 All was the Night's, and in her silent reign  
 No sound the rest of Nature did invade  
 In this deep quiet—

The expression "All was the Night's" is taken from Seneca, who remarks on Virgil's line,

*Omnia noctis erant, placida composita quiete,*

that he might have concluded better,

*Omnia noctis erant.*

The following quatrain is vigorous and animated ;

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend  
 With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;  
 About the fire into a dance they bend,  
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

His prediction of the improvements which shall be made in the new city is elegant and poetical, and with an event which poets cannot always boast has been happily verified. The poem concludes with a simile that might have better been omitted.

Dryden, when he wrote this poem, seems not yet fully to have formed his versification, or settled his system of propriety.

From this time he addicted himself almost wholly to the stage, "to which," says he, "my genius never much inclined me," merely as the most profitable market for poetry. By writing tragedies in rhyme, he continued to improve his diction and his numbers. According to the opinion of Harte, who had studied his works with great attention, he settled his principles of versification in 1676, when he produced the play of *Aureng Zebe*; and, according to his own account of the short time in which he wrote *Tyrannic Love*, and *The State of Innocence*, he soon obtained the full effect of diligence, and added facility to exactness.

Rhyme has been so long banished from the theatre, that we know not its effects upon the passions of an audience: but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and retained. Thus the description of Night in *The Indian Emperor*, and the rise and fall of empire in *The Conquest of Granada*, are more frequently repeated than any lines in *All for Love*, or *Don Sebastian*.

To search his plays for vigorous sallies and sententious elegances, or to fix the dates of any little pieces which he wrote by chance, or by solicitation, were labour too tedious and minute.

His dramatic labours did not so wholly absorb his thoughts, but that he promulgated the laws of translation in a preface to the *English Epistles of Ovid*; one of which he translated himself, and another in conjunction with the earl of Mulgrave.

*Absalom and Achitophel* is a work so well known, that a particular criticism is superfluous. If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellencies of which the subject is susceptible; acrimony of *censure*, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment,

happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition.

It is not, however, without faults; some lines are inelegant or improper, and too many are irreligiously licentious. The original structure of the poem was defective; allegories drawn to great length will always break; Charles could not run continually parallel with David.

The subject had likewise another inconvenience: it admitted little imagery or description; and a long poem of mere sentiments easily becomes tedious; though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader, if not relieved by the interposition of something that soothes the fancy, grows weary of admiration, and defers the rest.

As an approach to the historical truth was necessary, the action and catastrophe were not in the poet's power; there is therefore an unpleasing disproportion between the beginning and the end. We are alarmed by a faction formed of many sects, various in their principles, but agreeing in their purpose of mischief, formidable for their numbers, and strong by their supports; while the king's friends are few and weak. The chiefs on either part are set forth to view: but, when expectation is at the height, the king makes a speech, and

Henceforth a series of new times began.

Who can forbear to think of an enchanted castle, with a wide moat and lofty battlements, walls of marble and gates of brass, which vanishes at once into air, when the destined knight blows his horn before it?

In the second part, written by Tate, there is a long insertion, which, for its poignancy of satire, exceeds any part of the former. Personal resentment, though no laudable motive to satire, can add great force to general principles. Self-love is a busy prompter.

The Medal, written upon the same principles with Absalom and Achitophel, but upon a narrower plan, gives less pleasure, though it discovers equal abilities in the writer. The superstructure cannot extend beyond the foundation; a single character or incident cannot furnish as many ideas, as a series of events, or multiplicity of agents. This poem therefore, since time has left it to itself, is not much read, nor perhaps generally understood; yet it abounds with touches both of humorous and serious satire. The picture of a man whose propensities to mischief are such, that his best actions are but inability of wickedness, is very skilfully delineated and strongly coloured:

Power was his aim; but, thrown from that pretence,  
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,  
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.  
Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd;  
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd:  
Behold him now exalted into trust;  
His counsels oft convenient, seldom just;  
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave,  
He had a grudging still to be a knave.  
The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years,  
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears,  
At least as little honest as he cou'd,  
And, like white witches, mischievously good.  
To this first bias, longingly, he leans;  
And rather would be great by wicked means.

The *Threnodia*, which, by a term I am afraid neither authorised nor analogical, he calls *Augustalis*, is not among his happiest productions. Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. "He is," he says, "petrified with grief;" but the marble sometimes relents, and trickles in a joke :

The sons of Art all med'cines try'd,  
And every noble remedy apply'd :  
With emulation each essay'd  
His utmost skill; nay, more, they pray'd :  
Was never losing game with better conduct play'd.

He had been a little inclined to merriment before, upon the prayers of a nation for their dying sovereign; nor was he serious enough to keep heathen fables out of his religion.

With him the innumerable crowd of armed prayers  
Knock'd at the gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud;  
*The first well-meaning rude petitioners*  
All for his life assail'd the throne,  
All would have brib'd the skies by offering up their own.  
So great a throng not Heaven itself could bar;  
'Twas almost borne by force as in the giants' war.  
The pray'rs, at least, for his reprieve, were heard;  
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd.

There is throughout the composition a desire of splendour without wealth. In the conclusion he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign, to have lamented his old master with much sincerity.

He did not miscarry in this attempt for want of skill either in lyric or elegiac poetry. His poem on the death of Mrs. Killegrew is undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language ever has produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. *Fervet immensusque ruit*. All the stanzas indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond; the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter.

In his first ode for Cecilia's Day, which is lost in the splendour of the second, there are passages which would have dignified any other poet. The first stanza is vigorous and elegant, though the word *diapason* is too technical, and the rhymes are too remote from one another.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began;  
When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,  
And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
Arise, ye more than dead.  
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Music's power obey.  
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man.

The conclusion is likewise striking; but it includes an image so awful in itself, that it can owe little to poetry; and I could wish the antithesis of *music untuning* had found some other place.

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the bless'd above:

So, when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.

Of his skill in elegy he has given a specimen in his *Eleonora*, of which the following lines discover their author:

Though all these rare endowments of the mind  
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,  
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,  
Though not so large an orb, as truly round:  
As when in glory, through the public place,  
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,  
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,  
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;  
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,  
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:  
So, in the straighten'd bounds of life confin'd,  
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;  
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,  
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,  
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room  
For greater multitudes that were to come.  
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;  
Moments were precious in so short a stay.  
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,  
That some were single acts, though each complete;  
And every act stood ready to repeat.

This piece, however, is not without its faults; there is so much likeness in the initial comparison, that there is no illustration. As a king would be lamented, *Eleonora* was lamented:

As, when some great and gracious monarch lies,  
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs, rise  
Among the sad attendants; then the sound,  
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,  
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast  
Is blown to distant colonies at last,  
Who then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,  
For his long life, and for his happy reign;  
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame  
Did matchless *Eleonora's* fate proclaim,  
Till public as the loss the news became.

This is little better than to say in praise of a shrub, that it is as green as a tree; or of a brook, that it waters a garden, as a river waters a country.

Dryden confesses, that he did not know the lady whom he celebrates : the praise being therefore inevitably general, fixes no impression upon the reader, nor excites any tendency to love, nor much desire of imitation. Knowledge of the subject is to the poet what durable materials are to the architect.

The *Religio Laici*, which borrows its title from the *Religio Medici* of Browne, is almost the only work of Dryden which can be considered as a voluntary effusion ; in this, therefore, it might be hoped, that the full effulgence of his genius would be found. But unhappily the subject is rather argumentative than poetical ; he intended only a specimen of metrical disputation :

And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,  
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose.

This, however, is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humorous ; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument ; nor will it be easy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which, though prosaic in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither towers to the skies, nor creeps along the ground.

Of the same kind, or not far distant from it, is *The Hind and Panther*, the longest of all Dryden's original poems ; an allegory intended to comprise and to decide the controversy between the Romanists and Protestants. The scheme of the work is injudicious and incommodious ; for what can be more absurd than that one beast should counsel another to rest her faith upon a pope and council ? He seems well enough skilled in the usual topics of argument, endeavours to show the necessity of an infallible judge, and reproaches the reformers with want of unity ; but is weak enough to ask, why, since we see without knowing how, we may not have an infallible judge without knowing where ?

The Hind at one time is afraid to drink at the common brook, because she may be worried ; but, walking home with the Panther, talks by the way of the Nicene Fathers, and at last declares herself to be the Catholic Church,

This absurdity was very properly ridiculed in *The City Mouse and Country Mouse* of Montague and Prior ; and in the detection and censure of the incongruity of the fiction chiefly consists the value of their performance, which, whatever reputation it might obtain by the help of temporary passions, seems, to readers almost a century distant, not very forcible or animated.

Pope, whose judgment was perhaps a little bribed by the subject, used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.

We may therefore reasonably infer, that he did not approve the perpetual uniformity which confines the sense to couplets, since he has broken his lines in the initial paragraph.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,  
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd :  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.

Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,  
 And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds  
 Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,  
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

These lines are lofty, elegant, and musical, notwithstanding the interruption of the pause, of which the effect is rather increase of pleasure by variety, than offence by ruggedness.

To the first part it was his intention, he says, "to give the majestic turn of heroic poesy;" and perhaps he might have executed his design not unsuccessfully, had not an opportunity of satire, which he cannot forbear, fallen sometimes in his way. The character of a presbyterian, whose emblem is the Wolf, is not very heroically majestic:

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race  
 Appear with belly gaunt and famish'd face;  
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.  
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,  
 Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,  
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.

His general character of the other sorts of beasts, that never go to church, though sprightly and keen, has, however, not much of heroic poesy:

These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,  
 And stand like Adam naming every beast,  
 Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe  
 A slimy-born, and sun-begotten tribe,  
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,  
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.  
 These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave;  
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive:  
 But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher  
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire;  
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,  
 So drossy, so divisible are they,  
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay;  
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things  
 As only buzz to Heaven with evening wings;  
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance;  
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.  
 They know no being, and but hate a name;  
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

One more instance, and that taken from the narrative part, where style was more in his choice, will show how steadily he kept his resolution of heroic dignity.

For when the herd, sufficed, did late repair  
 To ferny heaths and to their forest laire,  
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,  
 Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way;  
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk  
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.  
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,  
 To chat a while on their adventures past:  
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot  
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.



Yet, wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,  
 Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,  
 She thought this hour the occasion would present  
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,  
 Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd,  
 Considering her a well-bred civil beast,  
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest.  
 After some common talk what rumours ran,  
 The lady of the spotted muff began.

The second and third parts he professes to have reduced to diction more familiar and more suitable to dispute and conversation; the difference is not, however, very easily perceived; the first has familiar, and the two others have sonorous, lines. The original incongruity runs through the whole; the king is now Cæsar, and now the Lion; and the name Pan is given to the Supreme Being.

But when this constitutional absurdity is forgiven, the poem must be confessed to be written with great smoothness of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images; the controversy is embellished with pointed sentences, diversified by illustrations, and enlivened by sallies of invective. Some of the facts to which allusions are made are now become obscure, and perhaps there may be many satirical passages little understood.

As it was by its nature a work of defiance, a composition which would naturally be examined with the utmost acrimony of criticism, it was probably laboured with uncommon attention, and there are, indeed, few negligences in the subordinate parts.\* The original impropriety, and the subsequent unpopularity of the subject, added to the ridiculousness of its first elements, has sunk it into neglect; but it may be usefully studied, as an example of poetical ratiocination, in which the argument suffers little from the metre.

In the poem on the birth of the prince of Wales, nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation, and that insensibility of the precipice on which the king was then standing, which the laureate apparently shared with the rest of the courtiers. A few months cured him of controversy, dismissed him from court, and made him again a play-wright and translator.

Of Juvenal there had been a translation by Stapylton, and another by Holiday; neither of them is very poetical. Stapylton is more smooth; and Holiday's is more esteemed for the learning of his notes. A new version was proposed to the poets of that time, and undertaken by them in conjunction. The main design was conducted by Dryden, whose reputation was such, that no man was unwilling to serve the Muses under him.

The general character of this translation will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original. The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences, and declamatory grandeur. His points have not been neglected; but his grandeur none of the band seemed to consider as necessary to be imitated, except Creech, who undertook the thirteenth satire. It is therefore perhaps possible to give a better representation of that great satirist, even in those parts which Dryden himself has translated, some passages excepted, which will never be excelled.

With Juvenal was published Persius, translated wholly by Dryden. This work, though like all other productions of Dryden it may have shining parts, seems to have

been written merely for wages, in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effort of the mind.

There wanders an opinion among the readers of poetry, that one of these satires is an exercise of the school. Dryden says, that he once translated it at school; but not that he preserved or published the juvenile performance.

Not long afterwards he undertook perhaps the most arduous work of its kind, a translation of Virgil, for which he had shown how well he was qualified by his version of the *Pollio*, and two episodes, one of Nisus and Euryalus, the other of Mezentius and Lausus.

In the comparison of Homer and Virgil, the discriminative excellence of Homer is elevation and comprehension of thought, and that of Virgil is grace and splendour of diction. The beauties of Homer are therefore difficult to be lost, and those of Virgil difficult to be retained. The massy trunk of sentiment is safe by its solidity, but the blossoms of elocution easily drop away. The author, having the choice of his own images, selects those which he can best adorn; the translator must, at all hazards, follow his original, and express thoughts which perhaps he would not have chosen. When to this primary difficulty is added the inconvenience of a language so much inferior in harmony to the Latin, it cannot be expected, that they who read the *Georgics* and the *Æneid* should be much delighted with any version.

All these obstacles Dryden saw, and all these he determined to encounter. The expectation of his work was undoubtedly great; the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, another helped him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison.

The hopes of the public were not disappointed. He produced, says Pope, "the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language." It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends, and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies. Milbourne, indeed, a clergyman, attacked it; but his outrages seem to be ebullitions of a mind agitated by stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased.

His criticism extends only to the Preface, Pastorals, and *Georgics*; and, as he professes to give his antagonist an opportunity of reprisal, he has added his own version of the first and fourth Pastorals, and the first *Georgic*. The world has forgotten his book; but, since his attempt has given him a place in literary history, I will preserve a specimen of his criticism, by inserting his remarks on the invocation before the first *Georgic*; and of his poetry, by annexing his own version.

Ver. 1.

"What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn  
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn.

"It's *unlucky*, they say, to *stumble at the threshold*: but what has *plenteous harvest* to do here? Virgil would not pretend to prescribe *rules* for that which depends not on the *husbandman's* care, but the *disposition of Heaven* altogether. Indeed, the *plenteous crop* depends somewhat on the *good method of tillage*; and where the *land* is ill-manured, the *corn*, without a miracle, can be but *indifferent*: but the *harvest* may be *good*, which is its *properest* epithet, though the *husbandman's skill* were never so *indifferent*. The next sentence is too literal, and *when to plough* had been Virgil's

meaning, and intelligible to every body; and *when to sow the corn*, is a needless addition."

Ver. 3.

"The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,  
And when to geld the lambs, and shear the swine,

would as well have fallen under the *cura boum, qui cultus habendo sit pecori*, as Mr. D.'s deduction of particulars."

Ver. 5.

"The birth and genius of the frugal bee  
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

But where did *experientia* ever signify *birth and genius*? or what ground was there for such a *figure* in this place? How much more manly is Mr. Ogylby's version!

What makes rich grounds, in what celestial signs  
'Tis good to plough, and marry elms with vines;  
What best fits cattle, what with sheep agrees,  
And several arts improving frugal bees;  
I sing, Mæcenas.

Which four lines, though faulty enough, are yet much more to the purpose than Mr. D.'s six."

Ver. 22.

"From fields and mountains to my song repair.

For *patrium linguens nemus, saltusque Lycæi*—Very well explained!"

Ver. 23, 24.

"Inventor Pallas, of the fattening oil,  
Thou founder of the plough, and ploughman's toil!

Written as if *these* had been *Pallas's invention*. *The ploughman's toil* is impertinent."

Ver. 25.

"..... The shroud-like cypress ——

Why *shroud-like*? Is a *cypress*, pulled up by the *roots*, which the *sculpture* in the *last Eclogue* fills *Silvanus's* hand with, so very like a *shroud*? Or did not Mr. D. think of that kind of *cypress* used often for *scarves and hatbands* at funerals formerly, or for *widows' veils*, &c.? if so, 'twas a *deep, good thought*."

Ver. 26.

"..... That wear  
The royal honours, and increase the year.

What 's meant by *increasing the year*? Did the *gods* or *goddesses* add more *months*, or *days*, or *hours*, to it? Or how can *arva tueri* signify to *wear rural honours*? Is this to *translate*, or *abuse* an *author*? The next *couplet* is borrowed from Ogylby, I suppose, because *less to the purpose* than ordinary."

Ver. 33.

"The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard.

*Idle*, and none of Virgil's, no more than the sense of the *precedent couplet*; so again

he *interpolates* Virgil with that and *the round circle of the year to guide powerful of blessings, which thou strewest around*; a ridiculous *Latinism*, and an *impertinent addition*; indeed the whole *period* is but one piece of *absurdity* and *nonsense*, as those who lay it with the *original* must find."

Ver. 42, 43.

"And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.

Was he *consul* or *dictator* there?

And wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive.

Both absurd *interpolations*."

Ver. 47, 48.

"Where in the void of Heaven a place is free.  
Ah happy, D——n, were that place for thee!

But where is *that void*? Or, what does our *translator* mean by it? He knows what Ovid says *God* did to prevent such a *void* in Heaven; perhaps this was then forgotten: but Virgil talks more sensibly."

Ver. 49.

"The scorpion ready to receive thy laws.

No, he would not then have *gotten out of his way so fast*."

Ver. 56.

"Though Proserpine affects her silent seat.

What made *her* then so *angry* with Ascalaphus, for preventing her return? She was now *mused* to *Patience* under the *determinations of Fate*, rather than *fond* of her *residence*."

Ver. 61, 62, 63.

"Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,  
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,  
And use thyself betimes to hear our prayers.

Which is such a wretched *perversion* of Virgil's *noble thought* as Vicars would have blushed at: but Mr. Ogylyby makes us some amends, by his better lines:

O wheresoe'er thou art, from thence incline,  
And grant assistance to my bold design!  
Pity, with me, poor husbandmens' affairs,  
And now, as if translated, hear our prayers.

This is *sense*, and to *the purpose*: the other, poor *mistaken stuff*."

Such were the strictures of Milbourne, who found few abettors, and of whom it may be reasonably imagined, that many who favoured his design were ashamed of his insolence.

When admiration had subsided, the translation was more coolly examined, and found, like all others, to be sometimes erroneous, and sometimes licentious. Those who could find faults, thought they could avoid them; and Dr. Brady attempted in blank verse a translation of the *Aeneid*, which, when dragged into the world, did not

live long enough to cry. I have never seen it ; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.

With not much better success, Trapp, when his tragedy and his Prelections had given him reputation, attempted another blank version of the *Æneid* ; to which, notwithstanding the slight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perseverance enough to add the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*. His book may continue in existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of school-boys.

Since the English ear has been accustomed to the melliflence of Pope's numbers, and the diction of poetry has become more splendid, new attempts have been made to translate Virgil ; and all his works have been attempted by men better qualified to contend with Dryden. I will not engage myself in an invidious comparison, by opposing one passage to another ; a work of which there would be no end, and which might be often offensive without use.

It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be estimated, but by their general effects and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place ; to find a happiness of expression in the original, and transplant it by force into the version : but what is given to the parts may be subducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critic may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurements and delight ; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain which the reader throws away. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity ; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again ; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

By his proportion of this predominance I will consent that Dryden should be tried ; of this, which, in opposition to reason, makes Ariosto the darling and the pride of Italy ; of this, which, in defiance of criticism, continues Shakspeare the sovereign of the drama.

His last work was his *Fables*, in which he gave us the first example of a mode of writing which the Italians call *refaccimento*, a renovation of ancient writers, by modernizing their language. Thus the old poem of Boiardo has been new-dressed by Domenichi and Berni. The works of Chaucer, upon which this kind of rejuvenescence has been bestowed by Dryden, require little criticism. The tale of the Cock seems hardly worth revival ; and the story of Palamon and Arcite, containing an action unsuitable to the times in which it is placed, can hardly be suffered to pass without censure of the hyperbolical commendation which Dryden has given it in the general preface, and in a poetical dedication, a piece where his original fondness of remote conceits seems to have revived.

Of the three pieces borrowed from Boccace, *Sigismunda* may be defended by the celebrity of the story. *Theodore* and *Honorio*, though it contains not much moral, yet afforded opportunities of striking description. And *Cymon* was formerly a tale of such reputation, that at the revival of letters it was translated into Latin by one of the *Beroalds*.

Whatever subjects employed his pen, he was still improving our measures, and embellishing our language.

In this volume are interspersed some short original poems, which, with his prologues, epilogues, and songs, may be comprised in Congreve's remark, that even those, if he had written nothing else, would have entitled him to the praise of excellence in his kind.

One composition must however be distinguished. The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, perhaps the last effort of his poetry, has been always considered as exhibiting the highest flight of fancy, and the exactest nicety of art. This is allowed to stand without a rival. If indeed there is any excellence beyond it, in some other of Dryden's works that excellence must be found. Compared with the Ode on Killigrew, it may be pronounced perhaps superior in the whole, but without any single part equal to the first stanza of the other.

It is said to have cost Dryden a fortnight's labour; but it does not want its negligences: some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes; a defect, which I never detected but after an acquaintance of many years, and which the enthusiasm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving.

His last stanza has less emotion than the former; but it is not less elegant in the diction. The conclusion is vicious; the music of Timotheus, which *raised a mortal to the skies*, had only a metaphorical power; that of Cecilia, which *drew an angel down*, had a real effect: the crown, therefore, could not reasonably be divided.

In a general survey of Dryden's labours, he appears to have a mind very comprehensive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compositions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments not such as Nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions, as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted; and seldom describes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life.

What he says of love may contribute to the explanation of his character:

Love various minds does variously inspire:  
It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,  
Like that of incense on the altar laid;  
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade:  
A fire which every windy passion blows,  
With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.

Dryden's was not one of the *gentle bosoms*: love, as it subsists in itself, with no tendency but to the person loved, and wishing only for correspondent kindness; such love as shuts out all other interest, the love of the Golden Age, was too soft and subtle to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it but in its turbulent effervescence with some other desires; when it was inflamed by rivalry, or obstructed by difficulties; when it invigorated ambition, or exasperated revenge.

He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetic; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others: simplicity gave him no pleasure; and for the first part of his life he looked on Otway with contempt, though at last, indeed very late, he confessed, that in his play *there was Nature, which is the chief beauty*.

We do not always know our own motives. I am not certain whether it was not rather the difficulty which he found in exhibiting the genuine operations of the heart, than a servile submission to an injudicious audience, that filled his plays with false magnificence. It was necessary to fix attention; and the mind can be captivated only by

recollection, or by curiosity; by reviving natural sentiments, or impressing new appearances of things: sentences were readier at his call than images; he could more easily fill the ear with splendid novelty, than awaken those ideas that slumber in the heart.

The favourite exercise of his mind was ratiocination; and, that argument might not be too soon at an end, he delighted to talk of liberty and necessity, destiny and contingency; these he discusses in the language of the school with so much profundity, that the terms which he uses are not always understood. It is indeed learning, but learning out of place.

When once he had engaged himself in disputation, thoughts flowed in on either side: he was now no longer at a loss; he had always objections and solutions at command; verbaque provisam rem—gave him matter for his verse, and he finds without difficulty verse for his matter.

In comedy, for which he professes himself not naturally qualified, the mirth which he excites will perhaps not be found so much to arise from any original humour, or peculiarity of character nicely distinguished and diligently pursued, as from incidents and circumstances, artifices and surprises; from jests of action rather than of sentiment. What he had of humorous or passionate, he seems to have had not from Nature, but from other poets; if not always as a plagiarist, at least as an imitator.

Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring sallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy. This inclination sometimes produced nonsense, which he knew; as,

Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,  
 Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race.  
 ..... Amamel flies  
 To guard thee from the demons of the air;  
 My flaming sword above them to display,  
 All keen, and ground upon the edge of day.

And sometimes it issued in absurdities, of which perhaps he was not conscious:

Then we upon our orb's last verge shall go,  
 And see the Ocean leaning on the Sky;  
 From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,  
 And on the lunar world securely pry.

These lines have no meaning; but may we not say, in imitation of Cowley on another book,

'Tis so like sense, 'twill serve the turn as well?

This endeavour after the grand and the new produced many sentiments either great or bulky, and many images either just or splendid:

I am as free as Nature first made man,  
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
 When wild in woods the noble savage ran.  
 —'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,  
 They fear to prove it as a thing that's new:  
 Let me th' experiment before you try,  
 I'll show you first how easy 'tis to die.'

—There with a forest of their darts he strove,  
And stood like Capaneus defying Jove,  
With his broad sword the boldest beating down,  
While Fate grew pale lest he should win the town,  
And turn'd the iron leaves of his dark book  
To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook.

—I beg no pity for this mouldering clay ;  
For if you give it burial, there it takes  
Possession of your earth :  
If burnt, and scatter'd in the air, the winds,  
That strew my dust, diffuse my royalty,  
And spread me o'er your clime ; for where one atom  
Of mine shall light, know there Sébastian reigns.

Of these quotations the two first may be allowed to be great, the two latter only tumid.

Of such selection there is no end. I will add only a few more passages ; of which the first, though it may perhaps be quite clear in prose, is not too obscure for poetry, as the meaning that it has is noble :

No, there is a necessity in Fate,  
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate ;  
He keeps his object ever full in sight ;  
And that assurance holds him firm and right ;  
True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,  
But right before there is no precipice ;  
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing miss.

Of the images which the two following citations afford, the first is elegant, the second magnificent ; whether either be just, let the reader judge :

What precious drops are these,  
Which silently each other's track pursue,  
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew ?

..... Resign your castle——  
—Enter, brave sir ; for, when you speak the word,  
The gates shall open of their own accord ;  
The genius of the place its lord shall meet,  
And bow its towery forehead at your feet.

These bursts of extravagance Dryden calls the “ Dalilahs” of the theatre ; and owns, that many noisy lines of Maximin and Almanzor call out for vengeance upon him : “ but I knew,” says he, “ that they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them.” There is surely reason to suspect, that he pleased himself as well as his audience ; and that these, like the harlots of other men, had his love, though not his approbation.

He had sometimes faults of a less generous and splendid kind. He makes, like almost all other poets, very frequent use of mythology, and sometimes connects religion and fable too closely without distinction.

He descends to display his knowledge with pedantic ostentation ; as when, in translating Virgil, he says, “ tack to the larboard,” and “ veer starboard ;” and talks in another work, of “ virtue spooning before the wind.” His vanity now and then betrays his ignorance :

They Nature's king through Nature's optics view'd ;  
Revers'd, they view'd him lessen'd to their eyes.

He had heard of reversing a telescope, and unluckily reverses the object.



He is sometimes unexpectedly mean. When he describes the Supreme Being as moved by prayer to stop the Fire of London, what is his expression ?

A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,  
In firmamental waters dipp'd above,  
Of this a broad *extinguisher* he makes,  
And *hoods* the flames that to their quarry strove.

When he describes the Last Day, and the decisive tribunal, he intermingles this image :

When rattling bones together fly,  
From the four quarters of the sky.

It was indeed never in his power to resist the temptation of a jest. In his *Elegy on Cromwell* :

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,  
Than the *light monsieur* the *grave don* outweigh'd ;  
His fortune turn'd the scale———

He had a vanity, unworthy of his abilities, to show, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation ; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fougue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators.

These are his faults of affectation ; his faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenness of his compositions, that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed. Dryden was no rigid judge of his own pages ; he seldom struggled after supreme excellence, but snatched in haste what was within his reach ; and when he could content others, was himself contented. He did not keep present to his mind an idea of pure perfection ; nor compare his works, such as they were, with what they might be made. He knew to whom he should be opposed. He had more music than Waller, more vigour than Denham, and more nature than Cowley ; and from his contemporaries he was in no danger. Standing therefore in the highest place, he had no care to rise by contending with himself ; but, while there was no name above his own, was willing to enjoy fame on the easiest terms.

He was no lover of labour. What he thought sufficient, he did not stop to make better ; and allowed himself to leave many parts unfinished, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he dismissed from his thoughts ; and I believe there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity ; but his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study.

What can be said of his versification will be little more than a dilatation of the praise given it by Pope :

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join  
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,  
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Some improvements had been already made in English numbers ; but the full force of our language was not yet felt ; the verse that was smooth was commonly feeble. If

Cowley had sometimes a finished line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to choose the flowing and the sonorous words ; to vary the pauses, and adjust the accents ; to diversify the cadence, and yet preserve the smoothness of his metre.

Of triplets and Alexandrines, though he did not introduce the use, he established it. The triplet has long subsisted among us. Dryden seems not to have traced it higher than to Chapman's Homer ; but it is to be found in Phaer's Virgil, written in the reign of Mary ; and in Hall's Satires, published five years before the death of Elizabeth.

The Alexandrine was, I believe, first used by Spenser, for the sake of closing his stanza with a fuller sound. We had a longer measure of fourteen syllables, into which the Æneid was translated by Phaer, and other works of the ancients by other writers ; of which Chapman's Iliad was, I believe, the last.

The two first lines of Phaer's third Æneid will exemplify this measure :

When Asia's state was overthrown, and Priam's kingdom stout,  
All guiltless, by the power of gods above was rooted out.

As these lines had their break, or *cæsure*, always at the eighth syllable, it was thought, in time, commodious to divide them : and quatrains of lines, alternately, consisting of eight and six syllables, make the most soft and pleasing of our lyric measures ; as,

Relentless Time, destroying power,  
Which stone and brass obey,  
Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour  
To work some new decay.

In the Alexandrine, when its power was once felt, some poems, as Drayton's Polyolbion, were wholly written ; and sometimes the measures of twelve and fourteen syllables were interchanged with one another. Cowley was the first that inserted the Alexandrine at pleasure among the heroic lines of ten syllables, and from him Dryden professes to have adopted it.

The triplet and Alexandrine are not universally approved. Swift always censured them, and wrote some lines to ridicule them. In examining their propriety, it is to be considered, that the essence of verse is regularity, and its ornament is variety. To write verse, is to dispose syllables and sounds harmonically by some known and settled rule ; a rule, however, lax enough to substitute similitude for identity, to admit change without breach of order, and to relieve the ear without disappointing it. Thus a Latin hexameter is formed from dactyls and spondees differently combined ; the English heroic admits of acute or grave syllables variously disposed. The Latin never deviates into seven feet, or exceeds the number of seventeen syllables ; but the English Alexandrine breaks the lawful bounds, and surprises the reader with two syllables more than he expected.

The effect of the triplet is the same ; the ear has been accustomed to expect a new rhyme in every couplet ; but is on a sudden surprised with three rhymes together, to which the reader could not accommodate his voice, did he not obtain notice of the change from the braces of the margins. Surely there is something unskillful in the necessity of such mechanical direction.

Considering the metrical art simply as a science, and consequently excluding all casualty, we must allow that triplets and Alexandrines, inserted by caprice, are interruptions of that constancy to which science aspires. And though the variety which they

produce may very justly be desired, yet, to make poetry exact, there ought to be some stated mode of admitting them.

But, till some such regulation can be formed, I wish them still to be retained in their present state. They are sometimes convenient to the poet. Fenton was of opinion, that Dryden was too liberal, and Pope too sparing in their use.

The rhymes of Dryden are commonly just, and he valued himself for his readiness in finding them; but he is sometimes open to objection.

It is the common practice of our poets to end the second line with a weak or grave syllable:

Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,  
Fill'd with ideas of fair *Italy*.

Dryden sometimes puts the weak rhyme in the first:

Laugh, all the powers that favour *tyranny*,  
And all the standing army of the sky.

Sometimes he concludes a period or paragraph with the first line of a couplet, which, though the French seem to do it without irregularity, always displeases in English poetry.

The Alexandrine, though much his favourite, is not always very diligently fabricated by him. It invariably requires a break at the sixth syllable; a rule which the modern French poets never violate, but which Dryden sometimes neglected:

And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne.

Of Dryden's works it was said by Pope, that "he could select from them better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply." Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught, *sapere et fari*, to think naturally and express forcibly. Though Davies has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained, that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He showed us the true bounds of a translator's liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry, embellished by Dryden: *lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*. He found it brick, and he left it marble.

The invocation before the *Georgics* is here inserted from Mr. Milbourne's version, that, according to his own proposal, his verses may be compared with those which he censures.

What makes the richest *tith*, beneath what signs  
To plough, and when to match your *elms* and *vines*,  
What care with *flocks*, and what with *herds* agrees,  
And all the management of frugal *bees*,  
I sing, *Mæcenas*! Ye immensely clear,  
Vast orbs of light, which guide the rolling year!  
Bacchus, and mother Ceres, if by you  
We fatt'ning *corn* for hungry *ma*st pursue,  
If, taught by you, we first the *cluster* prest,  
And *thin cold streams* with *sprightly juice* refresh;  
Ye *fawns*, the present *numens* of the field,  
*Wood-nymphs* and *fawns*, your kind assistance yield;

Your gifts I sing: and thou, at whose fear'd stroke  
 From rending earth the fiery *cursor* broke,  
 Great Neptune, O assist my artful song!  
 And thou to whom the woods and groves belong,  
 Whose snowy heifers on her flow'ry plains  
 In mighty herds the Cæan Isle maintains!  
 Pan, happy shepherd, if thy cares divine,  
 E'er to improve thy *Mænalus* incline,  
 Leave thy *Lycæan wood* and *natives grove*,  
 And with thy lucky smiles our work approve;  
 Be Pallas too, sweet oil's inventor, kind;  
 And he who first the crooked *plough* design'd,  
 Sylvanus, god of all the woods, appear,  
 Whose hands a new-drawn tender *cypress* bear!  
 Ye gods and goddesses, who e'er with love  
 Would guard our pastures, and our fields improve;  
 Ye, who new plants from unknown lands supply,  
 And with condensing clouds obscure the sky,  
 And drop them softly thence in fruitful showers;  
 Assist my enterprise, ye gentle powers!

And thou, great Caesar! though we know not yet  
 Among what gods thou 'lt fix thy lofty seat;  
 Whether thou 'lt be the kind *tutelar god*  
 Of thy own Rome, or with thy awful nod  
 Guide the vast world, while thy great hand shall bear  
 The fruits and seasons of the turning year,  
 And thy bright brows thy mother's myrtles wear;  
 Whether thou 'lt all the boundless ocean sway,  
 And seamen only to thyself shall pray;  
 Thule, the fairest island, kneel to thee,  
 And, that thou may'st her son by marriage be,  
 Tethys will for the happy purchase yield  
 To make a *dowry* of her wat'ry field:  
 Whether thou 'lt add to Heaven a *brighter sign*,  
 And o'er the *summer months* serenely shine;  
 Where between Cancer and Erigone,  
 There yet remains a spacious room for thee;  
 Where the hot Scorpion too his arm declines,  
 And more to thee than half his *ark* resigns;  
 What'er thou 'lt be; for sure the realms below  
 No just pretence to thy command can show:  
 No such ambition sways thy vast desires,  
 Though Greece her own Elysian Fields admires.  
 And now, at last, contented Proserpine  
 Can all her mother's earnest prayers decline.  
 What'er thou 'lt be, O guide our gentle course,  
 And with thy smiles our bold attempts enforce;  
 With me th' unknowing *rustics'* wants relieve,  
 And, though on Earth, our sacred vows receive.

MR. DRYDEN, having received from Rymer his Remarks on the Tragedies of the last Age, wrote observations on the blank leaves; which, having been in the possession of Mr. Garrick, are by his favour communicated to the public, that no particle of Dryden may be lost.

“That we may less wonder why ‘pity and terrour are not now the only springs on which our tragedies move, and that Shakspeare may be more excused, Rapin confesses that the French tragedies now all run on the *tendre*; and gives the reason, because

love is the passion which most predominates in our souls, and that therefore the passions represented become insipid, unless they are conformable to the thoughts of the audience. But it is to be concluded, that this passion works not now amongst the French so strongly as the other two did amongst the ancients. Amongst us, who have a stronger genius for writing, the operations from the writing are much stronger: for the raising of Shakspeare's passions is more from the excellency of the words and thoughts, than the justness of the occasion; and, if he has been able to pick single occasions, he has never founded the whole reasonably: yet, by the genius of poetry in writing, he has succeeded.

“ Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to the words and discourse of a tragedy, than Aristotle has done, who places them in the last rank of beauties; perhaps, only last in order, because they are the last product of the design, of the disposition or connection of its parts; of the characters, of the manners of those characters, and of the thoughts proceeding from those manners. Rapin's words are remarkable: ‘Tis not the admirable intrigue, the surprising events, and extraordinary incidents, that make the beauty of a tragedy: ‘tis the discourses, when they are natural and passionate: so are Shakspeare's.’

“ The parts of a poem, tragic or heroic, are,

“ 1. The fable itself.

“ 2. The order or manner of its contrivance, in relation of the parts to the whole.

“ 3. The manners, or decency of the characters, in speaking or acting what is proper for them, and proper to be shown by the poet.

“ 4. The thoughts which express the manners.

“ 5. The words which express those thoughts.

“ In the last of these Homer excels Virgil; Virgil all the other ancient poets; and Shakspeare all modern poets.

“ For the second of these, the order: the meaning is, that a fable ought to have a beginning, middle, and an end, all just and natural; so that that part, *e. g.* which is the middle, could not naturally be the beginning or end, and so of the rest: all depend on one another, like the links of a curious chain. If terrour and pity are only to be raised, certainly this author follows Aristotle's rules, and Sophocles' and Euripides' example; but joy may be raised too, and that doubly, either by seeing a wicked man punished, or a good man at last fortunate; or perhaps indignation, to see wickedness prosperous, and goodness depressed: both these may be profitable to the end of a tragedy, reformation of manners; but the last improperly, only as it begets pity in the audience; though Aristotle, I confess, places tragedies of this kind in the second form.

“ He who undertakes to answer this excellent critique of Mr. Rymer, in behalf of our English poets against the Greek, ought to do it in this manner: either by yielding to him the greatest part of what he contends for, which consists in this, that the *poiesis*, *i. e.* the design and conduct of it, is more conducing in the Greeks to those ends of tragedy, which Aristotle and he propose, namely, to cause terrour and pity; yet the granting this does not set the Greeks above the English poets.

“ But the answerer ought to prove two things: first, that the fable is not the greatest masterpiece of a tragedy, though it be the foundation of it.

“ Secondly, that other ends as suitable to the nature of tragedy may be found in the English, which were not in the Greek.

“ Aristotle places the fable first; not *quoad dignitatem, sed quoad fundamentum*:

for a fable, never so movingly contrived to those ends of his, pity and terrour, will operate nothing on our affections, except the characters, manners, thoughts, and words, are suitable.

“ So that it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove, that in all those, or the greatest parts of them, we are inferior to Sophocles and Euripides ; and this he has offered at, in some measure ; but, I think, a little partially to the ancients.

“ For the fable itself, 'tis in the English more adorned with episodes, and larger than in the Greek poets ; consequently more diverting. For, if the action be but one, and that plain, without any counterturn of design or episode, *i. e.* underplot, how can it be so pleasing as the English, which have both underplot and a turned design, which keeps the audience in expectation of the catastrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we see through the whole design at first.

“ For the characters, they are neither so many nor so various in Sophocles and Euripides, as in Shakspeare and Fletcher ; only they are more adapted to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle commends to us, pity and terrour.

“ The manners flow from the characters, and consequently must partake of their advantages and disadvantages.

“ The thoughts and words, which are the fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly more noble and more poetical in the English than in the Greek, which must be proved by comparing them somewhat more equitably than Mr. Rymer has done.

“ After all, we need not yield that the English way is less conducing to move pity and terrour, because they often show virtue oppressed and vice punished ; where they do not both, or either, they are not to be defended.

“ And if we should grant that the Greeks performed this better, perhaps it may admit of dispute, whether pity and terrour are either the prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy.

“ 'Tis not enough that Aristotle had said so ; for Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides ; and if he had seen ours, might have changed his mind. And chiefly we have to say, (what I hinted on pity and terrour, in the last paragraph save one) that the punishment of vice and reward of virtue are the most adequate ends of tragedy, because most conducing to good example of life. Now pity is not so easily raised for a criminal (and the ancient tragedy always represents his chief person such) as it is for an innocent man ; and the suffering of innocence and punishment of the offender is of the nature of English tragedy : contrarily, in the Greek, innocence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes. Then we are not touched with the sufferings of any sort of men so much as of lovers ; and this was almost unknown to the ancients : so that they neither administered poetical justice, of which Mr. Rymer boasts, so well as we ; neither knew they the best common-place of pity, which is love.

“ He therefore unjustly blames us for not building on what the ancients left us ; for it seems, upon consideration of the premises, that we have wholly finished what they began.

“ My judgment on this piece is this : that it is extremely learned, but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the English poets ; that all writers ought to study this critique, as the best account I have ever seen of the ancients ; that the model of tragedy he has here given is excellent, and extremely correct ; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy, because it is too much circumscribed in plot, characters, &c. and, lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference with this author, in prejudice to our own country.

“ Want of method in this excellent treatise makes the thoughts of the author sometimes obscure.

“ His meaning, that pity and terrour are to be moved, is, that they are to be moved as the means conducing to the ends of tragedy, which are pleasure and instruction.

“ And these two ends may be thus distinguished. The chief end of the poet is to please ; for his immediate reputation depends on it.

“ The great end of the poem is to instruct, which is performed by making pleasure the vehicle of that instruction ; for, poesy is an art, and all arts are made to profit. *Rapin*.

“ The pity, which the poet is to labour for, is for the criminal, not for those or him whom he has murdered, or who have been the occasion of the tragedy. The terrour is likewise in the punishment of the same criminal ; who, if he be represented too great an offender, will not be pitied ; if altogether innocent, his punishment will be unjust.

“ Another obscurity is, where he says, Sophocles perfected tragedy by introducing the third actor ; that is, he meant three kinds of action ; one company singing, or speaking ; another playing on the music ; a third dancing.

“ To make a true judgment in this competition between the Greek poets and the English, in tragedy :

“ Consider, first, how Aristotle has defined a tragedy. Secondly, what he assigns the end of it to be. Thirdly, what he thinks the beauties of it. Fourthly, the means to attain the end proposed.

“ Compare the Greek and English tragic poets justly, and without partiality, according to those rules.

“ Then, secondly, consider whether Aristotle has made a just definition of tragedy ; of its parts, of its ends, and of its beauties ; and whether he, having not seen any other but those of Sophocles, Euripides, &c. had or truly could determine what all the excellencies of tragedy are, and wherein they consist.

“ Next, show in what ancient tragedy was deficient : for example, in the narrowness of its plots, and fewness of persons ; and try whether that be not a fault in the Greek poets ; and whether their excellency was so great, when the variety was visibly so little ; or whether what they did was not very easy to do.

“ Then make a judgment on what the English have added to their beauties : as, for example, not only more plot, but also new passions ; as, namely, that of love, scarcely touched on by the ancients, except in this one example of Phædra, cited by Mr. Rymer ; and in that how short they were of Fletcher !

“ Prove also, that love, being an heroic passion, is fit for tragedy, which cannot be denied, because of the example alleged of Phædra ; and how far Shakspeare has outdone them in friendship, &c.

“ To return to the beginning of this inquiry ; consider if pity and terrour be enough for tragedy to move ; and I believe, upon a true definition of tragedy, it will be found, that its work extends further, and that it is to reform manners, by a delightful representation of human life in great persons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then not only pity and terrour are to be moved, as the only means to bring us to virtue, but generally love to virtue, and hatred to vice ; by showing the rewards of one, and punishments of the other ; at least, by rendering virtue always amiable, though it be shown unfortunate ; and vice detestable, though it be shown triumphant.

“ If, then, the encouragement of virtue and discouragement of vice be the proper ends of poetry in tragedy, pity and terrour, though good means, are not the only. For all the passions, in their turns, are to be set in a ferment ; as joy, anger, love, fear,

are to be used as the poet's common-places : and a general concernment for the principal actors is to be raised, by making them appear such in their characters, their words, and actions, as will interest the audience in their fortunes.

“ And if, after all, in a larger sense, pity comprehends this concernment for the good, and terrour includes detestation for the bad, then let us consider, whether the English have not answered this end of tragedy as well as the ancients, or perhaps better.

“ And here Mr. Rymer's objections against these plays are to be impartially weighed, that we may see, whether they are of weight enough to turn the balance against our countrymen.

“ 'Tis evident those plays, which he arraigns, have moved both those passions in a high degree upon the stage.

“ To give the glory of this away from the poet, and to place it upon the actors, seems unjust.

“ One reason is, because whatever actors they have found, the event has been the same ; that is, the same passions have been always moved ; which shows, that there is something of force and merit in the plays themselves, conducing to the design of raising these two passions : and suppose them ever to have been excellently acted, yet action only adds grace, vigour, and more life upon the stage ; but cannot give it wholly where it is not first. But, secondly, I dare appeal to those who have never seen them acted, if they have not found these two passions moved within them : and if the general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer's prejudice will take off his single testimony.

“ This, being matter of fact, is reasonably to be established by this appeal ; as, if one man says it is night, when the rest of the world conclude it to be day, there needs no further argument against him, that it is so.

“ If he urge, that the general taste is depraved, his arguments to prove this can at best but evince, that our poets took not the best way to raise those passions ; but experience proves against him, that those means, which they have used, have been successful, and have produced them.

“ And one reason of that success is, in my opinion, this ; that Shakspeare and Fletcher have written to the genius of the age and nation in which they lived ; for though nature, as he objects, is the same in all places, and reason too the same : yet the climate, the age, the disposition, of the people, to whom a poet writes, may be so different, that what pleased the Greeks would not satisfy an English audience.

“ And if they proceed upon a foundation of truer reason to please the Athenians, than Shakspeare and Fletcher to please the English, it only shows, that the Athenians were a more judicious people ; but the poet's business is certainly to please the audience.

“ Whether our English audience have been pleased hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread, is the next question ; that is, whether the means which Shakspeare and Fletcher have used, in their plays, to raise those passions before named, be better applied to the ends by the Greek poets than by them. And perhaps we shall not grant him this wholly ; let it be yielded that a writer is not to run down with the stream, or to please the people by their usual methods, but rather to reform their judgments, it still remains to prove, that our theatre needs this total reformation.

“ The faults, which he has found in their design, are rather wittily aggravated in many places than reasonably urged ; and as much may be returned on the Greeks by one who were as witty as himself.



“ They destroy not, if they are granted, the foundation of the fabric ; only take away from the beauty of the symmetry ; for example, the faults in the character of the King, in King and No-king, are not, as he calls them, such as render him detestable, but only imperfections which accompany human nature, and are for the most part excused by the violence of his love ; so that they destroy not our pity or concernment for him : this answer may be applied to most of his objections of that kind.

“ And Rollo committing many murders, when he is answerable but for one, is too severely arraigned by him ; for it adds to our horror and detestation of the criminal ; and poetic justice is not neglected neither ; for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits ; and the point, which the poet is to gain on the audience, is not so much in the death of an offender, as the raising an horror of his crimes.

“ That the criminal should neither be wholly guilty, nor wholly innocent, but so participating of both as to move both pity and terrour, is certainly a good rule, but not perpetually to be observed ; for that were to make all tragedies too much alike ; which objection he foresaw, but has not fully answered.

“ To conclude, therefore ; if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more beautifully written. And, if we can raise passions as high on worse foundations, it shows our genius in tragedy is greater ; for in all other parts of it the English have manifestly excelled them.”

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THE original of the following letter is preserved in the library at Lambeth, and was kindly imparted to the public by the reverend Dr. Vyse.

*Copy of an original Letter from John Dryden, esq. to his sons in Italy, from a MS. in the Lambeth Library, marked No. 933, p. 56.*

(Superscribed)

“ Al illustrissimo Sig<sup>ra</sup>  
Carlo Dryden Camariere  
d'Honore A. S. S.

“ Franca per Mantoua.

In Roma.

Sept. the 3d. our style.

“ Dear sons,

“ Being now at sir William Bowyer's in the country, I cannot write at large, because I find myself somewhat indisposed with a cold, and am thick of hearing, rather worse than I was in town. I am glad to find, by your letter of July 26th, your style, that you are both in health ; but wonder you should think me so negligent as to forget to give you an account of the ship in which your parcel is to come. I have written to you two or three letters concerning it, which I have sent by safe hands, as I told you, and doubt not but you have them before this can arrive to you. Being out of town, I have forgotten the ship's name, which your mother will inquire, and put it into her letter, which is joined with mine. But the master's name I remember ; he is called Mr. Ralph Thorp : the ship is bound to Leghorn, consigned to Mr. Peter and Mr. Thomas Ball, merchants. I am of your opinion, that by Tonson's means almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But, however, he has missed of his design in the Dedication, though he had prepared the book for it ; for, in every figure of *Æneas* he has caused him to be drawn like king William, with a hooked nose. After my

return to town, I intend to alter a play of sir Robert Howard's, written long since and lately put into my hands; 'tis called *The Conquest of China by the Tartars*. It will cost me six weeks study, with the probable benefit of an hundred pounds. In the mean time I am writing a song, for St. Cecilia's Feast, who, you know, is the patroness of music. This is troublesome, and no way beneficial; but I could not deny the stewards of the feast, who came in a body to me to desire that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgeman, whose parents are your mother's friends. I hope to send you thirty guineas between Michaelmas and Christmas, of which I will give you an account when I come to town. I remember the counsel you give me in your letter; but dissembling, though lawful in some cases, is not my talent; yet, for your sake, I will struggle with the plain openness of my nature, and keep in my just resentments against that degenerate order. In the mean time, I flatter not myself with any manner of hopes, but do my duty, and suffer for God's sake; being assured, before hand, never to be rewarded, though the times should alter. Towards the latter end of this month, September, Charles will begin to recover his perfect health, according to his nativity, which, casting it myself, I am sure is true, and all things hitherto have happened accordingly to the very time that I predicted them: I hope at the same time to recover more health, according to my age. Remember me to poor Harry, whose prayers I earnestly desire. My *Virgil* succeeds in the world beyond its desert or my expectation. You know the profits might have been more; but neither my conscience nor my honour would suffer me to take them: but I never can repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause for which I suffer. It has pleased God to raise up many friends to me amongst my enemies, though they who ought to have been my friends are negligent of me. I am called to dinner, and cannot go on with this letter, which I desire you to excuse; and am

“ your most affectionate father,

“ JOHN DRYDEN.”

# VERSES IN PRAISE

OF

## DRYDEN.

### ON DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

**B**EGONE, you slaves, you idle vermin go,  
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;  
Let free, impartial men, from Dryden learn  
Mysterious secrets, of a high concern,  
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,  
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.  
What can you (reverend Levi) here take ill?  
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;  
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,  
Must be an angel; but what 's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,  
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,  
Our sects a more tyrannic power assume,  
And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;  
That church detain'd the legacy divine;  
Fapatics cast the pearls of Heaven to swine:  
What then have thinking honest men to do,  
But choose a mean between th' usurping two?

Nor can th' Egyptian patriarch blame thy Muse,  
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;  
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,  
The preface sure was his own act and deed.  
Our church will have that preface read, you'll say:  
'Tis true: but so she will th' Apocrypha;  
And such as can believe them, freely may.

But did that God, (so little understood)  
Whose darling attribute is being good,  
From the dark womb of the rude Chaos bring  
Such various creatures, and make man their king,  
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,  
More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?  
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey  
To yelling furies, and for ever burn  
In that sad place from whence is no return,  
For unbelief in one they never knew,  
Or for not doing what they could not do!  
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,  
And so do all their followers that rebel:

If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian stray,  
Shall the great gulf be show'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,  
Or the fall'n angels' room will be but ill supply'd.

That Christ, who at the great deciding day  
(For he declares what he resolves to say)

Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,  
And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,  
Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,  
For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,  
Whose inhumanity, profusely shown  
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own.  
I'll err at least on the securer side,  
A convert free from malice and from pride.

### TO MY FRIEND, MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF  
THE ANCIENT POETS.

BY G. GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

As flowers transplanted from a southern sky,  
But hardly bear, or in the raising die;  
Missing their native sun, at best retain  
But a faint odour, and survive with pain:  
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,  
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,  
Is a dead image, and a senseless draught.

While we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,  
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.  
Who then to copy Roman wit desire,  
Must imitate with Roman force and fire,  
In elegance of style and phrase the same,  
And in the sparkling genius, and the flame.  
Whence we conclude from thy translated song,  
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,  
Celestial poet! soul of harmony!  
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.

Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,  
Never to die, and take to Heaven their flight;  
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,  
All glorified, immortal, and divine.

As Britain in rich soil abounding wide,  
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,  
Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore  
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;  
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins,  
And to her plenteous harvests India's mines;  
So Dryden, not contented with the fame  
Of his own works, though an immortal name,  
To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,  
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose:

Feasting our sense so many various ways,  
Say, is 't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?  
That, by comparing others, all might see,  
Who most excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

---

TO MR. DRYDEN,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

How long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays  
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!  
Can neither injuries of time, or age,  
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?  
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;  
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;  
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays  
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,  
And second youth is kindled in thy breast.  
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,  
And England boasts of riches not her own:  
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,  
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.  
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle  
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style:  
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,  
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.  
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,  
And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,  
And tells his story in the British tongue;  
Thy charming verse, and fair translations show  
How thy own laurel first began to grow;  
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods, [woods.  
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the  
O may'st thou still the noble tale prolong,  
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song:  
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs  
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams,  
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould  
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:  
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,  
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.  
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal  
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

*Mag. Coll. Oxon. June 2, 1693.*

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FROM ADDISON'S

ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

BUT see where artful Dryden next appears,  
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.  
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords  
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.  
Whether in comic sounds, or tragic airs,  
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles and tears.  
If satire or heroic strains she writes,  
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.  
From her no harsh, unartful numbers fall,  
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all:  
How might we fear our English poetry,  
That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee:  
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,  
Harmotious Congreve, and forbid our fear!  
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store  
Has given already much, and promis'd more.  
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,  
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR,  
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

FROM MR. POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM, L. 376.

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.  
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.  
The power of music all our hearts allow,  
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

---

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN,

FROM AN ODE OF GRAY.

BEHOLD, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bore:  
Two couriers of ethereal race, [pace  
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding  
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But, ah! tis heard no more—  
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now? though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air:  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

---

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

TAKE it as earnest of a faith renew'd,  
Your theme is vast, your verse divinely good:  
Where, though the Nine their beauteous strokes rec-  
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat, [peat,  
It looks as if they strook them at a heat.  
So all serenely great, so just refin'd,  
Like angels love to human seed inclin'd,  
It starts a giant, and exalts the kind.  
'Tis spirit seen, whose fiery atoms roll,  
So brightly fierce, each syllable 's a soul.  
'Tis miniature of man, but he 's all heart;  
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;  
To whom ev'n the fanatics altars raise,  
Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise;  
As if a Milton from the dead arose,  
Nill'd off the rust, and the right party chose.  
Nor, sir, be shock'd at what the gloomy say;  
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.

'Tis gracious all, and great: push on your theme;  
Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem.  
David, that rebel Israel's envy mov'd;  
David, by God and all good men below'd.

The beauties of your Absalom excel:  
But more the charms of charming Annabel:  
Of Annabel, than May's first morn more bright,  
Cheerful as summer's noon, and chaste as winter's  
Of Annabel, the Muse's dearest theme; [night  
Of Annabel, the angel of my dream,  
Thus let a broken eloquence attend,  
And to your masterpiece these shadows send.

NAT. LEE.

TO THE CONCEALED AUTHOR

OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

HAIL, heaven-born Muse! hail, every sacred page!  
The glory of our isle and of our age.  
Th' inspiring Sun to Albion draws more nigh,  
The North at length teems with a work, to vie  
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majesty.  
While Pindus' lofty heights our poet sought,  
(His ravish'd mind with vast ideas fraught)  
Our language fail'd beneath his rising thought.  
This checks not his attempt; for Maro's mines  
He drains of all their gold, t' adorn his lines:  
Through each of which the Mantuan genius shines.  
The rock obey'd the powerful Hebrew guide,  
Hic flinty breast dissolv'd into a tide:  
Thus on our stubborn language he prevails,  
And makes the Helicon in which he sails;  
The dialect, as well as sense invents,  
And, with his poem, a new speech presents.  
Hail then, thou matchless bard, thou great unknown,  
That give your country fame, yet shun your own!  
In vain; for every where your praise you find,  
And, not to meet it, you must shun mankind.  
Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,  
And ev'n the factious give your verse applause,  
Whose lightning strikes to ground their idol cause:  
The cause for whose dear sake they drank a flood  
Of civil gore, nor spar'd the royal blood;  
The cause, whose growth to crush, our prelates wrote  
In vain, almost in vain our heroes fought;  
Yet by one stab of your keen satire dies;  
Before your sacred lines their shatter'd Dagon lies.

Oh! if unworthy we appear to know  
The sire, to whom this lovely birth we owe:  
Deny'd our ready homage to express,  
And can at best but thankful be by guess;  
This hope remains: May David's godlike mind  
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown author find;  
And, having found, shower equal favours down  
On wit so vast, as could oblige a crown.

N. TATE.

UPON

THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL.

ONCE more our awful poet arms, t' engage  
The threatening hydra-faction of the age;  
Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,  
And every Muse attends him to the field.  
By Art and Nature for this task design'd,  
Yet modestly the fight he long declin'd;  
Forbore the torrent of his verse to pour,  
Nor loas'd his satire till the needful hour.

His sovereign's right, by patience half betray'd,  
Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.  
Blest Muse, whose wit with such a cause was crown'd,  
And blest the cause that such a champion found!  
With chosen verse upon the foe he falls,  
And black Sedition in each quarter galls;  
Yet, like a prince with subjects forc'd t' engage,  
Secure of conquest he rebates his rage;  
His fury not without distinction sheds,  
Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;  
To less-infected members gentle found,  
Or spares, or else pours balm into the wound.  
Such generous grace th' ingrateful tribe abuse,  
And trespass on the mercy of his Muse:  
Their wretched doggrel rhymers forth they bring,  
To snarl and bark against the poets' king;  
A crew, that scandalize the nation more,  
Than all their treason-canting priests before.  
On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,  
But on their powerful patrons turns his style:  
A style so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws  
The vital poison, stabs to th' heart their cause.  
Take then, great bard, what tribute we can raise:  
Accept our thanks, for you transcend our praise.

N. TATE

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

OF THE MEDAL, AND ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Thus pious Ignorance, with dubious praise,  
Altars of old to gods unknown did raise:  
They knew not the lov'd Deity; they knew  
Divine effects a cause divine did shew;  
Nor can we doubt, when such these numbers are,  
Such is their cause, though the worst Muse shall dare  
Their sacred worth in humble verse declare.

As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful song,  
Glides in a peaceful majesty along;  
No rebel stone, no lofty bank, does brave  
The easy passage of his silent wave:  
So, sacred poet, so thy numbers flow,  
Sinewy, yet mild as happy lovers woo;  
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,  
Yet soft as down upon the wings of Love.  
How sweet does Virtue in your dress appear;  
How much more charming, when much less severe!  
Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,  
With all th' allurements of your happy style;  
Y' insinuate loyalty with kind deceit,  
And into sense th' unthinking many cheat.  
So the sweet Thracian with his charming lyre  
Into rude Nature virtue did inspire;  
So he the savage herd to reason drew,  
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you.  
O that you would, with some such powerful charm,  
Errate Albion to just valour warm!

Whether much-suffering Charles shall theme afford,  
Or the great deeds of godlike James's sword.  
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again  
Another fleet might pass the subject main,  
Another Edward lead the Britons on,  
Or such an Ossory as you did moan;  
While in such numbers you, in such a strain,  
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.

Let false Achitophel the rout engage,  
Talk easy Absalom to rebel rage;  
Let frugal Shimei curse in holy zeal,  
Or modest Corah more new plots reveal;

Whilst constant to himself, secure of Fate,  
 Good David still maintains the royal state.  
 Though each in vain such various ills employs,  
 Firmly he stands, and ev'n those ills enjoys ;  
 Firm as fair Albion, midst the raging main,  
 Surveys encircling danger with disdain.  
 In vain the waves assault the unmov'd shore,  
 In vain the winds with mingled fury roar,  
 Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs shine whiter than before.

Nor shalt thou move, though Hell thy fall conspire,  
 Though the worse rage of Zeal's fanatic fire ;  
 Thou best, thou greatest of the British race,  
 Thou only fit to fill great Charles's place.

Ah, wretched Britons ! ah, too stubborn isle !  
 Ah, stiff-neck'd Israel on blest Canaan's soil !  
 Are those dear proofs of Heaven's indulgence vain,  
 Restoring David and his gentle reign ?  
 Is it in vain thou all the goods dost know,  
 Auspicious stars on mortals shed below, [flow ?  
 While all thy streams with milk, thy lands with honey  
 No more, fond isle ! no more thyself engage  
 In civil fury, and intestine rage :  
 No rebel zeal thy duteous land molest,  
 But a smooth calm soothe every peaceful breast.  
 While in such charming notes divinely sings  
 The best of poets, of the best of kings.

J. ADAMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN,  
 ON HIS RELIGIO LAICI.

Those gods the pious ancients did adore,  
 They learnt in verse devoutly to implore,  
 Thinking it rude to use the common way  
 Of talk, when they did to such beings pray.  
 Nay, they that taught religion first, thought fit  
 In verse its sacred precepts to transmit :  
 So Solon too did his first statutes draw,  
 And every little stanza was a law.  
 By these few precedents we plainly see  
 The primitive design of poetry ;  
 Which, by restoring to its native use,  
 You generously have rescued from abuse.  
 Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet numbers sing,  
 She vindicates her God, and godlike king.  
 Atheist, and rebel too, she does oppose,  
 (God and the king have always the same foes).  
 Legions of verse you raise in their defence,  
 And write the factious to obedience ;  
 You the bold Arian to arms defy,  
 A conquering champion for the Deity  
 Against the Whigs' first parents, who did dare  
 To disinherit God Almighty's heir.  
 And what the hot-brain'd Arian first began,  
 Is carried on by the Socinian,  
 Who still associates to keep God a man.  
 But 'tis the prince of poets' task alone  
 To assert the rights of God's and Charles's throne.  
 Whilst vulgar poets purchase vulgar fame  
 By chaunting Chloë's or fair Phyllis' name,  
 Whose reputation shall last as long,  
 As fops and ladies sing the amorous song :  
 A nobler subject wisely they refuse,  
 The mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.  
 So, Story tells, a painter once would try  
 With his bold hand to limn a deity :  
 And he, by frequent practising that part,  
 Could draw a minor god with wondrous art :

But when great Jove did to the workman sit,  
 The thunderer such horror did beget,  
 That put the frighted artist to a stand,  
 And made his pencil drop from 's baffled hand.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE THIRD  
 BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

BY MR. JOHN DENNIS.

WHILE mounting with expanded wings  
 The Mantuan swan unbounded Heaven explores,  
 While with seraphic sounds he towering sings,

Till to divinity he soars :  
 Mankind stands wondering at his flight,  
 Charm'd with his music, and his height :

Which both transcend our praise.  
 Nay gods incline their ravish'd ears,  
 And tune their own harmonious spheres,  
 To his melodious lays.

Thou, Dryden, canst his notes recite  
 In modern numbers, which express  
 Their music, and their utmost might :  
 Thou, wondrous poet, with success  
 Canst emulate his flight.

Sometimes of humble rural things,  
 Thy Muse, which keeps great Maro still in sight,  
 In middle air with varied numbers sings ;

And sometimes her sonorous flight  
 To Heaven sublimely wings :

But first takes time with majesty to rise,  
 Then, without pride, divinely great,  
 She mounts her native skies ;  
 And, goddess like, retains her state  
 When down again she flies.

Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,  
 Both to depress her flight, and raise.

Thus Mercury from Heaven descends,  
 And to this under world his journey bends,  
 When Jove his dread commands has given :  
 But, still descending, dignity maintains,  
 As much a god upon our humble plains,  
 As when he, towering, re-ascends to Heav'n.

But when thy goddess takes her flight,  
 With so much majesty, to such a height,  
 As can alone suffice to prove,

That she descends from mighty Jove :  
 Gods ! bow thy thoughts then rise, and soar, and  
 Immortal spirit animates each line ; (shine !  
 Each with bright flame that fires our souls is crown'd,  
 Each has magnificence of sound,  
 And harmony divine.

Thus the first orbs, in their high rounds,  
 With shining pomp advance ;  
 And to their own celestial sounds  
 Majestically dance.

On, with eternal symphony, they roll,  
 Each turn'd in its harmonious course,  
 And each inform'd by the prodigious force  
 Of an empyreal soul.

\*.\* See a poem by DUNN, in vol. ix. of this col-  
 lection.

# POEMS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

## ORIGINAL POEMS.

UPON

### THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

**M**UST noble Hastings immaturity die,  
The honour of his ancient family,  
Beauty and learning thus together meet,  
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?  
Must Virtue prove Death's harbinger? must she,  
With him expiring, feel mortality?  
Is death, Sin's wages, Grace's now? shall Art  
Make us more learned, only to depart?  
If merit be disease; if virtue death;  
To be good, not to be: who 'd then bequeath  
Himself to discipline? who 'd not esteem  
Labour a crime? study self-murder deem?  
Our noble youth now have pretence to be  
Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.  
Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself, whose praise,  
Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise:  
Than whom great Alexander may seem less;  
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.  
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be  
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.  
His native soil was the four parts o' th' Earth;  
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.  
A young apostle; and with reverence may  
I speak it, inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.  
Nature gave him a child, what men in vain  
Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.  
His body was an orb, his sublime soul  
Did move on Virtue's, and on Learning's pole:  
Whose regular motions better to our view,  
Than Archimedes' sphere, the Heavens did shew.  
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,  
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.  
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear  
Scatter'd in others; all, as in their sphere,  
Were fix'd, coagulate in his soul; and thence  
Shone through his body, with sweet influence;  
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,  
The whole frame render'd was celestial.

VOL. VIII.

Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,  
If thou this hero's altitude canst take:  
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,  
Could we but prove thus astronomical.  
Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone  
More bright i' th' morn, than others beam at noon,  
He 'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here  
What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.  
Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,  
Where was room left for such a foul disease?  
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil which shrouds  
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds,  
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but thus  
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.  
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,  
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?  
So many spots, like nerves on Venus' soil,  
One jewel set off with so many a foil; [eproust  
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through 's flesh did  
Like rose-buds, stuck i' th' lily-skin about.  
Each little pimple had a tear in it,  
To wail the fault its rising did commit:  
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,  
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.  
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,  
The cabinet of a richer soul within?  
No comet need foretel his change drew on,  
Whose corps might seem a constellation.  
Oh! had he dy'd of old, how great a strife  
Had been, who from his death should draw their life?  
Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er  
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Caesar, were?  
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this  
An universal metempsychosis.  
Must all these aged sires in one funeral  
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?  
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame  
Had swol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.  
But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath brought  
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.  
Thus fades the oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade the corn;  
Thus without young, this phenix dies, new-born.

K k

Must then old three-legg'd grey-beards with their  
gout,  
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?  
Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital!  
Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal!  
Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live  
With such helps as broths, possets, physic give?  
None live, but such as should die? shall we meet  
With none but ghostly fathers in the street?  
Grief makes me rail; sorrow will force its way;  
And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.  
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes  
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.  
But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,  
Now thy beloved, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone,  
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply  
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,  
With greater than platonic love, O wed  
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:  
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth  
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;  
Transcribe th' original in new copies; give  
Hastings o' th' better part; so shall he live  
In 's nobler half; and the great grandsire be  
Of an heroic divine progeny:  
An issue, which t' eternity shall last,  
Yet but th' irradiations which he cast.  
Erect no mausoleums: for his best  
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

## HEROIC STANZAS ON

## THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL,

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste,  
Who would before have borne him to the sky,  
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,  
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,  
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;  
Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his name,  
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,  
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,  
Add not to his immortal memory,  
But do an act of friendship to their own:

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,  
Such monuments as we can build to raise:  
Let all the world prevent what we should do,  
And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,  
To draw a fame so truly circular;  
For in a round what order can be shew'd,  
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone;  
For he was great ere Fortune made him so:  
And wars, like mists that rise against the Sun,  
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,  
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;  
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,  
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,  
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,  
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,  
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

He private mark'd the faults of others' sway,  
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:  
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray  
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

And yet dominion was not his design;  
We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven,  
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;  
Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,  
First sought t' inflame the parties, then to pose:  
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor;  
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade:  
We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;  
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd  
To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,  
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,  
And made to battles such heroic haste,  
As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:  
Still by new maps the island might be shown,  
Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,  
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,  
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:  
Heaven in his portrait show'd a workman's hand,  
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,  
Which war had banish'd, and did now restore:  
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,  
To seat themselves more surely than before.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes;  
And treacherous Scotland, to no interest true,  
Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose  
Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,  
When to pale mariners they storms portent:  
He had his calmer influence, and his mien  
Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint an awe;  
And naturally all souls to his did bow,  
As wands of divination downward draw,  
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,  
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield;  
Successful councils did him soon approve  
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,  
Our once bold rival of the British main,  
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,  
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.



Fame of th' asserted sea through Europe blown,  
 Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;  
 Each knew that side must conquer he would own;  
 And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,  
 Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweigh'd:  
 His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast;  
 Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right:  
 For though some meaner artist's skill were shown  
 In mingling colours, or in placing light;  
 Yet still the fair designment was his own.

For from all tempers he could service draw;  
 The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,  
 And, as the confidant of Nature, saw  
 How she complexions did divide and brew.

Or be their single virtues did survey,  
 By intuition in his own large breast,  
 Where all the rich ideas of them lay,  
 That were the rule and measure to the rest.

When such heroic virtue Heaven sets out,  
 The stars, like common, sullenly obey;  
 Because it drains them when it comes about,  
 And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,  
 Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;  
 Since their commencement to his arms, they owe,  
 If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

He made us freemen of the continent,  
 Whom Nature did like captives treat before;  
 To nobler preys the English lion sent,  
 And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,  
 Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;  
 And trembling wish'd behind more Alps to stand,  
 Although an Alexander were her guard.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,  
 And bravely fought where southern stars arise;  
 We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,  
 And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul above  
 The highest acts it could produce to show:  
 Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,  
 Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less,  
 But when fresh laurels courted him to live:  
 He seem'd but to prevent some new success,  
 As if above what triumphs Earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came,  
 As, near the centre, motion doth increase;  
 Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,  
 Did, like the vestal, under spoils debase.

But first the Ocean as a tribute sent  
 The giant prince of all her wat'ry herd;  
 And th' Isle, when her protecting genius went,  
 Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

No civil broils have since his death arose,  
 But Faction now by habit does obey;  
 And wars have that respect for his repose,  
 As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,  
 His name a great example stands, to show  
 How strangely high endeavours may be blest,  
 Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

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 ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS  
 SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II. 1660.

Jani redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.  
 Virg.

The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes  
 Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times  
 Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was blest,  
 While our's, a world divided from the rest,  
 A dreadful quiet felt, and worse far  
 Than arms, a sullen interval of war: [skies,  
 Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring  
 Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,  
 An horrid stillness first invades the ear,  
 And in that silence we the tempest fear.  
 Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,  
 On this hand gaining what on that he lost,  
 Though in his life he hlood and ruin breath'd,  
 To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd.  
 And Heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,  
 For France and Spain did miracles create;  
 Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace  
 As Nature bred, and Interest did increase.  
 We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride  
 Must grow a lily to the lily's side,  
 While our cross stars deny'd us Charles's bed,  
 Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.  
 For his long absence Church and State did groan;  
 Madness the pulpit, Faction seiz'd the throne:  
 Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost,  
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost:  
 Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,  
 Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had seen:  
 We thought our sires, not with their own content,  
 Had ere we came to age our portion spent.  
 Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt  
 Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:  
 For when by their designing leaders taught  
 To strike at power which for themselves they sought,  
 The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;  
 Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.  
 The sacred purple then and scarlet gown,  
 Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.  
 Thus when the bold Typhœus scald'd the sky,  
 And forc'd great Jove from his own Heaven to fly,  
 (What king, what crown, from treason's reach is free,  
 If Jove and Heaven can violated be?)  
 The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state,  
 All suffer'd, in the exile'd Thunderer's fate.  
 The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,  
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:  
 Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,  
 They own'd a lawless savage liberty,

Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,  
 Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.  
 How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus  
 Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!  
 He, toss'd by Fate, and hurry'd up and down,  
 Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,  
 Could taste no sweets of youth's desir'd age;  
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.  
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,  
 His manly courage overcame his fate.  
 His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,  
 Which by his virtue were with laurels drest.  
 As souls reach Heaven while yet in bodies pent,  
 So did he live above his banishment.  
 That Sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes  
 Within the water, mov'd along the skies.  
 How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,  
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind!  
 But those that 'gainst stiff gales lavecering go,  
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.  
 He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,  
 But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.  
 These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,  
 And Piso to adopted empire brought.  
 How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,  
 That must his sufferings both regret and bless?  
 For when his early valour Heaven had crost;  
 And all at Worcester but the honour lost;  
 Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,  
 He made all countries where he came his own;  
 And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,  
 A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.  
 Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,  
 When to be God's anointed was his crime;  
 And when restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue  
 Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.  
 Nor is he only by afflictions shown  
 To conquer other realms, but rule his own:  
 Recovering hardly what he lost before,  
 His right endears it much; his purchase more.  
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,  
 No rash procedure will his actions stain:  
 To business ripen'd by digestive thought,  
 His future rule is into method brought:  
 As they, who first proportion understand,  
 With easy practice reach a master's hand.  
 Well might the ancient poets then confer  
 On Night the honour'd name of Counsellor,  
 Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,  
 We light alone in dark afflictions find. *Declarat.*  
 In such adversities to sceptres train'd,  
 The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd:  
 Who yet a king alone in name and right,  
 With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;  
 Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast powers,  
 As holy and as catholic as our's:  
 'Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,  
 Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.  
 Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,  
 No action leave to busy chronicles:  
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes  
 In story chasms, in epocha mistakes;  
 O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,  
 'Till with his silent sickle they are mown.  
 Such is not Charles's too too active age,  
 Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage  
 Of some black star infecting all the skies,  
 Made him at his own cost, like Adam, wise.  
 Tremble ye nations, which, secure before,  
 Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore,

Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,  
 Our lion now will foreign foes assail.  
 With alga who the sacred altar strews?  
 To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes:  
 A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,  
 A lamb to you, ye Tempests of the main:  
 For those loud storms that did against him roar,  
 Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.  
 Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,  
 That by degrees they from each other go;  
 Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,  
 Without offending the well-cozen'd sight:  
 So on us stole our blessed change; while we  
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.  
 Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny  
 To flowers, that in its womb expecting lie,  
 Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,  
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.  
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,  
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.  
 Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,  
 But what we could not pay for, freely give.  
 The prince of peace would like himself confer  
 A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:  
 Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care,  
 That we should know it by repeated prayer;  
 Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from  
 As Heaven itself is took by violence. *[thence]*  
 Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show,  
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe:  
 Th' attempt was fair; but Heaven's prefixed hour  
 Not come: so, like the watchful traveller  
 That by the Moon's mistaken light did rise,  
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.  
 'Twas Monk whom Providence design'd to loose  
 Those real bonds false Freedom did impose.  
 The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,  
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,  
 To see small clues draw vastest weights aking,  
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong.  
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore  
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.  
 With each such fond chimeras we pursue,  
 As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:  
 But when ourselves to action we betake,  
 It shuns the mint like gold that chymists make.  
 How hard was then his task! at once to be  
 What in the body naturally we see?  
 Man's architect distinctly did ordain  
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,  
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;  
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense.  
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,  
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.  
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,  
 Would let him play a while upon the hook.  
 Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,  
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.  
 Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,  
 While growing pains pronounce the humour crude:  
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,  
 Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.  
 Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,  
 To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,  
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,  
 Whence Legion twice before was disposses't:  
 Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,  
 They thought the place could sanctify a sin;  
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heaven would wink,  
 While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.

And as devouter Turks first warn their souls  
 To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:  
 So these, when their black crimes they went about,  
 First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.  
 Religion's name against itself was made;  
 The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;  
 Like zealous missions, they did care pretend  
 Of souls in show, but made the gold their end.  
 Th' incens'd powers beheld with scorn from high,  
 And Heaven so far distant from the sky,  
 Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,  
 And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.  
 'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit,  
 To speed their ruin by their impious wit.  
 Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,  
 Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.  
 Henceforth their *foetus* must spend at lesser rate,  
 Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.  
 Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,  
 A virtuous shame within us to beget.  
 For by example meet we sinn'd before,  
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.  
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss,  
 We by our sufferings learn to prize our bias:  
 Like early lovers, whose unpractic'd hearts  
 Were long the May-game of malicious arts,  
 When once they find their jealousies were vain,  
 With double heat renew their fires again.  
 'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er  
 Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,  
 To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made  
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.  
 Oh, had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,  
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no more)  
 Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring  
 True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!  
 While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,  
 And willing winds to their lower'd sails deny'd.  
 The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,  
 The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout;  
 And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,  
 And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,  
 At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.  
 The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,  
 But better to be lost in Charles's name,  
 (Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)  
 Receives her lord: the joyful London meets  
 The princely York, himself alone a freight;  
 The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloster's weight:  
 Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these,  
 He that was born to drown might cross the seas.  
 Heaven could not own a Providence, and take  
 The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.  
 The same indulgence Charles's voyage bless'd,  
 Which in his right had miracles confess'd.  
 The winds, that never moderation knew,  
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;  
 Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge  
 Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.  
 The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,  
 In richer azure never did appear;  
 Proud her returning prince to entertain  
 With the submitted fasces of the main.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own;  
 Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:  
 It is no longer motion cheats your view,  
 As you meet it, the land approacheth you.  
 The land returns, and, in the white it wears,  
 The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.

But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,  
 Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;  
 By that same mildness, which your father's crown  
 Before did ravish, shall secure your own.  
 Not tied to rules of policy, you find  
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.  
 Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give  
 A sight of all he could behold and live;  
 A voice before his entry did proclaim  
 Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.  
 Your power to justice doth submit your cause,  
 Your goodness only is above the laws;  
 Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,  
 Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,  
 When through Arabian groves they take their  
 flight,

Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.  
 And as those lees, that trouble it, refine  
 The agitated soul of generous wine;  
 So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,  
 Work out, and expiate our former guilt.  
 Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,  
 Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,  
 Chok'd up the beach with their still growing store,  
 And made a wilder torrent on the shore:  
 While, spur'd with eager thoughts of past delight,  
 Those, who had seen you, court a second sight;  
 Preventing still your steps, and making haste  
 To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.  
 How shall I speak of that triumphant day,  
 When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!  
 (A month that owns an interest in your name:  
 You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)  
 That star, that at your birth shone out so bright,  
 It stain'd the duller Sun's meridian light,  
 D'd once again its potent fires renew,  
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now Time's whiter series is begun,  
 Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:  
 Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,  
 Dispell'd to furthest corners of the sky.  
 Our nation, with united interest blest,  
 Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.  
 Abroad your empire shall no limits know,  
 But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.  
 Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,  
 Besiege the petty monarchs of the land:  
 And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,  
 Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.  
 Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,  
 Our merchants shall no more adventurers be:  
 Nor in the furthest East those dangers fear,  
 Which humble Holland must dissemble here.  
 Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;  
 For what the powerful takes not he bestows;  
 And France, that did an exile's presence fear,  
 May justly apprehend you still too near.  
 At home the hateful names of parties cease,  
 And factious souls are wearied into peace.  
 The discontented now are only they,  
 Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:  
 Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,  
 But most your life and blest example win.  
 Oh happy prince, whom Heaven hath taught the  
 way

By paying vows to have more vows to pay!  
 Oh happy age! Oh times like those alone,  
 By Fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!  
 When the joint growth of arms and arts foresaw  
 The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

## TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,  
 When Life and Sin one common tomb had found,  
 The first small prospect of a rising hill  
 With various notes of joy the Ark did fill :  
 Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,  
 It left behind it false and slippery ground ;  
 And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,  
 Till new-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd.  
 Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,  
 Was cause enough of triumph for a year :  
 Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,  
 Till they at once might be secure and great :  
 Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,  
 Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.  
 Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,  
 Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.  
 Had greater haste these sacred rights prepar'd,  
 Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd :  
 But this untainted year is all your own ;  
 Your glories may without our crimes be shown.  
 We had not yet exhausted all our store,  
 When you refresh'd our joys by adding more :  
 As Heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,  
 You gave us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,  
 The season too comes fraught with new delight :  
 Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,  
 Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop :  
 Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,  
 And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring,  
 To grace this happy day, while you appear,  
 Not king of us alone, but of the year.  
 All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart :  
 Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part :  
 Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,  
 And Heaven this day is feasted with your name.  
 Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,  
 From their high standings, yet look up to you.  
 From your brave train each singles out a prey,  
 And longs to date a conquest from your day.  
 Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose,  
 Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close ;  
 And glorious dreams stand ready to restore  
 The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.  
 Next to the sacred temple you are led,  
 Where waits a crown for your more sacred head :  
 How justly from the church that crown is due,  
 Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you !  
 The grateful choir their harmony employ,  
 Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.  
 Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,  
 As flames do on the wings of incense fly :  
 Music herself is lost, in vain she brings  
 Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings :  
 Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,  
 And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.  
 He that brought peace, all discord could atone,  
 His name is music of itself alone.  
 Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,  
 And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread  
 Through the large dome ; the people's joyful sound,  
 Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground ;  
 Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you ;  
 As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.  
 Not that our wishes do increase your store,  
 Full of yourself you can admit no more :

We add not to your glory, but employ  
 Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.  
 Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,  
 Create that joy, but full fruition :  
 We know those blessings which we must possess,  
 And judge of future by past happiness.  
 No promise can oblige a prince so much  
 Still to be good, as long to have been such.  
 A noble emulation heats your breast,  
 And your own fame now robs you of your rest.  
 Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,  
 As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.  
 You have already quench'd Sedition's brand ;  
 And Zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.  
 The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause  
 So far from their own will as to the laws,  
 You for their empire and their synod take,  
 And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.  
 Kind Heaven so rare a temper did provide,  
 That guilt repenting might in it confide.  
 Among our crimes oblivion may be set :  
 But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.  
 Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes  
 From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.  
 Your calmness does no after-storms provide,  
 Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.  
 When empire first from families did spring,  
 Then every father govern'd as a king :  
 But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay  
 Imperial power with your paternal sway.  
 From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,  
 Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends ;  
 Born to command the mistress of the seas,  
 Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.  
 Hither in summer evenings you repair  
 To taste the *fraicheur* of the purer air :  
 Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raves,  
 With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.  
 More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays ;  
 No loyal subject dares that courage praise.  
 In stately frigates most delight you find,  
 Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.  
 What to your cares we owe is learnt from hence,  
 When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence.  
 Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,  
 Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide :  
 Here in a royal bed the waters sleep ;  
 When, tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.  
 Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,  
 So safe are all things which our king protects.  
 From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,  
 Second alone to that it brought in you ;  
 A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by Fate,  
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.  
 It was your love before made discords cease :  
 Your love is destin'd to your c, ntry's peace.  
 Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide  
 With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.  
 This to a mighty king presents rich ore,  
 While that with incense does a god implore.  
 Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,  
 This must receive a crown, or that must lose.  
 Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,  
 Are answers sought, and destinies foretold :  
 Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,  
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.  
 Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,  
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate :  
 Choose only, sir, that so they may possess  
 With their own peace their children's happiness.

## TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crowds officiously appear  
To give themselves, not you, an happy year;  
And by the greatness of their presents prove  
How much they hope, but not how well they love;  
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,  
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,  
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot  
They were your mistresses, the world may not:  
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove  
Their former beauty by your former love;  
And now present, as ancient ladies do,  
That, courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.  
For still they look on you with such kind eyes,  
As those that see the church's sovereign rise;  
From their own order chose, in whose high state,  
They think themselves the second choice of Fate.  
When our great monarch into exile went,  
Wit and Religion suffer'd banishment.  
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke,  
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;  
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,  
And leave their temples empty to the foe.  
At length the Muses stand, restor'd again  
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;  
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,  
While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.  
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,  
Through you, to us, his vital influence;  
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,  
And work them higher, as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,  
Until the Earth seems join'd unto the sky:  
So in this hemisphere our utmost view  
Is only bounded by our king and you:  
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,  
And beyond that no further Heaven can find.  
So well your virtues do with his agree,  
That, though your orbs of different greatness be,  
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,  
His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd.  
Nor could another in your room have been,  
Except an emptiness had come between.  
Well may he then to you his cares impart,  
And share his burthen where he shares his heart.  
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find  
Their share of business in your labouring mind.  
So when the weary Sun his place resigns,  
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.  
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws  
Exclude soft Mercy from a private cause,  
In your tribunal most herself does please;  
There only smiles because she lives at ease;  
And, like young David, finds her strength the more,  
When disincumber'd from those arms she wore.  
Heaven would our royal master should exceed  
Moet in that virtue, which we most did need;  
And his mild father (who too late did find  
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)  
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,  
Not to increase, but to absolve, our crimes:  
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew  
How large a legacy was left to you,  
(Too great for any subject to retain)  
He wisely ty'd it to the crown again:

Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,  
As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.  
While empiric politicians use deceit,  
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;  
You boldly show that skill which they pretend,  
And work by means as noble as your end:  
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,  
As men do nature, till we came to you.  
And as the Indies were not found, before  
Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,  
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,  
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;  
So by your counsels we are brought to view  
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.  
By you our monarch does that fame assure,  
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure:  
For prosperous princes gain their subjects' heart,  
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.  
By you he fits those subjects to obey,  
As Heavens's eternal Monarch does convey  
His power unseen, and man to his designs,  
By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.

Our setting Sun, from his declining seat,  
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:  
And, when his love was bounded in a few,  
That were unhappy that they might be true,  
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,  
That is a sufferer in his subjects' crimes:  
Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent,  
Like Heaven's rewards, in earthly punishment.  
Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,  
Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by;  
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,  
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.  
Shown all at once you dazzled so our eyes,  
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise,  
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,  
She struck the warlike spear into the ground;  
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly enclose,  
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of peace,  
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease!  
Peace is not freed from labour but from noise;  
And war more force, but not more pains employ:  
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,  
That, like the Earth, it leaves our sense behind,  
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,  
That rapid motion does but rest appear.  
For, as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng  
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,  
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,  
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,  
So, carried on by your unwearied care,  
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.  
Let Envy then those crimes within you see,  
From which the happy never must be free;  
Envy, that does with Misery reside,  
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd Pride.  
Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate  
You can secure the constancy of Fate,  
Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,  
By lesser ills the greater to redeem.  
Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,  
But drops of heat that in the sunshine fall.  
You have already wearied Fortune so,  
She cannot further be your friend or foe;  
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel  
A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.  
In all things else above our humble fate,  
Your equal mind yet swells not into state,

But, like some mountain in those happy isles,  
 Where in perpetual spring young Nature smiles,  
 Your greatness shows: no horror to affright,  
 But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight:  
 Sometimes the hill submits itself a while  
 In small descents, which do its height beguile;  
 And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,  
 Whose rise not hinders, but makes short our way.  
 Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,  
 Sees rowling tempests vainly beat below;  
 And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears  
 Of love and friendship writ in former years.  
 Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,  
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.  
 Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,  
 And measure change, but share no part of it.  
 And still it shall without a weight increase,  
 Like this new year, whose motions never cease.  
 For since the glorious course you have begun  
 Is led by Charles, as that is by the Sun,  
 It must both weightless and immortal prove,  
 Because the centre of it is above.

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### SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

As needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,  
 Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd  
 The first fat buck of all the season's sent, [lands;  
 And keeper takes no fee in compliment;  
 The dotage of some Englishmen is such,  
 To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.  
 They shall have all, rather than make a war  
 With those, who of the same religion are.  
 The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;  
 Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.  
 Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,  
 But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.  
 What injuries soe'er upon us fall,  
 Yet still the same religion answers all.  
 Religion wheedled us to civil war, [spare.  
 Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would  
 Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,  
 They have no more religion, faith! than you.  
 Interest 's the god they worship in their state,  
 And we, I take it, have not much of that.  
 Well monarchies may own Religion's name,  
 But states are atheists in their very frame.  
 They share a sin; and such proportions fall,  
 That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.  
 Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,  
 And that what once they were, they still would be.  
 To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,  
 When he 's abus'd and baffled by a boor.  
 With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;  
 They 've both ill nature and ill manners too.  
 Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;  
 For they were bred ere manners were in fashion:  
 And their new commonwealth has set them free  
 Only from honour and civility.  
 Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,  
 Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.  
 Their sway became them with as ill a mien,  
 As their own paunches swell above their chin.  
 Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,  
 And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.  
 As Cato, fruits of Afric did display;  
 Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:

All loyal English will like him conclude;  
 Let Caesar live, and Carthage be subdued.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

### THE DUTCHESS OF YORK,

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER  
 THE HOLLANDEES, JUNE THE 3<sup>d</sup>, 1665, AND ON HER  
 JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd  
 To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;  
 When you releas'd his courage, and set free  
 A valour fatal to the enemy;  
 You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast,  
 (The mansion where soft Love should only rest)  
 And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,  
 The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.  
 Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!  
 Your honour gave us what your love denied:  
 And 'twas for him much easier to subdue  
 Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.  
 That glorious day, which two such navies saw,  
 As each unmatch'd might to the world give law.  
 Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,  
 Held to them both the trident of the sea:  
 The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,  
 As awfully as when God's people past:  
 Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,  
 These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.  
 Then with the duke your highness rul'd the day:  
 While all the brave did his command obey,  
 The fair and pious under you did pray.  
 How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and tide  
 You brib'd to combat on the English side.  
 Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey  
 An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.  
 New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,  
 (So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)  
 While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,  
 Like distant thunder on a shiny day.  
 For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,  
 When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.  
 Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore;  
 But such a leader could supply no more.  
 With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,  
 Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.  
 Fortune and Victory he did pursue,  
 To bring them as his slaves to wait on you.  
 Thus Beauty ravish'd the rewards of Fame,  
 And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.  
 Then, as you meant to spread another way  
 By land your conquests, far as his by sea,  
 Leaving our southern clime, you march'd akeg  
 The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids strong.  
 Like commons the nobility resort,  
 In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:  
 To welcome your approach the vulgar run,  
 Like some new envoy from the distant Sun,  
 And country beauties by their lovers go,  
 Blessing themselves, and wondering at the show.  
 So when the new-born phoenix first is seen,  
 Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,  
 And while she makes her progress through the East,  
 From every grove her numerous train 's increas'd:  
 Each poet of the air her glory sings,  
 And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:  
THE YEAR OF WONDERS,  
1666.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

To the METROPOLIS of GREAT BRITAIN, the most renowned and late flourishing CITY of LONDON, in its Representatives, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and Common Council of it.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he, who was to give the first example of such a dedication, should begin it with that city which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below; to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had princes or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him; and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure, (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are

now a phenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired, than by

the greatest of your admirers,  
and most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN  
ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER TO THE  
HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting further into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject, which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not having served my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it: and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written

this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem historical, not epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the *Æneida*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse than epic poets: in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion: for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it further on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those, who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spagniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to *Gondibert*; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea: and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the

terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms would hide a fallacy; so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,  
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus*. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burthens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a further account of my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing, (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. It is not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-



judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor theingle of a more poor paranoia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than Nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely decomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

..... Totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son *Aeneas*.

..... Lumenque juvenat  
Purpureum, et lantos oculos afflarat honores:  
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo  
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his *Tempest*, his *Funeral Sports*, his *Combat of Turnus and Aeneas*: and in his *Georgics*, which

I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the *Plague*, the *Country*, the *Battle of the Bulls*, the *Labour of the Bees*, and those many other excellent images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materiem superabat opus*: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is comnatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the *Pisos*:

*Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
Reddidit junctura novum*—

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

*Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si  
Græco fonte cadant, parçè detorta*—

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers! In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shows Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same images serve equally

for the epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, stantes in curribus *Emiliani*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *spirantia mollis æra*: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her highness the dutchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did humi serpere; that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *nunc non erat his locus*; I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not further bribe your candour, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; *nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant*; I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and, when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

the most obedient, and most

faithful of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charleton in Wiltshire,  
Nov. 10, 1666.

## ANNUS MIRABILIS:

## THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,  
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad;  
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;  
Our king they courted, and our merchants w'd.

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow,  
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:  
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,  
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

For them alone the Heavens had kindly heat:  
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew:  
For them the Idumean balm did sweat,  
And in hot Ceilon spicy forests grew.

The Sun but seem'd the labourer of the year;  
Each waxing Moon supply'd her watery store,  
To swell those tides which from the line did bear  
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,  
And swept the riches of the world from far;  
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong:  
And this may prove our second Punic war.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?  
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)  
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;  
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

Behold two nations then, engag'd so far, [land:  
That each seven years the fit must shake each  
Where France will side to weaken us by war,  
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,  
To render us his timely friendship vain:  
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,  
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay  
O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in hand;  
And prudently would make them lords at sea,  
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our king; and long within his breast  
His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:  
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,  
And he less for it than usurpers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew  
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;  
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices grew,  
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;  
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war:  
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,  
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,  
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;  
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbeck rise,  
It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd t' assert the watery ball,  
 He in himself did whole armadoes bring:  
 Him aged seamen might their master call,  
 And choose for general, were he not their king.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,  
 His awful summons they so soon obey;  
 So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,  
 And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,  
 Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;  
 And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,  
 For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,  
 Furr'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone;  
 Or each some more remote and slippery star,  
 Which loses footing when to mortals shown:

Or one, that bright companion of the Sun,  
 Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king;  
 And now, a round of greater years begun,  
 New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did first with fam'd success,  
 To his known valour make the Dutch give place:  
 Thus Heaven our monarch's fortune did confess,  
 Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,  
 In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,  
 Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,  
 And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,  
 Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:  
 Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,  
 He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,  
 To which his pride presum'd to give the law:  
 The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,  
 And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,  
 Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:  
 So reverently men quit the open air,  
 When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,  
 With all the riches of the rising Sun:  
 And precious sand from southern climates brought,  
 The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,  
 Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they  
 bring:  
 There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,  
 And Winter brooded on the eastern Spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,  
 Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie:  
 And round about their murdering cannon lay,  
 At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,  
 The English undertake th' unequal war:  
 Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,  
 Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dart.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:  
 These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy:  
 And to such height their frantic passion grows,  
 That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,  
 And now their odours arm'd against them fly:  
 Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,  
 And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,  
 In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:  
 Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,  
 And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;  
 For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:  
 Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,  
 The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

Go, mortals, now and vex yourselves in vain  
 For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:  
 When what was brought so far, and with such pain,  
 Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

The son, who twice three months on th' ocean tost,  
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,  
 Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,  
 And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away,  
 Whom his chaste wife, and little children mourn:  
 Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day  
 On which their father promis'd to return.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,  
 And so we suffer shipwreck every where!  
 Alas, what port can such a pilot find,  
 Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,  
 Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides:  
 And draws them in contempt of human skill,  
 Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,  
 In whom we seek the German faith in vain:  
 Alas, that he should teach the English first,  
 That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,  
 Whose friendship 's in his interest understood!  
 Since money given but tempts him to be ill,  
 When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;  
 The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand;  
 And threatening France, plac'd like a painted  
 Jove,  
 Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,  
 Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;  
 Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,  
 And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

Offended that we fought without his leave,  
 He takes this time his secret hate to show:  
 Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,  
 As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:  
 France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.  
 But when with one three nations join to fight,  
 They silently confess that one more brave.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;  
 But Charles the French as subjects does invite:  
 Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,  
 Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

Were subjects so but only by their choice,  
 And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,  
 Our prince alone would have the public voice;  
 And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,  
 Which without rashness he began before:  
 As honour made him first the danger choose,  
 So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,  
 Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:  
 So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,  
 And in his plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,  
 Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;  
 Each able to sustain a nation's fate,  
 Since both had found a greater in their own.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,  
 Yet neither envious of the other's praise;  
 Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,  
 Like mighty partners equally they raise.

The prince long time had courted Fortune's love,  
 But once possess'd did absolutely reign:  
 Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,  
 And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,  
 That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;  
 And shook aloft the fates of the main,  
 To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the watery camp they haste,  
 Whom matrons passing to their children show:  
 Infants' first vows for them to Heaven are cast,  
 And future people bless them as they go.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,  
 To infect a navy with their gaudy fears;  
 To make slow flights, and victories but vain:  
 But war severely like itself appears.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,  
 They make that warmth in others they expect:  
 Their valour works like bodies on a glass,  
 And does its image on their men project.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,  
 In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:  
 The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,  
 Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The duke, less numerous, but in courage more,  
 On wings of all the winds to combat flies:  
 His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,  
 And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furi their sails, and strip them for the fight,  
 Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:  
 Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,  
 When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,  
 The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:  
 So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,  
 But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;  
 Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:  
 And, in its eye, more closely they come back,  
 To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,  
 Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:  
 Such port the elephant bears, and so defy'd  
 By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

And as the built, so different is the fight:  
 Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd;  
 Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,  
 And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,  
 Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:  
 All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,  
 He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;  
 But he who meets all danger with disdain,  
 Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,  
 And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,  
 The foremost of his foes a while withdraw:  
 With such respect in enter'd Rome they gas'd,  
 Who on high chairs the godlike fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,  
 Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the  
 Greek;

Ours o'er the duke their pious wings display,  
 And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,  
 His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;  
 And willing pines ascend his broken masts,  
 Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,  
 More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:  
 Like swans, in long array his vessels show,  
 Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea  
 They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.  
 Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,  
 Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue  
 The combat still, and they asham'd to leave:  
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,  
 And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship rebounds with joy,  
 And loud applause of their great leader's fame:  
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,  
 And stumbling smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,  
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:  
Pant sweats all down their mighty members run;  
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:  
Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore:  
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;  
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,  
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear  
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,  
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far  
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe:  
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,  
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,  
Never till now unwilling to obey;  
They, not their wounds, but want of strength, deplore,  
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day;  
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:  
Among so brave a people, you are they'  
Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

"If number English courages could quell,  
We should at first have shunn'd, not met our foes:  
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:  
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows."

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste  
To their known stations cheerfully they go;  
And all at once, disdainingly to be last,  
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,  
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:  
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,  
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,  
That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought:  
The combat only seem'd a civil war,  
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought:

Never had valour, no not ours, before  
Done aught like this upon the land or main,  
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more  
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,  
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,  
To see this fleet among unequal foes, [rise,  
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles should

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear, [send:  
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they  
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,  
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent, in smoke of cannon they come on:  
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:  
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,  
Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,  
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,  
Two grappling Etnas on the ocean meet,  
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less;  
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main:  
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,  
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,  
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,  
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,  
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the  
wind?

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,  
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,  
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,  
Who safe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:  
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly;  
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,  
Like falling Caesar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,  
To see those perish who so well had fought:  
And generously with his despair he strove,  
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,  
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd:  
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,  
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,  
On which the foe his fruitless force employs:  
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore  
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,  
And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe:  
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,  
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,  
But here our courages did theirs subdue:  
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,  
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold sin  
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:  
The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,  
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood:  
As if they had been there as servants set  
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,  
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,  
From shady covert rous'd, the lion chase:  
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,  
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,  
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round;  
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,  
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night ;  
Now hissing waters the quenched guns restore ;  
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,  
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,  
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,  
Upon the deck our careful general stood,  
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

"That happy Sun," said he, "will rise again,  
Who twice victorious did our navy see:  
And I alone must view him rise in vain,  
Without one ray of all his star for me.

"Yet, like an English general will I die,  
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:  
Women and cowards on the land may lie ;  
The sea 's a tomb that 's proper for the brave."

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,  
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:  
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,  
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,  
His naked valour is his only guard :  
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,  
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had Fortune power, he forc'd to stay,  
Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife :  
This is a ransom Albemarle did pay,  
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,  
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows:  
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,  
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,  
And from that length of time dire omens drew  
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,  
Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care  
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,  
To her now silent city does repair,  
And finds her callow infants forc'd away :

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,  
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:  
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,  
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

With such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,  
And spreads his flying canvass to the sound:  
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,  
Now absent every little noise can wound.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,  
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain ;  
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,  
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train :

With such glad hearts did our despairing men  
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet:  
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,  
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy kinds before,  
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,  
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,  
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the prince's passage, hills of sand,  
And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,  
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,  
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd  
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,  
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,  
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,  
Secure of fame when'er he please to fight:  
His cold experience tempers all his heat,  
And inbred worth doth boasting valour slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,  
And he the substance, not th' appearance, chose:  
To rescue one such friend, he took more pride,  
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,  
Rupert and Albemarle together grow :  
He joys to have his friend in safety found,  
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supply'd,  
Now long to execute their spleenful will ;  
And, in revenge for those three days they try'd,  
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the Sun stood still.

Thus reinforc'd, against the adverse fleet,  
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:  
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,  
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,  
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:  
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,  
And Death now pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,  
And matchless courage, since the former fight:  
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,  
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends  
His open side, and high above him shows:  
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,  
And doubly harm'd he double harms bestows.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,  
And sullenly to his revenge he sails:  
So glides some trodden aserpent on the grass,  
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,  
And for their stakes the throwing nations roar:  
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,  
And with warm wishes each man combats there:

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight begun,  
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:  
So sicken waning Moons too near the Sun,  
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,  
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;  
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,  
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest  
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;  
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,  
And flew so home they could not rise again.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,  
In vain upon the passing winds they call:  
The passing winds through their torn canvass play,  
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,  
Dreadful as day let into shades below;  
Without grim Death rides barefac'd in their sight,  
And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,  
Close by the board the prince's main-mast bore:  
All three now helpless by each other lie,  
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hose maintain  
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay:  
Who stretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,  
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his lol'd tongue he faintly licks his pray;  
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;  
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,  
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,  
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;  
For what they to his courage did refuse,  
By mortal valour never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,  
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:  
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,  
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,  
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:  
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right;  
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,  
And sighs to see him quit the watery field:  
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,  
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,  
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch:  
He only does his conquest disavow,  
And thinks too little what they found too much.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;  
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;  
Domestic joys and cares he puts away;  
For realms are households which the great must guide.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,  
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,  
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,  
And know it will be gold another day:

VOL. VIII.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,  
Th' essay and rudiments of great success:  
Which all-maturing Time must bring to light,  
While he like Heaven does each day's labour bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,  
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:  
God and kings work, when they their work survey,  
A passive aptness in all subjects find.

In burthen'd vessels first, with speedy care,  
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:  
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,  
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

With cord and canvass, from rich Hamburgh sent,  
His navy's molted wings he imps once more:  
Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent,  
And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, restore.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm:  
Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,  
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,  
And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay  
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung:  
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,  
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,  
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:  
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,  
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,  
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops:  
Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,  
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marine bind,  
Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats:  
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,  
And one below their ease or stiffness notes:

Our careful monarch stands in person by,  
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:  
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,  
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,  
And ships which all last winter were abroad;  
And such as fitted since the fight had been,  
Or new from stocks, were fall'n into the road.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,  
The Phoenix, daughter of the vanish'd old,  
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,  
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,  
And sanguine streamers seem the food to fire:  
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,  
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,  
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow  
laves:  
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,  
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

L I

This martial present, piously design'd,  
The loyal city give their best-lov'd king;  
And with a bounty ample as the wind,  
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art,  
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:  
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,  
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,  
An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,  
And hollow'd first, a floating trough became,  
And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern,  
And untaught Indian on the stream did glide:  
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,  
Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,  
When from lost empire he to exile went,  
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,  
Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

Rude as their ships was navigation then;  
No useful compass or meridian known;  
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,  
And knew no north but when the Pole-star shone.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,  
Than the bold English none more fame have won:  
Beyond the year, and out of Heaven's high way,  
They make discoveries where they see no Sun.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,  
By poor mankind's beighted wit is sought,  
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,  
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,  
We, as Art's elements, shall understand,  
And as by line upon the ocean go,  
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,  
By which remotest regions are ally'd;  
Which makes one city of the universe,  
Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,  
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:  
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,  
And on the Innar world securely pry.

This I foretel from your auspicious care,  
Who great in search of God and Nature grow;  
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,  
Since best to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal! who behold the law  
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:  
And thence, like limbers, rich ideas draw,  
To fit the level'd use of human kind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,  
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas.  
War makes the valiant of his right secure,  
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,  
Whose fleet more mighty every day became  
By late success, which they did falsely boast,  
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,  
They knew to manage war with wise delay:  
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,  
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

Nor staid the English long; but well supply'd,  
Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:  
The combat now by courage must be try'd,  
And the success the braver nation show.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,  
Which in the Straits last winter was abroad;  
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,  
And on the midland sea the French had sw'd.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,  
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:  
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,  
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;  
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:  
As once old Cato in the Roman sight  
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,  
Whom his high courage to command had brought:  
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,  
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,  
Born, Cæsar like, to write and act great deeds:  
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,  
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,  
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:  
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well,  
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail:  
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,  
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,  
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,  
That Heaven and Earth and the wide Ocean ring:  
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,  
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,  
And durst not bide it on the English coast:  
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,  
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,  
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:  
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,  
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,  
She issues forth, and runs along her loom:  
She joys to touch the captive in her net,  
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.



The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,  
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:  
Or if with caution leisurely were past,  
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above,  
And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,  
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,  
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,  
With all his hosts of waters at command,  
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;  
And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,  
And summon them to unexpected fight:  
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,  
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,  
The midmost battles hastening up behind,  
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet,  
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

At length the adverse admirals appear;  
The two bold champions of each country's right:  
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,  
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,  
The linstocs touch, the ponderous ball expires:  
The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,  
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians side,  
For honour, which they seldom sought before:  
But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,  
And forc'd at least in show to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,  
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,  
Rouze conscious virtue up in every heart,  
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,  
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's bear:  
Each several ship a victory did gain,  
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,  
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:  
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,  
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,  
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:  
With such alacrity they bore away,  
As if, to praise them, all the states stood by.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,  
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,  
As Varro timely flying once did meet,  
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy, which a while before  
Provok'd the tardy English close to fight;  
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,  
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobby's flight.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,  
In other records may our courage know:  
But let them hide the story of this day,  
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

Or if too busily they will inquire  
Into a victory, which we disdain;  
Then let them know the Belgians did retire  
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

Repenting England this revengeful day  
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:  
England, which first, by leading them astray,  
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,  
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;  
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,  
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,  
And wander after pathless Destiny;  
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know,  
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,  
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet;  
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,  
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy-rides,  
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;  
Each day new wealth without their care provides,  
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So close behind some promontory lie  
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;  
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,  
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Nor was this all: in ports and roads remote,  
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;  
Triumphant flames upon the water float,  
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Those various squadrons variously design'd,  
Each vessel freighted with a several load,  
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,  
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,  
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear:  
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,  
For folded turbans finest Holland bear.

Some English wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,  
And into cloth of spongy softness made,  
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,  
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,  
Smile on the booty of each wealthier cheat,  
And, as the priests who with their gods make bold,  
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

But ah! how insincere are all our joys! [stay;  
Which, sent from Heaven, like lightning make no  
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,  
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,  
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,  
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,  
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element his dread command obeys,  
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;  
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,  
So now he with another pulls us down.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,  
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;  
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time,  
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by Fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides,  
To scourge his country with a lawless way;  
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,  
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,  
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:  
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,  
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious Fire,  
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,  
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,  
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,  
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:  
All was the Night's; and in her silent reign  
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,  
Those seeds of Fire their fatal birth disclose;  
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,  
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,  
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;  
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,  
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich or mighty murderer,  
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;  
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,  
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

So escapes th' insulting Fire his narrow jail,  
And makes small outlets into open air:  
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,  
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtezans, withheld  
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:  
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd  
With faint denials weaker than before.

And now no longer letted of his prey,  
He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire:  
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,  
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,  
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice:  
About the fire into a dance they bend,  
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sat  
Above the palace of our slumbering king:  
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,  
And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze  
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;  
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,  
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by Fate,  
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:  
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,  
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;  
Now murmuring noises rise in every street:  
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,  
And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose;  
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,  
An humming through their waxen city grows,  
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow throug'd and busy as by day:  
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:  
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play;  
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

In vain: for from the east a Belgian wind  
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;  
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,  
And forward with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,  
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:  
The waken'd tides began again to roar,  
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,  
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:  
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,  
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The Fire, meantime, walks in a broader gross;  
To either hand his wings he opens wide:  
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,  
And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;  
Now with long necks from side to side they feed:  
At length grown strong their mother Fire forsake,  
And a new colony of Flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the town  
The curling billows roll their restless tide:  
In parties now they straggle up and down,  
As armies unoppos'd for prey divide.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,  
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,  
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,  
The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,  
And slowly eats his way against the wind:  
But the main body of the marching foe  
Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,  
Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest:  
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,  
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke  
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;  
Whose little intervals of night are broke  
By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,  
And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower:  
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;  
So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,  
And what so well had merited his love:  
For never prince in grace did more excel,  
Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:  
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;  
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,  
And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,  
And orders all the succours which they bring:  
The helpful and the good about him run,  
And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,  
That where it seizes all relief is vain:  
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste  
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the Fire:  
Th' amazed Flames stand gather'd on a heap;  
And from the precipice's brink retire,  
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting Fires a while themselves consume,  
But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,  
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,  
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind  
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:  
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,  
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood side,  
Dire night-bags come from far to dance their round;  
And o'er broad rivers on their stends they ride,  
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the Fire  
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:  
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,  
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud:  
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:  
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,  
When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold  
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,  
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,  
And seek the tempests which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair,  
And what 's permitted to the flames invade;  
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,  
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;  
And when the weary king gave place to night,  
His beams he to his royal brother lent,  
And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,  
A dismal picture of the general doom;  
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,  
And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,  
To a last lodging call their wandering friends:  
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,  
To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,  
And with full eyes each wonted room require:  
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,  
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,  
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;  
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,  
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,  
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;  
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,  
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess  
What streets are burning now, and what are near,  
An infant wailing to the paps would press,  
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's care,  
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing:  
Ev'n those, whom want might drive to just despair,  
Think life a blessing under such a king.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,  
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint:  
All the long night he studies their relief,  
How they may be supply'd and he may want.

"O God," said he, "thou patron of my days,  
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!  
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,  
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

"Be thou my judge, with what unweary'd care  
I since have labour'd for my people's good;  
To bind the bruises of a civil war,  
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

"Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill,  
And recompense as friends the good misdeed;  
If mercy be a precept of thy will,  
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

"Or if my heedless youth has staid astray,  
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;  
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,  
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

" We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,  
As humble earth from whence at first we came:  
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,  
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

" O let it be enough what thou hast done; [street,  
When spotted Deaths ran arm'd through every  
With poison'd darts which not the good could shun,  
The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

" The living few, and frequent funerals then,  
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:  
And now those few who are return'd again,  
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

" O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,  
Or bind thy sentence unconditional:  
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,  
And in that foresight this thy doom recal.

" Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'st re-  
But if immutable and fix'd they stand, [voke:  
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,  
And let not foreign foes oppress thy land."

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire  
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;  
And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire  
From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,  
And like a shooting star he cleft the night:  
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd  
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey  
On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;  
By which to Heaven they did affect the way,  
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw, with watery eyes,  
Their founders' charity in dust laid low;  
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,  
For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,  
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:  
Though made immortal by a poet's song;  
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

The daring Flames peep'd in, and saw from far  
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:  
But, since it was profan'd by civil war,  
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,  
And widely opening did on both sides prey:  
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,  
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes:  
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire:  
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,  
And further from the feverish North retire.

In th' empyrean Heaven, the bless'd abode,  
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,  
Not daring to behold their angry God;  
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,  
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:  
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,  
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,  
In firmamental waters dipt above;  
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,  
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every place,  
Or full with feeding sink into a sleep:  
Each household genius shows again his face,  
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;  
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:  
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,  
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,  
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;  
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth, [grass:  
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew  
In every heart which fear had froze before:  
The standing streets with so much joy they view,  
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The father of the people open'd wide  
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:  
Thus God's anointed God's own place supply'd,  
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,  
And in their minds so deep did print the sense;  
That if their ruins sadly they regard,  
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

But so may he live long, that town to sway,  
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,  
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,  
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;  
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,  
That from his wars they poorly would retire,  
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews, of old  
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,  
Their royal city did in dust behold,  
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of the stars is past,  
And two dire comets, which have accour'd the town,  
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the last,  
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,  
And high-raisd Jove from his dark prison freed,  
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,  
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,  
I see a city of more precious mold:  
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,  
With silver pay'd, and all divide with gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,  
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,  
 And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,  
 Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,  
 Now deify'd she from her fires does rise:  
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,  
 And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before she like some shepherdess did show,  
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;  
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,  
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold,  
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;  
 The East with incense, and the West with gold,  
 Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,  
 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;  
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,  
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,  
 The glory of their towns no more shall boast,  
 And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,  
 Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

The venturesome merchant, who design'd more far,  
 And touches on our hospitable shore,  
 Charm'd with the splendour of this northern star,  
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,  
 The wealth of France or Holland to invade;  
 The beauty of this town without a fleet,  
 From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,  
 The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,  
 That those, who now disdain our trade to share,  
 Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,  
 And the less dangerous part is left behind:  
 Our trouble now is but to make them dare,  
 And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,  
 But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;  
 A constant trade-wind will securely blow,  
 And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

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### AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN, AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

How dull, and how insensible a beast  
 Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!  
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove  
 In every age the lumpish mass to move:  
 But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,  
 Who know not only to instruct, but please.  
 Poets alone found the delightful way,  
 Mysterious morals gently to convey

In charming numbers; so that as men grew  
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.  
 Satire has always shone among the rest,  
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,  
 To tell men freely of their foulest faults;  
 To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.  
 In satire too the wise took different ways,  
 To each deserving its peculiar praise.  
 Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,  
 Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into shame.  
 But of these two, the last succeeded best,  
 As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.  
 Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,  
 And censure those who censure all besides,  
 In other things they justly are preferr'd:  
 In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;  
 Against the grossest follies they declaim;  
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.  
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,  
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:  
 Besides 'tis labour lost; for who would preach  
 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?  
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,  
 Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.  
 But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,  
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;  
 That little speck which all the rest does spoil,  
 To wash off that would be a noble toil,  
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,  
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;  
 Above all censure too, each little wit  
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit;  
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,  
 Of such correction will have cause to boast.  
 In such a satire all would seek a share,  
 And every fool will fancy he is there.  
 Old story-tellers too must pine and die,  
 To see their antiquated wit laid by;  
 Like her, who miss'd her name in a lampoon,  
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.  
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:  
 Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;  
 Nor fluttering officers who never fight;  
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write?  
 Much less half wits: that 's more against our  
 rules;

For they are fops, the other are but fools.  
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?  
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than sir Carr?  
 The cunning courtier should be slighted too,  
 Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;  
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,  
 Like Esop's fox becomes a prey at last.  
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,  
 Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;  
 With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,  
 They are as common that way as the other:  
 Yet sauntering Charles, between his beastly brace,  
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,  
 Affected humour, or a painted face.  
 In loyal libels we have often told him,  
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him:  
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;  
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep?  
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,  
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?  
 Earnley and Aylesbury, with all that race  
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;  
 At council set as foils on Dorset's score,  
 To make that great false jewel shine the more;

Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,  
Only for taking pains and telling lies.  
But there 's no meddling with such nauseous men;  
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:  
'Tis time to quit their company, and choose  
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let 's behold the merriest man alive  
Against his careless genius vainly strive;  
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,  
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:  
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be  
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.  
But when he aims at reason or at rule,  
He turns himself the best to ridicule.  
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,  
Show him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;  
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,  
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.  
So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,  
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;  
But soon the lady had him in her eye,  
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.  
Reaching above our nature does no good;  
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;  
As by our little Machiavel we find  
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,  
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;  
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,  
No pity of its poor companion takes.  
What gravity can hold from laughing out,  
To see him drag his feeble legs about,  
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still  
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that 's ill.  
'Twere crime in any man but him alone  
To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:  
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,  
That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can soar:  
Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,  
Is but a busy groveling here below.  
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,  
Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie:  
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.  
As the new earl, with parts deserving praise,  
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,  
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,  
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune slights;  
Striving against his quiet all he can,  
For the fine notion of a busy man.  
And what is that at best, but one, whose mind  
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?  
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;  
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain  
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,  
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too,  
But is there any other beast that lives,  
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?  
Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,  
Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,  
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,  
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?  
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,  
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though satire, nicely writ, no humour stings  
But those who merit praise in other things,  
Yet we must needs this one exception make,  
And break our rules for folly Tropo's sake;  
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,  
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;  
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,  
For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.

As boys on holidays let loose to play,  
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;  
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress  
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress:  
So have I mighty satisfaction found,  
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:  
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,  
By some who scarce have words enough to show it:  
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker  
The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:  
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence  
Should be acquired by such little sense;  
For words and wit did anciently agree,  
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:  
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,  
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.  
These are the grievances of such fools as would  
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,  
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;  
Excess of luxury they think can please,  
And laziness call loving of their ease:  
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,  
Though their whole life 's but intermitting pain:  
So much of surfeits, head-aches, claps are seen,  
We scarce perceive the little time between:  
Well-meaning men, who make this gross mistake,  
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;  
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay  
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus, Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,  
Marry'd, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that;  
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,  
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time;  
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,  
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;  
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,  
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;  
Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,  
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;  
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,  
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;  
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his braker times  
Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.  
Mulgrove had much ado to scape the snare,  
Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;  
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,  
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;  
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,  
To see him catch his tartar for his prize:  
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,  
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;  
Till Petwoud plot made us with sorrow see,  
As his estate, his person too was free:  
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;  
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;  
Yet falling there he keeps his freedom still,  
Forc'd to live happily against his will:  
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power  
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,  
Pleasure has always sought but never found:  
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,  
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.  
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,  
His meat and mistresses are kept too long;  
But sure we all mistake this pious man,  
Who mortifies his person all he can:  
What we uncharitably take for sin,  
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;

For never hermit under grave pretence,  
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;  
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,  
No nastiness offends his skilful nose;  
Which from all stink can with peculiar art  
Extract perfume and essence from a f—t:  
Expecting supper is his great delight;  
He toils all day but to be drunk at night;  
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,  
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,  
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;  
For while he mischief means to all mankind,  
Himself alone the ill effects does find:  
And so like witches justly suffers shame,  
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.  
False are his words, affected is his wit;  
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;  
To every face he cringes while he speaks,  
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:  
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,  
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:  
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,  
A very Killigrew without good-nature.  
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,  
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?  
For, there 's the folly that 's still mixt with fear,  
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;  
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,  
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:  
The world may well forgive him all his ill,  
For every fault does prove his penance still:  
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,  
And then as meanly labours to get loose;  
A life so infamous is better quitting,  
Spent in base injury and low submitting,  
I'd like to have left out his poetry;  
Forgot by all almost as well as me.  
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,  
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,  
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,  
To find it out 's the cinderwoman's trade:  
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,  
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.  
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,  
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;  
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,  
For a whole page of dulness must atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise;  
Ev'n he, who would himself the most despise!  
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,  
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.  
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,  
We pull down others but to raise our own;  
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,  
And are but satires to set up ourselves.  
I, who have all this while been finding fault,  
Ev'n with my master who first satire taught;  
And did by that describe the task so hard,  
It seems stupendous and above reward;  
Now labour with unequal force to climb  
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:  
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,  
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

## ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

..... Si propius stes  
Te capiet magis.

## PART L

## TO THE READERS

It is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design I am sure is honest: but he who draws his pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the fanatic church, as well as in the popish: and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the block-heads: but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges: for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rehating the satire, where justice would allow it, from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced at their own cost, that I can write severely, with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am: but if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing; though it is hard for an author to judge against himself. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most

excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the *historian*, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story: there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards, as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the chyrurgeon's work of an ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politie have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

### ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

In pious times ere priestcraft did begin,  
Before polygamy was made a sin;  
When man on many multiply'd his kind,  
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd;  
When Nature prompted, and no law deny'd  
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;  
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,  
His vigorous warmth did variously impart  
To wives and slaves: and, wide as his command,  
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.  
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;  
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:  
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore  
To godlike David several sons before.  
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,  
No true succession could their seed attend.  
Of all the numerous progeny was none  
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:  
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,  
His father got him with a greater gust;  
Or that his conscious destiny made way,  
By manly beauty, to imperial sway;  
Early in foreign fields he won renown,  
With kings and states ally'd to Israel's crown:  
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,  
And seem'd as he were only born for love.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please:  
His motions all accompany'd with grace;  
And Paradise was open'd in his face.  
With secret joy indulgent David view'd  
His youthful image in his son renew'd:  
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;  
And made the charming Annabel his bride.  
What faults he had, for who from faults is free?  
His father could not, or he would not see.  
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,  
Were construed youth, that purged by boiling o'er;  
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,  
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.  
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,  
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.  
But life can never be sincerely blest;  
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.  
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,  
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;  
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,

No king could govern, nor no God could please;  
Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,  
That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:  
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,  
Began to dream they wanted liberty;  
And when no rule, no precedent was found,  
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,  
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,  
And thought that all but savages were slaves.  
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,  
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;  
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,  
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king;  
Those very Jews, who at their very best  
Their humour more than loyalty express,  
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd  
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;  
Thought they might ruin him they could create,  
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.  
But these were random bolts; no form'd design,  
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:  
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,  
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;  
And, looking backward with a wise affright,  
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:  
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,  
They curst the memory of civil wars.  
The moderate sort of men thus qualify'd,  
Inclin'd the balance to the better side;  
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,  
The bad found no occasion to rebel.  
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,  
The careful Devil is still at hand with means,  
And providently pimps for ill desires:  
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.  
Plots true or false are necessary things,  
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem  
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them:  
And theirs the native right—  
But when the chosen people grew more strong,  
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;  
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,  
They still were thought God's enemies the more.  
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,  
Submit they must to David's government:  
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,  
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;



And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,  
 Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood;  
 This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;  
 For priests of all religions are the same:  
 Of whatsoever descent their godhead be,  
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,  
 In his defence his servants are as bold,  
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.  
 The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,  
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:  
 For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,  
 To espouse his cause, by whom they eat and drink.  
 From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,  
 Bad in itself, but represented worse;  
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;  
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;  
 Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude,  
 But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.  
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with  
 lies,

To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.  
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,  
 Believing nothing, or believing all.  
 Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd,  
 Where gods were recommended by their taste.  
 Such savoury deities must needs be good,  
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food.  
 By force they could not introduce these gods;  
 For ten to one in former days was odds.  
 So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:  
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.  
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,  
 And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:  
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,  
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.  
 Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay  
 By guns, invented since full many a day:  
 Our author swears it not; but who can know  
 How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?  
 This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,  
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:  
 For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,  
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,  
 And every hostile humour, which before  
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;  
 So several factions from this first ferment,  
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.  
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought  
 wise,

Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.  
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from  
 thence,

Like sands, were harden'd in impenitence.  
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown  
 From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,  
 Were rais'd in power and public office high;  
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;  
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:  
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;  
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;  
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;  
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:  
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,  
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.  
 A daring pilot in extremity;  
 Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,  
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

*Achitophel's grandfather*

Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;  
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,  
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?  
 Punish a body which he could not please;  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?  
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,  
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;  
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;  
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.  
 In friendship false, implacable in hate;  
 Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the state.  
 To compass this the triple bond he broke;  
 The pillars of the public safety shook;  
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:  
 Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,  
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.  
 So easy still it proves in factious times,  
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.  
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,  
 Where none can sin against the people's will!  
 Where cowards can wink, and no offence be known,  
 Since in another's guilt they find their own?  
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;  
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.  
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin  
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,  
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;  
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.  
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,  
 With virtues only proper to the gown;  
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed  
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;  
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,  
 And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.  
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.  
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess  
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,  
 Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,  
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.  
 Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,  
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince;  
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause  
 Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.  
 The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;  
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.  
 By buzzing emissaries fill the ears  
 Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears  
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,  
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite.  
 Weak arguments! which yet, he knew full well,  
 Were strong with people easy to rebel.  
 For, govern'd by the Moon, the giddy Jews  
 Tread the same track when she the prime re-  
 news;  
 And once in twenty years their scribes record,  
 By natural instinct they change their lord.  
 Achitophel still wants a chief, and none  
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.  
 Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,  
 For politicians neither love nor hate:  
 But, for he knew his title, not allow'd,  
 Would keep him still depending on the crowd:  
 That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be  
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.  
 Him he attempts with studied arts to please,  
 And sheds his venom in such words as these.  
 "Auspicious prince, at whose nativity  
 Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;

*like  
 Achitophel  
 Achitophel*

Thy longing country's darling and desire;  
 Their cloudy pillar, and their guardian fire:  
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand  
 Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land:  
 Whose dawning day, in every distant age,  
 Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage;  
 The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,  
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!  
 Thee, saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,  
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless:  
 Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,  
 And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.

How long wilt thou the general joy detain,  
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;  
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days,  
 Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise;  
 Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,  
 Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?  
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be  
 Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.  
 Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,  
 Some lucky revolution of their fate:  
 Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,  
 For human good depends on human will,  
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,  
 And from the first impression takes the bent;  
 But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,  
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.  
 Now, 'now she meets you with a glorious prize,  
 And spreads her locks before you as she flies.  
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,  
 Not dar'd when Fortune call'd him to be king,  
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,  
 And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.  
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage;  
 But shun th' example of declining age:  
 Behold him setting in his western skies,  
 The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.  
 He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand  
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land,  
 Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;  
 But like the prince of angels, from his height  
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:  
 Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn;  
 Our only blessing since his curst return:  
 Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,  
 Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.  
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,  
 Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?  
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,  
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:  
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;  
 Foment the war, but not support the king:  
 Nor would the royal party e'er unite  
 With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite;  
 Or if they should, their interest soon would break,  
 And with such odious aid make David weak.  
 All sorts of men, by my successful arts,  
 Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts  
 From David's rule; and 'tis their general cry,  
 Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.  
 If you, as champion of the public good,  
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,  
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause  
 Might such a general gain by such a cause?  
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower  
 Fair only to the sight, but solid power:  
 And nobler is a limited command,  
 Given by the love of all your native land,

Than a successive title, long and dark,  
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,  
 When flattery sooths, and when ambition blinds?  
 Desire of power, on Earth a vicious weed,  
 Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:  
 In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,  
 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.  
 Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,  
 Too full of angel's metal in his frame,  
 Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,  
 Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.

Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,  
 For royal blood within him struggled still,  
 He thus reply'd.—"And what pretence have I  
 To take up arms for public liberty? —"

My father governs with unquestion'd right;  
 The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;  
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;  
 And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.  
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?  
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?

What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,  
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?  
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;  
 Incliu'd to mercy, and averse from blood.  
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,  
 His crime is God's beloved attribute.

What could he gain his people to betray,  
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway?  
 Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign  
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.  
 If David's rule Jerusalem displeas'd,  
 The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.

Why then should I, encouraging the bad,  
 Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?  
 Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might  
 Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,

Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands  
 Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:  
 The people might assert their liberty;  
 But what was right in them were crime in me.

His favour leaves me nothing to require,  
 Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;  
 What more can I expect while David lives?  
 All but his kingly diadem he gives:  
 And that"—But here he paus'd; then, sighing, said—

"Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.  
 For when my father from his toils shall rest,  
 And late augment the number of the blest,  
 His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,  
 Or the collateral line, where that shall end.

His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,  
 Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,  
 Of every royal virtue stands possess'd;  
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best.  
 His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;  
 His loyalty the king, the world his fame.

His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;  
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.  
 Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,  
 Which gives me no pretence to royalty?  
 Yet oh! that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,  
 Had rais'd my hirth, or had debas'd my mind;

To my large soul not all her treasure lent,  
 And then betray'd it to a mean descent!  
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,  
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.  
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?  
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;

And made for empire whispers me within,  
 Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.<sup>21</sup>—  
 Him staggering so, when Hell's dire agent found,  
 While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,  
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:  
 "Th' eternal Ge'l, supremely good and wise,  
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:  
 What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!  
 Against your will your arguments have shown,  
 Such virtue 's only given to guide a throne.  
 Not that your father's mildness I contemn;  
 But manly force becomes the diadem.  
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;  
 And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:  
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,  
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.  
 But when should people strive their bonds to break,  
 If not when kings are negligent or weak? —  
 Let him give on till he can give no more,  
 The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor;  
 And every shekel, which he can receive,  
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.  
 To ply him with new plots shall be my care;  
 Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;  
 Which, when his treasure can no more supply,  
 He must, with the remains of kingship, buy  
 His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears  
 Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;  
 Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,  
 He shall be naked left to public scorn.  
 The next successor, whom I fear and hate,  
 My arts have made obnoxious to the state;  
 Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,  
 And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.  
 His right, for sums of necessary gold,  
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;  
 Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,  
 To pass your doubtful title into law;  
 If not, the people have a right supreme  
 To make their kings; for kings are made for them.  
 All empire is no more than power in trust, —  
 Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.  
 Succession, for the general good design'd,  
 In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:  
 If altering that the people can relieve,  
 Better one suffer than a nation grieve.  
 The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they chose,  
 God was their king, and God they durst depose.  
 Urge now your piety, your filial name,  
 A father's right, and fear of future fame;  
 The public good, that universal call,  
 To which ev'n Heaven submitted, answers all.  
 Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;  
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.  
 Our fond begetters, who would never die,  
 Love but themselves in their posterity.  
 Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,  
 Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.  
 God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring  
 A better proof, than to anoint him king?  
 It surely show'd he lov'd the shepherd well,  
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.  
 Would David have you thought his darling son,  
 What means he then to alienate the crown?  
 The name of godly he may blush to bear:  
 Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir? —  
 He to his brother gives supreme command, *NO*  
 To you a legacy of barren land;  
 Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,  
 Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.

Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,  
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes;  
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,  
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts;  
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:  
 He meditates revenge who least complains:  
 And like a lion, slumbering in the way,  
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,  
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,  
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;  
 Till at the last, his time for fury found,  
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;  
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,  
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.  
 Your case no tame expedients will afford:  
 Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,  
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw;  
 And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.  
 Leave the warm people no considering time:  
 For then rebellion may be thought a crime.  
 Avail yourself of what occasion gives,  
 But try your title while your father lives:  
 And that your arms may have a fair pretence,  
 Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;  
 Whose sacred life each minute would expose  
 To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.  
 And who can sound the depth of David's soul?  
 Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.  
 He fears his brother, though he loves his son,  
 For plighted vows too late to be undone.  
 If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,  
 Like women's lechery, to seem constrain'd.  
 Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,  
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.  
 Secure his person to secure your cause:  
 They who possess the prince possess the laws."  
 He said; and this advice above the rest,  
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best;  
 Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,  
 Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puffed with pride.  
 How happy had he been, if Destiny  
 Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!  
 His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,  
 And blest all other countries but his own.  
 But charming greatness since so few refuse,  
 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse. —  
 Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,  
 With blandishments to gain the public love:  
 To head the faction while their zeal was hot,  
 And popularly prosecute the plot.  
 To further this, Achitophel unites  
 The malcontents of all the Israelites:  
 Whose differing parties he could wisely join,  
 For several ends, to serve the same design.  
 The best, and of the princes some were such,  
 Who thought the power of monarchy too much;  
 Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,  
 Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.  
 By these the springs of property were bent,  
 And wound so high, they crack'd the government.  
 The next for interest sought to embroil the state,  
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate,  
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne;  
 Pretending public good to serve their own.  
 Others thought kings an useless heavy load,  
 Who cost too much, and did too little good.  
 These were for laying honest David by,  
 On principles of pure good husbandry,  
 With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,  
 That thought to get preferment by the tongue.

Who follow next a double danger bring,  
 Not only hating David, but the king;  
 The Solymean rout; well vers'd of old,  
 In godly faction, and in treason bold;  
 Cowring and quaking at a conqueror's sword,  
 But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;  
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,  
 And scorn'd by Jebusites to be undone.  
 Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before  
 From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,  
 Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,  
 Pursued their old belov'd theocracy:  
 Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,  
 And justify'd their spoils by inspiration:  
 For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,  
 If once dominion they could find in grace?  
 These led the pack; though not of surest scent,  
 Yet deepest-mouth'd against the government.  
 A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,  
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed:  
 'Gainst form and order they their power employ,  
 Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.  
 But far more numerous was the herd of such,  
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.  
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,  
 Ador'd their fathers' God and property;  
 And by the same blind benefit of Fate,  
 The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:  
 Born to be sav'd ev'n in their own despite,  
 Because they could not help believing right.  
 Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more  
 Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.  
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:  
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:  
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long,  
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,  
 Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon:  
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.  
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,  
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!  
 Railing and praising were his usual themes;  
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:  
 So over violent, or over civil,  
 That every man with him was god or devil.  
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:  
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;  
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
 He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief  
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:  
 For spite of him the weight of business fell  
 On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:  
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
 He left not faction, but of that was left.  
 Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse  
 Of lords, below the dignity of verse.  
 Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best:  
 Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.  
 And therefore, in the name of dulness, be  
 The well-hung Balaam, and cold Caleb, free:  
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,  
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.  
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure;  
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.  
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,  
 Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:

Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw  
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.  
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,  
 The wretch who Heaven's anointed dar'd to  
 curse;  
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring  
 Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king;  
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,  
 And never broke the sabbath but for gain:—  
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,  
 Or curse, unless against the government.  
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way  
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;—  
 The city, to reward his pious hate  
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.  
 His hand a vase of justice did uphold;  
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.  
 During his office treason was no crime;  
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time:  
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,  
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.  
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim  
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,  
 Shimei was always in the midst of them:  
 And if they curs'd the king when he was by,  
 Would rather curse than break good company.  
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,  
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;  
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause  
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws.  
 For laws are only made to punish those  
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.  
 If any leisure time he had from power,  
 Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,  
 His business was, by writing to persuade,  
 That kings were useless and a clog to trade;  
 And that his noble style he might refine,  
 No Rechabite more shun'd the fumes of wine.  
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board  
 The grossness of a city feast abhor'd:  
 His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;  
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.  
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;  
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:  
 For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require  
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.  
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,  
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:  
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,  
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.  
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,  
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.  
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;  
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,  
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,  
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.  
 What though his birth were base, yet comets rise  
 From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.  
 Prodigious actions may as well be done  
 By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.  
 This arch-attester for the public good  
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood.  
 Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,  
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?  
 Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,  
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.  
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,  
 Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud:  
 His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace  
 A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.

His memory, miraculously great,  
 Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;  
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,  
 For human wit could never such devise.  
 Some future truths are mingled in his book;  
 But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:  
 Some things like visionary flight appear;  
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;  
 And gave him his rabbinical degree,  
 Unknown to foreign university.  
 His judgment yet his memory did excel;  
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,  
 And suited to the temper of the times,  
 Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.  
 Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,  
 And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;  
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:  
 He takes his life, who takes away his trade.  
 Were I myself in witness Corah's place,  
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,  
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,  
 To make him an appendix of my plot.  
 His zeal to Heaven made him his prince despise,  
 And load his person with indignities.  
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,  
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words:  
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,  
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.  
 What others in his evidence did join,  
 The best that could be had for love or coin,  
 In Corah's own predicament will fall:  
 For witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,  
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:  
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,  
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown,  
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,  
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.  
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;  
 On each side bowing popularly low:  
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,  
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.  
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with arts,  
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.  
 Then with a kind compassionating look,  
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,  
 Few words he said; but easy those and fit,  
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

"I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;  
 Though far unable to prevent your fate;  
 Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause  
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!  
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,  
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son!  
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made:  
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,  
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.  
 My father, whom with reverence yet I name,  
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;  
 And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,  
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;  
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;  
 And all his power against himself employs.  
 He gives, and let him give, my right away:  
 But why should he his own and yours betray?  
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed,  
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.  
 Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his eyes)  
 'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:

No court-informer can these arms accuse;  
 These arms may sons against their fathers use:  
 And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign  
 May make no other Israelite complain."

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;  
 But common interest always will prevail:  
 And pity never ceases to be shown  
 To him, who makes the people's wrongs his own,  
 The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,  
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:  
 Who now begins his progress to ordain  
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:  
 From east to west his glories he displays,  
 And, like the Sun, the promis'd land surveys.  
 Fame runs before him as the morning star,  
 And shouts of joy salute him from afar:  
 Each house receives him as a guardian god,  
 And consecrates the place of his abode.  
 But hospitable treats did most commend  
 Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.  
 This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,  
 And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;  
 Achitophel had form'd it, with intent  
 To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,  
 The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,  
 And try their strength before they came to blows.  
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence  
 Of specious love, and duty to their prince.  
 Religion, and redress of grievances,  
 Two names that always cheat, and always please,  
 Are often urg'd; and good king David's life  
 Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.

Thus in a pageant show a plot is made:  
 And peace itself is war in masquerade.  
 Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!  
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still!  
 Did ever men forsake their present ease,  
 In midst of health imagine a disease;  
 Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,  
 Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?  
 What shall we think? Can people give away,  
 Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?  
 Then they are left defenceless to the sword  
 Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:  
 And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,  
 If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.  
 Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,  
 And kings are only officers in trust,  
 Then this resuming covenant was declar'd  
 When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.  
 If those who gave the sceptre could not tie  
 By their own deed their own posterity,  
 How then could Adam bind his future race?  
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place?  
 Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,  
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?  
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they com-  
 mand,

And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.  
 Add, that the power for property allow'd  
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd:  
 For who can be secure of private right,  
 If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?  
 Nor is the people's judgment always true:  
 The most may err as grossly as the few;  
 And faultless kings run down by common cry,  
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.  
 What standard is there in a sickle rout,  
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?

Nor only crowds but sanhedrims may be  
 Infected with this public lunacy,  
 And share the madness of rebellious times,  
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.  
 If they may give and take when'er they please,  
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,  
 But government itself at length must fall  
 To Nature's state, where all have right to all.  
 Yet, grant our lords, the people, kings can make,  
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake?  
 For whatsoever their sufferings were before,  
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.  
 All other errors but disturb a state;  
 But innovation is the blow of Fate.  
 If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,  
 To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,  
 Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;  
 For all beyond it is to touch the ark.  
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,  
 Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;  
 At once divine and human laws control,  
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.  
 The tampering world is subject to this curse,  
 To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?  
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!  
 Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;  
 Who dare be such must be the people's foes.  
 Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days,  
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears;  
 Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.  
 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood  
 In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:  
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;  
 But sinking underneath his master's fate:  
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;  
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.  
 The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:  
 — Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.  
 Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,  
 The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.  
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;  
 Now more than half a father's name is lost.  
 His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,  
 By me, so Heaven will have it, always mourn'd,  
 And always honour'd, match'd in manhood's prime  
 B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:  
 Yet not before the goal of honour won,  
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:  
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run.  
 Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,  
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!  
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,  
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:  
 Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd:  
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd.  
 Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,  
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!  
 But Israel was unworthy of his name:  
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.  
 It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,  
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.  
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul  
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry  
 pole:

From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,  
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king.  
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:  
 No pinions can pursue immortal height:

Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,  
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before:  
 Or fled she with his life, and left this verse  
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?  
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heaven, and see  
 If thou canst find on Earth another he:  
 Another he would be too hard to find;  
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind,  
 Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and  
 place,

His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.  
 With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,  
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;  
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense  
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.  
 The prophets' sons, by such example led,  
 To learning and to loyalty were bred:  
 For colleges on bounteous kings depend,  
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.  
 To these succeed the pillars of the laws;  
 Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.  
 Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;  
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,  
 Himself a Muse: in sanhedrims debate  
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state;  
 Whom David's love with honours did adorn,  
 That from his disobedient son were torn.  
 Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;  
 Endued by Nature, and by learning taught,  
 To move assemblies, who but only try'd  
 The worse a-while, then chose the better side:  
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;  
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.  
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress;

In public storms of manly stedfastness:  
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,  
 And join'd experience to his native truth.  
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne;  
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:  
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,  
 But hard the task to manage well the low:  
 For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,  
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.  
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,  
 For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?  
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet  
 In his own worth, and without title great:  
 The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,  
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:  
 So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,  
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,  
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,  
 So fit was he to represent them all.  
 Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,  
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:  
 They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,  
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;  
 While he, withdrawn, at their mad labours smiles,  
 And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band  
 Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,  
 And tempt th' united fury of the land.  
 With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent,  
 To batter down the lawful government;  
 A numerous faction, with pretended frights,  
 In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;  
 The true successor from the court remov'd;  
 The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.  
 These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,  
 They show'd the king the danger of the wound;

That no concessions from the throne would please,  
 But lenitives fomented the disease:

That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,  
 Was made the lure to draw the people down;  
 That false Achitophel's pernicious hate  
 Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:  
 The council violent, the rabble worse:  
 That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress,  
 And long revolving in his careful breast  
 Th' event of things, at last, his patience tir'd,  
 Thus, from his royal throne, by Heaven inspir'd,  
 The godlike David spoke; with awful fear  
 His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,  
 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:  
 O willing to forgive th' offending age;  
 O much the father did the king assuage.  
 But now, so far my clemency they slight,  
 Th' offenders question my forgiving right:  
 That one was made for many, they contend;  
 But 'tis to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.  
 They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;  
 Though manly tempers can the longest bear.  
 Let, since they will divert my native course,  
 'Tis time to show I am not good by force.  
 Those heap'd affronts, that haughty subjects bring,  
 Are burthens for a camel, not a king.  
 Kings are the public pillars of the state,  
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:  
 My young Samson will pretend a call  
 To shake the column, let him share the fall:  
 But oh, that yet he would repent and live!  
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!  
 With how few tears a pardon might be won  
 From Nature, pleading for a darling son!  
 Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,  
 Laid up to all the height his frame could bear!  
 Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,  
 He would have given his soul another turn:  
 He'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense  
 Is one that would by law supplant his prince;  
 He people's brave, the politician's tool;  
 Hever was patriot yet, but was a fool.

Hence comes it, that religion and the laws  
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?  
 His old instructor, ere he lost his place,  
 Was never thought endued with so much grace.  
 Good Heavens, how Faction can a patriot paint!  
 My rebel ever proves my people's saint.  
 Would they impose an heir upon the throne,  
 At sanhedrims be taught to give their own.  
 A king 's at least a part of government,  
 And mine as requisite as their consent:  
 Without my leave a future king to choose,  
 Offers a right the present to dispose.

True, they petition me to approve their choice:  
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.  
 My pious subjects for my safety pray;  
 Which to secure, they take my power away.  
 From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,  
 But save me most from my petitioners.  
 Unsatiated as the barren womb or grave,  
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.  
 What then is left, but with a jealous eye  
 To guard the small remains of royalty?  
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,  
 And the same law teach rebels to obey:  
 Votes shall no more establish'd power control,  
 Each votes as make a part exceed the whole.

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No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,  
 Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;  
 For Gods and godlike kings their care express,  
 Still to defend their servants in distress.

Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!  
 Why am I forc'd, like Heaven, against my mind,  
 To make examples of another kind?

Must I at length the sword of Justice draw?  
 Oh curst effects of necessary law!

How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!

Beware the fury of a patient man.—

Law they require, let Law then show her face;  
 They could not be content to look on grace,  
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye  
 To tempt the terror of her front, and die.  
 By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,  
 Those dire artificers of Death shall bleed.  
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear,  
 Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear;  
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,  
 Which was their principle of life before.

Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:  
 Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.  
 Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,  
 In their first onset, all their brutal rage.  
 Then let them take an unresisted course:  
 Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:  
 But, when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,  
 And rise upon them with redoubled might:  
 For lawful power is still superior found;  
 When long driven back, at length it stands the ground."

He said: Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;  
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.—  
 Henceforth a series of new time began,  
 The mighty years in long procession ran:  
 Once more the godlike David was restor'd,  
 And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

## ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

### PART II.

—Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis  
 Captus amore leget—

#### TO THE READER.

In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of king Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,  
 and ending with

To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee—

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed complete.

M m

## ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beasts each other's prey were made,  
 Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,  
 Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those  
 That madly their own happiness oppose;  
 There Heaven itself, and godlike kings, in vain  
 Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;  
 While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,  
 And monarchs by indulgence are undone.  
 Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,  
 While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting throne.  
 For now their sovereign's orders to contemn  
 Was held the charter of Jerusalem,  
 His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,  
 A privilege peculiar to the Jews;  
 As if from heavenly call this license fell,  
 And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!  
 Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes  
 Thus suited to the madness of the times;  
 And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,  
 Of flattering charms no longer stands in need;  
 While, fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,  
 Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;  
 His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,  
 And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.  
 Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,  
 He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.  
 The charms of empire might his youth mislead,  
 But what can our besotted Israel plead?  
 Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command  
 Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land.  
 Whose only grievance is excess of ease;  
 Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!  
 Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,  
 And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,  
 With arguments they 'd make their treason good,  
 And righteous David's self with slanders load:  
 That arts of foreign sway he did affect,  
 And guilty Jebusites from law protect,  
 Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,  
 Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed;  
 Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,  
 While in the bounds of sense they did contain,  
 But soon they lanch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,  
 And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.  
 For probable discoveries to dispense,  
 Was thought below a pension'd evidence;  
 Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port  
 Of pamper'd Corah, when advanc'd to court.  
 No less than wonders now they will impose,  
 And projects void of grace or sense disclose.  
 Such was the change on pious Michal brought,  
 Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,  
 The best of queens, and most obedient wife,  
 Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!  
 His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,  
 'Tis scarce so much his guardian angels' care.  
 Not summer moras such mildness can disclose,  
 The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.  
 Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,  
 Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.  
 She lives with angels, and, as angels do,  
 Quits Heaven sometimes to bless the world below.  
 Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,  
 Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.  
 Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes, at height,  
 Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate,  
 The piety of Michal then remain  
 In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!

Less desolation did the pest pursue,  
 That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew,  
 Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,  
 And less Jerusalem's avenging fire,  
 With gentle terror these our state o'erran,  
 Than since our evidencing days began!  
 On every cheek a pale confusion sat,  
 Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!  
 Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,  
 All occupations lost but Corah's trade.  
 Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,  
 If not for safety, needful yet for state.  
 Well might he deem each peer and prince his show,  
 And lord it o'er the tribes which he could awe:  
 Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what sad fate,  
 But for his honesty, had seiz'd our state!  
 And with what tyranny had we been curst,  
 Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!  
 T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gear,  
 Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:  
 The travell'd Levite had th' experience got,  
 To husband well, and make the best of a plot;  
 And therefore, like an evidence of skill,  
 With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;  
 Not quite of future power himself bereft,  
 But limbo large for unbelievers left.  
 And now his writ such reverence had got,  
 'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.  
 Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt  
 Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.  
 Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,  
 But more for interest sake believe and swear:  
 Ev'n to that height with some the frenzy goes,  
 They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.  
 Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,  
 Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;  
 Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided zeal,  
 Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,  
 But for the good old cause, that did excite  
 Th' original rebels' wiles, revenge, and spite.  
 These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown  
 Upon the bright successor of the crown,  
 Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pass'd,  
 As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.  
 Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,  
 The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.  
 Such practices as these, too gross to lie  
 Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,  
 The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,  
 Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,  
 Ev'n Absalom amidst the dazzling beams  
 Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,  
 Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,  
 To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.  
 And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,  
 Thus to Achitophel his doubts express.  
 "Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd  
 Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?  
 Not so when virtue did my arms require,  
 And to my father's wars I flew entire.  
 My regal power how will my foes resent,  
 When I myself have scarce my own consent!  
 Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,  
 Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.  
 How slight to force a throne that legions guard  
 The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!  
 And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,  
 What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?  
 Dire war must first be cojur'd from below,  
 The realm we 'd rule, we first must overthrow:



and when the civil furies are on wing,  
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters sing,  
Who knows what impious chance may reach the  
king?

He! rather let me perish in the strife,  
Than have my crown the price of David's life!  
Or, if the tempest of the war he stand,  
To peace, some vile officious villain's hand  
His soul's anointed temple may invade,  
Or, prest by clamorous crowds, myself be made  
His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt  
Hath dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.  
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,  
Ince to the empire by their arms I rose,  
Whose very arms on me shall be employ'd,  
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:  
The same pretence of public good will bold,  
And new Achitophels be found as bold  
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old."

He said. The statesman with a smile replies,  
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise;  
My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,  
And are we still with conscience to contend?  
Whose want in kings, as needful is allow'd,  
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.  
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,  
And only can be safe by pressing on.  
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,  
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:  
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,  
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,  
Whose patience is th' effect of stinted power,  
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour,  
And if remote the peril he can bring,  
Your present danger's greater from the king.  
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,  
For trust the father in a jealous prince!  
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,  
To doom you little less than banishment,  
What rage must your presumption since inspire!  
Against his orders you return from Tyre.  
For only so, but with a pomp more high,  
And open court of popularity,

"The factious tribes."—"And this reproof from thee?"  
The prince replies, "O statesman's winding skill!  
They first condemn, that first advis'd the ill!"  
"Illustrious youth!" return'd Achitophel,  
"Misconstrue not the words that mean you well;  
The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,  
But 'tis because you leave it unpursued. --  
The monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,  
Who reach, lay hold on Death that miss the prize.  
Did you for this expose yourself to show,  
And to the crowd bow popularly low?  
Or this your glorious progress next ordain,  
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train?  
With Fame before you like the morning star,  
And shouts of joy saluting from afar?  
Ah from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,  
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!  
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?  
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?  
For single interest with the nation weigh'd,  
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!  
Ev'n when at helm a course so dangerous mov'd,  
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd."

"I not dispute," the royal youth replies,  
"The known perfection of your policies,  
For in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,  
The privilege that statesmen ever claim;

Who private interest never yet pursued,  
But still pretended 'twas for others' good:  
What politician yet e'er escap'd his fate,  
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?  
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,  
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.  
What from a sway did David e'er pursue,  
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?  
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,  
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;  
And who suspends fixt laws, may abrogate,  
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.  
Ev'n property, whose champion now you stand,  
And seem for this the idol of the land,  
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,  
As when your counsel shut the royal store;  
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,  
But secret kept till your own bank's secur'd.  
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,  
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;  
Nor here your counsels fatal progress staid,  
But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.  
Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid, [made,  
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror  
Ev'n yet of such a season can we dream,  
When royal rights you made your darling theme.  
For power unlimited could reasons draw,  
And place prerogative above the law;  
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,  
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:  
Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,  
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you."

To this Hell's agent—"Royal youth, sit here,  
Let interest be the star by which you steer;  
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,  
Whose interest most in your advancement lies.  
A tie so firm as always will avail,  
When friendship, nature, and religion, fail;  
On our's the safety of the crowd depends,  
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,  
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,  
Till they are made our champions by their fear. ✓  
What opposition can your rival bring,  
While sanbedrims are jealous of the king?  
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,  
And what can David's self without supplies?  
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,  
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence,  
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,  
And David's justice never can admit.  
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,  
To your ambition next he clears the way;  
For if succession once to nought they bring,  
Their next advance removes the present king;  
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,  
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.  
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarms,  
Shall rise without their prince to oppose his arms;  
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,  
Their troops, once up, are tools for our design.  
At least such subtle covenants shall be made,  
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.  
Associations of mysterious sense,  
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence;  
Ev'n on their courts of justice fetters draw,  
And from our agents muzzle up their law.  
By which a conquest if we fail to make, [stake."  
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our  
He said, and for the dire success depends  
On various sects, by common guilt made friends.

Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,  
 I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.  
 'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,  
 Pursued by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.  
 Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation  
 So long has been to cheat, reform the nation!  
 Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,  
 As good a saint as usurer ever made.  
 Yet Mammon has not so engrossed him quite,  
 But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;  
 Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,  
 Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.  
 That year in which the city he did sway,  
 He left rebellion in a hopeless way.  
 Yet his ambition once was found so bold,  
 To offer talents of extorted gold;  
 Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame  
 And scandalize our peerage with his name;  
 For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,  
 And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.  
 Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,  
 So full of zeal he has no need of grace;  
 A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,  
 Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:  
 Of whom the question difficult appears,  
 If most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.  
 What caution could appear too much in him  
 That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!  
 Let David's brother but approach the town,  
 "Double our guards!" he cries, "we are undone."  
 Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed  
 Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,  
 Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;  
 With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd  
 Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;  
 Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,  
 And long to fish the troubled streams anew.  
 Some future hopes, some present payment draws,  
 To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.  
 Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,  
 Priests without grace, and poets without wit.  
 Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,  
 Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;  
 Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,  
 Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;  
 Who at Jerusalem's own gat's erects  
 His college for a nursery of sects;  
 Young prophets with an early care secures,  
 And with the dung of his own arts manures?  
 What have the men of Hebron here to do?  
 What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?  
 Here Phaleg, the lay-Hebronite is come,  
 'Cause, like the rest, he could not live at home;  
 Who from his own possessions could not drain  
 An omer even of Hebronitish grain,  
 Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high  
 Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property:  
 An emblem of that buzzing insect just,  
 That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.  
 Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce  
 The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?  
 Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed,  
 Returns'd the grateful product to the bed.  
 A waiting-man to travelling nobles chose,  
 He his own laws would saucily impose,  
 Till bastinadoed back again he went,  
 To learn those manners he to teach was sent:  
 Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home,  
 But he reads politics to Absalom.

For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scom'd,  
 To his own country willingly return'd.  
 —But, leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,  
 And to talk treason for his daily bread,  
 Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man  
 So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan.  
 A Jew of humble parentage was he,  
 By trade a Levite, though of low degree:  
 His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,  
 But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd  
 To read and pray in linen ephod brave,  
 And pick up single shekels from the grave.  
 Marry'd at last, but finding charge come faster,  
 He could not live by God, but chang'd his master.  
 Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,  
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.  
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,  
 But most against the party he forsook.  
 For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,  
 Are bound in conscience to be double knives.  
 So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,  
 To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.  
 But, as the Devil owes all his imps a shame,  
 He chose th' apostate for his proper theme;  
 With little pains he made the picture true,  
 And from reflection took the rogue he drew.  
 A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation  
 In every age a murmuring generation;  
 To trace them from their infancy of sinning,  
 And show them factious from their first beginning.  
 To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,  
 Much to the credit of the chosen flock;  
 A strong authority, which must convince,  
 That saints own no allegiance to their prince.  
 As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,  
 To prove her mother had turn'd up before.  
 But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless  
 The son that show'd his father's nakedness?  
 Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,  
 Which proves rebellion was so primitive.  
 Must ancient failings be examples made?  
 Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.  
 As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,  
 Methinks th' apostate was the better man:  
 And thy hot father, waving my respect,  
 Not of a mother-church, but of a sect.  
 And such he needs must be of thy inditing,  
 This comes of drinking asses milk and writing.  
 If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,  
 As profit is the loudest call of grace,  
 His temple, disposess'd of one, would be  
 Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.  
 Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,  
 And show Rebellion bare, without a gown;  
 Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,  
 Who rhyme below ev'n David's psalms translated.  
 Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,  
 As lame Mephiboseth the wizard's son:  
 To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,  
 Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;  
 And basteen Og and Doeg to rehearse,  
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;  
 Who by my Muse to all succeeding times,  
 Shall live in spite of their own doggerel rhymes.  
 Doeg, though without knowing how or why,  
 Made still a blundering kind of melody;  
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,  
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;  
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,  
 And, in one word, heroically mad:

He was two warm on picking-work to dwell,  
 But fagotted his notions as they fell,  
 And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.  
 piteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,  
 'or still there goes some thinking to ill nature:  
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,  
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.  
 f he call rogue and rascal from a garret,  
 It means you no more mischief than a parrot:  
 'he words for friend and foe alike were made,  
 'o fetter them in verse is all his trade.  
 'or almonds he 'll cry whore to his own mother:  
 And call young Absalom king David's brother.  
 et him be gallows-free by my consent,  
 And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;  
 hanging supposes human soul and reason,  
 His animal's below committing treason:  
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?  
 'hat 's a preferment for Achitophel.  
 The woman that committed buggery,  
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;  
 but 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led  
 the dog that never heard the statute read.  
 ailing in other men may be a crime,  
 but ought to pass for mere instinct in him:  
 instinct he follows and no further knows,  
 'or to write verse with him is to transpose.  
 I were pity treason at his door to lay,  
 Who makes Heaven's gate a lock to its own key:  
 et him rail on, let his invective Muse  
 lave four-and-twenty letters to abuse,  
 Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,  
 ndict him of a capital offence.  
 a fire-works give him leave to vent his spite,  
 hose are the only serpents he can write;  
 he height of his ambition is, we know,  
 but to be master of a puppet-show,  
 n that one stage his works may yet appear,  
 and a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,  
 'or here's a tun of midnight-work to come,  
 hg from a treason-tavern rolling home.  
 ound as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,  
 hoodly and great he sails behind his link;  
 With all this bulk there 's nothing lost in Og,  
 'or every inch that is not fool is rogue:  
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,  
 Is all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.  
 hen wine has given him courage to blaspheme,  
 He curses God, but God before curst him;  
 And, if man could have reason, none has more,  
 'hat made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.  
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew  
 'hat 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;  
 'o what would he on quail and pheasant swell,  
 'hat ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?  
 but though Heaven made him poor, with reverence  
 He never was a poet of God's making; [speaking,  
 'he midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,  
 With this prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;  
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight  
 'it for thy bulk, do any thing but write;  
 'hou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,  
 A strong nativity—but for the pen!  
 et opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,  
 kill thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink."  
 see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,  
 'or treason botcht in rhyme will be thy bane;  
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,  
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:

Why should thy metre good king David blast?  
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.  
 Dar'st thou in verse presume to meet thy foes,  
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?  
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,  
 O'erlops thy talent in thy very trade;  
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,  
 A poet is, though he 's the poet's horse.  
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull  
 For writing treason, and for writing dull;  
 To die for faction is a common evil,  
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:  
 Hadst thou the glories of thy king express,  
 Thy praises had been satire at the best;  
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,  
 Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:  
 I will not rake the dunghill for thy crimes,  
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?  
 But of king David's foes be this the doom,  
 May all be like the young man Absalom!  
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,  
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!

Achitophel, each rank, degree, and age,  
 For various ends, neglects not to engage:  
 The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,  
 The fools and beggars for their number sought:  
 Who yet not only on the town depends,  
 For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;  
 These thought the places they possess too small,  
 And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall:  
 Whose names the Muse disdain, holds i' th' dark,  
 Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;  
 With parasites and libel-spawning imps,  
 Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.  
 Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,  
 Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;  
 See where involv'd in common smoke they sit;  
 Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit:  
 These, gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,  
 While those, for mere good fellowship, frequent  
 Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,  
 Sense, nonsense, any thing t' employ the glass;  
 And who believe in their dull honest hearts,  
 The rest talk treason but to show their parts;  
 Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,  
 But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,  
 Industrious Arod never be forgot:  
 The labours of this midnight magistrate,  
 May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.  
 In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold  
 On War's most powerful dangerous weapon, gold:  
 And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,  
 Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods;  
 Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,  
 "'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd."  
 Which to his house with richer relics came,  
 While lumber idols only fed the flame:  
 For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t' inquire,  
 What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.  
 With which our elder was enrich'd no more  
 Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;  
 So poor, that when our choosing-tribes were met,  
 Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;  
 For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,  
 The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;  
 Thus every shift and subtle method past,  
 And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride  
 Soar'd high, his legions threatening far and wide;

As when a battering storm engender'd high,  
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,  
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,  
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;  
For blooming plants, and flowers new opening,  
these

For lambs yearn'd lately, and far-labouring bees :  
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,  
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall :  
Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,  
With terror each expecting his alarms.  
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar ?  
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore :  
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,  
From Egypt needst a guardian with the rest.  
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,  
Too much the representers of the crowd,  
Who for their own defence give no supply,  
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy :  
As if their monarch's rights to violate  
More needful yere, than to preserve the state !  
From present dangers they divert their care,  
And all their fears are of the royal heir ;  
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes  
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown depose.  
Religion the pretence, but their decree  
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be !  
By sanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus prest,  
What passions rent the righteous David's breast ?  
Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,  
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny !  
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,  
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,  
Which yet th' extremest virtue did require,  
Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire !  
His absence David does with tears advise,  
T' appease their rage. Undaunted he complies ;  
Thus he who, prodigal of love and ease,  
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,  
At once contending with the waves and fire,  
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,  
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,  
And like an exile quits the promis'd land !  
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,  
And painfully his royal state maintains,  
Who now, embracing on th' extremest shore,  
Almost revokes what he enjoind' before :  
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd  
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd !  
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,  
With silence charm'd as deep as their's that saw !  
Not only our attending nobles weep.  
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep !  
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd,  
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd :  
While this sole fear—  
Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,  
Lest next the popular rage oppress the king !  
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,  
The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.  
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,  
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails ;  
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,  
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode !  
Safe on thy breast reclin'd her rest be deep,  
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep ;  
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,  
And to Elysian fields convert the main !  
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre  
At thy approach so silent shall admire,

Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,  
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,  
Admir'd by every nation but their own ;  
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,  
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.  
Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts  
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,  
Whom to his king the best respects commend  
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend ;  
All sacred names of most divine esteem,  
And to perfection all sustain'd by him,  
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,  
Swift to discern and to reward desert ;  
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,  
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd :  
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate  
Between his monarch's interest and the state,  
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,  
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage  
Against his worth and native rights engage ?  
Religious fears their argument are made,  
Religious fears his sacred rights invade !  
Of future superstition they complain,  
And Jesuitic worship in his reign :  
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,  
With dangers fright, which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,  
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove :  
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,  
At least while their religion is their gain,  
Who know by old experience Baal's commands  
Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands ;  
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall they  
An idol full possession of the field ? [yield  
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess  
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,  
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,  
And for his quiet with the crowd compound ;  
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,  
Where are the means to compass the design ?  
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,  
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,  
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,  
Nor ever with such measures can comply,  
As shock the common rules of policy ;  
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,  
And he alone sufficient aids can bring ;  
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,  
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,  
At such profound expense he has not stood,  
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood ; [take,  
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progress  
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,  
To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,  
First to invade our rights, and then his own ;  
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,  
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.  
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,  
And curse its fatal influence on our land,  
Which our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,  
That ev'n an host his pensioners would make ;  
From these deceivers our divisions spring,  
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king ;  
These with pretended friendship to the state,  
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,  
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,  
To guard their sacred rights and property ;

No ruin, thus the chosen flock are sold,  
 While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold ;  
 Ieduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,  
 And loath the manna of a gentle reign :  
 Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,  
 We trust our prince no more than they their God.  
 But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach,  
 To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,  
 Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,  
 And fresh remembrance of intestine wars ;  
 When the same household mortal foes d'd yield,  
 And brothers stain'd with brother's blood the field ;  
 When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did stain,  
 And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain !  
 When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,  
 Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the promis'd land,  
 Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,  
 To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign ;  
 Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,  
 And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue ;  
 While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,  
 And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.  
 Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage,  
 Against our absent hero still engage,  
 And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,  
 The only suit their prince forbids to move,  
 Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,  
 And real dangers wave for groundless hate.  
 Long David's patience waits relief to bring,  
 With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,  
 Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,  
 But found the raging billows still increase.  
 The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,  
 While he forgives too far, almost rebels.  
 At last his deep resentments' silence broke,  
 Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke :  
 " Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,  
 For lo ! our mercy is become our crime.  
 While halting Punishment her stroke delays,  
 Our sovereign right, Heaven's sacred trust, decays !  
 For whose support ev'n subjects' interest calls,  
 Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls !  
 That prince who yields the least of regal sway,  
 So far his people's freedom does betray.  
 Right lives by law, and law subsists by power ;  
 Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.  
 Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,  
 Which Heaven itself in vain has try'd with grace !  
 When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclose,  
 And Israel judge between her friends and foes ?  
 When shall we see expir'd deceivers sway,  
 And credit what our God and monarchs say ?  
 Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,  
 Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold ;  
 Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,  
 And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree ;  
 If aught for which so loudly they declaim,  
 Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim,  
 Our senates in due methods they had led,  
 T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread ;  
 But first, ere yet they propp'd the sinking state,  
 T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate,  
 Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,  
 But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest !  
 O ! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,  
 And to what bounds licentious votes arrive ?  
 When their injustice we are press'd to share,  
 The monarch urg'd to exclude the lawful heir ;  
 Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,  
 And this the privilege of royal blood ?

But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,  
 His sufferings yet were than the people's less ;  
 Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,  
 And on their heirs entail a bloody field :  
 Thus madly their own freedom they betray,  
 And for th' oppression which they fear make way ;  
 Succession fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,  
 Which, once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war ;  
 Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin,  
 And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.  
 Since then their good they will not understand,  
 'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand ;  
 Authority and force to join with skill,  
 And save the lunatics against their will.  
 The same rough means that swage the crowd, appease  
 Our senates, raging with the crowd's disease.  
 Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw  
 From no false gloss, but genuine text of law ;  
 Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,  
 Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.  
 Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,  
 Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.  
 Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,  
 All shall have right, and we our sovereign power."

He said, th' attendants heard with awful joy,  
 And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ ;  
 From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,  
 A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd ;  
 Till his approach, like some arriving god,  
 Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode,  
 The deluge check'd, that to Judea spread,  
 And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.  
 Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,  
 And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.  
 The field confess'd his power in arms before,  
 And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore ;  
 As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,  
 How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.  
 Through Sion's streets his glad arrival 's spread,  
 And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky head ;  
 His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see  
 The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.  
 Success charms all, but zeal for worth distress,  
 A virtue proper to the brave and best ;  
 'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent  
 To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,  
 Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,  
 Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust ;  
 Who Tyze's proud arms had manfully withstood  
 On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood ;  
 Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,  
 Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.  
 Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,  
 Of steady soul when public storms were high !  
 Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,  
 Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.  
 Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,  
 And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd ;  
 While those that sought his absence to betray,  
 Press first their nauseous false respects to pay ;  
 Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,  
 And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,  
 And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,  
 His triumphs, so resounded far and near,  
 Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear ;  
 And as when joyful hunters' clamorous train  
 Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,  
 Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,  
 And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,

Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,  
 His eyes inflaming all the desert round,  
 With roar of seas directs his chasers way,  
 Provokes from far, and Jares them to the fray;  
 Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,  
 Such indignation his fir'd eyes confest;  
 Where now was the instructor of his pride?  
 Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?  
 Whose wives had from the happy shore betray'd,  
 And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd;  
 In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,  
 Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate;  
 At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,  
 To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,  
 In which his dextrous wit had oft been shown,  
 And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;  
 But now with more than common danger prest,  
 Of various resolution stands possess't,  
 Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,  
 Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,  
 Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,  
 And for his pardon with their heads compound.  
 Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,  
 The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime  
 Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,  
 Or threat with open arms the royal head,  
 Or other daring method, and unjust,  
 That may confirm him in the people's trust.  
 But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure  
 How long his foil'd ambition may endure,  
 Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,  
 And try some new pretender's luckier fate;  
 Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,  
 Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except the true.  
 Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,  
 And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!  
 How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,  
 The property of desperate villains made?  
 Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,  
 And guilt in them was little less than fate;  
 But why shouldst thou, from every grievance free,  
 Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?  
 For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,  
 Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy  
 brow,  
 Preferment, Wealth, and Power, thy vassals were,  
 And of a monarch a' l things but the care.  
 Oh! should our crimes again that curse draw down,  
 And rebel arms once more attempt the crown,  
 Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,  
 Alike by conquest or defeat undone;  
 Who could relentless see such youth and charms  
 Expire with wretched fate in impious arms!  
 A prince so form'd with Earth's and Heaven's ap-  
 plause,  
 To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:  
 Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,  
 Who conquering would not for himself prevail;  
 The faction, whom he trusts for future sway,  
 Him and the public would alike betray;  
 Amongst themselves divide the captive state,  
 And found their hydra-empire in his fate!  
 Thus having beat the clouds with painful fight,  
 The pity'd youth, with sceptres in his sight,  
 So have their cruel politics decreed,  
 Must, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!  
 For could their pride brook any prince's sway,  
 Whom but mild David would they choose t' obey?  
 Who once at such a gentle reign repine,  
 The fall of monarchy itself design;

From hate to that their reformations spring,  
 And David not their grievance, but the king.  
 Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,  
 Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,  
 Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,  
 What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.  
 But what'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,  
 Fair carriage still became Achitophel.  
 Who now an envious festival instals,  
 And to survey their strength the faction calls,  
 Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;  
 But, oh! how weakly does sedition build!  
 For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,  
 Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!  
 So have I seen disastrous chance invade,  
 Where careful emmits had their forage laid,  
 Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain  
 Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;  
 Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,  
 And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;  
 The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,  
 And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow;  
 Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,  
 With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all jumbling in the street;  
 Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,  
 For shekel without treat or treason paid.  
 Seditious dark eclipse now fainter shows,  
 More bright each hour the royal planet grows,  
 Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,  
 In kind conjunction of assisting stars.  
 Here, labouring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,  
 That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;  
 The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,  
 Immortaliz'd in laurell'd Asaph's verse:  
 Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal,  
 View Heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.  
 First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name  
 Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame.  
 The Kenites' rocky province his command,  
 A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;  
 Which for its generous natives yet could be  
 Held worthy such a president as he!  
 Bezaliel, with each grace and virtue fraught,  
 Serene his looks; serene his life and thought;  
 On whom so largely Nature heap'd her store,  
 There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!  
 To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,  
 His second care that service to conceal;  
 Of dues observant, firm to every trust,  
 And to the needy always more than just;  
 Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,  
 Has all the gowmsmens' skill without their pride;  
 Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,  
 Sees all his glori'es copy'd in his son,  
 Whose forward fame should every Muse engage,  
 Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to others' age:  
 Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,  
 Already are the conquest of his mind:  
 Whose loyalty before its date was prime,  
 Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:  
 The monster Faction early he dismay'd,  
 And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.  
 Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was plac'd;  
 Abdael, with all his father's virtue grac'd;  
 A hero, who, while stars look'd wondering down,  
 Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.  
 That praise was his; what therefore did remain  
 For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain  
 That crown restor'd: and, in this rank of fame,  
 Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.

Proceed, illustrious, happy chief! proceed,  
Foresee the garlands for thy brow decreed,  
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain  
To register the glories thou shalt gain:  
For sure the dew shall Gilboa's hills forsake,  
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;  
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,  
And to the Sun their scaly brood expose,  
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,  
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.

Eliab our next labour does invite,  
And hard the task to do Eliab right:  
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,  
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!  
Such ancient service, and desert so large,  
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.  
His age with only one mild heiresse blest,  
In all the bloom of smiling Nature drest,  
And blest again to see his flower ally'd  
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!  
The bright restorer of his father's youth,  
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:  
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,  
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.  
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,  
And thy more powerful virtue, guard thy worth;  
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast;  
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

Ev'n Envy must consent to Helon's worth,  
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,  
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,  
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:  
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride,  
He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.  
Whom profit nor example could betray,  
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.  
What acts of favour in his province fall,  
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,  
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;  
Who, with a loyalty that did excel,  
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.  
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,  
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;  
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,  
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.  
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,  
So just, and with such charms of eloquence:  
To whom the double blessing does belong,  
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,  
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,  
Who for that cause still combats in his age,  
For which his youth with danger did engage.  
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;  
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive  
To inflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye  
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly:  
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;  
He un deceives more fast than they infect.  
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,  
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.

Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,  
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.  
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?  
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!  
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;  
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

With wonder late posterity shall dwell  
On Absalom and false Achitophel:

Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets' dream,  
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme;  
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd,  
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

How fierce his satyr, loos'd; restrain'd, how tame;  
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!  
How well his worth, and brave adventures styl'd;  
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.  
No page of thine, that fears the strictest view,  
But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;  
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,  
All paradise without one barren field:  
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,  
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?  
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?  
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,  
While stars and fountains to their course are true;  
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,  
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains  
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;  
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,  
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back.  
But ere such transport can our sense employ,  
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;  
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see  
Without a bribe to envious Destiny!  
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide  
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!  
Give not insulting Asalon to know,  
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!  
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,  
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!  
Weep, Amron! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,  
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,  
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;  
Yet Fate for ruin takes so still an hour,  
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;  
Then Death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,  
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!  
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchsaf'd to yield,  
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field:  
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,  
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,  
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,  
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:  
But Destiny is now their only foe,  
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;  
With loud last breaths their master's scape applaud,  
Of whom kind fortune could scarce the Fates defraud;  
Who, for such followers lost, O matchless mind!  
At his own safety now almost repin'd!  
Say, royal sir, by all your fame in arms,  
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms;  
If all your sufferings past so nearly prest,  
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast?

Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,  
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but tost in storms.  
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,  
Nor crosses his days with mirth, his nights with love,  
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,  
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground:  
In tasks of danger always seen the first,  
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst.  
Long must his patience strive with Fortune's rage,  
And long opposing gods themselves engage,  
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,  
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:

Such toil of Fate must build a man of fame,  
And such, to Israel's crown, the godlike David came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,  
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste!  
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,  
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd;  
The winds breathe low, the elements serene;  
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!  
Thronging and busy as Hyblean swarms,  
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.  
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,  
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!  
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,  
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.  
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!  
Here all your toils, here all your suierings rest.

This year did Zilohah rule Jerusalem,  
And boldly all Sedition's syrtes stem,  
How'er encumber'd with a viler pair,  
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;  
Yet Zilohah's loyal labours so prevail'd  
That Faction at the next election fail'd,  
When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,  
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:  
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,  
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael .....	General Monk, duke of Albe- marle.
Abethdin .....	The name given, through this poem, to a lord chancellor in general.
Absalom.....	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel.....	The earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel.....	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag.....	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel.....	Mr. Seymour, speaker of the house of commons.
Amri.....	Sir Heneage Finch, earl of Winchelsea, and lord chan- cellor.
Annabel.....	Dutchess of Monmouth.
Arod.....	Sir William Waller.
Asaph.....	A character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the second part of this poem.
Balaam.....	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak.....	Barnet.
Barzillai.....	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba.....	Dutchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah.....	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan.....	Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnson.
Bezaliel.....	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb.....	Lord Grey.
Corah.....	Dr. Oates.
David.....	Charles II.
Doeg.....	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt.....	Francoe.
Eliab.....	Sir Henry Bennet, earl of Ar- lington.
Ethnic Plot.....	The popish plot.
Gath.....	The land of exile, more par- ticularly Brussels, where king Charles II. long re- sided.
Hebron.....	Scotland.

Hebrew priests .....	The church of England clergy.
Helon.....	Earl of Feversham.
Hushai.....	Hyde, earl of Rochester.
Jebusites .....	Papists.
Jerusalem .....	London.
Jews .....	English.
Jonas.....	Sir William Jones.
Jordan.....	Dover.
Jotham.....	Marquis of Halifax.
Jothram.....	Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth.....	Richard Cromwell.
Israel.....	England.
Issachar.....	Thomas Thynne, Esq.
Judas.....	Mr. Ferguson, a canting teacher.
Ishban.....	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephibosheth.....	Portage.
Michal .....	Queen Catharine.
Nadab.....	Lord Howard of Eacrick.
Og.....	Sbadwell.
Phaleg.....	Forbes.
Pharaoth.....	King of France.
Rabsheka.....	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem.....	Dr. Compton, bishop of Lon- don.
Sanhedrim.....	Parliament.
Saul.....	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei.....	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva.....	Sir Roger Lestrangle.
Solymean rout.....	London rebels.
Tyre.....	Holland.
Uzza.....	Jack Hall.
Zadoc.....	Sancroft, archbishop of Can- terbury.
Zaken.....	A member of the house of commons.
Zimri.....	Villiers, duke of Buckingham.
Zilohah.....	Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST MEDITATION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? It is the representation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of your Tower, nor the rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Poland, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true: and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a



Nero or a Caligula: though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the Sun; which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thum-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any association of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal for the public welfare, to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain, that his majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition or his practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his majesty, when it is apparent, that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan De Jure Regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any

one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltroit, a Hugonot, murdered Francis duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a presbyterian, for our church abhors so devilish a tenet, who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no further than your liking. When a vote of the house of commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pagantries of worship; but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close entrenched behind the council of Trent: so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword: it is the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association, and that in the time of queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent or knowledge of the king, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have only one favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your versés run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense,

turn my own lines upon thee, and in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the non-conformist parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste-paper in the shops. Yet I half suspect he went no further for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery pulled over his ears: and even protestant socks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a protestant rhymers, as a dissenter from the church of England a protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane, and saucy Jack, and atheistic scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations: and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter; and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short of it is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

### THE MEDAL.

O! all our antic sights and pageantry,  
Which English Ideots run in crowds to see,  
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:  
A monster, more the favourite of the town  
Than either fairs or theatres have shown.  
Never did Art so well with Nature strive;  
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive:  
So like the man; so golden to the sight,  
So base within, so counterfeit and light.  
One side is fill'd with title and with face;  
And, lest the king should want a regal place,  
On the reverse, a tower the town surveys;  
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.

The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrill voice,  
*Lectatur*, which, in Polish, is rejoice.  
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd:  
And a new canting holiday design'd.  
Five days he sat, for every cast and look;  
Four more than God to finish Adam took;  
But who can tell what essence angels are,  
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer?  
Oh, could the style that copy'd every grace,  
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,  
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,  
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill!  
A martial hero first, with early care,  
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.  
A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man:  
So young his hatred to his prince began.  
Next this, how wildly will ambition steers!  
A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ears.  
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,  
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;  
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,  
The loudest baggage of the squeaking train.  
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,  
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.  
There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal  
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.  
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope:  
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.  
Th' ungodly principle was all the same;  
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.  
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack;  
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.  
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay;  
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way;  
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;  
Villain and wit exact a double price.  
Power was his aim: but, thrown from that pretence,  
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;  
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.  
Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd;  
Rewarded faster still than he serv'd.  
Behold him now exalted into trust;  
His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.  
Evn in the most sincere advice he gave  
He had a grudging still to be a knave.  
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years  
Made him uneasy in his lawful years.  
At best as little honest as he could,  
And like white witches mischievously good.  
To his first bias longingly he leans;  
And rather would be great by wicked means.  
Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold;  
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.  
From hence those tears! that Ilium of our woe!  
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.  
What wonder if the waves prevail so far,  
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?  
Seas follow but their nature to invade;  
But he by art our native strength betray'd.  
So Samson to his foe his force confess;  
And to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast.  
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,  
Expos'd its author to the public hate;  
When his just sovereign, by no impious way  
Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;  
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts his sail,  
Drives down the current with a popular gale,  
And shows the fiend confess'd without a veil.  
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,  
But not convey'd to kingly government;

That claims successive bear no binding force,  
 That coronation oaths are things of course;  
 Maintains the multitude can never err;  
 And sets the people in the papal chair.  
 The reason 's obvious; interest never lies;  
 The most have still their interest in their eyes;  
 The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.  
 Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute,  
 Power is thy essence; wit thy attribute!  
 Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,  
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric  
 Athens no doubt did righteously decide, [way!  
 When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd:  
 As righteously they did those dooms repeat;  
 Still they were wise whatever way they went:  
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;  
 To kill the father, and recal the son.  
 Some think the fools were most as times went then,  
 But now the world 's o'erstock'd with prudent men.  
 The common cry is ev'n religion's test,  
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best;  
 Idols in India; popery at Rome;  
 And our own worship only true at home.  
 And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know  
 How long we please it shall continue so.  
 This side to day, and that to morrow burns;  
 So all are God-a'-mighties in their turns.  
 A tempting doctrine, plausible, and new;  
 What fools our fathers were, if this be true!  
 Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,  
 Inherent right in monarchs did declare:  
 And that a lawful power might never cease,  
 Secur'd succession to secure our peace.  
 Thus property and sovereign sway at last  
 In equal balances were justly cast:  
 But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse;  
 Instructs the beast to know his native force;  
 To take the bit between his teeth, and fly  
 To the next headlong steep of anarchy.  
 Too happy England, if our good we knew,  
 Would we possess the freedom we pursue!  
 The lavish government can give no more;  
 Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.  
 God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought,  
 He gutted them with all the power they sought;  
 Till, master'd by their own usurping brave,  
 The free-born subject sunk into a slave.  
 We loath our manna, and we long for quails:  
 Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails!  
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!  
 Proud of his power, and boundless in his will!  
 That kings can do no wrong, we must believe;  
 None can they do, and must they all receive?  
 Help, Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,  
 When neither wrong nor right are in their power!  
 Already they have lost their best defence,  
 The benefit of laws which they dispense.  
 No justice to their righteous cause allow'd;  
 But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.  
 And medals grav'd their conquest to record,  
 The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.  
 The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass  
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,  
 Might laugh again to see a jury chew  
 The prickles of unpalatable law.  
 The witnesses, that leech-like liv'd on blood,  
 Sucking for them was med'cinally good;  
 But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,  
 Then justice and religion they forswore;  
 Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.

Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;  
 And rogué and saint distinguish'd by their side.  
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their cause,  
 And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.  
 But that 's no news to the poor injur'd page,  
 It has been us'd as ill in every age;  
 And is constrain'd with patience all to take,  
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make!  
 Happy who can this talking-trumpet seize;  
 They make it speak whatever sense they please!  
 'Twas fram'd at first our oracle t' inquire;  
 But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,  
 The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.  
 London, thou great emporium of our isle,  
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!  
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?  
 Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?  
 I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:  
 Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;  
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,  
 Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.  
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,  
 Thy nobler parts are from infection free.  
 Of Israel's tribe thou hast a numerous band,  
 But still the Canaanite is in the land.  
 Thy military chiefs are brave and true;  
 Nor are thy disenchanting burghers few.  
 The head is loyal which thy heart commands,  
 But what 's a head with two such gouty hands!  
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way,  
 And are content to thrive and to obey.  
 But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a slave;  
 None are so busy as the fool and knave.  
 Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,  
 Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?  
 Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,  
 Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving king!  
 In gospel-phrases their chapmen they betray;  
 Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.  
 The knack of trades is living on the spoil;  
 They boast ev'n when each other they beguile.  
 Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,  
 That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.  
 All hands unite of every jarring sect;  
 They cheat the country first, and then infect.  
 Thy for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,  
 And they 'll be sure to make his cause their own.  
 Whether the plotting jesuit lay'd the plan  
 Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,  
 Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,  
 And kings and kingly power would murder too.  
 What means that traitorous combination less,  
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.  
 But treason is not own'd when 'tis decry'd;  
 Successful crimes alone are justify'd.  
 The men who no conspiracy would find  
 Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,  
 Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;  
 At first without, at last against, their prince.  
 If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,  
 The same bold maxim holds in God and man:  
 God were not safe, his thunder could they shun;  
 He should be forc'd to crown another son.  
 Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,  
 The rich possession was the murderer's own.  
 In vain to sophistry they have recourse:  
 By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worse;  
 Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force;  
 Which, though not actual, yet all eyes may see  
 'Tis working in th' immediate power to be:

For from pretended grievances they rise,  
 First to dislike, and after to despise.  
 Then cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,  
 Chop up a minister at every meal :  
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king ;  
 But clip his regal rights within the ring.  
 From thence t' assume the power of peace and war ;  
 And ease him by degrees of public care.  
 Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,  
 He should have leave to exercise the name ;  
 And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.  
 For what can power give more than food and drink,  
 To live at ease, and not be bound to think ?  
 These are the cooler methods of their crime,  
 But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time ;  
 On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,  
 And grin and whet like a Croatian band,  
 That waits impatient for the last command.  
 Thus outlaws open villany maintain,  
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain :  
 And if their power the passengers subdue,  
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few.  
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show,  
 For in some soils republics will not grow :  
 Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain,  
 Of popular sway or arbitrary reign :  
 But slides between them both into the best,  
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest,  
 And though the climate, ver'd with various winds,  
 Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,  
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,  
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,  
 O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts,  
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,  
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord ;  
 What curses on thy blasted name will fall !  
 Which age to age their legacy shall call ;  
 For all must curse the woes that must descend to all.  
 Religion thou hast none : thy mercury  
 Has pass'd through every sect, or theirs through thee.  
 But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains,  
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.  
 What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts  
 Of all thy bellowing renegade priests,  
 That preach up thee for God ; dispense thy laws ;  
 And with the stum ferment their fainting cause ?  
 Fresh fumes of madness raise ; and toil and sweat  
 To make the formidable cripple great.  
 Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless power  
 Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,  
 Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,  
 Thy God and theirs will never long agree ;  
 For thine, if thou hast any, must be one  
 That lets the world and human-kind alone :  
 A jolly god, that passes hours too well  
 To promise Heaven, or threaten us with Hell :  
 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,  
 And wink at crimes he did himself commit.  
 A tyrant theirs ; the Heaven their priesthood paints  
 A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints :  
 A Heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad,  
 Fore-doom'd for souls, with false religion, mad.

Without a vision poets can foreshow  
 What all but fools by common sense may know :  
 If true succession from our isle should fail,  
 And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,  
 Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,  
 Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,  
 With which thou flatterest thy decrepit age.

The swelling poison of the several sects,  
 Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,  
 Shall burst its bag ; and, fighting out their way,  
 The various venoms on each other prey.  
 The presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride,  
 Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride ;  
 His brethren damn, the civil power defy,  
 And parcel out republic prelacy.  
 But short shall be his reign : his rigid yoke  
 And tyrant power will puny sects provoke ;  
 And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,  
 Will croak to Heaven for help, from this devouring  
 crane.

The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall jar,  
 In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war :  
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend ;  
 Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend  
 About their impious merit shall contend,  
 The surly commons shall respect deny,  
 And justice peerage out with property.  
 Their general either shall his trust betray,  
 And force the crowd to arbitrary sway ;  
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,  
 In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame ;  
 And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.

Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,  
 Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,  
 Till halting vengeance overtook our age :  
 And our wild labours wearied into rest,  
 Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

..... Pudet hæc opprobra, vobis  
 Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

### TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

In times when princes cancell'd Nature's law,  
 And declarations which themselves did draw ;  
 When children us'd their parents to dethrone,  
 And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown ;  
 Tarquin, a savage, proud, ambitious prince,  
 Prompt to expel, yet thoughtless of defence,  
 The evied sceptre did from Tullius snatch,  
 The Roman king, and father by the match.  
 To form his party, histories report,  
 A sanctuary was open'd in his court,  
 Where glad offenders safely might resort.  
 Great was the crowd, and wondrous the success,  
 For those were fruitful times of wickedness ;  
 And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,  
 Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cause.  
 'Mongst these a pagan priest for refuge fled ;  
 A prophet deep in godly faction read ;  
 A sycophant, that knew the modish way  
 To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,  
 To whine and sin, to scribble and recant,  
 A shameless author, and a lustful saint.  
 To serve all times he could distinctions coin,  
 And with great ease flat contradictions join :  
 A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,  
 And then obedience was his only theme :  
 He sung in temples the most passive lays,  
 And wearied monarchs with repeated praise ;  
 But mesh'd awkwardly that lawful part ;  
 To vent foul lies and treason was his art,  
 And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.  
 This priest, and others learned to defame,  
 First murder injur'd Tullius in his name :

With blackest calumnies their sovereign load,  
 A poison'd brother, and dark league abroad;  
 A son unjustly topp'd upon the throne,  
 Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;  
 Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,  
 Who dispossess'd the heir, to bring the proof.  
 This hellish charge they back'd with dismal frights,  
 The loss of property and sacred rights,  
 And freedom, words which all false patriots use,  
 As surest names the Romans to abuse.  
 Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,  
 Forward in change, yet certain to repent.  
 Whilst thus the plotters needful fears create,  
 Tarquin with open force invades the state.  
 Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,  
 And atheist fools for dear religion fight.  
 The priests their boasted principles disown,  
 And level their harangues against the throne.  
 Vain promises the people's minds allure,  
 Slight were their ills, but desperate the cure.  
 'Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,  
 And they who banish one, oft gain a worse.  
 Those heavenly bodies we admire above,  
 Do every day irregularly move;  
 Yet Tullius, 'tis decreed, must lose the crown,  
 For faults, that were his council's, not his own.  
 He now in vain commands ev'n those he pay'd,  
 By daring troops deserted and betray'd,  
 By creatures which his generous warmth had made.  
 Of these a captain of the guards was worst,  
 Whose memory to this day stands accurst.  
 This rogue, advanc'd to military trust  
 By his own whoredom, and his sister's lust,  
 Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,  
 And plotted to betray him to his foes;  
 The kindest master to the vilest slave,  
 As free to give, as he was sure to crave.  
 His haughty female, who, as books declare,  
 Did always toss wide nostrils in the air,  
 Was to the younger Tullius governess,  
 And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dress,  
 She fled by night from Tullius in distress.  
 This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,  
 And us'd all arts her father to depose;  
 A father, always generously bent,  
 So kind, that ev'n her wishes he'd prevent.  
 'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,  
 When ev'n his daughter hasten'd his defeat;  
 When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more  
 The name of father and of king he bore:  
 A king, whose right his foes could ne'er dispute;  
 So mild, that mercy was his attribute;  
 Affable, kind, and easy of access;  
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress;  
 Rich without taxes, yet in payment just;  
 So honest, that he hardly could distrust;  
 His active soul from labours ne'er did cease,  
 Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace:  
 Studious with traffic to enrich the land;  
 Strong to protect, and skilful to command;  
 Liberal and splendid, yet without excess;  
 Prone to relieve, unwilling to distress;  
 In sum, how godlike must his nature be,  
 Whose only fault was too much piety!  
 This king remov'd, th' assembled states thought fit  
 That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit;  
 Voted him regent in their senate-house,  
 And with an empty name endow'd his spouse,  
 The elder Tullia, who, some authors feign,  
 Drove o'er her father's corpse a rumbling wain:

But she more guilty numerous wains did drive  
 To crush her father and her king alive;  
 And in remembrance of his hasten'd fall,  
 Resolv'd to institute a weekly ball.  
 The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chiu,  
 Feasted on rapine, and enjoy'd her sin;  
 With luxury she did weak reason force,  
 Debauch'd good-nature, and cram'd down remorse;  
 Yet when she drank cold tea in liberal sups,  
 The sobbing dame was maudling in her cups.  
 But brutal Tarquin never did relent,  
 Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;  
 Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,  
 And blest with natural delight in ill.  
 From a wise guardian he receiv'd his doom  
 To walk the 'change, and not to govern Rome.  
 He swore his native honours to disown,  
 And did by perjury ascend the throne.  
 Oh! had that oath his swelling pride repress,  
 Rome had been then with peace and plenty blest.  
 But Tarquin, guided by destructive Fate,  
 The country wasted, and embroil'd the state,  
 Transported to their foes the Roman pelf,  
 And by their ruin hop'd to save himself.  
 Innumerable woes oppress'd the land,  
 When it submitted to his curs'd command.  
 So just was Heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,  
 Whether its guilt or losses did excel.  
 Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,  
 Were then the guardians of religion made.  
 Rebels were sainted, foreigners did reign,  
 Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,  
 With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking train.  
 No native knew their features nor their birth,  
 They seem'd the greasy offspring of the earth.  
 The trade was sunk, the fleet and army spent;  
 Devouring taxes swallow'd lesser rent;  
 Taxes impos'd by no authority;  
 Each Jew'd collection was a robbery.  
 Bold self-creating men did statutes draw,  
 Skill'd to establish villany by law;  
 Fanatic drivers, whose unjust careers  
 Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.  
 Yet authors here except, a faithful band,  
 Which the prevailing faction did withstand;  
 And some, who bravely stood in the defence  
 Of baffled justice and their exil'd prince.  
 These shine to after-times, each sacred name  
 Stands still recorded in the rolls of Fame.

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SUUM CUIQUE.

WHEN lawless men their neighbours dispossess,  
 The tenants they extirpate or oppress,  
 And make rude havoc in the fruitful soil,  
 Which the right owners plough'd with careful toil.  
 The same proportion does in kingdoms hold,  
 A new prince breaks the fences of the old!  
 And will o'er carcasses and deserts reign,  
 Unless the land its rightful lord regain.  
 He gripes the faithless owners of the place,  
 And buys a foreign army to deface  
 The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.  
 He starves their forces, and obstructs their trade;  
 Vast sums are given, and yet no native paid.  
 The church itself he labours to assail,  
 And keeps fit tools to break the sacred pale.

Of those let him the guilty roll commence,  
 Who has betray'd a master and a prince;  
 A man, seditious, lewd, and impudent;  
 An engine always mischievously bent;  
 One who from all the bands of duty swerves;  
 No tie can hold but that which he deserves;  
 An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;  
 Skilful to forge, and always insincere;  
 Careless exploded practices to mend;  
 Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.  
 Fate's blindfold reign the atheist loudly owns,  
 And Providence blasphemously dethrones.  
 In vain the leering actor strains his tongue  
 To cheat, with tears and empty noise, the throng,  
 Since all men know, whate'er he says or writes,  
 Revenge or stronger interest indites,  
 And that the wretch employs his venal wit  
 How to confute what formerly he writ.

Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,  
 Endow'd with reason, though bereft of grace;  
 A preaching pagan of surpassing fame:  
 No register records his borrow'd name.  
 Oh, had the child more happily been bred,  
 A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:  
 But now unfit, the most he should expect,  
 Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s sect.

To him succeeds, with looks demurely sad,  
 A gloomy soul, with revelation mad;  
 False to his friend, and careless of his word;  
 A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;  
 He sells the livings which he can't possess,  
 And farms that sinecure his diocese.  
 Unthinking man! to quit thy barren see,  
 And vain endeavours in chronology,  
 For the more fruitless care of royal charity.  
 Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,  
 The treason of old age in Wales to mourn;  
 Nor think the city-poor may loss sustain,  
 Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.

I should admit the booted prelate now,  
 But he is even for lampoon too low:  
 The scum and outcast of a royal race;  
 The nation's grievance, and the gown's disgrace.  
 None so unlearn'd did ere at London sit;  
 This driveler does the sacred chair beset—  
 I need not brand the spiritual parricide,  
 Nor draw the weapon dangling by his side:  
 Th' astonish'd world remembers that offence,  
 And knows he stole the daughter of his prince.  
 'Tis time enough, in some succeeding age,  
 To bring this mitred captain on the stage.

These are the leaders in apostacy,  
 The wild reformers of the liturgy,  
 And the blind guides of poor elective majesty;  
 A thing which commonwealth's-men did devise,  
 Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.

Their king's a monster, in a quagmire born,  
 Of all the native brutes the grief and scorn;  
 With a big snout, cast in a crooked mould,  
 Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.  
 His substance is of clammy snot and phlegm;  
 Sleep is his essence, and his life a dream.  
 To Caprea this Tiberius does retire,  
 To quench with catamite his feeble fire.  
 Dear catamite! who rules alone the state,  
 While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,  
 Silent, yet thoughtless, and secure of fate.  
 Could you but see the fulsome hero led  
 By loathing vassals to his noble bed!

In flamen robes the coughing ghost does walk,  
 And his mouth moats like cleaner breech of hawk.  
 Corruption, springing from his canker'd breast,  
 Furs up the channel, and disturbs his rest.  
 With head propt up the bolster'd engine lies;  
 If pillow slip aside, the monarch dies.

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RELIGIO LAICI:

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

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THE PREFACE.

A ROMAN with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence, both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but, in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhalloved hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the church and state; and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance: it is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not

have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will I enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet, (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to Hell, and so many reserved for Heaven; and that the Devil had the first choice, (and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others: in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained, that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deductions, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinnions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that supreme

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nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many several texts of scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in church history, knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the father; and that thus compiled it was sent abroad among the christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked upon as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, "whosoever will be saved," be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spite of exposition; and

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for my own part, the plain apostles' creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit: and have detorted those texts of scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the reformation, I suppose all protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of jesuited papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporal. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, si vel paulum de flexeret, if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, ex hominum christianorum dominatu, from exercising dominion over christians; and to

this they are bound by virtue of divine precept and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not de fide; and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the pope, ratione directi domini, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their father Crea. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a thesis of the Jesuits maintained, amongst others, ex cathedra, as they call it, or in open consistency.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics, or schismatics of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been perverted to the destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Thiel



produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded: from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribbler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account; that, their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most sautlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foulmouthed and scurrilous from their infancy: and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to

establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, tha' now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint and patroness; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her: and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compass'd it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech. "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence (meaning the presbyterian discipline) should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventicles be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth: and it is the observation of queen Elizabeth, in his history of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of church and state has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons; and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, are still maintained by the whole body of non-conformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose; if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the papists, to disclaim their principles and re-

nounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true protestants when they conform to the church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of the critical history of the Old Testament, composed by the learned father Simon; the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic: for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver; and those three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less: but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

### RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of Moon and stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,  
Is reason to the soul: and as on high,  
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray  
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day.  
And as those nightly tapers disappear  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;  
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;  
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.  
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led  
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head;  
And found, that one first principle must be:  
But what, or who, that universal He;  
Whether some soul encompassing this ball  
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;  
Or various atoms, interfering dance,  
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;  
Or this great all was from eternity;  
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;  
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;  
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;  
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:  
But least of all could their endeavours find  
What most concern'd the good of human kind:  
For happiness was never to be found;  
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.  
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;  
This every little accident destroy'd:  
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil:  
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:  
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;  
But found their line too short, the well too deep;  
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.

Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,  
Without a centre where to fix the soul:  
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:  
How can the less the greater comprehend?  
Or finite reason reach Infinity?

For what could fathom God were more than He.

The deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;  
Cries *superna*, the mighty secret's found:  
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;  
We made to serve, and in that service blest.  
If so, some rules of worship must be given,  
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:

Else God were partial, and to some deny'd  
The means his justice should for all provide.  
This general worship is to praise and pray:

One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:

And when frail Nature slides into offence,  
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.

Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,  
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;

That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here,  
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;

Our reason prompts us to a future state:  
The last appeal for fortune and from fate:

Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;

The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would  
soar:

And would not be oblig'd to God for more.

Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled  
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred!

These truths are not the product of thy mind,  
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.

Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,  
And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.

Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:  
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.

Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,  
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?

Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:  
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.

Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,  
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?

Canst thou by reason more of godhead know  
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?

Those giant wits in happier ages born,  
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,

Knew no such system: no such piles could raise  
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise

To one sole God.

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe:  
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:

The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;  
And cruelty and blood was penitence.

If sheep and oxen could atone for men,  
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!

And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,  
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?  
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?

Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;  
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:

And, like a king remote and weak, must take  
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a power too just and strong,  
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;

Look humbly upward, see his will disclose  
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:

A mulct thy poverty could never pay,  
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way:

And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store:  
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.  
See God descending in thy human frame;  
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name:  
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,  
And all his righteousness depriv'd on thee.

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence  
Of man is made against Omnipotence,  
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;  
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.  
See then the deist lost: remorse for vice,  
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:  
What farther means can reason now direct,  
Or what relief from human wit expect?  
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure  
Kill to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:  
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,  
Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,  
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;  
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,  
And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare  
That impious, idle, superstitious ware  
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,  
In various ages, various countries bore,  
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find  
None answering the great ends of human kind  
But this one rule of life, that shows us best  
How God may be pleas'd, and mortals blest.  
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,  
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:  
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;  
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.  
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,  
Or on the writers, or the written book,  
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in  
arts,

in several ages born, in several parts,  
Neave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,  
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?  
Mask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,  
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,  
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:  
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,  
Or Heaven in them appeals to human sense:  
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,  
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,  
It speaks no less than God in every line:  
Commanding words; whose force is still the same  
Is the first fiat that produc'd our frame.  
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;  
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:  
His only doctrine does our lusts oppose:  
Infus'd by nature's soil, in which it grows;  
Loss to our interests, curbing sense and sin;  
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,  
It thrives through pain; it's own tormentors tires;  
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.  
To what can reason such effects assign  
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;  
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;  
Efficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

But stay: the deist here will urge anew,  
No supernatural worship can be true:  
Because a general law is that alone  
Which must to all, and every where, be known.  
A style so large as not this book can claim,  
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.

'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth  
Is gone through all the habitable Earth:  
But still that text must be confin'd alone  
To what was then inhabited and known:  
And what provision could from thence accrue  
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?  
In other parts it helps, that, ages past,  
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,  
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:  
What's that to these, who never saw the light?

Of all objections this indeed is chief  
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:  
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense  
Has hid the secret paths of providence:  
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may  
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:  
If from his nature foes may pity claim,  
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.  
And though no name be for salvation known,  
But that of his eternal Son's alone;  
Who knows how far transcending goodness can  
Extend the merits of that Son to man?  
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;  
Or ignorance invincible may plead?  
Not only charity bids hope the best,  
But more the great apostle has express'd:  
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd;  
By nature did what was by law requir'd;  
They, who the written rule had never known,  
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:  
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;  
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."  
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd  
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.  
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right;  
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;  
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,  
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find  
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:  
For though his creed eternal truth contains,  
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains  
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;  
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.  
Then let us either think he meant to say  
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;  
Or else conclude, that, Arius to confute,  
The good old man, too eager in dispute,  
Flew high; and as his Christian fury rose,  
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has try'd;  
A much unskillful, but well-meaning guide: [bred  
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were  
By reading that which better thou hast read.  
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,  
By well translating better dost commend:  
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most  
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,  
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;  
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.  
Witness this weighty book, in which appears  
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,  
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care  
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware  
From gold divine; which he who well can sort  
May afterwards make algebra a sport.  
A treasure, which if country-curates buy,  
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:  
Save pains in various readings, and translations;  
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.

Love Reason then; and let what'er you write  
 Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.  
 Most writers, mounted on a resty Muse,  
 Extravagant and senseless objects choose;  
 They think they err, if in their verse they fall  
 On any thought that 's plain or natural:  
 Fly this excess; and let Italians be  
 Vain authors of false glittering poetry.  
 All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain  
 Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain:  
 You drown, if to the right or left you stray;  
 Reason to go has often but one way.  
 Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,  
 Pursues its object till it 's over-wrought:  
 If he describes a house, he shows the face,  
 And after walks you round from place to place;  
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,  
 Balconies here are ballstred with gold;  
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,  
 "The festoons, friezes, and the astragals:"  
 Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,  
 And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.  
 Of such descriptions the vain folly see,  
 And shun their barren superfluity.  
 All that is needless carefully avoid;  
 The mind once satisfy'd is quickly cloy'd:  
 He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;  
 To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more:  
 A verse was weak; you turn it, much too strong,  
 And grow obscure for fear you should be long.  
 Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;  
 Not to be low, another soars too high.  
 Would you of every one deserve the praise?  
 In writing, vary your discourse and phrase;  
 A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,  
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.  
 Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none  
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.  
 Happy who in his verse can gently steer,  
 From grave to light; from pleasant to severe;  
 His works will be admir'd wherever found,  
 And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.  
 In all you write, be neither low nor vile:  
 The meanest theme may have a proper style.  
 The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,  
 And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.  
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date;  
 Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate:  
 Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen:  
 Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.  
 This plague, which first in country towns began,  
 Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran:  
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,  
 And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd:  
 But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,  
 And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;  
 Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,  
 And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.  
 Let not so mean a style your Muse debase;  
 But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:  
 And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd;  
 Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,  
 Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,  
 "Millions of mourning mountains of the slain:"  
 Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,  
 And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.  
 Choose a just style; be grave without constraint,  
 Great without pride, and lovely without paint:  
 Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;  
 And for the measure have a careful ear.

On easy numbers fix your happy choice:  
 Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise:  
 The fullest verse, and the most labour'd sense,  
 Displease us, if the ear once take offence.  
 Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,  
 Was rude, unmeasur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;  
 Number and cadence that have since been show'd,  
 To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.  
 Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,  
 By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage;  
 Spenser did next in pastorals excel,  
 And taught the nobler art of writing well:  
 To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,  
 And found for poetry a richer vein.  
 Then Davenant came; who, with a new found art,  
 Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart;  
 His haughty Muse all others did despise,  
 And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,  
 Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times  
 In their Mock Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;  
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,  
 And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring Muse.  
 This headstrong writer, falling from on high,  
 Made following authors take less liberty.  
 Waller came last, but was the first whose art,  
 Just weight and measure did to verse impart;  
 That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,  
 And show'd for poetry a nobler course:  
 His happy genius did our tongue refine,  
 And easy words with pleasing numbers join:  
 His verses to good method did apply,  
 And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.  
 All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,  
 To present authors now may be a guide.  
 Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,  
 And be, like him, in your expressions clear.  
 If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,  
 My patience tires, my fancy goes astray;  
 And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,  
 Nor search an author troublesome to find.  
 There is a kind of writer, pleas'd with sound,  
 Whose fustian head with clouds in compass'd round,  
 No reason can disperse them with its light:  
 Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.  
 As your idea 's clear, or else obscure,  
 Th' expression follows perfect or impure:  
 What we conceive with ease we can express;  
 Words to the notions flow with readiness.  
 Observe the language well in all you write,  
 And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.  
 The smoothest verse and the exactest sense  
 Displease us, if ill English give offence:  
 A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;  
 Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.  
 In short, without pure language, what you write  
 Can never yield us profit or delight.  
 Take time for thinking; never work in haste;  
 And value not yourself for writing fast.  
 A rapid poem, with such fury writ,  
 Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.  
 More pleas'd we are to see a river lead  
 His gentle streams along a flowery mead,  
 Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,  
 With foamy waters on a muddy shore.  
 Gently make haste, of labour not afraid:  
 A hundred times consider what you 've said:  
 Polish, repolish, every colour lay,  
 And sometimes add, but oftener take away.  
 'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,  
 That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit;

Each object must be fix'd in the due place,  
 And differing parts have corresponding grace:  
 Fill, by a curious art dispos'd, we find  
 One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.  
 Keep to your subject close in all you say;  
 Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.  
 The public censure for your writings fear,  
 And to yourself be critic most severe.  
 Antastick wits their darling follies love;  
 But find you faithful friends, that will approve,  
 That on your works may look with careful eyes,  
 And of your faults be zealous enemies:  
 Lay by an author's pride and vanity,  
 And from a friend a flatterer descry,  
 Who seems to like, but means not what he says:  
 Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.  
 A sycophant will every thing admire:  
 Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire:  
 All is divine! there's not a word amiss!  
 He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,  
 He overpowers you with his mighty praise.  
 Truth never moves in those impetuous ways:  
 A faithful friend is careful of your fame,  
 And freely will your heedless errors blame;  
 He cannot pardon a neglected line,  
 But verse to rule and order will confine.  
 Reprove of words the too-affected sound;  
 Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,  
 Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,  
 Your terms improper, make them just and plain.  
 Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use;  
 But authors, partial to their darling Muse,  
 Think to protect it they have just pretence,  
 And at your friendly counsel take offence.  
 Said you of this, that the expression's flat?  
 Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,  
 He answers you. This word has here no grace,  
 Pray leave it out: that, sir, 's the properest place.  
 This turn I like not: 'tis approv'd by all.  
 Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,  
 If there's a syllable of which you doubt,  
 'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.  
 Yet still he says you may his faults confute,  
 And over him your power is absolute:  
 But of his feign'd humility take heed;  
 'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.  
 And when he leaves you happy in his Muse,  
 Restless he runs some other to abuse,  
 And often finds; for in our scribbling times  
 No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes:  
 The flattest work has ever in the court  
 Met with some zealous ass for its support:  
 And in all times a forward scribbling fop  
 Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

## CANTO II.

## PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,  
 With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,  
 But, without gold or pearl, or costly scents,  
 Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments:  
 Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,  
 Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral:  
 Its humble method nothing has of fierce,  
 But hates the rattling of a lofty verse:  
 There native beauty pleases, and excites,  
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights,

But in this style a poet often spent,  
 In rage throws by his rural instrument,  
 And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,  
 Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound:  
 Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,  
 And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.  
 Oppos'd to this, another, low in style,  
 Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile:  
 His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,  
 Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground;  
 You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,  
 Again was quavering to the country swains,  
 And changin', without care of sound or dress,  
 Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.  
 'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;  
 For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:  
 Be their just writing, by the gods inspir'd,  
 Your constant pattern practis'd and admir'd.  
 By them alone you'll easily comprehend  
 How poets, without shame, may condescend  
 To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,  
 To stir up shepherds, and to tune the lute;  
 Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,  
 Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,  
 And by what means the Eclogue yet has power  
 To make the woods worthy a conqueror:  
 This of their writings is the grace and flight;  
 Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

## ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,  
 With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;  
 It paints the lover's torments and delights,  
 A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites:  
 But well these raptures if you'll make us see,  
 You must know love as well as poetry.  
 I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forc'd fire  
 In a cold style describes a hot desire,  
 That sigh by rule, and, raging in cold blood,  
 Their sluggish Muse whip to an amorous mood:  
 Their transports feign'd appear but flat and vain;  
 They always sigh, and always hang their chain,  
 Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,  
 Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.  
 'Twas not of old in this affected tone,  
 That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;  
 Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,  
 By Nature's rules he taught the art of love,  
 The heart in elegies forms the discourse.

## ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.  
 Mounting to Heaven in her ambitious flight,  
 Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;  
 Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,  
 And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course:  
 To Simo's streams does fierce Achilles bring,  
 And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.  
 Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,  
 And robs the flowers by Nature's chymistry,  
 Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,  
 And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,  
 When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,  
 That what she grants may seem to be by force:  
 Her generous style at random oft will part,  
 And by a brave disorder shows her art.  
 Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme  
 In all their raptures keeps exactest time,

That sing th' illustrious hero's mighty praise  
 (Lean writers !) by the terms of weeks and days;  
 And dare not from least circumstances part,  
 But take all towns by strictest rules of art:  
 Apollo drives those fups from his abode;  
 And some have said, that once the humorous god,  
 Resolving all such scribblers to confound,  
 For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound:  
 Set rules for the just measure, and the time,  
 The easy running and alternate rhyme;  
 But, above all, those licences deny'd  
 Which in these writings the lame sense supply'd;  
 Forbad an useles line should find a place,  
 Or a repeated word appear with grace.  
 A faultless sonnet, finish'd thus, would be  
 Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.  
 A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,  
 Believe they have this only phenix found:  
 When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three,  
 Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free.  
 The rest but little read, regarded less,  
 Are shovel'd to the pastry from the press.  
 Closing the sense within the measur'd time,  
 'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

## EPIGRAM.

THE Epigram, with little art compos'd,  
 Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd.  
 These points, that by Italians first were priz'd,  
 Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd:  
 The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,  
 To their false pleasures quickly they invite;  
 But public favour so increas'd their pride,  
 They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.  
 The Madrigal at first was overcome,  
 And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;  
 With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,  
 And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:  
 A hero never fail'd them on the stage,  
 Without his point a lover durst not rage;  
 The amorous shepherds took more care to prove  
 True to his point, than faithful to their love.  
 Each word, like Janus, had a double face:  
 And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:  
 The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,  
 The parson without quibbling could not preach.  
 At last affronted Reason look'd about,  
 And from all serious matters shut them out:  
 Declar'd that none should use them without shame,  
 Except a scattering in the Epigram;  
 Provided that by art, and in due time,  
 They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.  
 Thus in all parts disorders did abate:  
 Yet quibble: in the court had leave to prate:  
 Inspid jesters, and unpleasant fools,  
 A corporation of dull punning drolls.  
 'Tis not, but that sometimes a dexterous Muse  
 May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,  
 And on a word may trifle with address;  
 But above all avoid the fond excess;  
 And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,  
 With a dull point to tag your Epigram.

Each poem his perfection has apart;  
 The British Round in plainness shows his art.  
 The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,  
 Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;  
 The Madrigal may softer passions move,  
 And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.  
 Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,  
 Arm'd Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

## SATIRE.

LUCIUS was the man who, bravely bold,  
 To Roman vices did this mirror hold,  
 Protected humble goodness from reproach,  
 Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.  
 Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,  
 And none uncur'd could be fool or mad:  
 Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be  
 Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry.  
 Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,  
 Affected brevity in all he writ:  
 And Juvenal, learned as those times could be,  
 Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;  
 Though horrid truths through all his labour shine,  
 In what he writes there 's something of divine,  
 Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,  
 Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,  
 Or that he makes the trembling senate come  
 To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;  
 Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shews,  
 And paints an empress reeking from the stew:  
 In all he writes appears a noble fire;  
 To follow such a master then desire.  
 Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base,  
 In his old style conserves a modern grace:  
 Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes  
 Offended not the method of our times.  
 The Latin writers decency neglect;  
 But modern authors challenge our respect,  
 And at immodest writings take offence,  
 If clean expression cover not the sense.  
 I love sharp Satire, from obscenity free;  
 Not impudence that preaches modesty:  
 Our English, who in malice never fail,  
 Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;  
 Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes  
 From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows  
 Our freedom in our Poetry we see,  
 That child of joy begot by Liberty.  
 But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you choose  
 God for the subject of your impious Muse:  
 At last, those jests which libertines invent,  
 Bring the lewd author to just punishment.  
 Ev'n in a song there must be art and sense;  
 Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance,  
 Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers  
 mettle,  
 And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.  
 But for one lucky hit, that made thee please,  
 Let not thy folly grow to a disease,  
 Nor think thyself a wit; for in our age  
 If a warm fancy does some fop engage,  
 He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,  
 But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.  
 Nay 'tis a wonder, if, in his dire rage,  
 He prints not his dull follies for the stage;  
 And in the front of all his senseless plays,  
 Makes David Logan crown his head with bays

## CANTO III.

## TRAGEDY.

THERE 's not a monster bred beneath the sky  
 But, well-dispos'd by art, may please the eye:  
 A curious workman, by his skill divine,  
 From an ill object makes a good design.

Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in tears  
 For *Oedipus*, provokes our hopes and fears:  
 For *paricide Orestes* asks relief;  
 And to increase our pleasure causes grief.  
 You then, that in this noble art would rise,  
 Come; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.  
 Would you upon the stage acquire renown,  
 And for your judges summon all the town?  
 Would you your works for ever should remain,  
 And after ages past be sought again?  
 In all you write, observe with care and art  
 To move the passions, and incline the heart.  
 If in a labour'd act, the pleasing rage  
 Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,  
 Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise;  
 In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays:  
 Your cold discourse can never move the mind  
 Of a stern critic, naturally unkind;  
 Who, justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,  
 Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.  
 The secret is, attention first to gain;  
 To move our minds, and then to entertain:  
 That, from the very opening of the scenes,  
 The first may show us what the author means.  
 I'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage,  
 That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;  
 Who, an intrigue unravelling in vain,  
 Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.  
 I'd rather much the nauseous dance should say  
 Downright, My name is *Hector* in the play;  
 Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd,  
 Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.  
 The subject 's never soon enough express'd;  
 Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.  
 A Spanish poet may with good event,  
 In one day's space whole ages represent;  
 There oft the hero of a wandering stage  
 Begins a child, and ends the play of age:  
 But we, that are by reason's rules confin'd,  
 Will, that with art the poem be design'd,  
 That unity of action, time, and place,  
 Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.  
 Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd;  
 Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.  
 A foolish wonder cannot entertain:  
 My mind 's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.  
 You may relate what would offend the eye:  
 Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy;  
 But there are objects that a curious art  
 Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.  
 The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,  
 When a well-woven subject, long disguis'd,  
 You on a sudden artfully unfold,  
 And give the whole another face and mould.  
 At first the Tragedy was void of art;  
 A song; where each man danc'd and sung his part,  
 And, of god *Bacchus* roaring out the praise,  
 Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:  
 Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,  
 And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.  
*Thespis* was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,  
 Began this pleasure for posterity:  
 And with his carted actors, and a song,  
 Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.  
 Next *Æschylus* the different persons plac'd,  
 And with a better mask his players grac'd:  
 Upon a theatre his verse express'd,  
 And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.  
 Then *Sophocles*, the genius of his age,  
 Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,

Engag'd the chorus song in every part,  
 And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:  
 He in the Greek did those perfections gain,  
 Which the weak Latin never could attain.  
 Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,  
 As impious and profane, abhor'd the stage:  
 A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,  
 Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd,  
 Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,  
 The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.  
 At last, right reason did his laws reveal,  
 And show'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,  
 Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,  
 And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage:  
 Only th' Athenian mask was laid aside  
 And chorus by the music was supply'd.  
 Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,  
 Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:

This passion never could resistance find,  
 But knows the shortest passage to the mind.  
 Paint them, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love;  
 But let him not like a tame shepherd move;  
 Let not *Achilles* be like *Thyrris* seen,  
 Or for a *Cyrrus* show an *Artaben*;  
 That struggling oft his passions we may find,  
 The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.  
 Of romance heroes shun the low design;  
 Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:  
*Achilles* must with *Homer's* heat engage;  
 For an affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.  
 Those little failings in your hero's heart  
 Show, that of man and nature he has part:  
 To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;  
 Make *Agamemnon* covetous and proud,  
*Æneas* in religious rites austere,  
 Keep to each man his proper character.  
 Of countries and of times the humours know;  
 From different climates different customs grow:  
 And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress  
 An antique hero like some modern ass;  
 Who make old Romans like our English move,  
 Show *Cato* sparkish, or make *Brutus* love.  
 In a romance those errors are excus'd:  
 There 'tis enough that, reading, we're amus'd:  
 Rules too severe would there be useless found;  
 But the strict scene must have a juster bound:  
 Exact decorum we must always find.  
 If then you form some hero in your mind,  
 Be sure your image with itself agree;  
 For what he first appears, he still must be.  
 Affected wits will naturally incline  
 To paint their figures by their own design:  
 Your bully poets, bully heroes write:  
*Chapman* in *Bussy d'Ambois* took delight,  
 And thought perfection was to huff and fight.  
 Wise Nature by variety does please;  
 Clothe differing passions in a differing dress:  
 Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;  
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.  
 Make not your *Hecuba* with fury rage,  
 And show a ranting grief upon the stage;  
 Or tell in vain how the rough *Tanais* bore  
 His sevenfold waters to the *Æzine* shore:  
 These swain expressions, this affected noise,  
 Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.  
 In sorrow you must softer methods keep;  
 And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.  
 Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,  
 Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.

The theatre for a young poet's rhymes  
Is a bold venture in our knowing times ;  
An author cannot easily purchase fame ;  
Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame :  
You may be judg'd by every ass in town,  
The privilege is bought for half a crown.  
To please, you must a hundred changes try ;  
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high :  
In noble thoughts must every where abound,  
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound :  
To these you must surprising touches join,  
And show us a new wonder in each line :  
That all, in a just method well-design'd,  
May leave a strong impression in the mind.  
These are the arts that Tragedy maintain :

## THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.  
In the narration of some great design,  
Invention, art, and fable, all must join :  
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace ;  
All must assume a body, mind, and face :  
Each virtue a divinity is seen ;  
Prudence is Pallas, Beauty Paphos' queen.  
'Tis not, a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly ;  
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky :  
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain ;  
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main :  
Echo's no more an empty airy sound ;  
But a fair nymph that weeps her lower down'd.  
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,  
The poet does a thousand figures find,  
Around the work his ornaments he pours,  
And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.  
'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore  
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore ;  
From faithless Fortune this is no surprise,  
For every day 'tis common to our eyes ;  
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,  
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy :  
That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,  
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind ;  
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,  
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,  
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers ;  
These are the springs that move our hopes and fears :

Without these ornaments before our eyes,  
Th' unsinew'd poem languishes and dies :  
Your poet in his art will always fail,  
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.  
In vain have our mistaken authors try'd  
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,  
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,  
Might act like those the poets did invent,  
To fright poor readers in each line with Hell,  
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel ;  
The mysteries which Christians must believe  
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive :  
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts  
But penitence, or punishment for faults ;  
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,  
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.  
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear  
The howlings of repining Lucifer,  
Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,  
And oft with God himself disputes the prize ?  
Tasso you 'll say has done it with applause.  
It is not here I mean to judge his cause :

Yet, though our age has so extoll'd his name,  
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,  
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies  
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees ;  
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form  
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.  
'Tis not, that Christian poems ought to be  
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry ;  
But in a common subject to reject  
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect ;  
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,  
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,  
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat  
To pass the shepheard with the man of note,  
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,  
And search perfection you can never find :  
As well they may forbid us to present  
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,  
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,  
And take from Time his scythe, his wings and glass,  
And every where, as 'twere idolatry,  
Banish descriptions from our poetry.  
Leave them their pious follies to pursue ;  
But let our reason such vain fears subdue :  
And let us not, amongst our vanities,  
Of the true God create a God of lies.  
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,  
And the smooth names seem made for poetry ;  
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,  
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles :  
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame  
To choose king Chaipeic for his hero's name.  
Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,  
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.  
Would you your reader never should be tir'd ?  
Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd ;  
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,  
Let e'en his very failings give delight ;  
Let his great actions our attention bind,  
Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,  
And not like Œdipus his perjur'd race ;  
A common conqueror is a theme too base.  
Choose not your tale of accidents too full ;  
Too much variety may make it dull :  
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,  
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.  
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart ;  
In your descriptions show your noblest art :  
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd :  
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.  
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe  
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,  
Plac'd on the sides, to see their armies pass,  
The fishes, staring through the liquid glass ;  
Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,  
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.  
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight ;  
Allow your work a just and nobler fight.  
Be your beginning plain ; and take good heed  
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed ;  
Nor tell your reader in a thundering verse,  
" I sing the conqueror of the universe."  
What can an author after this produce ?  
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.  
Much better are we pleas'd with his address,  
Who, without making such vast promises,  
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,  
" I sing the combats of that pious prince  
Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,  
And landed first on the Lavinian shore."



His opening Muse sets not the world on fire,  
 And yet performs more than we can require;  
 Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame  
 And future glory of the Roman name;  
 Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,  
 And Cesar's wandering in th' Elysian woods:  
 With figures numberless his story grace,  
 And every thing in beautiful colours trace.  
 At once you may be pleasing and sublime:  
 I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:  
 I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,  
 Than a dull author always stiff and stale,  
 Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style,  
 If on his works the Graces do but smile.  
 'Tis said, that Homer, matchless in his art,  
 Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:  
 His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,  
 And whatsoever he touches turns to gold:  
 All in his hands new beauty does acquire;  
 He always pleases, and can never tire.  
 A happy warmth he every where may boast;  
 Nor is he in too long digressions lost:  
 His verses without rule a method find,  
 And of themselves appear in order join'd:  
 All without trouble answers his intent;  
 Each syllable is tending to th' event.  
 Let his example your endeavours raise:  
 To love his writings is a kind of praise.  
 A poem, where we all perfections find,  
 Is not the work of a fantastic mind:  
 There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains;  
 Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.  
 Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage  
 Of a warm faucy does their minds engage,  
 Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,  
 And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;  
 Their fustian Muse each accident confounds;  
 Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,  
 Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,  
 Their poem dies for want of nourishment.  
 In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,  
 No branding censures can unveil his eyes;  
 With impudence the laurel they invade,  
 Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.  
 Virgil, compared to them, is flat and dry;  
 And Homer understood not poetry:  
 Against their merit if this age rebel,  
 To future times for justice they appeal.  
 But waiting till mankind shall do them right,  
 And bring their works triumphantly to light;  
 Neglected heaps we in by-corners lay,  
 Where they become to worms and moths a prey;  
 Forgotten, in dust and cobwebs let them rest,  
 Whilst we return from whence we first digrest.  
 The great success which tragic writers found,  
 In Athens first the comedy renown'd;  
 Th' abusive Grecian there by pleasing ways,  
 Dispers'd his natural malice in his plays:  
 Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,  
 Were subject to buffooning insolence:  
 Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,  
 That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought!  
 A Socrates himself, in that loose age,  
 Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage:  
 At last the public took in hand the cause,  
 And cur'd this madness by the power of laws;  
 Forbad at any time, or any place,  
 To name the person, or describe the face.  
 The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,  
 And comedy diverted without gall:

By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,  
 And, sparing persons, innocently pleas'd.  
 Each one was nicely shown in this new glass,  
 And smil'd to think he was not meant the ass:  
 A miser oft would laugh at first, to find  
 A faithful draught of his own sordid mind;  
 And fops were with such care and cunning wit,  
 They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.  
 You then, that would the comic laurels wear,  
 To study Nature be your only care:  
 Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art  
 Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;  
 He who observes, and naturally can paint  
 The jealous fool, the fawning sycofant,  
 A sober wit, an enterprising ass,  
 A humorous Otter, or a Hindibras;  
 May safely in those noble lists engage,  
 And make them act and speak upon the stage.  
 Strive to be natural in all you write,  
 And paint with colours that may please the  
 sight:

Nature in various figures does abound,  
 And in each mind are different humours found;  
 A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise;  
 But every man has not discerning eyes.  
 All-changing time does also change the mind;  
 And different ages different pleasures find:  
 Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,  
 By flattering vice is easily led away;  
 Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,  
 In censure, rash, in pleasures, all on fire.  
 The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;  
 Power and ambition do his soul employ:  
 Against the turns of Fate he sets his mind;  
 And by the past the future hopes to find.  
 Decrepit age, still adding to his stores,  
 For others heaps the treasure he adores,  
 In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;  
 Past times extols, the present to debase:  
 Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,  
 In others blames what age does him refuse.  
 Your actors must by reason be control'd;  
 Let young men speak like young, old men like  
 old:

Observe the town, and study well the court:  
 For thither various characters resort:  
 Thus 'twas great Jonson purchas'd his renown,  
 And in his art had borne away the crown;  
 If, less desirous of the people's praise,  
 He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;  
 Mixing dull buffoonery with wit refin'd,  
 And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.  
 When in the Fox I see the Tortoise hist,  
 I lose the author of the Alchymist.  
 The comic wit, born with a smiling air,  
 Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;  
 Yet may he not, as on a market-place,  
 With bawdy jests amuse the populace:  
 With well-bred conversation you must please,  
 And your intrigue unravell'd be with ease:  
 Your action still should reason's rules obey,  
 Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.  
 Your humble style must sometimes gently rise;  
 And your discourse sententious be, and wise:  
 The passions must to Nature be confin'd;  
 And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.  
 Your wit must not unseasonably play;  
 But follow bus'ness, never lead the way.  
 Observe how Terence does this error shun;  
 A careful father chides his amorous son:

Then see that son, whom no advice can move,  
 Forget those orders, and pursue his love.  
 'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover:  
 'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.  
 I like an author that reforms the age,  
 And keeps the right decorum of the stage;  
 That always pleases by just reason's rule:  
 But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,  
 Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays;  
 Let him be gone, and on two tressels raise  
 Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his pranks;  
 And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

## CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,  
 The scourge of God, and terror of the town,  
 Who all the cant of physic had by heart,  
 And never murder'd but by rules of art.  
 The public mischief was his private gain;  
 Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain:  
 A brother here his poison'd brother wept;  
 Some bloodless dy'd, and some by opium slept.  
 Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn;  
 And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.  
 Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;  
 One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,  
 In his new country-house affords him place;  
 'Twas a rich abbot, and a building ass:  
 Here first the doctor's talent came in play,  
 He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May:  
 Of this new portico condemns the face,  
 And turns the entrance to a better place;  
 Designs the stair-case at the other end:  
 His friend approves, does for his mason send.  
 He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.  
 In short, to finish this our humorous tale,  
 He Galen's dangerous science does reject,  
 And from ill doctor turns good architect.  
 In this example we may have our part:  
 Rather be mason, 'tis a useful art!  
 Than a dull poet; for that trade accurst,  
 Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst.  
 In other sciences, without disgrace,  
 A candidate may fill a second place;  
 But poetry no medium can admit,  
 No reader suffers an indifferent wit:  
 The ruin'd stationers against him bawl,  
 And Herringham degrades him from his stall.  
 Burlesque, at least, our laughter may excite:  
 But a cold writer never can delight.  
 The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,  
 Than the stiff formal style of Gondibert.  
 Be not affected with that empty praise  
 Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,  
 And when you read, with ecstacy will say,  
 "The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"  
 Which, when expos'd to censure and to light,  
 Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.  
 A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,  
 And Shadwell's works are printed, but not sold.  
 Hear all the world; consider every thought;  
 A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:  
 Yet, when Apollo does your Muse inspire,  
 Be not impatient to expose your fire;  
 Nor imitate the Settles of our times,  
 Those tuneless readers of their own dull rhymes.  
 Who seize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,  
 And stop the passengers that walk the street:

There is no sanctuary you can choose  
 For a defence from their pursuing Muse.  
 I've said before, be patient when they blame;  
 To alter for the better, is no shame.  
 Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:  
 Sometimes conceited sceptics, void of sense,  
 By their false taste condemn some finish'd part,  
 And blame the noblest flights of wit and art;  
 In vain their fond opinions you deride,  
 With their low'd follies they are satisfy'd;  
 And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,  
 Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:  
 Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound;  
 To shun the storm, they run your verse aground,  
 And, thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd.  
 Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,  
 Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you  
 light;  
 Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,  
 And touch the darling follies you would hide:  
 He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,  
 And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.  
 'Tis he will tell you to what noble height  
 A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight;  
 When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,  
 May from her stricter bounds and limits part:  
 But such a perfect judge is hard to see,  
 And every rhymist knows not poetry;  
 Nay some there are, for writing verse extoll'd,  
 Who know not Lucan's dress from Virgil's gold.  
 Would you in this great art acquire renown?  
 Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.  
 In prudent lessons every where abound:  
 With pleasant join the useful and the sound:  
 A sober reader a vain tale will slight;  
 He seeks as well instruction as delight.  
 Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,  
 Still offering nobler figures to our mind:  
 I like not those loose writers who employ  
 Their guilty Muse, good manners to destroy;  
 Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,  
 And show us Vice dress'd in a fair disguise.  
 Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,  
 Who from all modest writings banish love:  
 That strip the playhouse of its chief intrigue,  
 And make a murderer of Roderigue:  
 The lightest love, if decently express'd,  
 Will raise no vicious motions in our breast.  
 Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;  
 I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief.  
 A virtuous author, in his charming art,  
 To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart:  
 His heat will never cause a guilty fire:  
 To follow virtue then be your desire.  
 In vain your art and vigour are express'd;  
 Th' obscene expression shows th' infected breast.  
 But above all, base jealousies avoid,  
 In which detracting poets are employ'd.  
 A noble wit dares literally contend;  
 And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.  
 Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,  
 Caballing still against it with the great,  
 Maliciously aspire to gain renown,  
 By standing up, and pulling others down.  
 Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,  
 Nor by such abject methods seek for praise:  
 Let not your only business be to write;  
 Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.  
 'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;  
 But strive your conversation be desir'd:

Write for immortal fame; nor ever choose  
Gold for the object of a generous Muse.  
I know a noble wit may, without crime,  
Receive a lawful tribute for his time;  
Yet I abhor those writers, who despise  
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;  
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,  
And of a noble science make a trade.  
Before kind Reason did her light display,  
And government taught mortals to obey,  
Men, like wild beasts, did Nature's laws pursue,  
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew;  
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,  
Committed murder without punishment:  
Reason at last, by her all-conquering arts,  
Reduce'd these savages, and turn'd their hearts;  
Mauking from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,  
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:  
Thus fear of Justice made proud Rapine cease,  
And shelter'd Innocence by laws and peace.

These benefits from poets we receiv'd,  
From whence are rais'd those fictions since believ'd:  
That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,  
Tame'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;  
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,  
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban  
towers;

These miracles from numbers did arise:  
Since which, in verse Heaven taught his mysteries,  
And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,  
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.  
Soon after Homer the old heroes praise'd,  
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;  
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline  
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.  
Thus useful rules were by the poet's aid,  
In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,  
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;  
First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:  
The Muses thus their reputation rais'd,  
And with just gratitude in Greece were praise'd.  
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,  
And sacrific'd to their divinity;  
But Want, at last, base Flattery entertain'd,  
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:  
Desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes,  
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.  
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,  
And verse became a mercenary trade.

Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:  
If gold must be the idol of thy heart,  
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian strand,  
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand:  
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain  
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:  
"But what? an author cannot live on fame,  
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:  
A poet to whom Fortune is unkind,  
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd,  
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,  
Or relishes the Heliconian streams.  
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,  
And, free from cares for money or for meat,  
Did not expect his dinner from his wit."  
'Tis true; but verse is cherish'd by the great,  
And now none furnish who deserve to eat:  
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,  
Receive the stars' propitious influence;  
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants,  
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?

Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;  
Your noblest theme is his immortal name.  
Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,  
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;  
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,  
Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing;  
Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,  
And his great models form by this design:  
But where 's a second Virgil to rehearse  
Our hero's glories in his epic verse?  
What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,  
And make the hills and forests move again;  
Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,  
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;  
Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,  
Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand  
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?  
But as I speak new glories strike my eyes,  
Glories, which Heaven itself does give and prize,  
Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays  
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:  
Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,  
That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,  
Vanish with all the ministers of Hell:  
His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:  
'Tis he alone our safety did create,  
His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate,  
Oppos'd to all the Pout'feu's of the state.  
Authors, for him your great endeavours raise;  
The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.  
For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,  
And never durst heroic measures tread;  
Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,  
With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield:  
Offer your lessons, that my infant Muse  
Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did choose:  
Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,  
And from afar hold up the glorious prize.  
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,  
A strict observer of each noble fight,  
From the fine gold I separate the alloy,  
And show how hasty writers sometimes stray:  
Apt to blame, than knowing how to mend:  
A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

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### THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM, SACRED TO THE HAPPY  
MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

Thus long my grief has kept me dumb:  
Sure there 's a lethargy in mighty woe,  
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow!  
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room:  
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;  
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,  
Like Niobe we marble grow;  
And petrify with grief.  
Our British Heaven was all serene,  
No threatening cloud was nigh,  
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;  
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily  
As the first age in Nature's golden scene;  
Supine amidst our flowing store,  
We slept securely and we dreamt of more:  
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,  
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,  
Already lost before we fear'd.

Th' amazing news of Charles at once were spread,  
 At once the general voice declar'd,  
 "Our gracious prince was dead."  
 No sickness known before, no slow disease,  
 To soften grief by just degrees,  
 But like an hurricage on Indian seas,  
 The tempest rose;  
 An unexpected burst of woes:  
 With scarce a breathing space betwixt,  
 This now becalm'd, and perishing the next. •  
 As if great Atlas from his height  
 Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,  
 And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall  
 As once it shall,  
 Should gape immense, and rushing down, o'erwhelm  
 this nether ball;  
 So swift and so surprising was our fear:  
 Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

His pious brother, sure the best  
 Who ever bore that name,  
 Was newly risen from his rest,  
 And, with a fervent flame,  
 His usual morning vows had just address  
 For his dear sovereign's health;  
 And hop'd to have them heard,  
 In long increase of years,  
 In honour, fame, and wealth:  
 Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd:  
 Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made,  
 On his own head should be repay'd.  
 Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,  
 Ill news in wing'd with fate, and flies apace,  
 Who can describe th' amazement of his face!

Horror in all his pomp was there,  
 Mute and magnificent without a tear:  
 And then the hero first was seen to fear.  
 Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,  
 So hasty and so artless was his grief:  
 Approaching Greatness met him with her charms  
 Of power and future state;  
 But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,  
 He shook her from his arms.  
 Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw  
 A wild distraction, void of awe,  
 And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.  
 God's image, God's anointed, lay  
 Without motion, pulse, or breath,  
 A senseless lump of sacred clay,  
 An image now of Death.  
 Amidst his sad attendants' groans and cries,  
 The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,  
 Distorted from their native grace;  
 An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.  
 The pious duke—Forbear, audacious Muse!  
 No terms thy feeble art can use  
 Are able to adorn so vast a woe:  
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,  
 His like a sovereign did transcend;  
 No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,  
 Nor any name but friend.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,  
 Still varying to the last!  
 Heaven, though its hard decree was past,  
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:  
 And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.  
 Heaven half repented of the doom,  
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen,  
 What by foresight it will'd eternally to come.

Mercy above did hourly plead  
 For her resemblance here below;  
 And mild Forgiveness intercede  
 To stop the coming blow.  
 New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,  
 Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,  
 And urg'd that still they might be shown.  
 On Earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,  
 Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,  
 Himself defending what he could,  
 From all the glories of his future fate.  
 With him th' innumerable crowd,  
 Of armed prayers  
 Knock'd at the gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud;  
 The first well-meaning rude petitioners.  
 All for his life assail'd the throne, [own  
 All would have hrib'd the skies by offering up their  
 So great a thron' not Heaven itself could bar;  
 'Twas almost borne by force as in the giants' war.  
 The prayers at least for his reprieve were heard;  
 His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:  
 Against the Sun the shadow went;  
 Five days, those five degrees, were lent  
 To form our patience and prepare th' event.  
 The second causes took the swift command,  
 The medicinal hand, the ready hand,  
 All eager to perform their part;  
 All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:  
 Once more the fleeting soul came back  
 T' inspire the mortal frame;  
 And in the body took a doubtful stand,  
 Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,  
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er  
 the brand.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,  
 Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:  
 The drooping town in smiles again was drest,  
 Gladness in every face exprest,  
 Their eyes before their tongues confest.  
 Men met each other with erected look,  
 The steps were higher that they took,  
 Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;  
 And long-inveterate foes saluted as they past:  
 Above the rest heroic James appear'd  
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd:  
 His manly heart, whose noble pride  
 Was still above  
 Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,  
 Its more than common transport could not hide;  
 But like an eagle rode in triumph o'er the tide.  
 Thus, in alternate course,  
 The tyrant passions, hope and fear,  
 Did in extremes appear,  
 And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.  
 Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea  
 Returns and wins upon the shore;  
 The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,  
 Rest on their fins a while, and stay,  
 Then backward take their wondering way:  
 The prophet wonders more than they,  
 At prodigies but rarely seen before, [sway.  
 And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms change their  
 Such were our counter-tides at land, and so  
 Presaging of the fatal blow,  
 In their prodigious ebb and flow.  
 The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,  
 By charms of art was hurried down,  
 Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,  
 Came but a while on liking here,

soon weary of the painful strife,  
 And made but faint essays of life:  
 And evening light  
 soon shut in night:  
 A strong distemper, and a weak relief,  
 Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

The sons of Art all medicines try'd,  
 And every noble remedy apply'd;  
 With emulation each essay'd  
 His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd:  
 Fever was losing game with better conduct play'd.  
 Death never won a stake with greater toil,  
 For e'er was Fate so near a foil:  
 But like a fortress on a rock,  
 Th' impregnable disease their vain attempts did  
 mock;

They main'd it near, they batter'd from afar  
 With all the cannon of the medicinal war;  
 To gentle means could be essay'd,  
 'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid:  
 Th' extremest ways they first ordain,  
 Prescribing such intolerable pain,  
 As none but Cæsar could sustain:  
 Undaunted Cæsar underwent  
 The malice of their art, nor bent  
 Beneath what'er their pious rigour could invent:  
 In five such days he suffer'd more  
 Than any suffer'd in his reign before;  
 More, infinitely more, than he,  
 Against the worst of rebels, could decree,  
 A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.  
 How Art was tir'd without success,  
 How racks could make the stubborn malady confess.  
 The vain insurers of life,  
 And he who most perform'd and promis'd less,  
 Ev'n Short himself forsook th' unequal strife.  
 Death and despair were in their looks,  
 No longer they consult their memories or books;  
 Like helpless friends, who view from shore  
 The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar;  
 No stood they with their arms across;  
 Not to assist, but to deplore  
 Th' inevitable loss.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound  
 Which ev'n the best can hardly bear,  
 He took the summons void of fear;  
 And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around;  
 As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.  
 What Death could do he lately try'd,  
 When in four days he more than dy'd.  
 The same assurance all his words did grace:  
 The same majestic mildness held its place;  
 For lost the monarch in his dying face.  
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,  
 He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

As if some angel had been sent  
 To lengthen out his government,  
 And to forestal as many years again,  
 As he had number'd in his happy reign,  
 So cheerfully he took the doom  
 Of his departing breath;  
 For shrunk nor steeped aside for Death:  
 But with unalter'd pace kept on;  
 Providing for events to come,  
 When he resign'd the throne.  
 Till he maintain'd his kingly state;  
 And grew familiar with his fate.

VOL. VIII.

Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,  
 On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast:  
 Oh truly good, and truly great,  
 For glorious as he rose benignly so he set!  
 All that on Earth he held most dear,  
 He recommended to his care,  
 To whom both Heaven  
 The right had given,  
 And his own love bequeath'd supreme command;  
 He took and prest that ever-loyal hand,  
 Which could in peace secure his reign,  
 Which could in wars his power maintain,  
 That hand on which no plighted vows were ever  
 vain.

Well, for so great a trust he chose  
 A prince who never disobey'd:  
 Not when the most severe commands were laid;  
 Nor want, nor exile, with his duty weigh'd:  
 A prince on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close,  
 The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,  
 Yet less serenely died than he:  
 Charles left behind no harsh decree  
 For schoolmen with laborious art  
 To save from cruelty:  
 Those, for whom love could no excuses frame,  
 He graciously forgot to name.  
 Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd  
 Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind:  
 But neither pen nor pencil can express  
 The parting brothers' tenderness:  
 Though that 's a term too mean and low;  
 The blest above a kinder word may know:  
 But what they did, and what they said,  
 The monarch who triumphant went,  
 The militant who staid,  
 Like painters, when their heightening arts are spent,  
 I cast into a shade.  
 That all-forgiving king,  
 The type of him above,  
 That unexhausted spring  
 Of clemency and love;  
 Himself to his next self accus'd,  
 And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:  
 For faults not his, for guilt and crimes  
 Of godless men, and of rebellious times:  
 For an hard exile, kindly meant,  
 When his ungrateful country sent  
 Their best Camillus into banishment:  
 And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his  
 consent.

Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief  
 Repeated all his sufferings past!  
 Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,  
 Which given could give the dying no relief:  
 He bent, he sunk beneath his grief:  
 His dauntless heart would fain have held  
 From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.  
 Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast  
 Disdain'd, or was ashamed to show  
 So weak, so womanish a woe, [confest.  
 Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind  
 An easy passage found,  
 And left its sacred earth behind:  
 Nor murmuring groan express, nor labouring sound,  
 Nor any least tumultuous breath;  
 Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.

O o

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe:  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:  
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,  
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE

SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordain'd to bear  
God's justice sword, and his vicegerent here,  
Am now depos'd—gainst me my children rise,  
My life must be their only sacrifice:  
Highly they me accuse, but nothing prove;  
But this is out of tenderness and love!

They seek to spill my blood; 'tis that alone  
Must for the nation's crying sins atone.  
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,  
And show'd me that my dangers were extreme;  
The heavenly vision spoke, and bade me flee  
Th' ungrateful brood, that were not worthy me:  
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;  
And mere necessity was made my crime!

*restored  
Paradise  
Kingdom  
Rome Cath.*

THE

HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

..... Antiquam exquirite matrem.  
Et vera incesu patuit Dea. Virg.

PREFACE.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though conscience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received un-

der that denomination. For example; there are some of the church, by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to dissenters; as being well satisfied, that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observed, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the dissenters, in their addresses to his majesty, have said, "that he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only between God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffered not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whether that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, consider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign; who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on

the, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter, and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad: which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident, that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print: and I refer myself to the judgment of those, who have read the answer to the defence of the late king's papers, and that of the dutches, (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those, whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of humility, written by any protestant in English; I believe I may say in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; though with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late highness died not a Roman catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the ordgels against Mrs. James, to confute the protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracted from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poetry. The second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are

properly parts of it; though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common-places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

## THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

## PART I.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,  
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.  
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,  
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds  
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,  
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line  
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.  
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to Fate,  
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.  
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,  
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,  
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,  
And cry'd for pardon on their perjurd foes.  
Their fate was fruitful, and the saugine seed,  
Endued with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.  
So captive Israel multiply'd in chains,  
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.  
With grief and gladness mix'd the mother view'd  
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;  
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,  
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,  
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.  
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd,  
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd;  
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye  
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.  
'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,  
They had not time to take a steady sight.  
For Truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an independent beast,  
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.  
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare  
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.  
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,  
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose:  
Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,  
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.  
The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,  
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,  
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,  
And mountains level'd in his furious race:  
So first rebellion founded was in grace.  
But since the mighty ravage, which he made  
In German forest, had his guilt betray'd,  
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,  
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;  
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile  
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:  
The graceless beast by Athanasius first  
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,  
 And Nature's king through Nature's optics view'd.  
 Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,  
 Nor in an infant could a god desery.  
 New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,  
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.  
 'What weight of ancient witness can prevail,  
 If private reason hold the public scale?  
 But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide  
 For erring judgments an unerring guide!  
 Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,  
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.  
 O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,  
 And search no further than thyself reveal'd;  
 But her alone for my director take,  
 Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!  
 My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,  
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,  
 Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was  
 gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.  
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;  
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.  
 Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:  
 What more could fright my faith, than three in  
 one?

Can I believe eternal God could lie  
 Disguis'd in mortal mould and infancy?  
 That the great Maker of the world could die?  
 And after that trust my imperfect sense,  
 Which calls in question his omnipotence?  
 Can I my reason to my faith compel?  
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste, rebel?  
 Superior faculties are set aside;  
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?  
 Then let the Moon usurp the rule of day,  
 And winking tapers show the Sun his way;  
 For what my senses can themselves perceive,  
 I need no revelation to believe.  
 Can they who say the host should be desery'd  
 By sense, define a body glorify'd?  
 Impassable, and penetrating parts?  
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts  
 He shot that body through th' opposing might  
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,  
 And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.  
 For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain,  
 One single place two bodies did contain.  
 And sure the same omnipotence as well  
 Can make one body in more places dwell.  
 Let reason then at her own quarry fly,  
 But how can finite grasp infinity?

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence  
 By miracles, which are appeals to sense,  
 And thence concluded, that our sense must be  
 The motive still of credibility.  
 For latter ages must on former wait,  
 And what began belief most propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find  
 'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.  
 Were all those wonders wrought by power divine  
 As means or ends of some more deep design?  
 Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,  
 To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.  
 God thus asserted, man is to believe  
 Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,  
 And for mysterious things of faith rely  
 On the proponent, Heaven's authority.  
 If then our faith we for our guide admit,  
 Vain is the farther search of human wit,

As when the building gains a surer stay,  
 We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.  
 Reason by sense no more can understand;  
 The game is play'd into another hand.  
 Why choose we then like bilanders to creep  
 Along the coast, and land in view to keep,  
 When safely we may launch into the deep?  
 In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,  
 Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,  
 And with a better guide a better world explore.  
 Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,  
 And not veil these again to be our food?  
 His grace in both is equal in extent,  
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment.  
 And if he can, why all this frantic pain  
 To construe what his clearest words contain,  
 And make a riddle what he made so plain?  
 To take up half on trust, and half to try,  
 Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.  
 Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,  
 To pay great sums, and to compound the snail:  
 For who would break with Heaven, and would not  
 break for all?

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:  
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.  
 Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;  
 The bank above must fail before the venture miss.  
 But Heaven and heaven-born faith are far from  
 thee,

Thou first apostate to divinity.  
 Unkennel'd range in thy Polonian plains:  
 A fiercer foe the insatiate Wolf remains.  
 Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more,  
 That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:  
 The bear, the boar, and every savage name,  
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,  
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bowers,  
 And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.  
 More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race  
 Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:  
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.  
 His ragged tail betwix his legs he wears,  
 Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,  
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.  
 His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,  
 Did all the bestial citizens surprise.  
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,  
 As captain or companion of the spoil.  
 Full many a year his hateful head had been  
 For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:  
 The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,  
 And from Geneva first infested France.  
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,  
 But others write him of an upstart race;  
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,  
 But his innate antipathy to kings.  
 These last deduce him from th' Helvetium kind,  
 Who near the Leman-lake his consort lin'd:  
 That fiery Zuinglius first th' affection bred,  
 And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.  
 In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,  
 When the proud sanhedrium oppress'd the prince,  
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,  
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire  
 From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,  
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest:  
 Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,  
 And could not bear the burthen of a class.  
 The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,  
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:



Perhaps not made; for all their barking train  
 The dog (a common species) will contain.  
 And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,  
 Showing the supremacy of man,  
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.  
 O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!  
 What ills in church and state have you redress'd?  
 With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,  
 Your first essay was on your native laws:  
 Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,  
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,  
 And freed from God and monarchy your town.  
 What though your native kennel still be small,  
 Pounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;  
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent  
 Where the north ocean girds the continent.  
 Whicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed  
 A fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:  
 And like the first the last affects to be  
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.  
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,  
 Rank sour herbage rises on the green:  
 As, springing where those midnight elves advance,  
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.  
 As such are their doctrines, such contempt they  
 show  
 O Heaven above, and to their prince below,  
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know.  
 As od, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,  
 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.  
 O fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse  
 To bite, and only dogs for physic use.  
 As where the lightning runs along the ground,  
 To husbandry can heal the blasting wound;  
 For bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,  
 But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:  
 As such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of death  
 Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.  
 As but, as the poisons of the deadliest kind  
 Are to their own unhappy coast confin'd;  
 As only Indian shades of sight deprive,  
 And magic plants will but in Colchus thrive;  
 O presbytery and postilential zeal  
 An only flourish in a commonweal.  
 From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;  
 As but ah! some pity ev'n to brutes is due:  
 Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,  
 As urb'd of their native malice to destroy.  
 As if all the tyrannies on human-kind,  
 The worst is that which persecutes the mind.  
 As let us but weigh at what offence we strike,  
 As tis but, because we cannot think alike.  
 As a punishing of this, we overthrow  
 The laws of nations and of Nature too.  
 As easterns are the subjects of tyrannic sway,  
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey,  
 As fan only of a softer mould is made,  
 As lot for his fellow's ruin but their aid:  
 As created kind, beneficent, and free,  
 As the noble image of the Deity.  
 As One portion of informing fire was given  
 To brutes, th' inferior family of Heaven:  
 As the smith divine, as with a careless beat,  
 As truck out the mute creation at a heat:  
 As but when arriv'd at last to human race,  
 As the Godhead took a deep considering space;  
 As and to distinguish man from all the rest,  
 As unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;  
 As and mercy mixt with reason did impart,  
 As he to his head, the other to his heart:

Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:  
 The first is law, the last prerogative.  
 And like his mind his outward form appear'd,  
 When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,  
 He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they  
 fear'd:  
 Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,  
 Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,  
 Or with increase of feet, t' o'ertake them in their  
 flight:  
 Of easy shape, and pliant every way;  
 Confessing still the softness of his clay,  
 And kind as kings upon their coronation-day:  
 With open hauds, and with extended space  
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.  
 Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man,  
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:  
 Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,  
 And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.  
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;  
 The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:  
 And blood began its first and loudest cry,  
 For differing worship of the Deity.  
 Thus Persecution rose, and further space  
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.  
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,  
 Content to fold them from the famish'd beast:  
 Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless kind  
 Were never of the persecuting kind.  
 Such pity now the pious pastor shows,  
 Such mercy from the British lion flows,  
 That both provide protection from their foes.  
 Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,  
 Which never did those monsters entertain!  
 The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance  
 No native claim of just inheritance.  
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,  
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.  
 Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share  
 The common benefit of vital air.  
 Themselves unharmed, let them live unharmed;  
 Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:  
 Here, only in nocturnal bowlings bold,  
 They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.  
 More powerful, and as vigilant as they,  
 The Lion awfully forbids the prey. [sore,  
 Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine  
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:  
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.  
 These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,  
 And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,  
 Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe  
 A slieny-born and sun-begotten tribe;  
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,  
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.  
 These gross, half-animated, humps I leave;  
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.  
 But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher  
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:  
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay:  
 So drossy, so divisible are they,  
 As would but serve pure bodies for alloy:  
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things  
 As only buz to Heaven with evening wings;  
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,  
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.  
 They know not beings, and but hate a name;  
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.  
 The Panther sure the noblest, next the Hind,  
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind;

Oh, could her inborn stains be wash'd away,  
 She were too good to be a beast of prey!  
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,  
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend?  
 Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she  
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.  
 Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak:  
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.  
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,  
 The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.  
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,  
 She half commits who sins but in her will.  
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,  
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,  
 Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for Hell,  
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;  
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,  
 It seems a soft dismission from the sky.  
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence  
 Her clergy-heralds make in her defence.  
 A second century not half-way run,  
 Since the new honours of her blood begun.  
 A Lion old, obscene, and furious made  
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;  
 Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,  
 Covering adultery with a specious name:  
 So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,  
 A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.  
 God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause,  
 To trample down divine and human laws:  
 Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate  
 Alike destructive both to church and state:  
 The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince  
 By luxury reform'd incontinence;  
 By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.  
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;  
 Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide,  
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd!  
 Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,  
 And matin bells, a melancholy cry,  
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, "increase and multiply."

Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face;  
 Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace:  
 A down-hill reformation rolls apace.  
 What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,  
 Or, till they waste their pamp'ring paunches, wait?  
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,  
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to Heaven;  
 For his Arabian prophet with delights  
 Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.  
 The jolly Luther, reading him, began  
 To interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;  
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,  
 And make the paths of Paradise more sweet:  
 Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,  
 For 'twas uneasy travelling alone;  
 And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,  
 Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.  
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock  
 Th' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,  
 Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show  
 Their diligence of careful herds below. [head,

Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her  
 Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,  
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,  
 The crossier wielded, and the mitre wore.  
 Her upper part of decent discipline  
 Show'd affectation of an ancient line;

And fathers, councils, church, and church's head,  
 Were on her reverend phylacterics read.  
 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,  
 Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.  
 Thus, like a creature of a double kind,  
 In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.  
 To foreign lands no sound of her is come,  
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.  
 Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,  
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:  
 Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,  
 And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.  
 In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,  
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends,  
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join;  
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.  
 A real presence all her sons allow,  
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,  
 Because the Godhead 's there they know not how,  
 Her novices are taught, that bread and wine  
 Are but the visible and outward sign,  
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join.  
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,  
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd;  
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive:  
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave?  
 For what is signify'd and understood,  
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.  
 Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know  
 They take the sign, and take the substance too.  
 The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,  
 But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost;  
 But sure no church can better morals boast.  
 True to her king her principles are found;  
 Oh that her practice were but half so sound!  
 Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,  
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:  
 Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,  
 That interest or obligation made the tie.  
 Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,  
 Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,  
 Whose tender branches round the poplar twine,  
 She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,  
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife:  
 A rare example! but some souls we see  
 Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:  
 Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone;  
 Resolv'd into a baser form they run,  
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the Sun,  
 Let this be Nature's frailty, or her fate,  
 Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate;  
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,  
 No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,  
 Because she wants innate authority;  
 For how can she constrain them to obey,  
 Who has herself cast off the lawful way?  
 Rebellion equals all; and those, who toil  
 In common theft, will share the common spoil.  
 Let her produce the title and the right  
 Against her old superiors first to fight;  
 If she reform by text, ev'n that 's as plain  
 For her own rebels to reform again.  
 As long as words a different sense will bear,  
 And each may be his own interpreter,  
 Our airy faith will no foundation find:  
 The word 's a weathercock for every wind:  
 The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;  
 The most in power supplies the present gale.

he wretched Panther cries aloud for aid  
 to church and councils, whom she first betray'd ;  
 to help from fathers or tradition's train :  
 those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,  
 and by that scripture, which she once abus'd  
 to reformation, stands herself accus'd.  
 What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,  
 apounding which she owns herself may err ?  
 and, after all her winding ways are try'd,  
 if doubts arise, she slips herself aside,  
 and leaves the private conscience for the guide.  
 Then that conscience set th' offender free,  
 bars her claim to church authority.  
 How can she censure, or what crime pretend,  
 if scripture may be construed to defend ?  
 when those, whom for rebellion she transmits  
 to civil power, her doctrine first acquits ;  
 because no disobedience can ensue,  
 where no submission to a judge is due ;  
 each judging for himself by her consent,  
 whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.  
 To oppose the magistrates revenge her cause,  
 is only for transgressing human laws.  
 How answering to its end a church is made,  
 whose power is but to counsel and persuade !  
 a solid rock, on which secure she stands !  
 eternal house not built with mortal hands !  
 a sure defence against th' infernal gate,  
 patent during pleasure of the state !  
 Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,  
 mere mock queen of a divided herd ;  
 whom soon by lawful power she might control,  
 herself a part submitted to the whole.  
 When, as the Moon who first receives the light  
 by which she makes our nether regions bright,  
 might she shine, reflecting from afar  
 her rays she borrow'd from a better star ;  
 and with the beams which from her mother flow,  
 and reigning o'er the rising tides below :  
 now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,  
 and meanly flatters her inveterate foes,  
 till while she rules, and losing every hour  
 her wretched remnants of precarious power.  
 One evening, while the cooler shade she  
 sought,  
 evolving many a melancholy thought,  
 alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,  
 with rueful visage, for her vanish'd train :  
 one of her sylvan subjects made their court ;  
 eaves and couchées pass'd without resort.  
 How hardly can usurpers manage well  
 those whom they first instructed to rebel.  
 More liberty begets desire of more ;  
 the hunger still increases with the store.  
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood  
 as if his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,  
 ask'd no permission to the neighbouring food.  
 The Panther, full of inward discontent,  
 since they would go, before them wisely went ;  
 supplying want of power by drinking first,  
 as if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.  
 Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,  
 shield from far the common watering-place,  
 or durst approach ; till with an awful roar  
 the sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.  
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings  
 along,  
 watching the motions of her patron's eye,  
 and drank a sober draught ; the rest amaz'd  
 stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd ;

Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find  
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,  
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.  
 They thought at first they dream'd ; for 'twas offence  
 With them, to question certitude of sense,  
 Their guide in faith : but nearer when they drew,  
 And had the faultless object full in view,  
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue !  
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,  
 Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage restrain'd,  
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.  
 Whether for love or interest, every sect  
 Of all the savage nation show'd respect.  
 The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd ;  
 The more the company, the less they fear'd.  
 The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,  
 Yet could not howl ; the Hind had seen him first :  
 But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.  
 For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair  
 To ferny heaths, and to their forest laze,  
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,  
 Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way :  
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk  
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.  
 With much good will the motion was embrac'd,  
 To chat a while on their adventures pass'd :  
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot  
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.  
 Yet wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,  
 Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,  
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present  
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,  
 Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,  
 Considering her a well-bred civil beast,  
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest.  
 After some common talk what rumours ran,  
 The lady of the spotted-muff began.

## PART II.

"DAME," said the Panther, "times are mended well,  
 Since late among the Philistines you fell.  
 The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground  
 With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round ;  
 Th' enclosure narrow'd ; the sagacious power  
 Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.  
 'Tis true, the younger Lion scap'd the snare,  
 But all your priestly calves lay struggling there ;  
 As sacrifices on their altars laid ;  
 While you, their careful mother, wisely fled,  
 Nor trusting Destiny to save your head.  
 For whate'er promises you have apply'd  
 To your unfailing church, the surer side  
 Is four fair legs in danger to provide.  
 And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,  
 Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,  
 The better luck was yours to scape so well."  
 "As I remember," said the sober Hind,  
 "Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,  
 As well as me ; and with the self-same throw,  
 To catch the quarry and the vermin too,  
 Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.  
 Forgive you take it now, the common cry  
 Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.  
 Besides, in popery they thought you nurs'd,  
 As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,  
 Because some forms, and ceremonies some  
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.

Dumb you were born indod; but thinking long,  
The text, it seems, at last has loos'd your tongue.  
And to explain what your forefathers meant,  
By real presence in the sacrament,  
After long fencing push'd against a wall,  
Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all:  
There chang'd your faith, and what may change  
may fall.

Who can believe what varies every day,  
Nor ever was, nor will be, at a stay?"  
"Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,  
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible."  
Reply'd the Panther: "grant such presence were,  
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.  
A real virtue we by faith receive,  
And that we in the sacrament believe."  
"Then," said the Hind, "as you the matter state,  
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;  
For real, as you now the word expound,  
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.  
Methinks an *Esop's* fable you repeat;  
You know who took the shadow for the meat:  
Your church's substance thus you change at will,  
And yet retain your former figure still.  
I freely grant you spoke to save your life;  
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.  
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,  
But, after all, against yourself you swore;  
Your former self: for every hour your form  
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.  
This fear and interest will prevail with some;  
For all have not the gift of martyrdom."

The Panther grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:  
"That men may err was never yet deny'd.  
But, if that common principle be true,  
The canon, dame, is level'd full at you.  
But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see  
That wondrous wight Infallibility.  
Is he from Heav'n, this mighty champion, come:  
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?  
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,  
Or else conclude that nothing has no place."  
"Suppose, though I disown it," said the Hind,  
"The certain mansion were not yet assign'd:  
The doubtful residence no proof can bring  
Against the plain existence of the thing.  
Because philosophers may disagree,  
If sight emission or reception be,  
Shall it be thence infer'd, I do not see?  
But you require an answer positive,  
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;  
For fallacies in universals live.  
I then affirm that this unfailling guide  
In pope and general councils must reside;  
Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees  
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:  
On this undoubted sense the church relies.  
'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space,  
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.  
Some, who to greater length extend the line,  
The church's after-acceptation join.  
This last circumference appears too wide;  
The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;  
As members, by their representatives  
Oblig'd to laws, which prince and senate gives.  
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:  
In pope and council who denies the place,  
Assisted from above with God's unfailling grace?  
Those canons all the needful points contain;  
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,

That no disputes about the doubtful text  
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.  
If any should in after-times appear, [clear:  
New councils must be call'd, to make the meaning  
Because in them the power supreme resides;  
And all the promities are to the guides.  
This may be taught with sound and safe defence:  
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,  
Who, setting councils, pope, and church aside,  
Are every man his own presuming guide.  
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,  
And every needful point of truth contain:  
All who can read interpreters may be:  
Thus, though your several churches disagree;  
Yet every saint has to himself alone  
The secret of this philosophic stone.  
These principles your jarring sects unite,  
When differing doctors and disciples fight.  
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,  
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;  
Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd  
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;  
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,  
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse;  
No matter what dissension leaders make,  
Where every private man may save a stake:  
Rul'd by the scripture and his own advice,  
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;  
Where, driving in a circle slow or fast,  
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.  
A wondrous charity you have in store  
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door:  
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.  
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;  
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:  
Himself was to secure his chosen race,  
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,  
And he allow'd to be the better man,  
In virtue of his holier Alcoran."  
"True," said the Panther, "I shall ne'er deny  
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:  
Though Huguenots condemn our ordination,  
Succession, ministerial vocation;  
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,  
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:  
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,  
The word in needful points is only plain."  
"Needless, or needful, I not now contend,  
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend."  
Rejoin'd the matron: "but the rule you lay  
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,  
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.  
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,  
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?  
And did not these by gospel texts alone  
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?  
Have not all heretics the same pretence  
To plead the scriptures in their own defence?  
How did the Nicene council then decide  
That strong debate? was it by scripture try'd?  
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;  
Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field:  
That was but civil war, an equal set,  
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.  
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,  
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?  
The good old bishops took a simpler way;  
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,  
Or how he was instructed in his youth,  
And by tradition's force upheld the truth."

The Panther smil'd at this; "And when," said she,  
Were those first councils disallow'd by me?  
Where did I at sure tradition strike,  
Provided still it were apostolic?"

"Friend," said the Hind, "you quit your former  
ground,

Where all your faith you did on scripture found:  
But 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;  
But thus your memory betrays your wit."

"No," said the Panther; "for in that I view,  
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true,  
Set them by the rule, and, as they square,  
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,  
His oral fiction, that old faith declare.

HIND. "The council steer'd, it seems, a different  
course;

They try'd the scripture by tradition's force:  
But you tradition by the scripture try;  
Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,  
For dare on one foundation to rely.

The word is then depos'd, and in this view  
'O rule the scripture, not the scripture you."  
Hus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd:  
I see, tradition then is disallow'd,

When not evinc'd by scripture to be true,  
And scripture, as interpreted by you.

But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;  
Unless you could infallibly expound:

Which you reject as odious popery,  
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.

Oppose we on things traditive divide,  
And both appeal to scripture to decide;

By various texts we both uphold our claim,  
And, often, ground our titles on the same:

After long labour lost, and time's expense,  
You both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.

Hus all disputes for ever must depend;  
Or no dumb rule can controversies end.

Hus, when you said, 'tradition must be try'd  
By sacred writ,' whose sense yourselves decide,

You said no more, but that yourselves must be  
The judges of the scripture sense, not we.

Against our church-tradition you declare,  
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:

And least 'tis prov'd against your argument,  
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent."

"If not by scriptures, how can we be sure,"  
Reply'd the Panther, "what tradition's pure?  
Or you may palm upon us new for old:  
Still, as they say, that glitters is not gold."

"How but by following her," reply'd the dame,  
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;

Where every age does on another move,  
And trusts no further than the next above;

Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,  
The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the skies."

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,  
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,

And said but this: "Since lucre was your trade,  
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,  
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and you  
Leave the ladder, and its omen too." [sweet;

HIND. "The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for  
Out from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:

You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,  
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.

As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd:  
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;

Reduce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors use,  
As ancient as those ages they accuse;

Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:  
An old possession stands, till elder quits the claim.

Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone  
To load with envy, we retort your own.

For when traditions in your faces fly,  
Resolving not to yield, you must decry.

As, when the cause goes hard, the guilty man  
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;

So, when you stand of other aid bereft,  
You to the twelve apostles would be left.

Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide  
To set those toys, traditions, quite aside;

And fathers too, unless when, reason spent,  
He cites them but sometimes for ornament.

But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,  
Are not so wise as your adulterer:

The private spirit is a better blind,  
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.

For they, who left the scripture to the crowd,  
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd,

The way to please them was to make them proud  
Thus with full sails they ran upon the shuff;

Who could suspect a cozenage from himself?  
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,

Than be deceiv'd, and damn'd at second-hand.  
But you, who fathers and traditions take,

And garble some, and some you quite forsake,  
Pretending church-authority to fix,

And yet some grains of private spirit mix,  
Are like a mule made up of differing seed,

And that's the reason why you never breed;  
At least not propagate your kind abroad,

For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.  
And yet they grow upon you every day,

While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,  
For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle  
way.

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,  
Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood:

Of all expedients never one was good.  
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,

If we must fix on church authority,  
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;

That must be better still, if this be good.  
Shall she command who has herself rebell'd?  
Is antichrist by antichrist expell'd?

Did we a lawful tyranny displace,  
To set aloft a bastard of the race?

Why all these wars to win the book, if we  
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?

Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.  
For purging fires traditions must not fight;

But they must prove episcopacy's right.  
Thus those led horses are from service freed;

You never mount them but in time of need.  
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,  
They will not serve against their native prince.

Against domestic foes of hierarchy  
These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;

But, when they see their countrymen at hand,  
Marching against them under church-command,

Straight they forsake their colours, and disband."  
Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge

With weak defence against so strong a charge;  
But said: "For what did Christ his word provide,  
If still his church must want a living guide?

And if all-saving doctrines are not there,  
Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,  
From after-ages we should hope in vain  
For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain."

"Before the word was written," said the Hind,  
 "Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:  
 From his apostles the first age receiv'd  
 Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.  
 Thus by tradition faith was planted first;  
 Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.  
 This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,  
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose)  
 To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.  
 He could have writ himself, but well foresaw  
 Th' event would be like that of Moes's law;  
 Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,  
 Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.  
 No written laws can be so plain, so pure,  
 But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;  
 Not those indited by his first command,  
 A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.  
 Thus faith was, ere the written word appear'd,  
 And men believ'd not what they read but heard.  
 But since th' apostles could not be confin'd  
 To these, or those, but severally design'd  
 Their large commission round the world to blow;  
 To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.  
 Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;  
 They hearken'd still, for love produces care.  
 And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,  
 Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,  
 As charity grew cold, or faction hot,  
 Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,  
 For all their wants they wisely did provide,  
 And preaching by epistles was supply'd:  
 So great physicians cannot all attend,  
 But some they visit, and to some they send.  
 Yet all those letters were not writ to all;  
 Nor first intended but occasional,  
 Their absent sermons; nor if they contain  
 All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.  
 Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;  
 They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.  
 And what one saint has said of holy Paul,  
 'He darkly writ,' is true apply'd to all.  
 For this obscurity could Heaven provide  
 More prudently than by a living guide,  
 As doubts arose, the difference to decide?  
 A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;  
 And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.  
 Thus, with due reverence to th' apostles' writ,  
 By which my sons are taught, to which submit;  
 I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,  
 The church alone can certainly explain;  
 That following ages, leaning on the past,  
 May rest upon the primitive at last.  
 Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,  
 But none without the church-interpreter.  
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,  
 And is itself the subject of dispute.  
 But what th' apostles their successors taught,  
 They to the next, from them to us is brought;  
 Th' undoubted sense which is in scripture sought.  
 From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,  
 To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;  
 And, safe en'rench'd within, her foes without desies,  
 By these all festering sores her councils heal,  
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;  
 For discord cannot end without a last appeal.  
 Nor can a council national decide,  
 But with subordination to her guide:  
 (I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)  
 Much less the scripture; for suppose debate  
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,

Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;  
 (Such is our dying Saviour's testament)  
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;  
 The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:  
 All vouch the words their interest to maintain,  
 And each pretends by those his cause is plain.  
 Shall then the testament award the right?  
 No, that 's the Hungary for which they fight;  
 The field of battle, subject of debate;  
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.  
 The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear  
 What vowels and what consonants are there.  
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd  
 Before some judge appointed to decide."  
 "Suppose," the fair apostate said, "I grant,  
 The faithful flock some living guide should want,  
 Your arguments an endless chase pursue:  
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,  
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew."  
 The dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,  
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;  
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky,  
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,  
 Pronounc'd his words—"she whom ye seek  
 am I."

Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,  
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.  
 Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:  
 "Let all your profits and their sects be view'd,  
 And see to which of them yourselves think fit  
 The conduct of your conscience to submit:  
 Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,  
 With absolute exclusion to the rest:  
 Thus would your Polish diet disagree,  
 And end, as it began, in anarchy:  
 Yourself the fairest for election stand,  
 Because you seem crown-general of the land:  
 But soon against your superstitious laws  
 Some presbyterian sabre would be drawn:  
 In your establish'd laws of sovereignty  
 The rest some fundamental flaw would see,  
 And call rebellion, gospel-liberty.  
 To church-decrees your articles require  
 Submission mollify'd, if not entire.  
 Homage deny'd, to censure you proceed:  
 But when Curtana will not do the deed,  
 You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,  
 And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.  
 Now this your sects the more unkindly take,  
 Those prying varlets hit the blots you make,  
 Because some ancient friends of yours declare  
 Your only rule of faith the scriptures are,  
 Interpreted by men of judgment sound,  
 Which every sect will for themselves expound;  
 Nor think less reverence to their doctors due  
 For sound interpretation, than to you.  
 If then, by able heads, are understood  
 Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;  
 Those able heads expound a wiser way,  
 That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.  
 But if you mean yourselves are only sound,  
 That doctrine turns the Reformation round,  
 And all the rest are false reformers found;  
 Because in sundry points you stand alone,  
 Not in communion join'd with any one;  
 And therefore must be all the church, or none.  
 Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,  
 Against this forc'd submission they protest:  
 While sound and soundly different sense explains,  
 Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;

And from their chairs each other's force defy,  
 While unregarded thunders vainly fly.  
 I pass the rest, because your church alone  
 Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.  
 But neither you, nor any sect beside,  
 For this high office can be qualify'd,  
 With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.  
 For that, which must direct the whole, must be  
 Bound in one bond of faith and unity:  
 But all your several churches disagree.  
 The consubstantiating church and priest  
 Refuse communion to the Calvinist:  
 The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,  
 Because you judge their ordination vain;  
 And so they judge of yours, but honors must ordain.  
 In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,  
 Not one reform'd can with another join:  
 But all from each, as from damnation, fly;  
 No union they pretend, but in non-popery:  
 Nor, should their members in a synod meet,  
 Could any church presume to mount the seat,  
 Above the rest, their discords to decide;  
 None would obey, but each would be the guide:  
 And face to face dissensions would increase;  
 For only distance now preserves the peace.  
 All in their turns accensers, and accus'd:  
 Babel was never half so much confus'd:  
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;  
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal,  
 And all confess themselves are fallible.  
 Now since you grant some necessary guide,  
 All who can err are justly laid aside:  
 Because a trust so sacred to confer  
 Shows want of such a sure interpreter;  
 And how can he be needful who can err?  
 Then granting that unerring guide we want,  
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:  
 Our Saviour else were wanting, to supply  
 Our needs, and obviate that necessity.  
 It then remains, that church can only be  
 The guide, which owns unfailling certainty;  
 Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,  
 Relapsing from a necessary guide.  
 But this annex'd condition of the crown,  
 Immunity from errors, you disown;  
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions  
 For petty royalties you raise debate; [down.  
 But this unfailling universal state  
 You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious  
 weight;  
 And for that cause those promises detest,  
 With which our Saviour did his church invest;  
 But strive t' evade, and fear to find them true,  
 As conscious they were never meant to you:  
 All which the mother-church asserts her own,  
 And with unrival'd claim ascends the throne.  
 So when of old th' almighty Father sate  
 In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,  
 Millions of millions, at a distance round,  
 Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,  
 To hear what mercy, mixt with justice, could pro-  
 pound:  
 All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil  
 The full extent of their Creator's will.  
 But when the stern conditions were declar'd,  
 A mournful whisper through the host was heard,  
 And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,  
 Submissively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.  
 Then, not till then, th' eternal-Son from high  
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity;

Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent  
 A weight, which all the frame of Heaven had bent,  
 Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.  
 Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,  
 That ev'n the bleas'd sects may find her out,  
 Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,  
 What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows  
 To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse.  
 Behold what marks of majesty she brings;  
 Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:  
 Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,  
 To show whom she commands, and who obeys:  
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free,  
 With that to assert spiritual royalty.

"One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,  
 Entire, one solid shining diamond;  
 Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:  
 One is the church, and must be to be true;  
 One central principle of unity,  
 As undivided, so from errors free,  
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.  
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage  
 Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:  
 Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,  
 She stoops from Heaven, and meets them half way  
 down,

And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.  
 But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,  
 And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,  
 To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land:  
 You could, like them, with like infernal force,  
 Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.  
 But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace  
 And public scandal, sat upon the face,  
 Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,  
 They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;  
 Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.  
 Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,  
 Like the fair Ocean from her mother-bed;  
 From east to west triumphantly she rides,  
 All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.  
 The gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,  
 Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,  
 The self-same doctrine of the sacred page  
 Convey'd to every clime, in every age.

"Here let my sorrow give my satire place,  
 To raise new blushes on my British race;  
 Our sailing ships like common-sewers we use,  
 And through our distant colonies diffuse  
 The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews.  
 Whom, when their homebred honesty is lost,  
 We disembogue on some far Indian coast:  
 Thieves, panders, paillards, sins of every sort;  
 Those are the manufactures we export;  
 And these the missionaries our zeal has made:  
 For, with my country's pardon be it said,  
 Religion is the least of all our trade.

"Yet some improve their traffic more than we;  
 For they on gain, their only god, rely,  
 And set a public price on piety.  
 Industrious of the needle and the chart,  
 They run full sail to their Japonian mart;  
 Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,  
 Sell all of Christian to the very name;  
 Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked  
 shame.

"Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,  
 Not one of all can be apply'd to you:  
 Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek  
 Th' ambitious title of apostolic:

Godlike descent! 'tis well your blood can be  
 Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:  
 For all of ancient that you had before,  
 (I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)  
 Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;  
 Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,  
 By care and time recover'd from the blast.  
 "'Tis said a . . . ease, but never can be prov'd,  
 The church her o, i foundations has remov'd,  
 And built new doctrines on unstable sands:  
 Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet  
 she stands.

Those ancient doctrines, charg'd on her for new,  
 Show, when, and how, and from what hands they  
 We claim no power, when heresies grow bold, [grew.  
 To coin new faith, but still declare the old.  
 How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,  
 When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?  
 To prove tradition new, there 's somewhat more  
 Requird, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.  
 Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,  
 Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.

"Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,  
 The first plantations of the gospel's youth;  
 Old standard faith: but cast your eyes again,  
 And view those errors which new sects maintain,  
 Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful reign;  
 And we can point each period of the time,  
 When they began, and who begot the crime;  
 Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,  
 Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:  
 Of all which are already pass'd away,  
 We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

"Despair at our foundations then to strike,  
 Till you can prove your faith apostolic;  
 A limpid stream drawn from the native source;  
 Succession lawful in a lineal course.  
 Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,  
 So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,  
 Under one chief of the spiritual state,  
 The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.  
 Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,  
 In no communion join'd with heresy.  
 If such a one you find, let truth prevail:  
 Till when your weights will in the balance fail:  
 A church unprincipled kicks up the scale.  
 But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can  
 Suppose in God what were unjust in man)  
 That he, the fountain of eternal grace,  
 Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,  
 To banish truth, and to usurp her place:  
 That seven successive ages should be lost,  
 And preach damnation at their proper cost;  
 That all your erring ancestors should die,  
 Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry:  
 If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,  
 Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:  
 God hath left nothing for each age undone,  
 From this to that wherein he sent his Son: [done.  
 Then think but well of him, and half your work is  
 See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,  
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,  
 Stands ready to prevent a long-lost son's embrace.  
 Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,  
 Nor less himself could from discovery keep,  
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,  
 And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.  
 That pious Joseph in the church behold,  
 To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;  
 The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold."

Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,  
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;  
 Shot from the skies; a cheerful azure light:  
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,  
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty  
 spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,  
 For James's late nocturnal victory;  
 The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,  
 The fireworks which his angels made above.  
 I saw myself the lambent easy light  
 Gild the brow horror, and dispel the night:  
 The messenger with speed the tidings bore:  
 News, which three labouring nations did restore;  
 But Heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,  
 And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell.  
 When she, by frequent observation wise,  
 As one who long on Heaven had fix'd her eyes,  
 Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.  
 The western borders were with crimson spread,  
 The Moon descending look'd all-flaming red;  
 She thought good-manners bound her to invite  
 The stranger dame to be her guest that night.  
 "'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast."  
 She said, "were weak inducements to the taste  
 Of one so nicely bred, and so us'd to fast:  
 But what plain fare her cottage could afford,  
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,  
 Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,  
 An honest meaning, and an open breast:  
 Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,  
 A grace-cup to their common patron's health.  
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,  
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,  
 Because she wanted an unerring guide,  
 And then the dew-drops on her silken hide  
 Her tender constitution did declare,  
 Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,  
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.  
 But most she fear'd, that, travelling so late,  
 Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,  
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate."

The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,  
 Had more of lion in her than to fear:  
 Yet, wisely weighing, since she had to deal  
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail,  
 Return'd her all the thanks she could afford;  
 And took her friendly hostess at her word:  
 Who entering first her lowly roof, a shed  
 With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,  
 Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,  
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:  
 "So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,  
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;  
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,  
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.  
 This peaceful seat my poverty secures;  
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures:  
 Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode  
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives, a God;  
 A God victorious, of a Stygian race,  
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctify'd the place.  
 This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:  
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,  
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain."  
 The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see  
 Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:  
 And, though ill habits are not soon control'd,  
 A while suspended her desire of gold.



at civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,  
 or violating hospitable laws,  
 and pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.  
 The Hind did first her country cates provide;  
 then couch'd herself securely by her side.

## PART III.

Let malice mingled with a little wit,  
 perhaps may censure this mysterious writ:  
 because the Muse has peopled Caledon [known,  
 with Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts un-  
 known, as if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.  
 Let Esop answer, who has set to view  
 such actions as Greece and Phrygia never knew;  
 and mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,  
 has sharply blam'd a British Lioness;  
 that queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,  
 expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.  
 And by those great examples, may not I  
 be wanted organs of their words supply?  
 'Tis men transact like brutes, 'tis equal them  
 or brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,  
 to entertain a dangerous guest by night,  
 or those remember, that she cannot die  
 till rolling time is lost in round eternity;  
 or need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,  
 because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:  
 he wary savages would not give offence,  
 or forfeit the protection of her prince;  
 but watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,  
 when all her furry sons in frequent senate met.  
 Meanwhile she quench'd her fury at the flood,  
 and with a lenten sallied cool'd her blood. [scant,  
 their commons, though but coarse, were nothing  
 or did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove  
 to express her plain simplicity of love,  
 to bid all the honours of her house so well,  
 to sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.  
 she turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,  
 to common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme;  
 remembering every storm which toss'd the state,  
 when both were objects of the public hate,  
 and dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make  
 of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:  
 for lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,  
 her faith unshaken to an evil'd heir,  
 her strength to endure, her courage to defy;  
 for choice of honourable infamy.  
 In these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd;  
 when with acknowledgment herself she charg'd;  
 for friendship, of itself an holy tie,  
 made more sacred by adversity.  
 How should they part, malicious tongues would say,  
 they met like chance companions on the way,  
 whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;  
 while danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;  
 but, that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends:  
 he road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was done,  
 and thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:  
 he said, her gratitude had gone too far  
 or common offices of Christian care.  
 He to the lawful heir she had been true,  
 he paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.

"I might," she added, "with like praise describe  
 Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe:  
 But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;  
 For gifts are scorn'd, where givers are despis'd.  
 I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;  
 You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,  
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's  
 day."

This heard, the matron was not slow to find  
 What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:  
 Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despair,  
 And canker'd Malice, stood in open sight:  
 Ambition, Interest, Pride without control,  
 And Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;  
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,  
 With all the lean tormentors of the will.  
 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose  
 Her new-made union with her ancient foes,  
 Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,  
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face:  
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,  
 As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;  
 But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart,  
 And mildly thus her medicine did impart.

"Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;  
 It shows a rest of kindness to complain;  
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold;  
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.  
 But much more just your jealousy would shew,  
 If others' good were injury to you:  
 Witness, ye Heavens, how I rejoice to see  
 Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.  
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,  
 The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,  
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,  
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:  
 When virtue spoons before a prosperous gale,  
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;  
 And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,  
 Cæsar should still have such, and such should still  
 reward."

"The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and  
 'Tis just you reap the product of the field; [till'd;  
 Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain  
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.  
 Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,  
 Your charity for alms may safely spare,  
 For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.  
 My daily bread is literally implor'd;  
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.  
 If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,  
 Say which of yours his charity offends: [friends.  
 You know he largely gives to more than are his  
 Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?  
 Our mite decreases nothing of your store.  
 I am but few, and by your fare you see  
 My crying sins are not of luxury.  
 Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,  
 And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;  
 For barefac'd envy is too base a cause."

"Show more occasion for your discontent;  
 Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:  
 Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,  
 Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.  
 When at the fountain's head, as merit ought  
 To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,  
 How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,  
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams below:  
 Or call her (when no further cause you find)  
 An enemy profess'd of all your kind."

But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,  
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink."

This last allusion gall'd the Panther more,  
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore. [pain'd:  
Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly  
But thus her passive character maintain'd.

"I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,  
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.  
You have your day, or you are much bety'd,  
But I am always on the suffering side:  
You know my doctrine, and I need not say  
I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm principle I ever stood;  
He of my sons who fails to make it good,  
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

"Ah," said the Hind, "how many sons have you,  
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!  
But most of them who that relation plead,  
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,  
And fain would nibble at your grandame, Gold;  
Inquire into your years, and laugh to find  
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.  
Were you not dim, and doted, you might see  
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,  
No more of kin to you than you to me.  
Do you not know, that for a little coin,  
Heralds can foist a name into the line?  
They ask you blessing but for what you have,  
But once possess'd of what with care you save,  
The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.

"Your sons of latitude that court your grace,  
Though most resembling you in form and face,  
Are far the worst of your pretended race.  
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,  
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:  
For in some pop'ish libels I have read,  
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed:  
At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,  
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.  
Their malice too a sore suspicion brings;  
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at kings:  
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;  
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

"Think you your new French proselytes are come  
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?  
Your benefices twinkled from afar;  
They found the new Messiah by the star:  
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,  
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.  
Mark with what management their tribes divide,  
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,  
That many churches may for many mouths provide.  
More vacant pulpits would more converts make;  
All would have latitude enough to take:  
The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain;  
For ordinations without cures are vain,  
And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;  
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease:  
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;  
But harden, and preserve it best in gold."

"Your Delphic sword," the Panther then reply'd,  
"Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.  
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield  
Three steeples argent in a sable field,  
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,  
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;  
Such who themselves of no religion are,  
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.

Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;  
But dint of argument is out of place:  
The grim logician puts them in a fright;  
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.  
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;  
They say the schism of beds began the game,  
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:  
Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,  
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest:  
I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,  
And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd.  
For sundry years before he did complain,  
And told his ghostly confessor his pain.  
With the same impudence, without a ground,  
They say that, look the Reformation round,  
No treatise of humility is found.  
But if none were, the gospel does not want;  
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,  
The sermon on the mount was protestant."

"No doubt," reply'd the Hind, "as sure as all  
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:  
On that decision let it stand or fall.  
Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed,  
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;  
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,  
If since their change their loaves have been increas'd.  
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,  
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.  
Tax those of interest who conform for gain,  
Or stay the market of another reign:  
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice  
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;  
But, rais'd three steeples higher, would change their  
And quit the cassock for the canting-coat. [note,  
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,  
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.

"Mean time my sons accus'd, by Fame's report,  
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,  
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;  
For silently they beg, who daily wait.  
Preferment is bestow'd, that comes unsought;  
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.  
How they should speed, their fortune is untry'd;  
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.

For what they have, their God and king they bless,  
And hope they should not murmur, had they less.  
But if reduc'd subsistence to improve,  
In common prudence they would pass your door.  
Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,  
Has shown how far your charities extend.  
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,  
'He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.'

"With odious atheist names you load your foes;  
Your liberal clergy why did I expose?  
It never fails in charities like those.

In climes where true religion is profess'd,  
That imputation were no laughing jest.  
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,  
Is here sufficient licence to defame.  
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives?  
The homicide of names is less than lives;  
And yet the perjurd murderer survives."

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd  
The boiling indignation of her breast.  
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would  
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:  
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,  
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.  
So when the generous Lion has in sight  
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;

but when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,  
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,  
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,  
 Walks over and disdains th' inglorious prey.  
 To James, if great with less we may compare,  
 Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air;  
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,  
 To implore the remnants of long-suffering grace."

This breathing-time the matron took; and then  
 Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.

' Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,  
 And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine:  
 If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here  
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,  
 Then welcome infamy and public shame,  
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.  
 'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd  
 By haughty souls to human honour ty'd!  
 O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!  
 Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,  
 And what thou didst and dost so dearly prize,  
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sa-  
 crifice.

'Tis nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears  
 For a long race of unrepenting years:  
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:  
 Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:  
 Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come:  
 Thy father will receive his unthrif home, [sum.  
 And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty

" Thus," she pursued, " I discipline a son,  
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:  
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,  
 And starts aside, and founders at the cross.  
 Instruct him better, gracious God! to know,  
 'Tis thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:  
 That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more  
 Than what his sovereign bears, and what his Savi-  
 our bore.

" It now remains for you to school your child,  
 And ask why God's anointed he revild;  
 A king and princess dead! did Shimei worse?  
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse:  
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,  
 But he who counsel'd him has paid the score:  
 The heavy malice could no higher tend,  
 But woe to him on whom the weights descend!  
 So to permitted ills the demon flies;  
 His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:  
 Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,  
 The foe discharges every tire around,  
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;  
 But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

" In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;  
 So that long story little answer needs:  
 Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.  
 Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,  
 What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.  
 The dire effects appear'd in open sight,  
 Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,  
 And yet no larger leap than from the Sun to light.

" Now let your sons a double psalm sound,  
 A treatise of humility is found.  
 'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,  
 Than thus in protestant procession brought.  
 The fam'd original through Spain is known,  
 Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,  
 Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;  
 Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,  
 The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.

My altars kindled first that living coal;  
 Restore or practise better what you stole:  
 That virtue could this humble verse inspire,  
 'Tis all the restitution I require."

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,  
 And none of all her favourite sons expos'd.  
 For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,  
 To make himself a saver where he can.  
 Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell  
 The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;  
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies,  
 And every Algerine is lawful prize.  
 No private person in the foe's estate  
 Can plead exemption from the public fate.  
 Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;  
 Then let the greater supersede the less.  
 But let th' abettors of the Panther's crime  
 Learn to make fairer wars another time.  
 Some characters may sure be found to write  
 Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,  
 A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The savage, though she saw her plea control'd,  
 Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,  
 But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,  
 And judge conversion by the convert's life.  
 " 'Tis true," she said, " I think it somewhat strange,  
 So few should follow profitable change:  
 For present joys are more to flesh and blood,  
 Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,  
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin)  
 Two magnets, Heaven and Earth, allure to bliss;  
 The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:  
 The weak attraction of the greater fails;  
 We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails:  
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,  
 I wonder more your converts come so slow.  
 Methinks in those who firm with me remain,  
 It shows a nobler principle than gain." [ply'd,

" Your inference would be strong," the Hind re-  
 " If yours were in effect the suffering side:  
 Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,  
 Nor are their prospects in reversion less.  
 My proselytes are struck with awful dread;  
 Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their  
 The respite they enjoy but only lent, [head;  
 The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.  
 Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,  
 Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.  
 While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,  
 That is, till man's predominant passions cease,  
 Admire no longer at my slow increase.

" By education most have been misled;  
 So they believe, because they so were bred.  
 The priest continues what the nurse began,  
 And thus the child imposes on the man.  
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:  
 But interest is the most prevailing cheat,  
 The sly seducer both of age and youth;  
 They study that, and think they study truth.  
 When interest fortifies an argument,  
 Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent;  
 For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent.  
 Add long prescription of establish'd laws,  
 And pique of honour to maintain a cause,  
 And shame of change, and fear of future ill,  
 And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;  
 And chief among the still-mistaking crowd,  
 The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,  
 And more than all the private judge allow'd;

Disdain of fathers which the dance began,  
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,  
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman."

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile:  
"Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,  
And range around the realm without control,  
Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,  
And here and there you snap some silly soul.  
You hinted fears of future change in state;  
Pray Heaven you did not prophesy your fate!  
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,  
But may mistake the season of the year;  
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear."

"For charity," reply'd the matron, "tell  
What sad mischance those pretty birds befel."

"Nay, no mischance," the savage Dame reply'd,  
"But want of wit in their unerring guide,  
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.  
Yet wishing timely warning may prevail,  
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale."

"The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest  
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,  
Pursues the Sun in summer brisk and bold,  
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold:  
In well to chancels and to chimnies known,  
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.  
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,  
Endued with particles of soul divine.

This merry chorister had long possess'd  
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest:  
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,  
And Time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;  
The shedding trees began the ground to strow  
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:  
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,  
Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew;  
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,  
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.

"Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,  
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;  
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair:  
All to the general rendezvous repair,  
They try their fluttering wings, and trust them-  
selves in air.

But whether upward to the Moon they go,  
Or dream the winter out in caves below,  
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.

"Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their  
flight,

And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:  
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;  
The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale:  
The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,  
Abhor'd salt-water, never seen before,  
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay  
The passage, and expect a fairer day.

"With these the Martin readily concurr'd,  
A church-begot and church-believing bird;  
Of little body, but of lofty mind,  
Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,  
And much a dunce, as martins are by kind.  
Yet often quoted canon-laws, and code,  
And fathers which he never understood:  
But little learning needs in noble blood.  
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,  
Her household chaplain, and her next of kin:  
In superstition silly to excess,  
And casting schemes by planetary guess:  
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,  
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

"Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,  
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.  
That omen lik'd him not: so his advice  
Was present safety, bought at any price;  
A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.  
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,  
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,  
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,  
With something more, not lawful to express:  
By which he slyly seem'd to intimate  
Some secret revelation of their fate.  
For he concluded, once upon a time,  
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,  
Whose antique characters did well denote  
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:  
The mad divineress had plainly writ,  
A time should come, but many ages yet,  
In which, sinister destinies ordain,  
A dame should drown with all her feather'd train,  
And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.  
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout  
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

"'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort  
Mado all these idle wonderments their sport:  
They said, their only danger was delay,  
And he, who heard what every fool could say,  
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.  
The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,  
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,  
No more than usual equinoxes blew.  
The Sun, already from the Scales declin'd,  
Gave little hopes of better days behind, [wind  
But change from bad to worse of weather and of  
Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky  
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,  
'Twas only water thrown on sails to dry.

But, least of all, philosophy presumes  
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:  
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,  
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight round,  
Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream  
Of Fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:  
As little weight his vain presages bear,  
Of ill effect to such alone who fear:  
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,  
Each Nostradamus can foretell with ease:  
Not naming persons and confounding times,  
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

"Th' advice was true; but fear had seiz'd the  
And all good counsel is on cowards lost. [mist  
The question crudely put to shun delay.  
'Twas carry'd by the major part to stay.

"His point thus gain'd, sir Martin dated these  
His power, and from a priest became a prince.  
He order'd all things with a busy care,  
And cells and refectories did prepare,  
And large provisions laid of winter fare:  
But now and then let fall a word or two  
Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,  
And for their sakes the Sun should backward go;  
Against the laws of Nature upward climb,  
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:  
For which two proofs in sacred story lay,  
Of Abaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.  
In expectation of such times as these,  
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of ease:  
For Martin much devotion did not ask;  
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

"It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit  
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,

hat this accomplish'd, or at least in part,  
ave great repute to their new Merlin's art.  
me Swifts, the giants of the swallow kind,  
urge-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,  
'or Swisses or for Gibeonites design'd)  
hese lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,  
> suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain;  
nd saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)  
ew blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;  
& God had been abroad, and, walking there,  
nd left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:  
he sunny hills from far were seen to glow  
With glittering beams, and in the meads below  
he burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to  
t last they heard the foolish Cuckow sing, [flow.  
/hose note proclaim'd the holy-day of Spring.

"No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,  
nd repossess their patrimonial sky.  
he priest before them did his wings display;  
nd, that good omens might attend their way,  
& luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.

"Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone?  
he canopy of Heaven is all her own:

er youthful offspring to their haunts repair,  
nd glide along in glades, and skim in air,  
nd dip for insects in the purling springs,  
nd stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.  
heir mothers think a fair provision made,  
hat every son can live upon his trade:  
nd, now the careful charge is off their hands,  
ook out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:  
he youthful widow longs to be supply'd;  
ut first the lover is by lawyers ty'd  
o settle jointure-chimnies on the bride.

> thick they couple in so short a-space,  
hat Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace.  
heir ancient houses, running to decay,  
re furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;  
hey teem already; store of eggs are laid,  
nd brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.  
ame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear  
o flocks to greet the new returning year,  
o bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)  
o plant abroad and people colonies.  
he youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,  
'or so their cruel destiny requir'd)  
'ere sent far off on an ill-fated day;  
he rest would needs conduct them on their way,  
nd Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

"So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,  
hat now their afternoon began to waste;  
nd, what was ominous, that very morn  
he Sun was enter'd into Capricorn;  
/hich, by their bad astronomer's account,  
hat week the Virgin Balance should remount,  
n infant Moon eclipse'd him in his way,  
nd hid the small remainders of his day.

he crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark;  
ut birds met birds, and jostled in the dark:  
ew mind the public in a panic fright;  
nd fear increas'd the horror of the night.  
ight came, but unattended with repose;  
lone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:  
lone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.

"What should they do, beset with dangers round,  
o neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,  
ut bleak plains, and bare un hospitable ground.  
he latter brood, who just began to fly,  
ick-feather'd, and unpractic'd in the sky,

For succour to their helpless mother call;  
She spread her wings: some few beneath them crawl;  
She spread them wider yet, but could not cover all.  
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move  
Debate in air for empty fields above,  
Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain  
His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain.

"The joyless morning late arose, and found  
A dreadful desolation reign around,  
Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the ground.  
The rest were struggling still with death, and lay  
The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey:  
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he  
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:  
But, soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,  
He headed all the rabble of a town,  
And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them down.  
Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd  
For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide  
No Martin there in winter shall abide.  
High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,  
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;  
And there his corpse unbleas'd is hanging still,  
To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill."

The patience of the Hind did almost fail;  
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:  
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;  
In malice it began, by malice grows;  
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest reas.  
But most in Martin's character and fate,  
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,  
The people's rage, the persecuting state:  
Then said, "I take th' advice in friendly part:  
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:  
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,  
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:

As for my sons, the family is bless'd,  
Whose every child is equal to the rest:  
No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;  
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:  
Or else an old fanatic author lies,  
Who summed their scandals up by centuries.  
But through your parable I plainly see  
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;  
The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight:  
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.  
Mistake me not; the charge concerns not you:  
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,  
As far as non-resistance makes them so;  
But that's a word of neutral sense, you know,  
A passive term, which no relief will bring,  
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king."

"Rest well assur'd," the Pardelis reply'd,  
"My sons would all support the regal side.  
Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle should be

The matron answer'd with a loud amen, [try'd."  
And thus pursu'd her argument again.  
"If, as you say, and as I hope no less,  
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,  
What angry power prevents our present peace?  
The Lion, studious of our common good,  
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)  
To join our nations in a lasting love:  
The bars betwixt are easy to remove;  
For sanguinary laws were never made above.  
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,  
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,  
Make not a worse example of your own;  
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,  
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.

His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood  
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:  
But you have ground the persecuting knife,  
And set it to a razor edge on life.  
Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,  
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins;  
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's  
    loins

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,  
And stick it on the first reformers' coat.  
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep:  
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.  
Unjust, or just, is all the question now;  
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

"To name the Test, would put you in a rage;  
You charge not that on any former age,  
But smile to think how innocent you stand,  
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.  
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword  
Forg'd by your foes against your sovereign lord;  
Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,  
Defraud succession, and disaier the crown.  
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,  
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.  
What means it else, which now your children say,  
We made it not, nor will we take away?"

"Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight  
Of law, disseiz'd your brother of his right,  
Your common sire surrendering a fright;  
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,  
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?  
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;  
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,  
Nor hang in peace, before he rendered back the  
    gold.

What more could you have done, than now you do,  
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot, been true?  
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;  
Their dire magicians threw their mists around,  
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.  
But now, when Time has made th' imposture plain,  
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held  
    her train)

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?  
The painted harlot night a while bewitch,  
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

"The first reformers were a modest race;  
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;  
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,  
They suffer'd only in the common fate:  
But now the sovereign mounts the regal chair,  
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.  
Your answer is, they were not disposset:  
They need but rub their metal on the test  
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone  
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;  
But that unfaithful test unsound will pass,  
The dross of atheists, and sectarian brass:  
As if th' experiment were made to hold  
For base production, and reject the gold.  
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,  
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:  
No danger to the church or state from these;  
The papist only has his writ of ease.  
No gainful office gives him the pretence  
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.  
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve  
To thrive; but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

"Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race  
We banish not, but they forsake the place;

Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,  
You toss your 'censing test, and fume the room;  
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,  
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell."

To this the Panther sharply had reply'd;  
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,  
She wisely gave the lower leave to chide;  
Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,  
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,  
Because she sued *in forma pauperis*;  
Yet thought it decent something should be said;  
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.  
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,  
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

"Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you  
    bring,

As once Æneas to th' Italian king:  
By long possession all the land is mine;  
You strangers come with your intruding line,  
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.  
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,  
And claim a peaceful seat by Fate's decree.  
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,  
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,  
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,  
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.  
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,  
But still you bring your evil'd gods along;  
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,  
Those household puppets on our hearths to place.  
Perhaps some barbarous laws have been prefer'd;  
I spake against the test, but was not heard;  
These to rescind, and peerage to restore,  
My gracious sovereign would my vote implore:  
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more."

"Conscience is then your plea," reply'd the  
    dame,

Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same.  
But yours is much of the chameleon hue,  
To change the dye with every distant view.  
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,  
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:  
He might have had your statutes and your test;  
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.  
He found your temper, and no further try'd,  
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.  
In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,  
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;  
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his  
    heart.

But when by long experience you had prov'd,  
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;  
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,  
And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace;  
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,  
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;  
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd,  
You thought your sovereign bound to send the tide:  
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,  
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:  
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began  
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;  
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,  
And make a wise alliance with her foes.  
Can Conscience own th' associating name,  
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?  
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.  
But if the cause by battle should be try'd,  
You grant she must espouse the regal side:  
O Proteus Conscience, never to be ty'd!

What Phoebus from the tripod shall disclose,  
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?  
Looner, who learn'd the language of the sky,  
The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;  
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,  
But Interest is her name with men below."

"Conscience or Interest bet, or both in one,"  
The Panther answer'd in a surly tone;  
The first commands me to maintain the crown,  
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.  
My penal laws no sons of yours admit,  
But test excludes your tribe from benefit.  
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,  
Which proudly rising overlooks the land;  
And, once let in, with unresisted sway  
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.  
Think not my judgment leads me to comply  
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:  
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,  
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.

Possess your soul with patience, and attend:  
A more auspicious planet may ascend;  
Good fortune may present some happier time,  
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;  
Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)  
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:  
That little space you safely may allow;  
For all-dispensing power protects you now."

"Hold," said the Hind, "'tis needless to explain;  
You would postpone me to another reign;  
I'll when you are content to be unjust:  
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.  
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,  
Or present profit and inheritance,  
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;  
Who will not now repeal, would persecute.  
To ripen green revenge, your hopes attend,  
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.  
For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more:  
To will hereafter, proves she might before:  
But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door.

"Your care about your banks infers a fear  
Of threatening floods and inundations near;  
If so, a just reprisal would only be  
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;  
And all your jealousies but serve to show,  
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.  
I'll intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,  
To distrust the justice of your cause;  
And argues that the true religion lies  
In those weak adversaries you despise.

"Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;  
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:  
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent  
To us from the dispeopled continent.

"But piety commands me to refrain;  
Those prayers are needless in this monarch's  
reign.

Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,  
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:  
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.  
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide  
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,  
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.  
Your test he would repeal, his peers restore;  
This when he says he means, he means no more."

"Well," said the Panther, "I believe him just,  
And yet—"

"And yet, 'tis but because you must;  
You would be trusted, but you would not trust."

The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd to enlarge  
On power of kings, and their superior charge,  
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice,  
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice  
To hear those echoes given of her once-loyal voice.

The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,  
But could not win; her hour of grace was past.  
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring  
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,  
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy  
Of her late treaty with her new ally:  
Which well she hop'd would more successful prove,  
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.  
The Panther ask'd, "what concord there could be  
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?"  
The dame reply'd: "'Tis sung in every street,  
The common chat of gossips when they meet:  
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while  
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely  
style.

"A plain good man, whose name is understood,  
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)  
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,  
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.  
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,  
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:  
At hand and sea, in many a doubtful fight,  
Was never known a more adventurous knight,  
Who oftner drew his sword, and always for the right.

"As Fortune would, (his fortune came, though  
He took possession of his just estate: [late)  
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent;  
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;  
But overlook'd his Hinds; their pay was just,  
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:  
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;  
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.  
For little souls on little shifts rely,  
And coward arts of mean expedients try;  
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie.  
False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way  
But shows of honest bluntness, to betray:  
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;  
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.  
Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,  
Or Heaven would make a miracle on Earth;  
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen  
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.  
It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive,  
To show plain-dealing once an age may thrive:  
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,  
Exceeded her commission to befriend.

"This grateful man, as Heaven increases'd his store,  
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.  
His house with all convenience was purvey'd;  
The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he  
pray'd;

And in that sacred place his beauteous wife  
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

"Nor did their alms extend to those alone,  
Whom common faith more strictly made their own;  
A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,  
Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.  
Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,  
The greater part degenerate from their kind;  
Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,  
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.  
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;  
Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,  
As corporations privileg'd by laws.

"That house, which harbour to their kind affords,  
Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;  
But, fluttering, there they nestle near the throne,  
And lodge in habitations not their own,  
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.  
Like harpies they could scent a plenteous board,  
Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their lord:  
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;  
They drank, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.  
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;  
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.  
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;  
The preference was but due to Levi's kind:  
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,  
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.  
When once possess'd, they never quit their claim;  
For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heaven's high name;  
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent  
The gift should be profan'd by worldly manage-  
ment.

"Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;  
Though 'tis not thence infer'd the birds were starv'd:  
But that their master did not like the food,  
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.  
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,  
Er'n though they were not Doves, to persecute:  
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)  
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.  
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,  
Which new from treading in their bills they brought:  
But left his Hinds each in his private power,  
That those who like the bran might leave the  
flour.

He for himself, and not for others, chose,  
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;  
But in their faces his devotion paid,  
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,  
And sacred incense on his altars laid.  
Besides these jolly birds, whose corpses impure  
Repaid their commons with their salt manure;  
Another farm he had behind his house,  
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:  
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,  
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread,  
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,  
Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries:  
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,  
A cruise of water, and an ear of corn;  
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought  
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.  
Fain would they flitch that little food away,  
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey,  
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,  
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall:  
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,  
And clap his wings, and call his family  
To sacred rites; and vex th' ethereal powers  
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours;  
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,  
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.  
Beast of a bird, sapinely when he might  
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!  
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,  
Could he not let a bad example die?  
The world was fall'n into an easier way;  
This age knew better than to fast and pray.  
Good sense in sacred worship would appear  
So to begin, as they might end the year.  
Such feats in former times had wrought the fall  
Of crowing Chanticleer, in cloister'd walls,

Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;  
And sister Partlet with her hooded head  
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.  
The way to win the restive world to God,  
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,  
Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer:  
Religion frights us with a mien severe.  
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,  
And put her in undress to make her please:  
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,  
And leave the luggage of good works behind.

"Such doctrines in the pigeon-house were taught:  
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;  
But sure the common cry was all for these,  
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.  
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,  
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail—  
For Vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face,  
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace—  
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,  
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;  
And this grotesque design expos'd to public view.  
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,  
With garden-gods, and barking deities,  
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.  
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,  
It was no libel where it meant to strike.  
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small  
To view the monster crowd'd pigeon-hall:  
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees  
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;  
And by him, a misshapen, ugly race;  
The curse of God was seen on every face:  
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,  
But still the worse they look, the fitter for a send.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find  
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,  
Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know  
The passive church had struck the foremost blow;  
With groundless fears and jealousies possess'd,  
As if this troublesome intruding guest  
Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest.  
A deed his inborn equity abhor'd; [his word  
But Interest will not trust, though God should plight  
A law, the source of many future harms,  
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms;  
With loss of life, if any should be found  
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.  
That bloody statute chiefly was design'd  
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;  
But after-malice did not long forget  
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.  
For them, for their inferiors and allies,  
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise:  
By which unrighteously it was decreed,  
That none to trust or profit should succeed, [weed  
Who would not swallow first a poisonous weed  
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,  
Or hearse-juice to swell them till they burst.

"The patron (as in reason) thought it hard  
To see this inquisition in his yard, [barr'd  
By which the sovereign was of subjects' use de-  
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw  
Th' effects of so unnatural a law:  
But still the dove-house obstinately stood  
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;  
And, which was worse, if any worse could be,  
Repented of their boasted loyalty:  
Now made the champions of a cruel cause,  
And drunk with fumes of popular applause;



For those whom God to ruin has design'd,  
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

"New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,  
Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays;  
And emissary Pigeons had in store,  
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,  
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;  
And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.  
The master smil'd, to see them work in vain,  
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:  
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,  
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts:  
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,  
And fondly clos'd with former enemies,  
For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to be wise.

"After a grave consult what course were best,  
One, more mature in folly than the rest,  
Stood up, and told them with his head aside,  
'That desperate cures must be to desperate ills  
apply'd:

And therefore, since their main impending fear  
Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer,  
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,  
A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:  
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,  
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly:  
One they might trust, their common wrongs to  
wreak:

The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak,  
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,  
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;  
Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lie,  
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.  
I know he hates the pigeon-house and farm,  
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:  
But all his hate on trivial points depends:  
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.  
For pigeon's flesh he seems not much to care;  
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.  
On this high potentate, without delay,  
I wish you would confer the sovereign sway:  
Petition him t' accept the government,  
And let a splendid embassy be sent.'

"This pithy speech prevail'd; and all agreed,  
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.  
'Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,  
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,  
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.  
He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity,  
'God save king Buzzard!' was the general cry.

"A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,  
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height:  
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer:  
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:  
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;  
A prophet form'd to make a female proselyta.  
A theologian more by need than genial bent;  
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.  
Interest in all his actions was discern'd;  
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd:  
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,  
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:  
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;  
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.  
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;  
The most unlucky parasite alive.  
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,  
And then himself pursued his compliment;  
But, by reverse of fortune chas'd away,  
His gifts no longer than their author stay:

He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,  
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.  
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same;  
For in his rage he spares no sovereign's name:  
The hero and the tyrant change their style  
By the same measure that they frown or smile.  
When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,  
The kindness he returns, is to expose;  
For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,  
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;  
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.  
His praise of foes is venomously nice;  
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:  
'A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.'  
Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,  
Because he knows confession stands for one;  
Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,  
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:  
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,  
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;  
Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,  
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.  
Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,  
Invulnerable in his impudence,  
He dares the world; and, eager of a name,  
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.  
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scowers the streets,  
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.  
So fond of loud report, that not to miss  
Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss)  
He rather would be known for what he is.

"Such was, and is, the captain of the Test,  
Though half his virtues are not here express'd;  
The modesty of fame conceals the rest.  
The spleenful Pigeons never could create  
A prince more proper to revenge their hate;  
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save.  
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:  
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,  
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;  
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the  
crowd.

They long their fellow-subjects to enthral,  
Their patron's promise into question call,  
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.

"False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,  
As if the Doves were to be disposess'd;  
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes, did want;  
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.  
The house of prayer is stock'd with large increase;  
Nor doors nor windows can contain the press:  
For birds of every feather fill th' abode;  
Evn' atheists out of envy own a God:  
And reeking from the stews adulterers come,  
Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.  
That Conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,  
Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute:  
No rigour of the laws to be relax'd,  
And much the less, because it was their lord's request:  
They thought it great their sovereign to control,  
And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul.

"'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,  
Were short of power, their purpose to effect:  
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,  
And cuff'd the tender Chikens from their food:  
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,  
Though naming not the patron, to infer  
With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

"But when th' imperial owner did espy,  
That thus they turn'd his grace to villainy,

Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,  
 He strove a temper for th' extremes to find,  
 So to be just, as he might still be kind;  
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom  
 Of sacred strength for every age to come.  
 By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,  
 No rights infrin'g'd, but licence to oppress:  
 Such power have they as factious lawyers long  
 To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.  
 But since his own domestic birds have try'd  
 The dire effects of their destructive pride,  
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,  
 Concluding well within his kingly breast,  
 His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress.  
 He therefore makes all birds of every sect  
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect  
 Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.  
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields  
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields,  
 And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:  
 To Crows the like impartial grace affords,  
 And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds:  
 Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,  
 Each has his district, and his bounds decreed:  
 Combin'd in common interest with his own,  
 But not to pass the Pigeon's Rubicon.

"Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;  
 All prophecy's accomplish'd from above,  
 For Sibiloh comes the sceptre to remove.  
 Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,  
 Like Dionysius to a private rod,  
 The passive church, that with pretended grace  
 Did her distinctive mark in duty place,  
 Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

"What after happen'd is not hard to guess:  
 The small beginnings had a large increase,  
 And arts and wealth succeed, the secret spoils of  
 peace.

'Tis said, the Doves repented, though too late,  
 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:  
 Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;  
 But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:  
 Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,  
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.

"The Buzzard, not content with equal place,  
 Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;  
 To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,  
 And all together make a seeming goodly flight:  
 But each have separate interests of their own;  
 Two czars are one too many for a throne.  
 Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food;  
 Already he has tasted Pigeon's blood:  
 And may be tempted to his former fare,  
 When this indulgent lord shall late to Heaven repair.  
 Bare bending times, and moulting mouths may come,  
 When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;  
 Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)  
 Like the tumultuous college of the bees,  
 They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress;  
 The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast."

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,  
 Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;  
 But, with affected yawnings at the close,  
 Seem'd to require her natural repose;  
 For now the streaky light began to peep;  
 And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.  
 The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest  
 The peace of Heaven, betook herself to rest.  
 Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,  
 With glorious visions of her future state.

### BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM ON THE PRINCE, BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE,  
 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes, and Heaven takes care  
 To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:  
 Preventing angels met it half the way,  
 And sent us back to praise; who came to pray.

Just on the day, when the high-mounted Sun  
 Did furthest in its northern progress run,  
 He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere  
 Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,  
 To view a brighter sun in Britain born;  
 That was the business of his longest morn;  
 The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring could only stay to shed  
 Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,  
 But left the manly Summer in her stead,  
 With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,  
 And to fulfil the promise of the year.  
 Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,  
 This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Last solemn sabbath saw the church attend,  
 The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;  
 But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,  
 He brought a royal infant in his train.  
 So great a blessing to so good a king,  
 None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,  
 As once in council to create our fire?  
 It seems as if they sent the new-born guest  
 To wait on the procession of their feast;  
 And on their sacred anniversary decreed  
 To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.  
 Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,  
 An emblem of their mystic union show'd:  
 The mighty trine the triple empire shar'd:  
 As every person would have one to guard.

Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence  
 Drawn down from Heaven; but long be banish'd  
 thence,

And late to thy paternal skies retire:  
 To mend our crimes, whole ages would require;  
 To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,  
 And finish what thy godlike sire begins.  
 Kind Heaven, to make us Englishmen again,  
 No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,  
 Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;  
 Thy father's angel, and thy father join,  
 To keep possession, and secure the line;  
 But long defer the honours of thy fate:  
 Great may they be like his, like his be late;  
 That James his running century may view,  
 And give this Son an auspice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:  
 For see the dragon winged on his way,  
 To watch the travail, and devour the prey.  
 Or, if allusions may not rise so high,  
 Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,  
 The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:  
 But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;  
 For opposition makes a hero great.

To needful succour all the good will run,  
 And Jove assert the godhead of his son.

O still repining at your present state,  
 Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,  
 Look up, and read in characters of light  
 A blessing sent you in your own despite.

The manna falls, yet that celestial bread  
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.  
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,  
Yet forty years to wander in the wild!  
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,  
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest!

Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow  
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,  
By tracing Heaven, his footsteps may be found:  
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!  
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,  
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys;  
More, might I say, than with an usual eye,  
He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,  
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.  
Already has he lifted high the sign,  
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:  
The Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,  
And half her train of stars have lost their light.

Behold another Sylvester, to bless  
The sacred standard, and secure success;  
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,  
As fills and crowds his universal seat.  
Now view at home a second Constantine;  
(The former too was of the British line)  
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,  
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?  
O, did not Heaven by its eternal doom  
Permit those evils, that this good might come?  
So manifest, that ev'n the moon-ey'd sects  
See whom and what this Providence protects.  
Methinks, had we within our minds no more  
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,  
That only thought may make us think again,  
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.  
To dream that Chance his preservation wrought,  
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;  
Or the surviving eight were not design'd  
To people Earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,  
The manly lines of a majestic face  
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look  
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:  
If the first opening page so charms the sight,  
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!  
See how the venerable infant lies  
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes  
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,  
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.  
See on his future subjects how he smiles,  
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;  
But with an open face, as on his throne,  
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own:  
Born in broad daylight, that th' ungrateful rout  
May find no room for a remaining doubt;  
Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,  
And the true eagle safely dares the Sun.

Pain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,  
Loth to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth:  
But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,  
To find an heir apparent in the skies:  
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,  
And, owing not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,  
When, the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,  
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,  
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:  
For she herself had made his countenance bright,  
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple  
light.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,  
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,  
Why may not years, revolving with his fate,  
Produce his like, but with a longer date?  
One, who may carry to a distant shore  
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.  
But why should James or his young hero stay  
For slight presages of a name or day?  
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn  
That happy moment when our prince was born:  
Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence  
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.

Great Michael, prince of all th' ethereal hosts,  
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;  
And thou, th' adopted patron of our isle,  
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:  
The pledge of Heaven, which, dropping from above,  
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,  
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught:  
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,  
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,  
But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.  
Then perjur'd plots, the still impending test,  
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:  
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;  
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;  
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,  
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil;  
A harvest ripening for another reign,  
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early saints one womb has given;  
Enough increas'd the family of Heaven:  
Let them for his, and our atonement go;  
And, reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.

Enough already has the year foreshow'd  
His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,  
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,  
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:  
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,  
And the same shivering sweat his lord attains.  
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?  
Behold him at Araunah's threshing-floor:  
He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,  
Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.  
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,  
And rais'd an altar to the living God.

Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys sincere:  
No future ills nor accidents appear  
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.  
Five months to discord and debate were given:  
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.  
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,  
And prelude to the realm's perpetual rest!

Let his baptismal drops for us atone;  
Lustrations for offences not his own.  
Let Conscience, which is Interest ill disguis'd,  
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.

Unnam'd as yet; at least unknown to fame:  
Is there a strife in Heaven about his name;  
Where every famous predecessor vies,  
And makes a faction for it in the skies?  
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?  
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.  
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:  
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,  
To shun the spells and sorceries of those,  
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.  
But when his tender strength in time shall rise  
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;

This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,  
Shall be too narrow to contain his name;  
Th' artillery of Heaven shall make him known;  
Crete could not hold the god, when Jove was grown.

As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born,  
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,  
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste  
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;  
So this imperial babe rejects the food  
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:  
Food that his inborn courage might control,  
Extinguish all the father in his soul,  
And for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,  
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.  
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:  
But kings too tame are despicably good:  
Be this the mixture of this regal child,  
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news  
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;  
Madness un governable, uninspir'd,  
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.  
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,  
And read the book which angels cannot read?  
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,  
The face of Heaven, and our young Sun o'ercast!  
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,  
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told:  
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,  
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.  
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but, mounted high,  
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.  
Here black Rebellion shooting from below,  
(As Earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)  
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:  
An apoplex of grief! so low were driven  
The saints, as hardly to defend their Heaven.

As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,  
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,  
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,  
Till the third settles what the former shook;  
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,  
Our life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on  
Fate.

By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,  
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.

So, ere the Shunamite a son conceiv'd,  
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.  
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;  
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.  
The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,  
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,  
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,  
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul, return'd.

Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves  
Despanding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain  
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,  
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd  
On the flat field, and on the naked void;  
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,  
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;  
And soon, restor'd by native vigour, bear  
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:  
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;  
Sometimes will check us in our full career,  
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;  
That, still depending on his daily grace,  
His every mercy for an alms may pass,

With sparing hands will diet us to good:  
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.  
So feeds the mother bird her craving young  
With little morsels, and delays them long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast;  
But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?  
Our manners, as religion were a dream,  
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.  
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,  
And injuries with injuries repel;  
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,  
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.  
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,  
And vainly thought the present ark their guard;  
But when the haughty Philistines appear,  
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;  
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.  
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,  
And make our joys the blessings of a day!  
For we have sinn'd him hence; and that he lives,  
God to his promise, not our practice gives.  
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,  
But James and Mary, and the church, prevail.  
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,  
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,  
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.  
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,  
But charity, and great examples gain.  
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,  
'Tis godlike, God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious queen, translated here,  
From your mild Heaven, to rule our rugged sphere,  
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year:  
You, who your native climate have bereft  
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;  
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,  
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;  
So lost as starlight is dissolv'd away,  
And melts into the brightness of the day;  
Or gold about the royal diadem,  
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.  
What can we add to your triumphant day?  
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.  
For should our thanks awake the rising Sun,  
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run, [be done  
That, though the longest day, would soon, too soon  
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,  
But keep th' auspicious infant from the choir;  
Late let him sing above, and let us know  
No sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more  
Than such an annual income to your store;  
The day which gave this unit, did not shame  
For a less ornament, than to fill the trime.  
After a prince, an admiral beget;  
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.  
Our isle has younger titles still in store,  
And when th' exhausted land can yield no more,  
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of great your martial mind will suit;  
But justice is your darling attribute:  
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,  
And, in him, Plutarch prophesy'd of you.  
A prince's favours but on few can fall,  
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of conquerors have assum'd,  
Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;  
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust,  
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;

They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,  
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.

The power, from which all kings derive their state,  
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,  
Is equal both to punish and reward;  
But few would love their God, unless they fear'd.

Resistless force and immortality  
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:  
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,  
And deathless being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;  
And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,  
One without life, and one with life accurst:  
But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he,  
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.  
This virtue is your own; but life and state  
Are one to Fortunes subject, one to Fate:  
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;  
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;  
Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle.

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MAC-FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,  
And when Fate summons, monarchs most obey.  
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young  
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:  
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,  
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.  
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,  
And blest with issue of a large increase;  
Worn out with business, did at length debate  
To settle the succession of the state:  
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit  
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,  
Cry'd, " 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he  
Should only rule, who most resembles me.  
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dulness from his tender years:  
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,  
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.  
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.  
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;  
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,  
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.  
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,  
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:  
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,  
And, spread in solemn state, sapinely reign.  
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,  
Thou last great prophet of tautology!  
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,  
Was sent before hut to prepare thy way;  
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came  
To teach the nations in thy greater name.  
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,  
When to king John of Portugal I sung,  
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,  
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,  
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,  
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;  
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,  
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.  
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,  
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.  
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore  
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:

Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,  
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.  
About thy boat the little fishes throng,  
As at the morning toast that floats along.  
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,  
Thou wilst thy papers in thy threatening hand.  
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,  
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:  
Though they in number as in sense excel;  
So just, so like tautology, they fell,  
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore  
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,  
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."

Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,  
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.

All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,  
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,  
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)  
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,  
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:  
A watch-tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,  
Of all the pile an empty name remains:  
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,  
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,  
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets  
keep,

And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.  
Near these a nursery erects its head,  
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;  
Where uneduc'd actors learn to laugh and cry,  
Where infant punks their tender voices try,  
And little Maximips the gods defy.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,  
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;  
But gentle Simkin just reception finds  
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:—  
Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,  
And Panton waging harmless war with words.  
Here Flecknoe, as a place to Fame well known,  
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.  
For ancient Decker prophecy'd long since,  
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,  
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense.  
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe,  
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow:  
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,  
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce. ★  
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown  
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.  
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,  
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.  
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,  
But scatter'd limbs of mangled posts lay:  
From dusty shops neglected authors come,  
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum (Paila paper)  
Much Heywood, Shirley, Orleby, there lay,  
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.  
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,  
And Herrington was captain of the guard.  
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,  
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.  
At his right hand our young Ascanian sate,  
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.  
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,  
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.  
As Hannibal did to the altars come,  
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;  
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,  
That he till death true dulness would maintain;

And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,  
 Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.  
 The king himself the sacred unction made,  
 As king by office, and as priest by trade.  
 In his sinister hand, instead of ball,  
 He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;  
 Lovè's kingdom to his right he did convey,  
 At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;  
 Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,  
 And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.  
 His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,  
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.  
 Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,  
 On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.  
 So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,  
 Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.  
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,  
 And omens of his future empire take.  
 The sire then shook the honours of his head,  
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed  
 Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,  
 Repelling from his breast the raging god;  
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood.

"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him  
 reign

To far Barbadoes on the western main;  
 Of his dominion may no end be known,  
 And greater than his father's be his throne;  
 Beyond Lovè's kingdom let him stretch his pen!"

He paus'd, and all the people cry'd "Amen."

Then thus continued he: "my son, advance  
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.

Success let others teach, learn thou from me  
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.

Let virtuosos in five years be writ;  
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.

Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,  
 Make Dormant betray, and Loveit rage;

Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,  
 And in their folly show the writer's wit.

Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,  
 And justify their author's want of sense.

Let them be all by thy own model made  
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;

That they to future ages may be known,  
 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.

Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,  
 All full of thee, and differing but in name.

But let no alien Sedley interpose,  
 To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.

And when false flow'rs of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,  
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;

But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,  
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:

Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,  
 And does thy northern dedications fill.

Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,  
 By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.

Let father Elecknoe fire thy mind with praise,  
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:  
 What share have we in Nature or in Art?

Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,  
 And rail at arts he did not understand?

Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,  
 Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?

Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my arse,  
 Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?

When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,  
 As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?

But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,  
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.  
 This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,  
 New humours to invent for each new play:  
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,  
 By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:  
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,  
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.  
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence  
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.  
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,  
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.  
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;  
 Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.  
 With what'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,  
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite.  
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies,  
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.  
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame  
 In keen lambics, but mild Anagram.  
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command,  
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.  
 There thou mayst wings display and altars raise,  
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.  
 Or if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,  
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."  
 He said; but his last words were scarcely heard:  
 For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,  
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.  
 Sinking he left his druggel robe behind,  
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.  
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,  
 With double portion of his father's art.

## EPISTLES.

### EPISTLE I

TO

MY HONOURED FRIEND SIR ROBERT HOWARD,  
 ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is music uniform'd by art  
 In those wild notes, which with a merry heart  
 The birds in unfrequented shades express,  
 Who, better taught at home, yet please us less:  
 So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,  
 Which shames composure, and its art excels.  
 Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,  
 Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.  
 Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,  
 Their even calmness does suppose them deep;  
 Such is your Muse: no metaphor swell'd high  
 With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:  
 Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,  
 Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.  
 So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,  
 Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.  
 'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,  
 And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.  
 Either your art hides art, as stoics feign  
 Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;  
 And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see  
 What hidden springs within the engine be.  
 Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues  
 Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.

Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head  
 The curious net, that is for fancies spread,  
 Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,  
 While rich ideas there are only caught?  
 Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair  
 To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.  
 No atoms casually together hurl'd  
 Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.  
 Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,  
 As would destroy the providence of wit.  
 'Tis your strong genius then which does not feel  
 Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel.  
 To carry weight, and run so lightly too,  
 Is what alone your Pegasus can do.  
 Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,  
 Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.  
 Your easier odes, which for delight were pen'd,  
 Yet our instruction make their second end:  
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo  
 At once a beauty, and a fortune too.  
 Of moral knowledge poesy was queen,  
 And still she might, had wanton wits not been;  
 Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,  
 And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.  
 Like some brave captain, your successful pen  
 Restores the exil'd to her crown again:  
 And gives us hope, that, having seen the days  
 When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,  
 All will at length in this opinion rest,  
 "A sober prince's government is best."  
 This is not all; your art the way has found  
 To make th' improvement of the richest ground,  
 That soil which those immortal laurels bore,  
 That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.  
 Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,  
 They are too eloquent to have been true.  
 Had she so-spoke, Æneas had obey'd  
 What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.  
 If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,  
 Your Muse so justly has discharged those,  
 Eliza's shade may now its wandering cease,  
 And claim a title to the fields of peace.  
 But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less  
 Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;  
 Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,  
 Did ill become those virgin robes he took.  
 To understand how much we owe to you,  
 We must your numbers, with your author's, view:  
 Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,  
 Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff:  
 His colours laid so thick on every place,  
 As only show'd the paint, but hid the face.  
 But as in perspective we beauties see,  
 Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;  
 So here our sight obligingly mistakes  
 That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.  
 Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,  
 More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.  
 Your curious notes so search into that age,  
 When all was fable but the sacred page,  
 That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,  
 We are at least misled in pleasant way.  
 But, what we most admire, your verse no less  
 The prophet than the poet doth confess.  
 Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak  
 Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.  
 So skilful seamen ken the land from far,  
 Which shows like mists to the dull passenger.  
 To Charles your Muse first pays her dutious love,  
 As still the ancients did begin from Jove.

With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be  
 As Rome recorded Rufus' memory;  
 Who thought it greater honour to obey  
 His country's interest, than the world to sway.  
 But to write worthy things of worthy men,  
 Is the peculiar talent of your pen:  
 Yet let me take your mantle up, and I  
 Will venture in your right to prophesy.  
 "This work, by merit first of faune secure,  
 Is likewise happy in its geniture:  
 For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,  
 It shares at once his fortune and its own."

## EPISTLE II.

TO

MY HONOURED FRIEND DR. CHARLETON,

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE POUNDER.

THE longest tyranny that ever sway'd,  
 Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd  
 Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,  
 And made his torch their universal light.  
 So truth, while only one supply'd the state,  
 Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.  
 Still it was bought, like empiric wares, or charms,  
 Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.  
 Columbus was the first that shook his throne;  
 And found a temperate in a torrid zone:  
 The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,  
 The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;  
 And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,  
 Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.  
 Had we still paid that homage to a name,  
 Which only God and Nature justly claim;  
 The western seas had been our utmost bound,  
 Where poets still might dream the Sun was drown'd:  
 And all the stars that shine in southern skies,  
 Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.

Among th' asserters of free reason's claim,  
 Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.  
 The world to Bacon does not only owe  
 Its present knowledge, but its future too.  
 Gilber shall live, till loadstones cease to draw,  
 Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe.  
 And noble Boyle, not less in Nature seen,  
 Than his great brother read in states and men.  
 The circling streams, once thought but pools, of  
 blood

(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)  
 From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;  
 While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.  
 Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd;  
 Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,  
 Flies like the nimble journies of the light;  
 And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.  
 Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,  
 Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,  
 Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,  
 Your works unite, and still discover more.  
 Such is the healing virtue of your pen,  
 To perfect cures on books, as well as men.  
 Nor is this work the least: you well may give  
 To men new vigour, who make stones to live.  
 Through you, the Danes, their short dominion lost,  
 A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.

Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found  
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were  
crown'd;

Where by their wondering subjects they were seen,  
Joy'd with their stature, and their princely mien.  
Our sovereign here above the rest might stand,  
And here be chose again to rule the land.

These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,  
When he from Worcester's fatal battle fled;  
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,  
And mighty visions of the Danish race.  
His refuge then was for a temple shown:  
But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

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EPISTLE III.

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAIN,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,  
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;  
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,  
By their misfortunes happily obtain:  
So my much-envy'd Muse, by storms long tost,  
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,  
And finds more favour by her ill success,  
Than she could hope for by her happiness.  
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose;  
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose:  
But you have done what Cato could not do,  
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.  
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause  
By their deserts, or by the world's applause;  
Let Merit crowns, and Justice laurels give,  
But let me happy by your pity live.  
True poets empty fame and praise despise,  
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.  
You sit above, and see vain men below  
Contend for what you only can bestow:  
But those great actions others do by chance,  
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:  
So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,  
Could only spring from noble Grandison.  
You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,  
Are born to your own Heaven, and your own light;  
Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,  
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.  
Your power you never use, but for defence,  
To guard your own, or others' innocence:  
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made,  
And virtue may repel, though not invade.  
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,  
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the  
blow:

With such assurance as they meant to say,  
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.  
What farther fear of danger can there be?  
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.  
Posterity will judge by my success,  
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,  
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;  
Some god descended, and preserv'd the play.  
When first the triumphs of your sex were sung  
By those old poets, Beauty was but young,  
And few admir'd the native red and white,  
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;

So Beauty took on trust, and did engage  
For sums of praises till she came to age.  
But this long-growing debt to poetry  
You justly, madam, have discharg'd to me,  
When your applause and favour did infuse  
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

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EPISTLE IV.

TO MR. LEE, ON HIS ALEXANDER.

'Tis blast of common censure could I fear,  
Before your play my name should not appear;  
For 't will be thought, and with some colour too,  
I pay the bribe first receiv'd from you;  
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,  
And play the game into each other's hand;  
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,  
As Beaus and the brothers of the sword.  
Such libels private men may well endure,  
When states and kings themselves are not se-  
cure:

For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,  
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.  
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite;  
Then, Envy had not suffer'd me to write;  
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,  
Such merit I must envy or commend.  
So many candidates there stand for wit,  
A place at court is scarce so hard to get:  
In vain they crowd each other at the door;  
For ev'n reversions are all begg'd before:  
Desert, how known so'er, is long delay'd;  
And then, too, fools and knaves are better pay'd.  
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,  
That courts themselves are just, for fear of shame;  
So has the mighty merit of your play  
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself away.  
'Tis here as 'tis at sea; who furthest goes,  
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.  
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,  
It shoots too fast, and high, to be express;  
As his heroic worth struck Envy dumb,  
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.  
Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,  
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,  
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;  
We only warm the head, but you the heart.  
Always you warm; and if the rising year,  
As in hot regions, brings the Sun too near,  
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,  
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.  
They only think you animate your theme  
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.  
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,  
Were cripples made the judges of the race.  
Despise those drones, who praise, while they ac-  
cuse,

The too much vigour of your youthful Muse.  
That bumble style which they your virtue make,  
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.  
Your beautiful images must be allow'd  
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.  
But how should any sign-post dawber know  
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?  
Hard features every bungler can command;  
To draw true beauty, shows a master's hand.



## EPISTLE V.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,  
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,  
'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,  
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst.  
The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue  
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.  
Nor stopt translation here: for conquering Rome,  
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers  
home;

Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more,  
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before:  
Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,  
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;  
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling prose,  
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.  
But Italy, reviving from the trace  
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,  
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,  
And all the graces a good ear affords,  
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page  
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age.  
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,  
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:  
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.  
The French pursued their steps; and Britain, last,  
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.  
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,  
Appear exalted in the British loom:  
The Muses' empire is restor'd again,  
In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen.  
Yet modestly he does his work survey,  
And calls a finish'd poem an Essay;  
For all the needful rules are scatter'd here;  
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;  
So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear.  
Nor need those rules to give translation light:  
His own example is a flame so bright;  
That he who but arrives to copy well,  
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.  
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,  
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.  
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,  
How much in gaining him has Britain lost!  
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;  
The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.  
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow  
Deriv'd from British channels long ago;  
That here his conquering ancestors were nurst;  
And Ireland but translated England first:  
By this reprisal we regain our right,  
Else must the two contending nations fight;  
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,  
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.  
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,  
How will invention and translation thrive,  
When authors nobly born will bear their part,  
And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!  
Great generals thus, descending from command,  
With their own toil provoke the soldiers' hand.  
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear  
His fame augmented by an English peer;  
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,  
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves!

When these translate, and teach translators too,  
Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,  
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:  
Roscommon writes; to that auspicious hand,  
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.  
Roscommon, whom both court and camps commend,  
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;  
Roscommon, first in fields of honour known,  
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;  
Who both Minervas justly makes his own,  
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they  
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,  
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,  
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:  
Our English palace opens wide in state;  
And without stooping they may pass the gate.

## EPISTLE VI.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF YORK,

ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

WHEN factious Rage to cruel exile drove  
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,  
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,  
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:  
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,  
Like Eden's face, when banish'd man it mourn'd.  
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,  
The great supporter of his awful throne.  
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,  
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,  
As if the Sun and he had lost their way.  
But now th' illustrious nymph, return'd again,  
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.  
The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no storm,  
Foreflow'd her passage, to behold her form:  
Some cry'd, a Venus; some, a Thetis past;  
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.  
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;  
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.  
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,  
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.  
Three gloomy years against this day were set;  
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:  
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,  
The famine past, the plenty still to come.  
For her the weeping Heavens become serene;  
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:  
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,  
And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.  
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,  
And Love restor'd his ancient realm surveys,  
Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays;  
His waste dominions peoples once again,  
And from her presence dates his second reign.  
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,  
Dispensing what she never will admit:  
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beams,  
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.  
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,  
No more shall vex the church, and tear the state:  
No more shall Faction civil discords move,  
Or only discords of too tender love:  
Discord, like that of music's various parts;  
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;  
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,  
Who best shall love the duke, and serve the king.

## EPISTLE VII.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,  
 As map informs, of fifty-three,  
 And do not much for cold atone,  
 By bringing thither fifty-one.  
 Methinks all climes should be alike,  
 From tropic ev'n to pole artique;  
 Since you have such a constitution  
 As no where suffers diminution.  
 You can be old in grave debate,  
 And young in love-affairs of state;  
 And both to wives and husbands show  
 The vigour of a plenipo.  
 Like mighty missioner you come  
 "Ad Partes Infidelium."  
 A work of wondrous merit sure,  
 So far to go, so much t' endure;  
 And all to preach to German dame,  
 Where sound of Cupid never came.  
 Less had you done, had you been sent  
 As far as Drake or Pinto went,  
 For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,  
 Or ev'n for oranges to China.  
 That had indeed been charity;  
 Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,  
 Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.  
 But you have made your zeal appear  
 Within the circle of the Bear.  
 What region of the Earth 's so dull,  
 That is not of your labours full?  
 Triptolemus (so sang the Nine)  
 Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.  
 But, spite of all these fable-makers,  
 He never sow'd on Almain acres:  
 No, that was left by Fate's decree,  
 To be perform'd and sung by thee.  
 Thou break'st through forms with as much ease  
 As the French king through articles.  
 In grand affairs thy days are spent,  
 In waging weighty compliment,  
 With such as monarchs represent.  
 They, whom such vast fatigues attend,  
 Want some soft minutes to unbend,  
 To show the world, that now and then  
 Great ministers are mortal men.  
 Then Rhenish rummers walk the round;  
 In bumpers every king is crown'd;  
 Besides three holy mitred Hectors,  
 And the whole college of electors.  
 No health of potentate is sunk,  
 That pays to make his envoy drunk.  
 These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,  
 Suit not, I know, your English taste:  
 For wine to leave a whore or play  
 Was ne'er your excellency's way.  
 Nor need this title give offence,  
 For here you were your excellence,  
 For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,  
 His excellence for all but sleeping.  
 Now if you tope in form, and treat,  
 'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,  
 The fine you pay for being great.  
 Nay, here 's a harder imposition,  
 Which is indeed the court's petition,  
 That, setting worldly pomp aside,  
 Which poet has at foot deny'd,

You would be pleas'd in humble way  
 To write a trifle call'd a play.  
 This truly is a degradation,  
 But would oblige the crown and nation  
 Next to your wise negotiation.  
 If you pretend, as well you may,  
 Your high degree, your friends will say,  
 The duke St. Aignon made a play.  
 If Gallic wit convince you scarce,  
 His grace of Bucks has made a farce,  
 And you, whose comic wit is terse all,  
 Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.  
 Then finish what you have began;  
 But scribble faster if you can:  
 For yet no George, to our discerninz,  
 Has writ without a ten years warning.

## EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES' EXCESEL.

SURE there 's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain  
 To write while these malignant planets reign.  
 Some very foolish influence rules the pit,  
 Not always kind to sense, or just to wit:  
 And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,  
 To make us laugh; for never was more need.  
 Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;  
 But the gain smells not of the excrement.  
 The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,  
 With all her charms, bore but a single show:  
 But let a monster Muscovite appear,  
 He draws a crowd'd audience round the year.  
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;  
 Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:  
 So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.  
 Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;  
 Ev'n lewdness is made moral in thy scene.  
 The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;  
 But rest secure, the readers will be thine.  
 Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,  
 But with a kind civility dismiss'd;  
 With such good manners, as the Wife did use,  
 Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.  
 There was a glance at parting; such a look,  
 As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.  
 But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,  
 Copy one living author, and one dead:  
 The standard of thy style let Etherege be;  
 For wit, th' immortal spring of Wycherley:  
 Learn, after both, to draw some just design,  
 And the next age will learn to copy thine.

## EPISTLE IX.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF  
JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who satire first began,  
 Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man:  
 At mighty villains, who the state oppress,  
 They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least,  
 And turn'd them out of office with a jest.  
 No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand  
 The dolls to clap a bauble in his hand.  
 Wise legislators never yet could draw  
 A fop within the reach of common law;

or posture, dress, grimace, and affectation, though fues to sense, are harmless to the nation. Our last redress is dint of verse to try, and Satire is our court of chancery. His way took Horace to reform an age, but bad enough to need an author's rage. But your's, who liv'd in more degenerate times, Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes. Let you, my friend, have temper'd him so well, You make him smile in spite of all his zeal: In art peculiar to yourself alone, To join the virtues of two styles in one.

Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd, Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd: 'Or not to wish is not to be deceiv'd. Levenge would into charity be chang'd, because it costs too dear to be reveng'd: It costs our quiet and content of mind, And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind. Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff, Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh? 'Tis all alike to them, who get the day; They love the spite and mischief of the fray. No; I have cur'd myself of that disease; Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please: But let me half that cure to you restore; You give the salve, I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day, beyond a tavern, or a tedious play, We take your book, and laugh our spleen away. If all your tribe, too studious of debate, Would cease false hopes and titles to create, Led by the rare example you begun, Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

## EPISTLE X.

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE,  
ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last, The present age of wit obscures the past: Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ, Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit: 'Theirs was the giant race, before the flood; And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.

Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd, With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd; Lam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude; And boisterous English wit with art endued. Our age was cultivated thus at length; But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength. Our builders were with want of genius curst; The second temple was not like the first: Fill you, the best Vitruvius, come at length; Our beauties equal, but excel our strength; Firm Doric pillars found your solid base: The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space: Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace. In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise; He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise. Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please; Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease. In differing talents both adorn'd their age; One for the study, t'other for the stage. But both to Congreve justly shall submit, One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.

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In him all beauties of this age we see, Etherege's courtship, Southern's purity, The satire, wit, and strength, of manly Wycherley. All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd: Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd. So much the sweetness of your manners move, We cannot envy you because we love. Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw A beardless consul made against the law, And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome; Though he with Hannibal was overcome. Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame, And scholar to the youth he taught became. O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd! Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd: The father had descended for the son; For only you are lineal to the throne. Thus, when the state one Edward did depose, A greater Edward in his room arose. But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd; For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first. But let them not mistake my patron's part, Nor call his charity their own desert. Yet this I prophesy; thou shalt be seen, (Though with some short parenthesis between) High on the throne of Wit, and, seated there, Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear. Thy first attempt an early promise made; That early promise this has more than paid. So bold, yet so judiciously you dare, That your least praise is to be regular. Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought; But genius must be born, and never can be taught. This is your portion; this your native store; Heaven, that but once was prodigal before, To Shakspeare gave as much; she could not give him more.

Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need; For 'tis impossible you should proceed. Already I am worn with cares and age, And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage: Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense, I live a rent-charge on his providence: But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn, Whom I foresee to better fortune born, Be kind to my remains; and O defend, Against your judgment, your departed friend! Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue, But shade those laurels which descend to you: And take for tribute what these lines express: You merit more; nor could my love do less.

## EPISTLE XI.

TO MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

Auspicious poet, were thou not my friend, How could I envy, what I must commend! But since 'tis Nature's law in love and wit, That youth should reign, and withering age submit, With less regret those laurels I resign, Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine. With better grace an ancient chief may yield The long-contended honours of the field, Than venture all his fortune at a cast, And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last. Young princes, obstinate to win the prize, Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:

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Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,  
 Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.  
 Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age  
 Can best, if any can, support the stage;  
 Which so declines, that shortly we may see  
 Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.  
 Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,  
 They plot not on the stage, but on the town,  
 And, in despair their empty pit to fill,  
 Set up some foreign monster in a bill.  
 Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,  
 And murdering plays, which they miscall reviving.  
 Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes convey'd;  
 Scarce can a poet know the play he made;  
 'Tis so disguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he  
 That suffers in the mangled tragedy.  
 Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd  
 For his own sire, the chief invited guest.  
 I say not this of thy successful scenes,  
 Where thine was all the glory, their's the gains.  
 With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,  
 Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil.  
 Their setting sun still shoots a glimmering ray,  
 Like anient Rome, majestic in decay:  
 And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,  
 Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.  
 This difference yet the judging world will see;  
 Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

## EPISTLE XII.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX,  
 ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in such an age,  
 As damns, not only poets, but the stage.  
 That sacred art, by Heaven itself infus'd,  
 Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd,  
 Is now to be no more: the Muses' fues  
 Would sink their Maker's praises into dust.  
 Were they content to prune the lavish vine  
 Of straggling branches, and improve the wise,  
 Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?  
 All would submit; for all but fools will mend.  
 But when to common sense they give the lie,  
 And turn distorted words to blasphemy,  
 They give the scandal; and the wise discern,  
 Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.  
 What I have loosely or profanely writ,  
 Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:  
 Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:  
 Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.  
 Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursued:  
 The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.  
 The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would see  
 In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.  
 But let us first reform, and then so live,  
 That we may teach our teachers to forgive:  
 Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;  
 Our's be the practice, as the precept their's.  
 The moral part, at least, we may divide,  
 Humility reward, and punish Pride;  
 Ambition, Interest, Avarice, accuse:  
 These are the province of a tragic Muse.  
 These hast thou chosen; and the public voice  
 Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.  
 Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,  
 That even Coraëlle might with envy see  
 Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.

Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown:  
 But too much plenty is thy fault alone.  
 At least but two can that good crime commit,  
 Thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.  
 Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;  
 Contented to be thinly regular:  
 Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil  
 With more increase rewards thy happy toil.  
 Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;  
 And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:  
 Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey, [stay  
 More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd wit  
 But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,  
 To flourish in an idiom not thy own?  
 It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest  
 Should overmatch the most, and match the best.  
 In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;  
 Here find the first deficiency of our tongue:  
 Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend  
 So great a poet, and so good a friend.

## EPISTLE XIII.

TO MY  
 HONOURED KINSMAN, JOHN DRYDEN,  
 OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON,  
 ESQ.

How bless'd is he, who leads a country life,  
 Unvolv'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!  
 Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,  
 Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:  
 All who deserve his love, he makes his own;  
 And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.  
 Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,  
 From your award to wait their final doom;  
 And, foes before, return in friendship home.  
 Without their cost, you terminate the cause;  
 And save th' expense of long litigious laws:  
 Where suits are travers'd; and so little won,  
 That he who conquers, is but last undone:  
 Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,  
 The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;  
 Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your mind.  
 Promoting concord, and composing strife;  
 Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;  
 Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,  
 Long penitence succeeds a short delight:  
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,  
 Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were curs'd.  
 For man and woman, though in one they grow,  
 Yet, first or last, return again to two.  
 He to God's image, due to his made; [stray'd  
 So, further from the fount the streamer at random  
 How could he stand, when, put to double pain,  
 He must a weaker than himself sustain!  
 Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;  
 Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.  
 Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;  
 But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;  
 And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.  
 Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd state,  
 Trusting as little as you can to Fate.  
 No porter guards the passage of your door,  
 I admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;  
 For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,  
 To sanctify the whole, by giving part;  
 Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,  
 And to the second son a blessing brought;

The first-begotten had his father's share :  
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores and fruitful fields increase ;  
And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.  
As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew ;  
As Heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew ;  
So free to many, to relations most,  
You feed with manna your own Israel host.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,  
You seek the champion sports, or sylvan chase :  
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,  
Ev'n then, industrious of the cotamou good :  
And often have you brought the wily fox  
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks ;  
Has'd ev'n amid the folds ; and made to bleed,  
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.  
His fiery game your active youth maintain'd ;  
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd :  
You season still with sports your serious hours :  
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.  
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,  
Emblem of human life, who runs the round ;  
And, after all his wandering ways are done,  
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,  
Just as the setting meets the rising Sun.

Thus princes ease their cares ; but happier he,  
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,  
Than such as once on slippery thrones were plac'd ;  
And, chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.  
So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,  
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.  
The first physicians by debauch were made :  
Success began, and sloth sustains the trade :  
Fity the generous kind their cares bestow  
To search forbidden truths ; (a sin to know)  
To which if human science could attain,  
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.  
A vain the leech would interpose delay ;  
He ate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.  
What help from Art's endeavours can we have ?  
Sibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save : [grave ;  
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every  
And no more mercy to mankind will use,  
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse.  
Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole,  
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy  
soul.

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food ;  
Foil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood :  
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,  
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend ;  
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,  
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste :  
), had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,  
He first had sought the better plant of life !  
Now, both are lost : yet, wandering in the dark,  
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark :  
They, labouring for relief of human kind,  
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find ;  
Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.  
From files a random recipe they take,  
And many deaths of one prescription make.  
Largh, generous as his Muse, prescribes and gives ;  
The shopman sells ; and by destruction lives :  
Ingrateful tribe ! who, like the viper's brood,  
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood !

Let these obey ; and let the learn'd prescribe ;  
That men may die, without a double bribe :  
Let them, but under their superiors, kill ;  
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill :  
He escapes the best, who, Nature to repair,  
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital  
air.

You heard not health, for your own private use ;  
But on the public spend the rich produce.  
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,  
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,  
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,  
Which none more shuns ; and none can better bear :  
Where could they find another form'd so fit,  
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit !  
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,  
Where could so firm integrity be found ?  
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,  
You steer betwixt the country and the court :  
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,  
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.  
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade ;  
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade :  
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,  
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.  
Good senators (and such as you) so give,  
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.  
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,  
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys ;  
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies.  
Munster was bought, we boast not the success ;  
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd :  
The peace both parties want, is like to last :  
Which, if secure, securely we may trade ;  
Or, not secure, should never have been made.  
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,  
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.  
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,  
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war, in every annual course ;  
What has been done, was done with British force :  
Namur subdued, is England's palm alone ;  
The rest besieg'd ; but we constrain'd the town :  
We saw th' event that follow'd our success ;  
France, though pretending arms, pursued the peace ;  
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore  
What twenty years of war had won before.  
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought :  
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.  
When once the Persian king was put to flight,  
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight :  
Themselves their own mortality confess'd ;  
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.

Ev'n victors are by victories undone ;  
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,  
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.  
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,  
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again ?  
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success ;  
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.

A patriot both the king and country serves :  
Prerogative, and privilege, preserves :  
Of each our laws the certain limit show ;  
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow :  
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand ;  
The barriers of the state on either hand :  
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.  
When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode ;  
Like those that water'd once the Paradise of God.

Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;  
In peace the people, and the prince in war:  
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;  
When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right;  
With noble stubbornness resisting might:  
No lawless mandates from the court receive,  
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.  
Such was your generous grandsire; free to grant  
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:  
But so tenacious of the common cause,  
As not to lend the king against his laws.  
And in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,  
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,  
And sham'd oppression, till it set him free.

O true descendant of a patriot line, [thine,  
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them  
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;  
'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee.  
The beauties to th' original I owe;  
Which when I miss, my own defects I show:  
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace:  
A poet is not born in every race.  
Two of a house few ages can afford;  
One to perform, another to record.  
Praiseworthy actions are by thee embrac'd;  
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.  
For ev'n when Death dissolves our human frame,  
The soul returns to Heaven from whence it came;  
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

#### EPISTLE XIV.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,  
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:  
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,  
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;  
But, smiling, said, "She still shall gain the prize;  
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes."  
Such are thy pictures, Kneller; such thy skill,  
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;  
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;  
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her  
thought.

At least thy pictures look a voice; and we  
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,  
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but privations of the light;  
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;  
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;  
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.  
Such are thy pieces, imitating life  
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;  
And from their animated canvass came,  
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away  
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;  
And either would thy noble work inspire,  
Or think it warm enough without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;  
This is the least attendant on thy praise:  
From hence the rudiments of art began;  
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:  
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,  
Gave outlines to the rude original;

Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace  
Of blended colours found their use and place,  
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;  
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:  
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;  
And then the mimic piece began to live.  
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,  
But all came forward in one common view:  
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;  
When light was there, it knew not to depart,  
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;  
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,  
And with old Greece unequally did strive:  
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,  
Did all the matchless monuments deface.  
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,  
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.  
Thus, in a stupid military state,  
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.  
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,  
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,  
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight  
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,  
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:  
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,  
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line:  
One colour'd best, and one did best design.  
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,  
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,  
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.  
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,  
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dress;  
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not  
strives,

Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.  
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:  
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my sight:  
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;  
With reverence look on his majestic face;  
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.  
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,  
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight.  
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless  
breast

Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.  
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost:  
When most they rail, know thou, they envy most.  
In vain they marl aloof; a noisy crowd,  
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.  
While they their barren industry deplore,  
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.  
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,  
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.  
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth:  
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:  
But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,  
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.  
Apelles' art an Alexander found;  
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;  
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.  
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;  
But pass we that unpleasant image by.  
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;  
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.

A graceful truth thy pencil can command ;  
 The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.  
 Likeness appears in every lineament ;  
 But likeness in thy work is eloquent.  
 Though Nature there her true resemblance bears,  
 A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.  
 So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,  
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.  
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,  
 When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill ;  
 But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,  
 To speak the language of their native place :  
 The painter widely stretches his command ;  
 Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.  
 From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,  
 Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All nations all immunities will give  
 To make you theirs, where'er you please to live ;  
 And not seven cities, but the world would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,  
 When first you were conducted to this isle ;  
 Our genius brought you here, t' enlarge our fame ;  
 For your good stars are every where the same.  
 Thy matchless hand, of every region free,  
 Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart  
 To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.  
 These masters then, but seen, not understood,  
 With generous emulation fir'd thy blood :  
 For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,  
 The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd thy high degree,  
 'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,  
 Lrudies on petty draughts, not dare design  
 A more exalted work, and more divine.

For what a song, or senseless opera,  
 Is to the living labour of a play ;  
 Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,  
 Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live :  
 Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give ;  
 And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule :  
 Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool :  
 But so his follies in thy posture sink,  
 The senseless ideot seems at last to think.

Good Heaven ! that sots and knaves should be so  
 vain,

To wish their vile resemblance may remain !  
 And stand recorded, at their own request,  
 To future days, a libel or a jest !

Else should we see your noble pencil trace  
 Our unities of action, time, and place :  
 A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best.  
 With every various character exprest ;  
 Heroes at large, and at a nearer view :  
 Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.  
 While all the figures in one action join,  
 As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art exprest ;  
 But venerable age shall add the rest.  
 For Time shall with his ready pencil stand ;  
 Retouch your figures with his ripening hand ;  
 Mellow your colours, and imbrow the teint ;  
 Add every grace, which Time alone can grant ;  
 To future ages shall your fame convey,  
 And give more beauties than he takes away.

## ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

## I.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,  
 Whom I began to think, and call my own :  
 For sure our souls were near allied, and thine  
 Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.  
 One common note on either lyre did strike,  
 And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.  
 To the same goal did both our studies drive ;  
 The last set out, the soonest did arrive.  
 Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,  
 Whilst his young friend perform'd, and won the race.  
 O early ripe ! to thy abundant store  
 What could advancing age have added more ?  
 It might (what Nature never gives the young)  
 Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue.  
 But satire needs not those, and wit will shine  
 Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.  
 A noble error, and but seldom made,  
 When poets are by too much force betray'd.  
 Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,  
 Still show'd a quickness ; and maturing time  
 But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets of  
 rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell ; farewell, thou young,  
 But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue !  
 Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound ;  
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

## II.

AN ODE.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG  
 LADY MRS. ANNE KILLEGREW,  
 EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND  
 PAINTING.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies,  
 Made in the last promotion of the blest ;  
 Whose palms, new-pluck'd from Paradise,  
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,  
 Rich with immortal green above the rest :  
 Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,  
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,  
 Or, in procession fix'd and regular,  
 Mov'd with the Heaven majestic pace ;  
 Or, call'd to more superior bliss,  
 Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast abyss :  
 Whatever happy region is thy place,  
 Cease thy celestial song a little space :  
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,  
 Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.  
 Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,  
 In no ignoble verse ;  
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,  
 When thy first fruits of Poesy were given ;  
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there :  
 While yet a young probationer,  
 And candidate of Heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,  
 Our wonder is the less to find

A soul so charming from a stock so good ;  
 Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood ;  
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,  
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.  
 But if thy pre-existing soul  
 Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,  
 It did through all the mighty poets roll,  
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,  
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.  
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind !  
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore :  
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,  
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind :  
 Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,  
 New joy was sprung in Heaven, as well as here on  
 For sure the milder planets did combine [Earth ?  
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,  
 And ev'n the most malicious were in trine.  
 Thy brother angels at thy birth  
 Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,  
 That all the people of the sky  
 Might know a poetess was born on Earth.  
 And then, if ever, mortal ears  
 Had heard the music of the spheres.  
 And if no clustering swarm of bees  
 On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,  
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles  
 Heaven had not leisure to renew :  
 For all thy blest fraternity of love [above.  
 Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day

O gracious God ! how far have we  
 Profan'd thy heavenly gift of Poesy ?  
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,  
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,  
 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above  
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love ?  
 O wretched we ! why were we hurry'd down  
 This lubrique and adulterate age,  
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)  
 To increase the streaming ordures of the stage ?  
 What can we say to excuse our second fall ?  
 Let this thy Vestal, Heaven, atone for all :  
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,  
 Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ;  
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;  
 For Nature did that want supply :  
 So rich in treasures of her own,  
 She might our boasted stores defy :  
 Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,  
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.  
 Her morals, too were in her bosom bred,  
 By great examples daily fed,  
 What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.  
 And to be read herself she need not fear ;  
 Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,  
 Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.  
 Ev'n love (for love sometimes her Muse express)  
 Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her  
 Light as the vapours of a morning dream, [breast:  
 So cold herself, whilst she such warmth express,  
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine, [tent  
 One would have thought, she should have been con-  
 To manage well that mighty government ;  
 But what can young ambitious souls confine ?

To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,  
 For Painture near adjoining lay,  
 A plenteous province, and alluring prey.  
 A chamber of dependencies was fram'd,  
 (As conquerors will never want pretence,  
 When arm'd, to justify th' offence)  
 And the whole sief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.  
 The country open lay without defence :  
 For poets frequent inroads there had made,  
 And perfectly could represent  
 The shape, the face, with every lineament ;  
 And all the large domains which the dumb sister  
 All bow'd beneath her government, [sway'd.  
 Receiv'd in triumph whereso'er she went.  
 Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,  
 And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her  
 The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks, [mind.  
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks,  
 Of shallow brooks, that flow'd so clear,  
 The bottom did the top appear ;  
 Of deeper too and ampler floods,  
 Which, as in mirrors, show'd the woods ;  
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,  
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,  
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,  
 And shaggy satyrs standing near,  
 Which them at once admire and fear.  
 The ruins too of some majestic piece,  
 Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,  
 Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,  
 And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye ;  
 What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,  
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name.  
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,  
 But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look  
 Our martial king the sight with reverence strook :  
 For, not content to express his outward part,  
 Her hand call'd out the image of his heart :  
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,  
 His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,  
 As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.

Our phenix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,  
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right :  
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,  
 Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.  
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,  
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands :  
 Before a train of heroines was seen,  
 In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.  
 Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,  
 But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown,  
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,  
 And her bright soul broke out on every side.  
 What next she had design'd, Heaven only know :  
 To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,  
 That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,  
 The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,  
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;  
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.  
 Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent ;  
 Nor was the cruel Destiny content  
 To finish all the murder at a blow,  
 To sweep at once her life and beauty too ;  
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride  
 To work more mischievously slow,  
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.



double sacrifice on things divine,  
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!

But thus Orinda dy'd:

Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate:  
Equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas  
His waving streamers to the winds displays,  
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.

Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,

The winds too soon will waft thee here!

Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,  
As, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!  
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,  
Whom thou hast already had her last embrace.  
Look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far  
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,  
More sparkling than the rest more bright;  
Is she that shines in that propitious light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,  
To raise the nations under ground;  
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,  
Beholding God shall close the book of Fate;

And there the last assizes keep,

For those who wake, and those who sleep:

When rattling bones together fly,

From the four corners of the sky;

When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,  
Hose cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;  
Behold sacred poets first shall hear the sound,

And foremost from the tomb shall bound,  
Or they are cover'd with the lightest ground;  
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,  
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.  
Here thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,  
As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,  
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

### III.

#### UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. FITZGERALD.

Thou, last and best of Scots! who did maintain  
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;  
Few people fill the land, now thou art gone,  
Few gods the temples, and new kings the throne.  
Scotland and thou did each in other live;  
For wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.  
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,  
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

### IV.

#### ELEANORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE LATE COUNTESS OF ARBINGDON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF  
ARBINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me  
some months ago are now performed: they had  
been sooner; but, betwixt ill health, some busi-

ness, and many troubles, I was forced to defer  
them till this time. Ovid, going to his banish-  
ment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends,  
excused the faults of his poetry by his misfor-  
tunes, and told them, that good verses never  
flow but from a serene and composed spirit.  
Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings  
fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly  
in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey  
you late than ill; if at least I am capable of writing  
any thing, at any time, which is worthy your  
personal and your patronage. I cannot say, that I  
have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only  
gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may  
rest a while and gather breath: for the doctors  
give me a sad assurance, that my disease never  
took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to  
return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on  
the interval, and managed the small stock, which  
age has left me, to the best advantage, in per-  
forming this inconsiderable service to my lady's  
memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have  
not the inspiration when we please; but must  
wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades  
us with a fury which we are not able to resist:  
which gives us double strength while the fit con-  
tinues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its  
departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord;  
for I have really felt it on this occasion, and pro-  
phesied beyond my natural power. Let me  
add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency  
of the subject contributed much to the happiness  
of the execution; and that the weight of thirty  
years was taken off me while I was writing. I  
swam with the tide, and the water under me was  
buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that  
I was transported by the multitude and variety  
of my similitudes; which are generally the pro-  
duct of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of  
wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assist-  
ance, I had certainly retrenched many of them.  
But I defend them not; let them pass for beau-  
tiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for  
the whole poem, though written in that which  
they call heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature,  
as well in the thought as the expression; and, as  
such, requires the same grains of allowance for it.  
It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title,  
not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of  
apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be ap-  
plied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of  
praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns,  
we are bound by prescription to employ the  
magnificence of words, and the force of figures,  
to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates

amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem *The Pattern*: and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the countess of Abingdon, to have

been so truly loved by you while she was living and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exterior of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stunts of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Philias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to day, they are inconsistent enough to think well of me to morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons.

You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected speaker of the house: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burthen sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,  
your lordship's  
most obedient servant,  
JOHN DRYDEN.

—  
ELEONORA.

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,  
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs rise  
Among the sad attendants; then the sound  
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,  
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast  
Is blown to distant colonies at last;  
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,  
For his long life, and for his happy reign:  
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame  
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,  
Till public as the loss the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,  
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;  
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,  
Beginning to be such but when she dy'd.  
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,  
Secure of bread, as of returning light;  
And with such firm dependence on the day,  
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:  
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,  
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,  
That she herself might fear her wanting first.  
Of her five talents, other five she made;  
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:  
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find  
A fortune better fitted to the mind,  
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,  
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:  
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,  
No less than Heaven, to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door:  
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,  
And trust their sustenance with her so well,  
As not to be at charge of miracle.  
None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew;  
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:  
He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,  
As the first Christians of th' apostles' cure,

The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,  
And laid her up for their extremest needs;  
A future cordial for a fainting mind;  
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,  
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,  
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.  
As to some holy house th' afflicted came,  
The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame;  
Want and diseases fled before her name.  
For zeal like her's her servants were too slow;  
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;  
Herself the foundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,  
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:  
Her Lord himself might come, for aught we know;  
Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:  
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;  
Or some benighted angel, in his way,  
Might ease his wings, and, seeing Heaven appear  
In its best work of mercy, think it there:  
Where all the deeds of charity and love  
Were in as constant method as above,  
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;  
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;  
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,  
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last,  
That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,  
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:  
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;  
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.  
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,  
Provided for the seventh necessity:  
Taught from above his magazines to frame;  
That famine was prevented ere it came.

Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shows a thrift  
In his economy, and bounds his gift:  
Creating, for our day, one single light;  
And his reflection too supplies the night;  
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie  
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,  
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurs'd;  
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,  
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,  
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,  
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:  
Had she given more, it had profusion been,  
And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;  
For that, which is next Heaven, is Charity.  
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,  
Require foundations, in proportion deep;  
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,  
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:  
So low did her secure foundation lie,  
She was not humble, but Humility.  
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,  
Or wise, beyond what other women are,  
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare:  
For to be conscious of what all admire,  
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.  
But still she found, or rather thought she found,  
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;  
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,  
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give rules  
Of speculation to disputing schools,  
And teach us equally the scales to hold  
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;

That pious heat may moderately prevail,  
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.  
Business might shorten, not disturb, her prayer;  
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.  
An active life long orisons forbids;  
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her every day was sabbath; only free  
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.  
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd;  
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;  
Such as blest angels exercise above,  
Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love:  
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,  
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs  
(For such vicinities in Heaven there are)  
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.  
All this she practis'd here; that, when she sprung  
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:  
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;  
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.  
All offices of Heaven so well she knew,  
Before she came, that nothing there was new:  
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,  
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:  
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?  
But as the Sun in water we can bear,  
Yet not the Sun, but his reflexion there,  
So let us view her, here, in what she was,  
And take her image in this watery glass:  
Yet look not every lineament to see;  
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be  
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis she.  
For where such various virtues we recite,  
'Tis like the milky way, all over bright, [light.  
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd

Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;  
For one heroic comprehends them all:  
One, as a constellation is but one,  
Though 'tis a train of stars, that, rolling on,  
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run:  
Ever in motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,  
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,  
And downwards with diffusive good descends.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,  
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;  
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,  
Or amber, but a rich result of all;  
So she was all a sweet, whose every part,  
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.  
No single virtue we could most commend,  
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;  
For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.  
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;  
Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,  
As the first woman was before her fall:  
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;  
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.  
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst;  
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.  
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,  
And Death had found no entrance by her sin.  
So she not only had preserv'd from ill  
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Loves and obedience to her lord she bore;  
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:  
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,  
But taught by his indulgence to obey.

Thus we love God, as author of our good;  
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.  
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;  
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;  
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief they  
mourn'd.

His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,  
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.  
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate  
That should so soon divide their happy state:  
When he to Heaven entirely must restore  
That love, that heart, where he went halves be-  
fore.

Yet as the soul is all in every part,  
So God and he might each have all her heart.  
So had her children too; for Charity  
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:  
Each under other by degrees they grew;  
A goodly perspective of distant view.

Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,  
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,  
And marshaling the heroes of his name,  
As, in their order, next, to light they came.  
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,  
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;  
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?  
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.  
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;  
New objects only multiply'd it more.  
And as the chosen found the pearly grain  
As much as every vessel could contain;  
As in the blissful vision each shall share  
As much of glory as his soul can bear;  
So did she love, and so dispense her care.  
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,  
As longer cultivated than the rest.

The babe had all that infant care beguiles,  
And early knew his mother in her smiles:  
But when dilated organs let in day  
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,  
At his first aptness, the maternal love  
Those rudiments of reason did improve:  
The tender age was pliant to command;  
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:  
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind  
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;  
Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,  
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:  
With every act confirm'd, and made at last  
So durable as not to be effac'd,  
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,  
Goodness resolv'd into necessity.

Thus fix'd she Virtue's image, that's her own,  
Till the whole mother in the children shone;  
For that was their perfection; she was such,  
They never could express her mind too much.  
So unexhausted her perfections were,  
That, for more children, she had more to spare;  
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death  
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;  
And (could they take th' impressions of her mind)  
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

Then wonder not to see this soul extend  
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend:  
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,  
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;  
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,  
Unable to contain her, sought a vent,  
To issue out, and in some friendly breast  
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:

T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,  
Take good advice, but better to impart.  
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state,  
To mix their minds, and to communicate ;  
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate :  
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,  
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.  
Some she must have ; but in no one could find  
A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in progress are ;  
Still in their own, though from the palace far :  
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,  
A sweet retirement to a coarser place ;  
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,  
Where greatness was shut out, and business well  
forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught ; but short as far  
As the true height and bigness of a star  
Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.  
She shines above, we know ; but in what place,  
How near the throne, and Heaven's imperial face,  
By our weak optics is but vainly guest ;  
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

Though all these rare endowments of the mind  
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,  
The figure was with full perfection crown'd ;  
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the public pass,  
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,  
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,  
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd ;  
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,  
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown :  
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,  
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind :  
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along ;  
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,  
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room  
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no minute slept away ;  
Moments were precious in so short a stay.  
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,  
That some were single acts, though each complete ;  
But every act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look  
For her best name in Fate's eternal book ;  
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see  
Numberless virtues, endless charity :  
But more will wonder, at so short an age,  
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page :  
And with a pious fear begin to doubt  
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.  
But 'twas her Saviour's time ; and, could there be  
A copy near th' original, 'twas she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,  
They but perfume the temple, and expire :  
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence ;  
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.  
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd ;  
For but a Now did Heaven and Earth divide :  
She pass'd serenely with a single breath ;  
This moment perfect health, the next was death :  
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure ;  
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.  
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue ;  
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a now ;  
So close they follow, such wild order keep,  
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep :  
So softly death succeeded life in her :  
She did but dream of Heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise ;  
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice ;  
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,  
And treated like a long-familiar guest.  
He took her as he found, but found her so,  
As one in hourly readiness to go :  
Evn on that day, in all her trim prepar'd ;  
As early notice she from Heaven had heard,  
And some descending courier from above  
Had given her timely warning to remove ;  
Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial room,  
For on that night the bridegroom was to come. X  
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay  
Cloth'd all in white, the livery of the day :  
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act ;  
Unless omissions were to pass for fact :  
That hardly Death a consequence could draw,  
To make her liable to Nature's law.  
And, that she dy'd, we only have to show  
The mortal part of her she left below :  
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,  
Look'd like translation through the firmament,  
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.

O happy soul ! if thou canst view from high,  
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,  
If, looking up to God, or down to us,  
Thou find'st, that any way be perviews,  
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see  
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family :  
Look on thy tender pledges left behind ;  
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find  
From heavenly joys, that interval afford  
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.  
See how they grieve, mistaking in their love,  
And shed a beam of comfort from above ;  
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,  
A transient view of thy full glories there ;  
That they with moderates sorrow may sustain  
And mollify their losses in thy gain.  
Or else divide the grief ; for such thou wert,  
That should not all relations bear a part,  
It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this suffice : not thou, great saint, refuse  
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse :  
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,  
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast ;  
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime  
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime ;  
Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy mind,  
Is satire on the most of human kind :  
Take it, while yet 'tis praise ; before my rage,  
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age ;  
So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence  
From vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what and where thou art : to wish thy place,  
Were, in the best, presumption more than grace.  
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are)  
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.  
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,  
So shall this verse preserve thy memory ;  
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

V,

ON THE DEATH OF ANNETA.  
A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'Twas on a joyless and a gloomy morn,  
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn ;

When Damon, who design'd to pass the day  
 With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,  
 Rose early from his bed; but soon he found  
 The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around,  
 An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.  
 Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey  
 The fields, and curst th' ill omens of the day,  
 He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace;  
 Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face:  
 He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,  
 And sent his voice before him from afar.  
 "Return," he cry'd, "return, unhappy swain,  
 The spuggy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:  
 The promise of the day not only cross'd,  
 But ev'n the spring, the spring itself, is lost.  
 Amyntas—oh!"—he could not speak the rest,  
 Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.  
 Equal with Heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,  
 The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy.  
 His graceful form revolving in his mind;  
 So great a genius, and a soul so kind,  
 Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;  
 Too well the envy of the gods he knew:  
 For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,  
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last.  
 For sure it was too bountiful a dole,  
 The mother's features, and the father's soul.  
 Then thus he cry'd: "The morn bespoke the news:  
 The Morning did her cheerful light diffuse:  
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,  
 And brought on obdurs and rain, the day's disgrace;  
 Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.  
 What charms ador'd thy youth, where Nature  
 smil'd,  
 And more than man was given us in a child!  
 His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime  
 In years so tender that prevented time:  
 Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd away,  
 Ere mortals all his beauties could survey:  
 Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day."

## MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress,  
 Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast,  
 The mournful family stood all around;  
 One groan was heard, one universal sound:  
 All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow drown'd.  
 So dire a sadness sat on every look,  
 Ev'n Death repented he had given the stroke.  
 He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,  
 But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.  
 The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,  
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.  
 The father bore it with undaunted soul,  
 Like one who durst his destiny control:  
 Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,  
 Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart,  
 Patient as Job; and may be live to see,  
 Like him, a new increasing family!

## DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy.  
 For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;  
 Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!  
 But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race  
 More lasting, and endued with equal grace!  
 Equal she may, but further none can go:  
 For he was all that was exact below.

## MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;  
 Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?  
 There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play  
 About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way.  
 He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,  
 And every moment gains upon the skies.  
 The new-come guest admires th' ethereal state,  
 The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;  
 And now, admitted in the shining throng,  
 Ho shows the passport which he brought along.  
 His passport is his innocence and grace,  
 Well known to all the natives of the place.  
 Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire  
 Your brother's voice, that comes to mend your quire:  
 Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;  
 For like Amyntas none is left below.

## VL

## ON THE

## DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of Destiny,  
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,  
 O charming youth, in the first opening page,  
 So many graces in so green an age,  
 Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,  
 A soul at once so manly, and so kind;  
 Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,  
 And after some few leaves should find no more,  
 Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,  
 A step of life that promis'd such a race.  
 We must not, dare not think, that Heaven begot  
 A child, and could not finish him a man;  
 Reflecting what a mighty store was laid  
 Of rich materials, and a model made:  
 The coet already furnish'd; so bestow'd,  
 As more was never to one soul allow'd:  
 Yet, after this profusion spent in vain,  
 Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain,  
 I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,  
 Yet, durst I guess, Heaven kept it for himself;  
 And, giving us the use, did soon recal,  
 Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.  
 Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd;  
 For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd:  
 He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew  
 His spirit, as the Sun the morning dew.  
 'Tis sin produces death; and he had none  
 But the taint Adam left on every son.  
 He added not, he was so pure, so good,  
 'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:  
 And that so little, that the river ran  
 More clear than the corrupted fount began.  
 Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay;  
 The length of course had wash'd it in the way:  
 So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold  
 The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.  
 As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,  
 Gave all the tribute mortals could afford,  
 Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above  
 Grew angry at our superstitious love:  
 For when we more than human homage pay,  
 The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.  
 Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:  
 And yet we murmur that he went so soon:  
 Though miracles are short and rarely shown,

Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide  
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.  
That individual blessing is no more,  
But multiply'd in your remaining store.  
The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire;  
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.  
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,  
And from those parts form one collected grace;  
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,  
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

## VII.

UPON

YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,  
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure;  
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,  
A large provision for so short a race;  
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,  
Too early fitted for a better state;  
But, knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay,  
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

## VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

MARK how the lark and linnet sing:  
With rival notes

They strain their warbling throats,  
To welcome in the Spring.  
But in the close of night,

When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,  
They cease their mutual spite,  
Drink in her music with delight,  
And, lightning, silently obey.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;  
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:  
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:

The godlike man,  
Alas! too soon retir'd,  
As he too late began.

We beg not Hell our Orpheus to restore:  
Had he been there,  
Their sovereign's fear  
Had sent him back before.

The power of harmony too well they knew:  
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,  
And left no Hell below.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,  
Let down the scale of music from the sky:

They handed him along,  
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.  
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,  
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:  
Now live secure, and linger out your days;  
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,  
Nor know to mend their choice.

## IX.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,  
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,  
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,  
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,  
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;  
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,  
Compound for all the rest, with longer life;  
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,  
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

## X.

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SACRED TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF SIR PALMES FAIRBONE, KNIGHT, GOVERNOR OF TANGIER; IN EXECUTION OF WHICH COMMAND, HE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED BY A SHOT FROM THE MOORS, THEN BESIEGING THE TOWN, IN THE FORTY-SIXTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, OCTOBER 24, 1680.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,  
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:  
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,  
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,  
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.  
Alive and dead these walls he will defend:  
Great actions great examples must attend.  
The Candian siege his early valour knew,  
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.  
From thence returning with deserv'd applause,  
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;  
The same the courage, and the same the cause.  
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,  
As in some great and regular design,  
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.  
Still nearer Heaven his virtues shone more bright,  
Like rising flames expanding in their height;  
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.  
More bravely British general never fell,  
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;  
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,  
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.  
To his lamented loss for time to come  
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

## XI.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;  
The next, in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

## XII.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY, WHO DIED  
AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.

BELOW this marble monument is laid  
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid.  
Preserve, O sacred Tomb, thy trust consign'd;  
The mould was made on purpose for the mind:  
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,  
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.  
Such were the features of her heavenly face,  
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace:  
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole  
Had been an emanation of the soul;  
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;  
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.  
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded light:  
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.  
Each thought was visible that roll'd within:  
As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen.  
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,  
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.  
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies:  
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.  
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;  
As if she could not, or she would not, find  
How much her worth transcended all her kind.  
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heaven below,  
That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know:  
But only to refresh the former hint;  
And read her Maker in a fairer print.  
So pious, as she had no time to spare  
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.  
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,  
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.  
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,  
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.  
A female softness, with a manly mind:  
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind:  
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

## XIII.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON,  
OF BURNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,  
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,  
Require at least an age in one to meet.  
In her they met; but long they could not stay,  
'Twas gold too fine to mix without alloy.  
Heaven's image was in her so well express'd,  
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;  
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,  
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

## XIV.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

HE, who in impious times untaunted stood,  
And midst rebellion dost be just and good:  
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more  
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before;

Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;  
For what his earthly could not recompense.  
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:  
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.  
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,  
Which, to preserve them, Heaven confin'd in thee.  
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:  
And fewer, such a king, so well could serve.  
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state  
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to Fate.  
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given  
To Earth, and meant for ornaments to Heaven.

## XV.

EPITAPH

UPON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S BEING DROWNED FROM  
THE TREASURY, IN 1687.

HERE lies a creature of indulgent Fate,  
From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chair of state;  
In chariot now, Elisha like, he's hurl'd  
To th' upper empty regions of the world:  
The airy thing cuts through the yielding sky;  
And as it goes does into atoms fly:  
While we on Earth see, with no small delight,  
The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.  
With drunken pride and rage he did so swell,  
The hated thing without compassion fell;  
By powerful force of universal prayer,  
The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air;  
To his first less than nothing he is gone,  
By his preposterous transaction!

## XVI.

EPITAPH.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie!  
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

## XVII.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE.

SURE we do live by Cleopatra's age,  
Since Sunderland does govern now the stage:  
She of Septimius had nothing made,  
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.  
Were she a poet, she would surely boast,  
That all the world for pearls had well been lost.

## XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD JACOB TONSON<sup>1</sup>.

WITH leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,  
With two left legs, with Judas colour'd hair,  
And frowey pores, that taint the ambient air.—

<sup>1</sup> On Tonson's refusing to give Dryden the price he asked for his Virgil, the poet sent him the above; and added, "Tell the dog, that he who wrote them, can write more." The money was paid.



## SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

## I.

## THE FAIR STRANGER.

## A SONG.

HAPPY and free, securely blest ;  
No beauty could disturb my rest ;  
My amorous heart was in despair,  
To find a new victorious fair.

Till you, descending on our plains,  
With foreign force renew my chains ;  
Where now you rule without control  
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms,  
Than all your native country arms :  
Their troops we can expel with ease,  
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, oh ! there's the spell,  
Who can see them, and not rebel ?  
You make us captives by your stay,  
Yet kill us if you go away.

## II.

## ON THE YOUNG STATESMAN.

CLARENDOON had law and sense,  
Clifford was fierce and brave ;  
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,  
And Danby's matchless impudence  
Help'd to support the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,  
These will appear such chits in story,  
'Twill turn all politics to jests,  
To be repeated like John Dory,  
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,  
What would these madmen have ?  
First, they would bribe us without pence,  
Deceive us without common sense,  
And without power enslave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,  
Sbmit to servile shame ;  
Who from consent and custom draw  
The same right to be rul'd by law,  
Which kings pretend to reign ?

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,  
The chancellor make a speech,  
The king shall pass his bosom word,  
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,  
And then, come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess  
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,  
His queen and bishops in distress)  
Shifting about, grow less and less,  
With here and there a pawn.

## III.

## A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony

This universal frame began :  
When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,  
And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
" Arise, ye more than dead."  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began :  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?  
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
His listening brethren stood around,  
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell  
To worship that celestial sound.  
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor  
Excites us to arms,  
With shrill notes of anger  
And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries, " Hark ! the foe come ;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute  
In dying notes discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion,  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach,  
The sacred organ's praise ?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre :  
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher :  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd  
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

## GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the bless'd above ;

So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.

## IV.

## THE

## TEARS OF AMYNTA, FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.

## A SONG.

On a bank, beside a willow,  
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,  
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone:  
From the cheerless dawn of morning  
Till the dews of night returning,  
Sighing thus she made her moan:

" Hope is banish'd,  
Joys are vanish'd,

Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

" Time, I dare thee to discover  
Such a youth, and such a lover;  
Oh! so true, so kind was he!  
Damon was the pride of Nature,  
Charming in his every feature;  
Damon liv'd alone for me;  
Melting kisses,  
Murmuring blisses:

Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

" Never shall we curse the morning,  
Never bless the night returning,  
Sweet embraces to restore:  
Never shall we both lie dying,  
Nature failing, Love supplying  
All the joys he drain'd before:  
Death, come end me  
To befriend me;  
Love and Damon are no more."

## V.

## A SONG.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,  
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green:  
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she  
guest [breast:

By the toizing, and tumbling, and touching her  
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,  
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so  
close;

By their praying and whining,  
And clasping and twining,  
And panting and wishing,  
And sighing and kissing,  
And sighing and kissing so close.

" Ah!" she cry'd; " ah! for a languishing maid,  
In a country of Christians, to die without aid!  
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,  
Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,  
T' instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,  
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so  
close!

" By their praying and whining,  
And clasping and twining,  
And panting and wishing,  
And sighing and kissing,  
And sighing and kissing so close."

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,  
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;  
Then shov'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;  
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:  
When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,  
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so  
By their praying and whining, [close;  
And clasping and twining,  
And panting and wishing,  
And sighing and kissing,  
And sighing and kissing so close.

## VI.

## THE LADY'S SONG.

A CAJON of bright beauties in spring did appear,  
To choose a May lady to govern the year;  
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in  
green;  
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:  
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say,  
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our shore,  
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:  
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,  
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires:  
And vows that himself, and his mother, will mourn,  
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;  
For we will perform what the deity swore:  
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,  
Away with your sheeppooks, and take to your arms:  
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,  
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

## VII.

## A SONG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize  
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:  
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,  
O pity, and distinguish me!  
As I from thousand beauties more  
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd,  
Your every motion charms my mind;  
Angels, when you your silence break,  
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak;  
But when at once they hear and view,  
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,  
But all are lost, unless you love;  
While that sweet passion you disdain,  
Your veil and beauty are in vain:  
In pity then prevent my fate,  
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

## VIII.

## A SONG.

Ison state and honours to others impart,  
 But give me your heart:  
 That treasure, that treasure alone,  
 I beg for my own.  
 O gentle a love, so fervent a fire,  
 My soul does inspire;  
 That treasure, that treasure alone,  
 I beg for my own.  
 Our love let me crave;  
 Give me in possessing  
 So matchless a blessing;  
 That empire is all I would have.  
 Love's my petition,  
 All my ambition;  
 If e'er you discover  
 So faithful a lover,  
 So real a flame,  
 I'll die, I'll die.  
 So give up my game.

## IX.

## RONDELET.

Melos found Amyntas lying,  
 All in tears upon the plain;  
 Sighing to himself, and crying,  
 Wretched I, to love in vain!  
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;  
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Sighing to himself, and crying,  
 Wretched I, to love in vain!  
 Ever scorning and denying  
 To reward your faithful swain:  
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;  
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Ever scorning, and denying  
 To reward your faithful swain.  
 Bloo, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain:  
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;  
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Bloo, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain:  
 Ut, repenting, and complying,  
 When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:  
 Kiss'd him up before his dying;  
 Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

## X.

## A SONG.

O tell Amynta, gentle swain,  
 Would not die, nor dare complain:  
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,  
 Thy words will more prevail than mine.  
 O souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,  
 He gods ordain this kind relief;  
 That music should in sounds convey,  
 That dying lovers dare not say.

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A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,  
 But love on pity cannot live.  
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,  
 And love with love is only paid.  
 Tell her my pains so fast increase,  
 That soon they will be past redress;  
 But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,  
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

## XI.

## A SONG

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring  
 So long delays her flowers to bear;  
 Thy warbling birds forget to sing,  
 And winter storms invert the year:  
 Chloris is gone, and Fate provides  
 To make it Spring, where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;  
 She cast not back a pitying eye:  
 But left her lover in despair,  
 To sigh, to languish, and to die:  
 Ah, how can those fair eyes endure  
 To give the wounds' they will not cure!

Great god of love, why hast thou made  
 A face that can all hearts command,  
 That all religions can invade,  
 And change the laws of every land?  
 Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,  
 Thou shouldst have made her mercy more:

When Chloris to the temple comes,  
 Adoring crowds before her fall;  
 She can restore the dead from tombs,  
 And every life but mine recal.  
 I only am by Love design'd  
 To be the victim for mankind.

## XII.

## SONG,

FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE<sup>1</sup>.

Why should a foolish marriage vow,  
 Which long ago was made,  
 Oblige us to each other now,  
 When passion is decay'd?  
 We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,  
 Till our love was lov'd out of us both;  
 But our marriage is dead, when the pleasures are fled;  
 'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,  
 And further love in store,  
 What wrong has he, whose joys did end,  
 And who could give no more?

<sup>1</sup> There are several excellent songs in his King Arthur, which should have been copied, but that they are so interwoven with the story of the drama that it would be improper to separate them. There is also a song in Love in a Nunnery; and another in The Duke of Guise; but neither of them worth transcribing.

N.

R r

'Tis a madness that he  
Should be jealous of me,  
Or that I should bar him of another :  
For all we can gain  
Is to give ourselves pain,  
When neither can hinder the other.

## XIII.

## SONG,

## FROM TYRANNIC LOVE.

Ah, how sweet it is to love !  
Ah, how gay is young Desire !  
And what pleasing pains we prove  
When we first approach Love's fire !  
Pains of love be sweetèr far  
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown  
Do but gently heave the heart :  
E'en the tears they shed alone  
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.  
Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,  
Treat them like a parting friend :  
Nor the golden gifts refuse  
Which in youth sincere they send :  
For each year their price is more,  
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,  
Swells in every youthful vein :  
But each tide does less supply,  
Till they quite shrink in again :  
If a flow in age appear,  
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

## XIV.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

## OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

## AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne :  
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)  
The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

## CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
(Such is the power of mighty love.)  
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia press'd :  
And while he sought her snowy breast :  
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd, [world  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
A present deity, they shout around :  
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :  
With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

## CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sang :  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;  
Flush'd with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face :  
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.  
Bacchus, ever fair and young ;  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure ;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure ;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;  
Fought all his battles o'er again ; [the slain  
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he saw  
The master saw the madness rise ;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And, while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,  
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.  
He chose a mournful Muse  
Soft pity to infuse :  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltring in his blood ;  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed :  
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,

Revolving in his alter'd soul  
The various turns of Chance below ;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;  
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul  
The various turns of Chance below ;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see  
That love was in the next degree :  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
Honour but an empty bubble ;  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee.  
The many read the skies with loud applause ;  
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gaz'd on the fair  
Who caus'd his care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
At length, with love and wile at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gaz'd on the fair  
Who caus'd his care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
Has rais'd up his head !  
As awak'd from the dead,  
And amaz'd, he stares around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the Furies arise :  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand !  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle weré slain,  
And unbury'd remain  
Inglorious on the plain :  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute ;  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;  
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;  
She drew an angel down.

XIII.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,  
An hundred times the rolling Sun  
Around the radiant belt has run  
In his revolving race.  
Behold, behold the goal in sight,  
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS with a scythe in his hand, and a globe on his back ; which he sets down at his entrance.

CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,  
Let me, let me drop my freight,  
And leave the world behind.  
I could not bear,  
Another year,  
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS laughing.

MOMUS. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! well hast thou  
done  
To lay down thy pack,  
And lighten thy back,  
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,

And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,  
Can hinder the crimes,  
Or mend the bad times,  
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

*Cho. of all three.* 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

**JANUS.** Since Momus comes to laugh below,  
Old Time begin the show,  
That he may see, in every scene,  
What changes in this age have been.  
**CHRONOS.** Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.  
[Horns, or hunting music, within.]

*Enter DIANA.*

**DIANA.** With horns and with hounds, I waken the  
day;  
And hie to the woodland-walks away;  
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,  
And tie to my forehead a waxing Moon.  
I course the fleet stag, unkenneled the fox,  
And chase the wild goats o'er the summits  
of rocks,  
With shouting and hooting we pierce  
through the sky,  
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the  
cry.

*Cho. of all.* With shouting and hooting we pierce  
through the sky,  
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the  
cry.

**JANUS.** Then our age was in 'ts prime,  
**CHRONOS.** Free from rage:  
**DIANA.** ——— And free from crime.  
**MOMUS.** A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

*Cho. of all.* Then our age was in 'ts prime,  
Free from rage, and free from crime,  
A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.  
[Dance of Diana's attendants.]

*Enter MARS.*

**MARS.** Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;  
The world is past its infant age:  
Arms and honour,  
Arms and honour,  
Set the martial mind on fire,  
And kindle manly rage.  
Mars has look'd the sky to red;  
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.  
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure, fly;  
The sprightly green,  
In woodland-walks, no more is seen;  
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian  
dye.

*Cho. of all.* Plenty, Peace, &c.

**MARS.** Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;  
Through all the world around,  
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,  
The warrior god is come.

*Cho. of all.* Sound the trumpet, &c.

**MOMUS.** Thy sword within the scabbard keep,  
And let mankind agree;  
Better the world were fast asleep,  
Than kept awake by thee.

The fools are only thinner,  
With all our cost and care;  
But neither side a winner,  
For things are as they were.

*Cho. of all.* The fools are only, &c.

*Enter VENUS.*

**VENUS.** Calms appear, when storms are past;  
Love will have his hour at last:  
Nature is my kindly care;  
Mars destroys, and I repair:  
Take me, take me, while you may,  
Venus comes not every day.

*Cho. of all.* Take her, take her, &c.

**CHRONOS.** The world was then so light,  
I scarcely felt the weight;  
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.  
But, since the queen of pleasure left the  
I faint, I lag, [ground,  
And feebly drag  
The pondrous orb around.

**MOMUS.** All, all of a piece throughout;

*Point- ing to Diana.* } Thy chase had a beast in view;

[To Mars.] Thy wars brought nothing about;  
[To Ven.] Thy lovers were all untrue.

**JANUS.** 'Tis well an old age is out,  
**CHRONOS.** And time to begin a new.

*Cho. of all.* All, all of a piece throughout;  
Thy chase had a beast in view;  
Thy wars brought nothing about;  
Thy lovers were all untrue.  
'Tis well an old age is out,  
And time to begin a new.

[Dance of hunters, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.]

## XV.

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,  
WHO BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR  
ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[Music within.]

*The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a  
keeper.*

**PHYLLIS.** Look, look, I see—I see my love appear!  
'Tis he—'Tis he alone;  
For, like him, there is none:  
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

**AMYNTAS.** Hark, the winds war;  
The foamy waves roar;  
I see a ship afar:  
Tossing and tossing, and making to the  
But what 's that I view, [shore:  
So radiant of hue,  
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the  
Ah! No, no, no. [sails?  
St. Hermo, never, never shone so bright;  
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can shoot so  
fair a light:  
'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that saves the  
ship alone,  
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm  
is overblown.

PHYLLIS. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his  
 AMYNTAL. If all the fates combine, [arms.  
 And all the furies join,  
 I'll force my way to Phyllis, and break  
 through the charm.

[Here they break from their keepers, run  
 to each other, and embrace.]

PHYLLIS. Shall I marry the man I love?  
 And shall I conclude my pains?  
 Now bless'd be the powers above,  
 I feel the blood-bound in my veins;  
 With a lively leap it began to move,  
 And the vapours leave my brains.  
 AMYNTAL. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to  
 To make sure of the cure, [heart,  
 Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er  
 his part.

PHYLLIS. But suppose he should stay—  
 AMYNTAL. At worst if he delay,  
 'Tis a work must be done,  
 We'll borrow but a day,  
 And the better, the sooner begun.

Cho. of both. At worst if he delay, &c.

[They run out together hand in hand.]

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## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

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### I.

#### PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING  
 AFTER THE FIRE.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,  
 So look they, when on the bare beach they stand  
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,  
 Expecting famine on a desert shore.  
 From that hard climate we must wait for bread,  
 Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.  
 Our stage does human chance present to view,  
 But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:  
 You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see  
 Is but a nobler name for charity.  
 Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,  
 While you the founders make yourselves the guests.  
 Of all mankind beside, Fate had some care,  
 But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,  
 'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.  
 You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,  
 Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,  
 Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,  
 Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.  
 But as our new-built city rises higher,  
 So from old theatres may new aspire,  
 Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.  
 Our great metropolis does far surpass  
 Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:  
 Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,  
 And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.  
 But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,  
 Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:  
 Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,  
 Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

### II.

#### PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE,  
 MARCH 26, 1674.

A PLAIN-BUILT house, after so long a stay,  
 Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;  
 When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find  
 A bare convenience only is design'd.  
 You, who each day can theatres behold,  
 Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,  
 Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,  
 And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.  
 Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,  
 And a plain suit, since we can make but one,  
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.  
 They, who are by your favours wealthy made,  
 With mighty sums may carry on the trade:  
 We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,  
 With our small stock to humble roofs retire;  
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.  
 For fame and honour we no longer strive,  
 We yield in both, and only beg to live:  
 Unable to support their vast expense,  
 Who build and treat with such magnificence;  
 That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,  
 They give the law to our provincial stage.  
 Great neighbours enviously promote excess,  
 While they impose their splendour on the less.  
 But only fools, and they of vast estate,  
 Th' extremity of modes will imitate,  
 The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.  
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,  
 We in our plainness may be justly proud:  
 Our royal master will'd it should be so;  
 Whate'er he 's pleas'd to own, can need no show:  
 That sacred name gives ornament and grace,  
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.  
 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,  
 To build a playhouse while you throw down plays;  
 While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,  
 And for the pencil you the pen disdain:  
 While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,  
 And laugh at those upon whose alms they live:  
 Old English authors vanish, and give place  
 To these new conquerors of the Norman race.  
 More tamely than your fathers you submit;  
 You 're now grown vassals to them in your wit.  
 Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,  
 The mighty merits of their men of France,  
 Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.  
 Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood,  
 That French machines have ne'er done England good.  
 I would not prophesy our house's fate:  
 But while vain shows and scenes you overrate,  
 'Tis to be fear'd—  
 That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,  
 Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

### III.

#### EPILOGUE

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

THOUGH what our prologue said was sadly true,  
 Yet, gentlemen, our homely house is new,  
 A charm that seldom fails with—wicked you.

A country lip may have the velvet touch ;  
 Though she 's no lady, you may think her such :  
 A strong imagination may do much.  
 But you, loud sirs, who through your curls look big,  
 Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,  
 Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,  
 And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit ;  
 Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roll,  
 Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul ;  
 So may your hats your foretops never press,  
 Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your dress ;  
 So may you slowly to old age advance,  
 And have th' excuse of youth for ignorance :  
 So may Pop-corner full of noise remain,  
 And drive far off the dull attentive train ;  
 So may your midnight scowerings happy prove,  
 And morning batteries force your way to love ;  
 So may not France your warlike hands recall,  
 But leave you hy each other's swords to fall :  
 As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,  
 When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.  
 But to the wits we can some merit plead,  
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said :  
 Our house relieves the ladies from the frights  
 Of ill-pav'd streets, and long dark winter nights ;  
 The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,  
 Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad ;  
 The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff,  
 Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.  
 Though in their house the poets' heads appear,  
 We hope we may presume their wits are here.  
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play,  
 For, like kind cuckolds, though we've not the way  
 To please, we 'll find you abler men who may.  
 If they should fail, for last recruits we breed  
 A troop of frisking Mounseurs to succeed :  
 You know the French sure cards at time of need.

## IV.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd  
 T' unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind :  
 When tir'd with following Nature, you think fit  
 To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,  
 And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey  
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.  
 Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,  
 You view the various turns of human life :  
 Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,  
 And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.  
 Your theories are here to practice brought,  
 As in mechanic operations wrought ;  
 And man, the little world, before you set,  
 As once the sphere of crystal show'd the great.  
 Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,  
 If to your fortunes you can suit your mind :  
 Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,  
 And crimes on theatres alone to know.  
 With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,  
 And beg from you the value of their wit : [claim,  
 That Shakspeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's  
 May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.  
 None of our living poets dare appear ;  
 For Muses so severe are worshipp'd here,

That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,  
 And, as profane, from sacred places fly,  
 Rather than see th' offended God, and die.  
 We bring no imperfections, but our own ;  
 Such faults as made are by the makers shown :  
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,  
 The greatest judges still can pardon most.  
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,  
 Debas'd even to the level of their wit ;  
 Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,  
 Hating themselves what their applause must make.  
 But when to praise from you they would aspire,  
 Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.  
 So far your knowledge all their power transcends,  
 As what should be beyond what is extends.

## V.

## PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

[BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half so wise as you 're severe,  
 Our youthful poet should not need to fear :  
 To his green years your censures you would suit,  
 Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.  
 The sex, that best does pleasure understand,  
 Will always choose to err on t' other hand :  
 They check not him that 's awkward in delight,  
 But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right.  
 Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,  
 The youth may prove a man another day.  
 Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,  
 Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write :  
 But hopp'd about, and short excursions made  
 From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,  
 And each was guilty of some slighted maid.  
 Shakspeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore ;  
 The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor :  
 'Tis miracle to see a first good play ;  
 All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.  
 A slender poet must have time to grow,  
 And spread and burnish as his brothers do.  
 Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is cur'd :  
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.  
 Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,  
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,  
 That he may get more bulk before he dies :  
 He 's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.  
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,  
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

## VI.

## EPILOGUE

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE LADY MEL  
 MAR. WENTWORTH, WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT  
 COURT.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain ;  
 I 'll now assume my native shape again.  
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,  
 And would not be a god to be refus'd.  
 State grows uneasy when it hinders love ;  
 A glorious burthen, which the wise remove.  
 Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try  
 The force of any lightning but the eye.  
 Beauty and youth more than a god command ;  
 No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.



'Tis here that sovereign power admits dispute;  
 Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.  
 Our sullen Catos, whatso'er they say,  
 Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.  
 You, mighty sir, our bonds more easy make,  
 And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:  
 Above those forms the grave affect to wear;  
 For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.  
 True wisdom may some gallantry admit,  
 And soften business with the charms of wit.  
 These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,  
 And from the midst of fighting nations brought.  
 You only hear it thunder from afar,  
 And sit in peace the arbiter of war:  
 Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains de-  
 spise,  
 You knew its worth, and made it early prize:  
 And in its happy leisure sit and see  
 The promises of more felicity:  
 Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,  
 Whose morning rays like noontide strike and  
 shine:  
 Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,  
 To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

VII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAN OF MODE; OR, SIR FOPPING FLUTTER.

[BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,  
 They seem not of Heaven's making, but their own.  
 Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;  
 But there goes more to a substantial ass:  
 Something of man must be expos'd to view,  
 That, gallants, they may more resemble you.  
 Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,  
 The ladies would mistake him for a wit;  
 And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would  
 cry,  
 "I vow, methinks, he 's pretty company:  
 So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,  
 As he took pains to graff upon his kind."  
 True fops help Nature's work, and go to school,  
 To file and finish God Almighty's fool.  
 Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;  
 He 's knight o' th' shire, and represents you all.  
 From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;  
 Legion 's his name, a people in a man.  
 His bulky folly gathers as it goes,  
 And, rolling o'er you, like a snowball grows.  
 His various modes from various fathers follow;  
 One taught the toss, and one the new French  
 wallow.  
 His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd;  
 And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.  
 From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,  
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.  
 Another's diving bow he did adore,  
 Which, with a shog, casts all the hair before,  
 Till he with full decorum brings it back,  
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake.  
 As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,  
 These sure be took from most of you who write.  
 Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;  
 For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

VIII.

EPILOGUE

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1678.]

You 've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:  
 And much you care; for most of you will cry,  
 'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.  
 For, Heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,  
 When no man dies for love, but on the stage:  
 And ev'n those martyrs are but rare in plays;  
 A cursed sign how much true faith decays.  
 Love is no more a violent desire;  
 'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.  
 In all our sex, the name examin'd well,  
 'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.  
 In woman, 'tis of subtle interest made:  
 Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!  
 She first did Wit's prerogative remove,  
 And made a fool presume to prate of love.  
 Let honour and preferment go for gold;  
 But glorious beauty is not to be sold:  
 Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,  
 That nothing but adoring it should buy.  
 Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;  
 They purchase but sophisticated ware.  
 'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,  
 Where both the giver and the taker cheat.  
 Men but refine on the old half-crown way:  
 And women fight, like Swissers, for their pay.

IX.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1680.]

Tu' unhappy man, who once has trait'd a pen,  
 Lives not to please himself, but other men;  
 Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,  
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.  
 What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,  
 Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.  
 That fumbling fetcher to revenge is bent,  
 Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:  
 Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms;  
 From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:  
 Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,  
 In the blest time poet poets live by chance.  
 Either you come not here, or, as you grace  
 Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,  
 Careless and qualmish with a yawning face:  
 You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;  
 Most of your talents lie another way.  
 You love to hear of some prodigious tale,  
 The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.  
 News is your food, and you enough provide,  
 Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.  
 One theatre there is of vast resort,  
 Which whilome of Requests was call'd the Court;  
 But now the great Exchange of News 'tis bright,  
 And full of hum and buz from noon till night.  
 Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,  
 And each man wears three nations in his face.  
 So big you look, though claret you retrench,  
 That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.

But all your entertainment still is fed  
By villains in your own dull island bred.  
Would you return to us, we dare engage  
To show you better rogues upon the stage.  
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;  
Death 's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.  
They have a civil way in Italy  
By smelling a perfume to make you die;  
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.  
Murder 's a trade, so known and practis'd there,  
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.  
But, mark their feast, you 'll shal behold such pranks;  
The pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

## X.

## PROLOGUE

TO SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the first professor of our art,  
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.  
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,  
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespia.  
But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,  
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage:  
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport  
Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.  
But 'tis the talent of our English nation,  
Still to be plotting some new reformation:  
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,  
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,  
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,  
And every prayer be longer than a play.  
Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,  
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:  
Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,  
And worst the author of the Oxford bells:  
Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,  
Ev'n in our first original, a cart.  
No zealous brother there would want a stone,  
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:  
Religion, learning, wit, would be supprest,  
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast:  
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,  
As chief supporters of the triple crown;  
And Aristotle 's for destruction ripe;  
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,  
Which, by some little help of derivation,  
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

## XI.

## A PROLOGUE.

Is yet there be a few that take delight  
In that which reasonable men should write;  
To them alone we dedicate this night.  
The rest may satisfy their curious itch  
With city gazettes, or some factious speech,  
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,  
Skirs up the shrovetide crew to fire and blood.  
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,  
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;  
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,  
Or see what 's worse, the Devil and the Pope.  
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,  
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;

Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,  
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.  
The style of forty-one our poets write,  
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.  
Such censures our mistaking audience make,  
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.  
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;  
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.  
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress,  
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.  
Therefore this nourishment of farce ye choose,  
Decoctions of a barley-water Muse:  
A meal of tragedy would make you sick,  
Unless it were a very tender chick.  
Some scenes in sippets would be worth our time;  
Those would go down; some love that 's poach'd in  
If these should fail— [rhyme;  
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,  
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost;  
While you turn players on the world's great stage,  
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

## XII.

## EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

[BY MR. SAUNDERS.]

LADIES, the beardless author of this day  
Commends to you the fortune of his play.  
A woman wit has often grac'd the stage;  
But he 's the first boy-poet of our age.  
Early as is the year his fancies blow,  
Like young Narcissus peeping through the snow.  
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;  
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.  
Youth with the fair should always favour find,  
Or we are damn'd dismembers of our kind.  
What 's all this love they put into our parts?  
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.  
Should hag and grey-beard make such tender moan,  
Faith, you 'd ev'n trust them to themselves alone.  
And cry, "Let 's go, here 's nothing to be done."  
Since love 's our business, as 'tis your delight,  
The young, who best can practise, best can write.  
What though he be not come to his full power,  
He 's mending and improving every hour.  
You, sly she-jockies of the box and pit,  
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:  
By management he may in time be made,  
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;  
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,  
And always fails you at the second heat.

## XIII.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

The fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance  
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,  
Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,  
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the Moon,  
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,  
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.  
Whate'er the story be, the moral 's true;  
The wit we lost in town, we find in you.

Our poets their fied parts may draw from hence,  
 And fill their windy heads with sober sense.  
 When London votes with Southwark's disagree,  
 Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.  
 Here busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,  
 May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:  
 Your country neighbours, when their grain grows  
 May come, and find their last provision here: [dear,  
 Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,  
 Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one cross.  
 We look'd what representatives would bring;  
 But they help'd us, just as they did the king.  
 Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth  
 The Sibyls' books to those who know their worth;  
 And though the first was sacrific'd before,  
 These volumes doubly will the price restore.  
 Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,  
 To whom by long prescription you are kind.  
 He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,  
 Has never spard the vices of the age,  
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,  
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.

XIV.

PROLOGUE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT  
 THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOT-  
 LAND, 1682.

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,  
 Where brooding darkness covers half the year,  
 To hollow caves the shivering natives go;  
 Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow.  
 But when the tedious twilight wears away,  
 And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,  
 The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;  
 Happy who first can see the glimmering Sun:  
 The surly savage offspring disappear,  
 And curse the bright successor of the year.  
 Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,  
 White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:  
 That crafty kind with daylight can dispense.  
 Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,  
 That loyal subjects scarce can find a place:  
 Thus modest Truth is cast behind the crowd:  
 Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisy too loud.  
 Let them be first to flatter in success;  
 Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press;  
 Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,  
 To make their solemn show at Heaven's Whitehall,  
 The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,  
 And made as good a courtier as the best.  
 The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,  
 Came cap in hand when he had three times more.  
 Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;  
 Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue;  
 A tyrant's power in rigour is exprest;  
 The father yearns in the true prince's breast.  
 We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;  
 But most are babes, that know not they offend.  
 The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,  
 Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.  
 Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones pour;  
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower.  
 O welcome to this much offending land,  
 The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!  
 Thus angels on glad messages appear:  
 Their first salute commands us not to fear:

Thus Heaven, that could constrain us to obey,  
 (With reverence if we might presume to say)  
 Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway:  
 Permits to man the choice of good and ill,  
 And makes us happy by our own free will.

XV.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

[BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682.]

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO  
 THE HOUSE.

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,  
 And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground no more;  
 When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,  
 And the new scene of Earth began to draw;  
 The dove was sent to view the waves' decrease,  
 And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.  
 'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,  
 Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.  
 We have before our eyes the royal dove,  
 Still innocent as harbinger of love:  
 The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,  
 And people with a better race the plain.  
 Tell me, ye powers, why should vain man pursue,  
 With endless toil, each object that is new,  
 And for the seeming substance leave the true?  
 Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,  
 And loath the manna of his daily food?  
 Must England still the scene of changes be,  
 Tost and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?  
 Must still our weather and our wills agree?  
 Without our blood our liberties we have:  
 Who that is free would fight to be a slave?  
 Or, what can wars to after-times assure,  
 Of which our present age is not secure?  
 All that our monarch would for us ordain,  
 Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign.  
 Our land's an Eden, and the main 's our fence,  
 While we preserve our state of innocence:  
 That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,  
 And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.  
 What civil broils have cost, we know too well;  
 Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!  
 And every heart conspire, and every tongue,  
 Still to have such a king, and this king long.

XVI.

AN EPILOGUE

FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning men,  
 But just peep up, and then pop down again.  
 Let those who call us wicked change their sense;  
 For never men liv'd more on Providence.  
 Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor,  
 Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.  
 Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents  
 Of the three last ungriving parliaments:  
 So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,  
 He might have spard his dream of seven lean kine,  
 And chang'd his vision for the Muses mine.  
 The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,  
 Was but a vapour drawn from play-house earth:

Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,  
Foreshows our change of state, and thin third days,  
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;  
For then the printer's press would suffer more.  
Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit;  
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.  
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid  
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?  
Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,  
Demooritus's wars with Heraclitus?  
Such are the authors, who have run us down,  
And exercis'd you critics of the town.  
Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,  
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.  
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,  
Is worn to rags and scribbled out of fashion.  
Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wise,  
They had agreed their play before their prize.  
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;  
'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.  
Then put an end to civil wars for shame;  
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,  
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,  
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

## XVII.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE LOYAL BROTHER; OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,  
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.  
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate  
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:  
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!)  
hate.

The critic humbly seems advice to bring;  
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:  
But one's advice into a satire slides;  
T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.  
These will no taxes give, and those no pence;  
Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.  
The critic all our troops of friends discards;  
Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.  
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,  
As watchful shepherds that fright beasts of prey.  
Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,  
Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please:  
And that would be till next queen Bess's night:  
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.  
Sir Edmundbury first, in woful wise,  
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.  
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,  
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;  
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,  
And, with a civil congé, does retire:  
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;  
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.  
The punk of Bahylon in pomp appears,  
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years:  
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore;  
For few take pity on an old cast-whore.  
The Devil, who brought him to the shame, takes  
part;  
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;  
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.

The word is given, and with a loud buzz  
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw:  
On the slain corpse contending nations fall:  
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!  
He burns: now all true hearts your triumphs  
ring:

And next, for fashion, cry, "God save the king!"  
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,  
When forty thousand men are up in arms.  
But after he's once sved, to make amends,  
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:  
So God begins, but still the Devil ends.  
What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should call,  
Come, let's go cry, "God save him at Whitehall!"  
His best friends would not like this over care,  
Or think him e'er the safer for this prayer.  
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd;  
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.  
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain  
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,  
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

## XVIII.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A VIRGIN poet was serv'd up to day,  
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.  
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy:  
But, like a girl whom several would enjoy,  
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural  
toy.

Were I to play my callow author's game,  
The king's house would instruct me by the name.  
There's loyalty to one; I wish no more:  
A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.  
Let husband or gallant be what they will,  
One part of woman is true Tory still.  
If any factious spirit should rebel,  
Our sex, with ease, can every rising quell.  
Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,  
An honest jury for our play provide.  
Whigs at their poets never take offence;  
They save dull culprits who have murder'd sense.  
Though nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,  
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.  
Faction in play's the commonwealth-man's bribe;  
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:  
Though void in payment laws and statutes make it,  
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will  
take it.

'Tis Faction buys the votes of half the pit;  
Their's is the pension-parliament of wit.  
In city clubs their venom let them vent;  
For there 'tis safe in its own element.  
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,  
Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.  
In one poor isle, why should two factions be?  
Small difference in your sides I can see:  
In drink and drabs both vices too well agree.  
Would there were more preferments in the land:  
If places fell, the party could not stand:  
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains:  
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.  
Mean time you see what trade our plots advance;  
We send each year good money into France;  
And they that know what merchandize we need,  
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.

## XIX.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

Our play's a parallel: the Holy League  
 Begot our Covenant: Guisards got the Whig:  
 Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance  
 Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France;  
 And, when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd  
 there,  
 Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.  
 Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?  
 It looks as if the Devil were grown dull,  
 Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken meat,  
 And thought we were not worth a better cheat.  
 The fulsome Covenant, one would think in reason,  
 Had given us all our bellies full of treason:  
 And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation  
 Chaws its own excrement, th' Association.  
 'Tis true we have not learn'd their poisoning way,  
 For that 's a mode, but newly come in play;  
 Besides, your drug 's uncertain to prevail;  
 But your true Protestant can never fail,  
 With that compendious instrument a flail.  
 Go on; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare:  
 Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:  
 Once more decide religion by the sword;  
 And purchase for us a new tyrant lord.  
 Pray for your king; but yet your purses spare:  
 Make him not twopence richer by your prayer.  
 To show you love him much, chastise him more;  
 And make him very great, and very poor.  
 Push him to wars, but still no pence advance;  
 Let him lose England, to recover France.  
 Cry freedom up with popular noisy votes:  
 And get enough to cut each other's throats.  
 Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;  
 For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.  
 A noise was made of arbitrary sway;  
 But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way,  
 An arbitrary duty now to pay.  
 Let his own servants turn, to save their stake;  
 Glean from his plenty, and his wants forsake.  
 But let some Judas near his person stay,  
 To swallow the last sop, and then betray.  
 Make London independent of the crown:  
 A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.  
 Let ignoramus juries find no traitors:  
 And ignoramus poets scribble satires.  
 And, that your meaning none may fail to scan,  
 Do what in coffee-houses you began;  
 Pull down the master, and set up the man.

## XX.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost;  
 And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.  
 Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor small;  
 Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.  
 They took no single aim—  
 But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,  
 Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.  
 Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,  
 In battle every man is bound to fight.

For what should hinder me to sell my skin  
 Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?  
*Se defendendo* never was a sin.  
 'Tis a fine world, my masters, right or wrong,  
 The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.  
 They must do all they can—  
 But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind;  
 And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.  
 Nay, and when one boy 's down, 'twere wondrous  
 To cry, *lor fair*, and give him time to rise. [nice,  
 When Fortune favours, none but fools will dally:  
 Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally  
 Tipt you th' inviting wink, stand shall I; shall I?  
 A trimmer cry'd, (that heard me tell the story)  
 "Fie, mistress Cooke!! faith, you're too rank a  
 Tory!

Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;  
 You women love to see men make wry faces."  
 Pray sir, said I, dont think me such a Jew;  
 I say no more, but give the Devil his due.  
 "Lentives," says he, "suit best with our condition."  
 Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.  
 "I love no blood"—Nor I, sir, as I breathe;  
 But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.  
 "We trimmers are for holding all things even:"  
 Yes—just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.  
 "Have we not had men's lives enough already?"  
 Yes sure;—but you're for holding all things steady:  
 Now, since the weight hangs all on our side, brother,  
 You trimmers should to poize it, hang on t' other.  
 Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,  
 Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring;  
 Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;  
 Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat,  
 A twilight animal, true to neither cause,  
 With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

## XXI.

## ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE PLAY, BEFORE  
IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST SUMMER.<sup>1</sup>

Two houses join'd, two poets to a play?  
 You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to day;  
 It looks so like two shrieves the city way.  
 But since our discords and divisions cease,  
 You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:  
 Make here no tilts: let our poor stage alone;  
 Or, if a ticeent murder must be done,  
 Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.  
 If not, I swear, we 'll pull up all our benches;  
 Not for your sakes, but for our orange-wenchens:  
 For you thrust wide sometimes; and many a spark,  
 That misses one, can hit the other mark.  
 This makes our boxes full; for men of sense  
 Pay their four shillings in their own defence;  
 That safe behind the ladies they may stay,  
 Peep o'er the fan<sup>2</sup>, and judge the bloody fray.

<sup>1</sup> The actress, who spake the epilogue. N.<sup>2</sup> Langbaine says, this play found many enemies at its first appearance on the stage.<sup>3</sup> Hence Mr. Pope's couplet, *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 543.

The modest fan was lifted up no more,  
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

But other foes give beauty worse alarms;  
 The *poete poetarum*'s up in arms:  
 No woman's fame their libels has escap'd;  
 Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt.  
 When sighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,  
 They rail, write treason, and turn Whigs to love.  
 Nay, and I fear they worse designs advance,  
 There's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from  
 France;

We charm in vain, and dress, and keep a pother,  
 Whilst those false rogues are ogling one another.  
 All sins besides admit some expiation;  
 But this against our sex is plain damnation.  
 They join for libels too these women-haters;  
 And, as they club for love, they club for satires:  
 The best on 't is they hurt not: for they wear  
 Stings in their tails, their only venom 's there.  
 'Tis true, some shot at first the ladies hit,  
 While able marksmen made, and men of wit:  
 But now the fools give fire, whose bounce is louder:  
 And yet, like mere train-bands, they shoot but  
 powder.

Libels, like plots, sweep all in their first fury;  
 Then dwindle like an ignominious jury:  
 Thus age begins with touzing and with tumbling;  
 But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in fumbling.

## XXII.

## PROLOGUE.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT  
WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,  
 Athenian judges, you this day renew.  
 Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,  
 And here poetic prizes lost or won.  
 Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,  
 And strike a sacred horror from the pit.  
 A day of doom is this of your decree,  
 Where ev'n the best are but by mercy free: [see.  
 A day, which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to  
 Here they, who long have known the useful stage,  
 Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.  
 As your commissioners our poets go,  
 To cultivate the virtue which you sow:  
 In your Lyceum first themselves refin'd,  
 And delegated thence to human kind.  
 But as ambassadors, when long from home,  
 For new instructions to their princes come;  
 So poets, who your precepts have forgot,  
 Return, and beg they may be better taught:  
 Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,  
 But by your manners they correct their own.  
 Th' illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies  
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance remedies:  
 The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,  
 Studies with care th' anatomy of man;  
 Sees virtue, vice, and passions, in their cause,  
 And fame from Science, not from Fortune, draws.  
 So Poetry, which is in Oxford made  
 An art, in London only is a trade.  
 These haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen  
 Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.  
 Such build their poems the Lucretian way;  
 So many huddled atoms make a play;

And if they hit in order by some chance,  
 They call that Nature, which is ignorance.  
 To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,  
 And their gay nonsense their own city admire.  
 Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,  
 Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.  
 He owns no crown from those praetorian hands,  
 But knows that right is in the senate's hands,  
 Not impudent enough to hope your praise,  
 Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,  
 And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.  
 Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,  
 But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

## XXIII.

## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,  
 Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw  
 near,  
 Than we with our poetic train come down,  
 For refuge hither, from th' infected town:  
 Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit  
 To visit us with all the plagues of wit.  
 A French troop first swept all things in its way;  
 But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay:  
 Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find  
 They left their itch of novelty behind.  
 Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,  
 And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace:  
 Instead of wit, and humours, your delight  
 Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;  
 Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,  
 And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.  
 For love, you heard how amorous asses bray'd,  
 And cats in gutters gave their serenade.  
 Nature was out of countenance, and each day  
 Some new-born monster shown you for a play.  
 But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb,  
 Those wicked engines call'd machines are come.  
 Thunder and lightning oow for wit are play'd,  
 And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid;  
 Art magic is for poetry profest;  
 And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,  
 To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,  
 Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.  
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown  
 Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,  
 Fletcher's despis'd, your Jonson's out of fashion,  
 And wit the only drug in all the nation.  
 In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;  
 By you those staple authors' worth is known:  
 For wit's a manufacture of your own.  
 When you, who only can, their scenes have prais'd,  
 We'll boldly back, and say, the price is rais'd.

## XXIV.

## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

OFF has our poet wish'd, this happy seat  
 Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:  
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find  
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind;

Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,  
 And only in the shades, like laurels, grow.  
 Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,  
 And age returning thence concludes it best.  
 What wonder if we court that happiness  
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,  
 Teaching ev'n you, while the next world we show,  
 Your peace to value more, and better know?  
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,  
 Whose holy memory shall ever last,  
 For patronage from him whose care presides  
 O'er every noble art, and every science guides:  
 Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,  
 And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;  
 Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,  
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.  
 His learning, and untainted manners too,  
 We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:  
 Such ancient hospitality there rests  
 In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,  
 Whose kindness was religion to their guests.  
 Such modesty did to our sex appear,  
 As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,  
 Since each of you was our protector here.  
 Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shone,  
 As might Apollo with the Muses own.  
 Till our return, we must despair to find  
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

XXV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Discord, and plots, which have undone our age,  
 With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.  
 Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,  
 We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.  
 Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,  
 And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted,  
 To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.  
 With bouny bluecap there they act all night,  
 For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence  
 hight.  
 One nymph, to whom fat sir John Falstaff's lean,  
 There with her single person fills the scene.  
 Another, with long use and age decay'd,  
 Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.  
 Our trusty door-keepers of former time  
 There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.  
 Tack but a copper-lace to druggert suit,  
 And there 's a hero made without dispute:  
 And that, which was a capon's tail before,  
 Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.  
 But all his subjects, to express the care  
 Of imitation, go, like Indiana, bare:  
 Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;  
 It might perhaps a new rebellion bring:  
 The Scot, who wore it, would be chosen king.  
 But why should I these renegades describe,  
 When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?  
 Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,  
 With Irish action slander'd English wit:  
 You have beheld such barbarous Macs appear,  
 As merited a second massacre:  
 Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,  
 And had their country stamp'd upon their face.

When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,  
 We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.  
 How ill soe'er our action may deserve,  
 Oxford 's a place where Wit can never starve.

XXVL

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boast,  
 Of all who want it, we admire it most:  
 We love the praises of a learned pit,  
 As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.  
 We speak our poets' wit; and trade in ore,  
 Like those, who touch upon the golden shore:  
 Betwixt our judges can distinction make,  
 Discern how much, and why, our poems take:  
 Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;  
 Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.  
 When our fop gallants, or our city folly,  
 Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:  
 We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,  
 And, for their ignorance, condemn their praise.  
 Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,  
 Should not be proud of giving you delight.  
 London likes grossly; but this nicer pit  
 Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;  
 The ready finger lays on every blot; [not.  
 Knows what should justly please, and what should  
 Nature herself lies open to your view;  
 You judge by her, what draught of her is true,  
 Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,  
 Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.  
 But, by the sacred genius of this place,  
 By every Muse, by each domestic grace,  
 Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,  
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.  
 Our poets hither for adoption come,  
 As nations sued to be made free of Rome:  
 Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,  
 But in your utmost, last, provincial band.  
 If his ambition may those hopes pursue,  
 Who with religion loves your arts and you,  
 Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,  
 Than his own mother university.  
 Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;  
 He chooses Athens in his riper age.

XXVII.

EPILOGUE

TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1683.]

OUR hero's happy in the play's conclusion;  
 The holy rogue at last has met confusion:  
 Though Arius all along appear'd a saint,  
 The last act show'd him a true Protestant.  
 Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors)  
 Reports, that, after all these plots and slaughters,  
 The court of Constantine was full of glory,  
 And every Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.  
 They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:  
 When Clause was king, then all the world was glad.

Whigs kept the places they possess before,  
 And most were in a way of getting more ;  
 Which was as much as saying, gentlemen,  
 Here's power and money to be rogues again.  
 Indeed, there were a sort of peaking tools,  
 (Some call them modest, but I call them fools)  
 Men much more loyal, though not half so loud ;  
 But these poor devils were cast behind the crowd.  
 For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,  
 But good men starve for want of impudence.  
 Besides all these, there were a sort of wights,  
 I think my author calls them Teckelites,  
 Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,  
 They favour'd ev'n a foreign rebel's cause.  
 When their own damn'd design was quash'd and aw'd,  
 At least, they gave it their good word abroad.  
 As many a man, who, for a quiet life,  
 Breeds out his bastard, not to use his wife ;  
 Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers cry ;  
 And though they cannot keep it in their eye,  
 They bind it 'prentice to count Teckeleey.  
 They believe not the last plot ; may I be curst,  
 If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.  
 No wonder their own plot no plot they think ;  
 The man, that makes it, never smells the stink.  
 And now it comes into my head, I'll tell  
 Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well.  
 Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,  
 Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman ;  
 He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever  
 Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer ;  
 And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,  
 One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths  
 lasted :

To turn for this, may surely be forgiven :  
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a Heaven ?

## XXVIII.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT ; OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

[BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

How comes it, gentlemen, that now a-days,  
 When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,  
 Our poets tax you still with want of sense ?  
 All prologues treat you at your own expense.  
 Sharp citizens a wiser way can go ;  
 They make you fools, but never call you so.  
 They, in good-manners, seldom make a slip,  
 But treat a common whore with ladyship :  
 But here each saucy wit at random writes,  
 And uses ladies as he uses knights.  
 Our author, young and grateful in his nature,  
 Vows, that from him no nymph deserves a satire :  
 Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—  
 Against the sweet partaker of his crime.  
 Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker,  
 To call men fools ; 'tis railing at their Maker.  
 Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf ;  
 He's young enough to be a fop himself :  
 And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,  
 He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.  
 Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,  
 Your father chose, because he lik'd the face ;  
 And, often, they supply'd your mother's place.

The dry nurse was your mother's ancient maid,  
 Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.  
 Betwixt them both, for milk and sugar-candy,  
 Your sucking-bottles were well stor'd with brandy.  
 Your father, to initiate your discourse,  
 Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse,  
 But was prevented by each careful nurse :  
 For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,  
 They taught you certain parts of man and woman.  
 I pass your schools ; for there when first you came,  
 You would be sure to learn the Latin name.  
 In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking,  
 But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking :  
 Thence come to town, you practise play, to know  
 The virtues of the high dice, and the low.  
 Each thinks himself a sharper most profound :  
 He cheats by pence ; is cheated by the pound.  
 With these perfections, and what else he gleans,  
 The spark sets up for love behind our scenes ;  
 Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.  
 There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,  
 Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.  
 He hires some homely room, love's fruits to gather,  
 And, garret-high, rebels against his father :  
 But he once dead——  
 Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,  
 A toilet, dressing-box, and half a crown.  
 Some marry first, and then they fall to scowring,  
 Which is, refining marriage into whoring.  
 Our women batten well on their good-nature ;  
 All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.  
 But while abroad so liberal the dole is,  
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.  
 Last, some there are, who take their first degree  
 Of lewdness in our middle galleries.  
 The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,  
 Invade and grubble one another's punk :  
 They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,  
 Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out :  
 Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,  
 They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

## XXIX.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE KING AND QUEEN<sup>1</sup>, UPON THE UNION OF THE  
TWO COMPANIES IN 1686.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,  
 Their penny-scribes take care t' inform the nation,  
 How well men thrive in this or that plantation :

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,  
 And Carolina's with Associators :  
 Both ev'n too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,  
 And every age produces such a store,  
 That now there's need of two New Englands more.

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation ?  
 Only thus much, that we have left our station,  
 And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree ;  
 But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,  
 Those play-house Whigs set up for property.

<sup>1</sup> At the opening of their theatre, 1683.



Some say, they no obedience paid of late;  
But would new fears and jealousies create;  
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,  
Might guess: 'twould end in downright knocks and  
quelling:

For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter  
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;  
There 's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd  
charter.

But, since the victory with us remains,  
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;  
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight them:  
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight them,  
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits  
can write them.

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumor,  
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer;  
No dull fat fool sham'm'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of them such vile stuff have made,  
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;  
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We 've given you tragedies, all sense defying,  
And singing men, in woful metre dying;  
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather;  
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:  
Whig posts and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

XXX.

EPILOGUE

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

New ministers, when first they get in place,  
Must have a care to please; and that's our case:  
Some laws for public welfare we design,  
If you, the power supreme, will please to join  
There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,  
Who either have, or who pretend to wit:  
These noisy sirs so loud their parts rehearse,  
That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.  
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,  
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.  
But stay: methinks some vizard mask I see,  
Cast out her lure from the mid gallery:  
About her all the fluttering sparks are rang'd;  
The noise continues though the scene is chang'd:  
Now growling, sputtering, wauling, such a clutter,  
'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter:  
Fine love, no doubt; but ere two days are o'er ye,  
The surgeon will be told-a woful story.  
Let vizard mask her naked face expose,  
On pain of being thought to want a nose:  
Then for your lacqueys, and your train beside,  
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,  
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs  
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears:  
They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters;  
We've none so great but their unpaying masters.  
We beg you, sirs, to beg your men, that they  
Would please to give you leave to hear the play.

Next in the play-house spare your precious lives;  
Think, like good Christians, on your beams and  
wives:

Think on your souls; but by your lugging forth,  
It seems you know how little they are worth.  
If none of these will move the warlike mind,  
Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.  
We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear,  
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.  
Alas! our women are but washy toys,  
And wholly taken up in stage employs:  
Poor willing tits they are: but yet I doubt  
This double duty soon will wear them out.  
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care;  
What if my lady's page should find you there?  
My lady knows 't a tittle what there's in ye;  
No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.  
Thus, gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short  
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:  
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;  
But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

XXXI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVELAND.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1689.]

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear)  
I long to whisper something in your ear:  
A secret, which does much my mind perplex:  
There's treason in the play against our sex.  
A man that 's false to love, that vows and cheats,  
And kisses every living thing he meets.  
A rogue in mode, I dare not speak too broad,  
One that does something to the very bawd.  
Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast;  
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest,  
None of them stick at mark; they all deceive.  
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe,  
There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.  
To hide their faults, they rap out oaths, and  
tear:

Now, though we lie, we're too well-bred to swear,  
So we compound for half the sin we owe,  
But men are dipt for soul and body too;  
And, when found out, excuse themselves, pox cant  
them,

With Latin stuff, "Perjuria ridet amantium."  
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,  
But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.

I'm sure, I never heard that scritch-owl hollow'd  
In my poor ears, but separation follow'd.  
How can such perjurd villains e'er be saved?  
Ahitophel 's not half so false to David.

With vows and soft expressions to allure,  
They stand, like foremen of a shop, demure:  
No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,  
And for the next new face ride out a-padding.  
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kiss-  
ing,

We can perceive the ready money missing.  
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good ev'n wink;  
Something we find, and something they will sink.  
But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,  
To trump their diamonds, as they, trump our  
hearts.

## XXXII.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A QUALM of conscience brings me back again,  
 To make amends to you bespatter'd men.  
 We women love like cats, that hide their joys,  
 By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise.  
 I rail'd at wild young sparks; but, without lying,  
 Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.  
 The prodigal of love gives each her part,  
 And squandering shows, at least, a noble heart.  
 I've heard of men, who, in some lewd lampoon,  
 Have hir'd a friend, to make their valour known.  
 That accusation straight this question brings;  
 What is the man that does such naughty things?  
 The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,  
 Lies at our feet: he's scarce worth taking up.  
 'Tis true, such heroes in a play go far;  
 But chamber-practice is not like the bar.  
 When men such vile, such faint, petitions make,  
 We fear to give, because they fear to take;  
 Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,  
 Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd.  
 When men usurp it from the female nation,  
 'Tis but a work of supererogation—  
 We show'd a princess in the play, 'tis true,  
 Who gave her Caesar more than all his due;  
 Told her own faults: but I should much abhor  
 To choose a husband for my confessor.  
 You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool,  
 For telling tales from out the nuptial school.  
 Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,  
 Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.  
 True presbyterian wives the means would try;  
 But damn'd confessing is flat popery.

## XXXIII.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE WIDOW RANter.

[BY MRS. BEHN, 1690.]

HEAVEN save you, gallants, and this hopeful age;  
 Ye're welcome to the downfall of the stage:  
 The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;  
 And vice, the manufacture of the nation,  
 O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,  
 That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.  
 In vain our wares on theatres are shown,  
 When each has a plantation of his own.  
 His cause ne'er fails; for whatsoe'er he spends,  
 There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.  
 Should men be rated by poetic rules,  
 Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!  
 Mean time poor wit prohibited must lie,  
 As if 'twere made some French commodity.  
 Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expense;  
 And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.  
 Time was, when none would cry, "That oaf was me;"  
 But now you strive about your pedigree.  
 Bauld and cap no sooner are thrown down,  
 But there's a muss of more than half the town.  
 Each one will challenge a child's part at least;  
 A sign the family is well increas'd.  
 Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,  
 When we're supply'd so fast with English breed.

Well! flourish, countrymen, drink, swear, and roar;  
 Let every free-born subject keep his whore,  
 And, wandering in the wilderness about,  
 At end of forty years not wear her out.  
 But when you see these pictures, let none dare  
 To own beyond a limb or single share:  
 For where the punk is common, he's a sot,  
 Who needs will father what the parish got.

## XXXIV.

## PROLOGUE

TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED.

[BY LODOVICK CARLELL, ESQ.]

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

WRITH sickly actors and an old house too,  
 We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,  
 And with our alehouse scenes, and clothes bare worn,  
 Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.  
 If all these ills could not undo us quite,  
 A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;  
 Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,  
 To laugh and break your buttons at their play;  
 Or see some serious piece, which we presume  
 Is fallen from some incomparable plume;  
 And therefore, messieurs, if you'll do us grace,  
 Send lacquies early to preserve your place.  
 We dare not on your privilege intrench,  
 Or ask you why ye like them? they are French.  
 Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,  
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding:  
 Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest;  
 To make it seem they understood the jest.  
 Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,  
 To teach us English where to clap the play:  
 Civil, egad! our hospitable land  
 Bears all the charge, for them to understand:  
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,  
 Like wives, while you keep better company;  
 And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,  
 You had less good breeding, or had more good-nature.

## XXXV.

## PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHECESS.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN.—SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess  
 The fate of our approaching Propbetess?  
 A play, which, like a perspective set right,  
 Presents our vast expenses close to sight;  
 But turn the tube, and there we sadly view  
 Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:  
 A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,  
 And all, like you, in hopes of better days.  
 When will our losses warn us to be wise?  
 Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.  
 Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,  
 Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.  
 We raise new objects to provoke delight;  
 But you grow sated, ere the second sight.  
 False men, ev'n so you serve your mistresses:  
 They rise three stories in the towering dress;

And, after all, you love not long enough  
 To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.  
 Never content with what you had before,  
 But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.  
 Now honour calls you hence; and all your care  
 Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.  
 In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilboa blade,  
 Four silver goes, that should support our trade.  
 So, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn;  
 Fill rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;  
 And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,  
 His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.  
 So, conquerors of your male and female foes;  
 Men without hearts, and women without hose.  
 Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;  
 Such proper pages will long trains become;  
 With copper collars, and with brawny backs,  
 Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.  
 Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,  
 And furnish all their laurels for your brows;  
 Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights:  
 We want not poets fit to sing your fights.  
 But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake  
 Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,  
 When they with happy gales are gone away,  
 With your propitious presence grace our play;  
 And with a sigh their empty seats survey:  
 Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat;  
 I see him ogle still, and hear him chat;  
 Selling facetious bargains, and propounding  
 That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.  
 Their loss with patience we will try to bear;  
 And would do more, to see you often here:  
 That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,  
 Under a female regency may rise.

## XXXVI.

## PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

*Enter Mr. BRIGHT.*

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no  
 prologue to be had to day; our new play is like to  
 come on without a frontispiece; as bald as one of  
 you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our  
 young poet sniveling and sobbing behind the scenes,  
 and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

*Enter Mr. BOWEN.*

Hold your prating to the audience: here's ho-  
 nest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from  
 the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with  
 claret, and will come on, and that extempore too,  
 either with a prologue of his own, or something  
 like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all ad-  
 ventures; for my part, I wish him a good deliver-  
 ance.  
 [*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*]

*Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.*

Save ye sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way.  
 I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the  
 play:  
 But the deuce take me, if I know what to say.  
 I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,  
 To the last drop of claret in my belly.  
 So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:  
 And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own  
 are wanting.

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Our young poet has brought a piece of work,  
 In which, though much of art there does not lurk,  
 It may hold out three days—and that's as long as  
 Corke. [not]

But, for this play—which till I have done, we show  
 What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.  
 This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:  
 'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.  
 He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,  
 His squibs are only level'd at your pockets.  
 And if his crackers light among your pelf,  
 You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up him-  
 self. [ter'd madness:]

By this time, I'm something recover'd of my sus-  
 And now, a word or two in sober sadness.  
 Ours is a common play; and you pay down  
 A common harlot's price—just half a crown.  
 You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's score;  
 But, since 'tis for a friend, you gibes give o'er,  
 For many a mother has done that before. [it]  
 "How's this," you cry? "an actor write?"—we know  
 But Shakspeare was an actor, and a poet,  
 Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd?  
 But Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd.  
 Have not some writing actors in this age  
 Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?  
 To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,  
 Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.  
 Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;  
 Peace and the butt is all our business here:  
 So much for that;—and the Devil take small bear.

## XXXVII.

## EPILOGUE TO HENRY THE SECOND.

[BY MRS. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGRIDDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,  
 Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.  
 Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;  
 But English manufacture got the day.  
 Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:  
 Fair Rosamond was but her nom de guerre.  
 Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life  
 With such a mistress, or with such a wife?  
 If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,  
 The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?  
 Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,  
 Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife:  
 Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,  
 Like honest whoring Harry in the play?  
 I guess your minds: the mistress would be taken,  
 And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.  
 The Devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;  
 You love the bride, but you detest the clog;  
 After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,  
 And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.  
 Or, if the name of church comes cross your mind,  
 Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.  
 The playhouse is a kind of market-place;  
 One chatters for a voice, another for a face:  
 Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,  
 Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.  
 Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan I hide,  
 Would make a shift my portion to provide,  
 With some small perquisites I have beside.

Though for your love, perhaps, I should not care,  
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.  
What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;  
But I was drench'd to day for loving well,  
And fear the poison that would make me swell.

## XXXVIII.

## A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a bashful poet bids me say,  
He's come to lose his maidenhead to day.  
Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age,  
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.  
He wants the suffering part of resolution,  
And comes with blushes to his execution.  
Ere you deflower his Muse, he hopes the pit  
Will make some settlement upon his wit.  
Promise him well, before the play begin:  
For he would fain be cozen'd into sin.  
'Tis not but; that he knows you mean to fail;  
But, if you leave him after being frail,  
He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail:  
To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,  
And put you in the new deserters bill.  
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we see;  
Enow to fill another Mercury!  
But this the ladies may with patience brook:  
Their are not the first colours you forsook.  
He would be both the beauties to offend;  
But, if he should, he's not too old to mend.  
He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing;  
But his friend swears, he will be worth the rearing.  
His gloss is still upon him: though 'tis true  
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.  
You think an apricot half green is best;  
There's sweet and sour, and one some good at least.  
Mangoes and limes, whose nourishment is little,  
Though not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle.  
So this green writer may pretend, at least,  
To whet your stomachs for a better feast.  
He makes this difference in the sexes too;  
He sells to men, he gives himself to you.  
To both he would contribute some delight;  
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.  
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo;  
With arms offensive and defensive too;  
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

## XXXIX.

## PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say this comedy pleas'd long ago,  
Is not enough to make it pass you now.  
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;  
When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ.  
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this  
As the best model of his masterpiece:  
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,  
That Alchemist by this Astrologer;  
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose  
He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.  
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;  
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:  
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,  
Yet rules that well, which be unjustly gains.

But this our age such authors does afford,  
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word:  
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,  
And what's their plunder, their possession call:  
Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,  
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day:  
Nay scarce the common ceremony use  
Of, "Stand, sir, and deliver up your Muse;"  
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,  
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.  
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,  
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.  
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,  
They strip the living, but these rob the dead;  
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,  
And make love to them the Egyptian way;  
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,  
Join the dead living to the living dead.  
Such men in poetry may claim some part:  
They have the licence, though they want the art;  
And might, where theft was prais'd, for laureates  
stand,

Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.  
They make the benefits of others studying,  
Muth like the meals of politic Jack Pudding,  
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;  
'Tis all his own, when once he has spit 't th' porridge.  
But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;  
You are in fault for what they do amiss:  
For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,  
And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.  
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,  
They should refund; but that can never be.  
For should you letters of reprisal seal,  
These men write that which no man else would steal.

## XL.

## AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd,  
And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;  
For, like our hero, whom we show'd to day,  
You think no woman true, but in a play.  
Love once did make a pretty kind of show;  
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow:  
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.  
Now some small-chat, and guinea expectation,  
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:  
In comedy your little selves you meet;  
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-street.  
Smile on our author then, if he has shown  
A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.  
Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,  
Who act those follies poets toil to write!  
The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase;  
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.  
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly  
To some new frisk of contrariety.  
You roll like snow-balls, gathering as you run;  
And get seven devils, when disposess'd of one.  
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;  
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;  
But every inch of her you now uncase,  
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face:  
For sins like these, the zealous of the land,  
With little hair, and little or no band,  
Declare how circulating pestilences  
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.

Return, ev'n now, takes doctoral degrees ;  
 He'll do your work this summer without fees.  
 Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,  
 And, ah, preserve the eighteen-penny place !  
 But for the pit confounders, let them go,  
 And find as little mercy as they show :  
 The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray ;  
 For every critic say'd, thou damn'st a play.

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 XLI.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

LIKE some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,  
 So trembles a young poet at a full pit.  
 Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for fear,  
 And wonders how the devil he durst come there ;  
 Wanting three talents needful for the place,  
 Some beard, some learning, and some little grace :  
 Nor is the puny poet void of care,  
 For authors, such as our new authors are,  
 Have not much learning nor much wit to spare :  
 And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce one  
 But has as little as the very parson :  
 Both say, they preach and write for your instruction :  
 But 't is for a third day, and for induction.  
 The difference is, that though you like the play,  
 The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.  
 But with the parson 't is another case,  
 He, without holiness, may rise to grace ;  
 The poet has one disadvantage more,  
 That, if his play be dull, he 's damn'd all o'er,  
 Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.  
 But dulness well becomes the sable garment ;  
 I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a priest's preferment :  
 Wit 's not his business ; and as wit now goes,  
 Sirs, 't is not so much yours as you suppose,  
 For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.  
 You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,  
 At what his beauxhip says, but what he wears ;  
 So 't is your eyes are tickled, not your ears ;  
 The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,  
 The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.  
 The truth on 't is, the payment of the pit  
 Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.  
 You cannot from our absent author hope  
 He should equip the stage with such a fop :  
 Fools change in England, and new fools arise,  
 For though th' immortal species never dies,  
 Yet every year new maggots make new flies.  
 But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find  
 One fool, for millions that he left behind.

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 XLII.

## PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

REVISED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, ANNO 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write !  
 Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite.  
 Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe ;  
 Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.  
 Yet, worse, their brother poets damn the play,  
 And roar the loudest, though they never pay.  
 The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,  
 At every lewd, low character,—That 's I.

He, who writes letters to himself, would swear  
 The world forgot him, if he was not there.  
 What should a poet do ? 'T is hard for one  
 To pleasure all the fools that would be shown :  
 And yet not two in ten will pass the town.  
 Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind ;  
 More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.

Goack Maurus, though he never took degrees  
 In either of our universities ;  
 Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,  
 Because, he play'd the fool and writ three books.  
 But, if he would be worth a poet's pen,  
 He must be more a fool, and write again :  
 For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,  
 Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot :  
 His man of Uz, strip'd of his Hebrew robe,  
 Is just the proverb, and as poor as Job.  
 One would have thought he could no longer jog ;  
 But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.  
 There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight ;  
 But here, he founders in, and sinks downright.  
 Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,  
 Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule :  
 But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,  
 O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha ;  
 Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room  
 For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.

But when, if, after all, this godly gear  
 Is not so senseless as it would appear ;  
 Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,  
 His cant, like merry Andrew's noble vein,  
 Cat-calls the sects to draw them in again.  
 At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,  
 Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,  
 Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,  
 But rides triumphant between stool and stool.

Well, let him go ; 't is yet too early day,  
 To get himself a' place in farce or play.  
 We knew not by what name we should arraign him,  
 For no one category can contain him ;  
 A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,  
 Are load enough to break one ass's back :  
 At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,  
 Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite ;  
 One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

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 XLIII.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

PERHAPS the parson stretch'd a point too far,  
 When with our theatres he wag'd a war.  
 He tells you, that this very moral age  
 Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.  
 But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,  
 The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.  
 Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)  
 It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.  
 London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore  
 So plentiful a crop of horns before.  
 The poets, who must live by courts or starve,  
 Were proud so good a government to serve ;  
 And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,  
 Tainted the stage, for some small snip of gain.  
 For they, like harlots, under bawds profess'd,  
 Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least.  
 Thus did the thriving malady prevail,  
 The court its head, the poets but the tail.

The sin was of our native growth, 't is true;  
 The scandal of the sin was wholly new.  
 Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;  
 Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd.  
 Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,  
 The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.  
 Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,  
 'Twas chamber-practice all, and close devotion.  
 I pass the peccadillos of their time;  
 Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.  
 A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,  
 Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.  
 Now, they would silence us, and shut the door,  
 That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.

As for reforming us, which some pretend,  
 That work in England is without an end:  
 Well may we change, but we shall never mend.  
 Yet, if you can but bear the present stage,  
 We hope much better of the coming age.  
 What would you say, if we should first begin  
 To stop the trade of love behind the scene:  
 Where actresses make bold with married men?  
 For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,  
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.  
 In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,  
 Save here and there a woman or a man:  
 But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,  
 Can make clean work; there will be some remain  
 While you have still your Oats, and we our Hairs.



END OF VOL. VIII.