

THE
WORKS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;



INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

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J. BEAUMONT,
G. AND F. FLETCHER,
F. BEAUMONT,
BROWNE, 1591-1695
DAVENANT, 1626-68
HABINGTON, 1605-60

SUCKLING, 1600-42
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TREWS AND LEIGH; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; J. ASPERNE; P. AND W. WYRNE; AND W. GRACE. DEIGHTON
SON AT CAMBRIDGE, AND WILSON AND SON AT YORK.

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THE
POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

THE

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE father of our poet was John Davenant, who kept the Crown Tavern or Inn at Oxford, but owing to an obscure insinuation in Wood's account of his birth, it has been supposed that he was the natural son of Shakspeare; and to render this story probable, Mrs. Davenant is represented as a woman of beauty and gaiety, and a particular favourite of Shakspeare, who was accustomed to lodge at the Crown on his journies between Warwickshire and London. Modern inquirers, particularly Mr. Steevens, are inclined to discredit this story, which indeed seems to rest upon no very sound foundation¹.

Young Davenant, who was born Feb. 1605, very early betrayed a poetical bias, and one of his first attempts, when he was only ten years old, was an Ode in remembrance of Master William Shakspeare. This is a remarkable production for one so young, and one who lived, not only to see Shakspeare forgotten, but to contribute with some degree of activity to that instance of depraved taste. Davenant was educated at the grammar school of All Saints, in his native city, under Mr. Edward Sylvester, a teacher of high reputation. In 1621, the year in which his father served the office of mayor, he entered of Lincoln College, but being encouraged to try his success at court, he appeared there as page to Frances dutchess of Richmond, a lady of great influence and fashion. He afterwards resided in the family of the celebrated sir Fulke Greville, lord Brooke, who was himself a poet and a patron of poets. The murder of this nobleman in 1628, depriving him of what assistance he might expect from his friendship, Davenant had recourse to the stage, on which he produced his first dramatic piece, the Tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombarda.

¹ What Mr. Malone has advanced in support of it, may be seen in his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. 2. of Johnson and Steevens' *Shakspeare*, p. 309; and 407, edit. 1793. Mr. Warton seems to incline to the same opinion. Vol. 1. p. 68. note. C.

This play had success enough to procure him the recommendation, if nothing more substantial, of many persons of distinction, and of the wits of the times, and with such encouragement he renewed his attendance at court, adding to its pleasures by his dramatic efforts, and not sparingly to the mirth of his brethren, the satirists, by the unfortunate issue of some of his licentious gallantries. For several years his plays and masks were acted with the greatest applause, and his character as a poet was raised very high by all who pretended to be judges. On the death of Ben Jonson in 1638, the queen procured for him the vacant laurel, which is said to have given such offence to Thomas May, his rival, as to induce him to join the disaffected party, and to become the advocate and historian of the republican parliament. In 1639, Davenant was appointed "Governor of the King and Queen's Company acting at the Cockpit in Drury-lane, during the lease which Mrs. Elizabeth Beeston, alias Hutcheson, hath or doth hold in the said house."

When the civil commotions had for some time subsisted, the peculiar nature of them required that public amusements should be the decided objects of popular resentment, and Davenant, who had administered so copiously to the pleasures of the court, was very soon brought under suspicions of a more serious kind. In May 1641, he was accused before the parliament of being a partner with many of the king's friends in the design of bringing the army to London for his majesty's protection. His accomplices effected their escape, but Davenant was apprehended at Feversham, and sent up to London. In July following he was bailed, but on a second attempt to withdraw to France, was taken in Kent. At last, however, he contrived to make his escape without farther impediment, and remained abroad for some time.

The motive of his flight appears not to have been cowardice, but an unwillingness to sacrifice his life to popular fury, while there was any prospect of his being able to devote it to the service of his royal master. Accordingly when the queen sent over a considerable quantity of military stores for the use of the earl of Newcastle's army, Davenant resolutely ventured to return to England, and volunteered his services under that nobleman who had been one of his patrons. The earl made him lieutenant general of his ordnance, a post for which if he was not previously prepared, he qualified himself with so much skill and success that in September 1643, he was rewarded with the honour of knighthood for the service he rendered to the royal cause at the siege of Gloucester. Of his military prowess, however, we have no farther account, nor at what time he found it necessary, on the decline of the king's affairs, to retire again into France. Here he was received into the confidence of the queen, who in 1646 employed him in one of her importunate and ill-advised negotiations with the king, who was then at Newcastle. About the same time Davenant had embraced the popish religion, a step which probably recommended him to the queen, but which, when known, could only tend to increase the animosity of the republicans against the court already too closely suspected of an

attachment to that persuasion. The object of his negotiation was to persuade the king to save his crown by sacrificing the church, a proposition which his majesty rejected with becoming dignity, and this as lord Clarendon observes, "evinced an honest and conscientious principle in his majesty's mind, which elevated him above all his advisers." The queen's advisers in the measure were, his majesty knew, men of no religious principle, and he seems to have resented their sending an ambassador of no more consequence than the manager of a play-house.

During our poet's residence at Paris, where he took up his habitation in the *Louvre*, with his old friend lord Jermyn, he wrote the first two books of his *Gondibert*, which were published in England, but without exciting much interest. Soon after he commenced projector, and hearing that vast improvements might be made in the loyal colony of Virginia, by transporting good artificers, whom France could at that time spare, he embarked with a number of them, at one of the ports in Normandy. This humane and apparently wise scheme ended almost immediately in the capture of his vessel on the French coast by one of the parliamentary ships of war, which carried him to the Isle of Wight, where he was imprisoned at Cowes Castle. After endeavouring to reconcile himself to this unfortunate and perilous situation, he resumed his pen, and proceeded with his *Gondibert*; but being in continual dread of his life, he made but slow progress. His fears, indeed, were not without foundation. In 1650, when the parliament had triumphed over all opposition, he was ordered to be tried by a high commission court, and for this purpose was removed to the Tower of London. His biographers are not agreed as to the means by which he was saved. Some impute it to the solicitations of two aldermen of York, to whom he had been hospitable when they were his prisoners, and whom he suffered to escape. Others inform us that Milton interposed. Both accounts, it is hoped, are true; and it is certain, that after the Restoration he repaid Milton's interference in kind, by preserving him from the resentment of the court. He remained, however, in prison for two years, and was treated with some indulgence, by the favour of the lord keeper Whitlocke, whom he thanked in a letter written with peculiar elegance of style and compliment.

By degrees he obtained complete enlargement, and had nothing to regret but the wreck of his fortune. In this dilemma, he adopted a measure which, like a great part of his conduct throughout life, shows him to have been a man of an undaunted and unaccommodating spirit, fertile in expedients, and possessed of no common resources of mind. Indeed, of all schemes, this seemed the most unlikely to succeed, and even the most dangerous to propose. Yet, in the very teeth of national prejudices or principles, and at a time when all dramatic entertainments were suspended, discouraged by the protectoral court, and anathematised by the people, he conceived that, if he could contrive to open a theatre, it would be sure to be well filled. Viewing his difficulties with great precaution, he proceeded by slow steps, and an apparent reluctance, to revive what was so generally obnoxious. Having, however, obtained the countenance of lord Whitlocke, sir John Maynard, and other persons of rank,

he opened a theatre in Rutland-house, Charter-house-yard, on the 21st of May, 1656, and performed a kind of non-descript *entertainments*, as they were called, which were dramatic in every thing but the names and form, and some of them were called *operas*. When he found these relished and tolerated, he proceeded to more regular pieces, and with such advantages in style and manner, as, in the judgment of the historians of the stage, entitle him to the honour of being not only the reviver, but the improver, of the legitimate drama. These pieces he afterwards revised, and published in a more perfect state, and they now form the principal part of his printed works, although modern taste has long excluded them from the stage.

On the Restoration, he received the patent of a playhouse, under the title of the Duke's Company, who first performed in the theatre in Portugal-row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterwards in that in Dorset Gardens³. Here he acted his former plays, and such new ones as he wrote after this period, and enjoyed the public favour until his death, April 7, 1668, in his sixty-third year. He was interred with considerable ceremony, two days after, in Westminster Abbey, near the place where the remains of May, his once rival, had been pompously buried by the parliament, but were ordered to be removed. On his gravestone is inscribed, in imitation of Ben Jonson's short epitaph, "O rare sir William Davenant!" His son, Dr. Charles Davenant, was afterwards a well-known civilian and political writer.

The life of Sir William Davenant occupies an important space in the history of the stage, to which he was in many respects a judicious benefactor, by introducing changes of scenery and decorations; but he assisted in banishing Shakspeare, to make way for dramas that are now intolerable. He appears to have been, in his capacity of manager, as in every part of life, a man of sound and original sense, firm in his enterprises, and intent to gratify the taste of the public, with little advantage to himself, as he died insolvent. The greater part of his works was published in his lifetime in quarto; but they were collected in 1673 into one large folio volume, dedicated by his widow to the duke of York.

As a poet, his fame rests chiefly on his *Gondibert*; but the critics have never been agreed in the share he derives from it. The reader, who declines to judge for himself, may have ample satisfaction in the opinions of the late bishop Hurd, and of Dr. Aikin, as detailed in the conclusion of his life in the *Biographia Britannica*. It will probably be found, on an unprejudiced perusal of this original and very singular poem, that the opinions of Dr. Aikin and Mr. Headley are founded on those principles of taste and feeling which cannot be easily opposed: yet, in considering the objections of Dr. Hurd, allowance is to be made for one who is so powerful and elegant an advocate for the authorised qualities of the epic species, and for arguments which, if they do not attach closely to this poem, may yet be worthy of the consideration of those whose inventive fancy leads them principally to novelty of manner,

³ The reader, who is curious in such matters, may be referred to Davenant's life in the *Biographia Britannica*, and to Mr. Malone's *History of the Stage*, where he will find a minute detail of Davenant's various grants, licences, and disputes with his rival managers. C.

and who are apt to confound the arbitrary caprices with the genuine powers of a poet.

His miscellaneous pieces, of which we have been obliged to confine ourselves to a selection, are of very unequal merit. Most of them were probably written in youth, and but few can be reprinted with the hope of satisfying a polished taste. Complimentary poetry, so much the fashion in his times, is now perused with indifference, if not disgust; and although the gratitude which inspired it may have been sincere, it is not highly relished by the honest independence which belongs to the sons of the Muses.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

YOUR Highness is no sooner return'd from exposing your person, for the honour and safety of three kingdoms, but you are persecuted by a poor widow, who humbly begs you to protect the works of her deceased husband from the envy and malice of this censorious age: for whoever sees your royal highness's name in the front of this book, and dares oppose, what you are pleased to defend, not only shows his weakness, but ill nature too.

I have often heard (and I have some reason to believe) that your royal father, of ever blessed memory, was not displeas'd with his writings; that your most excellent mother did graciously take him into her family; that she was often diverted by him, and as often smiled upon his endeavors; I am sure he made it the whole study and labour of the latter part of his life, to entertain his majesty, and your royal highness, and I hope he did it successfully.

When ever we are, or when ever we fear to be oppress'd, we always fly to your highness for redress or prevention, and you were ever graciously pleas'd to protect us; 'tis that has embolden'd me to present these papers to your royal highness, and I humbly beg pardon for the presumption of

your most humble

and obedient servant

MARY DAVENANT.

R E A D E R,

I **HERE** present you with a collection of all those pieces sir William Davenant ever designed for the press: in his life-time he often expressed to me his great desire to see them in one volume, which (in honour to his memory) with a great deal of care and pains, I have now accomplished.

In this work you have Gondibert, Madagascar, &c. to which is added several poems and copies of verses never before printed; amongst them, there is the death of Astragon, called, the Philosopher's Disquisition, directed to the dying Christian, which the author intended as an addition to Gondibert. In this volume you have likewise sixteen plays, whereof six were never before printed.

My author was poet laureat to two great kings, which certainly bespeaks his merits; besides I could say much in honour of this excellent person, but I intend not his panegyric; he was my worthy friend, let his works that are now before you, speak his praise, whilst I subscribe my self,

your servant

HENRY HERRINGMAN¹.

¹ The bookseller, who collected Davenant's works, C.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

TO HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

MR. HOBBS.

SIR,

SINCE you have done me the honour to allow this poem a daily examination as it was writing, I will presume now it hath attained more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yield me as great advantages by censuring the method, as by judging the numbers and the matter. And because you shall pass through this new building with more ease to your disquisition, I will acquaint you, what care I took of my materials, ere I began to work.

But first give me leave (remembering with what difficulty the world can show any heroick poem, that in a perfect glass of nature gives us a familiar and easy view of ourselves) to take notice of those quarrels, which the living have with the dead: and I will (according as all times have applied their reverence) begin with Homer, who though he seems to me standing upon the poets famous hill, like the eminent sea-mark, by which they have in former ages steered; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, lest posterity should pre-emptuously mistake their course; yet, some (sharply observing how his successors have proceeded no farther than a perfection of imitating him) say, that as sea-marks are chiefly useful to coasters, and serve not those who have the ambition of discoverers, that love to sail in untryed seas; so he hath rather proved a guide for those, whose satisfied wit will not venture beyond the track of others, than to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking, who esteem it a deficiency and meanness of mind, to stay and depend upon the authority of example.

Some there are, that object that even in the likelihoods of story (and story, where ever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant) he doth too frequently intermix such fables, as are objects lifted above the eyes of nature; and as he often interrogates his Muse, not as his rational spirit, but as a familiar, separated from his body, so her replies bring him where he spends time in immortal conversation; whilst supernaturally, he doth often advance his men to the quality of gods, and depose his gods to the condition of men.

His successor to fame, (and consequently to censure) is Virgil; whose toils nor vertue cannot free him from the peevishness (or rather curiosity) of divers readers. He is upbraided by some (who perhaps are affected antiquaries, and make priority of time, the measure of excellence) for gaining his renown by imitation of Homer: whilst others (no less bold with that ancient guide) say, he hath so often led him into Heaven, and Hell, till, by conversation with gods and ghests, he sometimes deprives us of those natural probabilities in story, which are instructive to human life: and others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion) that even in wit, he seems deficient by many omissions; as if he had designed a pittance of gravity to himself and to posterity: and by their observing that continued gravity, methinks they look upon him, as on a musician composing of anthems; whose excellence consists more in the solemnness, than in the fancy; and upon the body of his work, as on the body of a giant, whose force hath more of strength, than quickness, and of patience, than activity.

But these bold censurers are in danger of so many enemies, as I shall wisely shrink from them; and only observe, that if any disciples of unimitable Virgil can prove so formal, as to esteem wit (as if it were levity) an imputation to the heroic Muse (by which malevolent word, wit, they would disgrace her extraordinary height) yet if those grave judges will be held wise, they must endure the fate of wise

men; who always have but few of their society; for many more than consist of their number (perhaps not having the sullenness to be of it) are taken with those bold flights, and think, 'tis with the Muse (whose noble quarry is men) as with the eagle, who when he soars high stoops more prosperously, and is most certain of his prey. And surely poets (whose business should represent the world's true image often to our view) are not less prudent than painters, who when they draw landscapes entertain not the eye wholly with even prospect, and a continued flat; but (for variety) terminate the sight with lofty hills, whose obscure heads are sometimes in the clouds.

Lucan, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which for fear of contemporary witnesses, obliged him to a very close attendance upon fame) did not observe that such an enterprize rather beseeemed an historian, than a poet: for wise poets think it more worthy to seek out truth in the passions, than to record the truth of actions; and practise to describe mankind just as we are persuaded or guided by instinct, not particular persons, as they are lifted, or levelled by the force of fate; it being nobler to contemplate the general history of nature, than a selected diary of fortune: and painters are no more than historians, when they draw eminent persons (though they term that drawing to the life) but when by assembling divers figures in a larger volume they draw passions (though they term it but story) then they increase in dignity and become poets.

I have been thus hard to call him to account for the choice of his argument, not merely as it was story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so near his time, that he could not assist truth, with such ornaments as poets, for useful pleasure, have allowed her; lest the faded complexion might render the true suspected. And now I will leave to others the presumption of measuring his hyperboles, by whose space and height they maliciously take the dimension of wit; and so mistake him in his boiling youth (which had marvellous forces) as we disdain excellent wine when fuming in the lees.

Statius (with whom we may conclude the old heroics) is as accountable to some for his obligations to Virgil, as Virgil is to others for what he owes to Homer; and more closely than Virgil waits on Homer, doth Statius attend Virgil, and follows him there also where nature never comes, even into Heaven and Hell: and therefore he cannot escape such as approve the wisdom of the best dramatics; who in representation of examples, believe they prevail most on our manners, when they lay the scene at home in their own country; so much they avoid those remote regions of Heaven and Hell: as if the people (whom they make civil by an easy communication with reason (and familiar reason is that which is called the civility of the stage) were become more discreet than to have their eyes persuaded by the descending of gods in gay clouds, and more manly than to be frighted with the rising of ghosts in smoke.

Tasso (who revived the heroic flame after it was many ages quenched) is held, both in time and merit, the first of the moderns; an honour by which he gains not much, because the number he excels must needs be few, which affords but one fit to succeed him; for I will yield to their opinion, who permit not Ariosto, no not Du Bartas, in this eminent rank of the heroicks; rather than to make way by their admission for Dante, Marino, and others. Tasso's honour too is chiefly allowed him, where he most endeavors to make Virgil his pattern: and again, when we consider from whom Virgil's spirit is derived, we may observe how rarely human excellence is found; for heroic poetry (which, if exact in itself, yields not to any other human work) flowed but in few, and even those streams descended but from one Grecian spring; and 'tis with original poems, as with the original pieces of painters, whose copies abate the excessive price of the first hand.

But Tasso, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that critical war which never ceases amongst the learned; and he seems most unfortunate, because his errors which are derived from the ancients when examined, grow in a great degree excusable in them, and by being his, admit no pardon. Such as are his counsel assembled in Heaven, his witches' expeditions through the air, and enchanted woods inhabited with ghosts. For though the elder poets (which were then the sacred priests) fed the world with supernatural tales, and so compounded the religion, of pleasure and mystery, (two ingredients which never failed to work upon the people) whilst for the eternity of their chiefs (more refined by education) they surely intended no such vain provision. Yet a christian poet, whose religion little needs the aids of invention, hath less occasion to imitate such fables, as meanly illustrate a probable Heaven, by the fashion and dignity of courts; and make a resemblance of Hell, out of the dreams of frighted women; by which they continue and increase the melancholy mistakes of the people.

Spencer may stand here as the last of this short file of heroic poets; men, whose intellectuals were of so great a making, (though some have thought them liable to those few censures we have mentioned) as perhaps they will, in worthy memory, outlast, even makers of laws, and founders of

empires, and all but such as must therefore live equally with them, because they have recorded their names. And since we have dared to remember those exceptions, which the curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against Spencer: whose obsolete language we are constrained to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the only creature of man's creation) hath, like a plant, seasons of flourishing and decay; like plants, is removed from one soil to another, and by being so transplanted, doth often gather vigour and increase. But as it is false husbandry to graft old branches upon young stocks; so we may wonder that our language (not long before his time, created out of a confusion of others, and then beginning to flourish like a new plant) should (as helps to its increase) receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words. But this vulgar exception shall only have the vulgar excuse; which is, that the unlucky choice of his stanza, hath, by repetition of rhyme, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his language to his argument, we must observe with others, that his noble and most artful hands deserved to be employed upon matter of a more natural, and therefore of a more useful kind. His allegorical story (by many held defective in the connexion) resembling (methinks) a continuance of extraordinary dreams; such as excellent poets, and painters, by being over-studious may have in the beginning of fevers: And those moral visions are just of so much use to human application, as painted history, when with the couenance of lights it is represented in scenes, by which we are much less informed than by actions on the stage.

Thus, sir, I have (perhaps) taken pains to make you think me malicious, in observing how far the curious have looked into the errors of others; errors which the natural humour of imitation hath made so like in all (even from Homer to Spencer) as the accusations against the first appear but little more than repetition in every process against the rest; and comparing the resemblance of error in persons of one generation, to that which is in those of another age; we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriously, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the progress of every thing (even of worthiness as well as defect) doth imitation give: for whilst we imitate others, we can no more excel them, than he that sails by others maps can make a new discovery: and to imitation, Nature (which is the only visible power, and operation of God) perhaps doth needfully incline us, to keep us from excesses. For though every man be capable of worthiness and unworthiness (as they are defined by opinion) yet no man is built strong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himself upon others shoulders, even to the weariness of many. If courage be worthiness, yet where it is overgrown into extremes, it becomes as wild and hurtful as ambition; and so what was revered for protection, grows to be abhorred for oppression. If learning (which is not knowledge, but a continued sailing by fantastic and uncertain winds towards it) be worthiness, yet it hath bounds in all philosophers; and Nature, that measured those bounds, seems not so partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger extent than in another; as if in our fleshy building, she considered the furniture and the room, alike, and together; for as the compass of diadems commonly fits the whole succession of those kings that wear them; so throughout the whole world, a very few inches may distinguish the circumference of the heads of their subjects: nor need we repine that Nature hath not some favorites, to whom she doth dispense this treasure, knowledge, with a prodigious liberality. For as there is no one that can be said vastly to exceed all mankind, so divers that have in learning transcended all in some one province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of false gold; and the authority of their stronger science had often served to distract, or pervert their weaker disciples.

And as the qualities which are termed good, are bounded, so are the bad; and likewise limited, as well as gotten by imitation; for amongst those that are extraordinary, either by birth or brain, (for with the usual pride of poets, I pass by common crowds, as negligently as princes move from thrones that are not their own subjects) we cannot find any one so egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice for the chiefest evils; and errors in government or doctrine, to be the greatest errors) but that divers of former or succeeding times may enter the scales with them, and make the ballance even; though the passion of historians would impose the contrary on our belief; who in dispraise of evil princes are often as unjust and excessive as the common people: for there was never any monarch so cruel but he had living subjects, nor so avaricious, but that his subjects were richer than himself; nor ever any disease in government so extremely infectious as to make universal anarchy, or any error in doctrine so strong by the maintainer, but that truth (though it wrestled with her often, and in many places) hath at some season, and on some ground, made her advantages and success apparent: therefore we may conclude, that Nature, for the safety of mankind, hath as well (by dulling and stopping our progress with the constant humour of imitation) given limits to courage and to learning, to wicked-

ness and to errour, as it hath ordained the shelves before the shore, to restrain the rage and excesses of the sea.

But I feel (sir) that I am falling into the dangerous fit of a hot writer; for instead of performing the promise which begins this preface, and doth oblige me (after I had given you the judgement of some upon others) to present my self to your censure, I am wandering after new thoughts; but I shall ask your pardon, and return to my undertaking.

My argument I resolved should consist of christian persons; for since religion doth generally beget, and govern manners, I thought the example of their actions would prevail most upon our own, by being derived from the same doctrine and authority; as the particular sects, educated by philosophers, were diligent and pliant to the dictates and fashions of such as derived themselves from the same master; but lazy and froward to those who conversed in other schools: yet all these sects pretended to the same beauty, Vertue; though each did court her more fondly, when she was dressed at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance: and so subjects bred under the laws of a prince (though laws differ not much in morality, or privilege throughout the civil world; being every where made for direction of life, more than for sentences of death) will rather die near that prince, defending those they have been taught, than live by taking new from another.

These were partly the reasons why I chose a story of such persons as professed christian religion; but I bought to have been most inclined to it, because the principals of our religion conduce more to explicable vertue, to plain demonstrative justice, and even to honour (if vertue the mother of honour be voluntary, and active in the dark, so as she need not laws to compel her, nor look for witnesses to proclaim her) than any other religion that ever assembled men to divine worship. For that of the Jews doth still consist in a sullen separation of themselves from the rest of human flesh, which is a fantastical pride of their own cleanness, and an uncivil disdain of the imagined contagiousness of others; and at this day, their cantonizing in tribes, and shiness of alliance with neighbours, deserves not the term of mutual love, but rather seems a bestial melancholy of herding in their own walks. That of the ethnicks, like this of Mahomet, consisted in the vain pride of empire, and never enjoined a Jewish separation, but drew all nations together; yet not as their companions of the same species, but as slaves to a yoke: their sanctity was honour, and their honour only an impudent courage, or dexterity in destroying. But christian religion hath the innocence of village neighbourhood, and did anciently in its politics rather promote the interest of mankind than of states; and rather of all states than of one; for particular endeavours only in behalf of our own homes, are signs of a narrow moral education, not of the vast kindness of christian religion, which likewise ordained as well an universal communion of bosoms, as a community of wealth. Such is christian religion in the precepts, and was once so in the practice. But I resolved my poem should represent those of a former age, perceiving it is with the servants of Christ, as with other servants under temporal power, who with all cleanness, and even with officious diligence, perform their duty in their master's sight; but still as he grows longer absent, becomes more slothful, unclean and false. And this, who ever compares the present with the primitive times, may too palpably discern.

When I considered the actions which I meant to describe, (those inferring the persons) I was again persuaded rather to choose those of a former age, than the present; and in a century so far removed, as might preserve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requisites of a poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of heroic poetry are not unprofitable) who take away the liberty of a poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an historian: for why should a poet doubt in story to mend the intrigues of fortune by more delightful conveyances of probable fictions, because austere historians have entered into bond to truth; an obligation which were in poets as foolish and unnecessary as is the bondage of false martyrs, who lie in chains for a mistaken opinion: but by this I would imply, that truth narrative, and past, is the idol of historians, (who worship a dead thing) and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.

I was likewise more willing to derive my theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of skilfulness to comply with the common infirmity; for men (even of the best education) discover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of vertue, (which is great actions) and rather endure it at distance than near; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of predecessors, than of contemporaries, whose deeds excelling theirs in their own sight, seem to upbraid them, and are not revered as examples of vertue, but envied as the favours of fortune: But to make great actions credible, is the principal art of poets; who, though they avouch the utility of fictions, should not (by altering and subliming story) make use of their privilege to the detriment of the reader; whose incre-

dufity (when things are not represented in proportion, doth much allay the relish of his pity, hope, joy, and other passions: for we may descend) to compare the deceptions in poesie to those of them that profess dexterity of hand which resembles conjuring, and to such we come not with the intention of lawyers to examine the evidence of facts, but are content (if we like the carriage of their feigned motion) to pay for being well deceived.

As in the choice of time, so of place, I have complied with the weakness of the generality of men; who think the best objects of their own country so little to the size of those abroad, as if they were shewed them by the wrong end of a prospective: for man (continuing the appetites of his first childhood, till he arrive at his second which is more forward) must be quieted with something that he thinks excellent, which he may call his own; but when he sees the like in other places (not staying to compare them) wrangles at all he has. This leads us to observe the craftiness of the comicks, who are only willing when they describe humour (and humour is the drunkenness of a nation which no sleep can cure) to lay the scene in their own country; as knowing we are (like the son of Noah) so little distasted to behold each other's shame, that we delight to see even that of a father: yet when they would set forth greatness and excellent vertue (which is the theme of tragedy) publickly to the people; they wisely (to avoid the quarrels of neighbourly envy) remove the scene from home. And by their example I travailed too; and Italie. (which was once the stage of the world) I have made the theater, where I shew in either sex, some patterns of humane life, that are (perhaps) fit to be followed.

Having told you why I took the actions that should be my argument, from men of our own religion, and given you reasons for the choice of the time and place designed for those actions; I must next acquaint you with the schools where they were bred; not meaning the schools where they took their religion, but morality; for I know religion is universally rather inherited than taught; and the most effectual schools of morality are courts and camps: yet towards the first, the people are unquiet through envy; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for injustice, which is the natural scandal cast upon authority and great force. They look upon the outward glory or blaze of courts, as wilde beasts in dark nights stare on their hunters' torches; but though the expences of courts (whereby they shine) is that consuming glory in which the people think their liberty is wasted, (for wealth is their liberty and loved by them even to jealousie (being themselves a courser sort of princes, apter to take than to pay) yet courts (I mean all abstracts of the multitude; either by king or assemblies) are not the schools where men are bred to oppression, but the temples where sometimes oppressors take sanctuary; a safety which our reason must allow them. For the ancient laws of sanctuary (derived from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from necessity; and who can imagine less than a necessity of oppressing the people, since they are never willing either to buy their peace, or to pay for war?

Nor are camps the schools of wicked destroyers, more than the inns of court (being the nursery of judges) are the schools of murderers; for as judges are avengers of private men against private robbers; so are armies the avengers of the publick against publique invaders, either civil or forraign, and invaders are robbers, though more in countenance than those of the high-way, because of their number. Nor is there other difference between armies when they move towards sieges or battail, and judges moving in their circuit (during the danger of extraordinary malefactors) with the guards of the county; but that the latter is a less army, and of less discipline. If any man can yet doubt of the necessary use of armies, let him study that which was anciently called a monster, the multitude, (for wolves are commonly harmless when they are met alone, but very uncivil in herds) and he will not find that all his kindred by Adam are so tame and gentle as those lovers that were bred in Arcadia; or to reform his opinion, let him ask why (during the utmost age of history) cities have been at the charge of defensive walls, and why fortification hath been practiced so long, till it is grown an art?

I may now believe I have usefully taken from courts and camps, the patterns of such as will be fit to be imitated by the most necessary men; and the most necessary men are those who become principal by prerogative of blood, (which is seldom unassisted with education) or by greatness of minde, which in exact definition is vertue. The common crowd (of whom we are hopeless) we desert, being rather to be corrected by laws (where precept is accompanied with punishment) than to be taught by poesie; for few have arrived at the skil of Orpheus, or at his good fortune, whom we may suppose to have met with extraordinary Grecian beasts, when so successfully he reclaimed them with his harp. Nor is it needful that heroick poesie should be levelled to the reach of common men: for if the examples it presents prevail upon their chiefs, the delight of imitation (which we hope we have proved to be as effectual to good as to evil) will rectifie by the rules which those chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life, doth as much surpass the force of precept, as life doth exceed death.

In the choice of these objects (which are as seamarks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of coasting mapps, where the shelves and rocks are described as well as the safe channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed: and the characters of men (whose passions are to be eschewed) I have derived from the distempers of love or ambition: for love and ambition are too often the raging feavers of great minds. Yet ambition (if the vulgar acception of the word were corrected) would signifie no more then an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of honor, over the impediments of fortune; and hath a warmth (till it be chafed into a fever) which is necessary for every vertuous breast: for good men are guilty of too little appetite to greatness, and it either proceeds from that they call contentedness (but contentedness when examined doth mean something of lasyness as well as moderation) or from some melancholy precept of the cloyster; where they would make life (for which the world was only made) more unpleasant than death: as if Nature, the vicegerent of God (who in providing delightful varieties, which vertuous greatness can best possess, or assure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the use of them) should in the necessaries of life (life being her chief business) though in her whole reign she never committed one error, need the counsel of fryars, whose solitude makes them no more fit for such direction, than prisoners long fettered are for a race.

In saying this, I onely awaken such retired men, as evaporate their strength of mind by close and long thinking; and would every where separate the soul from the body, ere we are dead, by perswading us (though they were both created and have been long companions together) that the preferment of the one must meerey consist in deserting the other; teaching us to court the grave, as if during the whole lease of life we were, like moles, to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the certain means to live in Heaven: yet reason (which though the most profitable talent God hath given us, some divines would have philosophers to bury in the napkin, and not put it to use) perswades us, that the painful activeness of vertue (for faith on which some wholly depend, seems but a contemplative boast till the effects of it grow exemplary by action) will more probably acquire everlasting dignities. And surely if these severe masters (who though obscure in cells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not all abroad) did give good men leave to be industrious in getting a share of governing the world, the multitudes (which are but tenants to a few monarchs) would endure that subjection which God hath decreed them, with better order, and more ease; for the world is onely ill governed, because the wicked take more pains to get authority, than the vertuous; for the vertuous are often preached into retirement; which is to the publick as unprofitable as their sleep; and the erroneousness of such lazy rest, let philosophers judge; since Nature (of whose body man thinks himself the chiefest member) hath not any where, at any time been respited from action (in her called motion) by which she universally preserves and makes life. Thus much of ambition which should have succeeded something I was saying of love.

Love, in the interpretation of the envious, is softness; in the wicked, good men suspect it for lust; and in the good, some spiritual men give the name of charity. And these are but terms to this which seems a more considered defultion; that indefinite love is lust, and lust when it is determined to one is love; this definition too but intrudes it self on what I was about to say, which is, that love is the most acceptable imposition of Nature, the cause and preservation of life, and the very healthfulness of the mind, as well as of the body; but lust (our raging fever) is more dangerous in cities, than the ealementure in ships.

Now (sir) I again ask your pardon, for I have again digressed; my immediate business being to tell you, that the distempers of love and ambition are the onely characters I designed to expose as objects of terror: and that I never meant to prostitute wickedness in the images of low and contemptible people, as if I expected the meanness of the multitude for my readers (since onely the rabble is seen at common executions) nor intended to raise iniquity to that height of horreur, till it seemed the fury of some thing worse than a beast. In order to the first I believe the Spartans (who to deter their children from drunkenness, accustomed their slaves to vomit before them) did by such fulsome examples, rather teach them to disdain the slaves, than to loath wine, for men seldome take notice of the vice in abject persons, especially where necessity constrains it. And in observation of the second, I have thought, that those horrid spectacles (when the later race of gladiators made up the excesses of Roman feasts) did more induce the guests to detest the cruelty of mankind, than increase their courage by beholding such an impudent scorn of life.

I have now given you the account of such provisions as I made for this new building; and you may next please (having examined the substance) to take a view of the forme; and observe if I have methodically and with discretion disposed of the materials, which with some curiosity I had collected. I cannot discern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the best and brief-

est indexes of books) that any nation hath in representment of great actions (either by heroicks or dramaticks) digested story into so pleasant and instructive a method as the English by their drama: and by that regular species (though narratively and not in dialogue) I have drawn the body of an heroick poem; in which I did not onely observe the symmetry (proportioning five books to five acts and canto's to scenes, the scenes having their number ever governed by occasion) but all the shadowings, happy strokes, secret graces, and even the drapery, which together make the second beautys, I have (I hope) exactly followed: and those compositions of second beauty I observe in the drama to be the under-walks, interweaving, or correspondence of lesser design in scenes, not the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the acts.

The first act is the general preparative, by rendering the chiefest characters of persons, and ending with something that looks like an obscure promise of design. The second begins with an introduction of new persons, so finishes all the characters, and ends with some little performance of that design which was promised at the parting of the first act. The third makes a visible correspondence in the under-walks (or lesser intrigues) of persons; and ends with an ample turn of the main design, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occasion to be the longest) gives a notorious turn to all the under-walks, and a counterturn to that main design which changed in the third. The fifth begins with an entire diversion of the main, and dependant plott; then makes the general correspondence of the persons more discernable, and ends with an easie untying of those particular knots, which made a countertexture of the whole; leaving such satisfaction of probabilities with the spectator, as may persuade him that neither fortune in the fate of the persons, nor the writer in the representment, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To these meanders of the English stage I have cut out the walks of my poem; which in this description may seem intricate and tedious; but will I hope (when men take pains to visit what they have heard describ'd) appear to them as pleasant as a summer passage on a crooked river, where going about, and turning back is as delightful as the delays of parting lovers.

In placing the argument (as a proem) before every canto, I have not wholly followed the example of the moderns; but averted it from that purpose to which I found it frequently used, for it hath been intended by others, as the contents of the chapter, or as a bill of fare at a Venetian feast, which is not brought before the meat to raise an expectation, but to satisfy the longing curiosity of the guests. And that which I have called my argument, is onely meant as an assistance to the reader's memory, by containing brief hints, such as, if all the arguments were succesfully read, would make him easily remember the mutual dependancies of the general design; yet each rather mentions every person acting, than their actions: but he is very unskillful that by narratives before an historical poem, prevents expectation; for so he comes to have as little success over the reader (whom the writer should surprise, and as it were keep prisoner for a time) as he hath on his enemies who commanding a party out to take them (and commonly readers are justly enemies to writers) imparts openly the design ere he begins the action; or he may be said to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a mistress, one that already hath newly enjoyed her.

I shall say a little, why I have chosen my interwoven stanza of four, though I am not obliged to excuse the choice; for numbers in verse must, like distinct kind of musick, be exposed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. Yet I may declare, that I believed it would be more pleasant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this respite or pause, between every stanza (having endeavored that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continued couplets. Nor doth alternate rime by any lowliness of cadence make the sound less heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of musick; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer, and more easie to the singer, which in stilo recitativo, when the story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my confession) the reason that prevailed most towards my choice of this stanza, and my division of the main work into cantos, every canto including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action, for I had so much heat, which you, sir, may call pride, as to presume they might (like the works of Homer ere they were joynt together and made a volum by the Athenian king) be sung at village-feasts; though not to monarchs after victory, nor to armies before battel. For so (as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other) did Homer's spirit, long after his bodie's rest, wander in musick about Greece.

Thus you have the model of what I have already built, or shall hereafter joyn to the same frame. If I be accused of innovation, or to have transgressed against the method of the ancients; I shall think my self secure in believing, that a poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to predecessors, than law-makers are liable to those old laws which themselves have repealed.

Having described the outward frame, the large rooms within, the lesser conveyances, and now the

furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made. But though every owner, who hath the vanity to shew his ornaments or hangings, must endure the curiosity and censure of him that beholds them; yet I shall not give you the trouble of inquiring what is, but tell you of what I designed their substance, which is wit: and wit is the laborious and the lucky resultances of thought, having towards its excellence (as we say of the strokes of painting) as well a happiness as care.

Wit is not onely the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the Sun, with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys. It is the soul's powder, which, when suppress, (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and looseth all force in a further ascension towards Heaven, and yet by Nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards Hell, but breaks through all about it, (as far as the utmost it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for light, where darkness was inclosed, till great bodies are more examinable by being scattered into parcels; and till all that find its strength, (but most of mankind are strangers to wit, as Indians are to powder) worship it for the effects, as derived from the Deity. It is in divines, humility, exemplariness, and moderation; in statesmen, gravity, vigilance, benigne complacency, secrecy, patience, and dispatch; in leaders of armies, valour, painfulness, temperance, bounty, dexterity in punishing and rewarding, and a sacred certitude of promise. It is in poets a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an ability to bring those comprehensions into action, when they shall so far forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanity, (which are things righteous, pleasant, and useful) as to think the delights of greatness equal to that of poeise; or the chiefs of any profession more necessary to the world than excellent poets. Lastly, though wit be not the envy of ignorant men, it is often of evil statesmen, and of all such imperfect great spirits, as have in it a less degree than poets; for though no man envies the excellence of that which in no proportion he ever tasted, (as men cannot be said to envy the condition of angels) yet we may say the Devil envies the supremacy of God, because he was in some degree partaker of his glory.

That which is not, yet is accepted, wit, I will but slightly remember; which seems very incident to imperfect youth and sickly age. Young men (as if they were not quite delivered from childhood, whose first exercise is language) imagine it consists in the musick of words, and believe they are made wise by refining their speech above the vulgar dialect; which is a mistake almost as great, as that of the people, who think orators (which is a title that crowns at riper years those that have practised the dexterity of tongue) the ablest men; who are, indeed, so much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for sedition; and it may be said of them, as of the witches of Norway, who can sell a storm for a dollar, which for ten thousand they cannot allay. From the esteem of speaking they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly called conceits, things that sound like the knacks or toys of ordinary epigrammatists; and from thence, after more conversation and variety of objects, grow up to some force of fancie; yet even then, like young hawks, they stray and fly far off; using their liberty as if they would ne're return to their lure; and often go at check, ere they can make a steady view, and know their game.

Old men, that have forgot their first childhood, and are returning to their second, think it lyes in a kinde of tinkling of words; or else in a grave telling of wonderful things, or in comparing of times, without a discovered partiality; which they perform so ill by favouring the past, that, as it is observed, if the bodies of men should grow less, though but an unmeasurable proportion in seven years, yet, reckoning from the Flood, they would not remain in the stature of frogs; so if states and particular persons had impaired in government, and increased in wickedness, proportionably to what old men affirm they have done, from their own infancy to their age, all publick policy had been long since confusion, and the congregated world would not suffice now to people a village.

The last thing they suppose to be wit, is their bitter morals, when they almost declare themselves enemies to youth and beauty; by which severity they seem cruel as Herod, when he surpris'd the sleeping children of Bethlem; for youth is so far from wanting enemies, that it is mortally its own; so unpractised, that it is every where cosened more than a stranger among Jews; and hath an infirmity of sight more hurtful than blindness to blinde men; for though it cannot choose the way, it scorns to be led. And beauty, though many call themselves her friends, hath few but such as are false to her: though the world sets her in a throne, yet all about her (even her gravest councillors) are traytors, though not in conspiracy, yet in their distinct designs; and to make her certain not onely of distress but ruine, she is ever pursued by her most cruel enemy, the great destroyer, Time. But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording mistakes; least finding so many more than there be verities, we might believe we walk in as great obscurity as the Egyptians when darkness was

their plague. Nor will I presume to call the matter of which the ornaments or substantial parts of this poem are composed, wit; but onely tell you my endeavour was, in bringing truth, too often absent, home to men's bosoms, to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing Nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.

It is now fit, after I have given you so long a survey of the building, to render you some account of the builder, that you may know by what time, pains, and assistance, I have already proceeded, or may hereafter finish my work; and in this I shall take occasion to accuse and condemn, as papers unworthy of light, all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in my youth; a sentence not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience: for that grave mistress of the world, Experience, (in whose profitable school those before the Flood stayed long, but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by Death) hath taught me, that the engendrings of unripe age become abortive and deformed; and that, after obtaining more years, those must needs prophecy with ill success, who make use of their visions in wine; that when the ancient poets were valued as prophets, they were long and painful in watching the correspondence of causes, ere they presumed to foretell effects: and that it is a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet's standing guest, and require monarchical respect) with hasty provisions. Such posting, I have long since forborne; and during my journey in this work, have moved with a slow pace, that I might make my surveys as one that traivailed, not to bring home the names, but the proportion and nature of things: and in this I am made wise by two great examples; for the friends of Virgil acknowledge he was many years in doing honour to *Aeneas*, (still contracting at night into a closer force, the abundance of his morning strengths) and Statius rather seems to boast, than blush, when he confesses he was twice seven years in renowning the war between Argos and Thebes.

Next to the usefulness of time, (which here implis ripe age) I believed pains most requisite to this undertaking: for though painfulness in poets (according to the usual negligence of our nation in examining, and their diligence to censure) seems always to discover a want of natural force, and is traduced, as if poesie concerned the world no more than dancing; whose onely grace is the quickness and facility of motion, and whose perfection is not of such publick consequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labour; yet let them consider, and they will find (nor can I stay long ere I convince them in the important use of poesie) the natural force of a poet more apparent, by but confessing that great forces aske great labour in managing, than by an arrogant braving the world, when he enters the field with his undisciplined first thoughts: for a wise poet, like a wise general, will not show his strengths till they are in exact government and order; which are not the postures of chance, but proceed from vigilance and labour.

Yet to such painful poets some upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather inspiration; a dangerous word, which many have of late successfully used; and inspiration is a spiritual fitt, derived from the ancient ethnick poets, who then, as they were priests, were statesmen too, and probably loved dominion; and as their well dissembling of inspiration begot them reverence then, equal to that which was paid to laws; so those who now profess the same fury, may perhaps, by such authentick example, pretend authority over the people: it being not unreasonable to imagine, they rather imitate the Greek poets than the Hebrew prophets, since the later were inspired for the use of others; and these, like the former, prophesie for themselves. But though the ancient poets are excused, as knowing the weak constitution of those deities from whom they took their priesthood, and the frequent necessity of dissembling for the ease of government: yet these (who also, from the chief to the meanest, are statesmen and priests, but have not the luck to be poets) should not assume such saucy familiarity with a true God.

From the time and labour required to my poem, let me proceed to my assistants; by which I shall not so much attest my own weakness, as discover the difficulties and greatness of such a work: for when Solomon made use of his neighbours towards his building, he lost no reputation, nor by demanding those aids was thought a less prince; but rather published his wisdom in rightly understanding the vast extent of his enterprise, who likewise, with as much glory, made use of fellers of wood, and hewers of stone, as of learned architects; nor have I refrained to be obliged to men of any science, as well mechanical as liberal; nor, when memory (from that various and plentiful stock, with which all observers are furnished, that have had diversity of life) presented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aside as useless, because at that instant I was not skilful to manage it artfully; but I have staid and recorded such objects, till, by consulting with right masters, I have disposed of them without mistake; it being no more shame to get learning at that very time, and from the same text, when and by which we instruct others; than for a forward scout, discovering the enemy, to save his own life at a pass, where he then teaches his party to escape.

In remembering mine own helps, I have considered those which others in the same necessity have taken; and find that writers (contrary to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to books than to men; not onely as the first are more in their possession, (being more constant companions than dearest friends) but because they commonly make such use of treasure found in books, as of other treasure belonging to the dead, and hidden under ground; for they dispose of both with great secrecy, defacing the shape or images of the one as much as of the other, through fear of having the original of their stealth or abundance discovered. And the next cause why writers are more in libraries than in company, is, that books are easily opened, and learned men are usually shut up, by a froward or envious humour of retention, or else unfold themselves, so as we may read more of their weakness and vanity, than wisdom; imitating the holyday-custom in great cities, where the shops of chaundry, and slight wares, are familiarly open, but those of solid and staple merchandise are proudly locked up.

Nor, indeed, can it be expected that all great doctors are of so benigne a nature as to take pains in gaining treasure, (of which knowledge is the greatest) with intent to enrich others so easily, as if they stood every where with their pockets spread, and ready to be pickt: nor can we read of any father, who so far and secretly adopted his son to a book of his own writing, as that his son might be thought author of that written wit, as much as his father was author of him: nor of any husband, that to his darling wife would so far surrender his wisdom, as that in publick he could endure to let her use his dictates, as if she would have others think her wiser than himself. By this remembrance of that usual parsimony in owners of wit, towards such as would make use of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wish the reader to congratulate mine; for I have found friends as ready as books to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, easie, and apparent. But though I am become so wise, by knowing myself, as to believe the thoughts of divers transcend the best which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my design, nor very seldom of my sense: for I resolved to have this poem subsist and continue throughout with the same complexion and spirit; though it appear but like a plain family, of a neighbourly alliance, who marry into the same moderate quality and garbe, and are fearful of introducing strangers of greater ranke, least the shining presence of such might seem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, sir, that the reader may (whom writers are fain to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, so shy men grow of books) believe me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in publick, for examining, correcting, and allowing this poem in parcels ere it arrived at the texture: by which you have performed the just degrees of proceeding with poets; who, during the gayety and wantonness of the Muse, are but as children to philosophers, (though of some giant race) whose first thoughts (wilde, and roaming farr off) must be brought home, watched, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encouraged and praised for doing well, that they might delight in aiming at perfection. By such a method the Muse is taught to become mistress of her own and others' strength: and who is he so learned (how proud soever with being cherished in the bosome of Fame) that can hope, when, through the several wayes of science, he seeks Nature in her hidden walks, to make his journey short, unless he call you to be his guide? And who, so guided, can suspect his safety, even when he travails through the enemy's country? For such is the vast field of learning, where the learned (though not numerous enough to be an army) lie as small parties, maliciously in ambush, to destroy all new men that look into their quarters. And from such, you, and those you lead, are secure; because you move not by common mapps, but have painfully made your own prospect, and travell now like the Sun, not to inform your self, but enlighten the world.

And likewise, when, by the strict survey and government that hath been had over this poem, I shall think to govern the reader, (who, though he be noble, may perhaps judge of supreme power like a very commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, than in one) I must acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of establishing and destroying, but enjoyed your intervals and ease by two colleagues; two that are worthy to follow you into the closets of princes; if the knowledge of men past, (of whom books are the remaining minds) or of the present, (of whom conversation is the usefull and lawfull spy) may make up such greatness, as is fit for great courts: or, if the rays that proceed from poetry be not a little too strong for the sight of modern princes, who now are too seldom taught in their youth, like eagles, to fortifie their eyes by often soaring near the Sun. And though this be here but my testimony, it is too late for any of you to disclaim it; for, since you have made it valid by giving yours of Gondibert under your hands, you must be content to be used by me, as princes are by their preferred subjects, who, in the very act of taking honour, return it to the giver; as benefits received by the creature, manifest the power, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

I am now, sir, (to your great comfort, that have been thus ill, and long diverted) arrived at my last consideration, which is to satisfy those who may inquire why I have taken so much pains to become an author; or why any man stays so long sweating at invention, when most readers have so imperfect stomachs, as they either devour books with over hasty digestion, or grow to loath them from a surfeit. And why I more especially made my task an heroic poem? I shall involve the two first questions in one; as submitting to be concerned amongst the generality of writers, whose enemies being many, and now mine, we must join forces to oppose them.

Men are chiefly provoked to the toyl of compiling books by love of fame, and often by officiousness of conscience, but seldom with expectation of riches: for those that spend time in writing to instruct others, may find leisure to inform themselves, how mean the provisions are which busie and studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies: and learned men (to whom the rest of the world are but infants) have the same foolish affection in nourishing others' minds, as pellicans in feeding their young; which is, at the expence of the very substance of life. It is then apparent they proceed by the instigation of fame, or conscience; and I believe many are persuaded by the first, (of which I am one) and some are commanded by the second. Nor is the desire of fame so vain as divers have rigidly imagined; fame being (when belonging to the living) that which is more gravely called, a steady and necessary reputation; and without it, hereditary power, or acquired greatness, can never quietly govern the world. It is of the dead a musical glory, in which God, the author of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share: for the remembered vertues of great men are chiefly such of his works (mentioned by king David) as perpetually praise him: and the good fame of the dead prevails by example much more than the reputation of the living; because the latter is always suspected by our envy, but the other is cheerfully allowed, and religiously admired: for admiration (whose eyes are ever weak) stands still, and at gaze upon great things acted far off; but when they are near, walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our sons a solid inheritance, and not unuseful to remote posterity; and to our reason, it is the first, though but a little taste, of eternity.

Those that write by the command of conscience, (thinking themselves able to instruct others, and consequently obliged to it) grow commonly the most voluminous; because the pressures of conscience are so incessant, that she is never satisfy'd with doing enough: for such as be newly made the captives of God, (many appearing so to themselves, when they first begin to wear the fetters of conscience) are like common slaves, when newly taken; who, terrify'd with a fancy of the severity of absolute masters, abuse their diligence out of fear, and do ill, rather than appear idle. And this may be the cause why libraries are more than double lined with spiritual books, or tracts of morality; the latter being the spiritual counsels of lay-men; and the newest of such great volumes (being usually but transcriptions or translations) differ so much from the ancients, as later dayes from those of old, which difference is no more than an alteration of names by removing the ethnicks to make way for the saints. These are the effects of their labours, who are provoked to become authors, merely out of conscience; and conscience we may again averre to be often so unskilful and timorous, that it seldom gives a wise and steady account of God; but grows jealous of him as of an adversary, and is after melancholy visions like a fearfull scout, after he hath ill surveyed the enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible tales.

Having confessed that the desire of fame made me a writer, I must declare why, in my riper age, I chose to gain it more especially by an heroic poem; and the heroic being by most allowed to be the most beautiful of poems, I shall not need to decide the quarrels of poets about the degrees of excellence in poesy: but it is not amiss, ere I avow the usefulness of the science in general, (which was the cause of my undertaking) to remember the value it had from the greatest and most worthy spirits in all ages: for I will not abstain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that Pisistratus (though a tyrant) lived with the praise, and dyed with the blessing, of all Greece, for gathering the scattered limbe of Homer's works into a body; and that great Alexander, by publicly conversing with it, attained the universall opinion of wit; the fame of such inward forces conducting as much to his conquests as his armies abroad: that the Athenian prisoners were thought worthy of life and liberty for singing the tragedies of Euripides: that Thebes was saved from destruction by the victor's reverence to the memory of Pindar: that the elder Scipio (who governed all the civill world) lay continually in the bosome of Ennius: that the great Numantia and Lælius (no less renowned) were openly proud when the Romans believed they assisted Terence in his comedies: that Augustus (to whom the mysteries of universall empire were more familiar, than domestick dominion to modern kings) made Virgil the partner of his joyes, and would have divided his business with Horace: and that Lucan was the fear and envy of Nero. If we ap-

proach rearer our own times, we may add the triumphal entry which the papacy gave to Petrarch; and how much Tasso is still the glory and delight of Italy.

But as in this hasty muster of poets, and listing their confederates, I shall, by omitting many, deprive them of that which is due from fame; so I may now, by the opinion of some divines, (whom, notwithstanding, I will reverence in all their distinct habits and fashions of the mind) be held partiall, and too bold, by adding to the first number (though I range them upon holy ground, and aside) Moses, David, and Solomon, for their songs, psalms, and anthems; the second being the acknowledged favourite of God, whom he had gained by excellent praises in sacred poesy. And I fear (since poesy is the clearest light by which they find the soul who seek it) that poets have in their fluent kindness diverted from the right use, and spent too much of that spiritual talent in the honour of mortall princes: for divine praise (when in the high perfection, as in poets, and only in them) is so much the uttermost and whole of religious worship, that all other parts of devotion serve but to make it up.

Praise is devotion, fit for mighty miudes,
 The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
 Where, Heaven divided, faiths united findes:
 But pray'r, in various disoord, upward flies.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversly
 Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
 Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
 That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

By penitence when we our selves forsake,
 'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
 In praise we nobly give what God may take,
 And are without a beggar's blush forgiven.

Its utmost force, like powder's, is unknown;
 And though weak kings excess of praise may fear,
 Yet when 'tis here, like powder dang'rous grown,
 Heaven's vault receives what would the palace tear¹.

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice of poesy hath been to God, we may (by descending from Heaven to Earth) consider how usefull it is to men; and among men, divines are the chief, because ordained to temper the rage of humane power by spirituall menaces; as by sudden and strange threatnings madness is frighted into reason; and they are sent hither as liegers from God, to conserve in stedfast motion the slippery joynts of government; and to perswade an amity in divided nations: therefore to divines I first address my self; and presume to ask them, why, ever since their dominion was first allowed, at the great change of religions, (though ours, more than any, inculcates obedience, as an easie medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest) mankinde hath been more unruly than before? it being visible that empire decreased with the increase of Christianity; and that one weak prince did anciently suffice to govern many strong nations: but now one little province is too hard for their own wise king; and a small republick hath seventy years maintained their revolt to the disquiet of many monarchs. Or if divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their office, because their spirituall dominion is not allowed as absolute, then it may be asked them more severely, why it is not allowed? For where ever there hath been great degrees of power, (which have been often and long in the church) it discovers (though worldly vicissitude be objected as an excuse) that the managers of such power, since they endeavoured not to enlarge it, believed the increase unrighteous; or were in acting, or contriving that endeavour, either negligent or weak: for power, like the hasty vine, climbs up apace to the supporter; but if not skilfully attended and dressed, instead of spreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then, (like empty title) being soon useless to others, becomes neglected, and unable to support it self.

But if divines have failed in governing princes, (that is, of being intirely believed by them) yet they might have obliquely ruled them, in ruling the people; by whom, of late, princes have been governed; and they might probably rule the people, because the heads of the church (where ever Christianity is preached) are tetrarchs of time, of which they command the fourth division; for to no less the sabbaths and dayes of saints amount; and during those daies of spiritual triumph, pufpits

¹ Gondibert, lib. 2. canto 6.

are thrones; and the people obliged to open their eares, and let in the ordinances and commands of preachers, who likewise are not without some little regency throughout the rest of the year; for then they may converse with the laity, from whom they have commonly such respect, (and respect soon opens the door of persuasion) as shows their congregations not deaf in those holy seasons, when speaking predominates.

But, notwithstanding these advantages, the pulpit hath little prevailed; for the world is in all regions reversed, or shaken by disobedience; an engine with which the great angels (for such were the devils, and had faculties much more sublimed than men) believed they could disorder Heaven. And it is not want of capacity in the lower auditory that makes doctrine so unsuccessful; for the people are not simple, since the gentry (even of strongest education) lack sufficient defence against them, and are hourly surprised in (their common ambushes) their shops: for, on sacred dayes, they walk gravely and sadly from temples, as if they had newly buried their sinful fathers; at night sleep as if they never needed forgiveness; and rise with the next Sun, to lie in wait for the noble and the studious. And though these quiet counsers are, amongst the people, esteemed their steady men; yet they honour the courage and more active parts of such disobedient spirits, as, disclaiming thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to rob the state; and the state they believe (though the helme were held by apostles) would alwayes consist of such arch-robbers, as, who ever strips them, but waves the tedious satisfaction which the lasy expect from laws, and comes a shorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience, (in the condition of beasts, whose appetite is liberty, and their liberty a license of lust) the people have often been, since a long and notorious power hath continued with divines, whom, though with reverence we accuse for mistaken lenity, yet are we not so cruel to expect they should behave themselves to sinners like fierce Phineas, or preach with their swords drawn, to kill all they cannot persuade: but our meaning is to show how much their Christian meekness hath deceived them in taming this wilde monster, the people; and a little to rebuke them for neglecting the assistance of poets, and for upbraiding the ethnicks, because the poets managed their religion; as if religion could walk more prosperously abroad, than when morality (respectfully and bare-headed, as her usher) prepares the way: it being no lesse true, that during the dominion of poesy, a willing peacefull obedience to superiours becalmed the world; than that obedience, like the marriage yoke, though a restraint more needful and advantageous than liberty, and hath the same reward of pleasant quietness, which it anciently had, when Adam, till his disobedience, enjoyed Paradise. Such are the effects of sacred poesy, which charms the people with harmonious precepts; and whose aid divines should not disdain, since their Lord (the Saviour of the world) vouchsafed to deliver his doctrine in parabolical fictions.

Those that be of next importance are leaders of armies; and such I measure not by the suffrages of the people, who give them respect as Indians worship the evill spirit, rather for fear of harm, than for affection; but esteem them as the painfull protectors and enlargers of empire, by whom it actively moves; and such active motion of empire is as necessary as the motion of the sea, where all things would putrifie, and infect one another, if the element were quiet: so is it with men's mindes on shore, when that element of greatness and honour, empire, stands still, of which the largeness is likewise as needfull as the vastness of the sea; for God ordained not huge empire as proportionable to the bodies, but to the mindes of men, and the mindes of men are more monstrous, and require more space for agitation and the hunting of others, than the bodies of whales. But he that believes men such moderate sheép, as that many are peacefully contained in a narrow fold, may be better informed in America, where little kings never enjoy a harmless neighbourhood, unless protected defensively amongst themselves, by an emperor that hath wide possessions, and priority over them, (as in some few places) but when restrained in narrow dominion, where no body commands and hinders their nature, they quarrel like cocks in a pitt; and the Sun, in a daye's travail there, sees more battails (but not of consequence, because their kings, though many, are little) than in Europe in a year.

To leaders of armies, as to very necessary men, (whose office requires the uttermost aids of art and Nature, and rescues the sword of justice, when it is wrested from supreme power by commotion) I now address my self, and must put them in minde (though not upbraidingly) how much their mighty predecessors were anciently obliged to poets, whose songs (recording the praises of conduct and valour) were esteemed the chiefest rewards of victory; and since Nature hath made us prone to imitation, (by which we equall the best or the worst) how much those images of action prevail upon our mindes, which are delightfully drawn by poets? For the greatest of the Grecian captains have confessed, that their counsels have been made wise, and their courages warm, by Homer; and since praise is a pleasure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchsafed to be pleased when

it was sent him by his own poet, why is it not lawfull for vertuous men to be cherished and magnified with hearing their vigilance, valour, and good fortune, (the latter being more the immediate gift of Heaven, because the effect of an unknown cause) commended and made eternal in poesy? But perhaps the art of praising armies into great and instant action, by singing their former deeds, (an art with which the ancients made empire so large) is too subtle for modern leaders; who, as they cannot reach the heights of poesy, must be content with a narrow space of dominion: and narrow dominion breeds evil, peevish, and vexatious mindes, and a national self-opinion, like simple Jewish arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinary proud in a very little country: for men in contracted governments are but a kind of prisoners; and prisoners, by long restraint, grow wicked, malicious to all abroad, and foolish esteemers of themselves, as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can only see out of windowes.

Our last application is to statesmen, and makers of lawes; who may be reasonably reduced to one; since the second differ no more from the first, than judges (the copies of law-makers) differ from their originals: for judges, like all bold interpreters, by often altering the text, make it quite new; and statesmen (who differ not from law-makers in the act, but in the manner of doing) make new lawes presumptuously without the consent of the people; but legislators more civilly seem to whistle to the beast, and stroak him into the yoke: and in the yoke of state the people (with too much pampering) grow soon unruly and draw awry; yet statesmen and judges (whose business is governing, and the thing to be governed is the people) have amongst us (we being more proud and mistaken than any other famous nation) looked gravely upon poetry, and with a negligence that betrayed a northerly ignorance; as if they believed they could perform their work without it. But poets (who with wise diligence study the people, and have in all ages by an insensible influence governed their manners) may justly smile when they perceive that divines, leaders of armies, statesmen, and judges, think religion, the sword, or (which is unwritten law, and a secret confederacy of chiefs) policy, or law (which is written, but seldom rightly read) can give, without the help of the Muses, a long and quiet satisfaction in government: for religion is to the wicked and faithless (who are many) a jurisdiction, against which they readily rebel; because it rules severely, yet promiseth no worldly recompence for obedience; obedience being by every humane power invited, with assurances of visible advantage. The good (who are but few) need not the power of religion to make them better, the power of religion proceeding from her threatenings, which though mean weapons, are fitly used, since she hath none but base enemies. We may observe too, that all vertuous men are so taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the world; and no government receives assistance from any man merely as he is good; but as that goodness is active in temporal things.

The sword is in the hand of justice no guard to government, but then when justice hath an army for her own defence; and armies, if they were not pervertible by faction, yet are to common-wealths like kings' physicians to poor patients; who buy the cure of their disordered bodies at so high a rate, that they may be said to change their sickness for famine. Policy (I mean of the living, not of the dead; the one being the last rules or designs governing the instant; the other those laws that began empire) is as mortal as statesmen themselves: whose incessant labours make that hectic fever of the minde, which insensibly dispatches the body: and when we trace statesmen through all the histories of courts, we find their inventions so unnecessary to those that succeed at the helme, or so much envied as they scarce last in authority till the inventors are buried: and change of designs in statesmen (their designs being the weapons by which states are defended) grows as destructive to government, as a continual change of various weapons is to armies; which must receive with ruine any sudden assault, when want of practise makes unactiveness. We cannot urge that the ambition of statesmen (who are obnoxious to the people) doth much disorder government; because the people's anger, by a perpetual coming in of new oppressors, is so diverted in considering those whom their eyes but lately left, as they have not time enough to rise for the publick: and evil successors to power are in the troubled stream of state like succeeding tides in rivers, where the mudd of the former is hidden by the silt of the last.

Laws, if very ancient, grow as doubtful and difficult as letters on buried marble, which only antiquaries read; but if not old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the vertues of ancestors, because their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet great men must be long dead whose ills are forgotten. If laws be new they must be made either by very angels, or by men that have some vices; and those being seen make their vertues suspected; for the people no more esteeme able men, whose defects they know, (though but errors incident to humanity) than an enemy values a strong army having experience of their errors. And new laws are held but the projects of necessitous power, new nets spread to entangle us; the old being accounted too many, since most are believed

to be made for forfeitures: and such letting of blood (though intended by law-makers for our health is to the people always out of season: for those that love life with too much passion (and money is the life-blood of the people) ever fear a consumption. But be law-makers as able as Nature or experience (which is the best art) can make them; yet, though I will not yield the wicked to be wiser than the virtuous, I may say, offences are too hard for the laws, as some beasts are too wylie for their hunters; and that vice overgrows virtue, as much as weeds grow faster than medicinable herbs: or rather that sin, like the fruitful slime of Nilus, doth increase into so many various shapes of serpents (whose walks and retreats are winding and unknown) that even justice, (the painful pursuer of mischief) is become weary, and amazed.

After these meditations, methinks government resembles a ship where though divines, leaders of armies, statesmen and judges are the trusted pilots; yet it moves by the means of winds, as uncertain as the breath of opinion; and is laden with the people; a freight much looser, and more dangerous than any other living stowage; being as troublesome in fair weather, as horses in a storm. And how can these pilots stedily maintain their course to the land of peace and plenty, since they are often divided at the helm? For divines (when they consider great chiefs) suppose armies to be sent from God for a temporary plague, not for contigual jurisdiction; and that God's extreme punishments (of which armies be the most violent) are ordalued to have no more lastingness, than the extremes in Nature. They think (when they consider statesmen) policy hath nothing of the dove, and being all serpent, is more dangerous, than the dangers it pretends to prevent: and that out-witting (by falshood and corruption) adverse states, or the people (though the people be often the greater enemy, and more perilous being nearest) is but giving reputation to sinn, and that to maintain the publick by politique evils, is a base prostitution of religion, and the prostitution of religion is that unpardonable whoredom which so much angered the prophets. They think law nothing but the bible forcibly usurped by covetous lawyers, and disguised in a paraphrase more obscure than the text; and that 'tis only want of just reverence to religion, which doth expose us to the charges and vexations of law.

The leaders of armies accuse divines for unwisely raising the war of the world by opposite doctrine, and for being more indiscreet in thinking to appease it by perswasion; forgetting that the dispatchful ending of war is blows; and that the naturall region for disputes, when nations are engaged (though by religion) is the field of battail, not schools and academies; which they believe (by their restless controversies) less civill than camps; as intestine quarrel is held more barbarous than foreign war. They think statesmen to them (unless dignified by military office) but mean spys, that like African foxes (who attend on Lyons, ranging before and about for their valiant prey) shrink back till the danger be subdued, and then with insatiate hunger come in for a share: yet sometimes with the eye of envy (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glass) they behold these statesmen, and think them immense as whales; the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peacefull calm trouble the ocean till it boil; after a little hasty wonder, they consider them again with disdain of their low constraints at court, where they must patiently endure the little follies of such small favourites as wait even near the wisest thrones; so fantastically weak seem monarchs in the sickness of care (a fever in the head) when for the humourous pleasure of diversity, they descend from purple beds, and seek their ease upon the ground. These great leaders say also, that law moves slowly as with fettered feet, and is too tedious in redress of wrongs; whilst in armies justice seems to ride post, and overtakes offenders ere the contagion of crinics can infect others: and though in courts and cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive sleight put by her sword; yet when she retires to camps, she is in a posture not only to punish the offences of particular greatness, but of injurious nations.

Statesmen look on divines as men whose long solitude and meditations on Heaven hath made them strangers upon Earth: and 'tis acquaintance with the world, and knowledge of man that makes abilities of ruling: for though it may be said that a sufficient belief of doctrine would beget obedience (which is the uttermost design of governing) yet since diversity of doctrine doth distract all auditors, and makes them doubtfully dispose their obedience (even towards spiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend) therefore statesmen think themselves more fit to manage empire, than divines; whose usefulness consists in perswasion, and perswasion is the last medicine (being the most desperate) which statesmen apply to the distemper of the people: for their distemper is madness, and madness is best cured with terror and force. They think that leaders of armies are to great empire, as great rivers to the continent; which make an easy access of such benefits as the metropolis (the seat of power) would else at vast distances with difficulty reach: yet often like proud rivers when they swell, they destroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, than they have in long time acquired from abroad: they are to little empire like the sea to low islands; by nature a defence from foreigners, but by accident when they rage, a deluge to their own land. And at all seasons statesmen

believe them more dangerous to government than themselves : for the popularity of statesmen's *not* so frequent as that of generals ; or if by rare sufficiency of art it be gained ; yet the force of crowds in cities, compared to the validity of men of armes, and discipline, would appear like the great number of sheep to a few wolves, rather a cause of comfort than of terrour. They think that chief ministers of law by publick integrity, or love of popularity (which shows the minde as meanelly born as bred) so earnestly pursue the protection of the people's right, that they neglect the publick interest ; and though the people's right, and publick interest be the same, yet usually by the people, the ministers of law mean private men, and by the other the state ; and so the state and the people are divided, as we may say a man is divided within himself, when reason and passion dispute about consequent actions ; and if we were called to assist at such intestine war, we must side with reason, according to our duty, by the law of Nature ; and Nature's law, though not written in stone (as was the law of religion) hath taken deep impression in the heart of man, which is harder than marble of Mount-Sinai.

Chief ministers of law think divines in government should, like the penal statutes, be choicely, and but seldome used ; for as those statutes are rigorously inquisitive after venial faults, (punishing our very manners and weak constitution, as well as insolent appetite) so divines (that are made vehement with contemplating the dignity of the Offended, (which is God) more than the frailty of the offender) govern as if men could be made angels, ere they come to Heaven.

Great ministers of law think likewise that leaders of armies are like ill physicians, only fit for desperate cures, whose boldness calls in the assistance of Fortune, during the fears and troubles of art ; yet the health they give to a distempred state is not more accidental than the preservation of it is uncertain ; because they often grow vain with success, and encourage a restored state to such hazards, as show like irregularity of life in other recovered bodies, such as the cautious and ancient gravity of law dissuaded : for law (whose temperate design is safety) rather prevents, by constancy of medicine, (like a continued diet) diseases in the body-politic, than depends after a permitted sickness upon the chance of recovery. They think statesmen strive to be as much judges of law as themselves, being chief ministers of law, are judges of the people ; and that even good statesmen pervert the law more than evil judges : for law was anciently meant a defensive armour, and the people took it as from the magazin of justice, to keep them safe from each other's violence ; but statesmen use it as offensive armes, with which, in forraging to get relief for supreme power, they often wound the publick.

Thus we have first observed the four chief aids of government, (religion, armes, policy, and law) defectively applyed, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongst themselves : it follows next, we should introduce, to strengthen those principal aids, (still making the people our direct object) some collateral help ; which I will safely presume to consist in poesy.

We have observed that the people, since the latter time of Christian religion, are more unquiet than in former ages ; so disobedient and fierce, as if they would shake off the ancient imputation of being beasts, by showing their masters they know their own strength : and we shall not erre by supposing that this conjunction of fourfold power hath failed in the effects of authority by a misapplication ; for it hath rather endeavoured to prevail upon their bodies than their mindes, forgetting that the martial art of constraining is the best, which assaults the weaker part, and the weakest part of the people is their mindes, for want of that which is the minde's only strength, education ; but their bodies are strong by continual labour, for labour is the education of the body. Yet, when I mention the misapplication of force, I should have said, they have not only failed by that, but by a main error : because the subject on which they should work is the minde ; and the minde can never be constrained, though it may be gained by perswasion. And since perswasion is the principal instrument which can bring to fashion the brittle and mishapen metall of the minde, none are so fit aids to this important work as poets ; whose art is, more than any, enabled with a voluntary and chearfull assistance of Nature, and whose operations are as resistless, secret, easie, and subtle, as is the influence of planets.

I must not forget (least I be prevented by the vigilance of the reader) that I have professed not to represent the beauty of vertue in my poem, with hope to perswade common men ; and I have said that divines have failed in discharging their share of government, by depending upon the effects of perswasion ; and that statesmen, in managing the people, rely not upon the perswasion of divines, but upon force. In my despair of reducing the mindes of common men, I have not confest any weakness of poesy in the general science, but rather inferred the particular strength of the heroic, which hath a force that over-matches the infancy of such mindes as are not enabled by degrees of education ; but there are lesser forces in other kindes of poesy, by which they may train and prepare

their understandings; and princes and nobles, being reformed and made angelicall by the heroick, will be predominant lights, which the people cannot choose but use for direction; as glowworms take in and keep the Sun's beams till they shine, and make day to themselves.

In saying that divines have vainly hoped to continue the peace of government by perswasion, I have implied such perswasions as are accompanied with threatnings, and seconded by force, which are the perswasions of pulpits; where is presented to the obstinate, Hell after death; and the civill magistrate, during life, constrains such obedience as the church doth ordain. But the perswasions of poesy, instead of menaces, are harmonious and delightful insinuations, and never any constraint, unless the ravishment of reason may be called force. And such force (contrary to that which divines, commanders, statesmen, and lawyers use) begets such obedience as is never weary or grieved.

In declaring that statesmen think not the state wholly secure by such manners as are bred from the perswasions of divines, but more willingly make government rely upon military force, I have neither concluded that poets are unprofitable, nor that statesmen think so; for the wisdom of poets would first make the images of vertue so amiable, that her beholders should not be able to look off, (rather gently and delightfully infusing, than inculcating precepts) and then, when the mind is conquered, like a willing bride, force should so behave it self, as noble husbands use their power; that is, by letting their wives see the dignity and prerogative of our sex (which is the husband's harmless conquest of peace) continually maintained to hinder disobedience, rather than rigorously impose duty. But to such an easie government, neither the people (which are subjects to kings and states) nor wives (which are subject to husbands) can peacefully yield, unless they are first conquered by vertue; and the conquests of vertue be never easie, but where her forces are commanded by poets.

It may be objected, that the education of the people's miudes (from whence virtuous manners are derived) by the several kindes of poesy, (of which the dramattick hath been in all ages very successful) is opposite to the received opinion, that the people ought to be continued in ignorance; a maxime sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a statesman only by birth or beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: for ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made, and obedience proceeds from ample consideration, of which knowledge consists, and knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of oppression, and in the other the heavy burden which disobedience layes on us in the effects of civil-war: and then even tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme power binds up our load, and layes it artfully on us, than disobedience, (the parent of confusion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increases his fellowe's burden, to lessen his own.

Others may object, that poesie on our stage, or the heroick in musick, (for so the latter was anciently used) is prejudicial to a state, as begetting levity, and giving the people too great a diversion by pleasure and mirth. To these (if they be worthy of satisfaction) I reply: that whoever in government endeavours to make the people serious and grave, (which are attributes that may become the people's representatives, but not the people) doth practise a new way to enlarge the state, by making every subject a statesman: and he that means to govern so mournfully, (as it were, without any musick in his dominion) must lay but light burdens on his subjects; or else he wants the ordinary wisdom of those who, to their beasts that are much loaden, whistle all the day to encourage their travail. For that supreme power which expects a firm obedience in those who are not used to rejoicing, but live sadly, as if they were still preparing for the funeral of peace, hath little skill in contriving the lastingness of government, which is the principal work of art; and less hath that power considered Nature, as if such new austerity did seem to tax even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the spring so merrily with a musical variety of birds. And such sullen power doth forget that battails (the most solemn and serious business of death) are begun with trumpets and fifes, and anciently were continued with more diversity of musick. And that the Grecian laws (laws being the wisest endeavour of humane counsels for the ease of life) were, long before the dayes of Lycurgus, (to make them more pleasant to memory) published in verse: and that the wise Athenians (dividing into three parts the publique revenue) expended one in plays and shows, to divert the people from meeting to consult of their rulers' merit, and the defects of government; and that the Romans had not so long continued their empire, but for the same diversions, at a vaster charge.

Again, it may be objected, that the precepts of Christian religion are sufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of manners; and towards the ease of life, by imposing obedience; so that the moral assistance of poesy is but vainly intruded. To this I may answer, that as no man should suspect the sufficiency of religion by its insuccessfulness, so if the insuccessfulness be confessed, we shall as little disparage religion, by bringing in more aids, when it is in action, than a

general dishonours himself by endeavouring, with more of his own forces, to make sure an attempt that hath a while miscarried: for poesy, which (like contracted essences, seems the utmost strength and activity of Nature) is, as all good arts, subservient to religion, all marching under the same banner, though of less discipline and esteem. And as poesy is the best expositor of Nature, (Nature being mysterious to such as use not to consider) so Nature is the best interpreter of God; and more cannot be said of religion. And when the judges of religion (which are the chiefs of the church) neglect the help of moralists in reforming the people, (and poets are of all moralists the most useful) they give a sentence against the law of Nature: for Nature performs all things by correspondent aids and harmony. And it is injurious not to think poets the most useful moralists; for as poesy is adorned and sublimed by musick, which makes it more pleasant and acceptable, so morality is sweetned and made more amiable by poesy. And the austerity of some divines may be the cause why religion hath not more prevailed upon the manners of men: for great doctors should rather comply with things that please, (as the wise apostle did with ceremonies) than lose a proselyte. And even honour (taught by moral philosophers, but more delightfully infused by poets) will appear (notwithstanding the sad severity of some latter divines) no unsafe guide towards piety; for it is as wary and nice as conscience, though more cheerful and couragious. And however honour be more pleasing to flesh and blood, because in this world it finds applause; yet it is not so mercenary as piety: for piety (being of all her expectations inwardly assured) expects reward in Heaven; to which all earthly payments, compared, are but shadows and sand.

And it appears that poesy hath for its natural prevailings over the understandings of men, (sometimes making her conquests with easie plainness, like native country beauty) been very successful in the most grave and important occasions that the necessities of states or mankinde have produced. For it may be said that Demosthenes saved the Athenians by the fable or parable of the Doggs and Wolves, in answer to king Philip's proposition; and that Menenius Agrippa saved the senate, if not Rome, by that of the Belly and the Hands: and that even our Saviour was pleased (as the most prevalent way of doctrine) wholly to use such kinde of parables in his converting or saving of souls; it being written, "Without a parable spake he not to them." And had not the learned apostle thought the wisdom of poets worthy his remembrance, and instructive, not only to heathens, but to Christians, he had not cited Epimenides to the Cretans, as well as Aratus to the Athenians.

I cannot also be ignorant that divers (whose conscientious melancholy amazes and discourages others' devotion) will accuse poets as the admirers of beauty, and inventors, or provokers, of that which, by way of aspersion, they call love. But such, in their first accusation, seem to look carelesly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or else, through low education, or age, become incompetent judges of what is the chief of his works upon Earth. And poets, when they praise beauty, are at least as lawfully thankfull to God, as when they praise seas, woods, rivers, or any other parts that make up a prospect of the world. Nor can it be imagined but that poets, in praising them, praise wholly the Maker; and so in praising beauty: for that woman who believes she is praised when her beauty is commended, may as well suppose that poets think she created herself. And he that praises the inward beauty of women, which is their virtue, doth more perform his duty than before: for our envious silence in not approving, and so encouraging what is good, is the cause that vice is more in fashion and countenance than vertue. But when poets praise that which is not beauty, or the minde which is not vertuous, they erre through their mistake, or by flattery; and flattery is a crime so much more prosperous in others, who are companions to greatness, that it may be held in poets rather kindness than design.

They who accuse poets as provokers of love, are enemies to Nature; and all affronts to Nature are offences to God, as insolencies to all subordinate officers of the crown are rudeness to the king. Love (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is Nature's preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of life. And since the severest divines of these latter times have not been ashamed publicly to command and define the most secret duty and entertainments of love in the married, why should not poets civilly endeavour to make a friendship between the guests before they meet, by teaching them to dignifie each other with the utmost of estimation. And marriage in mankind were as rude and unprepared as the hasty elections of other creatures, but for acquaintance and conversation before it; and that must be an acquaintance of mindes, not of bodies; and of the mind, poesie is the most natural and delightful interpreter.

When neither religion (which is our art towards God) nor Nature (which is God's first law to man, though by man least study'd) nor when reason (which is Nature, and made art by experience) can by the enemies of poesie be sufficiently urged against it, then some (whose frowardness will not let them quit an evil cause) plead written authority. And though such authority be a weapon which, even in

the war of religion, distressed disputers take up, as their last shift; yet here we would protest against it, but that we find it makes a false defence, and leaves the enemy more open. This authority (which is but single too) is from Plato, and him some have maliciously quoted, as if in his feigned common-wealth he had banished all poets; but Plato says nothing against poets in general; and in his particular quarrel (which is to Homer and Hesiod) only condemns such errors as we mentioned in the beginning of this preface, when we looked upon the ancients. And those errors consist in their abusing religion, by representing the gods in evil proportion, and their heroes with as unequal characters; and so brought vices into fashion, by intermixing them with the virtues of great persons. Yet, even during this divine anger of Plato, he concludes not against poesie, but the poems then most in request: for these be the words of his law: "If any man (having ability to imitate what he pleases) imitate in his poems both good and evil, let him be revered, as a sacred, admirable, and pleasant person; but be it likewise known, he must have no place in our common-wealth." And yet, before his banishment, he allows him the honour of a diadem, and sweet odours to anoint his head: and afterwards says, "Let us make use of more profitable, though more severe, and less pleasant poets, who can imitate that which is for the honour and benefit of the common-wealth." But those who make use of this just indignation of Plato to the unjust scandal of poesie, have the common craft of false witnesses, enlarging every circumstance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppose. For they will not remember how much the scholar of Plato (who, like an absolute monarch over arts, hath almost silenced his master throughout the schools of Europe) labours to make poesie universally current, by giving laws to the science: nor will they take notice in what dignity it continued, whilst the Greeks kept their dominion or language; and how much the Romans cherished even the publick repetition of verses: nor will they vouchsafe to observe, (though Javenal takes care to record it) how gladly all Rome (during that exercise) ran to the voice of Statius.

Thus having taken measure (though hastily) of the extent of those great professions that in government contribute to the necessities, ease, and lawful pleasures of men; and finding poesie as useful now (as the ancients found it) towards perfection and happiness; I will, sir, (unless with these two books you return me a discouragement) cheerfully proceed: and though a little time would make way for the third, and make it fit for the press, I am resolved rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers, with no ill satisfaction, have had a taste of Gondibert) than endure that violent envy which assaults all writers whilst they live, though their papers be but filled with very negligent and ordinary thoughts; and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the poem, till I can send it you from America, whither I now speedily prepare; having the folly to hope, that when I am in another world, (though not in the common sense of dying) I shall find my readers (even the poets of the present age) as temperate and benigne as we are all to the dead, whose remote excellence cannot hinder our reputation. And now, sir, to end with the allegory which I have so long continued, I shall, (after all my busie vanity in showing and describing my new building) with great quietness, being almost as weary as your self, bring you to the back-dore, that you may make no review but in my absence; and steal hastily from you, as one who is ashamed of all the trouble you have received from,

sir,

your most humble, and most affectionate servant,

From the Louvre in Paris,
January 2, 1650.

WILL. DAVENANT.

THE
ANSWER OF MR. HOBBS
TO
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT'S
PREFACE BEFORE GONDIBERT

SIR,

If, to commend your poem, I should onely say, (in general terms) that in the choice of your argument, the disposition of the parts, the maintenance of the characters of your persons, the dignity and vigour of your expression, you have performed all the parts of various experience, ready memory, clear judgement, swift and well governed fancy, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my testimony. For I lie open to two exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted witness. Incompetent, because I am not a poet; and corrupted, with the honour done me by your preface. The former obliges me to say something (by the way) of the nature and differences of poesie.

As philosophers have divided the universe (their subject) into three regions, celestial, aerial, and terrestrial; so the poets (whose work it is, by imitating humane life in delightful and measured lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to vertuous and honourable actions) have lodged themselves in the three regions of mankinde, court, city, and country, correspondent, in some proportion, to those three regions of the world. For there is in princes, and men of conspicuous power, (anciently called heroes) a lustre and influence upon the rest of men, resembling that of the heavens; and an insincereness, inconstancy, and troublesome humour, of those that dwell in populous cities, like the mobility, blustering, and imparity of the aire; and a plainness, and (though dull) yet a nutritive faculty, in rural people, that endures a comparison with the earth they labour.

From hence have proceeded three sorts of poesie, heroique, scomatique, and pastoral. Every one of these is distinguished again in the manner of representation, which sometimes is narrative, wherein the poet himself relateth; and sometimes dramatique, as when the persons are every one adorned and brought upon the theater, to speak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor less than six sorts of poesie. For the heroique poem narrative (such as is yours) is called an epique poem. The heroique poem dramatique, is tragedy. The scomatique narrative is satyre; dramatique, is comedy. The pastoral narrative is called simply pastoral, (anciently beucolique) the same dramatique, pastoral comedy. The figure, therefore, of an epique poem, and of a tragedy, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one or many persons. Which I insert to justifie the figure of yours, consisting of five books, divided into songs, or cantos, as five acts divided into scenes has ever been the approved figure of a tragedy.

They that take for poesie whatsoever is writ in verse, will think this division imperfect, and call in sonets, epigrams, eclogues, and the like pieces, (which are but essays, and parts of an entire poem) and reckon Empedocles and Lucretius (natural philosophers) for poets, and the moral precepts of Phocylides, Theognis, and the quatraines of Pybrach, and the history of Lucan, and others of that kind amongst poems; bestowing on such writers, for honour, the name of poets, rather than of historians or philosophers. But the subject of a poem is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned, (as the name of poesie imports) not found in men. They that give entrance to fictions writ in prose, err not so much, but they err: for prose re-

quireth delightfulness, not onely of fiction, but of stile; in with, if prose contend which verse it is with disadvantage, and (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of Pegasus.

For verse amongst the Greeks was appropriated anciently to the service of their gods, and was the holy stile; the stile of the oracles; the stile of the laws; and the stile of men that publicly recommended to their gods the voves and thanks of the people; which was done in their holy songs called hymnes; and the composers of them were called prophets and priests before the name of poet was known. When afterwards the majesty of that stile was observed, the poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the antiquity of verse, it is greater than the antiquity of letters. For it is certain, Cadmus was the first that (from Phœnicia, a country that neighboureth Judea) brought the use of letters into Greece. But the service of the gods, and the laws (which by measured sounds were easily committed to the memory) had been long time in use, before the arrival of Cadmus there.

There is besides the grace of stile, another cause why the ancient poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. Their poems were made at first with intention to have them sung as well epique, as dramatick (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in Italy) and could not be made commensurable to the voyce or instruments, in prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished, (like the way and motion of a ship in the sea) as not onely to discompose the best composers, but also to disappoint some times the most attentive reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore necessary for poets in those times, to write in verse.

The verse which the Greeks and Latines (considering the nature of their own languages) found by experience most grave, and for an epique poem most decent, was their hexameter; a verse limited, not onely in the length of the line, but also in the quantity of the syllables. Instead of which we use the line of ten syllables, recompensing the neglect of their quantity, with the diligence of rime. And this measure is so proper for an heroicque poem, as without some loss of gravity and dignity, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill prose, and a shorter, is a kind of whisking (you know) like the unlacing, rather than the singing of a Muse. In an epigram or a sonnet, a man may vary his measures, and seek glory from a needless difficulty, as he that contrived verses into the formes of an organ, a hatchet, an egg, an altar, and a pair of wings; but in so great and noble a work as is an epique poem, for a man to obstruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewise to chose a needless and difficult correspondance of rime, is but a difficult toy, and forces a man sometimes for the stopping of a chinck, to say somewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore but very much approve your stanza, wherein the syllables in every verse are ten, and the rime alternate.

For the choyce of your subject, you have sufficiently justified your self in your preface. But because I have observed in Virgil, that the honour done to Æneas and his companions, has so bright a reflection upon Augustus Cæsar, and other great Romans of that time, as a man may suspect him not constantly possessed with the noble spirit of those his heroes, and believe you are not acquainted with any great man of the race of Gondibert, I add to your justification the purity of your purpose, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn vertue, and procure her lovers; than which there cannot be a worthier design, and more becoming noble poësie.

In that you make so small account of the example of almost all the approved poets, ancient and modern, who thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the progress of their poems, to invoke a Muse, or some other deity, that should dictate to them, or assist them in their writings, they that take not the laws of art from any reason of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times, will perhaps accuse your singularity. For my part, I neither subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that heathen custom, otherwise than as accessory to their false religion. For their poets were their divines; had the name of prophets; exercised amongst the people a kinde of spiritual authority; would be thought to speak by a divine spirit; have their works which they writ in verse (the divine stile) pass for the word of God, and not of man; and to be harkened to with reverence. Do not our divines (excepting the stile) do the same, and by us that are of the same religion cannot justly be reprehended for it? besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of divines, there is danger sometimes to be feared, from want of skill, such as is reported of unskilful conjurers, that mistaking the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such spirits, as they cannot at their pleasure assay again; by whom storms are raised, that overthrow buildings, and are the cause of miserable wracks at sea. Unskilful divines do oftentimes the like, for when they call unseasonably for zeal, there appears a spirit of cruelty; and by the like error instead of truth they raise discord; instead of wisdom, fraud; instead of reformation, tumult; and controversie instead of religion. Whereas in the

heathen poets, at least in those whose works have lasted to the time we are in, there are none of those indiscretions to be found, that tended to subversion, or disturbance of the common-wealths wherein they lived. But why a christian should think it an ornament to his poem; either to prophan the true God, or invoke a false one, I can imagine no cause, but a senseless imitation of customs, of a foolish custom; by which a man enabled to speak wisely from the principles of Nature, and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration, like a bagpipe.

Time and education begets experience; experience begets memory; memory begets judgement and fancy; judgement begets the strength and structure; and fancy begets the ornaments of a poem. The ancients therefore fabled not absurdly, in making memory the mother of the Muses. For memory is the world (though not really, yet so as in a looking glass) in which the judgement, the severer sister, busieth her self in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in registring by letters, their order, causes, uses, differences, and resemblances; whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, findes her materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more than a swift motion over them, that what she wants, and is there to be had, may not lie too long unespied. So that when she seemeth to flye from one Indies to the other, and from Heaven to Earth, and to penetrate into the hardest matter, and obscurest places, into the future, and into her self, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, her self being all she seeks; and her wonderful celerity, consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious imagery discreetly ordered, and perfectly registred in the memory; which most men under the name of philosophy have a glimpse of, and is pretended to by many that grossly mistaking her embrace contention in her place. But so far forth as the fancy of man has traced the ways of true philosophy, so far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defensible in building; or marvellous in engines and instruments of motion; whatsoever commodity men receive from the observations of the Heavens, from the description of the Earth, from the account of time, from walking on the seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of Europe, from the barbarity of the American savages, is the workmanship of fancy, but guided by the precepts of true philosophy. But where these precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of moral vertue, there the architect (fancy) must take the philosopher's part upon her self. He therefore that undertakes an heroick poem (which is to exhibit a venerable and amiable image of heroick vertue) must not only be the poet, to place and connect, but also the philosopher, to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both body and soul, colour and shadow of his poem out of his own store: which, how well you have performed I am now considering.

Observing how few the persons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the course of the actions of these (the number increasing) after several confluences, they run all at last into the two principal streams of your poem, Gondibert and Oswald, methinks the fable is not much unlike the theatre. For so, from several and far distant sources, do the lesser brooks of Lombardy, flowing into one another, fall all at last into the two main rivers, the Po and the Adice. It hath the same resemblance also with a man's veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concurrence, insert themselves at last into the two principal veins of the body. But when I considered that also the actions of men, which singly are inconsiderable, after many conjectures, grow at last either into one great protecting power, or into two destroying factions, I could not but approve the structure of your poem, which ought to be no other than such as an imitation of humane life requireth.

In the streams themselves I find nothing but settled valour, clean honour, calm counsel, learned diversion, and pure love; save only a torrent or two of ambition, which (though a fault) has somewhat heroick in it, and therefore must have place in an heroick poem. To show the reader in what place he shall find every excellent picture of vertue you have drawn, is too long. And to show him one, is to prejudice the rest; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the description of love in the person of Birtha, in the seventh canto of the second book. There has nothing been said of that subject neither by the ancient nor modern poets comparable to it. Poets are painters: I would fain see another painter draw so true, perfect and natural a love to the life, and make use of nothing but pure lines, without the help of any the least uncomely shadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by it self, for in the almost equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is lost.

There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold; not onely to exceed the work, but also the possibility of Nature: they would have impenetrable armours, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. Against such I defend you (without assenting to those that condemn either Homer or Virgil) by dissenting onely from those that think the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For 'as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit

of poetical liberty. In old time amongst the heathen such strange fictions, and metamorphoses, were not so remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of Nature a poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of Nature never. I can allow a geographer to make in the sea, a fish or a ship, which by the scale of his map would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, because it is done without the pincets of his undertaking; but when he paints an elephant so, I presently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confession of terra incognita.

As the description of great men and great actions is the constant designe of a poet; so the descriptions of worthy circumstances are necessary accessions to a poem, and being well performed are the jewels and most precious ornaments of poesy. Such in Virgil are the funeral games of Anchises, the duel of Aeneas and Turnus, &c. and such in yours are the hunting, the battaile, the city morning, the funeral, the house of Astragon, the library, and the temples, equal to his, or those of Homer whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be considered but the expression, in which consisteth the countenance and colour of a beautiful Muse; and is given her by the poet out of his own provision, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own, is nothing but experience and knowledge of Nature, and specially humane nature; and is the true, and natural colour. But that which is taken out of books (the ordinary boxes of counterfeit complexion) shews well or ill, as it hath more or less resemblance with the natural, and are not to be used (without examination) unadvisedly. For in him that professes the imitation of Nature (as all poets do) what greater fault can there be, than to bewray an ignorance of Nature in his poem; especially having a liberty allowed him; if he meet with any thing he cannot master, to leave it out?

That which giveth a poem the true and natural colour consisteth in two things, which are; to know well, that is, to have images of Nature in the memory distinct and clear; and to know much. A sign of the first is perspicuity, property, and decency, which delight all sorts of men, either by instructing the ignorant, or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A sign of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the minde; for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration curiosity, which is a delightfull appetite of knowledge.

There be so many words in use at this day in the English tongue, that, though of magnifiqu sound, yet (like the windy blisters of a troubled water) have no sense at all; and so many others that lose their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for having been obtruded upon youth in the schools (by such as make it, I think, their business there (as 'tis express by the best poet,)

With termes to charm the weak, and pose the wise¹,

they grow up with them, and gaining reputation with the ignorant, are not easily shaken off.

To this palpable darkness, I may also add the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived; or perfect conception in fewer words than it requires. Which expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better than riddles, and not onely to the reader, but also (after a little time) to the writer himself dark and troublesome.

To the property of expression I refer, that clearness of memory, by which a poet when he hath once introduced any person whatsoever, speaking in his poem, maintaineth in him to the end the same character he gave him in the beginning. The variation whereof, is a change of pace, that argues the poet tired.

Of the indecencies of an heroick poem, the most remarkable are those that shew disproportion either between the persons and their actions, or between the manners of the poet and the poem. Of the first kinde; is the uncomliness of representing in great persons the inhumane vice of cruelty, or the sordid vice of lust and drunkenness. To such parts as those the ancient approved poets thought it fit to suborn, not the persons of men, but of monsters and beastly giants, such as Polyphemus, Cacus, and the centaurs. For it is supposed a Muse, when she is invoked to sing a song of that nature, should maidely advise the poet, to set such persons to sing their own vices upon the stage; for it is not so unseemly in a tragedy. Of the same kinde it is to represent scurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an epique poem consisteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and laughter is proper to comedy and satyre. Great persons that have their mindes employed on great designes, have not leisure enough to laugh, and are pleased with the contemplation of their own power and vertues, so as they need not the infirmities and vices of other men to recommend themselves to their own favour by comparison, as all men do when they laugh

¹ Gondibert, lib. 1. can. 5.

Of the second kind, where the disproportion is between the poet, and the persons of his poem, one is in the dialect of the inferior sort of people, which is always different from the language of the court. Another is to derive the illustration of any thing from such metaphors or comparisons as cannot come into men's thoughts, but by mean conversation, and experience of humble or evil arts, which the person of an epique poem cannot be thought acquainted with.

From knowing much, proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of metaphors and similitudes, which are not possible to be lighted on, in the compass of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a writer to expressions that are either defaced by time, or sullied with vulgar or long use. For the phrases of poesy, as the airs of musick, with often hearing become insipid, the reader having no more sense of their force, than our flesh is sensible of the bones that sustain it. As the sense we have of bodies, consisteth in change and variety of impression, so also does the sense of language in the variety and changeable use of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travail, but in new (and with all significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received; and in far fetcht (but withall, apt, instructive and comly) similitudes.

Having thus (I hope) avoided the first exception, against the incompetency of my judgment, I am but little moved with the second, which is of being bribed by the honour you have done me, by attributing in your preface somewhat to my judgment. For I have used your judgment no less in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better. And so you have your bribe again.

Having thus made way for the admission of my testimony, I give it briefly thus; I never yet saw poem, that had so much shape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expression as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their envy of the present, under a reverence of antiquity, I should say further, that it would last as long as either the *Æneid*, or *Iliad*, but for one disadvantage; and the disadvantage is this: The languages of the Greeks and Romans (by their colonies and conquests) have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour antiquity, but that which is commonly called old time, is young time. The glory of antiquity is due, not to the dead, but to the aged.

And now, whilst I think on't, give me leave with a short discord to sweeten the harmony of the approaching close. I have nothing to object against your poem; but dissent onely from something in your preface, sounding to the prejudice of age. 'Tis commonly said, that old age is a return to childhood: which methinks you insist on so long, as if you desired it should be believed. That's the note I mean to shake a little. That saying, meant onely of the weakness of body, was wrested to the weakness of minde, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their parents, masters, and other admonitors. Secondly, the dotage and childishness they ascribe to age, is never the effect of time, but sometimes of the excesses of youth, and not a returning to, but a continual stay with childhood. For they that wanting the curiosity of furnishing their memories with the rarities of Nature in their youth, and pass their time in making provision onely for their ease, and sensual delight, are children still, at what years soever; as they that coming into a populous city, never going out of their inn, are strangers still, how long soever they have been there. Thirdly, there is no reason for any man to think himself wiser to day than yesterday, which does not equally convince he shall be wiser to morrow than to day.

Fourthly, you will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you discredit all I have said before in your commendation, because I am old already. But no more of this.

I believe (sir) you have seen a curious kind of perspective, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass. I find in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your poem. The vertues you distribute there amongst so many noble persons, represent (in the reading) the image but of one man's vertue to my fancy, which is your own; and that so deeply imprinted, as to stay for ever there, and govern all the rest of my thoughts and affections, in the way of honouring and serving you, to the utmost of my power, that am,

(sir),

your most humble and obedient servant,

Paris, Jan. 10. 1650.

THOMAS HOBBS.



POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

GONDIBERT.

THE FIRST BOOK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Aribert's great race, and greater mind,
Is sung, with the renown of Rhodalind.
Prince Oswald is compar'd to Gondibert,
And justly each distinguish'd by desert:
Whose armies are in Fame's fair field drawn forth,
To show by discipline their leaders' worth.

Or all the Lombards, by their trophies known,
Who sought Fame'soon, and had her favour long,
King Aribert best seem'd to fill the throne;
And bred most bus'ness for heroick song.

From early childhood's promising estate,
Up to performing manhood, till he grew
To failing age, he agent was to Fate,
And did to nations peace or war renew.

War was his study'd art; war, which the bad
Condemn, because even then it does them awe,
When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,
And to the good more needful is than law.

To conquer tumult, Nature's suddain force,
War, art's delib'rate strength, was first devis'd;
Cruel to those whose rage has no remorse,
Least civil pow'r should be by throgs surpris'd.

The feeble law rescues but doubtfully
From the oppressor's single arme our right;
Till to its pow'r the wise war's help apply,
Which soberly does man's loose rage unite.

Yet since on all war never needful was,
Wise Aribert did keep the people sure
By laws from little dangers; for the laws
Them from themselves, and not from pow'r, se-

Else conquerors, by making laws, o'recome
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave men's fury free;
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the laws grow dumb;
Since none can plead where all may judges bee.

Prais'd was this king for war, the law's broad shield,
And for acknowledg'd laws, the art of peace;
Happy in all which Heav'n to kings does yield,
But a successor when his cares shall cease.

For no male pledge, to give a lasting name,
Sprung from his bed, yet Heaven to him allow'd
One of the gentler sex, whose story Fame
Has made my song, to make the Lombards proud.

Recorded Rhodalind! whose high renown
Who miss in books, not luckily have read;
Or, vex'd by living beauties of their own,
Have shunn'd the wise records of lovers dead.

Her father's prosp'rous palace was the spear
Where she to all with heav'nly order mov'd;
Made rigid vertue so benign appear,
That 'twas without religion's help belov'd.

Her looks like empire shew'd, great above pride,
Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;
But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide,
Who for her deeds, not beauty, lov'd the light.

To make her lowly minde's appearance less,
She us'd some outward greatness in disguise;
Esteem'd as pride the cloystr'al lowliness, [spies.
And thought them proud who even the proud de-

Her father (in the winter of his age)
Was, like that stormy season, froward grown:
Whom so her youthful presence did asswage,
That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd,
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;
Till pow'r's decay, the throne's worst sickness,
ceas'd.

Oppressors, big with pride, when she appear'd,
Blush'd, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;
Found vertue harmless, and nought else so great.

Her minde (scarce to her feeble sex a kinn)
 Did, as her birth, her right to empire show;
 Seem'd careless outward when employ'd within;
 Herspeech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

She show'd that her soft sex contains strong
 mindes,

Such as evap'rates through the courser male,
 As through course stone elixer passage findes,
 Which scarce thro' finer christal can exhale.

Her beauty (not her own, but Nature's pride)

Should I describe, from ev'ry lover's eye
 All beauties this original must hide,
 Or, like scorn'd copies, be themselves laid by;

Be by their poets shunn'd, whom beauty feeds;
 Who beauty like hyr'd witnesses protect,
 Officially averring more than needs,
 And make us so the needful truth suspect.

And since foud lovers (who disciples bee
 To poets) think in their own loves they find
 More beauty than yet time did ever see,
 Time's curtain I will draw o'pe Rhodalind.

Least, showing her, each sees how much he errs,
 Doubt, since their own have less, that they have
 Believe their poets perjurd flatterers, [none;
 And then all modern maids would be undone.

In pity thus, her beauty's just renown
 I wave for publick peace, and will declare
 To whom the king design'd her with his crown,
 Which is his last and most unquiet care.

If in allyance he does greatness prise,
 His minde, grown weary, need not travail farre;
 If greatness be compos'd of victories,
 He has at home many that victors are.

Many whom blest success did often grace
 In fields, where they have seeds of empire sown,
 And hope to make, since born of princely rage,
 Even her (the harvest of those toyles) their own.

And of those victors two are chiefly fam'd,
 To whom the rest their proudest hopes resigne;
 Tho' young, were in their fathers' batails nam'd,
 And both are of the Lombard's royal line.

Oswald the great, and greater Gondibert!
 Both from successfull conqu'ring fathers sprung;
 Whom both examples made of war's high art,
 And farre out-wrought their patterns, being
 young.

Yet for full fame (as Trine, Fame's judge, reports)
 Much to duke Gondibert prince Oswald yields;
 Was less in mighty misteries of courts,
 In peaceful cities, and in fighting fields.

In court prince Oswald costly was and gay,
 Finer than near vain kings their fav'rites are;
 Outshin'd bright fav'rites on their nuptial day;
 Yet were his eyes dark with ambitious care.

Duke Gondibert was still more gravely clad,
 But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
 As if with ill to others never sad,
 Nor tow'rd himself could others practice fear.

The prince could, porpoise-like, in tempests play,
 And in court storms on shipwrack'd greatness
 Not frighted with their fate when cast away, [feed;
 But to their glorious hazards durst succeed.

The duke would lasting calmes to courts assure,
 As pleasant gardens we defend from windes;
 For he who bus'nés would from storms procure,
 Sown his affairs above his mannage findes.

Oswald in throngs the abject people sought
 With humble looks; who still too late will know
 They are ambition's quarry, and soon caught
 When the aspiring eagle stoops so low,

The duke did these by steady vertue gain,
 Which they in action more than precept tast;
 Deeds shew the good, and those who goodness
 feign

By such even thro' their yizards are out fact-

Oswald in war was worthily renown'd; [live;
 Though gay in courts, courasly in camps could
 Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;
 Could toyl to gain what he with ease did give.

Yet toyls and dangers through ambition lov'd,
 Which does in war the name of vertue own;
 But quits that name when from the war remov'd,
 As rivers theirs when from their channels gon-

The duke (as restless as his fame in warre)
 With martial toyl could Oswald weary make,
 And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
 And give so much as he might deign to take.

Him as their founder cities did adore;
 The court he knew to steer in storms of state;
 In fields a battle lost he could restore,
 And after force the victors to their fate.

In camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aime
 At graver glory than ambition breeds;
 Designs that yet this story must not name,
 Which with our Lombard author's pace proceeds.

The king adopts this duke in secret thought
 To wed the nation's wealth, his onely child,
 Whom Oswald as reward of meri't sought,
 With hope, ambition's common baite, beguild.

This, as his soul's chief secret, was unknowne,
 Least Oswald, that his proudest army led,
 Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,
 Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

The duke discern'd not that the king design'd
 To choose him heir of all his victories;
 Nor guess'd that for his love fair Rhodalind
 Made sleep of late a stranger to her eyes.

Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades,
 Mildly as mourning doves, loye's sorrows felt;
 Whilet in her secret tears her freshness fades
 As roses silently in lymbecks melt.

But who could know her love, whose jcalous shame
 Deny'd her eyes the knowledge of her glass;
 Who, blushing, thought Nature her self too blame,
 By whom men guess of maids more than the face.

Yet judge not that this duke (tho' from his sight
 With maid's first fears she did her passion hide)
 Did need love's flame for his directing light,
 But rather wants ambition for his guide.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view
 Than vital heat, which kept his heart still warm;
 This maid's in Oswald as loye's beacon knew;
 The publick flame to bid them flye from harm.

Yet since this duke could love, we may admire
 Why love ne'r rais'd his thoughts to Rhodalind;
 But those forget that earthly flames aspire,
 Whilst heav'nly beames, which purer are,
 descend.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,
 But, like an universal influence,
 (For such and so sufficient was his love)
 To all the sex he did his heart dispence.

But Oswald never knew love's ancient laws,

The awe that beauty does in lovers breed,
Those short-breath'd fears and paleness it does
cause,

When in a doubtful brow their doom they read.

Not Rhodalind (whom then all men as one

Did celebrate, as with confed'rate eyes)

Could he effect but shining in her throne;

Blindly a throne did more than beauty prize,

He by his sister did his hopes prefer;

A beauteous pleader, who victorious was

O're Rhodalind, and could subdue her ear

In all requests but this unpleasant cause.

Gartha, whose bolder beauty was in strength

And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;

Her spreading stature tallness was, not length,

And whilst sharpe beauties pierce, hers seem'd
to strike.

Such goodly presence ancient poets grace,

Whose songs the world's first manliness declare;

To princes' beds teach carefulness of race,

Which now store courts, that us'd to store the
warre.

Such was the palace of her minde, a prince,

Who proudly there and still unquiet lives,

And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,

To make ambition room, unwisely drives.

Of manly force was this her watchful mind,

And fit in empire to direct and sway,

If she the temper had of Rhodalind,

Who knew that gold is currant with allay.

As kings (oft slaves to others' hopes and skill)

Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoiles;

So Oswald was push'd up ambition's hill,

And so some urg'd the duke to martial toyles.

And these, who for their own great cause so high

Would lift their lord's two prosp'rous armies, are

Return'd from far to fruitful Lombardy,

And paid with rest, the best reward of warre.

The old near Brescia lay, scarce warm'd with tents;

For tho' from danger safe, yet armies then

Their posture kept 'gainst warring elements,

And hardness learn'd against more warring men.

Near Bergamo encamp'd the younger were,

Whom to the Franks' distress the duke had led;

The other Oswald's lucky ensigns bear,

Which lately stood when proud Ovenna fled.

These that attend duke Gondibert's renown [chose,

Were youth, whom from his father's campe he

And them betimes transplant'd to his own;

Where each the planter's care and judgment
shows.

All hardy youth, from valiant fathers sprung,

Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,

That th' aged fetch'd examples from the young,

And hid the vain experience which they brought.

They danger met, diverted less with fears

Than now the dead would be if here again,

After they know the price brave dying bears,

And by their kinless rest find life was vain.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,

As those whose bodies wait upon their mindes;

Chaste as those mindes, which not their bodies
serve;

Ready as pilots, wak'd with suddain windes.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were

Nightly to close surprise and ambush bred;

Their wounds yet smarting, merciful they are,

And soon from victory to pity led.

When a great captive they in fight had ta'ne,

(Whom in a filial duty some fair maid

Visits, and would by tears his freedom gain)

How soon his victors were her captives made!

For though the duke taught rigid discipline,

He let them beauty thus at distance know;

As priests discover some more sacred shrine,

Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow,

When thus as tutors mourning virgins pass

Thro' their clean camp, themselves in form they
draw,

That they with martial reverence may grace

Beauty, the stranger, which they seldom saw.

They say'd their ensignes as it by did move,

Whilst inward (as from native conscience) all

Worshipp'd the poet's darling godhead, Love,

Which grave philosophers did Nature call.

Nor there could maids of captives syres despair,

But made all captives by their beauty free;

Beauty and yalour native jewels are,

And as each other's only price agree.

Such was the duke's young camp by Bergamo,

But these near Brescia, whom fierce Oswald led,

Their science to his famous father owe,

And have his son (tho' now their leader) bred.

This rev'rend army was for age renown'd;

Which long thro' frequent dangers follow'd time;

Their many trophies gain'd with many a wound,

And Fame's last hill did with first vigour climb.

But here the learned Lombard, whom I trace;

My forward pen by slower method stays;

Least I should them (less heeding time and place

Than common posts) out of season praise.

Think onely then, (couldst thou both camps discern)

That these would seem grave authors of the war,

Met civilly to teach who e're will learn,

And those their young and civil students are.

But painful vertue of the war ne'r pays

It self with consciousness of being good,

Though cloyster'd vertue may believe even praise

A sallary which there should be withstood.

For many here (whose vertue's active heat

Concurs not with cold vertue, which does dwell

In lassie cells) are vertuous to be great,

And as in pains so would in pow'r excel.

And Oswald's faction urg'd him to aspire,

That by his height they higher might ascend;

The duke's to glorious thrones access desire,

But at more awful distance did attend.

The royal Rhodalind is now the prize

By which these camps would make their merit
known;

And think their generals but their deputies,

Who must for them by proxy wed the crown.

From foreign fields (with toying conquest tyr'd,

And groaning under spoiles) come home to rest;

There now they are with emulation fyrd,

And for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

Ah! how perverse and froward is mankind!

Faction in courts does us to rage excite:

The rich in cities we litigious find,

And in the field th' ambitious make us fight:

And fatally (as if even souls were made
Of warring elements as bodies are)
Our reason our religion does invade,
Till from the schools to camps it carry war.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

The hunting which did yearly celebrate
The Lombards' glory, and the Vandales' fate:
The hunters prais'd; how true to love they are,
How calm in peace, and tempest-like in warre.
The stag is by the num'rous chace subdu'd,
And strait his hunters are as hard pursu'd.

SMALL are the seeds Fate does unheeded sow
Of slight beginnings to important ends;
Whilst wonder (which does heat our rev'rence show
To Heav'n) all reason's sight in gazing spends,
For from a day's brief pleasure did proceed
(A day grown black in Lombard histories)
Such lasting griefs as thou shalt weep to read,
Though even thine own sad love had drain'd
thine eyes.

In a fair Forrest, neer Verona's plain,
Fresh as if Nature's youth chose there a shade,
The duke, with many lovers in his train,
(Loyal and young) a solemn hunting made.
Much was his train enlarg'd by their resort
Who much his grandsire lov'd, and hither came
To celebrate this day with annual sport,
On which by battel here he earn'd his fame.
And many of these noble hunters bore
Command amongst the youth at Bergamo;
Whose fathers gather'd here the wreaths they wore,
When in this Forrest they interr'd the foe.

Count Hurgonil, a youth of high descent,
Was listed here, and in the story great;
He follow'd Honour, when tow'rds death it went;
Fierce in a charge, but temp'rate in retreat.
His wondrous beauty, which the world approv'd,
He blushing hid, and now no more would own,
(Since he the duke's unequal'd sister lov'd)
Than an old wreath when newly overthrow'n.

And she, Orna the shy! did seem in life
So bashful too, to have her beauty shown,
As I may doubt her shade with Fame at strife,
That in these vicious times would make it known.
Not less in publick voice was Arnold here;
He that on Tuscan tombs his trophies rais'd;
And now Love's pow'r so willingly did bear,
That even his arbitrary reign he prais'd.

Laura, the duke's fair niece, intrall'd his heart,
Who was in court the publick morning glass,
Where those, who would reduce nature to art,
Practis'd by dress the conquests of the face.

And here was Hugo, whom duke Gondibert
For stout and steadfast kindness did approve;
Of stature small, but was all over heart,
And, though unhappy, all that heart was love.

In gentle sonnets he for Laura pin'd,
Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring,
Which ruthless she did as those murmures mind:
So, ere their death, sick swans unheeded sing.

Yet, whilst she Arnold favour'd, he so griev'd,
As loyall subjects quietly besone
Their yoke, but raise no warr to be reliev'd,
Nor thro' the env'y'd fav'rite wound the throne.

Young Goltho next these rivals we may name,
Whose manhood dawn'd early as summer light;
As sure and soon did his fair day proclaim,
And was no less the joy of publick sight.

If love's just pow'r he did not early see,
Some small excuse we may his error give;
Since few (tho' learn'd) know yet blest love to be
That secret vital heat by which we live:

But such it is; and though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know,
Yet life is useless till by reason taught,
And love and reason up together grow.

Nor more, the old show they out-live their love,
If, when their love's decay'd, some signes they give
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,
Than snakes, long cut, by torment show they live.

If we call living, life, when love is gone, [pay;
We then to souls (God's coynne) vain rev'rence
Since reason (which is love, and his best know
And currant image) age has worne away.

And I, that love and reason thus unite,
May, if I old philosophers controule,
Confirm the new by some new poet's light,
Who, finding love, thinks he has found the soule.

From Goltho, to whom love yet tasteless seem'd,
We to ripe Tybalt are by order led;
Tybalt, who love and valour both esteem'd,
And he alike from either's wounds had bled.

Publick his valour was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ne'r boasted, nor of this complain'd.

With these (whose special names verse shall pre-
Many to this recorded hunting came; [serve]
Whose worth authentick mention did deserve,
But from Time's deluge few are sav'd by Fame.

Now like a giant lover rose the Sun
From th' ocean queen, fine in his fires and great;
Seem'd all the morne for show, for strength at
noone,
As if last night she had not quench'd his heate!

And the Sun's servants, who his rising waite,
His pensioners (for so all lovers are,
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate
With daily fire) now for the chase prepare.

All were, like hunters, clad in cheerfull green,
Young Nature's livery, and each at strife
Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,
Wrought kindly by the lady of his life.

These martial favours on their wasts they wear,
On which (for now they conquest celebrate)
In an imbroider'd history appear
Like life, the vanquisht in their foeres and fate.

And on those belts (wrought with their ladies' care)
Hung senfyters of Akon's trusty steele;
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare
Those ladies' eyes, might soon their temper feele.
Cheer'd as the woods (where new wak'd quires they meet)

Are all; and now dispose their choice relays
Of horse and hounds, each like each other fleet;
Which best, when with themselves compar'd,
we praise.

To them old forrest spys, the harborers,
With hast approach, wet as still weeping night,
Or deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

And dogs, such whose cold secrecy was ment
By Nature for surprize, on these attend;
Wise temp'rate lime-hounds that proclaim no scent,
Nor harb'ring will their mouths in boasting spend.

Yet vailier farr than traytors boast their prise,
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treason's credit lies)
These harb'ers praise that which they now betray.

Boast they have lodg'd a stagg, that all the race
Out-runs of Croton horse, or Regian hounds;
A stagg made long, since royall in the chase;
If kings can honour give by giving wounds.

For Aribert had pierc't him at a bay,
Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his head;
And many a summer since has wonn the day,
And often left his Regian foll'wers dead.

His spacious beame (that even the rights out-grew)
From antlar to his troch had all allow'd,
By which his age the aged wood-men knew,
Who more than he were of that beauty proud.

Now each relay a sev'ral station findes,
Ere the triumphant train the copps surrounds;
Relays of horse, long breath'd as winter windes,
And their deep cannon-mouth'd experienc'd hounds.

The huntsmen (busily concern'd in show,
As if the world were by this beast undone,
And they against him hir'd as Nature's foe)
In haste uncouple, and their hounds outrun.

Now winds they a rebecat, the rous'd dear's knell,
And through the forrest all the beasts are aw'd;
Alarm'd by Ecoho, Nature's sentinel,
Which shows that murd'rous man is come abroad.

Tyrannique man! thy subjects' enemy!
And more thro' wantonness than need or hate,
From whom the winged to their coverts flee,
And to their dennes even those that lay in waite.

So this (the most successful of his kinde,
Whose forehead's force oft his opposers prest,
Whose swiftness left pursuers' shafts behinde)
Is now of all the forrest most distrest!

The heard deny him shelter, as if taught
To know their safety is to yield him lost;
Which shews they want not the results of thought,
But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

We blush to see our politieks in beasts,
Who many sav'd by this one sacrifice;
And since through blood they follow interests,
Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

His rivals, that his fury us'd to fear
For his lov'd female, now his faintness shun;
But were his season hot, and she but near,
(O mighty love!) his hunters were undone.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the relay,
Where man's fam'd reason proves but cowardise,
And only serves him meanly to betray;
Even for the flying; man, in ambush lies.

But now, as his last remedy to live,
(For ev'ry shift for life kind Nature makes,
Since life the utmost is which she can give)
Coole Adice from the swoln bank he takes.

But this fresh bath the dogs will make him leave,
Whom he sure nos'd as fasting tygers found;
Their scent no north-east wind could e're deceaye
Which drives the ayre, nor flocks that foyl the ground.

Swift here the flyers and pursuers seeme;
The frighted fish swim from their Adice,
The dogs pursue the deer, he the fleetest streme,
And that hests too to th' Adriatick sea.

Refresh'd thus in this fleeting element,
He up the stedfast shore did boldly rise;
And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent,
That faithful guide, which even conducts their eyes.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath,
Which oft at sea a long dead calme prepare;
Or like our curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our lungs are spent, to give us ayre.

For on the shore the hunters him attend;
And whilst the chase grew warm as is the day,
(Which now from the hot zenith does descend)
He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a bay.

The jewel, life, he must surrender here,
Which the world's mistris, Nature, does not give,
But like drop'd favours suffers us to weare,
Such as by which pleas'd lovers think they live.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows
It all defence his force and rage can make;
And to the eager dogs such fury shows,
As their last blood some unreveng'd forsake.

But now the monarch murderer comes in,
Destructive man! whom Nature would not arme,
As when in madness mischief is foreseen,
We leave it weaponless for fear of harme.

For she defenceless made him, that he might
Less readily offend; but art armes all,
From single strife makes us in numbers fight;
And by such art this royall stagg did fall.

He weeps till grief does even his murd'ers pierce;
Grief which so nobly through his anger strove,
That it deserv'd the dignity of verse,
And had it words, as humanly would move.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd head he rear'd,

And with last looks his forrest walks did view;
Where sixty summers he had rul'd the heard,
And where sharp dittany now vainly grew:
Whose hoary leaves no more his wounds shall heale;

For with a sigh (a blast of all his breath)
That viewless thing, call'd life, did from him steale,
And with their bugle horns they winde his death.

Then with their annuall wanton sacrifice
(Taught by old custome, whose decrees are vain,
And we, like hum'rous antiquaries, prise
Age, though deform'd) they hasten to the plain.

Thence homeward bend as westward as the Sun,
Where Gondibert's allys proud feasts prepare,
That day to honour which his grandsire won;
Tho' feasts the eyes to fun'ralls often ara.

One from the forrest now approach'd their sight,
Who them did swiftly on the spurr pursue;
One there still resident as day and night,
And known as th' eldest oke which in it grew.

Who, with his utmost breath advancing, cries,
(And such a vehemence no art could feigne)
"Away! happy the man that fastest flies!
Flee, famous duke! flee with thy noble traine!"

The duke reply'd: "Tho' with thy fears disguis'd,
Thou do'st my syre's old ranger's image beare,
And for thy kindness shalt not be despis'd; [fear.
Though counsels are but weak which come from

"Were dangers here, great as thy love can shape,
(And love with fear can danger multiply)
Yet when by flight thou bidst us meanly scape,
Bid trees take wings, and rooted forests flee."

Then said the ranger: "You are bravely lost!"
(And like high anger his complexion rose)
"As little know I fear, as how to boast;
But shall attend you thro' your many foes.

"See where in ambush mighty Oswald lay!
And see, from yonder lawne he moves apace,
With launces arm'd to intercept thy way,
Now thy sure steeds are weary'd with the chase.

"His purple banners you may there behold,
Which (proudly spread) the fatal raven beare;
And full five hundred I by ranke have told,
Who in their guided helmes his colours weare."

The duke this falling storme does now discern;
Bids little Hugo fly! but 'tis to view
The foe, and timely their first count'nance learne,
Whilst firme he in a square his hunters drew.

And Hugo soon (light as his coursers' heeles)
Was in their faces troublesome as winde;
And like to it (so wingedly he wheeles)
No one could catch, what all with trouble finde.

But ev'ry where the leaders and the led
He temp'rately observ'd, with a slow sight;
Judg'd by their looks how hopes and feares were fed,
And by their order their success in fight.

Their number ('mounting to the ranger's guesse)
In three divisions ev'nly was dispos'd;
And that their enemies might judge it lesse,
It seem'd one grosse with all the spaces clos'd.

The van fierce Oswald led, where Paradine
And manly Dargonet (both of his blood)
Outshin'd the noone, and their mindes' stock within
Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

The next, bold, but unlucky Hubert led,
Brother to Oswald, and no less ally'd
To the ambitions which his soul did wed;
Lowly without, but hid with costly pride.

Most to himself his valour fatal was,
Whose glories oft to others dreadfull were;
So comets (though suppos'd destruction's cause)
But waste themselves to make their gazers feare.

And though his valour seldom did succeed,
His speech was such as could in storms perswade;

Sweet as the hopes on which starv'd lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding maide,
The bloody Borgio did conduct the rere,
Whom sullen Vasco beedfully attends;
To all but to themselves they cruel were,
And to themselves chiefly by mischief friends.

Warr, the world's art, nature to them became;
In camps begot, born, and in anger bred;
The living vex'd till death, and then their fame,
Because even fame some life is to the dead.

Cities (wise states-men's folds for civil sheep)
They sack'd, as painful shepherds of the wise;
For they like careful wolves would lose their sleep,
When others' prosp'rous toys might be their prise.

Hugo amongst these troops spy'd many more,
Who had, as brave destroyers, got renown;
And many forward wounds in boast they wore,
Which, if not well reveng'd, had ne'r been shown.

Such the bold leaders of these launcceers were,
Which of the Breseian vet'rans did consist;
Whose practis'd age might charge of armies beare,
And claim some ranck in Fame's eternal list.

Back to his duke the dext'rous Hugo flies,
What he observ'd he cheerfully declares;
With noble pride did what he lik'd despise;
For wounds he threatned whilst he prais'd their skarra.

Lord Arnold cry'd, "Vain is the bugle horn,
Where trumpets men to manly work invite!
That distant summons seems to say, in skorn,
'We hunters may be hunted hard ere night.'" "

"Those beasts are hunted hard that hard can fly,"
Reply'd aloud the noble Hurgonil;
"But we, not us'd to fight, know best to die;
And those who know to die, know how to kill.

"Victors through number never gain'd applause;
If they exceed our count in armes and men,
It is not just to think that odds, because
One lover equals any other ten."

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ambush is become an interview,
And the surpriser proves to honour true;
For what had first, ere words his fury spent,
Been murder, now is but brave killing meant.
A duel form'd, where princes seconds are,
And urg'd by honour each to kill his share.

The duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm square,
Whether their front did change whom Oswald led;
That thence he shifts of figure might prepare,
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spread.

Tho' in their posture close, the prince might guess
The duke's to his not much in number yield;
And they were leading youth, who would possess
This ground in graves, rather than quit the field.

Thus (timely certain of a standing foe)
His form'd divisions yet reveal'd no space
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,
They more divide, and move with slower pace.

On these the duke attends with watchful eye;
Shap'd all his forces to their triple strength;
And that their lances might pass harmless by,
Widens his ranks, and gave his files more length.

At distance Oswald does him sharply view,
Whom but in fame he met till this sad hour;
But his fair fame, virtue's known image, knew,
Virtue exalts the owner more than pow'r.

In fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown;
And now his envie does to surfeit feed
On what he wish'd his eyes had never known;
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

And though ambition did his rage renew,
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the youthful
train)

That plants, which so much promis'd as they grew,
Should in the bud be ere performance slain.

With these remorseful thoughts, he a fair space
Advanc'd alone, then did his troops command
To halt: the duke th' example did embrace,
And gives like order by his lifted hand.

Then, when in easie reach of either's voice,
Thus Oswald spake: "I wish (brave Gondibert)
Those wrongs which make thee now my anger's
choice,
Like my last fate, were hidden from my heart.

"But since great glory does allow small rest,
And bids us jealousy to honour wake,
Why at alarms, given hot even at my breast,
Should I not arm, but think my scouts mistake?"

"Tis lowd in camps, in cities, and in court,
(Where the important part of mankind meets)
That my adoption is thy faction's sport,
Scorn'd by hoarse rymers in Verona streets.

"Who is renown'd enough, but you or I,
(And think not, when you visit Fame, she less
Will welcome you for my known companie)
To hope for empire at our king's decease?"

"The crown he with his daughter has design'd;
His favour (which to me does frozen prove)
Grows warm to you as th' eyes of Rhodalind,
And she gives sacred empire with her love.

"Whilst you usurp thus, and my claime deride,
If you admire the vengeance I intend,
I more shall wonder where you got the pride
To think me one you safely may offend.

"Nor judge it strange I have this ambush laid,
Since you (my rival) wrong'd me by surpris;
Whose darker vigilance my love betray'd,
And so your ill example made me wise.

"But in the schoole of glory we are taught,
That greatness and success should measure
deeds;
Then not my great revenge, nor your great fault,
Can be accus'd when either's act succeeds.

"Opinion's stamp does vertue current make;
But such small money (though the people's gold
With which they trade) great dealers skorne to
take,

And we are greater than one world can hold."
Now Oswald paw'd, as if he curious were,
Ere this his foe (the people's fav'rite) dy'd,
To know him as with eyes so with his ears;
And to his speech thus Gondibert reply'd:

"Successful prince! since I was never taught
To court a threatening foe, I will not pay
For all the trophies you from war have brought
One single wreath, though all these woods were
bay!

"Nor would I by a total silence yield
My honour ta'ne, though I were pris'ner made;
Least you should think we may be justly kill'd,
And sacred justice by mistake invade.

"You might perceive (had not a distant warre
Hindred our breasts the use of being known)
My small ambition hardly worth your care,
Unless by it you would correct your owne.

"The king's objected love is but your dreame,
As false as that I strive for Rhodalind
As valour's hyre; these sickly visions seeme,
Which in ambition's fever vex your minde.

"Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave
To seek him as his hire, though war we still pursue;
Nor censure this a proud excuse, to save
These, who no safety know but to subdue.

"Your misbelief my hireless valour scorns;
But your hir'd valour, were your faith reclaim'd,
(For faith reclaim'd to highest vertue turns)
Will be of bravest sallary asham'd.

"Onely with fame valour of old was hir'd;
And love was so suffic'd with its own taste,
That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desi'd
For love's reward, than that itself should last.

"If love, or lust of empire, bred your pain,
Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd,
And my weak vertue never could sustain,
The crown, which is the worst of Rhodalind.

"Tis she who taught you to increase renown,
By sowing honour's field with noble deeds;
Which yields no harvest, when 'tis over-grown
With wilde ambition, the most rank of weeds."

"Go, reconcile the winds falln out at sea
With these tame precepts," (Oswald did replie)
"But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,
Know, legacies are vain till givers die."

And here his rage ascended to his eyes
From his close breast, which hid till then the
flame,
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;
Rage which the duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

"Though you design'd our ruine by surpris,
Though much in useful armes you us exceed,
And in your number some advantage lies,
Yet you may finde you such advantage need.

"If I am vallew'd as th' impediment
Which hinders your adoption to the crown,
Let your revenge only on me be spent,
And hazard not my party, nor your own.

"Ambition else would up to godhead grow,
When so profanely we our anger prize;
That to appease it we the blood allow
Of whole offence herds for sacrifice."

Oswald (who honour's publick pattern was,
Till vain ambition led his heart aside)
More temp'rate grew in manag'e of his cause,
And thus to noble Gondibert reply'd :

"I wish it were not needful to be great ;
That Heav'n's unenvy'd pow'r might men so awe,
As we should need no armies for defeat,
Nor for protection be at charge of law.

But more than Heav'n's, men man's authoritie
(Though envy'd) use, because more understood ;
For, but for that, life's utensils would be,
In markets, as in camps, the price of blood.

"Since the world's safety we in greatness finde,
And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,
Save we the world, thought to our selves unkinde,
By both indang'ring to establish one.

"Not these, who kindle with my wrongs thaire rage,
Nor those bold youth who warmly you attend,
Our distant camps by action shall engage ;
But we our own great cause will singly end.

"Back to your noble hunters strait retire,
And I to those who would those hunters chase ;
Let us persuade their fury to expire,
And give obediently our anger place.

"Like unconcern'd spectators let them stand,
And be by sacred vow to distance bound ;
Whilst their lov'd leaders, by our strict command,
Only as witnesses approach this ground.

"Where with no more defensive armes than was
By Nature ment us, who ordain'd men friends,
We will on foot determine our great cause,
On which the Lombards' doubtful peace depends."

The duke at this did bow, and soon obey,
Confess'd his honour he transcendent findes ;
Said be their persons might a meaner way
With ods have aw'd, but this subdues their
minde.

Now, wing'd with hope, they to their troops return,
Oswald his old grave Brescians makes retire,
Least if too near, tho' like slow match they burn,
The duke's rash youth like powder might take
fire.

First with their noble chiefs they treat aside,
Plead it humanity to bleed alone,
And term it needless cruelty and pride
With others' sacrifice to grace their owne.

Then to the troopes gave their resolv'd command
Not to assist, through anger nor remorse ;
Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,
Because each side presum'd their champion's
force.

Now near that ground ordain'd by them and Fate
To be the last where one or both must tread,
Their chosen judges they appoint to wait,
Who thither were like griev'd spectators led.

These from the distant troops far sever'd are,
And near their chiefs divided stations take ;
Who strait uneloath, and for such deeds prepare,
By which strip'd squeals their fleshy robes forsake.

But Hubert now advanc'd, and cry'd aloud :

"I will not trust uncertain destinie,
Which may obscurely kill me in a crowd,
That here have pow'r in publick view to die !

"Oswald my brother is ! If any dare [sounds,
Think Gondibert's great name more kingly
Let him alight, and he shall leave the care
Of choosing monarchs, to attend his wounds !"

This Hurgonill receiv'd with greedy ear,
Told him his summons boldly did express
That he had little judgement whom to fear,
And in the choice of kings his skill was less.

With equal haste they then alight and meet,
Where both their chiefs in preparation stood ;
Whilst Paradine and furious Dargonet
Cry'd out, "We are of Oswald's princely blood !

"Are there not yet two more so fond of fame,
So true to Gondibert or Love's commands,
As to esteem it an unpleasant shame
With idle sies to look on busie hands?"

Such haste makes beauty when it youth forsakes,
And day from travellers when it does set,
As Arnold to proud Paradine now makes,
And little Hugo to tall Dargonet.

The bloody Borgio, who with anguish stay'd,
And check'd his rage, till these of Oswald's race,
By wish'd example, their brave challenge made,
Now, like his curb'd steed foaming, shifts his
place.

And thus (with haste and choller horrour) he spake :
"Who e're amongst you thinks we destin'd are
To serve that king your courtly camp shall make,
Falsly he loves, nor is his lady faire !"

This scarce could urge the temp'rate Tybalt's fire.
Who said, "When Fate shall Aribert remove,
As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,
As who is fair, that art too rude to love."

But scarce had this reply reach'd Borgio's eare,
When Goltho louder cry'd, "What ere he be
Dares think her foul who hath a lover here,
Tho' love I never knew, shall now know me !"

Grave Tybalt, who had laid an early'r claime
To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,
And Goltho's forward youth would sharply blame,
But that old Vasco thus did interpose :

"That boy, who makes such haste to meet his fate,
And fears he may (as if he knew it good)
Through others' pride of danger, come too late,
Shall read it strait ill written in his blood.

"Let empire fall, when we must monarchs
choose,
By what unpractic'd childhood shall approve ;
And in tame peace let us our manhood loose,
When boyes, yet wet with milk, discourse of
love."

As bashful maides blush, as if justly blam'd,
When forc'd to suffer some indecent tongue,
So Goltho blush'd, (whom Vasco made ashamed)
As if he could offend by being young.

But instantly offended bashfulness
Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn ;
Which he in younger flames did so express,
That scarce old Vasco's embers seem'd to burn.

The princes knew in this new kindled rage,
Opinion might (have like unlucky winde ✓
State right to make it spread) their troops engage;
And therefore Oswald thus proclaim'd his
minde:

" Seem we already dead, that to our words
(As to the last requests men dying make)
Your love but mourners' short respect affords,
And, ere interr'd, you our commands forsake?

" We chose you judges of your needful strife,
Such whom the world (grown faithless) might
As weighty witnesses of parting life, [esteem
But you are those we dying must condemn.

" Are we become such worthless sacrifice,
As cannot to the Lombards Heav'n atone,
Unless your added blood make up the price,
As if you thought it worthier than our own?

" Our fame, which should survive, before us dy!
And let (since in our presence disobay'd)
Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty, fly [cay'd!"
From knowledge, rather than be known de-

This, when with rev'rence heard, it would have
made

Old armies melt, to mark at what a rate
They spent their hearts and eies, kindly afraid
To be omitted in their gen'ral's fate.

Hubert (whose princely qualitie more frees
Him than the rest from all command, unless
He find it such as with his will agrees)
Did nobly thus his firm resolve express:

" All greatness bred in blood be now abas'd!
Instinct, the inward image, which is wrought
And given with life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!
Tho' that bred better honour than is taught;

" And may impressions of the common ill
Which from street parents the most low derives,
Blot all my mind's fair book, if I stand still
Whilst Oswald singly for the publick strives!

" A brother's love all that obedience stays,
Which Oswald else might as my leader claime;
Whom as my love, my honour disobays,
And bids me serve our greater leader, Fame."

With gentle looks Oswald to Hubert bowes,
And said, " I then must yield that Hubert shall
(Since from the same bright Sun our lustre grows)
Rise with my morne, and with my evening
fall!"

Bold Paradine and Dargonet reviv'd
Their suit, and cry'd, " We are Astolpho's sons!
Who from your highest spring his blood deriv'd,
Tho' now it down in lower channels runs.

" Such lucky seasons to attain renown
We must not lose, who are to you ally'd;
Others usurp, who would your dangers own,
And what our duty is, in them is pride."

Then, as his last decree, thus Oswald spake:
" You that vouchsafe to glory in my blood,
Shall share my dooms, which, for your merit's sake,
Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

" If any other's disobedient rage
Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,
And by degrees our distant troops engage,
Be it his curse still to be disobay'd!

" War's orders may he by the slow convey
To such as only shall dispute them long;
An ill peace make, when none will him obey,
And be for that, when old, judg'd by the young."

This said, he calmly bid the duke provide
Such of his blood, as with those chosen three
(Whilst their adoption they on foot decide)
May in brave life or death fit partners bee.

" Though here" (reply'd the duke) " I find not
now

Such as my blood with their alliance grace,
Yet three I see, to whom your stock may bow,
If love may be esteem'd of heav'nly race.

" And much to me these are by love ally'd;"
Then Hugo, Arnold, and the count, drew neere;
Count Hurgonill woo'd Orna for his bride,
The other two in Laura rivals were.

But Tybalt cry'd, (as swiftly as his voice
Approach'd the duke) " Forgive me, mighty
If justly I envy thy noble choice, [chief,
And disobey thee in wrong'd love's relief.

" If rev'renc'd love be sacred myst'ry deem'd,
And mysteries when hid to value grow,
Why am I less for hidden love esteem'd?
To unknown godhead, wise religious bow.

" A maid of thy high lineage much I love,
And hide her name till I can merit boast,
But shall I here (where I my worth improve)
For prising her above my self, be lost?"

The duke's firm bosome kindly seem'd to melt
At Tybalt's grief, that he omitted was,
Who lately had love's secret conquest felt,
And hop'd for publick triumph in this cause.

Then he decreed, Hugo (though chose before
To share in this great work) should equally
With Tybalt be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,
And by drawn lots their wish'd election try.

Hugo his dreaded lord with cheerfull awe
Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;
But now he must for certain honour draw
Uncertain lots, seems heavily to move.

And here they trembling reach'd at honour so,
As if they gath'ring flow'rs a snake discern'd;
Yet fear'd love only, whose rewards then grow
To lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

From this brave fear, least they should danger-
scape,

Was little Hugo eas'd; and when he drew
The champion's lot, his joy enlarg'd his shape,
And with his lifted minde he taller grew.

But Tybalt stoop'd beneath his sorrow's weight;
Goltho and him kindly the duke imbrac'd;
Then to their station sent; and Oswald straight
His so injoynd, and with like kindness grac'd.

When cruel Borgio does from Tybalt part,
Vasco from Goltho, many a look they cast
Backward in sullen message from the heart,
And through their eyes their threaten'g anger
wast.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duel, where all rules of artful strife,
To rescue or indanger darling life,
Are by reserves of strength and courage shown;
For killing was long since a science grown.
Th' event by which the troops engaged are,
As private rage too often turns to war.

By what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious spie,
Where I these rolls in her dark closet read,
Where worthies wrapp'd in time's disguises lie?

Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gon to lands exempt from Nature's law,
Where love no more can mourne, nor valour bleed?

Why to this stormy world, from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where, during Nature's reign, we are oppress,
Till we by Death's high priviledge are eas'd?

Is it to boast that verse has chymick pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can these revive, as chymists raise a flow'r,
Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents compleat?

Though in these worthies gon, valour and love
Dist chastly as in sacr'd temples meet,
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve,
Than flow'rs no rais'd by chymists make us sweet.

Yet when the soul's disease we desp'rate finde,
Poets the old renown'd physicians are,
Who, for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

And bravely then physicians honour gain,
When to the world diseases careless seem,
And they (in science valiant) ne'r refrain
Art's war with Nature, till they life redeem.

But poets their accustom'd task have long
Forborn, (who for examples did disperse
The heroes' vertues in heroick song)
And now think vertue sick, past cure of verse.

Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed,
Such patterns shew as shall not fail to move;
Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapless lovers constancy in love.

Now honour's chance the duke with Oswald takes,
The count his great stake, life, to Hubert sets;
Whilst his to Paradin's lord Arnold stakes,
And little Flugo throws at Dargonet's.

These four on equal ground those four oppose;
Who wants in strength, supplies it with his skill;
So valiant, that they make no haste to close;
They not apace, but handsomly, would kill.

And as they more each other's courage found,
Each did their force more civilly express,
To make so manly and so fair a wound,
As loyal ladies might be proud to dress.

But vain, though wond'rous, seems the short event
Of what with pomp and noise we long prepare:
One hour of battail oft that force hath spent,
Which kings' whole lives have gather'd for a war.

As rivers to their ruine hasty be,
So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post
To the vast gulf of Death, as they to sea,
And vainly travailes to be quickly lost.

And now the Fates (who punctually take care
We not escape their sentence at our birth)
Writ Arnold down where those inroled are
Who must in youth abruptly leave the Earth.

Him Paradine into the brow had pierc'd;
From whence his blood so overflow'd his eyes,
He grew too blind to watch and guard his breast,
Where, wounded twice, to Death's cold court
he flies.

And love (by which life's name does value find,
As altars even subsist by ornament)
Is now as to the owner quite resign'd,
And in a sigh to his dear Laura sent:

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty
As not to yield, that he who conquer'd all
The Tuscan vale, should unattended dy,
They therefore doom that Dargonet must fall.

Whom little Hugo dext'rously did vex
With many wounds in unexpected place,
Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;
Because he held their number a disgrace.

For Dargonet in force did much exceed
The most of men, in valour equal'd all;
And was asham'd thus diversly to bleed,
As if he stood where showers of arrows fall.

At once he ventures his remaining strength
To Hugo's nimble skill, who did desire
To draw this little war out into length,
By motions quick as Heav'n's fantastick fire!

This fury now is grown too high to last
In Dargonet; who does disorder all
The strengths of temp'rance by unruly haste,
Then down at Hugo's feet does breathless fall.

When with his own storm sunk, his foe did spie
Lord Arnold dead, and Paradine prepare
To help prince Oswald to that victory,
Of which the duke had yet an equal share,

"Vain conqueror," (said Hugo then) "returne I
Instead of laurel which the victor weaves,
Go, gather cypress for thy brother's urne,
And learn of me to water it with tears.

"Thy brother lost his life attempting mine,
Which cannot for lord Arnold's loss suffice:
I must revenge (unlucky Paradine)
The blood his death will draw from Laura's eyes.

"We rivals were in Laura; but though she
My griefs derided, his with sighs approv'd:
Yet I (in love's exact integrity)
Must take thy life for killing him she lov'd."

These quick alike, and artfully as fierce,
At one sad instant give and take that wound,
Which does thro' both their vital closets pierce,
Where life's small lord does warmly sit en-
thron'd.

And then they fell, and now neer upper Heaven,
Heav'n's better part of them is hov'ring still,
To watch what end is to their princes given,
And to brave Hubert and to Hurgonil.

In progress thus to their eternal home,
Some method is observ'd by Destiny,
Which at their princes' setting out did doom
These as their leading harbingers to die.

And fatal Hubert we must next attend,
Whom Hurgonil had brought to such distress,
That though life's stock he did not fully spend,
His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd,
And wounds (the marks of manhood) gave and took,

Which though, like honour'd age, we would avoid,
Yet make us when possess'd for reverence look.

O honour! frail as life, thy fellow flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour,
And is, when lost, no more than life redeem'd.

This fatal Hubert findes, if honour be
As much in princes lost, when it grows less,
As when it dies in men of next degree:
Princes are only princes by excess.

For having twice with his firm opposite [life,
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at
The adverse sword his arm's best sinew hit,
Which holds that strength, which should maintain their strife.

When thus his dear defence had left his hand,
"Thy life" (said Hurgonil) "rejoice to wear
As Orna's favour, and at her command,
Who taught the mercy I will practise here."

To which defenceless Hubert did reply,
"My life (a worthless blank) I so despise,
Since Fortune laid it in her lottery,
That I'me asham'd thou draw'st it as a prize."

His grief made noble Hurgonil to melt,
Who mourn'd in this a warrior's various fate;
For though a victor now, he timely felt
That change which pains us most by coming late.

But Orna (ever present in his thought) [fame
Prompts him to know, with what success, for
And empire, Gondibert and Oswald fought;
Whilst Hubert seeks out death, and shrinks from shame.

Valour, and all that practise turns to art,
A like the princes had and understood;
For Oswald now is cool as Gondibert,
Such temper he has got by losing blood.

Calmly their temper did their art obey;
Their stretch'd arms regular in motion prove,
And force with as unseem a stealth convey,
As noiseless hours by hands of dials move.

By this new temper Hurgonil believ'd
That Oswald's elder virtues might prevail;
To think his own help needful much he griev'd,
But yet prepar'd it, lest the duke should fail.

Small wounds they had, where as in casements
Disorder'd life, who seem'd to look about, [sate
And fair would be abroad, but that a gate
She wants so wide, at once to sally out.

When Gondibert saw Hurgonil draw near,
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd Hubert's cost,
He then, who never fear'd, began to fear
Lest by his help his honour should be lost.

"Retire," said he; "for if thou hop'st to win
My sister's love, by aiding in this strife,
May Heav'n (to make her think they love a sin)
Eclipse that beauty which did give it life."

Count Hurgonil did doubtfully retire,
Fain would assist, yet durst not disobey;
The duke would rather instantly expire,
Than hazard honour by so mean a way.

Alike did Oswald for dispatch prepare,
And cries, since Hubert knew not to subdue,
"Glory, farewell! thou art the soldier's care!
More lov'd than woman, less than woman true!"

And now they strive with all their sudden force
To storm life's citadel, each other's breast;
At which, could Heav'n's chief eye have felt remorse,
It would have wink'd, or hast'ned to the west.

But sure the heav'nly movers little care
Whither our motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we dice for all our actions threw.

We seem surrender'd to indiff'rent chance;
Even Death's great work looks like fantastick play;

That sword, which oft did Oswald's fame advance
In publick war, fails in a private fray.

For when (because he ebbs of blood did feel)
He levell'd all his strength at Gondibert,
It clash'd and broke against the adverse steel,
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

Now he that like a stedfast statue stood
In many battails register'd by Fame,
Does fall, depriv'd of language as of blood;
Whilst high the hunters send their victor's name.

Some shout aloud, and others winde the horn!
They mix the citie's with the field's applause;
Which Borgio soon interprets as their scorn,
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cause.

This the cold evening warm'd of Vasco's age,
He shin'd like scorching noon in Borgio's looks;
Who kindled all about him with his rage,
And worse the triumph than the conquest brooks.

The troops (astonish'd with their leader's fate)
The horror first with silence entertain;
With loud impatience then for Borgio waite,
And next with one confusion all complain.

Whom thus he urg'd: "Prince Oswald did command

We should remove far from the combat's list,
And there like unconcern'd spectators stand,
Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

"This (patient friends!) we dully have obey'd,
A temp'rance which he never taught before;
But though alive he could forbid our aid,
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r."

"Love warm'd you with those sparks which kindled
And form'd ideas in each lovers thought [me;
Of the distress of some beloved she, [fought.
Who then inspir'd and prais'd you whilst you

"You nobly prompt my passion to desire,
That the rude crowd who lovers' softness scorn,
Might in fair field meet those who love admire,
To try which side must after battail mourn.

"O that those rights which should the good advance,
And justly are to painful valour due,
(How're misplac'd by the swift hand of chance)
Were from that crowd defended by those few!

"With this great spectacle we should refresh
Those chiefs, who (though preferr'd by being
Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh; [dead)
So all that lov'd, by Hurgonil were led."

This gracious mention from so great a lord,
Bow'd Hurgonill with dutious homage down,
Where at his feet he lay'd his rescu'd sword;
Which he accepts, but he returns his own.

"By this and thine," said gentle Gondibert,
"In all distress of various courts and warre,
We interpleg, and bind each other's heart,
To strive who shall possess griefs' greatest share.

"Now to Verona haste, and timely bring
Thy wounds unto my tender sister's care,
This day's said story to our dreaded king, [pare.
And watch what veng'ance Oswald's friends pre-

"Brave Arnold, and his rival strait remove;
Where Laura shall bestrew their hallow'd ground;
Protectors both, and ornaments of love;"
This said, his eies outwep'd his widest wound.

"Tell her, now these (love's faithful saints) are gone,
The beauty they ador'd, she ought to hide;
For vainly will love's miracles be shown,
Since lovers' faith with these brave rivals dy'd.

"Say, little Hugo never more shall mourn
In noble numbers, her unkind disdain;
Who now not seeing beauty, feels no scorn;
And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

"When she with flowres lord Arnold's grave shall
strew,
And bears why Hugo's life was thrown away,
She on that rival's hearse will drop a few;
Which merits all that April gives to May.

"Let us forsake for safety of our eies,
Our other loss; which I will strait inter
And raise a trophy where each body lies;
Vain marks, how these alive the dead prefer!

"If my full breast, my wounds that empty be,
And this day's toil (by which my strength is gone)
Forbid me not, I Bergamo will see
Ere it beholds the next succeeding Sun.

"Thither convey thy soul's consid'rate thought,
How in this cause the court and camp's inclin'd;
What Oswald's faction with the king has wrought,
And how his loss prevails with Rhodalind."

The count and Tybalt take their lowly leaves;
Their slain they sadly with consuming hearts
Bear tow'rs Verona, whilst the duke perceives
Prince Hubert's grief, and thus his tears diverts.

"Afflicted prince! in an unpleasant how'r
You and your living (by blinde valour led)
Are captives made to such an easie pow'r,
Shall you as little vex, as death your dead.

"The dead can ne're by living help return [close;
From that darke land, which life could ne'er dis-
But these alive (for whom the victors mourne)
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

Be not with honour's guilded baits beguiled;
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is her grave.

"Study the mighty Oswald vainly gone!
Fierce Paradise, and Dargoonet the stout!
Whose threds by destiny were slowly spunne,
And by ambition rashly ravel'd out."

But Hubert's grief no precept could reform;
For great grief councill'd, does to anger grow;
And he provided now a future storm,
Which did with black revenge o'ercast his brow.

Rorgio and he from this dire region haste;
Shame makes them sightless to themselves and
dumb;
Their thoughts fly swift as time from what is past;
And would like him demolish all to come.

Strait they inter th' inferior of their slain;
Their nobler tragick lead their grief attends
Tow'rs Brescia, where the camp they hope to gain;
Then force the court by faction of their friends.

To Bergamo the gentle duke does turn
With his surviving lovers, who in kinde
Remembrance every step look back and mourne
Their fellow lovers death has stay'd behinde.

Some lost their quiet rivals, some their dear
Love's brother, who their hopes with help ap-
prov'd;

Some such joy'd friends, as even to morrow were
To take from Hymen those they dearest lov'd.

But now to Gondibert they forward look,
Whose wounds, ere he could waste three leagues
of way,

So wast him, that his speech him quite forsook;
And Nature calls for art to make life stay.

His friends in torment least they should forsake
Delightful him, for whom alone they live;
Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back
So soon such worth, it does so seldom give.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The victor is (when with his wounds subdu'd)
By such deform'd, and dismal troops pursu'd,
That he thinks death, than which they uglier seem,
No ill expedient to escape from them.
But Ulfu guides him to sage Astragon,
By the last raies of the descending Sun.

SCARCE on their duke their fears' kind fit was spent,
When strait a thick arm'd squadron clouds their
sight;

Which cast so dark a shade, as if it meant
Without the Sun's slow leave, to bring in night.

This threstning squadron did consist of horse,
And by old Ulfín they were bravely led,
Whose mind was sound, nor wants his body force,
Though many winters' snow had cool'd his head.

The sad remainder who with Hubert went,
Did miss his reach, when they to Brescia turn'd,
And now (as if his haste destruction ment)
He chac'd these who the duke's spent valour
moorn'd.

Whose posture being loose, their number few,
His scouts grew scornful as they forward come;
He makes his squadron halt, and near he diew;
Then asks aloud, "What are you, and for
whom?"

The noble Goltho (whose great deeds to day /
Prevented manhood in his early youth)
Believ'd him Oswald's friend, yet scorn'd the way
To shelter life, behind abandon'd truth.

For he to Ulfín boldly thus reply'd;
"This second ambush finds us here in vain;
We have no treasure left that we would hile,
Since Gondibert is reckon'd with the slain.

"Duke Gondibert we vouch to be our lord,
To whose high virtue's sov'raignty we bow;
Oswald sunk low, as death, beneath his sword,
Though him superior fate will vanquish now."

Scarce empty eagles stooping to their prey,
Could be more swift than Ulfín to alight,
And some where Gondibert expiring lay,
Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

For scarce that reverence which a monarch draws,
Who seldom will be seen, though often sought;
Who spends his carefull age in making laws,
To rule those lands for which in youth he fought;

Nor that respect which people pay those kings,
Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made
Can equal this which aged Ulfín brings [wise,
The gentle duke, to whom he prostrate lies.

His eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe every wound;
Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;
And when exence of spirits he had found,
To gain him air, his mourners he remov'd.

"Make way," said he, "and give experience room;
The confident of age, though youth's scorn'd
guide; [come,
My wounds, though past, out-number yours to
You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd."

His hilt's round pommel he did then unscrew,
And thence (which he from ancient precept wore)
In a small christall he a cordial drew,
That weary life could to her walks restore.

This care (amazing all it does delight)
His ruins, which so reverend appear,
With wonder not so much surprise their sight,
As a strange object now his troops draw near.
In whom such death and want of limbs they finde,
As each were lately call'd out of his tombe,
And left some members hastily behinde;
Or came when born abortive from the wombe,

Yet this defect of legs, or arms, or hands,
Did wounding valour not disturb, but please;
To see what divers weapons each commands [ease.
With art's hard shifts, till customs gave them

But the uncomely absence of an eye,
And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,
(Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)
Was that which wonder into horror turn'd.

And Ulfín might be thought (when the rude wind
Lifting their curtains, left their ruins bare)
A formal antiquary, fondly kind
To statues, which he now drew out to aire.

The duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd back
By cordials' pow'r) his wonder did increase
So much, that he agen did knowledge lack,
Till thus old Ulfín made his wonder cease.

"Auspicious prince! recorded be this day,
And sung by priests of each ensuing age;
On which thou maist receive, and I may pay
Some debts of duty, as thy grandsire's page.

"That mighty chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,
Who our short scepter meant to stretch so far,
Till eastern kings might grieve their wanted length,
Whose maps scarce teach where all their sub-
jects are.

"Full many stormy winters we have seen,
When mighty valour's heat was all our fire;
Else we in stupid frosts had fetter'd been,
By which soft sinews are con-cal'd to wire.

"And many scorching summers we have felt,
Where death relieves all whom the sword invades;
And kindly thence (where we should toying melt)
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

"For aid of action he obedience taught,
And silent patience for afflictions' cure;
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,
But said they conquer most, that most endure.

"The toys of diligence as much approv'd
As valour's self, or th' arts her practise gained;
The care of men, more than of glory lov'd;
Success rewarded, and succeses pained.

"To joyful victors quenching water sent,
Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves;
For feasts have more brave lives than famine spent,
And temp'rance more than trench or armour
saves.

"Valour his mistress, caution was his friend;
Both to their diff'rent seasons he appli'd;
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;
The first made worth uneasie by her pride.

"He to submit devotion more was giv'n
After a battel gain'd, then ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, than bow for bounty sought.

"And thus through smarting heat, and aking cold,
Till Heav'n's perpetual traveller had more
Than thirty journeys through the zodiack told,
I serv'd thy grandsire, whom I now adore.

"For Heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,
Call'd him where peacefully he rules a star;
Free'd from low elements' continu'd rage,
Which last like monarchs' pow'r by needful war.

"Strait thy lamented father did succeed
To his high place, by Aribert's consent,
Our ensignes through remoter lands to lead:
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

"Till that black day on which the Hunns may boast
Their own defeat, and we our conquest hide;
For though we gain'd, and they the battel lost,
Yet then thy brave victorious father dy'd.

And I am stay'd unwillingly behind; [snare;
Not caught with wealth, life's most intangling
Though both my masters were in giving kinde,
As joyful victors after battel are."

Whilst thus this aged leader does express
His and their story whom this bounty feeds,
His hands the duke's worst order'd wounds undress
And gently binde; then strait he thus proceeds.

West from those hills till you Cremona reach,
With an unmingled right I gather rent;
By their great gift who did such precepts teach
In giving, as their wealth is ne'er misspent.

For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,
So their example was not read in vain;
A thousand, who for them in battel fought,
And now distress'd with maimes, I entertain:

Not giving like to those, whose gifts though scant
Pain them as if they gave with gowty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others' want;
But we alike enjoy, a like command.

Most spaciouly we dwell, where we possess
All sinless pleasures Nature did ordain;
And who that all may have, yet will have less,
Wiser than Nature, thinks her kindness vain.

A sad resolve, which is a wise-man's vow,
From cities' noise, and courts' unpiety'd care
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow
I ere should take one league of distant ayre.

But that alarms from each adjacent part
Which borders my abode, disturb'd my rest,
With dreadful newes that gracious Gondibert
By Oswald's faction was in fight opprest.

Then it had given your wonder cause to last,
To see the vex'd mistakes this summons wrought
In all my maim'd domesticks, by their haste;
For some tie on the limbs which others sought.

Just such mistakes audacious ethnicks say
Will happen, where the righteous busie are,
Through glad and earnest hast in the last day;
Whilst others slowly to their doom prepare.

And this had anger, anger noise had bred,
And noise, the enemy of useful thought,
Had them to more mistakes than blindness led,
But that our awfull camps had silence taught.

Silence did mem'ry, mem'ry order make;
Order to each did his mist wood restore;
For some, who once were his steadfast foot, mistake
And snatch those limbs which only horsemen
wore.

Like swift pursuers on Arabian horse,
These with their needfull instruments of hold
(Which give their strange adapted weapons force)
I mounted strait; five hundred fully told.

These from the Lombards highly have deserv'd,
In conquests where thy father did command;
Whom they for science and affection serv'd;
And lost their limbs to gain our scepter land.

Which yet are noble though unsightly signes,
That each in active courage much abounds;
And many a widow'd mother now repines,
They cannot show the men who gave those
wounds.

For dearly did the Hunns for honour pay,
When they deform'd them in a fatal fight;
Since though they strongly struggled for the day,
Yet all they got, was everlasting night,

And Oswald's friends, were they not timely gone
(Though all the faction in one army were)
Should mourn this act against their gen'ral's son;
Who was to soldiers more than triumph dear.

For these to conquest us'd, retreats dislike;
They beauty want, to others' beauty's cost;
With envious rage still at the face they strike;
And punish youth, for what in youth they lost."

Thus, though the duke's amazement be remov'd,
It now returns, gladly on him to gaze,
Who feeds those fighters whom his father lov'd;
A gratitude would vertue's self amaze.

"Thou art," said he (then melted whilst he spake)
"So ripe in what high Heav'n does dearly love,
That Heav'n's remorse for Earth we should mistake,
To thiuk it will forbear thee long above.

As if thy sent for soul already were
Upon her wings, so much I give thee go;
And wish thee left in some successor here, [shown."
That might receive the kindness thou hast

Old Ulfin now (but meltingly as he)
T' jarich him, gives the jewel of his sight;
For strait, with fatherly authority,
He bids his son, young Ulfinor, alight!

"Take him," said he "whose duty I release;
In whom all Heav'n's rewards included are,
For all my justice in corrupted peace,
And for my mercy in revengefull war.

"The fruit Heav'n sent me by my loyall wife,
In age, the gloomy eve of endless night;
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,
And frustrates death, by fresh succession's sight."

The duke with passion did this youth embrace;
Then lucky Goltho he call'd furth in view;
Who was this day in Fortune's special grace,
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

Him he with Ulfinor does strait unite;
Bids neither strive the other to precede,
Unless when danger doth them both invite,
But be, even in nice rivalship agreed.

Bids both their breasts be either's open book,
Where nought is writ too hard for sudden eyes;
But thought's plain text grows easie by a look:
Study breeds doubts, where reading should
suffice.

But these to joyn, Nature no counsell needs;
Whom sympathy, her secret priest, does wed;
Much fam'd will be their loves, and martial
deeds;

Which fill all books that are of Lombards read,
With gracious eyes, and body lowly bent,
The duke his father's rev'rend troops salutes;
To Bergamo he holds his first intent;
Which to oppose, old Ulfin thus disputes.

"Thou seest (my prince) the faint decays of light;
How hastily the Sun's hot steeds begin
To mend their pace, as if their longing sight
Had newly spy'd their usuall western inn.

"Too farr is pleasant Bergamo from hence,
Since day has reach'd so neer his journey's end;
Day's strength and yours are at their last expence;
Do not whilst both are wasting, both misspend.

"You and your wounded must with Nature strive,
Till all (whose few houres' sway to day excels
Their elder foes' long reign in camps) arrive
Where Astragon the wise and wealthy dwells,

* Rich is that lord, and rich in learning's wealth;
 Art flies his test, he all art's test endures;
 Our cities send their sick to him for health,
 Our camps the wounded for their certain cures.

" Though cautious Nature, check'd by destiny,
 Has many secrets she would ne'er impart;
 This fam'd philosopher is Nature's spie,
 And hireless gives th' intelligence to Art."

The duke with vertue, (antiquated now)
 Did reverence counsel, and to age did bend;
 His first course altars, and does this allow;
 Then Ulfu as their guide they all attend.

Soon they the pallacé reach'd of Astragon;
 Which had its beauty hid by envious night;
 Whose cypress curtain drawn before the Sun
 Seem'd to performe the obsequis of light.

Yet light's last rayes were not intirely spent;
 For they discern'd their passage through a gate,
 Whose height and space shew'd ancient ornament;
 And ancients there in careful office sate.

Who by their weights and measures did record
 Such num'rous burthens as were thither brought
 From distant regions, to their learned lord;
 On which his chymics and distillers wrought.

But now their common business they refrain,
 When they observe a quiet sullenness
 And bloody marks in such a civil train; [tress.
 Which shew'd at once their worth and their dis-

The voice of Ulfu they with gladness knew,
 Whom to this house long neighbourhood
 indear'd;

Approaching torches perfected their view,
 And taught the way till Astragon appear'd.

Who soon did Ulfu cheerfully imbrace;
 The visit's cause by whispers he receiv'd;
 Which first he hop'd was meant him as a grace,
 But being known with manly silence griev'd.

And then with gestures full of grave respect,
 The duke he to his own apartment led;
 To each distinct retirements did direct,
 And all the wounded he ordain'd to bed.

Then thin digestive food he did provide,
 More to enable fleeting strength to stay;
 To wounds well search'd he cleansing wines ap-
 ply'd,

And so prepar'd his rip'ning balsoms way.

Balm of the warrior's herbe, hypericon!
 To warriors as in use, in form decreed;
 For through the leaves transparent wounds are
 shown;

And rudely touch'd, the golden flower does bleed.
 For sleep they juice of pale nymphæa took,
 Which grows (to shew that it for sleep is good)
 Near sleep's abode in the soft murm'ring brook:
 This cools, the yellow flower restraines the
 blood:

And now the weary world's great med'cin, sleep,
 This learned host dispenc'd to ev'ry guest;
 Which shuts those wounds where injur'd lovers
 weep,
 And flies oppressors to relieve th' oppress.

It loves the cotage, and from court abstains,
 It still the sea-man though the storm be high;
 Frees the griev'd captive in his closest chaines,
 Stops want's loud mouth, and blinds the treach'r-
 ous spie!

Kind sleep, night's welcome officer, does cease
 All whom this house contains till day return;
 And me, grief's chronicler, does gently ease,
 Who have behind so great a task to mourn.

GONDIBERT.

THE SECOND BOOK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Verona by the poet's pencil drawn;
 Where Hurgonil did meet the early dawn:
 Her wealth shown by each dweller's early'r care;
 Which sown by others peace, she reap'd by war.
 The slain, whose life her safety was and pride,
 Are now in death their fun'ral rites deny'd.

NEAR to his evening region was the Sun,
 When Hurgonil with his lamented load,
 And faithful Tybalt their sad march begun
 To fair Verona, where the court aboard.

They slowly rode till night's dominion cease;
 When infant morn (her scarce wak'd beames
 display'd)

With a scant face peep'd shyly through the east,
 And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

But by increase of swift expansive light,
 The lost horizon was apparent grown,
 And many tow'rs salute at once their sight;
 The distant glories of a royal town.

Verona, sprung from noble Vera's name;
 Whom careless time (still scatt'ring old records
 Where they are loosely gather'd up by fame)
 Proclames the chief of ancient Tuscan lords.

Verona borders on that fatal plaine, [blood,
 Whose barren thirst was quench'd with valiant
 When the rough Cymbrians by fierce Marius slain,
 Left hills of bodics where their ensignes stood.

So safely proud this town did now appear;
 As if it but immortal dwellers lack'd;
 As if Theodoric had ne'er been there,
 Nor Attila her wealth and beauty sack'd.

Here Hurgonill might follow with his eye
 (As with deep stream it through the city pass't)
 The fruitfull and the frighted Adice,
 Which thence from noise and nets to sea does
 haste.

And on her peopled bank they might behold
 The toyles of conquest paid with works of pride;
 The palace of king Agiliulf the old,
 Or monument, for ere 'twas built he dy'd.

To it that temple joynes, whose lofty head
 The prospect of a swelling hill commands;
 In whose coole wombe the city springs are bred:
 On Dorique pillars this tall temple stands.

This to south Heav'n the bloody Clephes built;
 As if Heav'n's king so soft and easy were,
 So meanly hous'd in Heav'n, and kind to guilt,
 That he would be a tyrant's tenant here.

And now they might arrest their wandering sight
With that which makes all other objects lost;
Makes Lombard greatness flat to Roman height,
And modern builders blush, that else would
boast;

An amphitheater which was controll'd
Unheeded conquests of advancing age, [old,
Winds which have made the trembling world look
And the fierce tempests of the Gothick rage.

This great Flaminius did in youth erect,
Where cities sat to see whole armies play
Death's serious part: but this we may neglect,
To mark the bus'ness which begins with day.

As day new op'ning fills the hemisphere,
And all at once; so quickly ev'ry street
Does by an instant op'ning full appear,
When from their dwellings busy dwellers meet.

From wider gates oppressors sally there;
Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow dore;
Gross under wrongs he has not strength to bear,
Yet seeks for wealth to injure others more.

And here the early lawyer mends his pace;
For whom the earlier client waited long;
Here greedy creditors their debtors chase,
Who scape by herding in th' indebted throng.

Th' advent'rous merchant when a storm did wake,
(His ship's on Adriatic billows tost)
Does hope of eastern winds from steeples take,
And hastens there a carrier to the coast.

Here through a secret posterne issues out
The skar'd adult'rer, who out-slept his time;
Day, and the husband's spie alike does doubt,
And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

There from sick mirth neglected feasters reel,
Who cares of want in wine's false Lethe steep.
There anxious empty gamsters homeward steal,
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

Here stooping lab'rers slowly moving are;
Beasts to the rich, whose strength grows rude
with ease;

And would usurp, did not their rulers' care
With toils and tax their furious strength appease.

There th' aged walk, whose needless carefulness
Infects them past the mind's best med'cine, sleep;
There some to temples early vows address,
And for th' ore busie world most wisely weep.

To this vast inn, where tydes of strangers flow,
The morn and Hurgonil together came;
The morn, whose dewy wings appear'd but slow,
When men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

For Fame (whose journeys are through ways un-
known,
Tracless and swift, and changing as the wind)
The morn and Hurgonil had much out-gone,
Whilst Truth mov'd patiently within behind.

For some the combat (to a battel grown)
Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,
As if their living to the dead were gone,
And only Fame did by her wings escape.

Some said this hunting falsely was design'd,
That by pretence both factions might prepare
Their armies to contest for Rhodalind;
The crown's chief jewel, and reward of warre,

And some report (so far they range from truth
Who for intelligence must follow fame)
That then from Bergamo th'incamped youth,
With Gondibert, to this dire hunting came.

And some, that Oswald had enlarg'd his traine
With the old troopes by his bold father led;
And that of these the nobler half were slain;
The rest were to their camp at Brescia fled.

And as dire thunder rowling o're Heaven's vault,
By murmure threatens, ere it kills allond;
So was this fatal newes in whisper brought,
Which menac'd, ere it struck the list'ning croud.

But rumour soon to high extreames does move;
For first it Oswald nam'd with dreadful voice,
Then said that death had widow'd truth and love,
By making Gondibert the second choice.

And to all hearts so dear was Gondibert,
So much did pity Oswald's valour prise,
That strait their early bus'ness they desert,
And fix on wounded Hurgonil their eye.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew,
Through hidden wounds, whose blood his beauty
stain'd,

Even from the temples, angels soon withdrew;
So sawcely th' afflicted there complain'd.

The people strait united clamour gave, [coast;
Shriek'd loud like sea-men split on a strange
As if those pow'rs were deaf who should them save,
And pray'rs no louder than the winds were lost.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare
Whom he so mournfully in fun'ral brought;
The publick losses of a private war,
Who living, love, and dying, valour taught.

For he does Hugo and Arnaldo name;
"To these," (said he) "Verona cradles gave,
And since in forraign fields they rais'd her fame,
They challenge here, though much too soon, a
grave.

"Bring sprinklings, lamps, and th' altar's precious
breath;

All rites which priests have prudently devis'd;
Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death;
Because they most by dying men are pris'd.

"But though our loss we justly may complain;
Though even by priests' authority we grieve;
Yet Heav'n's first bounty, life, let none disdain,
Since Gondibert, our chief delight, does live."

This heard, as sea-men near a shore unknown,
Who their north guide lose in a stormy night,
His absence with distracted silence moan,
And loudly wellcome his return to sight:

So when their great conductor seem'd to be
Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,
With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he,
But with new life wellcom'd his life again.

And now that cold remainder valour left
Of these whom love had lost, and fate forsook;
The two that were of all but fame bereft,
From Hurgonil the weeping people took.

Whilst of them both sad Hurgonil takes leave,
Till th' universal meeting faith provides,
The day when all shall publickly receive
Those bodies, death does not destroy, but hides.

Then to his palace he retires by stealth ;
His wounds from his lov'd mistress to conceal ;
On whose dear joys so much depends his health,
The wounds her tears should touch would never heal.

To the chief temple strait the people bear.
The valiant rivals, who for love were slain ;
Whom all the peacefull priests behold with fear,
And griev'd such guests they durst not entertain.

For soon the prior of their brotherhood
(Who long serv'd Heav'n with praise, the world
with prayer)

Cry'd out, " This holy house is shut to blood,
To all that die in combat or despair.

" These by their bloody marks in combat di'd ;
Through anger, the disease of beasts untam'd ;
Whose wrath is hunger, but in men 'tis pride,
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

" Here the neglected Lord of peace does live ;
Who taught the wrangling world the rules of
love ;

Should we his dwelling to the wrathfull give,
Our sainted dead would rise, and be remove.

" Well by his precepts may we punish strife ;
Whose pity knew that famine, plague, and time,
Are enemies enough to humane life ; [crime.
None need o'er-charge Death's quiver with a

" To unfrequented fields bear then your slain ;
Where neither dirge nor requiem shall be giv'n ;
To those who by usurp'd revenge disdain
To take from men, neglects they put on Heav'n."

But now the people's passions run too farr ;
Their untaught love, artless extremes does wed ;
Of times they like the past, and since they are
Opprest still by the living, love the dead :

And now resolve these rivals shall not lose
The rites of sprinkling, incense, lights, and song :
Then, as the voice of all their minds, they choose
An orator, of rude, but ready tongue :

Who at the temple gate thus pleads aloud !
" We know, though priests are pensioners of
Heav'n, [crowd ;

Your flock which yields best rent, is this dull
The learn'd examine why their fleece is giv'n.

" Though by the rich first shorn, to you they bear
A second tribute, and by zeal support
Temples, which kings for glory raise, and where
The rich for fame, the learn'd as spies resort.

" Temples are yours, not God's lov'd palaces ;
Where off'rings make not his, but your own
feasts ;

Where you most wisely live, because at ease,
And entertain your founders as your guests :

" With ease you take, what we provide with care ;
And we (who your legation must maintain)
Find all your tribe in the commission are ;
And none but Heav'n could send so large a train.

" But being all ambassadors from thence,
The growing charge will soon exceed our rent,
Unless you please to treat at his expence
Who sent you ; not at ours, where you are sent.

" The ancient laws liv'd in the people's voice ;
Rites you from custom, not from canon draw ;
They are but fashions of a graver choice,
Which yield to laws, and now our voice is law."

This Tybalt heard with sorrow and disdain,
(Who here with Hurgonil a mourner came)
And strait the peaceful fathess strives to gain,
And thus the people's orator reclaim.

" Most usefull fathers! some trace secret things
Even to his closet, who is hid in Heav'n ;
Vainly as Nilus to his hidden springs,
And not enjoy, but censure what is given.

" You with such temper their intemp'rance bear,
To shew your solid science does rely
So on it self, as you no trial feare ;
For arts are weak that are of scepticks shy.

" Though in your office humane safety lies,
Which op'ns that Hell the vicious vulgar feare,
Yet never can the people priesthood prise ;
As if from Heav'n your daily errands were.

" Not that your message, truth, they disesteem,
Or think it comes from any other way,
But that they taxes hate, and tru'h does seem
Brought as a tax, when they the bringers pay.

" Thus we to beasts fall from our noble kinde,
Making our pastur'd bodies all our care ;
Allowing no subsistence to the minde ;
For truth we grudge her as a costly fare.

" But if they fear (since daily you renew
Disputes) your oracles are doubtfull still
As those of old ; yet more reward is due
To paines, where so uncase is the skill.

" Or if no skill they think it, but suppose
'Tis faith (and faith ne'r thinks Heav'n's height
too high)

Yet faiths so serv'nt be, that few are those [fly.
Can choose right wings when they to Heav'n would

" Or if they think, faith humane help transcends,
And to your science is so strict a bound
As death to valour is, where daring ends ;
And none are farthest in that progress found ;

" Yet in our walk to our last home design'd,
'Tis safe by all the study'd guides to goe ;
Least we in death, too late, the knowledge find
Of what in life 'twas possible to know.

" Your splendid pomp, by which your pow'r in-
dures, [laws ;
Though costly, costs much less than camps or
And more than both, religion us secures ;
Since Hell (your prison) more than dying
awes.

" For though the plain judge, conscience, makes
no showe,

But silently to her dark session comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment goe,
Or warr to execution with loud drums ;

" Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high,
Where frightfull law sets hers ; nor bloody seems
Like warr in colours spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many men condemns.

" Chokes in the seed, what law till ripe ne'r sees ;
What law would punish, conscience can prevent ;
And so the world from many mischiefs frees ;
Known by her cures, as law by punishment.

" The weaker sighted ever look too nigh ;
But their disputes have made your charter good ;
As doubted tenures, which long pleadings trie,
Authentick grow by being much withstood.

" These chiefs, for whom we holy rites desire,
By well fought fields begot this citie's peace;
Of with their blood have quench'd intestine fire;
And oft our famines chang'd into excess.

" Their rites let not the people be deny'd,
Though by untutor'd kindness rudely sought;
Nor think they have in private combate dy'd,
Where Gondibert and mighty Oswald fought:

" Both princes of the Lombards' royal blood;
For whom full thrice three hunder'd number'd
Whose anger strove to make their anger good; [are,
Number gives strife th' authentick name of war."]

This said, warr's cause these priests no more de-
bate;

They knew, warr's justice none could ere de-
At that more specious name they open strait,
And sacred rites of fun'ral they provide.

How vain is custom, and how guilty pow'r?
Slaughter is lawful made by the excess;
Earth's partial laws, just Heav'n must needs abhor,
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fame's progress through Verona, when she brings
Ill news enlarg'd, as her extended wings.
The combat's cause shakes Aribert's great mind;
And the effect more conquers Rhodalind.
Meek Orna's fears, proud Gartha's bold disdain;
And Laura kindly dying for the slain.

To streets (the people's region) early Fame
First brought this grief, which all more tragick
make;

And next, to the triumphant court she came,
Where prosp'rous pow'r sleeps long, though
sutors wake;

But yet the early king (from childhood bred
To dangers, toys, and courser wants of ware)
Rose up to rule, and left soft love in bed,
Could conquer lands and love, but stoop'd to care.

Care, that in cloysters only seales her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns;
Foolcs by not knowing her, out-live the wise;
She visits cities, but she dwells in throncs.

Care, which king Aribert with conquest gain'd,
And is more sure to him than realms intail'd
Wak'd him to know why rumour thus complain'd,
Or who in battel bled, or who prevail'd?

Young Hurgonil (who does his wounds conceal,
Yet knew it did his dutious care import
That some just witness should his cause reveal)
Sent Tybalt to appease, and tast the court.

To that proud palace which once low did lie
In Parian quarries, now on columns stands;
lonique props that bear their arches high,
With ample treasure rais'd by Tuscan hands.

So vast of beight, to which such space did fit
As if it were o're-syz'd for modern men;
The ancient giants might inhabit it;
And there walk free as winds that pass unseen.

The monarch's wealth this show'd in all the parts;
But his strong numerous guards denote him wise;
Who on the weather of his people's hearts,
For a short course, not voyages, relies.

Through many guards (all watchful, calm, and
bold)

Tybalt did pass the first magnifick square;
And through accents does enter to behold,
Where the state's head and eies assembled are.

There sat the king, on whose consid'rate brow
Sixty experienc'd sommers be discern'd,
Which made him ripe, and all of conduct know
That from success is ow'd, from losses learn'd.

Near him the empire's strict surveyors sate;
Whose universal sight no object lose;
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;
Finde danger's seed, and choake it ere it grow.

He wealth, not birth, preferr'd to council's place;
For council is for use, not ornament;
Soules are alike, of rich and ancient race;
Though bodies claim distinctions by descent.

Here boyling youth, nor frozen age, can sit:
It would in subjects scorne of ruling breed,
If that great work should such small ayds admit,
And make them hope that they no rulers need.

Nature too oft by birthright does prefer
Less perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
Yet more than her, courts by weak counsellors err,
In adding cyphers where she made but one.

To this wise king, sage Tybalt did relate
The combat's causc, with truth's severe extent
Reveales that fire which kindl'd Oswald's hate;
For which such precious valour was misseput.

Gives Gondibert a just record of praise;
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;
And crowns the conquer'd with the victor's baies,
When manhood bids him do their valour right:

At last he counts the wounded and the slaine;
And how prince Hubert and the duke retir'd;
From nothing brave or great he did refraine,
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

This Aribert with outward patience heares,
Though wounded by the cause for which they
fought;

With moderate joy the death of Oswald beares;
Yet justly to extremes it inward wrought.

Tybalt he now with peaceful looks discharg'd;
And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)
He strait by liberty of tongue enlarg'd;
Which thus unto his council he address.

" With what a difference Nature's pallat tast
The sweetest draught which art provides her,
pow'r:

Since pow'r, pride's wine, but high in relish lasts
Whilst fuming new, for time does turn it soare?

" Yet pow'r Earth's tempting fruit, Heav'n first
did plant,

From man's first serpent safe, ambition's reach;
Else Eden could not serve ambition's want;
Whom no command can rule, nor council
teach.

- " Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold
 The wise, and noble most intoxicate;
 Adds time to youth, and takes it from the old;
 Yet I by surfeit this elixer hate.
- " I curst those wars that make my glory last;
 For which the Tuscan widows curse me more;
 The barren fields where I in arms did fast,
 That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.
- " Thou Hermegild, who art for valour crown'd,
 For honour trusted, and for wisdom heard;
 And you whom counsel has no less renown'd,
 Observe how virtue against peace has err'd.
- " Still I have fought, as if in beauty's sight,
 Out-suffer'd patience, bred in captives breasts;
 Taught fasts, till bodys like our souls grew light;
 Outwatch'd the jealous, and outlabour'd beasts.
- " These were my merits, my reward is pow'r;
 An outward trifle, bought with inward peace;
 Got in an age, and ris'd in an how'r;
 When feav'rish love, the people's fit, shall cease.
- " For did not pow'r on their fraile love depend,
 Prince Oswald had not treated with that love;
 Whose glory did in hasty darkness end;
 A sparke which vanish'd, as it upward strove.
- " By scorn of dangers and of ease, he sought
 The Lombards' hearts, my Rhodalind, and
 crowne;
 And much his youth had by his practice wrought,
 Had Gondibert not levell'd his renowne:
- " Had Gondibert not staid the people's eies
 (Whose vertue stept 'twixt Oswald and their
 sight)
 Who knows but Rhodalind had bin his prise,
 Or war must have secur'd paternal right?
- " Sad and uneasy is a long reight throne;
 Not that the people think long pow'r unjust;
 But that for change, they wish best monarchs gone;
 Fond change, the people's soon repented lust!
- " I did advance (though with some jealous paine)
 A forward vertue to my subjects' love;
 Least one less temp'rate should their favour gaine;
 Whom their unstudy'd choice would more ap-
 prove.
- " To thee sage Hermegild my self I leave,
 My fame and pow'r: thee action cannot waste;
 Caution retard, nor promptitude deceive;
 Slowness belate, nor hope drive on too faste.
- " Think Hubert heir to Oswald's bold pretence;
 To whom the camp at Brescia is inclin'd;
 The duke at Berganio will seek defence;
 And these are seeds of war for Rhodalind."
- This said, his counsel he dismiss'd; who spy'd
 A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;
 They durst but nicely search, what he would hide;
 Least they inflame the wound that else might
 heal.
- They haste to sev'ral cares: some to allay
 Court's hecick fever, faction (which does rain
 Where luxury, the syre of want, does sway)
 Some to appease th' alliance of the slain.
 But order now bids us again persue
 Th' unweary'd motion of unhappy Fame;
 From fields to streets, from streets to court she
 flew;
 Where first she to the king's appartment came.
- Thence through the palace she her wings did air;
 And as her wings, her tongue too never ceas'd;
 Like restless swallows in an evening fair:
 At last does on a peaceful dwelling rest.
- Where sleep does yet that gentle sex possesse,
 Who ne'er should more of care's rude wakings
 know,
 But what may help sad lovers to successe; [slow.
 Or imp Love's wings when they are found too
- There lovers seek the royal Rhodalind;
 Whose secret brest was sick for Gondibert;
 And Orna, who had more in publick pin'd
 For Hurgonil, the monarch of her heart.
- And there the killing Laura did reside;
 She of whose eies the Lombard youth complain;
 Yet often she for noble Arnold di'd;
 And knew not now, her murderer was slain.
- Nor Hugo, who was all with love indu'd;
 Whom still with teares the Lombard ladies name;
 Esteeming modern lovers false, and rude,
 And poets fals'er when they sing their fame.
- These beauties (who could soften tyrant kings)
 Sleep now conceal'd within their curtains' shade;
 Till rudely Fame, by shaking lowd her wings,
 Disturb'd their eies, and their wak'd hearts dis-
 may'd.
- They heard in parcels by imperfect sound,
 A tale too dismal to be understood;
 That all their lovers lay in hallow'd ground;
 Temples their bodies hid, the fields their blood.
- That this dire morn to sad Verona brought
 The duke and Oswald, of lov'd life depriv'd;
 And that of all who their fierce batile fought,
 Ouely the mangled Hurgonil surviv'd.
- This tale, Fame's course, officious friends convey'd,
 (Which are attendant slaves, and palace
 grooms)
 Who by the lover of some busie may'd,
 From outward courts sent it to inward rooms.
- Such horrou brought, where love had ouely us'd,
 Did yet breed more amazement than belief:
 Whilst Orna now, and Laura fly confus'd,
 To Rhodalind, truth's altar, for relief.
- There with disorder'd voices they compare,
 And then derive what each has loosly learn'd;
 Each hope applies, where others most despair;
 As doubting all but where her self's conceru'd.
- This weeping conf'rence had not lasted long,
 When Tybalt, free from Aribert's commands,
 Scapes the assembling court's inquiring throng,
 And enters here; where first he doubtful stands.
- For pitty, when he ruin'd Laura sp'de,
 Bids his discretion artfully complain;
 And shew far off, what truth not long can hide:
 Death at a distance seen, may ease fear's pain.
- Their bus'ness now he can no more forbear;
 For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,
 Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?
 He therefore thus their patience did assail.
- " Kinde Heav'n, that gave you vertue, give you
 peace;
 Delightful as your beauties, be your mindes;
 Still may your lovers your renown increase,
 Though he who honour seeks, first danger findes!

"Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,
When beauty was chaste honour's merchandise;
When valour was chief factor in love's state;
Danger, love's stamp, and beauty's currant
price.

"Renown'd be Oswald, who in high relief
Of Rhodalind, her love with danger sought;
In love's records be Gondibert the chief,
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

"Though these for mighty minds deserve Fame's
voice;

Yet Orna needs must boast of Hurgonil;
Whose dangers well have justifi'd her choice,
And might alone Fame's publick trumpet fill.

"Enlarg'd be honour's throne, that Arnold there
And Hugo may for ever sit and rest,
Free from their valour's toyle, and Laura's feare;
Which more than wounds disorder'd either's
breast."

This said, he paws'd; findes each distrusts his art;
For hope and doubt came and return'd apace,
In chang'd complexion from th' uncertain heart,
Like frighted scowtes for tidings to the face.

His eye seem'd most employ'd on Rhodalind;
Whose love above her bashful caution sways;
For naming Gondibert, he soon did finde,
Her secret soul shew'd pleasure at his praise.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,
And that as oracles, the future taught,
He hid truth's face, and darkened what was past;
Thus truth through all her mourning vailles she
sought.

"Why in these ladies do you lengthen paine,
By giving them grief's common med'cin, doubt?
Ease those with death whose lovers now are slaine;
Life's fire a fever is, when love's is out.

"Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;
Perhaps I from religious pity learn'd,
In vertu's publick loss to take some share;
For there, all but the vicious are concern'd."

"Your prudence, royal maid (he strait replies)
More than your birth, may claim the Lombards'
Whoe're in conquest of your favour dies; [crown
For short life's loss shall find a long renowne.

"Then happy Oswald, who is sure to gaine,
Even by ambition that undoes the wise;
Great was th' attempt for which he's nobly slaine;
And gets him praise, though he has mist the
prise.

"But happier Gondibert, who does survive
To begg your mercy, that he thus had dar'd
To own that cause, for which the world might
strive; [ward.
And conqu'ring, takes his wounds for his re-

"Be Hurgonil long distant from his grave,
Whose life was so important in this cause;
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,
And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

"To say, how Hugo and lord Arnold strove
For victorie, and mention their event,
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for love,
As death would be close mourner, and repent."

Now Laura's blood back to her liver fled; [throne,
True beauty's mint: For by her heart, love's
Beauty's call'd in, like coyn when kings are dead;
As if not currant now her lover's gone.

And like her beauty, she had darkened life,
But that with sprinkled water they restore
(By sodain cold, with sodain heat at strife)
Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

She Arnold calls, then lost that name againe;
Which Rhodalind, and Orna's teares becomen,
Who carefully would her spent strength sustaine,
Though hope has scarcely yet brought back
their owne:

Now they her temples chaf'd, and strait prepare
Hot eastern fumes to reach her brains' cool'd
sence;

With wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,
Which warme but slowly, though of swift ex-
pense.

Yet now again she breath'd lord Arnold's name;
Which her apt tongue through custom best ex-
Then to stay life, that so unwilling came, [present;
With cordial epithems they bath'd her breast.

Th' attendant maids, by Tybalt's ready ayde,
To stop her mourners teares, convey her now
Where she may ease in her own curtain's shade
Her weary heart, and grief more tongue allow.

No sooner thus was pity'd Laura gon,
But Oswald's sister, Gartha the renown'd!
Enters, as if the world were overthrow'd,
Or in the teares of the afflicted drown'd.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her minde;
Which wanted not a spark of Oswald's fire;
Ambition lov'd, but ne'r to love was kinde;
Vex'd thrones did more than quiet shades desire.

Her garments now in loose neglect she wore,
As suted to her wilde dishevel'd haire;
Men in her shape might Nature's work adore,
Yet ask, why art's nice dress was absent there?
But soon they found what made this change appear;
For meeting truth, which slowly follows Fame,
Rage would not give her leisure for a teare
To quench (ere thus she spake) her passion's
flame.

"Blasted be all your beauties Rhodalind,
Till you a shame, and terror be to light;
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,
Who with your looks poysou'd my brother's sight!

"Low and neglected be your father's throne,
Which like your beauty, Oswald did o're-rate;
Let luckless war take lands from his light crown,
Till those high cares he want that gave it weight!

"Let pow'r's consumption be his long disease,
Heav'n's vexing curb, which makes wild
monarchs tame

And be he forc'd, in forward age to please
His favour's monster, who devours his fame.

"May you soon feel (though secret in your love,
As if your love were sin) the publick scorn!
May Gondibert, who is your glory, move
Your pittie, when none else but you shall mourn!

"To the dark inne (where weary valour, free
From thankless dangers rests) brave Oswald's
gone!

But Hubert may, though vanquish'd, live to see
Your victor with his victory undone!"

This said, she mounts (with a tempestuous broo)
The charriot her Calabrian couriers drew;
Lifted by slaves, (who still about her bow)
As if with wings of swift revenge she flew.

To Brescia's camp her course she had design'd,
And bids her charioteer drive swiftly on,
As if his steeds were dieted with winds!
Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before
them run.

The pav'd streets kindle with her chariot wheels;
The omen of war's fire the city spies, [heels,
Which with those sparks struck by her coursers'
Shine not so much as rage does in her eyes.

Those that observ'd her anger, grief, and haste,
With a dejected melancholy mourn;
She seem'd their citie's genius as she pass'd,
Who by their sins expell'd, would ne'r return.

The gentle ladies she has left in tears,
Who no example need, nor cause to melt;
For soon even grief's alarms, our foremost fears,
Kill those whose pain by love's quick sence is felt.

And Rhodolind her fatal love does blame,
Because she finds it now by Gartha spy'd;
And does lament love's fire, which bashful shame
Cannot reveal, nor her discretion hide.

She would not have it waste, nor publick grow,
But fast conceal'd like that in Tullia's urne;
Or that which prosp'rous chymists nicely show,
Which, as it thrives, must more in private burn.

Yet strait (grown valiant with her victor's fate)
She would have Hymen hold his torches high;
And love's fire pris'd, as vestals theirs did rate,
Which none durst quench, tho' free to ev'ry eye.

Resolves her love, whilst this new valour lasts,
Shall undisguis'd her father's sight endure;
And Orna now to her dear lover hastes,
Whose outward wounds stay for her inward cure.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,
Why Tybalt (of his usual pitty void)
To such sought eases these direful sorrows brought,
Since to the king he onely was employ'd?

But these are riddles of misterious love!
Tybalt in private long for Laura pin'd;
And try'd how Arnold would her passion move
In death, who living ever fill'd her minde.

And by this trial how she Arnold us'd,
He wisely ment to urge or stay his heart;
But much by love the cautious are abus'd,
Who his wilde riddles would reduce to art. X

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dead Oswald to his camp by Hubert brought;
The camp, from pitty, are to fury wrought;
Yet finde, when Gartha's looks does them surprize,
Their forward hands diverted by their eyes:
Till with her voice new urg'd, they deede persue,
Which even revenge would, had it eyes, esbiew.

WHEN from the fatal forest Hubert rod
To Brescia, he and Borgia beat their way,
That their tho' dead, yst much important load,
They might with horrour to the camp convey.

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly sought!
Revenge, which, even when just, the wise deride;
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

But Fame before him came where those are bred
Who to her dismal tales faint credit give;
Who could not think their mighty Oswald dead,
Whilst they unconquer'd and unwounded live.
Nor could Fame hope to make this camp her
seate;

Her tales, the talking, idle, fearful, heare;
But these are silent as in stolne retreat,
Busie as life, and like the dead past feare.

Near Meia's flowry banke this army lay,
Which Oswald's syre and Oswald oft had led
Against the Vandales' king; and twice the day
They gain'd, whilst he from them and empire
fled.

From youth expos'd, like cattle in the field,
And not taught warmth, as city infants are;
But colds and fasts, to kill or to be kill'd,
Like th' elements their birth began with warre.

So rev'rend now and strong in age appeare,
As if maintain'd by more than humane breath;
So grave, as if the counsellors they were,
Not executioners of tyrant Death.

With silence (order's help, and marke of care)
They chide that noise which heedless youth
affect;

Still course for use, for health they cleanly weare,
And, save in well fix'd armes, all niceness chek'd.

They thought, those that unarm'd expos'd fraile
But naked Nature valiantly betray'd; [life,
Who was, tho' naked, safe, till pride made strife,
But made defence must use, now danger's made.

And those who toyle of armour cannot byde,
Lose Nature's force, which these in custom finde;
And make (since strength's but Nature hourly
The body weak by softness of the minde. [try'd)

They seem'd so calme, and with their age so grave,
So just and civil in their killing trade,
As if all life were crime but what they save,
Or murder were by method lawfull made.

Yet now that manhood which those victors makes,
(So weak is man, where most he may be proud)
Pity, the tender'st of affections, shakes,
And they become from order, loose and lowd.

For when they saw the brother of their chief
Led to their camp by a defecated traine,
They soon to late scorn'd rumour gave believe,
And then by Hubert's wounds thought Oswald
slaine.

But when disguis'd in death they Oswald saw,
In a slow chariot brought, with fun'ral pace,
Themselves in an united croud they draw,
And give to grief one universal face.

Wonder (which grows unactive by excess)
A while did their unarly passion stay;
The object lasting, made their wonder lesse,
Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

Yet first their grief (which manhood should re-
straine)

They vent in women's sighs, with teares alloy'd,
As if those women taught them to complaine,
Who by their swords are weeping widows made.

As icy rocks, which frost together binde,
Stand silent, till as silently they melt.
But when they meet in currents unconfin'd,
Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt :

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly [tears,
In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet
And sighs meet sighs, from every breast and eie)
Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

When hastily they heard by whose dire hand
Their gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause
Till anger may be guided by command,
And vain to ask of cureless death the cause.

Some would to Bergamo their ensignes bear,
Against those youth which Gondibert had led ;
Whom they in sacrifice would offer there,
To appease the living, and revenge the dead.

And some (to show their rage more eminent)
Would to Verona march, and there do deeds
Should make the shining court in blacks lament,
And weep whilst the victorious faction bleeds.

Hubert (who saw revenge advance so faste,
Whilst prudence, slower pac'd, was left behinde)
Would keep their anger bent, yet slack their haste,
Because the rash fall oftner than the blinde.

He first their melting pitty kindly prais'd,
Which water'd anger's forge, and urg'd their fire ;
That like to meteors lasts by being rais'd,
But when it first does sink, does strait expire.

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays
May keep the temp'rate chymick's equal heat ;
That they in fury might not need allays,
Nor charge so rashly as to want retreat.

Begs they this dismal night would there remain,
And make the hopeful morn their guide ; whilst
grief

(Which high revenge as tameness should disdain)
Sleep shall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

He Vasco, Paradine, and Dargonet,
With Oswald, to the red pavilion sent,
(Death's equal pris'ners now for Nature's debt)
And then retires with Borgio to his tent.

This is the night the Brescians so bemoan'd,
Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd,
As if th' oppressed world in earthquakes groan'd,
Or that some ruin'd nation's sighs they heard ;

Admir'd what in that camp such griefs could raise,
Where serious death so oft had been abus'd,
When ev'n their sportive fencers' monthly plays
Profan'd that shape, which states for terrour us'd.

Yet this lowd mourning will no wonder breed,
When we with life lay Oswald's errors by,
And use him as the living use the dead,
Who first allow men vertue when they dy.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free,
By which he chief in fighting crowds became,
Who must their leaders' valours often see,
And follow them for bounty more than fame.

This gen'ral mourning was to lowdness rais'd,
By showing gifts he gave, and wounds he took ;
They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,
Because such vertue it so soon forsook.

Now night, by grief neglected, hastes away !
And they the morn's officious usher spy,
The close attendant on the lord of day,
Who shows the warmer of the world is nigh.

And now the drums, the camp's low thunder, make
War's thick united noise from ev'ry guard ;
Tho' they reveillees scorn, whom grief does wake,
Who think, sleep, Nature's curse, not toys
reward.

All night proud Borgio, (chief in Hubert's trust)
With haughty hopes, the camp does waking
Ambition is more vigilant than lust, [keep :
And in hope's fever is too hot to sleep.

Now day and Hubert haste to publick view ;
His wounds (unlucky more than dangerous)
Are so refresh'd, that he the army drew
To a wide grosse, and urg'd their anger thus :

" Friends to my father ! in whose wounds I see
The envy'd merit whence his triumphs came ;
And fathers to my brother, and to me,
For onely you adopted us to Fame !

" Forgive me, that I there have feebly fought,
Where Oswald in your cause did nobly strive ;
Whence of his blood these veines so much have
brought,
As makes me blush that I am still alive !

" Your valiant youth is gone, whom you have bred
From milkie childhood to the years of blood !
By whom you joy'd so often to be led, [stood !
Where firme as now your trophies, then you

" Gon is he now, who still with low regard
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beauty list ;
Knew age was of your temp'rance the reward,
And courts in beauty by your skarrs subsist.

" Yet was he not for mean pretensions slaine,
Who for your inter'st not his own has fought ;
Vex'd that the empire, which your wounds did
gaine,

Was by a young unwounded army sought !
" For Gondibert (to whom the court must bow,
Now war is with your fav'rite overthrowne)
Will, by his camp of boys at Bergamo,
Wed her, who to your valour owes the crowne.

" Blame not your chief for his ambitious fire,
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood
He might the empire in your right require ;
A scant reward for your exhausted blood."

Thus Hubert spake ; but now so fierce they grow,
That Borgio strove to quench whom Hubert
warm'd :

" To Bergamo !" they cry'd, " to Bergamo !"
And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

For to distinct and spacious tents they hie,
Where, quick as vests of Persia shifted are,
Their arms (which there in cleanly order lie)
They take from moving wardrobes of the warre
Arm'd soon as porquepines¹ as if, like those,
Their very rage them with defence supplies ;
As borne with it, and must have winged foes
That stoop from Heav'n to harme them by
surprise.

With ensignes now display'd, their force they draw
To hasty order, and begin to move ;
But are amus'd by something that they saw,
Which look'd like all that ere they heard of love.
Unusual to their camp such objects were,
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought ;
For it appeas'd them by approaching neer,
And satisfi'd their eies in all they sought.

And this was Gartha, in her chariot drawn,
Who, through the swarthy region of the night,
Drove from the court; and as a second dawn
Breaks on them; like the morne's reserve of
light.

Thro' all the camp she moves with fun'ral pace,
And still bowes meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her face,
Which lowly look'd, that it might pity draw.

When by her slaves her name they understood,
Her lines of feature heedfully they view;
In her complexion track their gen'ral's blood,
And find her more, than what by fame they
knew.

They humbly her to that pavilion guide,
Where Hubert his bold chiefs with fury fir'd;
But his ambition, when he Gartha spy'd,
(To give his sorrow place) a while retir'd.

With his respectful help she does descend,
Where they with dear imbraces mingle tears,
But now her male revenge would grief suspend;
Revenge, thro' grief, too feminine appears.

But when her dear allies, dead Paradine
And Dargonet, she saw, that manlinesse,
Which her weak sex assum'd, she does decline,
As bred too soft, to mannage grief's excese.

Then soon return'd, as loath to show her eies
No more of Oswald than she must forsake;
But sorrow's moisture heat of anger dries;
And, mounted in her chariot, thus she spake:

"If you are those of whom I oft have heard
My father boast, and that of Oswald bred;
Ah! where is now that rage our tyrant fear'd,
Whose darling is alive, tho' yours be dead?"

"The court shines out at Rhodalind's commands,
To me (your drooping flowre) no beam can
spare;

Where Oswald's name, new planted by your hands,
Withers, as if it lost the planter's care.

"From Rhodalind I thus disorder'd die,
Least she should say, 'Thy fate unpity'd comes!
Goe sing, where now thy father's fighters lie,
Thy brother's requiem, to their conquer'ing
drums!

"The happy fields by those brave warriors
fought,

(Which, from the dictates of thy aged syre,
Oswald in high victorious numbers wrot)
Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd lyre!"

"Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky vertue throws;
When courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;
Who your authentick age despise for those,
Who are to you but infants of the warre."

Thus tho' she spake, her looks did more persuade;
Like vertuous anger did her colour rise,
As if th' injurious world it would invade,
Whilst tears of rage, not pity, drown her eies.

The Sun did thus to threatned Nature show
His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;
When clouds of floods did hang about his brow,
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

And so she turn'd her face, not as to grieve
At ruine, but to lissence what she rais'd;
Whilst they (like common throngs) all tongues
believe, [prais'd.

When courts are tax'd, but none when they are

Like commets, courts afflict the vulgar eie;
And when they largest in their glory blaze,
People, through ignorance, think plagues are nie,
And, till they waste, with mourning wonder gaze.

These scorn the court's dissertion of their age;
The active, ease impos'd, like pain endure;
For though calm rest does age's pains assuage,
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

To Heav'n they lift their looks! whose Sun ne'r saw
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;
Their shining swords all at an instant draw,
And bad him judge next day if they were old!

And of Verona wish'd him take his leave,
Which, ere his third return, they will destroy,
Till none shall guess by ruines where to grieve,
No more than Phrygians where to weep for Troy.

Thus Bergamo is soon forgot, whilst all
Alow'd, "Verona!" cry, "Verona must"
(That reach'd the clouds) "low as her quarries
fall!"

The court they'll bury in the citie's dust.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

At Oswald's camp arrives wise Hermegild,
Whose presence does a new diversion yield:
In council he reveals his secret breast;
Would mingle love with empire's interest:
From rash revenge, to peace the camp invites,
Who Oswald's fun'ral grace with Roman rites.

In this distemper, whilst the humours strive
To assemble, they again diverted are;
For tow'rds their trenches twenty chariots drive,
Swiftly as Syrians when they charge in warre.

They Hermegild with court attendants spy'd,
Whose haste to Hubert does advice intend,
To warn him, that just Fate can ne'r provide
For rash beginnings a successful end.

But Fate for Hermegild provided well;
This story else (which him the wise does call)
Would here his private ruine sadly tell,
In hastning to prevent the publick fall.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,
His undistinguish'd limbs scatter'd unknown,
As is the dust of victors long since dead,
Which here and there by every wind is blown.

Such was their rage, when on Verona's way
(With his rich trayn) they saw from court he
Till some did their impetuous fury stay, [came;
And gave his life protection for his fame:

Told them his valour had been long allow'd;
That much the Lombards to his conduct ow;
And this preserv'd him, for the very crowd
Felt honour here, and did to valour bow.

Vain wrath! deform'd, unquiet child of pride!
Which in a few the people's madness call;
But when by number they grew dignify'd,
What's rage in some is liberty in all.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,
He, like authentick pow'r, does boldly pass ;
And, with a quiet and experienc'd eye,
Thro' Death's foul vizard does despise his face.

At Hubert's tent he lights, where Hubert now
With Gartha's this torrent does advise ;
Which he believes does at the highest flow,
And must, like tides, sink when it cannot rise.

When Hermegild he saw, he did disperse
Those cars assembled in his looks, and strove
(Though to his master and the court perverse)
To show him all the civil signes of love.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew,
Nor in calm counsels was he less renown'd ;
And held him now to Oswald's faction true,
As by his love, the world's first tenure, bound.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,
When man's meridian tow'rd's his evening turnes)
Makes, against Nature's law, love's charter good,
And as in raging youth for Gartha burnes.

Who did his sate uot only disapprove,
Because the summer of his life was past,
And she fresh blown ; but that even highest love
Grows tasteless to ambition's higher taste.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,
With nice ambition nicer love complies ;
And she (since to revenge he usefull was)
Perswades his hope with rhet'rique of her eyes.

A close division of the tent they strait
By outward guard secure from all resort ;
Then Hermegild does thus the cause relate,
Which to the camp dispatch'd him from the
court :

" Important prince ! who justly dost succeed
To Oswald's hopes, and all my loyal aide ;
Vertue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,
As love in me, since wounded by that maide.

" Long have I say'd thro' Time's vexatious sea,
And first set out with all that youth is worth ;
The tropicks pass'd of blood's hot bravery,
With all the sailes, gay flags, and streamers
forth !

" But as, in hotter voyages, ships most
Weare out their trim, yet then they chiefly gain,
By inward stowage, what is outward lost ;
So men, decays of youth, repaire in brain.

" If I experience boast when youth decays,
Such vanity may Gartha's pity move,
Since so I seek your service by self praise,
Rather than seem unusefull where I lore.

" And never will I, (though by time supply'd
With such discretion as does man improve)
To show discretion, wiser Nature hide,
By seeming now asham'd to say I love.

" For Love his pow'r has in gray senates shown,
Where he, as to green courts, does freely come ;
And tho' loud youth his visits makes more known,
With graver age he's privately at home.

" Scarce Greece, or greater Rome, a victor shows,
Whom more victorious love did not subdue ;
Then blame not me, who am so weak to those,
Whilst Gartha all exceeds, that ere they knew.

" Hope (love's first food) I ne'er till now did know,
Which love as yet but temp'rately devours ;
And claims not love for love, since Gartha so
For autumn leaves should barter summer flowers.

" I dare not vainly wish her to be kinde,
Till for her love my arts and pow'r bestow
The crown on thee, adorn'd with Rhodaliad,
Which yet for Gartha is a price too low."

This said, he paw'd ; and now the hettick heats
Of Oswald's blood doubled their pulses' pace ;
Which high, as if they would be heard, did bente,
And hot ambition shin'd in either's face.

For Hermegild they knew could much outdoe
His words, and did possess great Aribert,
Not in the court's cheap glass of outward showe,
But by a study'd tenure of the heart.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,
Hubert on Gartha looks with suing eyes
For Hermegild, whose love she will cadure,
And made ambition yield what youth denies.

Yet in this bargain of her self she knowes
Not how to treat ; but all her chief desires,
Bids Hubert, as the twins of his, dispose
To glory and revenge ; and then retires.

But with such blushes Hermegild she leaves,
As the uncloued evening's face adorn ;
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,
Since such an evening bodes a happy morn.

Now Hermegild by vows does Hubert binde,
(Voves by their fate in Lombard story known)
He Gartha makes the price of Rhodaliad,
And Aribert his tenant to the crown.

He bids him now the army's rage ally :
" By rage" (said he) " only they masters are
Of those they choose, when temp'rate, to obey :
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly war.

" We are the people's pilots, they our winds,
To change by nature prone ; but art lavers,
And rules them till they rise with stormy winds,
Then art with danger against nature stoers.

" Where calms have first amus'd, storms most
prevail ;
Close first with calms the court's suspicious eyes,
That whilst, with all their trim, they sleeping sail,
A sudden gust may wrack them with surpris.

" Your army will (though high in all esteem
That ever rev'renc'd age to action gave)
But a small party to Verona seem,
Which yearly to such numbers yields a grave.

" Nor is our vast metropolis like those
Tame towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears ;
But Death deform'd in all his dangers knows,
Dangers which he, like frightful vizards, wears.

" From many camps, who forraign winters felt,
Verona has her conqu'ring dwellers ta'ne ;
In war's great trade, with richest nations delt,
And did their gold and fame with iron gain.

" Yet to the mighty Aribert it bows ;
A king out-doing all the Lombard line !
Whose court (in iron clad) by courseness shows
A growing pow'r, which fades when courts grow
fine.

" Scorn not the youthful camp at Bergamo,
For they are victors, tho' in years but young ;
The war does them, they it by action know,
And have obedient minds in bodies strong.

" Be slow, and stay for aides, which haste forsakes !
For though occasion still does sloth out-gee,
The rash, who run from help, she ne'er o'ertakes,
Whose haste thinks time, the post of Nature, slow.

" This is a cause which our ambition fills;
 A cause, in which our strength we should not
 In vain like giants, who did heave at hills; [waste,
 'Tis too unwildly for the force of haste.

" A cause for graver minde that learned are
 In mistick man; a cause which we must gain
 By surer methods than depend on warre;
 And respite valor, to imploy the brain.

" In the king's scale your merits are too light;
 Who with the duke, weighs his own partial heart:
 Make then the gift of empire publick right,
 And get in Rhodalind the people's part.

" But this rough tide, the meeting multitude,
 If we oppose, we make our voyage long;
 Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;
 And we are wise, when men in vain are strong.

" Then to the people sue, but hide your force;
 For they believe the strong are still unjust;
 Never to armed sutors yield remorse;
 And where they see the power, the right distrust.

" Assault their pity as their weakest part;
 Which the first plaintiff never failes to move;
 They search but in the face to finde the heart;
 And grief in princes, more than triumph love.

" And to prepare their pity, Gartha now
 Should in her sorrows' height with me return;
 For since their eyes at all distresses flow,
 How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

" Much such a pledge of peace will with the king
 (Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improve;
 And much my power will to your int'rest bring,
 If from the watchful court you hide my love.

" If Gartha deignes to love, our love must grow
 Unseen, like mandrakes wedded under ground;
 That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know
 The king's new depths, which length of trust
 may sound!"

Thus Hermegild his study'd thoughts declar'd;
 Whilst Hubert (who believ'd discover'd love
 A solid pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd
 To stay the camp, so furious to remove.

And now their rage (by correspondence spread)
 Borgio allays, that else like sparks of fire
 (Which drops at first might drown) by matter fed
 At last to quench the flame may seas require.

As with the Sun they rose in wrath, their wrath
 So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes
 Down Heav'n's steep hill, to his Atlantick bath;
 Where he refreshes till his fever wastes.

With his (by Borgio's help) their heat declin'd;
 So soon lov'd eloquence does throngs subdue;
 The common mistress to each private minde;
 Painted and dress'd to all, to no man true.

To court his Gartha, Hermegild attends;
 And with old lovers' vaine poetick eyes,
 Markes how her beauty, when the Sun descends,
 His pitt'y evening poverty supplies.

The army now to neighb'ring Brescia bear,
 With dismal pomp, the slain. In hallow'd
 They Paradine, and Dargonet interr; [ground
 And Vasco much in painful war renoun'd.

To Oswald (whose illustrious Roman minde
 Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)
 Hubert these Roman fun'ral rites assign'd;
 Which yet the world's last law had not forbid.

Thrice is his body clean by bathing made;
 And when with victor's oyle anointed o're;
 'Tis in the pallace gate devoutly layd'e,
 Clad in that vest which he in battel wore.

Whilst seven succeeding Suns pass sadly by,
 The palace seems all hid in cypress boughs;
 From ancient lore, of man's mortality
 The type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

The publick fun'ral voice, till these expire, [rests;
 Cryes out, " Here greatness, tir'd with honour,
 Come, see what bodies are, when souls retire;
 And visit Death, ere you become his guests!"

Now on a purple bed the corps they raise;
 Whilst trumpets summon all the common quire
 In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;
 And then move slowly tow'rds the fun'ral fire!

They beare before him spoiles they gain'd in warre;
 And his great ancestors in sculpture wrought;
 And now arrive, where Hubert does declare
 How oft, and well, he for the Lombards fought.

Here, in an altar's form, a pile is made
 Of unctions firr, and sleepers fatal ewe;
 On which the body is by mourners laid,
 Who their sweet gummes (their last kind tribute)
 threw.

Hubert his arme, westward, aversly stretch'd;
 Whilst to the hopefull East his eyes were turn'd;
 And with a hallow'd torch the pyle he reach'd;
 Which seen, they all with utmost clamour
 mourn'd.

Whil'st full the flame aspires, " Oswald," (they
 cry)

" Farewell! we follow swiftly as the houres!
 For with time's wings, towards death, even crip-
 ples flie!"

This said, the hungry flame its food devoues.
 Now priests with wine the ashes quench, and hide
 The rev'renc'd reliques in a marble urne.
 The old dismissive Illicet is cry'd
 By the town voice, and all to feasts returne.

Thus urnes may bodies show; but the fed minde
 The learn'd seek vainly, for whose quest we pay;
 With such success as cousen'd shepherds finde,
 Who seek to wizards when their cattel stray.

GONDBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The house of Astragon; where in distress
 Of Nature, Gondibert for Art's redress [strife,
 Was by old Ulfin brought: where Art's hard
 In studying Nature for the aid of life,
 Is by full wealth and conduct easie made;
 And Truth much visited, though in her shade.

From Brescia swiftly o're the hord'ring plain,
 Return we to the house of Astragon;
 Where Gondibert, and his successful train,
 Kindly lament the victory they won.

- But though I Fame's great book shall open now,
Expect a while, till she that deced reads,
Which does this duke's eternal story show,
And aged Ulin cites for special deeds.
- Where friendship is renew'd in Ulinore;
Where th' ancient musick of delightful verse,
Does it no less in Goltho's breast adore,
And th' union of their equal hearts rehearse.
- These weary victors the descending Sun
Led hither, where swift night did them surprise;
And where, for valiant toiles, wise Astragon,
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their eyes.
- When to the needy world day did appear,
And freely op'd her treasury of light,
His house (where Art and Nature tenants were)
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their sight.
- Where Ulin (who an old domestick seems,
And rules as master in the owner's breast)
Leads Goltho to admire what he esteems;
And thus, what he had long observ'd, exprest.
- "Here Art by such a diligence is serv'd;
As does th' unwearied planets imitate;
Whose motion (life of Nature) has preserv'd
The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to create.
- "Those heights, which else dwarf life could never
reach,
Here, by the wings of diligence they climb;
Truth (skar'd with terms from canting schools)
they teach;
And buy it with their best sav'd treasure, time,
- "Here all men seem recov'ers of time past;
As busie as intente emmets are;
As alarm'd armies that intrench in haste,
As cities, whom unlook'd-for sieges scare.
- "Much it delights the wise observer's eye,
That all these toiles direct to sev'ral skills;
Some from the mine to the hot furnace hie,
And some from flowry fields to weeping hills.
- "The first to hopeful chymicks matter bring,
Where med'cine they extract for instant cure;
These bear the sweeter burthens of the spring;
Whose vertues (longer known) though slow, are
sure.
- "See there wet divers from Fossone sent!
Who of the sea's deep dwellers knowledge give;
Which (more unquiet than their element)
By hungry war, upon each other live.
- "Pearl to their lord, and cordial coral these
Present; which must in sharpest liquids melt;
He with nigella cures that dull disease
They get, who long with stupid fish have dwelt.
- "Others through quarries dig, deeply below
Where desert rivers, cold, and private run;
Where bodies' conservation best they know,
And mines' long growth, and bow their veins
begun."
- He shows them now tow'rs of prodigious height,
Where Nature's friends, philosophers remain
To censure meteors in their cause and flight,
And watch the wind's authority on rain.
- Others with optick tubes the Moon's scant face
(Vaste tubes, which like long cedars mounted
Attract through glasses to so near a space, (lie)
As if they came not to survey, but prie.
- Nine hasty centuries are now fulfill'd,
Since opticks first were known to Astragon;
By whom the moderns are become so skill'd,
They dream of seeing to the maker's throne.
- And wisely Astragon, thus basis grew,
To seek the stars' remote societies;
And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new;
For Nature's law, in correspondence lies.
- Man's pride (grown to religion) he abates,
By moving our lov'd Earth; which we think
Think all to it, and it to none relates; fix'd;
With others motion scorn to have it mix'd;
- As if 'twere great and stately to stand still
Whilst other orb'es dance on; or else think all
Those vaste bright globes (to show God's needless
skill)
- Were made but to attend our little ball.
- Now near a sever'd building they discern'd
(Which seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)
A throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,
They came from toyles which their own choice
desir'd:
- This they approach, and as they enter it
Their eyes were stay'd, by reading o'er the gate,
GREAT NATURE'S OFFICE, in large letters writ;
And next, they mark'd who there in office sate.
- Old busie men, yet much for wisdom fam'd;
Hasty to know, though not by haste beguill'd;
These stily, Nature's Registers were nam'd;
The throng were their Intelligencers still'd:
- Who stop by snares, and by their chase o'rtake
All hidden beasts the closer Forrest yields;
All that by secret sence their resoue make,
Or trust their force, or swiftness in the fields.
- And of this throng, some their employment have
In fleeting rivers, some fix'd lakes beset;
Where Nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save
From trifling angles, or the swal'wing net.
- Some, in the spacious ayre, their prey o'rtake,
Cous'ning, with hunger, falcons of their wings;
Whilst all their patient observations make,
Which each to Nature's Office duely brings.
- And there of ev'ry fish, and foule, and beast,
The wiles these learned Registers record,
Courage, and feares, their motion and their rest;
Which they prepare for their more learned lord.
- From hence to NATURE'S NURSERY they goe;
Where seems to grow all that in Eden grew;
And more (if Art her mingled species show)
Than th' Hebrew king, Nature's historian, knew.
- Impatient simplers climb for blossomes here;
When dewes (Heav'n's secret milk) in unseene
show'rs
- First feed the early childhood of the year;
And in ripe summer, stoop for hearts and
flow'rs.
- In autumn, seeds and berries they provide;
Where Nature a remaining force preserves;
In winter digg for roots, where she does hide
That stock, which if consum'd, the next spring
serves.
- From hence (fresh Nature's flourishing estate!)
They to her wither'd receptacle come;
Where she appears the loathsome slave of Fate;
For here her various dead possess the room.

This distall gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide;
Was hung with skelitons of ev'ry kinde;
Humane, and all that learned humane pride
Thinks made t' obey man's high immortal
minde.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who so thought;
And she dry'd by him, whom that he obey'd;
By her an el'phant that with beards had fought,
Of which the smallest beast made her afraid.

Next it, a whale is high in cables ty'd, [troul;
Whose strength might heards of elephants con-
Then all (in payres of ev'ry kinde) they spy'd
Which death's wrack leaves, of fishes, beasts,
and fowl.

These Astragon (to watch with curious eye
The diff'rent tenements of living breath)
Collects, with what far travellers supply;
And this was call'd, THE CABINET OF DEATH.

Which some the monument of bodies, name;
The arke, which saves from graves all dying
kinde;

This to a structure led, long known to fame,
And call'd, THE MONUMENT OF VANISH'D MINDES.

Where, when they thought they saw in well sought
books,

Th' assembl'd soules of all that men held wise,
It bred such awfull rev'rence in their looks,
As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.

Such heaps of written thoughts (gold of the dead,
Which Time does still disperse, but not devour)
Made them presume all was from deluge free'd,
Which long-liv'd authors writ ere Noah's show'r.

They saw Egyptian roles which vastly great,
Did like fain pillars lie, and did display
The tale of Nature's life, from her first heat,
Till by the flood o'er-cool'd she felt decay.

And large as these (for pens were pencils then)
Others that Egypt's chiefest science show'd;
Whose river forc'd geometry on men,
Which did distinguish what the Nyle o're-flow'd.

Near them, in piles, Chaldean coun'ners lie;
Who the hid bus'ness of the stars relate;
Who make a trade of worship'd prophesie;
And seem to pick the cabinet of Fate.

There Persian Magi stand; for wisdom prais'd;
Long since wise statesmen, now magicians
thought:

Altars and arts are soon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

In a dark text, these states-men left their mindes;
For well they knew, that monarch's mystery
(Like that of priests) but little rev'rence fludes,
When they the curtain ope to ev'ry eye.

Behinde this throng, the talking Greeks had place;
Who Nature turn to art, and truth disguise,
As skill does native beauty oft deface;
With termes they charm the weak, and pose
the wise.

Now they the Hebrew, Greek and Roman spie;
Who for the peoples ease, yolk'd them with law;
Whom else, ungvorn'd lusts would drive awry;
And each his own way forwardly would draw.

In little tomes these grave first lawyers lie,

In volumes their interpreters below;
Who first made law an art, then misery;
So clearest springs, when troubled, clowdy grow.

But here, the soul's chief book did all precede;
Our map tow'rd's Heav'n; to common crowds
deny'd;
Who proudly aim to teach, ere they can read;
And all must stray, where each will be a guide.

About this sacred little book did stand
Unweildy volumes, and in number great;
And long it was since any reader's hand
Had reach'd them from their unrequented seat.

For a deep dust (which Time does softly shed,
Where only Time does come) their covers beare;
On which grave spyders, streets of webbs had
spread;

Subtle, and slight, as the grave writers were.

In these, Heav'n's holy fire does vainly burn;
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles spent;
Where forward authors, with disputes, have torn
The garment seamless as the firmament.

These are the old polemicks, long since read,
And shut by Astragon; who thought it just,
They, like the authors (truth's tormentors) dead,
Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust.

Here the Arabian's gospel open lay,
(Men injure truth, who fiction nicely hide)
Where they the monk's audacious stealths survey,
From the world's first, and greater second guide.

The curious much perus'd this, then, new book;
As if some secret wayes to Heav'n it taught;
For straying from the old, men newer look,
And prise the foud, not finding those they
sought.

We, in tradition (Heav'n's dark mapp) descrie
Heav'n worse, than ancient mapps farr India
show; [lie;
Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does
The mind's sought ophir, which we long to
know.

Or as a planter, though good land he spies,
Seeks new, and when no more so good he findes,
Doubly esteems the first; so truth men prise;
Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling mindes.

And this false book, till truly understood
By Astragon was openly display'd;
As counterfeit; false princes, rather shou'd
Be shown abroad, than in close prison lay'd.

Now to the old philosophers they come;
Who follow'd Nature with such just despair,
As some do kings farr off; and when at home,
Like courtiers, boast, that they deep secrets
share.

Near them are grave dull moralists, who give
Counsell to such, as still in publick dwell;
At sea, in courts, in camps, and citties live;
And scorn experience from th' unpractic'd cell.

Esop with these stands high, and they below;
His pleasant wisdom mocks their gravity;
Who vertue like a tedious matron show,
He dresses Nature to invite the eye.

High skill their ethicks seemes, whilst he stoops
down

To make the people wise; their learned pride
Makes all obscure, that men may praise the gown;
With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide.

And next (as if their bus'ness rul'd mankind)
Historians stand, bigg as their living looks;
Who thought, swift Time they could in fetters
binde;

Till his confessions they had ta'ne in books:
But Time oft scap'd them in the shades of night;
And was in princes' closets oft conceal'd,
And hid in battels' smoke; so what they write
Of courts and camps, is oft by guess reveal'd,
Near these, physitions stood; who but repriv'e
Like life a judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;
And cannot an almighty pardon give;
So much yields subject Art to Nature's law.
And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail essence proudly we take ill;
Think we are robb'd, when first we are decay'd.
And those were murder'd whom her law did kill.

Now they refresh, after this long survey,
With pleasant poets, who the soul sublime;
Fame's heralds, in whose triumphs they make way;
And place all those whom honour helps to
climbe.

And he who seem'd to lead this ravish'd race,
Was Heav'n's lov'd laureat, that in Jewry writ;
Whose harp approach'd God's ear, though none
his face

Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit.
And his attendants, such blest poets are,
As make unblemish'd love, courts' best delight;
And sing the prosp'rous battels of just warre;
By these the loving, love, and valiant, fight.
O hireless science! and of all alone
The liberal; meanly the rest each state
In pension treats, but this depends on none;
Whose worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

How Astragon to Heav'n his duty pays
In pray'r, and penitence, but most in praise:
To these he sev'ral temples dedicates;
And Ulfu their distinguish'd use relates.
Religion's rites, seem here, in reasons sway;
Though reason must religion's laws obey.

The noble youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)
Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake;
And study quiet Nature's pleasnt law; [make
Which schools, through pride, by art uncasie
But now a sudden shout their thoughts diverts!
So cheerfull, general, and loud it was,
As pass'd through all their ears, and fill'd their
hearts; [cause.
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the
This Ulfu, by his long domestick skill
Does thus explain. "The wise I here observe,
Are wise tow'rds God; in whose great service still,
More than in that of kings, themselves they
serve.

"He who this building's builder did create,
Has an apartment here triangular;
Where Astragon, three fanes did dedicate,
To dayes of praise, of penitence, and pray'r.

"To these, from diff'rent motives, all proceed,
For when discov'ries they on Nature gain,
They praise high Heav'n which makes their work
succeed,
But when it fails, in penitence complain.

"If after praise, new blessings are not giv'n,
Nor mourning Penitence can ill's repair,
Like practis'd beggers, they sollicite Heav'n's,
And will prevail by violence of pray'r.

"The temple built for pray'r, can neither boast
The builder's curious art, nor does declare,
By choice materials he intended cost; [pray'r.
To show, that nought should need to tempt to

"No bells are here! unning'd are all the gates!
Since craving in distress is naturall,
All lies so op'e that none for entrance waives;
And those whom faith invites, can need no call.

"The great have by distinction here no name;
For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,
(To show none come for c'ecency or fame)
That all are strangers to each other's eyes.

"But penitence appears unnatural;
For we repent what Nature did perswade;
And we lamenting man's continu'd fall,
Accuse what Nature necessary made.

"Since the requir'd extrem of penitence
Seems so severe, this temple was design'd,
Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,
And dismal show'd within, to awe the mind.

"Of sad black marble was the outward frame,
(A mourning monument to distant sight)
But by the largeness when you near it came,
It seem'd the palace of eternal night.

"Black beauty (which black Meroens had prais'd
Above their own) sadly adorn'd each part;
In stone, from Nyle's hard quarries, slowly rais'd,
And slowly'er polish'd by Numidian art.

"Hither a loud bell's tole, rather commands,
Than seems t'invite the persecuted care;
A summons Nature hardly understands;
For few, and slow are those who enter here,

"Within, a dismal majesty they find!
All gloomy, great, all silent does appear!
As Chaos was, ere th' elements were design'd;
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

"Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;
Here, the check'd Sun his universal face
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;
As if he spy'd Night naked through the glass.

"Black curtains hide the glass; whilst from on
high
A winking lamp, still threatens all the room;
As if the lazy flame just now would die:
Such will the Sun's last light appear at doom!

"This lamp was all, that here inform'd all eyes;
And by reflex, did on a picture gain
Some few false beames, that then from Sodome
rise; [rain.
Where pencils feigne the fire which Heav'n did

- " This on another tablet did reflect,
Where twice was drawn the am'rous Magdaline;
Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;
And brightest through her tears she seem'd to shine.
- " Near her, seem'd crucifi'd, that lucky thief
(In Heav'n's dark lot'ry prosp'rous, more than wise)
Who groap'd at last, by chance, for Heav'n's relief,
And throgs undoes with hope, by one drawn [prise.
- " In many figures by reflex were sent,
Through this black vault (instructive to the That early, and this tardy penitent; [minde)
For with Obsidian stone 'twas chiefly lin'd,
- " The seats were made of Ethiopian wood,
The polish'd ebony, but thinly fill'd;
For none this place by Nature understood;
And practise, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.
- " Yet these, whom Heav'n's misterious choice
fetch'd in,
Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;
For having softly mourn'd away their sin,
They grow so certain, as to need no hope.
- " At a low door they enter, but depart
Through a large gate, and to fair fields proceed;
Where Astragon makes Nature last by art,
And such long summers shows, as ask no seed."
- Whilst Ulfm this black temple thus exprest
To these kind youths, whom equal soul endeers;
(Goltho, and Ulfinoire, in friendship blest)
A second gen'ral shout salutes their cares.
- To the glad voice of praise this shout does call!
" To pray'r," (said he) " no summons us invites,
Because distress does thither summon all;
As the loud tole to penitence excites.
- " But since, dull men to gratitude are slow;
And joy'd consent of hearts is high Heaven's choice;
To this of praise, shouts summon us to goe:
Of hearts assembled, the unfeign'd voice.
- " And since, wise Astragon, with due applause,
Kinde Heav'n, for his success, on Nature payes;
This day victorious art has giv'n him cause,
Much to augment Heav'n's lov'd reward of praise.
- " For this effectuall day his art reveal'd,
What has so oft made Nature's spies to pine,
The loadstone's mistick use, so long conceal'd
In close allyance with the courser mine.
- " And this, in sleepe vision, he was bid
To register in characters unknown;
Which Heav'n will have from navigators hid,
Till Saturne's walk be twenty circuits grown.
- " For as religion (In the warm east bred)
And arts (which next to it most needfull were)
From vices sprung from their corruption, fled;
And thence vouchsaf'd a cold plantation here;
- " So when they here again corrupted be,
(For man can even his antidotes infect)
Heav'n's reserv'd world they in the west shall see;
To which this stone's hid vertue will direct.
- " Religion then (whose age this world upbraids,
As scorn'd deformitie) will thither steer;
Serv'd at fit distance by the arts, her maids;
Which grow too bold, when they attend too near.
- " And some, whom traffick thither tempts, shall
thence [shrines,
In her exchange (though they did grudge her
And poorly banish'd her to save expence) [mines-
Bring home the idol, gold, from new found
- " Till then, sad pilots must be often lost,
Whilst from the ocean's dreaded face they
shrink;
And seeking safety near the cous'ning coast,
With windes surpris'd, by rocky ambush sink.
- " Or if success rewards, what they endure,
The world's chief jewel, time, they then engage
And forfeit (trusting long the Cynosure) [age-
To bring home nought but wretched gold, and
- " Yet when this plague of ignorance shall end,
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us most;
Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend)
Then lower'd sayles no more shall tide the coast.
- " They with new tops to formasts and the main,
And misens new, shall th' ocean's breast invade;
Stretch new sayles out, as armes to entertain
Those windes, of which their fathers were afraid.
- " Then (sure of either pole) they will with pride,
In ev'ry storm, salute this constant stone!
And scorn that star, which ev'ry cloud could hide;
The seamen's spark! which soon, as seen, is gone!
- " 'Tis sung, the ocean shall his bonds untie,
And earth in half a globe be pent no more;
Typhis shall saile, till Thule be descry,
But a domestick step to distant shore!
- " This Astragon had read; and what the Greek,
Old Cretias, in Egyptian books had found;
By which, his travai'l'd soul, new worlds did seek,
And div'd to find the old Atlantis drown'd."
- Grave Ulfm thus discours'd; and now he brings
The youths to view the temple built for Praise;
Where olive, for th' Olympian victor springs;
Mirtle, for love's; and for war's triumph, bayes.
- These, as rewards of praise, about it grew;
For lib'rall praise, from an abundant minde,
Does even the conqueror of Fate subdue;
Since Heav'n's good king is captive to the kinde.
- Dark are all thrones, to what this temple seem'd;
Whose marble veines out-shin'd Heav'n's various bow;
And would (eclipsing all proud Rome esteem'd)
To northern eyes, like eastern mornings, show.
- From Paros isle, was brought the milkie white;
From Sparta, came the green, which cheers the
From Araby, the blushing onychite, [view;
And from the Misnian hills, the deeper blew.
- The arched front did on vaste pillars fall;
Where all harmonious instruments their spie
Drawn out in bosse; which from the astrigall
To the flat frise, in apt resemblance lie.
- Toss'd figuralls (which the sullen Jewes admir'd)
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,
Or flying fingers, touch'd into a voice.

In statute o're the gate, God's fav'rite-king
 (The author of celestial praise) did stand;
 His quire (that did his sonnets set and sing)
 In niches rang'd, attended either hand.

From these, old Greeks sweet musick did improve;
 The solemn Dorian did in temples charm,
 The softer Lydian sooth'd to bridal love,
 And warlike Phrygian did to battel warm!

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence saw
 Glory, too solid great to taste of pride;
 So sacred pleasant, as preserves an awe;
 Though jealous priests, it neither praise nor hide.

Tapers and lamps are not admitted here;
 Those, but with shaddowes, give false beauty
 And this victorious glory can appear [grace;
 Unvayl'd before the Sun's meridian face:

Whose eastern lustre rashly enters now;
 Where it his own mean infancy displays;
 Where it does man's chief obligation show;
 In what does most adorn the house of Praise;

The great creation by bold pencils drawn;
 Where a feign'd curtain does our eyes forbid,
 Till the Sun's parent, Light, first seems to dawn
 From quiet Chaos, which that curtain hid.

Then this all-rev'renc'd Sun (God's hasty spark
 Struck out of Chaos, when he first struck light)
 Flies to the spheres, where first he found all dark,
 And kindled there th' unkindled lamps of night.

Then motion, Nature's great preservative,
 Tun'd order in this world, life's restless inn;
 Gave tydes to seas, and caus'd stretch'd plants to
 live; [bin-
 Else plants but seeds, and seas but lakes had

But this fourth fiat, warming what was made,
 (For light ne'r warm'd, till it did motion get)
 The picture fills the world with woody shade;
 To show how Nature thrives by motion's heat.

Then to those woods the next quick fiat brings
 The feather'd kinde; where merrily they fed,
 As if their hearts were lighter than their wings;
 For yet no cage was fram'd, nor net was spread.

The same fifth voice does seas and rivers store;
 Then into rivers brooks the painter powres,
 And rivers into seas; which (rich before)
 Return their gifts, to both, exhal'd in show'rs.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought,
 Seems to denote the speaker was in haste,
 As if more worlds were framing in his thought)
 Adds to this world one fiat, as the last.

Then strait an universal herd appears;
 First gazing on each other in the shade;
 Wondring with levell'd eyes, and lifted eares,
 Then play, whilst yet their tyrant is unmade.

And man, the painter now presents to view;
 Haughty without, and busie still within;
 Whom, when his furr'd and horned subjects knew,
 Their sport is ended, and their fears begin.

But here (to cure this tyrant's sullenness)
 The painter has a new false curtain drawn,
 Where, beauty's hid creation to express;
 From thence, harmless as light, he makes it
 dawn.

From thence breaks lov'ly forth, the world's first
 maid;

Her breast, Love's cradle, where Love quiet lies;
 Nought yet had seen so foule, to grow afraid,
 Nor gay, to make it cry with longing eyes.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her monarch steals;
 She wonders, till so vain his wonder grows,
 That it his feeble sov'raignty reveals;
 Her beauty then, his manhood does depose.

Deep into shades the painter leads them now;
 To hide their future deeds; then stormes does
 raise [grow

O're Heav'n's smooth face, because their life does
 Too black a story for the house of Praise.

A noble painted vision next appears: [waste:
 Where all Heav'n's frowns in distant prospect
 And nought remains, but a short shower of tears,
 Shed, by its pity, for revenges past.

The world's one ship, from th' old to a new world
 bound;

Freighted with life (chief of uncertain trades!)
 After five moons at drift, lies now a ground;
 Where her frail stowage, she in haste unloads.

On Persian Caucasus the eight descend;
 And seem their trivial beings to deplore;
 Griev'd to begin this world in th' other's end;
 And to behold wrack'd nations on the shore,

Each humbled thus, his beasts led from aboard,
 As fellow passengers, and heirs to breath;
 Joynt tenants to the world, he not their lord;
 Such likeness have we in the glass of death.

Yet this humility begets their joy; [veys)
 And taught, that Heav'n (which fully sin sur-
 Was partial where it did not quite destroy;
 So made the whole world's dirge their song of
 praise.

This first redemption to another led,
 Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;
 That but a few did respit from the dead,
 This all the dead, from second death protects.

And know, lost Nature! this resemblance was
 Thy franke Redeemer, in ascension shown;
 When Hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;
 Hell, which before, man's common grave was
 grown.

By pencils this was exquisitely wrought;
 Rounded in all the curious would behold;
 Where life came out, and met the painter's
 thought; [bold.
 The force was tender, though the strokes were

The holy mourners, who this Lord of life
 Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;
 So well the painter drew their passions' strife,
 To follow him with bodies, as with eyes.

This was the chief which in this temple did,
 By pencil's rhetorique, to praise persuade;
 Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;
 Who shine all painted glory into shade.

Lord Astragon a purple mantle wore,
 Where Nature's story was in colours wrought;
 And though her ancient text seem'd dark before,
 'Tis in this pleasant comment clearly taught.

Such various flowry wreaths th' assembly wear,
 As shew'd them wisely proud of Nature's pride;
 Which so adorn'd them, that the courtiest here
 Did seem a prosp'rous bridegroom, or a bride.
 All show'd as fresh, and faire, and innocent,
 As virgins to their lovers' first survey; [spent,
 Joy'd as the spring, when March his sighs has
 And April's sweet rash teares are dry'd by May.
 And this confed'rate joy so swell'd each breast,
 That joy would turn to pain without a vent;
 Therefore their voices Heav'n's renown express;
 Though tongues ne'r reach, what miendes so nobly meant.

Yet Music here, show'd all her art's high worth;
 Whilst virgin-trebles, seem'd, with bashfull
 To call the bolder marry'd tenor forth; [grace,
 Whose manly voice challeng'd the giant base.

To these the swift soft instruments reply;
 Whisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;
 Whose louder notes, to neighb'ring forrests flie,
 And summon Nature's voluntary quire.

These Astragon, by secret skill had taught,
 To help, as if in artfull consort bred;
 Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,
 Whose care their careless merry fathers fed.

Hither, with borrow'd strength, duke Gondibert
 Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds
 allow;

And high Heav'n's praise in music of the heart,
 He inward sings, to pay a victor's vow.

Praise is devotion, fit for mighty miendes;
 The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
 Where Heaven divided faiths united findes:
 But pray'r, in various discord, upward lies.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversly
 Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
 Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
 That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

By penitence, when we our selves forsake,
 'Tis but in wise design on pitious Heaven;
 In praise we nobly give what God may take,
 And are without a beggar's blush forgiven.

Its utmost force, like powder's, is unknown;
 And tho' weak kings excess of praise may fear,
 Yet when 'tis here, like powder dang'rous grown,
 Heaven's vault receives what would the palace
 tear.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duke's wish'd health in doubtfull wounds
 assur'd,

Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:
 Nature in Birtha Art's weak help derides,
 Which strives to mend what it at best hid hides;
 Shows Nature's coarser works, so hid, more course,
 As sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, grows worse.

Let none our Lombard author rudely blame,
 Who from the story has thus long digrest;
 But, for his righteous paines, may his fair fame
 For ever travell, whilst his ashes rest.

Ill could he leave Art's shop of Nature's store,
 Where she the hidden soul would make more
 known;

Though common faith seeks souls, which is no more
 Than long opinioa to religion grown.

A while then let this sage historian stay
 With Astragon, till he new wounds reveales,
 And such (though now the old are worn away)
 As balm, nor juice of pyrol, never heales.

To Astragon, Heav'n for succession gave
 One onely pledge, and Birtha was her name;
 Whose mother slept where flow'rs grew on her grave,
 And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
 Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;
 And her minde's beauty they would rather choose,
 Which did the light in beautie's lantern seem.

She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone
 With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
 Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
 For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busie cities bin; [fears;
 Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with
 Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
 And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
 Which with incessant business fill'd the houres;
 In spring, she gather'd blossoms for the still;
 In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kinde Nature, with calm diligence,
 Her own free vertue silently employs,
 Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,
 So were her vertues busie without nois.

Whilst her great mistris, Nature, thus she tends,
 The busie household waites no less on her;
 By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
 Though all her lowly minde to that prefer.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
 With morning looks; and they, when she does
 Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall, [rise,
 And droop like flowers, when evening shuts her
 eyes.

The sooty chymist, (who his sight does waste,
 Attending lesser fires) she passing by,
 Broke his lov'd lymbick, through enamour'd haste,
 And let, like common dew, th' elixer fly.

And here the grey philosophers resort,
 Who all to her, like crafty courtiers, bow;
 Hoping for secrets now in Nature's court,
 Which only she (her fav'rite maid) can know.

These, as the lords of science, she respects,
 And with familiar beams their age she cheers;
 Yet all those civil formes seem but neglects
 To what she shoves, when Astragon appears.

For as she once from him her being took,
 She hourly takes her law; reads with swift sight
 His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
 And shows, by haste, obedience her delight.

She makes (when she at distance to him bowes)
 His int'rest in her mother's beauty known,
 For that's th' original whence her copy grows,
 And near originalls, copys are not shewn.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear
Of flowers, which she in mistick order ties;
And with the sacrifice of many a teare
Salutes her loyal mother in her eyes.

The just historians Birtha thus express,
And tell how, by her syre's example taught,
She serv'd the wounded duke in life's distress,
And his fled spirits back by cordials brought.

Black melancholy mists, that fed despair
Thro' wounds' long rage, with sprinkled vermin
Strew'd leaves of willow to refresh the air, [cleer'd;
And with rich fumes his sullen senses cheer'd.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him
endures;
For Love makes Birtha shift with Death his dart,
And she kills faster than her father cures.

Her heedless innocence as little knew [took;
The wounds she gave, as those from Love she
And Love lifts high each secret shaft he drew,
Which at their stars he first in triumph shooke!

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
But finds him now a bold unquiet guest,
Who climbs to windowes, when we shut the dore;
And enter'd, never lets the master rest.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this reveller with shame;
She not the robber knows, yet feels the stealth,
And never but in songs had heard his name.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts
Which country lovers wear in bleeding seals,
Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such darts,
As make those wounds that onely Hymen heals.

And this, her ancient maid, with sharpe complaints,
Heard, and rebuk'd; & shook her experienc'd head;
With teares becougth her not to jest at saints,
Nor mock those martyrs Love had captive led.

Nor think the pious poets e're would waste
So many teares in ink, to make maids mourn,
If injur'd lovers had in ages past
The lucky mirtle, more than willow, worn.

This grave rebuke officious memory
Presents to Birtha's thought, who now believ'd
Such sighing songs, as tell why lovers dy,
And prais'd their faith, who wept, when poets
griev'd.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
To take her heart aside in secret shade;
But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,
Or by coas'd'racie was useless made;

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
As his behaviour shows him not at home,
Nor the guide sober that him thither brought.

Yet with his forraign heart she does begin
To treat of love, her most unstudy'd theme;
And like young conscienc'd casuists, thinks that sin,
Which will by talk and practise lawfull seeme.

With open eares, and ever-waking eyes,
And flying feet, love's fire she from the sight
Of all her maids does carry, as from spys; [light.
Jcalous, that what burns her, might give them

Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of
thought;
Fond maids! who love with minde's fine stuff would
Which Nature purposely of bodys wrought.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels kinde;
Such as in holy story were employ'd
To the first fathers, from th' Eternal Minde,
And in short vision onely are enjoy'd.

As eagles then, when nearest Heaven they flie,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below:

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

"If I do love," (said she) "that love (O Heav'n!)
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me!
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to show effects which you decree?"

"And you, my alter'd mother, (grown above
Great Nature, which you read and revrenc'd
here)

Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were."

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Her self into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

Already thinks the duke, her own spous'd lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battel brought,
Where all false lovers perish'd by his sword,
The true to her for his protection sought.

She thinks, how her imagin'd spouse and she,
So much from Heaven, may by her vertues gain;
That they by Time shall ne'r o'retaken be,
No more than Time himself is overta'ne.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass,
Heav'n's favour may repay their summers gone,
And he so mix their sand in a slow glass,
That they shall live, and not as two, but one.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough winde
In their pacifique sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kinde,
Her eares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway,
(The youthful warrior's most excus'd disease)
Such chance her teares shall calm, as showres allay
The accidental rage of windes and seas.

She thinks, that babes proceed from mingling eyes,
Or Heav'n from neighbourhood increase allows,
As palm, and the mamora fructifies;
Or they are got by close exchanging vows.

But come they (as she hears) from mother's pain,
(Which by th' unlucky first-maid's longing,
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain, [proves
So they be like this heav'nly man she loves.

But Astragoe such kind inquiries made,
Of all which to his art's wise cares belong,
As his sick silence he does now disswade,
And, midst Love's fears, gives courage to his
tongue.

Then thus he spake with Love's humility:
"Have pity, father! and since first so kinde,
You would not let this worthless body die,
Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my minde!

"A minde so lately lucky, as it here
Has vertue's mirroure found, which does reflect
Such blemishes as custom made it weare,
But more authentick Nature does detect.

"A minde long sick of monarchs' vain disease,
Not to be fill'd, because with glory fed,
So busie it condemn'd even war of ease,
And for their useless rest despis'd the dead.

"But since it here has vertue quiet found,
It thinks (tho' storms were wish'd by it before)
All sick, at least at sea, that scape undrown'd,
Whom glory serves as winde, to leave the shore.

"All vertue is to yours but fashion now,
Religion, art: internals are all gon,
Or outward turn'd, to satisfie with show,
Not God, but his inferiour eye, the Sun.

"And yet, though vertue be as fashion sought,
And now religion rules by art's prais'd skill;
Fashion is vertue's mimick, falsely taught;
And art, but Nature's ape, which plays her ill.

"To this blest house, (great Nature's court) all
courts
Compar'd, are but dark closets for retreat
Of private mindes, battels but children's sports;
And onely simple good, is solid great.

"Let not the minde, thus freed from error's night,
(Since you repriev'd my body from the grave)
Perish for being now in love with light,
But let your vertue, vertue's lover save.

"Birtha I love; and who loves wisely so,
Steps far tow'rds all which vertue can attain;
But if we perish, when tow'rds Heav'n we go,
Then I have learnt that vertue is in vain."

And now his heart (extracted through his eyes
In Love's elixer, tears) does soon subdue
Old Astragoe, whose pity, though made wise
With Love's false essences, likes these as true.

The duke he to a secret bowre does lead,
Where he his youth's first story may attend;
To guess, ere he will et his love proceed,
By such a dawning, how his day will end.

For vertue, though a rarely planted flowre,
Was in the seed by this wise florist known;
Who could foretel, euen in her springing houre,
What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Birtha her first unpractic'd love bewailes,
Whilst Gondibert on Astragoe prevails,
By shewing high ambition is of use,
And glory in the good needs no excuse.
Golto a grief to Ulfnore reveales,
Whilst he a greater of his own conceales.

BIRTHA her griefs to her apartment brought,
Where all her maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise
Their voices, whilst their busie fingers wrought
To deck the altar of the house of Praise.

But now she findes their musick turn'd to care,
Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;
Silent and sad as with'ring fav'rites are,
Who for their sick indulgent monarch mourne.

Thula, (the eldest of this silence'd quire)
When Birtha at this change astonish'd was,
With hasty whisper begg'd her to retire,
And on her knees thus tells their sorrow's cause:

"Forgive me such experience as, too soon,
Shew'd me unlucky Love, by which I guess
How maids are by their innocence undone,
And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

"Forgive such passion as to speech persuades,
And to my tongue my observation brought;
And then forgive my tongue, which to your maids
Too rashly carry'd what experiance taught.

"For since I saw this wounded stranger here,
Your inward musick still untun'd has been;
You who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,
And practis'd grief, e're you did know to sin.

"This being Love, to Agatha I told,
Did on her tongue, as on still death, rely;
But winged Love she was too young to hold,
And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

"Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow,
Which makes them now their time in silence
waste;
Makes their neglected needles move so slow,
And thro' their eyes their hearts dissolve so faste.

"For oft, dire tales of Love has fill'd their heads;
And while they doubt you in that tyrant's pow'r,
The spring (they think) may visit woods and meads,
But scarce shall hear a bird, or see a flow'r."

"Ah! how?" (said Birtha) "shall I dare confesse
My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient spy?
Thou (Thula) who didst run to tell thy guesse,
With secrets known, wilt to confession flie.

"But if I love this prince, and have in Heav'n
Made any friends by rows, you need not fear
He will make good the feature Heav'n has giv'n,
And be as harmless as his looks appear.

"Yet I have heard that men, whom maids think
kinde,
Calm as forgiven saints at their last hour,
Oft prove like seas, irag'd by ev'ry winde,
And all to whom their bosoms trust, detour,

- " Howe're, Heav'n knows, (the witness of the
minde)
My heart bears men no malice, nor esteems
Young princes of the common cruel kinde,
Nor love so foul as it in story seems.
- " Yet if this prince brought love, what e're it be,
I must suspect, though I accuse it not;
For since he came, my medic'nal huswifrie,
Confections, and my stills, are all forgot.
- " Blossoms in windes, berries in frosts, may fall!
And flowers sink down in rain! for I no more
Shall maids to woods for early gath'rings call,
Nor haste to gardens to prevent a showre."
- Then she retires; and now a lovely shame,
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her cheeks;
In a dark lanthorn she would bear love's flame,
To hide her self, whilst she her lover seeks,
- And to that lover let our song return:
Whose tale so well was to her father told,
As the philosopher did seem to mourn
That youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.
- Yet Birtha was so precious in his eyes,
And her dead mother still so near his mind,
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere such a pledg he to his trust resign'd.
- " Whoe're" (said he) " in thy first story looks,
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the dead;
For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
And in the camp, (Death's moving palace) bred.
- " Wise youth, in books and batails, early findes
What thoughtles lazy men perceive too late;
Books show the utmost conquests of our minds,
Batails, the best of our lov'd bodys' fate.
- " Yet this great breeding, joynd with kings' high
blood,
(Whose blood ambition's feaver over-heats)
May spoile digestion, which would else be good,
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest meats.
- " For though books serve as diet of the minde,
If knowledge, early got, self value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to windes,
And what should nourish, on the eater feeds.
- " Though war's great shape best educates the sight,
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shews victors but authentick murderers are.
- " And I may fear that your last victories
Were glory's toys, and you will ill abide
(Since with new trophies still you fed your eyes)
Those little objects which in shades we hide.
- " Could you, in Fortune's smiles, foretel her
frowns,
Our old foes slain, you would not hunt for new;
But victors, after wreaths, pretend to crowns,
And such think Rhodalind their valour's due."
- To this the noble Gondibert replies:
" Think not ambition can my duty sway;
I look on Rhodalind with subject's eyes,
Whom he that conquers must in right obey.
- " And though I humanly have heretofore
All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
Nor think a crown can raise his value more,
To whom already Heav'n does love allow.
- " Though, since I gave the Hunns their last defeat,
I have the Lombards' ensignes onward led,
Ambition kindled not this victor's heat,
But 'tis a warmth my father's prudence bred.
- " Who cast on more than wolvisb man his eie,
Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw
That caus'd not his devouring maledy;
But, like a wanton whelp, he loves to gnaw.
- " Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease
Nature (whose law is temperance) ne'r inspires;
But 'tis a humour, which fond man does please,
A luxury, fruition only tires.
- " And as in persons, so in publick states,
The lust of pow'r provokes to cruel warre;
For wisest senates it intoxicates,
And makes them vain, as single persons are.
- " Men into nations it did first divide, [stiles;
Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them diff'rent
Rivers, whose breadth inhabitants may stride,
Part them as much as continents and isles.
- " On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd ground,
The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits, by a border and a bound,
What was before as passable as air:
- " Whilst change of languages oft breeds a warre,
(A change which fashion does as oft obtrude,
As women's dresse) and oft complexions are,
And diff'rent names, no less a cause of feud.
- " Since men so causelesly themselves devour,
(And hast'ning still their else too basty fates,
Act but continu'd massacres for pow'r)
My father ment to chastise kings and states.
- " To overcome the world, till but one crowne
And universal neighbourhood be saw;
Till all were rich by that alliance grown,
And want no more should be the cause of law.
- " One family the world was first design'd;
And tho' some fighting kings so sever'd are,
That they must meet by help of seas and winds,
Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil warre.
- " Nor could religion's heat, if one rul'd all,
To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;
And hasten us from Earth, ere age does call,
Who are (alas!) of Heav'n so little sure.
- " Religion ne'r, till divers monarchys;
Taught that almighty Heav'n needs armys' aid;
But with contentions kings she now complies,
Who seem, for their own cause, of God's afraid.
- " To joyne all sever'd pow'rs (which is to end
The cause of war) my father onward fought;
By war the Lombard scepter to extend
Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly sought.
- " He lost in this attempt his last dear blood;
And I (whom no remoteness can deterr,
If what seems difficult be great and good)
Thought his example could not make me err.
- " No place I merit in the book of Fame! [fill'd;
Whose leaves are by the Greeks and Romans
Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,
And she has heard to whom the Hunns did yield.
- " But let not what so needfully was done,
Tho' still pursu'd, make you ambition feare;
For could I force all monarchys to one,
That universal crowne I would not weare.

" He who does blindly soar at Rhodalind, [ease ;
Mounts, like seel'd doves, still higher from his
And in the lust of empire he may finde,
High hope does better than fruition please.

" The victor's solid recompence is' rest ;
And 'tis unjust that chiefs, who pleasure shunn,
Toying in youth, should be in age oppress
With greater toyles, by ruling what they wonn.

" Here all reward of conquest I would finde,
Leave shining thrones for Birtha in a shade ;
With Nature's quiet wonders fill my minde,
And praise her most, because she Birtha made."

Now Astragon (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd
How nobly Heav'n for Birtha did provide ;
Oft had he for her parted mother griev'd,
But can this joy, less than that sorrow, hide.

With teares bids Gondibert to Heav'n's eie make
All good within, as to the world he seems ;
And in gain'd Birtha then from Hymen take
All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

Straight to his lov'd philosophers he hies,
Who now at Nature's counsel busy are
To trace new lights, which some old gazer spies,
Whilst the duke seeks more busily his starre.

But in her search, he is by Goltho stay'd,
Who in a close dark covert foldes his armes ;
His eies with thoughts grow darker than that shade,
Such thoughts as yielding breasts with study
warms.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his eie !
His senses he calls in, as if t' improve,
By outward absence, inward extacie,
Such as makes prophets, or is made by love.

" Awake !" (said Gondibert) " for now in vain
Thou dream'st of sov'raignty and war's success ;
Hope nought has left, which worth should wish to
And all ambition is but hope's excess. [gain ;

" Bid all our worthies to unarm, and rest !
For they have nought to conquer worth their
I have a father's right in Birtha's breast, [care ;
And that's the peace for which the wise make
warre."

At this starts Goltho, like some army's chief,
Whom, unintrench'd, a midnight larum wakes ;
By pawe then gave disorder'd sence relief,
And this reply with kindled passion makes :

" What means my prince to make so low a boast,
Whose merit may aspire to Rhodalind ?
For who could Birtha miss if she were lost,
That shall by worth the other's treasure find ?

" When your high blood and conquests shall submit
To such mean joys, in this unminde shade,
Let courts, without Heav'n's lamp, in darkness sit,
And war become the lowly shepheard's trade.

" Birtha (a harmless country ornament !)
May be his bride, that's born himself to serve ;
But you must pay that blood your army spent,
And wed that empire which, our wounds de-
serve."

This brought the duke's swift anger to his eies,
Which his consid'rate heart rebuk'd as faste ;
He Goltho chid, in that he nought replies,
Leaves him, and Birtha seeks with lover's haste.

Now Goltho mourns, yet not that Birtha's fair,
Or that the duke shuns empire for a bride ;
But that himself must joyne love to despair ;
Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.
He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
From Oswald's field, where, though he wounds
did scape

In tempting death, and here no danger sought,
Yet here meet worse than death in beauty's shape.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in warres,
And not till now for beauty leasure had ;
Yet bore love's load, as youth bears other cares,
Till new despair makes love's old weight too sad.

But Ulfinoe does hither aptly come,
His second breast, in whom his griefs' excess
He may ebb out, where they o'reflow at home ;
Such griefs, as thus in throngs for utterance press.

" Forgive me, that so falsly am thy friend !
No more our hearts for kindness shall contest ;
Since mine I hourly on another spend,
And now embrace thee with an empty breast.

" Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault,
Who walks with her first force in Birtha's shape ;
And when she spreads the net to have us caught,
It were in youth presumption to escape.

" When Birtha's grief so comely did appear,
Whilst she beheld our wounded duke's distresse ;
Then first my alter'd heart began to fear, [sence."
Least too much love should friendship dispos-

But this whilst Ulfinoe wit's sorrow hears,
Him Goltho's busier sorrow little heeds ;
And though he could reple in sighs and tears,
Yet governs both, and Goltho thus proceeds :

" To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd,
I lack'd experience why to be afraid ;
Was too unlearn'd to read whom Love had harm'd,
But have his will, as Nature's law, obey'd.

" Th' obedient and defenceless, sure, no law
Afflicts, for law is their defence and pow'r ;
Yet me, Love's sheep, whom rigour needs not aw,
Wolf-love, because defencelesse, does devour :

" Gives me not time to perish by degrees,
But with despair does me at once destroy ;
For none who Gondibert a lover sees,
Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

" Birtha he loves ; and I from Birtha fear
Death, that in rougher figure I despise !"
This Ulfinoe did with distemper hear,
Yet with dissembled temp'rance thus replies :

" Ah, Goltho ! who love's fever can assuage ?
For though familiar seem that old disease,
Yet, like religion's fit, when people rage,
Few cure those evils which the patient please.

" Nature's religion, love, is still perverse,
And no commerce with cold discretion hath ;
For if discretion speak when love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by love, as reason is by faith."

As Gondibert left Goltho when he heard
His saint profan'd, as if some plague were nie ;
So Goltho now leaves Ulfinoe, and fear'd
To share such vengeance, if he did not flie.

How each at home o're-rates his miserie,
And thinks that all are musical abroad,
Unfetter'd as the winds, whilst onely he,
Of all the glad and licens'd world, is aw'd.

And as cag'd birds are by the fowler set
To call in more, whilst those that taken be,
May think (though they are pris'ners in the net)
Th' incag'd, because they sing, sometimes are
free.

So Goltho (who by Ulfnore was brought
Here, where he first love's dangers did perceive
In beauty's field) thinks, tho' himself was caught,
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

But Ulfnore (whom neighbourhood led here)
Impressions took before from Birtha's sight;
Ideas which in silence hidden were,
As Heav'n's designs before the birth of light.

This from his father Ulfu he did hide,
Who, strict to youth, would not permit the best
Reward of worth, the bosome of a bride,
Should be but after virtuous toyles possess.

For Ulfnore, (in blooming honour yet)
Tho' he had learnt the count'nance of the foe,
And tho' his courage could dull armys whet,
The care o're crouds, nor conduct could not
know :

Nor varie batails' shapes in the foss' view ;
But now in forraigne fields meanes to improve
His early arts, to what his father knew,
That merit so might get him leave to love.

Till then, check'd passion shall not venture forth :
And now retires with a disorder'd heart ;
Griev'd, least his rival should by early'r worth
Get love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack,
Or as misguided travellers that rove,
Oft shode their way by going somewhat back ;
So let's return, thou ill conductor, Love !

Thy little wanton godhead, as my guide,
I have attended many a winter night,
To seek whom time for honour's sake would hide,
Since in mine age sought by a wasted light :

But ere my remnant of life's lamp be spent,
Whilst I in lab'rins stray amongst the dead ;
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

Thy walk (though as a common deitie
The croud does follow thee) misterious grows,
For Rhodalind may now closs mourner die,
Since Gondibert, too late, her sorrow knows.

Young Hurgonil above dear light prefers
Calm Orna, who his highest love outloves ;
Yet envious clouds in Lombard registers [proves.
O'recast their morn, what e're their evening

For fatal Laura, trusty Tybalt pines ;
For haughty Gartha, subtle Hermegild ;
Whilst she her beauty, youth, and birth declines ;
And as to fate, does to ambition yield.

Great Gondibert, to bashful Birtha bends,
Whom she adores like vertue in a throne ;
Whilst Ulfnore and Goltho (late vow'd friends
By him) are now his rivals, and their owne.

Through ways thus intricate to lovers' urnes
Thou leadst me, Love, to show thy trophies past ;
Where Time (less cruel than thy godhead) mournes
In ruins which thy pride would have to last.

Where I on Lombard monuments have read
Old lovers' names, and their fam'd ashes spy'd ;
But less can learn by knowing they are dead,
And such their tombes ; than, how they liv'd,
and dy'd.

To Paphos fie! and leave me sullen here !
This lamp shall light me to records which give
To future youth so just a cause of feare,
That it will valour seem to dare to live !

GONDIBERT.

THE THIRD BOOK¹.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The people, left by Gartha, leave to mourn,
And worship Hermegild for her return.
The wounded Hurgonil by Orna cur'd ;
Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.
In Laura's hasty change love's pow'r appears,
And Tybalt seeks the kindness which he fears.

When sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape
Departed peace brought back, the court they
prais'd ;

And seem'd so joy'd as cities which escape
A siege, that by their own brave sallies rais'd.
And Hermegild, to make her triumph long,
Thro' all the streets his chariot slowly drove ;
Whilst she endures the kindness of the throng,
Tho' rude, as was their rage, is new their love.

On Hermegild (so longingly desir'd) [gaze ;
From Hubert's camp) with childish eyes they
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,
And all his arts to mighty magick raise.

On both they such abundant blessings throw.
As if those num'rous priests who here reside,
(Loath to out-live this joy) assembled now
In haste to bless the laytie e're they dyde.

Thus dignify'd and crown'd thro' all the streets,
To court they come, where them wise Aribert
Not weakly with a publick passion meets ;
But in his open'd face conceal'd his heart.

With mod'rate joy he took this pledge of peace,
Because great joys infer to judging eyes
The minde distress'd before ; and in distress,
Thrones, which are jealous forts, think all are
spies.

Yet, by degrees, a soul delighted shoves
To Gartha, whom he leads to Rhodalind ;
And soon to Hermegild as artless grows
As maids, and like successful lovers' kind.

And Rhodalind, though bred to daily sight
Of court's feign'd faces, and pretended hearts,
(In which disguises courts take no delight,
But little mischiefs shun by little arts.)

¹ Written by the author during his imprison-
ment.

She, when she Gartha saw, no kindness feign'd,
 But faithfully her former rage excus'd;
 For now she others' sorrows entertain'd,
 As if to love, a maid's first sorrow, us'd.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet,
 Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;
 To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,
 As Hybla honey, or Arabian dew.

And Gartha, like an eastern monarch's bride,
 This publick love with bashful homage took;
 For she had learn'd from Hermegild to hide
 A rising heart behind a falling look.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much intreat
 A pardon for that storm her sorrow rais'd;
 Which Rhodalind more sues she would forget,
 Unless to have as just a sorrow prais'd.

Soon is this joy thro' all the court dispers'd;
 So high they value peace, who daily are
 In pride's invasions, private faction, vers'd;
 The small but fruitful seed of publick warre.

Whilst thus sweet peace had others' joys assur'd,
 Orna with hopes of sweeter love was pleas'd;
 For of war's wounds brave Hurgonil was cur'd,
 And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

In both these cures her sov'raign help appears,
 Since, as her double patient, he receiv'd,
 For bloody wounds, balm from her precious tears,
 And bloodless wounds of love her vows reliev'd.

She let no med'cinal flow'r in quiet grow,
 No art lie hid, nor artist ease his thought,
 No fane be shut, no priest from altars goe,
 Nor in Heav'n's quire no saint remain unsought;

Nor more her eyes could ease of sleep esteem,
 Than sleep can the world's eye, the Sun, conceal;
 Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,
 Till Heav'n and she his different wounds did heal.

But now she needs those ayds she did dispence;
 For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,
 Ere shame afflicts her for that diligence,
 Which love had in her fits of pitty shewn,

When she, (though made of cautious bashfulness)
 Whilst him in wounds a smarting fever burn'd,
 Iavok'd remotest aydes to his redress,
 And with a loud un govern'd kindness moorn'd.

When o're him then, whilst parting life she ru'd,
 Her kisses faster (though unknown before)
 Than blossomes fall on parting spring she strew'd;
 Than blossomes sweeter, and in number more.

But now when from her busie maid she knew
 How wildly grief had led her love abroad,
 Unmask'd to all, she her own pris'ner grew;
 By shame, a virgin's native conscience, aw'd.

With undirected eyes, which careless rove,
 With thoughts too singly to her self confin'd,
 She, blushing, starts at her remember'd love,
 And grieves the world had eyes, when that was blind.

Sad darkness, which does other virgins fright,
 Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd;
 And shuns her lover, like the traytor, light,
 Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd:

"Why, bashful maid, will you your beauty hide,
 Because your fairer mind, your love, is known?
 So jewellers conceal, with artful pride,
 Their second wealth, after the best is shewn.

"In pitty's passion you unvail'd your minde;
 Let him not fall, whom you did help to climb;
 Nor seem, by being bashful, so unkinde
 As if you think your pitty was a crime.

"O useless shame! officious bashfulness!
 Vertue's vain signe, which onely there appears
 Where vertue grows erroneous by excess, [fears
 And shapes more sins than frighted conscience

"Your blushes, which to meer complexion grow,
 You must as nature, not as vertue, own;
 And for your open'd love, you but blush so
 As guiltless roses blush that they are blown.

"As well the Morn (whose essence poets made,
 And gave her bashful eyes) we may believe
 Does blush for what she sees through night's thin
 shade,
 As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

"Arise! and all the flowers of ev'ry mead
 (Which, weeping through your stills, my health
 restor'd)
 Bring to the temple to adorn your head,
 And there, where you did worship, be ador'd."

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high
 By joys of love) he spake; and not less kinde
 Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,
 Like forward spring) the blooming Rhodalind.

Like summer, goodly Gartha, fully blown;
 Laura, like autumn, with as ripe a look;
 But show'd, by some chill griefs, her Sun was gon,
 Arnold, from whom she life's short glory took.

Like winter, Hermegild; yet not so gray
 And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast,
 That even weak winter is allow'd some day,
 And the ayre cleer, and healthfull in a frost.

All these, and Tybalt too, (unless a spy
 He be, watching who thrives in Laura's sight)
 Came hither, as in kinde conspiracy,
 To hasten Orna to her marriage plight.

And now the priests prepare for this high vow
 All rites, that to their lawes can add a grace;
 To which the sequent knot they not allow,
 Till a spent morn recovers all her face.

And now the streets like summer meads appear!
 For with sweet strewings maids left gardens bare,
 As lovers wish their sweeter buomes were,
 When hid unkindly by dishevel'd haire.

And Orna now (importun'd to possess
 Her long wish'd joys) breaks thro' her blushes so,
 As the fair Morn breaks through her rosysnes,
 And from a like guilt did their blushes grow.

She thinks her love's high sickness now appears
 A fit so weak, as does no med'cine need;
 So soon society can cure those fears
 On which the coward, Solitude, does feed.

They with united joy blest Hurgonil
 And Orna to the sacred temple bring;
 Whilst all the court in triumph show their skill,
 As if long bred by a triumphant king.

Such dayes of joy, before the marriage day,
 The Lombards long by custome had embract;
 Custom, which all, rather than law obey,
 For lawes by force, customes by pleasure, last.

And wisely ancients, by this needfull snare
Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness
As most in marriage swallow with that care,
Which bashfully the wise will ne's confess.

'Tis statesmen's musick, who state's fowlers be,
And singing birds, to catch the wilder, set ;
So bring in more to tame society ;
For wedlock, to the wilde, is the state's net. X

And this loud joy, before the marriage rites,
Like battail's musick which to fights prepare,
Many to strife and sad success invites ;
For marriage is too oft but civil warr.

A truth too amply known to those who read
Great Hymen's roles, tho' he from lovers eyes
Hides his most tragick stories of the dead, [rise.
Least all, like Goths, should 'gainst his temples

And thou (what ere thou art, who dost perchance,
With a hot reader's haste, this song pursue)
Mayst finde, too soon, thou dost too far advance,
And wish it all unread, or else untrue.

For it is sung, (though by a mourning voice)
That in the ides before these lovers had,
With Hymen's publick hand, confirm'd their choice,
A cruel practise did their peace invade.

For Hermegild too studiously foresaw
The count's alliance with the duke's high blood,
Might from the Lombards such affection draw,
As could by Hubert never be withstood.

And he in haste with Gartha does retire,
Where thus his breast he opens to prevent,
That Hymen's hallow'd torch may not take fire,
When all these lesser lights of joy are spent:

" High Heaven (from whose best lights your beauty
grows,
Born high, as highest mindes) preserve you still
From such, who then appear resistless foes,
When they allyance joyn to armes and skill !

" Most by conjunction planets harmfull are ;
So rivers joyning overflow the land,
And forces joyn'd make that destructive warre,
Which else our common conduct may withstand.

" Their knees to Hurgonil the people bow,
And worship Orna in her brother's right ;
They must be sever'd, or like palms will grow,
Which, planted near, out-climbe their native
height

" As windes, whose violence out-does all art,
Act all unseen ; so we as secretly
These branches of that cedar, Gondibert,
Must force till his deep root in rising dy.

" If we make noise whilst our deep workings last,
Such rumour thro' thick towns unbedeod flies,
As winds thro' woods, and we (our great work past)
Like winds will silence tongues, and scape from
eyes."

E're this dark lesson she was clearer taught,
His enter'd slaves place at her rev'renc'd feet
A spacious cabinet, with all things fraught,
Which seem'd for wearing artful, rich, and sweet.

With leisurely delight she by degrees
Lifts ev'ry till, does ev'ry drawer draw ;
But nought which to her sex belongs she sees,
And for the male all nice adornments saw.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her eyes,
Which like a wanton wonder there began ;
But straight she in the lower closet spies
Th' accomplish'd dress and garments of a man.

Then starting, she her hand shrunk nicely back,
As if she had been stung, or that she fear'd
This garment was the skin of that old snake,
Which at the fatal tree like man appear'd.

The ambitious maid at scornfull distance stood,
And bravely seem'd of love's low vices free ;
Though vicious in her minde, not in her blood ;
Ambition is the minde's immodestie ! X

He knew great mindes, disorder'd by mistake,
Defend, thro' pride, the errors they repent ;
And with a lover's fearfulness he spake
Thus humbly, that extremes he might prevent :

" How ill (delightfull maid !) shall I deserve
My life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire,
If I shall vex your vertues, that preserve
Others' weak vertues, which would else expire.

" How, more than death, shall I my life despise,
When your fear'd frowns make me your service
fear !

When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise
You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

" So rude a law your int'rest will impose ;
And solid int'rest must not yield to shame :
Vain shame, which fears you should such honour
As lasts but by intelligence with fame. [loss

" Number, which makes opinion law, can turn
This shape to fashion, which you scorn to use,
Because not by your sex as fashion worn ;
And fashion is but that which numbers choose.

" If you approve what numbers lawful think,
Be bold, for number cancels bashfulness ;
Extremes, from which a king would blushing shrink,
Unblushing senates act as no excess."

Thus be his thoughts (the picture of his minde)
By a dark vayle to sudden sight deny'd,
That she might prise what seem'd so hard to finde ;
For curtains promise worth in what they hide,

He said her manhood would not strange appear
In court, where all the fashion is disguise ;
Where masquerades are serious all the year :
None known but strangers, nor secure but spies.

All rules he reads of living great in courts,
Which some the art of wise dissembling call ;
For pow'r (born to have foes) much weight sup-
ports
By their false strength who thrust to make it fall.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light ;
By eares as open be to all ender'd ;
For the unthinking croud judge by their sight,
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard,

He shuts her breast even from familiar eyes ;
For he who secrets (pow'r's chief treasure) spends
To purchase friendship, friendship dearly buys :
Since pow'r seeks great confederates, more than
friends.

And now with counsels more particular,
He taught her how to wear tow'rdes Rhodalind
Her looks, which of the minde false pictures are ;
And then how Orna may believe her kinde.

How Laura too may be (whose practis'd eyes
Can more detect the shape of forward love)
By treaty caught, though not by a surprise,
Whose aid would precious to her faction prove.

But here he ends his lecture, for he spy'd
(Adorn'd, as if to grace magnifick feasts)
Bright Rhodalind, with the elected bride,
And with the bride all her selected guests.

They Gartha in their civil pity sought,
Whom they in midst of triumphs mist, and feare
Least her full breast (with Hubert's sorrows fraught)
She, like a mourner, came to empty here.

But she and Hermegild are wilde with hast,
As traytors are whom visitants surprize;
Decyph'ring that which fearfully they cast
In some dark place, where viler treason lies.

So open they the fatal cabinet,
To shut things slighter with the consequent;
Then soon their rally'd looks in posture set,
And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

Tybalt, who Laura gravely ever led,
With ceaseless whispers laggs behinde the train,
Trys, since her wary governour is dead,
How the fair fort he may by treaty gain.

For now unhappy Arnold she forsakes,
Yet is he blest that she does various prove,
When his spent heart for no unkindness asks,
Since from the light as sever'd as from love.

Yet as in storms and sickness newly gon,
Some clouds a while and strokes of faintness last;
So, in her brow, so much of grief is shown,
As shows a tempest or a sickness past.

But him no more with such sad eyes she seeks,
As even at feasts would make old tyrants weep;
Nor more attempts to wake him with such shrieks,
As threatned all where Death's deaf pris'ners sleep.

Hugo and him, as leaders, now she names,
Not much as lovers does their fame approve;
Nor her own fate, but chance of battel blames,
As if they dy'd for honour, not for love.

This Tybalt saw, and findes that the turn'd stream
Came fairly flowing to refresh his heart;
Yet could he not forget the kinde esteem
She lately had of Arnold's high desert.

Nor does it often scape his memory,
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her eyes,
After such showeres of love, were quickly drie,
He would them more than lamps in tombs
despise.

And whilst he watch'd like an industrious spy
Her sexe's changes, and revolts of youth,
He still reviv'd this vow as solemnly,
As senates count'nance laws, or synods truth.

But men are frail, more glass than women are!
Tybalt, who with a stay'd judicious heart
Would love, grows vain amidst his gravest care:
Love, free by nature, scorns the bonds of art!

Laura (whose fort he by approach would gain)
With a weak sigh blows up his mine, and smiles,
Gives fire but with her eye, and he is s'ain;
Or treats, and with a whisper him beguiles.

Nor force of arms or arts (O Love!) endures
Thy mightyness; and since we must discern
Diseases fully e're we study cares,
And our own force by others' weakness learn;

Let me to courts and camps thy agent be,
Where all their weakness and diseases spring
From their not knowing, and not hon'ring thee
In those, who Nature in they triumphs sing.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Whilst Birtha and the duke their joyes perseue
In conqu'ring love, Patr does them both subdue
With triumphs, which from court young Orge
brought;

And have in Goltho greater triumphs wrought:
Whose hopes the quiet Ufinore does bear
With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.

THE prosperous Gondibert from Birtha gains
All bashful plights a maid's first bounties give;
Fast vows, which binde Love's captives more than
chains,

Yet free Love's saints in chosen bondage live.

Few were the dayes, and swiftly seem'd to waste,
Which thus he in his minde's fruition spent;
And least some envious cloud should overcast
His love's fair morn, oft to his camp he sent,

To Bergamo, where still intrenched were
Those youth, whom first his father's army bred;
Who ill the rumour of his wounds did bear,
Tho' he that gave them of his own be dead.

And worse those haughty threat'nings they abhor,
Which Fame from Brescia's ancient fighters
brought;

Vain Fame, the people's trusted orator, [wrought,
Whose speech (too fluent) their mistakes has

oft Goltho with his temp'rate counsels went,
To quench whom Fame to dang'rous fury warm'd,
Till temp'rately his dangers they resent,
And think him safest in their patience arm'd.

And safe now is his love, as love could be,
If all the world like old Arcadia were;
Honour the monarch, and all lovers free
From jealousy, as safety is from fear.

And Birtha's heart does to his civil breast
As much for ease and peace, as safety come;
For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a guest,
But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

Like great and good confed'rates, whose desigues
Invades not others, but secures their own,
So they in just and vertuous hopes combine,
And are, like new confed'rates, busie grown.

With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought,
They walk consulting, standing they debate;
And then seek shades, where they in vaine are
sought

By servants, who intrude and think they waite.

In this great league, their most important care
Was to dispatch their rites; yet so provide,
That all the court might think them free as eyes,
When fast as faith they were by Hymen ty'd.

"For if the king" (said he) "our love surprise,
His stormy rage will it rebellion call,
Who claims to choose the brides of his allies,
And in that storm our joys in blossoms fall.

"Our love your cautious father only knows,
(On whose safe prudence senates may depend)
And Goltho, who to time few reckonings owes,
Yet can discharge all duties of a friend."

Such was his mind, and hers (more busy) shows
That bonds of love do make her longer fast
Than Hymen's knot, as plain religion does,
Longer than rites (religion's fashions) last.

That her discretion somewhat does appear,
Since she can love, her mind's chief beauty, hide;
Which never farther went than Thula's care,
Who had (alas!) but for that secret di'de.

That she already had disguises fram'd, [side;
And sought out caves, where she might close re-
As being nor unwilling nor asham'd
To live his captive, so she die his bride.

Full of themselves, delight them onward leads,
Where in the front was to remember view
Exalted hills, and nearer prostrate meads,
With forests flank'd, where shade to darkness
grew.

Beneath that shade two rivers slyly steal,
Through narrow walks, to wider Adice,
Who swallows both, till proudly she does swell,
And hastes to show her beauty to the sea.

And here, whilst forth he sends his ranging eye,
Orgo he spies, who plies the spur so fast,
As if with news of vict'ry he would fly
To leave swift Fame behind him by his haste.

"If," (said the duke) "because this boy is come,
I second gladness show, do not suppose
I spread my breast to give new comforts room,
That were to welcome rain where Nylus flows.

"Though the unripe appearance of a page
For weighty trust, may render him too weak,
Yet this is he, who, more than cautious age,
Or like calm death, will bury what we speak.

"This, Birtha, is the boy, whose skillful face
Is safe from jealousy of oldest spies;
In whom, by whisper, we from distant place
May meet, or wink our meaning to his eyes."

More had he said to gain him her esteem,
But Orgo enters speechless with his speed;
And by his looks more full of haste did seem,
Than when his spurs provok'd his flying steed.

And with his first recover'd breath he cries:
"Hail, my lov'd lord! whom Fame does vantage
That when she swift with your successes flies, [so,
She fears to wrong the world in being slow.

"I bring you more than taste of Fortune's love,
Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd
To think her favours could your gladness move,
Who have more worth than Fortune can reward."

The duke, with smiles, forewarns his hasty tongue,
As loath he should proceed in telling more;
Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,
By hearing what he thought he knew before.

"Thy diligence" (said he) "is high desert,
It does in youth supply defects of skill,
And is of duty the most useful part;
Yet art thou now but slow to Burgomil:

"Who hither, by the Moon's imperfect light,
Came and return'd, without the help of day,
To tell me he has Orna's virgin plight,
And that their nuptials for my presence stay,"

Orgo reply'd: "Though that a triumph be,
Where all false lovers are, like savage kings,
Led captive after love's great victory,
It does but promise what your triumph brings.

"It was the eve to this your holy-day!
And now Verona mistress does appear
Of Lombardy; and all the flowers which May
E're wore, does as the country's favours wear;

"The weary Echo from the hills makes haste,
Vex'd that the bells still call for her replies,
When they so many are, and ring so fast;
Yet oft are silenc'd by the people's cries:

"Who send to Heav'n the name of Rhodalind,
And then duke Gondibert as high they raise,
To both with all their publick passion kinde,
If kindness shine in wishes and in praise.

"The king this day made your adoption known,
Proclaim'd you to the empire next ally'd;
As heir to all his conquests and his crown,
For royal Rhodalind must be your bride."

Not all the dangers valour finds in war,
Love meets in courts, or pride to courts procures;
When sick with peace they hot in faction are,
Can make such fears as now the duke endures.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry maid has found,
On whose first guards Love by surprises steals,
(Whose sightless arrow makes a careless wound)
Are like to this which doubtful Birtha feels.

He from his looks wild wonder strives to chase;
Strives more to teach his manhood to resist
Death in her eyes; and then, with all the graces
Of seeming pleasure, Orgo he dismiss.

And Orgo being gone, low as her knees
Could fall, she fell; and soon he bends as low
With weight of heart, griev'd that no grave he sees,
To sink where love no more can sorrow know.

Her sighs, as showers lay winds, are calm'd with
tears;

And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears
A clearer sky, and thus she weeping spake:

"Since such a prince has forfeit his pow'r,
Heav'n give me leave to make my duty less,
Let me my vows as sudden oaths abhor,
Which did my passion, not my truth, express.

"Yet yours I would not think were counterfeit,
But rather ill and rashly understood;
For 'tis impossible I can forget
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

"Tho' cruel now as beasts where they have pow'r,
Choosing, like them, to make the weakest bleed,
For weakness soon invites you to devour,
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

"To fighting fields send all your honour back,
To courts your dang'rous tongue and civil shape,
That country maids may men no more mistake,
Nor seek dark death, that they may love escape."

Now soon to Heav'n her soul had found the way,
 (For there it oft had been in pray'r and praise)
 But that his vows did life with loudness stay.
 And life's warm help did soon her body raise.

And now he gently leads her; for no more
 He lets th' unhallow'd ground a fain floure wear,
 Sweeter than Nature's bosome ever wore;
 And now these vows sends kindly to her ear:

"If (Birtha) I am false, think nope to blame
 For thinking truth (by which the soul subsists)
 No farther to be found than in the name;
 Think humane kind betray'd even by their priests.

"Think all my sex so vile, that you may chide
 Those maids who to your mother's nuptials ran;
 And praise your mother, who so early dy'de,
 Remembering whom she marry'd was a man.

"This great court miracle you straight receive
 From Orgo, and your faith the whole allows:
 Why, since you Orgo's words so soon believe,
 Will you less civilly suspect my vows?

"My vows, which want the temple's seal, will
 binde
 (Though private kept) surer than publick laws;
 For though but force the body, but my minde
 Your vertue counsels, whilst your beauty draws."

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more
 Attest his grief, and fear does hers renew;
 Now losing (were he lost) more than before, [true.
 For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him

As sick phisitions seldome their own art
 Dare trust, to cure their own disease, so these
 Were to themselves quite useless when apart;
 Yet, by consult, each can the other ease.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;
 For Orgo's neues (which need not borrow wings,
 Since Orgo for his lord believ'd it good)
 To Astragon the joyful household brings.

But Astragon, with a judicious thought,
 This day's glad news took in the dire portent;
 A day which mourning nights to Birtha brought,
 And with that fear in search of Birtha went.

And here he findes her in her lover's eyes,
 And him in hers; both more afflicted grown
 At his approach, for each his sorrow spies,
 Who thus would counsel theirs, and hide his own.

"Though much this fatall joy to anger moves,
 Yet reason's aydes shall anger's force subdue;
 I will not chide you for your hasty loves,
 Nor ever doubt (great prince) that yours is true.

"In chiding Love, because he hasty was,
 Or urging errors, which his swiftness brings,
 I finde effects, but dare not tax the cause;
 For poets were inspir'd who gave him wings.

"When low I digg, where desert rivers run,
 Dive deep in seas, thro' forests follow windes,
 Or reach with optick tubes the ragged Moon,
 My sight no cause of Love's swift motion findes.

"Love's fatall haste, in yours, I will not blame,
 Because I know not why his wings were giv'n;
 Nor doubt him true, nor knowing whence he came,
 Nor Birtha chide, who thought you came from
 Heav'n.

"If you lay snares, we err when we escape;
 Since evil practise learns men to suspect
 Where falshood is, and in your noble shape
 We should, by finding it, our skill detect.

"Yet both your griefs I'll chide, as ignorance;
 Call you unthankful; for your great griefs show
 That Heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,
 Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

"If your contextures be so weak and nice,
 Weep that this stormy world you ever knew;
 You are not in those calmes of Paradise,
 Where slender flowers as safe as cedars grew.

"This, which your youth calls grief, was froward-
 In flatter'd infancy, and as you beare [ness
 Unkindly now amidst youth's joys distress,
 So then, unless still rock'd, you froward were.

"Grief's conflicts gave these haire's their silver
 shine;

(Torne ensignes which victorious age adorne)
 Youth is a dress too garish and too fine
 To be in foule tempestuous weather worne.

"Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness
 make;
 But we by use of burdens are made strong,
 And in our practis'd age can calmly take
 Those sorrows which, like feavers, vex the young.

"When you in Love's fair books (which poets
 keep)

Read what they hide, his tragick history,
 You will rejoyce that half your time is sleep,
 And smile at Love when Nature bids you die.

"Learn then that Love's diseases common are;
 Doe not in sickness known, (though new to you)
 Whilst vital heat does last, of cure despair:
 Love's vital heat does last whilst love is true."

Thus spake the kinde and prudent Astragon,
 And much their kinde impatience he appeas'd;
 For of his griefs (which heavier than their own
 Were born by both) their dutious fears are eas'd.

She begs that he would pardon her distress,
 Thought that even sin which did his sorrow move;
 And then, with all her mother's lowliness,
 His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

The duke, who saw fair truth so undisguis'd,
 And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,
 Pitty'd the studious world, and all despis'd,
 Who did not here unlearn what they had learn'd.

"I am reform'd," (said he) "not that before
 I wanted love, or that my love was ill;
 But I have learnt to perfect nature more,
 By giving innocence a little skill."

"For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear
 With temper the distempers of our stars;
 Not doubling griefs already come by fear
 Of more, for fears but hasten threaten'd wars.

"But we will bravely suffer to inure [laid;
 Our strength to weights against the new are
 That, when 'tis known how much we can endure,
 Our sufferings may make our foes afraid.

"This comet glory shines but in portent,
 Which from the court does send her threatening
 And looks as if it were by malice meant [heavens;
 To hasten Oswald's faction to extreame.

" Since Hurgonil, who just fore-ran the boy,
Could not instruct us, we as much may know
Of the first light, as of these fires of joy,
Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.

" Yet thia the king might hide in kingly skill,
Wisely to make his bounty more his own;
Kings stoop for counsel, who impart their will;
His acts, like Heav'n's, make not their causes known.

" Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In Birtha wears, I here to Birtha make
A vow, that Rhodalind I never sought,
Nor now would with her love her greatness take.

" Love's bonds are for her greatness made too
strait,
And me ambition's pleasures cannot please;
Even priests, who on the higher altar wait,
Think a continu'd rev'rence losse of ease.

" Let us with secrecy our love protect,
Hiding such precious wealth from publick view;
The proffer'd glory I will first suspect
As false, and shun it when I finde it true."

They now retire, because they Goltho saw,
Who hither came to watch with Ulfinoe
If much the duke's woo'd mistress did him awe,
Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of pow'r.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move
With sodain shyness, he suppos'd it shaine
Of being seen in chase of Birtha's love,
As if above it grown since Orgo came.

Goltho by nature was of musick made,
Cheerful as victors warm in their success;
He seem'd like birds created to be glad, [tress.
And nought but love could make him taste dis-

Hope, which our cautious age scarce entertains,
Or as a flatt'rer gives her cold respect,
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains
Of one hour's absence as a year's neglect.

Hope, the world's welcome, and his standing guest,
Fed by the rich, but feasted by the poor;
Hope, that did come in triumph to his breast,
He thus presents in boast to Ulfinoe:

" Well may I (friend) auspicious Love adore,
Seeing my mighty rival takes no pride
To be with Birtha seen; and he before [hide.
(Thou knowst) injoy'd that I his love should

" Nor do I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd
To thee, since we are now so much the same,
That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,
For we admit no diff'rence but in name.

" But be it still from ev'ry other ear
Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:
His laws are still to my obedience dear,
Who was my gen'ral, though my rival now.

" And well thou knowst how much mine eyes did
melt,
When our great leader they did first perceive
Love's captive led, whose sorrows then I felt,
Tho' now for greater of mine own I grieve.

" Nor do I now by love in duty err;
For if I get what he would fain possesse,
Then he a monarch is, and I prefer
Him, who undoes the world in being lesse.

" When Heav'n (which hath prefer'd me to thy
brest, [known
Where friendship is inthron'd) shall make it
That I am worth thy love, which is express
By making heav'nly Birtha all mine own.

" Then at this quiet Eden thou wilt call,
And stay a while, to mark if Love's prais'd plant
Have after spring a ripeness and a fall,
Or never of the first abundance want.

" And I shall tell thee then if posts are
In using beauty's pencil false, or blinde;
For they have Birtha drawn but sweet and faire,
Stiles of her face, the curtain of her minde!

" And thou at parting shalt her picture weare,
For Nature's honour, not to show my pride;
Try if her like the teeming world does beare,
Then bring that copy hither for thy bride.

" And they shall love as quietly as we;
Their beauty's pow'r no civil war will raise,
But flourish, and like neighb'ring flowres agree,
Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

" Then we for change will leave such luscious
peace,
In camps their favours shall our helms adorn;
For we can no way else our joys increase,
But by beholding theirs at our return."

Thus, cloth'd in feathers, he on staeplas walks,
Not guessing yet that silent Ulfinoe
Had study'd her of whom he loosely talks,
And what he likes did solidly adore.

But Ulfinoe with cold discretion aw'd
His passion, and did grave with love become;
Though youthfully he sent his eyes abroad,
Yet kept with manly care his tongue at home.

These rivals' hopes he did with patience hear;
His count'nance not uneasy seem'd, nor strange;
Yet meant his cares should more like love appear,
If in the duke ambition bred a change.

But as the duke shun'd them for secrecy,
So now they from approaching Orgo move,
Made by Discretion (Love's strict tutor) shy,
Which is to lovers painful as their love.

But Orgo they did ill suspect, whose youth
And nature yielded lovers no offence;
Us'd by his lord for kindness and for truth,
Both native in him as his innocence:

And here pass'd by in haste, to court employ'd,
That Birtha may no more have cause to mourn;
Full was his little breast! and overjoy'd
That much depended on his quick return!

Many like Orgo, in their manhood's morn,
As pages did the noble duke attend;
The sons of chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,
And fairer vertue did that beauty mend.

These in his heroes' schools he bred, (which were
In peace his palace, and in war his tent)
As if Time's self had read sage lectures there
How he would have his howres (life's treasure)
spent.

No action, though to shorten dreaded warre,
Nor needful counsels, though to lengthen peace,
Nor love, of which wise Nature takes such care,
Could from this useful work his cares release.

But with the early Sun he rose, and taught
 These youths by growing vertue to grow great;
 Show'd greatness is without it blindly sought,
 A depp'rate charge, which ends in base retreat.
 He taught them shame, the sodain sense of ill;
 Shame, Nature's hasty conscience, which forbids
 Weak inclination ere it grows to will,
 Or stays rash will, before it grows to deeds.
 He taught them honour, Vertue's bashfulness,
 A fort so yieldless, that it fears to treat;
 Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;
 Honour, the moral conscience of the great!
 He taught them kindness, soul's civillie,
 In which nor courts, nor citys, have a part;
 For theirs is fashion, this from falabod free,
 Where love and pleasures know no lust nor art.
 And love he taught, the soul's stolne visit made,
 Tho' froward age watch hard, and law forbid;
 Her walks no spie has trac'd, nor mountain staide;
 Her friendship's cause is as the loadstone's hid.
 He taught them love of toyle; toyle, which does
 keep [blood]
 Obstructions from the minde, and quench the
 Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep,
 Like opium, is our med'cine, not our food.
 To dangers us'd them, which Death's visards are,
 Move ugly than himself, and often chase
 From battail coward life; but when we dare
 His visard set, we never fear his face.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet takes the wise aside, to prove
 Even them concern'd in all he writes of love.
 The dutious Orgo from the court returns
 With joys, at which again fair BIRTHA mourns.
 The duke with open armes does entertain
 Those guests, whom he receives with secret pain.

Thou, who some ages hence these roles dost read
 (Kept as records by lovers of love's pow'r)
 Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,
 And feed'st from earth, when earth does me
 devour:

Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some citie's joys,
 Where they would fall asleep with lazy peace,
 But that their triumphs make so great a noise,
 And their loud bells cannot for nuptials cease:

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomy bride
 Lead'st to some temple, where I wither'd lie;
 Proudly, as if she age's frosts defy'd;
 And that thy springing self could never die:

Thou, to whom then the cheerful quire will sing,
 Whilst hallow'd lamps, and tapers brave the Sun,
 As a lay-light; and bells in triumph ring,
 As when from sallies the besiegers run.

That when the priest has ended, if thine eies
 Can but a little space her eies forbear,
 To shew her where my marble coffin lies;
 Her virgin garlands she will offer there:

Confess, that reading me she learnt to love;
 That all the good behaviour of her heart,
 Even tow'rds thy self, my doctrine did improve;
 Where love by nature is forwar'd of art,

She will confess, that to her maiden state
 This story show'd such patterns of great life,
 As though she then could those but imitate,
 They an example make her now a wife.

And thy life's fire could she awhile outlive
 (Which were, though lawful, neither kinde nor
 good)

Then, even her sorrows would examples give;
 And shine to others through dark widowhood.

And she will boast, how spite of cynick age,
 Of bus'ness, which does pow'r uncivil make,
 Of ruder cells, where they love's fire asswage
 By study'ng death, and fear for vertue take

And spite of courts (where loving now is made
 An art, as dying is in cells) my laws
 Did teach her how by nature to perswade,
 And hold by vertue whom her beauty draws.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'st to whom
 Love owes his eies, who has too long been blinde;
 Then in the temple leave my bodie's tomb,
 To seek this book, the mon'ment of my minde.

Where thou mai'st read; who with impatient eies
 For Orgo on the guilded terras stay;
 Which high, and golden shews, and open lies,
 As the morn's window when she lets out day.

Whose height two rising forrests over-looks;
 And on pine-tops the eiesight downward casts;
 Where distant rivers seem bestrided brooks,
 Churches but sncor'd ships, their steeples,
 masts.

Hence, by his little Regian coupper brought,
 Orgo they spie, with diligence indu'd,
 As if he would o'ertake forerunning thought;
 And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

But his light speed left those a while behinde;
 Whilst with rais'd dust their swiftness hid the
 Yet BIRTHA will, too soon, by Orgo finde [way,
 What she by distance lost in this survy.

Orgo a precious casket did present
 To his dear lord, of Podian saphyr wrought;
 For which, unknown to BIRTHA, he was sent;
 And a more precious pledge, was in it brought.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy! "Long may I live!
 Sent still with blessings from the heav'nly
 powers;
 And may their bountys shew what they can give;
 And full as fast as long expected shewres!"

"Behold the king, with such a shining traine
 As dazzles sight, yet can inform the blind;
 But there the rich, and becautious shine in vaine,
 Unless they distance keep from Rhodallid.

"Methinks, they through the middle region come;
 Their chariots hid in clouds of dust below,
 And o're their heads, their coursers scatter'd fome
 Does seem to cover them like falling snow."

This Birtha heard, and she on Orgo cast
A piteous look (for she no anger knew)
But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast
Such joys, as fain she faster would eschew.

So Gondibert this gust of glory took,
As men whose sayls are full more weather take;
And she so gaz'd on him, as sea-men look
On long sought shore, when tempests drive
them back.

But now these glories more apparent be;
And justly all their observation claim'd;
Great, as in greatest courts less princes see,
When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

West from Verona's road, through pleasant meads
Their chariots cross; and to the palace steer;
And Aribert this winged triumph leads;
Which like the planets progress did appear.

So shin'd they, and so noiseless seem'd their speed;
Like Spartans, touching but the silken reynes,
Was all the conduct which their coursers need;
And proudly to sit still, was all their paines.

With Aribert sat royal Rhodalind;
Calm Orna by the count; by Hermegild
(Silver'd with time) the golden Gertha shin'd;
And Tybalt's eies were full by Laura fill'd.

The lesser beauties, numberless as stars,
Shew'd sickly and far off, to this noon-day;
And lagg'd like baggage treasure in the wars;
Or only seem'd, another milkie way.

The duke perceiv'd the king design'd to make
This visit more familiar by surprize;
And with court art, he would no notice take
Of that, which kings are willing to disguise.

But as in heedless sleep, the house shall seem
New wak'd with this alarm; and Ulfin strait
(Whose fame was precious in the court's esteem)
Must, as with casual sight, their entrance wait.

To Astragon he doubles all his vows;
To Birtha, through his eies, his heart reveal'd;
And by some civil jealousies he shows
Her beauty from the court must be conceal'd.

Prays her, from envy's danger to retire;
The palace war; which there can never cease
Till beauty's force in age or death expire:
A war disguis'd in civil shapes of peace,

Still he the precious pledge kept from her view;
Who guess'd not by the casket his intent;
And was so willing not to fear him true,
That she did fear to question what it ment.

Now hasts she to be hid; and being gon,
Her lover thinks the planet of the day
So leaves the mourning world to give the Moon
(Whose train is mark'd but for their number)
way.

And entering in her closet (which took light
Full in the palace front) she findes her maids
Gather'd to see this gay unusual sight;
Which, comet-like, their wondring eies invades.

Where Thula would by climbing highest be,
Though ancient grown, and was in stature short,
Yet did protest, she came not there to see,
But to be hid from dangers of the court.

Their curious longing Birtha durst not blame
Boldness, (which but to seeming did aspire)
Since she her self, provok'd with courts' great fame,
Would fain a little see what all admire.

Then through the casement ventur'd so much face
As kings depos'd show, when through grates they
To see deponents to their crowning passe; [peep.
But straight shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

Soon so her eies did too much glory finde;
For ev'n the first she saw was all; for she
No more would view since that was Rhodalind;
And so much beauty could none others be.

Which with her vertue weigh'd (no less renown'd)
Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove;
And be in tears of the possessor drown'd,
Or she depose her lover by her love.

But Thula (wildly earnest in the view
Of such gay sights as she did ne'r behold)
Mark'd not when Birtha her sad eies withdrew;
But dreamt the world was turn'd again to gold.

Each lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd;
Then with rude liking prais'd them all aloud;
Yet thought them foul and course to ev'ry lord;
And civilly to ev'ry page she bow'd.

The objects past, out-sigh'd even those that woo;
And straight her mistris at the window mist;
Then finding her in grief, out-sigh'd her too;
And her fair hands with parting passion kist:

Did with a servant's usual art profess,
That all she saw was to her beauty black;
Confess'd their maids well bred, and knew to dress,
But said those courts are poor which painting
lack.

"Thy praise," (said Birtha) "poysoun'd is with
May blisters cease on thy uncivil tongue, [spite;
Which strives so wickedly to do me right,
By doing Rhodalind and Orna wrong.

"False Fame, thy mistris, tutour'd thee amiss;
Who teaches school in streets, where crowds re-
fame, false, as that their beauty painted is: [sort;
The common country slander on the court."

With this rebuke, Thula takes gravely leave;
Pretends she'll better judge ere they be gon;
At least see more, though they her sight deceive;
Whilst Birtha findes, wilde fear feeds best alone.

Ulfin receives, and through Art's palace guides
The king; who owns him with familiar grace;
Though twice seven years from first observance
hides
Those marks of valour which adorn'd his face.

Then Astragon with hasty homage bows:
And says, when thus his beam she does dis-
In lowly visits, like the Sun he shows [peace
Kings made for universal influence.

Him with renown the king for science pays,
And vertue; which God's likest pictures bee;
Drawn by the soul, whose onely hire is praise;
And from such salary not Heav'n is free.

Then kindly he inquires for Gondibert;
When, and how far his wounds in danger were?
And does the cautious progress of his art
Alike with wonder and with pleasure heare.

Now Gondibert advanc'd, but with delay;
As fetter'd by his love for he would fain
Dissembled weakness might procure his stay,
Here where his soul does as in Heav'n remain.

Him, creature like, the king did boldly use
With publick love; to have it understood
That kings, like God, may choose whom they will
choose; {good.
And what they make, judge with their own eyes

This grace the duke at bashful distance takes;
And Rhodolind so much concern'd is grown,
That his surprisal she her troubles makes;
Blushing, as if his blushes were her own.

Now the bright train with Astragon ascend;
Whilst Hermegild, with Gartha, moves behinde;
Whom much this gracious visit did offend;
But thus he practis'd to appease her minde.

"Judge not you strangely in this visit shewe;
As well in courts think wise dissembling new;
Nor think the kindness strange, though to your
foe, {true.
Till all in courts where they are kinde are

"Why should your closer mourning more be worn?
Poor priests invented blacks for lesser cost;
Kings for their syres in regal purple mourn; {lost.
Which shows what they have got, not what they

"Though rough the way to empire be, and steep,
You look that I should level it so plain,
As babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;
But pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

"This high hill pow'r, whose bowels are of gold,
Shews near to greedy and unpractic'd sight;
But many grow in travail to it odd,
And have mistook the distance by the height.

"If those old travellers may thither be
Your trusted guides, they will your haste reform;
And give you fears of voyages by sea;
Which are not often made without a storm.

"Yet short our course shall prove, our passage
faire,

If in the steerage you will quiet stand,
And not make storms of ev'ry breath of air;
But think the helm safe in the pilot's hand.

"You like some fatal king (who all men fears
Yet trusts intirely none) your trust mistake,
As too much weight for one: one pillar bears
Weight that would make a thousand shoulders
ake.

"Your brother's storm I to a calm have turn'd;
Who lets this guided sacrifice proceed
To Hymen's altar, by the king adorn'd,
As priests give victims garlands ere they bleed.

"Hubert to triumph would not move so fast;
Yet you (though but a kind spectator) mean
To give his triumph laws, and make more haste
To see it pass, than he does to be seen.

"With patience lay this trumpet of your heart!
For you, ere long, this angel's form shall turn
To fatal man's; and for that shape of art,
Some way, as I for yours of nature, mourn."

Thus by her love-sick statesman she was taught;
And smil'd, with joy of wearing manly shape;
Then smil'd, that such a smile his heart had caught;
Whose nets camps break not through, nor
senates scape.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king to Gondibert is grown so kinde,
That he prevents the bounteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his breast holds but a single heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did subdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.

FULL grows the presence now, as when all know
Some stranger prince must be receiv'd with state;
When courts shew those, who come to see the show;
And all gay subjects like domesticks waite.

Nor Ulfnore nor Goltho absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning Birtha (hid
In the adjoining closet) fears to heare;
And begs kinde Heav'n in pity would forbid.

The king (who never time nor pow'r misspent
In subjects' bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like coward counsellors, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

"If to thy fame," (brave youth) "I could add
wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art oow my choice.

"But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our Lombards with their envy blinde,
Or that the Hunns so much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd eyes cannot thy trophies finde.

"When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

"Reward even of a crown, and such a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coyns, by laws were known;
For laws but made more currant victors' pow'r.

"A crown soon taught, by whom pow'r first was
given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for subjects to invade.

"A crown, which ends by armies their debate,
Who question height of pow'r; who by the law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers aw.

"To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth give princes place;
And vertue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As soul's extraction does the bodie's race.

"Yet for thy blood's long walk through princes'
veins,
Thou maist with any Lombard measure time;
Though he his hidden house in Ilum feigns;
And not step short, when Hubert's self would
climbe.

“ And Hubert is of highest victors’ breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant empire choose;
If he will learn, that you by fate proceede,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

“ His valour shall the Gothick conquest keep;
And would to Heav’n that all your mighty
minde

As soon were pleas’d, as infants are with sleep,
— And you had musick common as the windes.

“ That all the year your seasons were like spring;
All joy’d as birds, and all as lovers kinde;
That ev’ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

“ For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But ’tis to you, brave youth! who now are she;
And she that Heav’n where secondly I live.

“ And richer than that crown (which shall be
thine, [fame]
When life’s long progress I am gone with
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain
shame.”

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear’d
Through publish’d love, with so much bashful-
ness,

As young kings shew, when by surprise o’r-heard
Moaning to fav’rite cares a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
Like monarchs’ griefs, by which they bashful
And in that shame beholders they forbid; [grow;
Since those blush most, who must their blushes
show.

And Gondibert with dying eies did grieve
At her vai’d love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great mindes mourn, who cannot then relieve
The vertuous, when through shame they want
conceal.

And now cold Birtha’s rosy looks decay;
Who in fear’s frost had like her beauty dy’d,
But that attendant hope perswades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus reply’d.

“ Victorious king! Abroad your subjects are
Like legates safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by warre;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

“ A king you are o’r subjects, so as wise
And noble husbands seem o’r loyal wives:
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

“ To face a winter storm; whilst your friends bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty’s load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

“ Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled vertue finde) is yours;
Your diamond, which tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and oisel’s juice endures;

“ Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art’s disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near;
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

“ Forgive me that I am not what I seem,
But falsly have dissembled an excess
Of all such vertues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ill confess.

“ Far in ambition’s fever am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too, and like the Sun
Does round the world tow’rds change of objects
move.

“ Nor is this now through vertuous shame
confess’d;

But Rhodalind does force my conjur’d feare,
As men whom evil spirits have possess’d,
Tell all when saintly votaries appeare,

“ When she will grace the bridal dignitie,
It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will trie
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

“ Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal sutors brings;
Who for that smile would as for empire waite.

“ Amongst this ruling race she choyce may take
For warmth of valour, coolness of the minde,
Eies that in empire’s drowsie calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

“ A prince who more enlarges pow’r than lands;
Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands;
Not where his coyn does pass, but pow’r re-
mains.

“ Who knows that pow’r can never be too high
When by the good possesst; for ’tis in them
The swelling Nyie; from which though people fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

“ Thus (princess) you should choose; and you will
finde;

Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kinde)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eies.”

Such was the duke’s reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through severall
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse; [cares:
But Astragon it cures of all his feares.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewayles;
And now her hope a weak physitian seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevayles
Like common med’cines, slowly in extreame,

The king (secure in offer’d empire) takes
This forc’d excuse, as troubled bashfulness;
And a disguise which sodain passion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence should express.

And Rhodalind (who never lov’d before,
Nor could suspect his love was griev’d away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poore,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The king does to Verona him command;
And kindness so impos’d, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the King
Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring;
Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

"Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex?
 Destroying wholly virtue's race in one;
 So by the first of my unlucky sex;
 All in a single raine were undone.

"Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! Whilst I
 Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
 That virtuous men forsake so willingly
 Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

"Let me her servant be! A dignity,
 Which if your pity in my fall procures;
 I still shall value the advancement high,
 Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,
 The duke the casket op'ned, and from thence
 (Form'd like a heart) a cheerfull emrauld drew;
 Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sence.

The thirti'th carraet it had doubled twice;
 Not tak'n from the Attick silver mine,
 Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
 Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
 Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians
 climb;

But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
 Not sick at five, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake! "This (Birtha) from my male
 Progenitors, was to the loyal she
 On whose kinde heart they did in love prevail,
 The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

"Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
 To bride did first succeed; and though tis known
 From ancient lore, that gemms much vertue hide,
 And that the emrauld is the bridal stone;

"Though much renown'd because it chastness loves,
 And will when worn by the neglected wife,
 Shew when her absent lord disloyal proves,
 By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

"Though emraulds serve as spies to jealous brides,
 Yet each compar'd to this dots coucoul keep;
 Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
 Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep.

"With this take Orgo, as a better spy;
 Who may in all your kinder fears be sent
 To watch at court, if I deserve to die
 By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artfull pencil Birtha drawn
 (With grief all dark, then straight with joy all
 He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn, [light])
 A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, fear,
 Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
 Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
 A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vaste to be contain'd in speech)
 Thus she a little spake! "Why stoop you down,
 My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
 Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?"

"Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,
 Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
 But that your vertue has with angels place,
 And 'tis a vertue to aspire to Heav'n."

"And as tow'rds Heav'n all travail on their knees;
 So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will move:
 And were you crown'd, what could you better please
 Than sw'd obedience led by holder love?"

"If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
 Far from your bosome banish'd be my heart;
 Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
 Or proudly think, my chastity desert."

"But thus ascending from your humble maid
 To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
 Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
 Till time my duty cancel with my life.

"And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring
 Your image to the world, you then my pride
 No more shall blame, than you can tax the Spring
 For boasting of those flowes she cannot hide.

"Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
 By duty to esteem what ere you love;
 And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
 Will luckyer than his former triumphs prove.

"For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
 He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
 But now I am above his planet's spite,
 And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she; and with fix'd continu'd sight,
 The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
 Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;
 Like flowes still sweeter as they thicker grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
 The sickness of extreames, and cannot last;
 For pow'r (love's shun'd impediment) has sent
 To tell the duke, his monarch is in hast:

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
 So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
 Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears;
 Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
 And bids her hope, he with the king shall finde,
 By now appearing forward to obey,
 A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
 Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
 As dying men, who grieves that they have eyes,
 When they through curtains spy the rising day.

The king has lost his curious sight suffic'd
 With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
 Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:
 Fashion'd of mindes, call'd new when but re-
 new'd!

The busie court prepares to move, on whom
 Their sad offended eyes the country caste;
 Who never see enough where monarchs come;
 And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

As men move slow, who know they lose their way,
 Even so the duke tow'rds Rhodalind does move;
 Yet he does dutious fears, and wonder pay,
 Which are the first, and dangerous signes of
 love.

All his addresses much by Goltbo were
 And Ulfone observ'd; who distant stand;
 Not daring to approach his presence neer;
 But shun his eyes to scape from his command:

Least to Verona he should both require;
 For by remaining here, both hope to light
 Their Hymet's torches at his parting fire;
 And not despair to kindle them to night.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
 Which neer fair Rhodalind the duke contains;
 Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
 But honour so refus'd, more honour gains.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd;
And but such whisper as a page does bring
To Laura's woman from a household maid.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's ears
An eccho, which from all redoubled soon;
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
As makes them look, like ev'ning to her noon.

And Laura (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold, and loud,
With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

Though Astragon now owns her, and excus'd
Her presence, as a maid hot rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet Gartha still calls out, to have her brought!

But Rhodaliad (in whose relenting breast
Compassion's self might sit at school, and learn)
Knew bashful maids with publick view distrust;
And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

She stopt this challenge which court-beauty made
To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had Birtha dress'd, nor that her self obey'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring Birtha did commend.

The duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his bonds from Birtha highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
To wear this royal mayd's, will walk at ease.

Of these a brief survey sad Birtha takes;
And Orgo's help directs her eye to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

And when calm Orna with the count she saw,
Hope (who though weak; a willing painter is,
And busily does ev'ry pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiss.

For soon she shap'd her lord and her so kinde,
So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
When she perceiv'd him sit with Rhodaliad;
But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

And now they move; and she thus rob'd, believes
(Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)
That they at best, are but judicious thieves,
And know the noble value of their prey.

And then she thus complain'd! "Why royal maid!
Injurious greatness! did you hither come
Where pow'r's strong nets of wyre were never laid?
But childish love took cradle as at home.

"Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,
Since glorious courts our solitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would
sleep; [shade!
False lights to scare poor birds in country

"Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,
Envy (whose tongue first kills whom she de-
vours)

Calls it our pride; envy, the poy's'nous snake,
Whose breath bleats maids, as innocent as
flowres!

"Forgive me, beautious greatness, if I grow
Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be secure; or praise your beauty so
As to believe, that it may do me wrong;

"And you, my plighted lord, forgive me too,
If, since your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in justice ought to do;
And praise your judgment when I doubt your kind."

Now sudden fear e'er all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing frost;
And careful Orgo, when she started, thought
She had her pledge, the precious emerald, lost.

But that kinde heart, as constant as her own,
She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden sense,
Least in her lover's heart some change was grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

Soon from her bosome she this emerald took:
"If now" (said she) "my lord my heart deceaves,
This stone will by dead paleness make me look
Pale as the snowy skin of lilly leaves."

But such a cheerful green the gemm did fling
Where she oppos'd the rays, as if she had
Been dy'd in the complexion of the spring,
Or were by nymphs of Brittain valleys clad.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the stone;
Which ne'er till then had suffer'd an eclipse;
But then the rays retir'd, as if it shone
In vain, so near the rubies of her lips.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory shines!
She Orgo blest, who had this relique brought;
And kept it like those reliques lock'd in shrines,
By which the latest miracles were wrought.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to superstition would sublime,
But that her father took fear's ladder down;
Lose steps, by which distrest to Heav'n would
climbe.

He knew, when fear shapes heav'nly pow'r so just,
'And terrible, (parts of that shape drawn true)
It veiles Heav'n's beauty, love; which when we
trust,

Our courage honours him to whom we sue!

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The deep designs of Birtha in distrest;
Her emerald's vertue shows her love's success,
Wise Astragon with reason cures despair;
And the afflicted chides for partial pray'r.
With grief the secret rivals take their leave;
And but dark hope for hidden love receive.

To shew the morn her passage to the east,
Now Birtha's dawn, the lover's day, appears!
So soon love heats *revellies* in her breast;
And like the dewy morn she rose in tears:
So much she did her jealous dreams dislike.
Her maids straight kindle by her light their eyes;
Which when to hers compar'd, poets would strike
Such sparks to light their lamps, ere day does
rise.

But O vain jealousy! why dost thou haste
To find those evils which too soon are brought?
Love's frantick valour! which so rashly fasts
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unsought.

As often fairest morns soon cover'd be,
So she with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;
Looks so, as weaker eyes small objects see,
Or studious statesmen who contract the brow.

Or like some thinking Sybill that would finde
The sense of mystick words by angels given!
And this fair politick bred in her minde
(Restless as seas) a deep designe on Heav'n.

To pray'r's plain temple she does haste unseen;
Which though not grac'd with curious cost for
show,
Was nicely kept; and now must be as clean
As tears make those who thence forgiven goe.

For her own hands (by which best painters drew
The hands of innocence) will make it shine;
Penance which newly from her terrors grew;
And was (alas!) part of her deep designe.

And when this holy huswifery was past,
Her vows she sends to Heav'n, which thither fly
Intire; not broken by unthinking hast;
Like sinners' sparks that in ascending dy.

Thence she departs; but at this temple gate
A needy crowd (call'd by her summons there)
With such assurance for her bounty waite,
As if he'r failing Heav'n their debtor were.

To these she store of antick treasure gave
(For she no money knew) medals of gold,
Which curious gath'ers did in travail save,
And at high worth were to her mother sold.

Figures of fighting chiefs, born to o'roome
Those who without their leave would all destroy;
Chiefs, who had brought renown to Athens, Rome,
To Carthage, Tyre, and to lamented Troy.

Such was her wealth, her mother's legacy;
And well she knew it was of special price;
But she has begg'd what Heav'n must not deny;
So would not make a common sacrifice.

To the black temple she her sorrow bears;
Where she outbeg'd the tardy begging thief;
Made weeping Magdaline but poor in tears,
Yet silent as their pictures was her grief.

Her purpos'd penance she did here fulfil;
Those pictures dress'd, and the spent lamp re-
liev'd

With fragrant oyles, dropp'd from her silver still;
And now for those that there sat mourning,
griev'd.

Those penitents, who knew her innocence,
Wonder what parent's sin she did bemoan;
And venture (though they goe unpardon'd thence)
More sighs for her redress than for their own.

Now jealousy no more benights her face,
Her courage beauteous grows, and grief decays;
And with such joy as shipwrack'd men imbrace
The shore, she hastens to the house of praise.

And there the gemm she from her bosome took,
(With which till now she trembled to advise)
So far from pale, that Gondibert would look
Pale if he saw, how it out-shin'd her eyes.

These rays she to a miracle prefers;
And lustre that such beauty so desires,
Had poets seen (love's partial jewellers, [eyes])
Who count nought precious but their mistress'

They would with grief a miracle confess!
She enters straight to pay her gratitude;
And could not think her beauty in distress,
Whilst to her love, her lord is still subdu'd.

The altar she with imagery array'd;
Where needles boldly, as a pencil wrought,
The story of that humble Syrian maid,
Who pitchers bore, yet kings to Juda brought.

And there she of that precious linnen spreads,
Which in the consecrated month is spun
By Lombard brides; for whom in empty beds
Their bridegrooms sigh till the succeeding moon.

'Tis in that moon bleach'd by her fuller light;
And wash'd in suds of amber, till it grow
Clean as this spreader's hands: and those were
white
As rising lillies, or as falling snow.

The voluntary quire of birds she feeds,
Which oft had here the virgin-comfort fill'd;
She diets them with aromattick seeds; [till'd].
And quench'd their thirst with rainbow-dew dis-
Lord Astragon, whose tender care did waite
Her progress, since her morn so cloudy broke,
Arrests her passage at this temple gate,
And thus, he with a father's license spoke.

"Why art thou now, who hast so joyful liv'd?
E're love thou knew'st, become with love so sad?
If thou hast lost fair vertue, then be griev'd;
Else show, thou know'st her worth by being glad.

"Thy love's high soaring cannot be a crime;
Nor can we if a spinster loves a king,
Say that her love ambitiously does climb:
Love seeks no honour, but does honour bring.

"Mounts others' value, and her own lets fall!
Kings' honour is but little, till made much
By subjects' tongues! Elixer-love turns all
To pow'rful gold, where it does only touch.

"Thou lov'st a prince above thine own degree:
Degree is monarch's art; love, Nature's law;
In love's free state all pow'r's so levell'd be,
That there, affection governs more than aw.

"But thou dost love where Rhodolind does lose;
And thence thy griefs of jealousy begin;
A cause which does thy sorrow vainly move;
Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy sin.

"This vain and voluntary load of grief
(For fate sent love, thy will does sorrow bear)
Thou to the temple carry'st for relief;
And so to Heav'n art guided by thy fear.

"Wilde fear! which has a common-wealth devis'd
In Heav'n's old realm, and sajnts in senates
fram'd;
Such as by which, were beasts well civiliz'd,
They would suspect their tamer man, untam'd.

"Wilde fear! which has the Indian worship
made;
Where each unletter'd priest the godhead draw
In such a form, as makes himself afraid;
Disguising Mercy's shape in teeth and claws.

- " This false guide fear, which does thy reason sway,
And turns thy valiant vertue to despair,
Has brought thee here, to offer, and to pray;
But temples were not built for cowards' pray'r.
- " For when by fear thy noble reason's led
(Reason, not shape gives us so great degrees
Above our subjects, beasts) then beasts may please
A right in 'temples' helps as well as we.
- " And here, with absent reason thou dost weep
To beg success in love; that Rhodalind
May lose, what she as much does beg to keep;
And may at least an equal audience find.
- " Mark Birtha, this unrighteous war of prayer!
Like wrangling states, you ask a monarch's aid
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.
- " Loag has th' ambitious world rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'r, to
Heav'n; [have err'd,
And thought that Heav'n would like themselves
Depriving some, of what's to others given.
- " Thence moderna faith becomes so weak and blinde,
Thinks Heav'n in ruling other worlds employ'd,
And is not mindful of our abject kinde,
Because all sutes are not by all enjoy'd.
- " How firm was faith, when humbly sutes for
need, [despair
Not choice were made? then (free from all
As mod'rate birds, who sing for daily seed)
Like birds, our songs of praise included prayer.
- " Thy hopes are by thy rival's vertue aw'd;
Thy rival Rhodalind; whose vertue shines
On hills, when brightest planets are abroad;
Thine privately, like miners' lamps, in mines.
- " The court (where single patterns are disgrac'd;
Where glorious vice, weak eies admire;
And vertue's plainness is by art out fac'd)
She makes a temple by her vestal fire.
- " Though there, vice sweetly dress'd does tempt
like bliss
Even cautious saints; and single vertue seem
Fantastick, where brave vice in fashion is;
Yet she has brought plain vertue in esteem.
- " Yours is a vertue of inferior rate;
Here in the dark a pattern, where 'tis barr'd
From all your sex that should her imitate,
And of that pomp which should her foes reward:
- " Retyr'd, as weak monasticks fly from care;
Or devout cowards steal to forts, their cells,
From pleasures, which the world's chief dangers are:
Hers passes yours, as valour fear excels.
- " This is your rival in your sute to Heav'n:
But Heav'n is partial if it give to you
What to her bolder vertue should be given;
Since yours, pomps, vertue's dangers, never
knew:
- " Your sute would have your love with love repay'd;
To which art's conquests, when all science flows,
Compar'd, are students' dreams; and triumphs
made [shows.
By glorious courts and camps but painted
- " Even art's dictators, who give laws to schools,
Are but dead heads; statesmen, who empire
move,
But prosp'rous spy, and victors, fighting fools,
When they their trophies rank with those of love.
- " And when against your fears I thus declame,
(Yet make your danger more, whilst I decry
Your worth to hers) then wisely fear I blame;
For fears are hurtfull 'till when attempts are high:
- " And you should think your noble dangers less,
When most my praise does her renown prefer;
For that takes off your hasty hope's excess;
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.
- " Now you are taught your sickness, learn your
cure; [blind;
You shall to court, and there serve Rhoda-
Trie if her vertue's force you can endure
In the same spear, without eclipses of mind.
- " Your lord may there your souls compare; for we,
Though souls, like stars, make not their great-
ness known;
May find which greater than the other be;
The stars are measur'd by comparison!
- " Your plighted lord shall you ere long prefer
To neer attendance on this royal maid;
Quit then officious fear! The jealous fear
They are not fearful, when to death afraid."
- These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd;
In which her quick-ey'd hope three blessings
With joy of being neer her lord, inspir'd, [spy'd;]
With seeing courts, and having vertue try'd!
- She now with jealous questions, utter'd faste,
Fills Orgo's ear, which there unmark'd are gone,
As throngs through guarded gates, when all make
Not giving warders time t' examine one. [haste,
- She ask'd if fame had render'd Rhodalind
With favour, or in truth's impartial shape?
If Orna were to humble vertue kinde,
And beauty could from Gartha's envy scape?
- If Laura (whose faire eyes those but invites,
Who to her wit ascribe the victory)
In conquest of a speechless maid delights?
And ere to this prompt Orgo could reply,
- She ask'd, in what consist the charms of court?
Whether those pleasures so resistless were
As common country travellers report,
And such as innocence had cause to feare;
- What kinde of angels' shape young fav'rites take?
And being angels, how they can be bad?
Or why delight so cruelly to make
Fair country maids return from court so sad?
- More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,
With thinking how her love might prosp'rous be)
But that young Ulfmore approach'd her now,
And Goltho, warmer with desigue than she.
- Though Goltho's hope (in Indian feathers clad)
Was light, and gay, as if he meant to flie;
Yet he no farther than his rival had
Advanc'd in promise, from her tongue, or eye.
- When distant, talk'd, as if he plighted were;
For hope in love, like cowards in the warr,
Talks bravely till the enterprize be neer;
But then discretion dares not venture farr.
- He never durst approach her watchfull eye
With studious gazing, nor with sighs her care;
But still seem'd frolick, like a statesman's spy;
As if his thoughtfull bus'ness were not there.

Still, superstitious lovers beauty paint,
(Thinking themselves but devils) so divine,
As if the thing below'd were all a saint;
And ev'ry place she enter'd were a shrine.

And though last night were the auspicious time
When they resolv'd to quit their bashful fears;
Yet soon (as to the Sun when eaglets climb)
They stoop'd; and quench'd their daring eyes
in tears.

And now (for hope, that formal centry, stands
All winds and showers, though where but vain-
ly plac'd)

They to Verona beg her dear commands;
And look to be with parting kindness grac'd,

Both daily journies meant, 'twixt this and court:
For taking leave is twice love's sweet repast;
In being sweet, and then in being short;
Like manna, ready still, but cannot last.

Her favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,
But in a kind respectful lowliness,
Them honour gives, yet did her honour save;
Which gently thus, she did to both express.

"High Heav'n that did direct your eyes the way
To choose so well, when you your friendship
made,

Still keep you joy'd, that daring envy may
Fear such united vertue to invade!

"In your safe breasts, the noble Gondibert
Does trust the secret treasure of his love;
And I (grown conscious of my low desert)
Would not, you should that wealth for me
improve.

"I am a flow'r that merit not the spring!
And he (the world's warm Sun!) in passing by
Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,
His beams to cedars haste, which else would
die.

"This from his humble maid you may declare
To him, on whom the good of humane kinde
Depends; and as his greatness is your care,
So may your early love successes finde!

"So may that beautious she, whom either's heart
For vertue and delight of life shall choose,
Quit in your siege the long defence of art,
And Nature's freedom in a treaty lose."

This gave cold Ulfinoe in love's long night
Some hope of day; as sea-men that are run
Far northward finde long winters to be light,
And in the cyonure adore the Sun.

It show'd to Goltho, not alone like day,
But like a wedding noon; who now grows strong
Enough to speak; but that her beauties stay
His eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his tongue.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,
In pretty flow'rs of love's wild rhetoric;
Which mov'd not her, though orators thus sway
Assemblies, which since wilde, wilde musick
like.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Here Ulfu reads the art to Ulfinoe
Of wisely getting, and increasing power.
The rivals to Verona haste, and there
Young Goltho's frailty does too soon appear.
Black Dalga's fatal beauty is reveal'd;
But her descent and story is conceal'd.

OLD Ulfu parting now with Ulfinoe,
His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import,
Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient lore;
When prudence kept up greatness in the court.

"Heav'n guide thee, son, through honour's slippery
way;
The hill, which wary painfulness must climb;
And often rest, to take a full survey
Of every path, trod by experienc'd time.

"Rise glorious with thy master's hopeful morn!
His favour calls thee to his secret breast;
Great Gondibert! to spacious empire born;
Whose careful head will in thy bosom rest.

"Be good! and then in pitty soe be great!
For vertuous men should tole to compass pow'r,
Least when the bad possess dominion's seat,
We vainly weep for those whom they devour.

"Our vertue without pow'r, but harmless is!
The good, who lazily are good at home,
And safely rest in doing not amiss,
Fly from the bad, for fear of martyrdom!

"In thy greatness easie, and thy brow
Still clear, and comforting as breaking light;
The great, with bus'ness troubled, weakly bow;
Pow'r should with publick burdeas walk upright!

"Be chearfulness, as innocence commend!
The great, may with benigne and civil eyes
The people wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
Who feel most wrong, from those who them
despise!

"Since wrongs must be, complaints must shew
the griev'd;
And favorites should walk still open ear'd;
For of the suing crowd half are reliev'd
With the innate delight of being heard.

"Thy greatness be in armes! who else are great,
Move but like pageants in the people's view;
And in foul weather make a scorn'd retreat;
The Greeks their painted gods in armour drew!

"Yield not in storms of state to that dislike
Which from the people does to rulers grow;
Pow'r (fortune's sail) should not for threatnings
strike;

In boats bestorm'd all check at those that row.

"Courts little arts contemn! dark holes to save
Retreated pow'r, when fear does friendship
feigne; [brave,
Poor thieves retire to woods! chiefs, great, and
Draw out their forces to the open plaine!

“ Be by thy virtue bold ! when that Sun shines,
All art's false lights are with disgrace put out ;
Her straightness shows it self and crooked lines,
And her plain text the scepticks dare not doubt.

“ Revenge (weak women's valour, and in men,
The ruffian's cowardise) keep from thy breast |
The factions palace is that serpent's den,
Whom cowards there with secret slaughter feast.

“ Revenge is but a name for fear,
'Tis Indians' furious fear, when they are fed |
With valiant foes, whose hearts their teeth must
tear

Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

“ When thou giv'st death, thy banners be display'd !
And move not till an open foe appears !
Court's lurking war shows justice is afraid,
And no broad sword, but a close ponyard, wears.

“ To kill, shows fear does not more fears endure !
When wrong'd, destroy not with thy foes thy
The valiant, by forgiving mischief, cure ; [fame ;
And it is Heav'n's great conquest to reclaim !

“ Be by thy bounty known ! for since the needs
Of life so rudely press the bold and wise ;
The bountious heart, all but his God exceeds,
Whom bounty best makes known to mortal eyes !

“ And to be bountiful, be rich ! for those
Fam'd talkers, who in schools did wealth despise,
Taught doctrine, which at home would empire lose,
If not believ'd first by their enemies.

“ And though in ruling ministers of state,
The people wretched poverty adore,
(Which fools call innocence, and wise men hate
As sloth) yet they rebel for being poore.

“ And to be rich, be diligent ! move on
Like Heav'n's great movers that enrich the Earth,
Whose moments sloth would show the world un-
done,

And make the Spring straight bury all her birth.

“ Rich are the diligent ! who can command
Time, Nature's stock ! and could his hour-glass
fall,

Would, as for seeds of stars, stoop for the sand,
And by incessant labour gather all.

“ Be kinde to beauty ! that unlucky shrine !
Where all Love's thieves come bowing to their
prey,

And honour steal, which beauty makes divine ;
Be thou still kinde, but never to betray !

“ Heav'n study more in Nature than in schools !
Let Nature's image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd time ; but those unthinking fools
Despise, who spie not Godhead thro' her glass !”

These precepts Ulfnore, with dutious care,
In his heart's closet lock'd, his faithful brest !
And now the rival-friends for court prepare,
And much their youth is by their haste express'd,

They yet ne'r saw Verona nor the court,
And expectation lengthens much their way ;
Since by that great inviter urg'd, Report,
And thither fly on coursers of relay.

E're to his western mines the Sun retir'd,
They his great mint for all those mines behold,
Verona, which in towers to Heav'n aspir'd,
Gilt doubly, for the Sun now gilt their gold.

They make their entry through the western gate !
A Gothic arch ! where, on an elephant,
Bold Clephes as the second founder sate,
Made to mock life, and onely life did want.

Still strange and divers seem their objects now,
And still increase, where ere their eyes they cast ;
Of lazy pag'ant-greatness, moving slow,
And angry bus'ness, rushing on in haste.

All strange to them, as they to all appear ;
Yet less like strangers gaz'd than those they see,
Who this glad day the duke's spectators were,
To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

And guess that these are of his fighting train,
Renown'd in youth, who by their wonder stay'd,
And by their own but slowly passage gain,
But now much more their progress is delay'd :

For a black beauty did her pride display
Thro' a large window, and in jewels shon,
As if to please the world, weeping for day,
Night had put all her starry jewels on.

This beauty gaz'd on both, and Ulfnore
Hung down his head, but yet did lift his eyes,
As if he fain would see a little more :
For much, tho' bashful, he did beauty prise.

Golto did like a blushless statue stare,
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look ;
And even, for fear she would mistrust her snare,
Was ready to cry out, that he was took !

She, with a wicked woman's prosperous art,
A seeming modesty, the window clos'd ;
Wisely delay'd his eyes, since of his heart
She thought she had sufficiently dispos'd.

And he thus straight complain'd : “ Ah, Ulfnore !
How vainly glory has our youth misled !
The wind which blows us from the happy shores,
And drives us from the living to the dead !

“ To bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those
Who might beget such beauties as this maid,
The sleepy here are never wak'd with foes,
Nor are of aught but ladies' frowns afraid.”

Ere he could more lament, a little page, [breed
Clean, and perfum'd, (one whom this dame did
To guess at ill, too manly for his age)
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his steed.

With civil whisper cries, “ My lady, sir !——
At this, Golto alights as swiftly post
As posters mount ; by lingring loath to err, [lost.
As wind-bound men, whose sloth their first wind
And when his friend advis'd him to take care,
He gravely, as a man new potent grown ;
Protests he shall in all his fortunes share,
And to the house invites him as his own.

And, with a rival's wisdom, Ulfnore [astray,
Does hope, since this blind love leads him
Where a false saint he can so soon adore,
That he to Birtha ce'r will finde the way.

They enter, and ascend ; and enter then
Where Daiga with black eyes does sinners draw ;
And with her voice holds fast repenting men,
To whose warm jett, light Golto is but straw,

Nicely as bridegroom's was her chamber drest,
Her bed as bride's, and richer than a throne ;
And sweeter seem'd than the circania's nest,
Though built in eastern groves of cinamon.

The price of princes' pleasures, who her love
(Tho' but false ware) at rates so costly bought ;
The wealth of many, but may hourly prove
Spoils to some one by whom her self is caught.

She, sway'd by sinful beauty's destiny,
Finds her tyrannick pow'r must now expire,
Who ment to kindle Goltho with her eye,
But to her breast has brought the raging fire.

Yet even in simple love she uses art :
Tho' weepings are from looser eyes but leaks,
Yet oldest lovers scarce would doubt her heart,
So well she weeps, and thus to Goltho speaks :

" I might, if I should ask your pardon, sir,
Suspect that pity which the noble feel
When women fail ; but since in this I err
To all my sex, I would to women kneel.

" Yet happy were our sex, could they excuse
All breach of modesty, as I can mine ;
Since 'tis from passion which a saint might use,
And not appear less worthy of a shrine.

" For my dear brother you resemble so [fell ;
Throughout your shape, who late in combat
As you in that an inward vertue show,
By which to me you all the world excel.

" All was he, which the good as greatness see,
Or love can like ! in judgment match'd by none,
Unless it fail'd in being kind to me ;
A crime forbid to all since he is gone.

" For tho' I send my eyes abroad, in hope
Amongst the streams of men still flowing here,
To finde (which is my passion's utmost scope)
Some one that does his noble image bear :

" Yet still I live recluse, unless it seem
A liberty too rude, that I in you
His likeness at so high a rate esteem,
As to believe your heart is kinde and true."

She casts on Ulfinoe a sudden look ;
Stares like a mountebank, who had forgot
His viol, and the cursed poison took
By dire mistake before his antidote.

Prays Goltho that his friend may straight forbear
Her presence ; who (she said) resembled so
Her noble brother's cruel murderer,
As she must now expire, unless he go !

Goltho, still gravely vain, with formal face
Bids Ulfinoe retire ; and does pretend
Almost to know her parents, and the place,
And even to swear her brother was his friend.

But wary Ulfinoe (whose cautious truth
Did never but in plainest dress behold)
Smiles, and remembers tales, to forward youth
In winter nights by country matrons told :

Of witches' townes, where seeming beauties dwell,
All hair, and black within, maides that can fly !
Whose palaces at night are smoky Hell,
And in their beds their slaughter'd lovers lie.

And though, the Sun now setting, he no lights
Saw burning blew, nor steam of sulphur smelt,
Nor took her two black Meroen maids for sprites,
Yet he a secret touch of honour felt.

For not the craft of rivalship (though more
Than states, wise rivals study interest)
Can make him leave his friend, till he restore
Some cold discretion to his burning breast.

Though to his fears this cause now serious shows,
Yet smiles he at his solemn loving eye ;
For 'lust in reading beauty solemn grows
As old phisicians in anatomy.

" Goltho," (said he) "'tis easie to discern
That you are grave, and think you should be so ;
Since you have bus'ness here of grave concern,
And think that you this house and lady know.

" You'll stay, and have your sleep with musick fed,
But little think to wake with mandrakes' groines ;
And by a ghost be to a garden led
At midnight, strew'd with simple lovers' bones :

" This, Goltho, is enchantment, and so strange,
So subt'ly false, that, whilst I tell it you,
I fear the spell will my opinion change,
And make me think the pleasant vision true.

" Her dire black eyes are like the ox's eye,
Which in the Indian ocean tempest brings :
Let's go ! before our horses learn to fly,
Ere she shew cloven feet, and they get wings !"

But high rebellions love, when counsell'd, soon
As sullen as rebuk'd ambition grows ;
And Goltho would pursue what he should shun,
But that his happier fate did interpose :

For at the garden gate a summons, loud
Enough to show authority and haste,
Brought cares to Dalga's brow, which like a cloud
Did soon her shining beauty over-cast.

Like thieves surpris'd whilst they divide their prise,
Her maids run and return thro' ev'ry room,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies ;
All speaking with their looks, and all are dumb.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,
With words, swift as those errands which her
heart

Sends out in glances, thus to Goltho spake :
" My mother, sir ! Alas ! you must depart !

" She is severe as dying confessors,
As jealous as unable husbands are ;
She youth in men like age in maids abhors,
And has more spies than any civil warre.

" Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,
I have a closet secret as my breast,
Which is to men, nor day, no more reveal'd,
Than a close swallow in his winter's nest."

To this good Goltho did begin to yield ;
But Ulfinoe (who doubts that it may tend
To base retreat, unless they quit the field)
Does by example govern and defend.

And now, his eyes even ake with longingness,
Ready to break their strings, to get abroad
To see this matron, by whose sole access
Dalga in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

And as he watch'd her civil Mercury,
The hopeful page, he saw him entrance give,
Not to a matron, still prepar'd to die,
But to a youth wholly design'd to live.

He seem'd the heir to prosperous parents' toiles,
Gay as young kings, that woo in forraign courts ;
Or youthful victors in their Persian spoiles,
He seem'd, like love and musick, made for sports.

But wore his clothing loose, and wildly cast,
As princes high with feasting, who to wine
Are seldom us'd : show'd warm, and more unbrae't
Than ravishers, oppos'd in their designe.

This Ulfmore observ'd, and would not yet,
 In civil pity, undeceive his friend;
 But watch'd the signs of his departing fit,
 Which quickly did in bashful silence end.

To the duke's palace they inquir'd their way;
 And as they slowly rode, a grave excuse
 Grier'd Goltho frames, vowing he made this stay
 For a discov'ry of important use.

"If, sir," (said he) "we heedlessly pass by
 Great towns, like birds that from the country
 But to be skar'd, and on to forrests fly, [come
 Let's be no travail'd fools, but roost at home."

"I see" (reply'd his friend) "you nothing lack
 Of what is painful, curious, and discreet
 In travailleurs, else would you not look back
 So often to observe this house and street:

"Drawing your city mapp with coasters' care;
 Not only marking where safe channels run,
 But where the shelves, and rocks, and dangers are,
 To teach weak strangers what they ought to
 shun.

"But, Goltho, fly from lust's experiments!
 Whose heat we quench much sooner than as-
 swage:

To quench the furnace-lust, stop all the vents;
 For, give it any air, the flames will rage."

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

I AM here arrived at the middle of the third book, which makes an equal half of the poem; and I was now by degrees to present you (as I promised in the preface) the several keys of the main building, which should convey you through such short walks as give an easie view of the whole frame. But it is high time to strike sail, and cast anchor, (though I have run but halfe my course) when at the helme I am threaten'd with Death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity, as diverts the musick of verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civill as to be pleased with what is written) not to take ill, that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this poem to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of *Vertue*; yet even in so worthy a designe I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying; and it is an experiment to the most experienced; for no man (though his mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, he has already dyed.

It may be objected by some, (who look not on verse with the eyes of the ancients, nor with the reverence which it still preserves amongst other nations) that I beget a poem in an unseasonable time. But be not thou, reader, (for thine own sake, as well as mine) a common spectator, that can never look on great changes but with tears in his eyes: for if all men would observe, that conquest is the wheels of the world, on which it has ever run, the victorious would not think they have done so new and such admirable actions as must

draw men from the noble and beautifull sorts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the conquered continue their wonder till it involve them in sorrow, which is then the minde's incurable disease, when the patient grows so sullen, as not to listen to remedy: and poesis was that harp of David, which removed from Saul the melancholy spirit, that put him in a continual remembrance of the revolution of empire.

I shall not think I instruct military men, by saying, that with poesis, in heroic songs, the wiser ancients prepared their batails; nor would I offend the austerity of such as vex themselves with the manage of civill affairs, by putting them in minde, that whilst the plays of children are punished, the plays of men are but excused under the title of business.

But I will gravely tell thee, (reader) he who writes an heroic poem, leaves an estate entayled, and he gives a greater gift to posterity than to the present age; for a publick benefit is best measured in the number of receivers; and our contemporaries are but few, when reckoned with those who shall succeed.

Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the drum; for if this age be not quiet enough to be taught vertue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure: nor could I (like men that have civilly slept till they are old in dark cities) think war a novelty: for we have all heard, that Alexander walked after the drum from Macedon into India; and I tell thee (reader) he carryed Homer in his pocket; and that after Augustus, by many batails, had changed the government of the world, he and Mecenas often feasted very peaceably with Horace: and that the last wise cardinal (whilst he was sending armies abroad, and preparing against civill invasion) took Virgill and Tasso aside under the Louvre gallery, and at a great expence of time and treasure sent them forth in new ornaments. And, perhaps, if my poem were not so severe a representation of vertue, (undressing Truth even out of those disguises which have been most in fashion throughout the world) it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a harbour in a storm.

If thou art a malicious reader, thou wilt remember my preface boldly confessed, that a main motive to this undertaking was a desire of fame; and thou maist likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly, I have some years ago considered that fame, like time, only gets a reverence by long running; and that, like a river, it is narrowest where it is bred, and broadest farr off: but this concludes it not unprofitable, for he whose writings divert men from indiscretion and vice, becomes famous, as he is an example to others' endeavours: and exemplary writers are wiser than to depend on the gratuities of this world; since the kind looks and praises of the present age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in Heaven for a long and continual conversion of posterity.

If thou (reader) art one of those, who has been warmed with poetick fire, I reverence thee as my judge; and whilst others tax me with vanity, as if the preface argued my good opinion of the work, I appeal to thy conscience, whether it be more than such a necessary assurance as thou hast made to thy self in like undertakings? For when I ob-

serves that writers have many enemies, such inward assurance (methinks) resembles that forward confidence in men of armes, which makes them to proceed in great enterprise; since the right examination of abilities begins with inquiring whether we doubt our selves.

WILL DAVENANT.

Cowes-castle, in the Isle of
Wight, October 22,
1650.

TO THE QUEEN,

ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF
ANGLESEY.

FAIRE as unsbaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smook, or as the new
Unfolded bud, sweld by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer farre
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are:
You, that are more than our discreter feare [here]
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you
Here, where the Summer is so little seen, [greet]
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injur'd sphere,
And t' ease the travailes of her beames to night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPIRE.

ODE.

BEWARE (delighted poets!) when you sing,
To welcome Nature in the early spring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flowre
(As it nere knew a Sun or showre)
Hangs there the pensive head.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath
made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
(Unwilling now to grow)
Looks like the plume a captain wears,
Whose rised falls are steep i' th' teares
Which from his last rage flow.

The pitious river wept it self away
Long since (alas!) to such a swift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can spie:
And for a river your mock'd eye
Will finde a shallow brooke.

FOR THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER;

A PRESENT UPON A NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Go! hunt the whiter ermine! and present
His wealthy skin, as this day's tribute sent
To my *Endimion's* love; though she be fare
More gently smooth, more soft than ermines are!
Go! climbe that rock! and when thou there hast
A star, contracted in a diamond, {found

Give it *Endimion's* love, whose glorious eyes
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
Go! dive into the southern sea! and when
Th'ast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
A swelling pearle, and such whose single worth
Boast all the wonders, which the seas bring furth,
Give it *Endimion's* love; whose ev'ry teare
Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
How I command! how slowly they obey!
The churlish Tartar will not hunt to day:
Nor will that lazy, sallow Indian strive
To climbe the rock, nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus poets, like to kings, (by trust deceiv'd)
Give oftener what is heard of, than receiv'd.

ELEGIE,

ON FRANCIS EARLE OF RUTLAND.

CALL not the winds! nor bid the rivers stay!
For tho' the sighs, the teares, they could repay,
Which injur'd lovers, mourners for the dead,
Captives and saints have breath'd away and shed;
Yet we should want to make our sorrow fit
For such a cause, as now doth silence it.
Rutland! the noble and the just! whose name
Already is, all history, all fame!
Whom like brave ancestors in battaile lost,
We mention not in pity, but in boast!
How didst thou smile, to see the solemne sport,
Which vexes busie greatness in the court?
T' observe their lawes of faction, place, and time,
Their precepts how, and where, and when to climbe?
Their rules to know, if the sage meaning lies
In the deep breast, i' th' shallow brow, or eyes?
Tho' titles, and thy blood, made thee appeare
(Oft 'gainst thy ease) where these state-rabbins
Yet their philosophy thou know'st was fit [were,
For thee to pity, more than study it.
Safely thou valu'dst cunning, as 't had been
Wisdom, long since distemper'd into sin:
And knew'st the actions of th' ambitious are
But as the false glarmer in running warre,
Like forlorne scouts (that raise the coyle) they keep
Themselves awake, to hinder others' sleep:
And all they gaine by vex'd expence of breath,
Unquietness, and guilt, is, at their death,
Wonder and mighty noise; whilst things that be
Most deare and pretious to mortalitye,
(Time, and thy self) impatient here of stay,
With a grave silence, seeme to steal away;
Depart from us unheard, and we still mourne
In vaine (though piously) for their returne.
Thy bounties if I name, I'le not admit,
Kings, when they love or wooe, to equal it:
It shew'd like Nature's self, when she doth bring
All she can promise by an early spring;
Or when she pays that promise where she best
Makes summers for mankind, in the rich East.
And as the wise Sun silently employes
His lib'ral beames, and ripens without noise;
As precious dewes doe undiscover'd fall,
And growth insensibly doth steale on all;
So what he gave, conceal'd in private came,
(As in the dark) from one that had no name;
Like fayries' wealth, not given to restore,
Or if reveal'd, it visited no more.
If these live, and be read, (as who shall dar'
Suspect, truth and thy fame immortall are!)

What need thy noble brother, or faire she,
That is thy self, in purst imagerie; [same,
Whose breath, and eyes, the fun'ral spie, and
Continue still, of gentle Buckingham;
What need they send pore pionsers to grone,
In lower quarries, for Corinthian stone?
To dig in Parian hills? since statues must,
And monuments, turne like our selves to dust:
Verse to all ages can our deeds declare,
Tombs but a while show where our bodies are.

SONG.

THE lark now leaves his watry nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings:
"Awake, awake! the Morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
"The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the Sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistries wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your vailles of lawne!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawne."

SONG.

THE SOULDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty gile!
To purifie the ayre;
Thy teares to thrid, instead of pearle,
On bracelets of thy hair.
The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expence of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.
For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drouzy head;
And, for the sport of kings, encrease
The number of the dead.
But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?
Thou know'st the sacred laws of old
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stoln away.
Thy payment shall but double be;
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
Accompani'd with thine.

THE LONG VACATION IN LONDON,

IN VERSE BURLIQUE, OR MOCK-VERSE.

Now town-wit sayes to witty friend,
"Transcribe apace all thou hast pen'd;
For I in journey hold it fit,
To cry thee up to countrey-wit.

Our mules are come! dissolve the club!
The word, till term, is, 'Rub, O rub!'"

Now gamster poor, in cloak of stammel,
Mounted on steed, as slow as cammel,
Battoone of crab in luckless hand,
(Which serves for bilboe and for wand)
Early in morne does sneak from town,
Least landlord's wife should seise on crown;
On crown, which he in pouch does keep,
When day is done, to pay for sleep;
For he in journey nought does eat.
Host spies him come, cries, "Sir, what meat?"
He calls for room, and down he lies.
Quoth host, "No supper sir?" He cries,
"I eate no supper, sling on rug!
I'm sick, d'you hear? yet bring a jug!"
Now damsel young, that dwels in Cheap,
For very joy begins to leape:
Her elbow small she oft does rub,
Tickled with hope of sillabub!
For mother (who does gold maintain
On thumbe, and keys in silver chaine)
In s:ow white clout, wrapt nook of pye,
Fat capon's wing, and rabbet's thigh,
And said to hackney coachman, "Go,
Take shillings six, say I, or no."
"Whither?" says he. Quoth she, "Thy trame
Shall drive to place where growth creame."

But husband gray now comes so stall,
For prentice notch'd he straight does call:
"Where's dame?" quoth he. Quoth son of shop,
"She's gone her cake in milk to sop."
"Ho, ho! to Islington! enough!
Fetch Job, my son, and our dog Ruffe!
For there in pond, through mire and muck,
We'll cry, 'Hay, duck! there, Ruffe! hay, duck!'"
Now Turnbal-dame, by starving paunch,
Rates two stone weight in either haunch:
On branne and liver she must dine,
And sits at dore instead of signe.
She softly says to roaring Swash,
Who wears long whiskers, "Go, fetch cash!
There's gown," quoth she, "speak broaker fair,
Till term brings up weak countrey heir:
Whom kirtle red will much amaze,
Whilst clown his man on signes does gaze,
In liv'ry short, galloome on cape,
With cloak-bag mounting high as nape."

Now man that trusts, with weary thighs,
Seeks garret where small poet lies:
He comes to Lane, finds garret shut;
Then, not with knuckle, but with foot,
He rudely thrusts, would enter dores;
Though poet sleeps not, yet he snores:
Cit chafes like beast of Libia; then
Sweares, he'll not come or send agen.
From little lump triangular
Popr poets' sighs are heard afar.
Quoth he, "Do noble numbers choose
To walk on feet, that have no shoose?"
Then he does wish with fervent breath,
And as his last request ere death,
Each ode a bond, each madrigal,
A lease from Haberdashers' Hall,
Or that he had protected bin
At court, in list of chamberlain;
For wights near thrones care not an ace
For Woodstreet friend, that wieldeth mace.
Courts pay no scores but when they list,
And treasurer still has cramp in fist;

Then forth he steales; to Globe does run;
 And smiles, and vows four acts are done:
 Finis to bring he does protest,
 Tells ev'ry play'r his part is best.
 And all to get (as poets use)
 Some coyne in pouche to solace Muse.

Now wight that acts on stage of Bull,
 In skullers' bark does lie at Hull,
 Which he for pennies two does rig,
 All day on Thames to bob for grig:
 Whilst fencer poor does by him stand,
 In old dung-lighter, hook in hand;
 Between knees rod, with canvas crib,
 To girdle tide, close under rib;
 Where worms are put, which must small fish
 Betray at night to earthen dish.

Now London's chief, on saddle new,
 Rides into fare of Bartholemew:
 He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
 As if to fright the head of pig,
 That gaping lies on greasy stall,
 Till female with great belly call.

Now alderman in field does stand,
 With foot on trig, a quoit in hand:
 "I'm seaven," quoth he, "the game is up!
 Nothing I pay, and yet I sup."

To alderman quoth neighbour then,
 "I lost but mutton, play for hen."
 But wealthy blade cries out, "At rate
 Of kings, should'at play! lets go, tis late."

Now lean attorney, that his cheese
 Ne'r par'd, nor verses took for fees;
 And aged proctor, that controules
 The feats of punck in court of Paul's;
 Do each with solemn oath agree
 To meet in fields of Finsbury:

With loynes in canvas bow case tyde,
 Where arrows stick with mickle pride;
 With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
 All day most fiercely there they stand;
 Like ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clymme:
 Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.

Now Spynie, Ralph, and Gregorie small,
 And short hayr'd Stephen, whay-fac'd Paul,
 (Whose times are out, indentures torn)
 Who seaven long years did never skorne,
 To fetch up coales for maid to use,
 Wipe mistresses', and children's shooes)
 Do jump for joy they are made free;
 Hire mesgre steeds, to ride and see,
 Their parents old who dwell as near,
 As place call'd Peake in Derby-shire.
 There they alight, old croanes are milde;
 Each weeps on cragg of pretty childe:
 They portions give, trades up to set,
 That babes may live, serve God and cheat.

Near house of law by Temple-Bar,
 Now man of mace cares not how far,
 In stockings blew he marcheth on,
 With velvet cape his cloack upon;
 In girdle, scrowles, where names of some,
 Are written down, whom touch of thumbe,
 On shoulder left must safe convoy,
 Anoying wights with name of roy.
 Poor pris'ner's friend that sees the touch,
 Cries out, aloud, "I thought as much."

Now vaulter good, and dancing lass,
 On rope, and man that cries "Hey, pass,"
 And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
 Lay head to heel to creep through hoops;

And man in chimney hid to dress,
 Puppit that acts our old queen Bess,
 And man that whilst the puppits play,
 Through nose expoundeth what they say
 And man that does in chest include,
 Old Sodom and Gomorrah lewd:
 And white oate-eater that does dwell;
 In stable small, at sign of Bell:
 That lift up hoofe to show the prauks,
 Taught by magitian, stiled Banks;
 And ape, led captive still in chaine,
 Till he renounce the pope and Spaine.
 All these on hoof now trudge from town,
 To cheat poor turnep-eating clown.
 Now man of war with visage red,
 Grows chollick and swears for bread.
 He sendeth note to man of kin,
 But man leaves word, "I'm not within."
 He meets in street with friend call'd Will;
 And cries "Old rogue! what living still?"
 But er' that street they quite are past,
 He softly asks, "What money hast?"
 Quoth friend, "A crown!" he cries, "Dear heart!
 O base, no more, sweet, lend me part!"
 But stay my frighted pen is fled;
 My self through fear creep under bed;
 For just as Muse would scribble more,
 Fierce city dunne did rap at door.

THE DREAME.

TO MR. GEORGE PORTER.

No victor, when in battel spent,
 When he at night asleep doth lie,
 Rich in a conquer'd monarch's tent,
 Ere had so vaine a dreame as I.
 Me-thought I saw the early'st shade,
 And sweetest that the spring can spread;
 Of jesmyn, bry're, and woodbine made,
 And there I saw Clorinda dead.
 Though dead she lay, yet could I see
 No cypress nor no mourning ewe;
 Nor yet the injur'd lover's tree;
 No willow near her coffin grew.
 But all shew'd unconcern'd to be;
 As if just Nature there did strive
 To seem as pittiless as she
 Was to her lover when alive,
 And now methought I lost all care
 In losing her; and was as free
 As birds let loose into the ayre,
 Or rivers that are got to sea.
 Methought love's monarchy was gone;
 And whilst elective numbers sway
 Our choice, and change makes pow'r our own,
 And those court us whom we obey.
 Yet soon, now from my princess free,
 I rather frantick grew than glad:
 For subjects, getting liberty,
 Got but a licence to be mad.
 Birds that are long in cages aw'd,
 If they get out, a while will roame,
 But straight want skill to live abroad.
 Then pine and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run
 From being pent in banks of flowers,
 Not knowing that th' exhaling Sun
 Will send them back in weeping showers.
 Soon thus for pride of liberty
 I low desires of bondage found ;
 And vanity of being free,
 Bred the discretion to be bound.
 But as dull subjects see too late
 Their safety in monarhal reign,
 Finding their freedome in a state
 Is but proud strutting in a chaine.
 Then growing wiser, when undone,
 In winter's nights sad stories sing
 In praise of monarchs long since gooe,
 To whom their bells they yearly ring.
 So now I mourn'd that she was dead,
 Whose single pow'r did govern me,
 And quickly was by reason led
 To find the harm of liberty.
 In love's free state where many sway,
 Number to change our hearts prepares,
 And but one fetter takes away,
 To lay a world of handsome snares.
 And I, love's secretary now,
 (Ray'd in my dreame to that grave stile)
 The dangers of love's state to shoue,
 Wrote to the lovers of this isle.
 For lovers correspond, and each,
 Though, states-man like, he th' other hate,
 Yet stilly one another teach
 By civil love to save the state.
 And as in interreigne men draw
 Pow'r to themselves of doing right,
 When generous reason, not the law,
 They think restraines their appetite :

Even so the lovers of (this land
 (Love's empire in Clorinda gone)
 Thought they were quit from love's command,
 And beautie's world was all their own.
 But lovers (who are Nature's best
 Old subjects) never long revolt ;
 They soon in passions' warr contest ;
 Yet in their march soon make a halt.
 And those (when by my mandates brought
 Near dead Clorinda) ceast to boast
 Of freedome found, and wept for thought
 Of their delightful bondage lost.
 And now the day to night was turn'd,
 Or sadly night's close mourning wore ;
 All maids for one another mourn'd,
 That lovers now could love no more.
 All lovers quickly did perceive
 They had on Earth no more to doe ;
 But civilly to take their leave
 As worthys that to dying goe.
 And now all quires her dirges sing ;
 In shades of cypress, and of ewe ;
 The bells of ev'ry temple ring,
 Where maids their wither'd garlands strew.
 To such extreames did sorrow rise
 That it transcended speech and forme ;
 And was so lost to cares and eyes
 As seamen sinking in a storme.
 My soul, in sleep's soft fetters bound,
 Did now for vital freedome strive ;
 And straight, by horroure wak't, I found
 The fair Clorinda still alive.
 Yet she's to me but such a light
 As are the stars to those who know
 We can at most but guess their height,
 And hope they minde us here below.