

27638

17E

.068





W. Faithorne Sculp. 1687.

M^r. Abraham Cowley ~

Handwritten signatures and scribbles in brown ink, including a large flourish and a smaller signature.

THE
WORKS
OF
M^r Abraham Cowley.

Consisting of

Those which were formerly Printed :

A N D

Those which he Design'd for the Press,

Now Published out of the Author's

O R I G I N A L C O P I E S .

To this Edition are added several Commendatory
Copies of Verses on the Author, by Persons
of HONOUR.

As also a TABLE to the whole WORKS, never
before Printed.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, and sold by Jos. Knight
and Fra. Saunders, at the Sign of the Blue Anchor, in the
Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1 6 8 8.

PR
3370
.A1
1688
GENERAL

Abraham Cowi

F6

OLCC 15699296 3/4/2005
12.2.15 DCR

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE
AND
WRITINGS
OF
Mr. *ABRAHAM COWLEY*.

Written to
Mr. *M. CLIFFORD*.

SIR,



R. Cowley in his Will recommend-
ed to my care the revising of all
his Works that were formerly
printed, and the collecting of
those Papers which he had de-
sign'd for the Press. And he did it
with this particular Obligation,
*That I should be sure to let nothing
pass, that might seem the least offence
to Religion, or good Manners.* A Caution which you will
judge to have been altogether needless. For certainly,
in all Ancient or Modern Times, there can scarce any
Author be found, that has handled so many different
Matters in such various sorts of Style, who less wants the
correction of his Friends, or has less reason to fear the
severity of Strangers.

According to his desire and his own intention, I have
now set forth his Latine and English Writings, each in a

An Account of the Life of

Volume apart ; and to that which was before extant in both Languages, I have added all that I could find in his Clofet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the Will of the Dead : But I doubt I shall not satisfie the expectation of the Living, unless some account be here premis'd concerning this excellent man. I know very well, that he has given the World the best Image of his own mind in these immortal Monuments of his Wit. Yet there is still room enough left, for one of his familiar acquaintance to say many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his Life, that may serve for the information of his Readers, if not for the encrease of his Fame ; which without any such helps, is already sufficiently establish'd.

This, Sir, were an Argument most proper for you to manage, in respect of your great abilities, and the long friendship you maintain'd with him. But you have an obstinate aversion from publishing any of your writings. I guess what pretence you have for it, and that you are confirm'd in this resolution by the prodigious multitude and imperfections of Us Writers of this Age. I will not now dispute, whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our reformation by your example, than reproofs. But however, seeing you persist in your purpose, and have refus'd to adorn even this very subject, which you love so well ; I beg your assistance while I my self undertake it. This I do with the greater willingness, because I believe there is no man, who speaks of Mr. *Cowley*, that can want either matter or words. I only therefore intreat you to give me leave to make you a party in this Relation, by using your Name and your Testimony. For by this means, though the memory of our Friend shall not be delivered to posterity with the advantage of your Wit, which were most to be desir'd ; yet his praise will be strengthen'd by the consent of your judgment, and the authority of your approbation.

Mr. *A. Cowley* was born in the City of *London*, in the Year One thousand six hundred and eighteen. His Parents were Citizens of a virtuous life and sufficient Estate, and so the condition of his Fortune was equal to the tem-

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

per of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The first years of his youth were spent in *Westminster School*, where he soon obtain'd and increas'd the noble Genius peculiar to that place. The occasion of his first inclination to Poetry, was his casual lighting on *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, when he was but just able to read. That indeed is a Poem fitter for the examination of men, than the consideration of a Child. But in him it met with a Fancy, whose strength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little Book under his Name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly wit. The first beginning of his Studies, was a familiarity with the most solid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he fully digested not only in his memory but his judgment. By this advantage he learnt nothing while a Boy, that he needed to forget or forsake, when he came to be a man; His mind was rightly season'd at first, and he had nothing to do, but still to proceed on the same Foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his Teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary rules of Grammar. However he supply'd that want, by conversing with the Books themselves, from whence those Rules had been drawn. That no doubt was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman Languages, as he had done his own, not by precept but use, he practis'd them, not as a Scholar but a Native.

With these extraordinary hopes he was remov'd to *Trinity-College in Cambridge*, where by the progress and continuance of his Wit, it appear'd that two things were joyn'd in it, which seldom meet together, that it was both early-ripe and lasting. This brought him into the love and esteem of the most eminent members of that famous Society, and principally of your Uncle Mr. *Fotherby*, whose favours he since abundantly acknowledg'd, when his benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His Exercises of all kinds, are still remembered in that University.

An Account of the Life of

verity with great applause, and with this particular praise, that they were not only fit for the obscurity of an Academical life, but to have been shown on the true Theater of the World. There it was that before the Twentieth year of his age, he laid the design of divers of his most Masculine Works, that he finish'd long after. In which I know not whether I should most commend, that a mind so young should conceive such great things, or that it should be able to perfect them with such felicity.

The first occasion of his entring into business, was the Elegy that he writ on Mr. *Harvey's* Death; wherein he described the highest Characters of Religion, Knowledge, and Friendship, in an Age when most other men scarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. *John Harvey*, the Brother of his deceased Friend, from whom he received many Offices of kindness through the whole course of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the service of my Lord St. *Albans*.

When the Civil War broke out, his affection to the King's cause drew him to *Oxford*, as soon as it began to be the chief seat of the Royal Party. In that University he prosecuted the same Studies with a like success. Nor in the mean time was he wanting to his duty in the War itself, for he was present and in service in several of the King's Journeys and Expeditions. By these occasions and the report of his high deserts, he speedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the Fortune of the War had drawn together. And particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendship of my Lord *Falkland* one of the Principal Secretaries of State. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their Learning and Manners. For you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. *Cowley* admire him, not only for the profoundness of his knowledge, which was applauded by all the World, but more especially for those qualities which he himself more regarded, for his generosity of mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of humane greatness.

During the heat of the Civil War, he was settled in my Lord St. *Albans* Family, and attended her Majesty
the

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

the Queen-Mother, when by the unjust persecution of her Subjects, she was forc'd to retire into *France*. Upon this wandering condition of the most vigorous part of his life, he was wont to reflect, as the cause of the long interruption of his Studies. Yet we have no reason to think that he lost so great a space of Time, if we consider in what business he employ'd his banishment. He was absent from his native Country above twelve years; which were wholly spent either in bearing a share in the distresses of the Royal Family, or in labouring in their Affairs. To this purpose he performed several dangerous journeys into *Jersey*, *Scotland*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, or wherever else the King's Troubles requir'd his attendance. But the chief Testimony of his Fidelity, was the laborious service he underwent in maintaining the constant correspondence between the late King and the Queen his Wife. In that weighty Trust he behaved himself with indefatigable integrity, and unsuspected secrecy. For he cypher'd and decypher'd with his own hand, the greatest part of all the Letters that passed between their Majesties, and managed a vast Intelligence in many other parts: which for some years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length upon his present Majesty's removal out of *France*, and the Queen-Mother's staying behind, the business of that nature passed of course into other hands. Then it was thought fit by those on whom he depended, that he should come over into *England*, and under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this Nation. Upon his return he found his Country groaning under the oppression of an unjust Usurpation. And he soon felt the effects of it. For while he lay hid in *London*, he was seiz'd on by a mistake, the search having been intended after another Gentleman, of considerable note in the King's Party. Being made a Prisoner, he was often examined before the Usurpers, who tryed all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their ends. That course not prevailing, he was committed to a severe restraint; and scarce at last obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a Thousand pound Bail, which burthen Dr. *Scarborough*
very

An Account of the Life of

very honourably took upon himself. Under these Bonds he continued till the general redemption. Yet taking the opportunity of the Confusions that followed upon *Cromwel's* death, he ventured back into *France*, and there remained in the same Station as before, till near the time of the King's return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly sufficient to justify his Loyalty to all the world; though some have endeavoured to bring it in question, upon occasion of a few lines in the Preface to one of his Books. The Objection I must not pass by in silence, because it was the only part of his life, that was liable to mis-interpretation, even by the confession of those that envied his Fame. In this case perhaps it were enough, to alledge for him to men of moderate minds, that what he there said was published before a Book of Poetry, and so ought rather to be esteemed as a problem of his Fancy and Invention, than as the real Image of his Judgment. But his defence in this matter may be laid on a surer foundation. This is the true reason that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the state of the Royal Party very desperate. He perceived the strength of their Enemies so united, that till it should begin to break within it self, all endeavours against it were like to prove unsuccessful. On the other side he beheld their zeal for his Majesty's Cause to be still so active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruine. He saw this with much grief. And though he approv'd their constancy, as much as any man living, yet he found their unseasonable shewing it, did only disable themselves, and give their Adversaries great advantages of riches and strength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious service to the King, if any man who was known to have followed his interest, could insinuate into the Usurpers minds, that men of his Principles were now willing to be quiet, and could persuade the poor oppressed Royalists to conceal their affections, for better occasions. And as for his own particular, he was a close Prisoner, when he writ that against which the exception is made; so that he saw it was impossible for him to pursue the ends for which he came hither, if he did not make some

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

some kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion. And the success of things seems to prove, that it was not very ill grounded. For certainly it was one of the greatest helps to the Kings Affairs, about the latter end of that Tyranny, that many of his best Friends dissembled their Counsels, and acted the same designs, under the Disguises and Names of other Parties.

This, Sir, you can testify to have been the innocent occasion of these words, on which so much clamor was rais'd. Yet seeing his good intentions were so ill interpreted, he told me, the last time that ever I saw him, that he would have them omitted in the next impression: of which his Friend Mr. Cook is a witness. However, if we should take them in the worst sense, of which they are capable: yet methinks for his maintaining one false Tenent in the Political Philosophy, he made a sufficient atonement by a continual service of twenty years, by the perpetual Loyalty of his discourse, and by many of his other Writings, wherein he has largely defended, and adorned the Royal Cause. And to speak of him not as our Friend, but according to the common Laws of Humanity; certainly that life must needs be very unblameable, which had been tryed in business of the highest consequence, practis'd in the hazardous secrets of Courts and Cabinets; and yet there can nothing disgraceful be produc'd against it, but only the error of one Paragraph, and a single Metaphor.

But to return to my Narration, which this Digression has interrupted: Upon the Kings happy Restauration, Mr. Cowley was past the fortieth year of his Age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturb'd the Peace of all our Neighbour-States, as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of Princes, and familiarly convers'd with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessa-
ry

An Account of the Life of

ry for one that would contemn it aright : for to scorn the pomp of the World before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a true Magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to Foreign Manners : He was satiated with the Arts of Court : which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forgo all Publick Employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary Studies, of temperate Pleasures, and of a moderate Revenue, below the malice and flatteries of Fortune.

At first he was but slenderly provided for such a retirement, by reason of his Travels, and the Afflictions of the Party to which he adhered, which had put him quite out of all the roads of gain. Yet notwithstanding the narrowness of his Income, he remained fixed to his resolution, upon his confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its desires into so small a compass, that a very few things would supply them all. But upon the settlement of the Peace of our Nation, this hinderance of his design was soon remov'd : for he then obtain'd a plentiful Estate, by the favour of my Lord *St. Albans*, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of *Buckingham* ; to whom he was always most dear, and whom he ever respected as his principal Patrons. The last of which great men, you know, Sir, it is my duty to mention, not only for *M. Cowley's* sake, but my own : though I cannot do it, without being ashamed, that having the same Encourager of my Studies, I should deserve his Patronage so much less.

Thus he was sufficiently furnished for his retreat. And immediately he gave over all pursuit of Honour and Riches, in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remain'd in his mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfied. In his last seven or eight years he was conceal'd in his beloved obscurity,
and

and possess'd that solitude, which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of Profit or Preferment. His visits to the City and Court were very few: his stays in Town were only as a Passenger, not an Inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life, were two or three Villages on the bank of the *Thames*. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come, than what was past; he suffered no more business, nor cares of life to come near him, than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few Friends and Books, a chearful heart, and innocent Conscience were his constant Companions. His Poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that an Anchorite, as well as himself: he only dedicated it to the service of his Maker, to describe the great images of Religion and Virtue wherewith his mind abounded. And he employed his Musick to no other use, than as his own *David* did towards *Saul*, by singing the praises of God and of Nature, to drive the evil spirit out of mens minds.

Of his Works that are publish'd, it is hard to give one general Character, because of the difference of their subjects; and the various forms and distant times of their writing. Yet this is true of them all, that in all the several shapes of his style, there is still very much of the likeness and impression of the same mind: the same unaffected modesty, and natural freedom, and easie vigour, and chearful passions, and innocent mirth, which appear'd in all his Manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike conditions, in the University and the Court. But in his Poetry, as well as his Life, he mingled with excellent skill what was good in both states. In his life he joyn'd the innocence, and sincerity of the Scholar, with the humanity and good behaviour of the Courtier. In his Poems he united the Solidity and Art of the one, with the Gentility and Gracefulness of the other.

If any shall think that he was not wonderfully curious in the choice and elegance of all his words: I will affirm with more truth on the other side, that he had no manner of affectation in them: he took them as he found them

An Account of the Life of

made to his hands ; he neither went before, nor came after the use of the Age. He forsook the Conversation, but never the Language, of the City and Court. He understood exceeding well, all the variety and power of Poetical Numbers ; and practis'd all sorts with great happiness. If his Verses in some places seem not as soft and flowing as some would have them, it was his choice not his fault. He knew that in diverting mens minds, there should be the same variety observ'd as in the prospects of their Eyes : where a Rock, a Precipice, or a rising Wave, is often more delightful than a smooth, even ground, or a calm Sea. Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man. But where higher Virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact numerosity was not then his main care. This may serve to answer those who upbraid some of his Pieces with roughness, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow. But these Admirers of gentleness without finews, should know that different Arguments must have different Colours of Speech : that there is a kind of variety of Sexes in Poetry, as well as in Mankind : that as the peculiar excellence of the Feminine Kind, is smoothness and beauty ; so strength is the chief praise of the Masculine.

He had a perfect mastery in both the Languages in which he writ : But each of them kept a just distance from the other : neither did his Latine make his English too old, nor his English make his Latine too modern. He excelled both in Prose and Verse ; and both together have that perfection, which is commended by some of the Ancients above all others, That they are very obvious to the conception, but most difficult in the imitation.

His Fancy flow'd with great speed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him, that his judgement was equal to manage it. He never runs his Reader nor his Argument out of breath. He perfectly practises the hardest secret of good Writing, to know when he has done enough. He always leaves off in such a manner, that it appears it was in his power to have said much more. In the particular expressions there is still much to be Applauded, but more in the disposition, and order of the whole. From thence there springs a new comeliness, besides

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

sides the feature of each part. His Invention is powerful, and large as can be desir'd. But it seems all to arise out of the Nature of the subject, and to be just fitted for the thing of which he speaks. If ever he goes far for it, he dissembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is so large, that there is scarce any particular of all the passions of men, or works of Nature, and Providence, which he has pass'd by undescrib'd. Yet he still observes the rules of Decency with so much care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the softer Affections, or delights him with inoffensive Raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of Life, or adorns the discoveries of Philosophy, or inspires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion: To all these matters that are so wide asunder, he still proportions a due figure of Speech, and a proper measure of Wit. This indeed is most remarkable, that a man who was so constant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his mind, should yet be so changeable in his Intellectual, and in both to the highest degree of Excellence.

If there needed any excuse to be made, that his Loves should take up so great a share in his Works, it may be alledg'd that they were compos'd when he was very young. But it is a vain thing to make any kind of Apology for that sort of Writings. If Devout or Virtuous men will superciliously forbid the minds of the young, to adorn those subjects about which they are most conversant: They would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters, when they come to them. For the exercises of all mens Wits, must be always proper for their Age, and never too much above it: And by practice and use in lighter Arguments, they grew up at last to excel in the most weighty. I am not therefore asham'd to commend Mr. Cowley's Mistress. I only except one or two Expressions, which I wish I could have prevail'd with those that had the right of the other Edition, to have left out. But of all the rest I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet so much was written on a Subject so Delicate, that can less offend the severest rules of Morality. The whole Passion of Love is intimately describ'd, with all its mighty Train of Hopes,

An Account of the Life of

and Joys, and Dilquiets. Besides this amorous tenderness, I know not how in every Copy, there is something of more useful Knowledge very naturally and gracefully insinuated, and every where there may be something found, to inform the minds of wise men, as well as to move the hearts of young Men, or Women.

The occasion of his falling on the Pindaric way of writing, was his accidental meeting with *Pindar's* Works, in a place, where he had no other Books to direct him. Having then considered at leisure the height of his Invention, and the Majesty of his Style, he try'd immediately to imitate it in *English*. And he perform'd it without the danger that *Horace* presag'd to the man who should dare to attempt it.

If any are displeas'd at the boldness of his Metaphors, and length of his Digressions, they contend not against Mr. *Cowley*, but *Pindar* himself: who was so much reverenc'd by all Antiquity, that the place of his Birth was preserv'd as Sacred, when his Native City was twice destroy'd by the fury of two Conquerours. If the irregularity of the number disgust them, they may observe that this very thing makes that kind of Poësie fit for all manner of subjects: For the Pleasant, the Grave, the Amorous, the Heroic, the Philosophical, the Moral, the Divine. Besides this they will find, that the frequent alteration of the Rhythm and Feet, affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is soon apt to be tyr'd by the settled pace of any one constant measure. But that for which I think this inequality of number is chiefly to be preferr'd, is its nearer affinity with Prose: From which all other kinds of *English* Verse are so far distant, that it is very seldom found that the same man excells in both ways. But now this loose and unconfin'd measure has all the Grace and Harmony of the most confin'd. And withal, it is so large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt our Prose: which is certainly the most useful kind of Writing of all others: for it is the style of all business and conversation.

Besides this imitating of *Pindar*, which may perhaps be thought rather a new sort of Writing, than a restoring of an Ancient; he has also been wonderfully happy in

Tran-

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

Translating many difficult parts of the noblest Poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the Dignity of the attempt, he had, as it was necessary he should have, not only the Elegance of both the Languages; but the true Spirit of both the Poetries. This way of leaving Verbal Translations, and chiefly regarding the Sense and Genius of the Author, was scarce heard of in *England* before this present Age. I will not presume to say, that Mr. *Cowley* was the absolute Inventor of it. Nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it first in Print. Yet I appeal to you, Sir, whether he did not conceive it, and discourse of it, and practise it as soon as any man.

His *Davidis* was wholly written in so young an Age; that if we shall reflect on the vastness of the Argument, and his manner of handling it, he may seem like one of the Miracles, that he there adorns, like a Boy attempting *Goliath*. I have often heard you declare, that he had finish'd the greatest part of it, while he was yet a young Student at *Cambridge*. This perhaps may be the reason, that in some few places, there is more youthfulness, and redundancy of Fancy, than his riper judgment would have allow'd. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to use this liberty of censure; for I do not here pretend to a professed panegyrick, but rather to give a just opinion concerning him. But for the main of it, I will affirm, that it is a better instance and beginning of a Divine Poem, than I ever yet saw in any Language. The contrivance is perfectly Ancient, which is certainly the true form of Heroick Poetry, and such as was never yet outdone by any new Devices of Modern Wits. The subject was truly Divine, even according to God's own heart. The matter of his invention, all the Treasures of Knowledge and Histories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the Learning of the East. The Characters lofty and various: The Numbers firm and powerful: The Digressions beautiful and proportionable: The Design to submit mortal Wit to heavenly Truths: in all there is an admirable mixture of humane Virtues and Passions, with religious Raptures.

The truth is, Sir, methinks in other matters, his Wit excell'd

An Account of the Life of

excell'd most other mens : but in his Moral and Divine Works it out-did it self. And no doubt it proceeded from this Cause, that in other lighter kinds of Poetry, he chiefly represented the humours and affections of others ; but in these he sat to himself, and drew the figure of his own mind. I know it has been objected against him by some morose Zelots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture by sprinkling all his Works with many Allusions and Similitudes that he took out of the Bible. But to these men it were a sufficient reply, to compare their own Practice with his, in this particular. They make use of Scripture Phrases and Quotations, in all their common Discourse. They employ the Words of Holy Writ, to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections. And why then might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence some ornament, for the innocent Passions and natural Truths, and moral Virtues which he describes ?

This is confutation enough to that sort of men. As to the thing it self, it is so far from being a debasing of Divinity, to make some parts of it the subjects of our Fancy, that it is a sure way to establish it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give it a durable impresson on the minds of wise men. Of this we have a powerful instance amongst the Ancients. For their Wit has lasted much longer than the Practice of any of their Religions. And the very memory of most of their Divine Worship had perished, if it had not been expressed and preserved by their Poets. But Mr. *Cowley* himself did of all men living abhor the abuse of Scripture by licentious Raillery : which ought not only to be esteemed the meanest kind of Wit, but the worst sort of ill Manners. This perhaps some men would be loth to hear proved, who practise it under the false title of a Gentile Quality : but the truth of it is unquestionable. For the ordinary ill breeding is only an indecency and offence against some particular Custome, or Gesture, or Behaviour in use : But this profaneness is a violation of the very support of humane Society, and a rudeness against the best manners, that all Mankind can practise, which is a just reverence of the Supreme Power of all the World.

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

In his Latine Poems he has exprest to admiration, all the Numbers of Verses, and Figures of Poesie, that are scattered up and down among the Ancients. There is hardly to be found in them all, any good fashion of Speech, or colour of Measure, but he has comprehended it, and given instances of it, according as his several Arguments required either a Majestick Spirit, or a passionate, or a pleasant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any single Poet of the Ancient *Romans* themselves. They had the Language natural to them, and so might easily have moulded it into what form or humour they pleas'd: Yet it was their constant Custom, to confine all their thoughts and practice to one or two ways of Writing, as despairing ever to compass all together. This is evident in those that excelled in Odes and Songs, in the Comical, Tragical, Epical, Elegiacal, or Satyrical way. And this perhaps occasioned the first distinction and number of the Muses. For they thought the task too hard for any one of them, though they fancied them to be Goddesses. And therefore they divided it amongst them all, and only recommended to each of them, the care of a distinct Character of Poetry and Musick.

The occasion of his chusing the subject of his six Books of Plants, was this; when he returned into *England*, he was advised to dissemble the main intention of his coming over, under the disguise of applying himself to some settled profession. And that of Physick was thought most proper. To this purpose, after many Anatomical Dissections he proceeded to the consideration of Simples; and having furnish'd himself with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might shew him the real Figures of those Plants, of which he read. Thus he speedily master'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the study of the Law, instead of employing his Skill for practice and profit, he presently digested it into that form which we behold.

The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a style resembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the sweetness and freedom of the Verse: But excelling them in the strength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Sence. The
third

An Account of the Life of

third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus* and *Horace's* Numbers : For the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the stately and numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar easiness of his Epistles, and Speeches. The two last speak of Trees, in the way of *Virgil's Georgicks*. Of these the sixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *British* Oak to preside in the Assembly of the Forest Trees ; upon that occasion he enlarges on the History of our late Troubles, the King's affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch* War : and manages all in a style, that (to say all in a word) is equal to the Greatness and Valour of the *English* Nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of *Horace's* Speeches. But of this there are but two Instances preserv'd : that part of an Epistle to Mr. *Creswel*, with which he concludes his Preface to his Book of Plants ; and that Copy which is written to your self. I confess I heartily wish he had left more Examples behind him of this kind : because I esteem it to be one of the best and most difficult, of all those that Antiquity has taught us. It is certainly the very Original of true Raillery ; and differs as much from some of the other Latine *Satyrs*, as the pleasant reproofs of a Gentleman, from the severity of a School-master. I know some men disapprove it, because the Verse seems to be loose, and near to the plainness of common Discourse. But that which was admir'd by the Court of *Augustus*, never ought to be esteem'd flat or vulgar. And the same judgment should be made of mens styles, as of their behaviour, and carriage : wherein that is most courtly, and hardest to be imitated, which consists of a Natural easiness, and unaffected Grace, where nothing seems to be studied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of Verse puts me in mind of one kind of Prose wherein Mr. *Cowley* was excellent ; and that is his Letters to his private Friends. In these he always express'd the Native tenderness, and innocent gayety of his Mind. I think, Sir, you and I have the greatest Collection of this sort. But I know you agree with me, that nothing

thing of this Nature should be publish'd : And herein you have always consented to approve of the modest Judgment of our Country-men above the practice of some of our Neighbours, and chiefly of the *French*. I make no manner of question, but the *English* at this time are infinitely improv'd in this way, above the Skill of former Ages, nay, of all Countries round about us, that pretend to greater Eloquence. Yet they have been always judiciously sparing in Printing such composures, while some other Witty Nations have tir'd all their Prefes, and Readers with them. The truth is, the Letters that pass between particular Friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsom Complements, or tedious Politics, or elaborate Elegancies, or general Fancies, but they should have a Native clearness and shortness, a Domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of Familiarity ; which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same passages, which make Writings of this Nature delightful amongst Friends, will lose all manner of tast, when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such Letters the Souls of Men should appear undress'd : And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.

The last Pieces that we have from his hands, are Discourses by way of Essays, upon some of the gravest subjects that concern the Contentment of a Virtuous Mind. These he intended as a real Character of his own thoughts, upon the point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may observe, that in the Prose of them, there is little Curiosity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler style than the rest, and as an unfeigned Image of his Soul should be drawn without Flattery. I do not speak this to their disadvantage. For the true perfection of Wit is, to be plyable to all occasions, to walk or fly according to the Nature of every subject. And there is no doubt as much Art, to have only plain Conceptions on some Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

To these that he has here left scarce finish'd, it was his
c design

An Account of the Life of

design to have added many others. And a little before his death he communicated to me his resolutions, to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. *Albans*, as a testimony of his intire respects to him : and a kind of Apology for having left humane Affairs, in the strength of his Age, while he might still have been serviceable to his Country. But though he was prevented in this purpose by his death : yet it becomes the office of a Friend to make good his intentions. I therefore here presume to make a Present of them to his Lordship. I doubt not but according to his usual humanity, he will accept this imperfect Legacy, of the man whom he long honoured with his domestic conversation. And I am confident his Lordship will believe it to be no injury to his Fame, that in these Papers my Lord St. *Albans* and Mr. *Cowley's* name shall be read together by posterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer Discourse of his Writings, but that I think it fit to direct my Speech concerning him, by the same rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his esteem of other men, he constantly prefer'd the good temper of their Minds, and honesty of their Actions, above all the excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. The same course I will take in his praise, which chiefly ought to be fixed on his life. For that he deserves more applause from the most virtuous men, than for his other abilities he ever obtained from the Learned.

He had indeed a perfect natural goodness, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeness of his wit could pervert. He had a firmness and strength of mind that was proof against the Art of Poetry it self. Nothing vain or fantastical, nothing flattering or insolent appeared in his humour. He had a great integrity and plainness of Manners ; which he preserv'd to the last, though much of his time was spent in a Nation, and way of life, that is not very famous for sincerity. But the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples ; and therefore the sight of them rather confirmed him in the contrary Virtues.

There was nothing affected or singular in his habit, or person, or gesture. He understood the forms of good breeding

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

breeding enough to practise them without burdening himself, or others. He never oppress any mans parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for Fame, or contention for Profit with any man. When he was in business he suffer'd others importunities with much easiness: When he was out of it, he was never importunate himself. His modesty and humility were so great, that if he had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought dissimulation.

His Conversation was certainly of the most excellent kind; for it was such as was rather admired by his familiar Friends, than by Strangers at first sight. He surpriz'd no man at first with any extraordinary appearance: he never thrust himself violently into the good opinion of his company. He was content to be known by leisure and by degrees: and so the esteem that was conceiv'd of him, was better grounded and more lasting.

In his Speech, neither the pleasantness excluded gravity, nor was the sobriety of it inconsistent with delight. No man parted willingly from his Discourse; for he so ordered it, that every man was satisfied that he had his share. He govern'd his Passions with great moderation. His Virtues were never troublesome or uneasie to any. Whatever he disliked in others, he only corrected it by the silent reproof of a better practice.

His Wit was so temper'd, that no man had ever reason to wish it had been less; he prevented other mens severity upon it by his own: he never willingly recited any of his Writings. None but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great Poet, by his discourse. His Learning was large and profound, well compos'd of all Ancient and Modern Knowledge. But it sat exceeding close and handsomly upon him; it was not imbossed on his mind, but enamelled.

He never guided his life by the whispers, or opinions of the World; Yet he had a great reverence for a good reputation. He hearkned to Fame when it was a just Censurer; but not when an extravagant Babler. He was a passionate lover of Liberty and Freedom from restraint both in Actions and Words. But what honesty others receive from the direction of Laws, he had by

An Account of the Life of

native Inclination : And he was not beholding to other mens wills, but to his own for his Innocence.

He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable tenderneſs. Having been Born after his Father's Death, and bred up under the Discipline of his Mother, he gratefully acknowledg'd her care of his Education, to her Death, which was in the Eightieth year of her age. For his three Brothers he always maintain'd a conſtant affection. And having ſurviv'd the two firſt, he made the third his Heir. In his long dependance on my Lord St. *Albans*, there never happened any manner of difference between them ; except a little at laſt, becauſe he would leave his ſervice : which only ſhewed the innocence of the Servant, and the kindneſs of the Maſter. His Friendſhips were inviolable. The ſame men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his neareſt acquaintance at the day of his Death. If the private Courſe of his laſt years made him contract his Converſation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others.

His thoughts were never above or below his condition. He never wiſhed his Eſtate much larger. Yet he enjoyed what he had with all innocent Freedom : he never made his preſent life uncomfortable, by undue expectations of future things. Whatever diſappointments he met with, they only made him underſtand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: His Muſe indeed once complain'd, but never his Mind. He was accompliſh'd with all manner of Abilities, for the greateſt buſineſs, if he would but have thought ſo himſelf.

If any thing ought to have been chang'd in his Temper, and Diſpoſition; it was his earneſt Affection for Obſcurity and Retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the ſame humour. I acknowledge he choſe that ſtate of Life, not out of any Poetical Rapture, but upon a ſteady and ſober experience of humane things. But however I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great diſparagement to Vertue and Learning it ſelf, that thoſe very things which only make men uſeful in the World, ſhould incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allow'd

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the Wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of Employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of Mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

Yet I confess if any deserv'd to have this privilege, it ought to have been granted to him, as soon as any man living, upon consideration of the manner in which he spent the Liberty that he got. For he withdrew himself out of the Crowd, with desires of enlightning, and instructing the minds of those that remain'd in it. It was his resolution in that Station to search into the Secrets of Divine and Humane Knowledge, and to communicate what he should observe. He always profess'd, that he went out of the world, as it was man's, into the same world as it was Nature's, and as it was God's. The whole compass of the Creation, and all the wondrous effects of the Divine Wisdom, were the constant Prospect of his Senses, and his Thoughts. And indeed he enter'd with great advantage on the studies of Nature, even as the first great Men of Antiquity did, who were generally both Poets and Philosophers. He betook himself to its Contemplation, as well furnish'd with sound Judgment, and diligent Observation, and good Method to discover its Mysteries, as with Abilities to set it forth in all its Ornaments.

This labour about Natural Science was the perpetual and uninterrupted task of that obscure part of his Life. Besides this, we had perswaded him to look back into his former Studies, and to publish a Discourse concerning Style. In this he had design'd, to give an account of the proper sorts of writing, that were fit for all manner of Arguments, to compare the perfections and imperfections of the Authors of Antiquity, with those of this present Age, and to deduce all down to the particular use of the English Genius, and Language. This subject he was very fit to perform: It being most proper for him to be the Judge, who had been the best Practiser. But he scarce lived to draw the first lines of it. All the footsteps that I can find remaining of it, are only some indigested Characters

An Account of the Life of

ractions of Ancient and Modern Authors. And now for the future, I almost despair ever to see it well accomplished, unless you, Sir, would give me leave to name the man that should undertake it.

But his last and principal Design, was that which ought to be the principal to every wise man; the establishing his mind in the Faith he professed. He was in his practice exactly obedient to the Use and Precepts of our Church. Nor was he inclined to any uncertainty and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferent things, and much more in sacred. But he beheld the Divisions of *Christendom*: he saw how many controversies had been introduced by Zeal or Ignorance, and continued by Faction. He had therefore an earnest intention of taking a Review of the Original Principles of the Primitive Church: believing that every true Christian had no better means to settle his spirit than that which was proposed to *Æneas* and his Followers, to be the end of their wanderings, *Antiquam exquirite Matrem*.

This examination he purposed should reach to our Saviour's and the Apostles lives, and their immediate Successors, for four or five Centuries; till Interest and Policy prevailed over Devotion. He hoped to have absolutely compassed it in three or four years, and when that was done, there to have fixed for ever, without any shaking or alteration in his judgment. Indeed it was a great damage to our Church, that he lived not to perform it. For very much of the Primitive Light might have been expected from a mind that was endued with the Primitive meekness and Innocence. And besides, such a Work coming from one that was no Divine, might have been very useful for this Age; wherein it is one of the principal Cavils against Religion, that it is only a matter of interest, and only supported for the gain of a particular Profession.

But alas! while he was framing these great things in his thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his life. His Solitude from the very beginning, had never agreed so well with the constitution of his Body, as of his Mind. The chief cause of it was, that out of haste to be gone away from the Tumult and Noise of
the

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

the City, he had not prepar'd so healthful a situation in the Country, as he might have done, if he had made a more leisureable choice. Of this he soon began to find the inconvenience at *Barn-Ehms*, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingering *Feaver*. After that he scarce ever recover'd his former health, though his mind was restor'd to its perfect vigour; as may be seen by his two last Books of *Plants*, that were written since that time, and may at least be compar'd with the best of his other Works. Shortly after his removal to *Chertsea*, he fell into another consuming Disease. Having languish'd under this for some months, he seem'd to be pretty well cured of its ill Symptoms. But in the heat of the last Summer, by staying too long amongst his Labourers in the Meadows; he was taken with a violent *Defluxion*, and stoppage in his Breast, and Throat. This he at first neglected as an ordinary Cold, and refus'd to send for his usual Physicians, till it was past all remedies; and so in the end after a fortnight sickness, it prov'd mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes, and frail condition of humane Nature? For as long as Mr. Cowley was pursuing the course of Ambition, in active life, which he scarce esteem'd his true life; he never wanted a constant health and strength of body: But as soon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, & to enjoy himself in security, his contentment was first broken by sickness, and at last his death was occasion'd by his very delight in the Country and the Fields, which he had long fancied above all other Pleasures. But let us not grieve at this fatal accident upon his account, lest we should seem to repine at the happy change of his condition, and not to know that the loss of a few years which he might longer have liv'd, will be recompenc'd by an immortal Memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own sakes; that in him we are at once depriv'd of the greatest natural, & improv'd abilities, of the usefullest conversation, of the faithfullest Friendship, of a mind that practis'd the best Virtues it self, and a Wit that was best able to recommend them to others.

His Body was attended to *Westminster-Abby*, by a great number of Persons of the most eminent quality, and follow'd with the praises of all good and Learned Men. It lies near the Ashes of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, the two most famous *English* Poets, of former times. But whoever would do him right, should

An Account of the Life of

should not only equal him to the Principal Ancient Writers of our own Nation, but should also rank his Name amongst the Authors of the true Antiquity, the best of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. In that place there is a Monument design'd for him, by my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, in testimony of his affection. And the King himself was pleas'd to bestow on him the best Epitaph, when upon the news of his death his Majesty declar'd, *That Mr. Cowley had not left a better Man behind him in England.*

This, Sir, is the account that I thought fit to present the World concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged, that I have spent too many words on a private man, and a Scholar : whose life was not remarkable for such a variety of Events, as are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of Relations. I know it is the custom of the World to prefer the Pompous Histories of great Men, before the greatest Virtues of others, whose lives have been led in a course less illustrious. This indeed is the general humour. But I believe it to be an error in mens judgments. For certainly that is a more profitable instruction, which may be taken from the eminent goodness of men of lower rank, than that which we learn from the splendid representation of the Battels, and Victories, and Buildings, and Sayings of great Commanders and Princes. Such specious matters, as they are seldom delivered with fidelity, so they serve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the ostentation than the true information of humane life. Whereas it is from the practice of men equal to our selves, that we are more naturally taught how to command our Passions, to direct our Knowledge; and to govern our Actions.

For this reason I have some hope, that a Character of *Mr. Cowley* may be of good advantage to our Nation. For what he wanted in Titles of Honour, and the Gifts of Fortune, was plentifully supplied by many other Excellencies, which make perhaps less noise, but are more beneficial for Example. This, Sir, was the principal end of this long Discourse. Besides this, I had another design in it, that only concerns our selves; that having this Picture of his life set before us, we may still keep him alive in our memories, and by this means we may have some small reparation, for our inexpressible los by his death.

Sir, I am

Your most humble, and most affectionate Servant,

I. SPRAT.

ELEGIA

DEDICATORIA;

A D

ILLUSTRISSIMAM

Academiam

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de *Nato ditissima Mater egeno*
Exiguum immensi pignus *Amoris* habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus.

Túne tui poteris *vocem* híc agnoscere *Nati*

Tam malè formatam, dissimilemq; *tuae*?

Túne híc *materni* vestigia sacra decoris,

Tu *Speculum* poteris híc reperire tuum?

Post longum, dices, *Conlei*, sic mihi tempus?

Sic mihi speranti, *perfide*, multa redis?

Quæ, dices, *Sage Lemurésq; Deæq; nocentes*

Hunc mihi in *Infantis* supposuère loco?

At *Tu*, iancta *Parens*, crudelis tu quoque *Nati*

Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.

Hei mihi, quid *Fato Genitrix* accedis iniquo?

Sit *Sors*, sed non sis *Ipsa Noverca* mihi.

Si mihi natali *Musarum* adolescere in arvo,

Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,

Si mihi de doctâ licuisset pleniùs unjà

Haurire, ingentem si fatiare sitim,

Non ego degeneri *dubitabilis* ore redirem,

Nec legeres *Nomen* fusa rubore meum.

B

Sci's

Scis benè, scis quæ me *Tempestas publica Mundi*
 Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,
 Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
 Poscentem querulo murmure *Lactis* opem.
 Sic quondam aerium *Vento* bellante per æquor,
 Cum gravidum *Autumnum* sæva flagellat *Hyems*,
 Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
 Et vi victa cadunt; *Arbor* & ipsa gemit.
 Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,
 Nondum *Sol* roseo redditur ore *Pater*.
 O mihi jucundum *Grantæ* super omnia *Nomen* !
 O penitèns toto corde receptus *Amor* !
 O pulchræ *sine Luxu* *Ædes*, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuûsq; decor !
 O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine *Regum*
Digna Domus ! *Trini* nomine digna *Dei* !
 O nimium *Cereris* cumulati munere *Campi*,
 Posthabitis *Emæ* quos colit illa jugis !
 O sacri *Fontes* ! & lacræ *Vatibus* *Umbræ*,
 Quas recreant *Avium* *Pieridûmq;* chori !
 O *Camus* ! *Phæbo* nullus quo gratior amnis !
 Amnibus *auriferis* invidiosus *inops* !
 Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
 Detq; Deus doctâ posse quiete frui ;
 Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
 Vidisti in ripâ, *Came* serene, tuâ ;
 Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu ;
 Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
 Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
 Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
 Tunc liquidis tacitisq; simul mea vita diebus,
 Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
 At nunc cœnosæ luces, atque obice multo
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
 Quid mihi *Sequanâ* opus, *Thamesisve* aut *Tybridis unda* ?
 Tu potis es nostram tollere, *Came*, sitim.
 Fœlix qui nunquam plus uno viderit *amne* !
 Quiq; eadem *Salicis* littora more colit !
 Fœlix cui non tentatus sordescere *Mundus*,
 Et cui *Pauperies nota* nitere potest !

Tempore

Tempore cui nullo misera *experientia* constat,
Ut res humanas sentiat esse *Nihil* !
At nos exemplis *Fortuna* instruxit opimis,
Et documentorum satq; supérq; dedit.
Cum Capite avulsam *Diadema*, infraetq; *Sceptra*,
Contusáq; *Hominum Sorte* minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile *Fatum*,
Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim
Infami scopulis naufragiisq; *Mari* ?
Tu quoq; in hoc *Terræ* tremuisti, *Academia*, *Motu*,
(Nec frustra) atq; ædes contremuère tuæ.
Contremuère ipsæ pacatæ *Palladis* arces ;
Et timuit *Fulmen* *Laurea* sancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere *Numen*,
Nec saltem *Bellis ista* licere, velit !
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus ; & ecce, perimus !
In nos jus habeat : Jus habet omne malum.
Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes ; nec tibi *Mars ipsa* *superstes* erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formosas mittes ad *Mare* *Mortis* aquas.
Sic *Venus* humanâ quondam, *Dea* saucia dextrâ,
(Namq; solent ipsis *Bella* nocere *Deis*)
Imploravit opem superûm, questûsq; cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris ? contemne *breves* *secura* dolores ;
Nam tibi ferre *Necem* *vulnera* nulla valent.

THE PREFACE

Of the *AUTHOR*.

AT my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any Copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and published under my name, during the time of my absence. I wondred very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill Verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another Mans rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Bastard* upon such a Person, whose stock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Offspring* of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the *Author*, to put forth some of my Writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done less wrong by *Robbery*, than he does by such a *Bounty*; for no body can be justified by the imputation even of anothers *Merit*; and our own coarse *Cloaths* are like to become us better, than those of another mans, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I my self was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own Writings, if my reputation could be thus executed in *Effigie*; and impossible it is for any good *Name* to be in safety, if the malice of *Witches* have the power to consume and destroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I esteem my self less prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind, which is the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them. Of which sort was a *Comedy* called

The Preface.

called the *Guardian*, printed in the year 1650. but made and acted before the *Prince*, in his passage through *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the beginning of the late unhappy War; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the *Author*, nor learned without book by the *Actors*, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the *Officers* of the *College*. After the *Representation* (which, I confess, was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Souldier*; but I have lost the *Copy*, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication; though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in humane conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty first sitting of a *Picture*, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has happened to my self, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false Money put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it add nothing to the *sum*; or with such, which, though of their own *Coyne*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the *Alloy*: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast heap of *Stones* or *Rubbish* a better *Monument*, than a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may encrease the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole *Vessel* of *Wine* to make it yield more profit. This hath been the case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old withered *Branches*; for a great *Wit* is no more tyed to live in a *Vast Volume*, than in a *Gigantick Body*; on the

The Preface.

the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and as *Statius* says of little *Tydeus*.

-----*Totos infusa per artus*

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

*Stat. 1. 1.
Thib.*

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose my self to some Raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer : But though I publish here, more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppress'd and cast away more than I *publish*, and for the ease of my self and others, have *lost*, I believe too, more than *both*. And upon these considerations I have been perswaded to overcome all the just repugnancies of my own *modesty*, and to produce these *Poems* to the light and view of the World, not as a thing that I approved of in it self, but as a less evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death : and this will be the more excusable, when the *Reader* shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at least a *Dying Person*, and upon my *Muse* in this action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, and assisting at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my self absolutely dead in a *Poetical* capacity, my resolution at present, is never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the *Poet* dies before the *Man* ; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not use to court it as a *Mistress*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worse, as an *Inseparable Companion* of our whole life. But as the *Marriages of Infants* do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to *Poesie* ; to which I had contracted my self so much under *Age*, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the *richer Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Estate* (if it be any, for men are not oftner deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, than in their opinion of, *Exegi monumentum are perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are *Living* to enjoy it,
but

The Preface.

but is a fantastical kind of Reversion to our selves: neither ought any man to envy Poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which S. Paul speaks of the first Christians, *If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.*

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? if *Wit* be such a *Plant*, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the *Summer* of our cold *Climate*, how can it chuse but wither in a long and sharp *Winter*? A warlike, various, and a tragical Age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to my self, which was spoken by *Tully* to a much better person, upon occasion of the *Civil Wars* and *Revolutions* in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes quasi quadrigis vehementem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublice.*

*Cic. de
Clay. Orator.*

Neither is the present constitution of my *Mind* more proper than that of the *Times* for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of *spirit*; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of *Life*, or overcast with the *Clouds of Melancholy and Sorrow*, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious *Fortune*; it must like the *Halcyon*, have *fair weather* to breed in. The *Soul* must be filled with bright and delightful *Idea's*, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of *Poesie*. One may see through the stile of *Ovid de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that *Genius*,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The cold of the Country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his *Verses*. He is himself, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his own *Metamorphosis*; and though there remain some weak resemblances of *Ovid* at *Rome*, it is but as he says of *Niobe*,

The Preface.

*In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mæstis
Stant immota genis; nihil est in Imagine vivum,
Flet tamen----*

*Ovid. Met.
lib. 6.*

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humor; neither is *Wit* less eclipsed with the unquietness of *Mind*, than *Beauty* with the *Indisposition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almost as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in despite of *Fortune*, as it is in despite of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my obligations to the *Muses*, nor expectations from them are so great, as that I should suffer my self on no considerations to be divorced; or that I should say like *Horace*,

Quisquis erit vita, Scribam, color.

*Hor. Sat. 1.
l. 2. Ser.*

I shall rather use his words in another place,

*Vixi Camænis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria,
Nunc arma defunctumq; bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.*

*L. 3. Car.
Ode 26.
Vixi puell-
lis, &c.*

And this resolution of mine does the more besit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire my self to some of our *American Plantations*, not to seek for *Gold*, or enrich my self with the traffick of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of *these Indies* it is truer than it was of the former,

*Improbos extremos currit Mercator ad Indos,
Pauperiem fugiens----*)

But to forsake this World for ever, with all the *Vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my self there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of *Letters* and *Philosophy*.)

Oblitusq; meorum, obliviscendus & illis.

As my former *Author* speaks too, who has inticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donne's Sun-Dial in a Grave*

The Preface.

is not more useleſs and ridiculous than *Poetry* would be in that *retirement*. As this therefore is in a true ſenſe a kind of *Death* to the *Muſes*, and a real *literal quitting* of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a juſt claim to the undoubted privilege of *Deceas'd Poets*, which is to be read with more *favour*, than the *Living*;

Mart.

Tanti eſt ut placeam tibi, Perire.

Having been forced for my own neceſſary *juſtification* to trouble the *Reader* with this long *Diſcourſe* of the *Reaſons* why I trouble him alſo with all the reſt of the *Book*; I ſhall only add ſomewhat concerning the ſeveral *Parts* of it, and ſome other *Pieces*, which I have thought fit to reject in this *Publication*: As firſt, all thoſe which I wrote at *School* from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even ſo far backward there remain yet ſome *traces* of me in the little *footſteps* of a *Child*; which though they were then looked upon as *commendable extravagancies* in a *Boy* (men ſetting a value upon *any kind of fruit* before the uſual *ſeaſon* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my ſelf*; and therefore ſhould do ill to expect that patience from *others*. Beſides, they have already paſt through ſeveral *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* than uſes to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *terms*. They had the good fortune then to find the world ſo *indulgent* (for conſidering the time of their production, who could be ſo hard-hearted to be *ſevere*?) that I ſcarce yet apprehend ſo much to be cenſured for *them*, as for not having made *advances* afterwards proportionable to the ſpeed of my *ſetting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by *Diſcretion* to conceal and ſuppreſs them, as *Promiſes* and *Inſtruments* under my own hand, whereby I ſtood *engaged* for more than I have been able to *perform*; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuſe of the *honeſteſt* ſort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *unſolvable*, not ſo much by their own *negligence* and *ill-husbandry*, as by ſome notorious accidents and publick diſaſters. In the next place, I have caſt away all ſuch pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that
cauſed

The Preface.

caused them ; as among others, three Books of the Civil War it self, reaching as far as the first Battel at Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopt the work.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four parts : The first is a *Miscellanie* of several Subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *superfluous* to tell the Reader ; I know not by what chance I have kept Copies of them ; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their *Brethren* ; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the *arrogancy* of the Word, when I said I had lost them.

The Second, is called, *The Mistres*, or *Love-Verses* ; for so it is, that Poets are scarce thought *Free-men* of their *Company*, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to *Love*. Sooner or later they must all pass through that *Trial*, like some *Mahometan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at least in their life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca*.

In furias ignemque ruunt ; Amor omnibus idem.

But we must not always make a judgment of their *manners* from their *writings* of this kind ; as the *Romanists* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few lascivious *Sonnets* composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that *Poesie* is said to be a kind of *Painting* ; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *things* and *persons* imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a *Philosopher*, nay, a *Stoick*, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous *Sappho*.

Feret & rubus asper Anomum.

He professes too much the use of *Fables* (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much *Gravity*, as to be ashamed to be thought really in *Love*. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not

The Preface.

at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious Readers; for much Excess is to be allowed in Love; and even more in Poetry; so we avoid the two unpardonable Vices in both, which are Obscenity and Profaneness, of which I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing Arguments.

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most Readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poesie*. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of *Stile* which *Dion. Halicarnassens* calls *Μεγαλοφρὸς ἢ ἠδὲ μὲν δεινότιμος*, and which he attributes to *Alceus*: The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all *Lyriques*, and of *Pindar* above all men living. The *Figures* are unusual and bold, even to *Temerity*, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*; The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadencies be not observed in the *Pronunciation*. So that almost all their *Sweetness* and *Numerosity* (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly described the nature of these Verses, in the *Ode*, entituled, *The Resurrection*: And though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easie to be compos'd, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

----Ut sibi quisvis

Speret idem, multum sudet frustra; laboret

Aufus idem.----

The Preface.

I come now to the last part, which is *Dauidicis*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles* of *David*; which I designed into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes* sake, but after the *Pattern* of our *Master Virgil*; and intended to close all with that most *Poetical* and excellent *Elegie* of *David's* on the death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*: For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, because it is the custom of *Heroick Poets* (as we see by the examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their *Story*, but only so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their *Cards*, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the *whole Design*, in which there are many noble and fertile *Arguments* behind; as, The barbarous cruelty of *Saul* to the *Priests* at *Nob*, the several flights and escapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderness*, the *Funeral* of *Samuel*, the love of *Abigail*, the sacking of *Ziglag*, the loss and recovery of *David's* *Wives* from the *Analekites*, the *Witch* of *Endor*, the *War* with the *Philistines*, and the *Battel* of *Gilboa*; all which I meant to interweave upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious *Stories* of the *Old Testament*, and to embellish with the most remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other *Nations* before or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leisure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at present to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deserves. For what worthier *subject* could have been chosen among all the *Treasuries* of past times, than the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest *Monarch* that ever sat on the most famous *Throne* of the whole *Earth*? Whom should a *Poet* more justly seek to honour, than the highest Person who ever honoured his *Profession*? whom a *Christian Poet*, rather than the man after *God's own heart*, and the

man

The Preface.

man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the best and mightiest of that Royal Race from whence *Christ* himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and proffers, as it were, to *Poesie*, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof, the *Glory of God Almighty* might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of *Mankind*; It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhaustible riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beggarly *Flattery* of great persons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Foolish Women*, or the wretched affectation of scurril *Laughter*, or at best on the confused antiquated *Dreams* of senseless *Fables* and *Metamorphoses*. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the *Devil* ever stole and alienated from the service of the *Deity*; as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long usurpt, as *Poetry*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrants* hands, and to restore it to the *Kingdom of God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become clean by bathing in the *Water of Damascus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Conversion* of *That*, and the *Jews*, for the accomplishment of the *Kingdom of Christ*. And as men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without some carnal reluctances, apprehend the *bonds* and *fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest *Liberty*. It will fare no otherwise with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being confined to *Heaven*. There is not so great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of men, that *Lying* is *Essential* to good *Poetry*. Were there never so wholsom *Nourishment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diseases*) out of these boasted *Feasts* of *Love* and *Fables*, yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet* should make us *Nauseate* it: For it is almost impossible to serve up any *new Dish* of that kind. They are all but
the

The Preface.

the *Cold meats* of the *Ancients*, new-heated, and new-set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the first *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Besides, though those mad stories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of those times. They were believed by all but a few *Philosophers*, and perhaps some *Atheists*, and served to good purpose among the *vulgar* (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of *Law*, with the terrors of *Conscience*, and expectation of certain rewards, and unavoidable punishments. There was no other *Religion*, and therefore that was better than *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *folly*, and are wearied with their *impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better arguments for *Verse*, than those of their worthy *Successors*, the *Knights Errant*. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the story of *Deucalion*, than in that of *Noah*? why will not the actions of *Samson* afford as plentiful matter as the *Labours* of *Hercules*? why is not *Jepththa's daughter* as good a woman as *Iphigenia*? and the friendship of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, than that of *Theseus* and *Perithous*? Does not the passage of *Moses* and the *Israelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical variety, than the voyages of *Ulysses* and *Aeneas*? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half so stored with great, heroical and supernatural actions (since *Verse* will needs find or make such) as the wars of *Joshua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods* give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Christ*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apostles*? What do I instance in these few Particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already most admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poesie*, or are the best *Materials* in the world for it. Yet though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose, None but a good

The Preface.

good *Artist* will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish *Diamonds* with so little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any man design to compose a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a story of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarles's*, or some other godly matter, like Mr. *Haywood of Angels* into *Rhime*; he is so far from elevating of *Poesie*, that he only abases *Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *Prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one better*; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of *Invention*; the same wisdom of *Disposition*; the same *Judgment* in observance of *Decencies*; the same lustre and vigour of *Elocution*; the same modesty and majesty of *Number*; briefly the same kind of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *stuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if ill drest in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: But sure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it throughly and successfully.

Miscellanies.

Several Copies of Verses on the Death of
Mr. Abraham Cowley, and his Burial in
Westminster Abbey.

OUR Wit, till Cowley did its lustre raise,
May be resembled to the first three days,
In which did shine only such streaks of light
As serv'd but to distinguish Day from Night:
But Wit breaks forth, in all that he has done,
Like Light when 't was united in the Sun.

The Poets formerly did lie in wait
To rifle those whom they would imitate:
We Watcht to rob all strangers when they writ,
And learnt their Language but to steal their Wit.
He from that need his Country does redeem,
Since those who want may be supply'd from him;
And Forreign Nations now may borrow more
From Cowley than we could from them before:
Who though he condescended to admit
The Greeks and Romans for his Guides in Wit;
Yet he those ancient Poets does pursue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do;
He taught them first to the New World to steer,
But they possess all that is precious there.

When first his spring of wit began to flow,
It rais'd in some, wonder and sorrow too,
That God had so much wit and knowledge lent;
And that they were not in his praises spent.

But those who in his Davideis look,
Find they his Blossoms for his Fruit mistook:
In differing Ages different Muses shin'd,
His Green did charm the Sense, his Ripe the Mind.
Writing for Heaven he was inspir'd from thence,
And from his Theam deriv'd his influence.
The Scripture will no more the wicked fright;
His Muse does make Religion a delight.

O how severely Man is us'd by Fate!
The covetous toil long for an Estate;

Several Copies of Verses

And having got more than thur life can spend,
They may bequeath it to a Son or Friend ;
But Learning (in which none can have a share,
Unless they climb to it by time and care ;
Learning, the truest wealth which man can have)
Does, with his Body, perish in his Grave :
To Tenements of Clay it is confin'd,
Though 'tis the noblest purchase of the mind :
O why can we thus leave our friends possess'd
Of all our acquisitions but the best ?

Still when we study Cowley, we lament,
That to the world he was no longer lent ;
Who, like a Lightning, to our eyes was shown,
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to see his flame expire,
Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher ;
For when wise Poets can no higher flie,
They would, like Saints, in their perfection die.

Though beauty some affection in him bred,
Yet only sacred Learning he would wed ;
By which th'illustrious off-spring of his brain
Shall over Wits great Empire ever reign :
His works shall live, when Pyramids of Pride
Shrink to such ashes as they long did hide.

That sacrilegious Fire (which did last year
Level those Piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that majestick Church to flye
Where English Kings and English Poets lye :
It at an awful distance did expire,
Such pow'r had sacred Ashes o're that Fire ;
Such as it durst not near that Structure come
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's Tomb ;
And 'twill be still preserv'd, by being so,
From what the rage of future Flames can do.
Material Fire dares not that place infest
Where he who had immortal flame does rest.

There let his Urn remain ; for it was fit
Amongst our Kings to lay the King of wit :
By which the Structure more renown'd will prove
For that part bury'd than for all above.

ODE

Upon the Death of

Mr. *Cowley*.

I.

HE who would worthily adorn his *Herse*,
Should write in his own way, in his immortal *Verse* :
But who can such majestick Numbers write ?
With such inimitable light ?
His high and noble flights to reach
'Tis not the art of Precept that can teach.
The world's grown old since *Pindar*, and to breed
Another such did twenty ages need.

2.

At last another *Pindar* came,
Great as the first in Genius and in Fame ;
But that the first in Greek, a conquering Language, sung,
And the last wrote but in an Island Tongue.
Wit, thought, invention in them both do flow
As Torrents tumbling from the Mountains go.
Though the great Roman Lyrick do maintain
That none can equal *Pindar's* strain ;
Cowley with words as full and thoughts as high
As ever *Pindar* did, does flie ;
Of Kings and Heroes he as boldly sings,
And flies above the Clouds, yet never wets his wings.

3.

As fire aspiring, as the Sea profound,
Nothing in Nature can his fancy bound ;

Several Copies of Verses

*As swift as Lightning in its course,
And as resistless in his force.
Whilst other Poets, like Bees who range the field
To gather what the Flowers will yield,
Glean matter with much toil and pain
To bring forth Verses in an humble strain;
He sees about him round,
Possess't at once of all that can be found:
To his illuminated eye
All things created open lye,
That all his thoughts so clear and so perspicuous be,
That whatsoever he describes we see;
Our Souls are with his passions fir'd,
And he who does but read him, is inspir'd.*

4.

*Pindar to Thebes, where first he drew his breath,
Though for his sake his race was say'd from death,
By th' Macedonian Youth, did not more honour do,
Than Cowley does his Friends and Country too.
Had Horace liv'd his wit to understand,
He ne're had England thought a rude inhospitable Land;
Rome might have blush'd, and Athens been a sham'd
To hear a remote Britain nam'd,
Who for his parts does match, if not exceed,
The greatest men that they did either breed.*

5.

*If he had flourish'd when Augustus sway'd,
Whose peaceful Scepter the whole World obey'd,
Account of him Meccenas would have made;
And from the Country shade,
Him into th' Cabinet have tane
To divert Cæsar's cares, and charm his pain:
For nothing can such Balm infuse
Into a wearied mind as does a noble Muse.*

On the Death of Mr. *Abraham Cowley*.

6.

*It is not now as 'twas in former days,
When all the Streets of Rome were strow'd with Bays
To receive Petrarch, who through Arches rode,
Triumphal Arches, honour'd as a Demy-God ;
Not for Towns conquer'd, or for Battels won,
But Victories which were more his own,
For Victories of Wit, and Victories of Art,
In which blind undiscerning Fortune had no part.*

7.

*Though Cowley ne're such honours did attain,
As long as Petrarch's, Cowley's name shall reign ;
'Tis but his dross that's in the Grave,
His memory Fame from Death shall save ;
His Bayes shall flourish, and be ever green,
When those of Conquerors are not to be seen.*

Nec tibi mors ipsa superstes erit.

Thomas Higgons.

On

On Mr. *ABRAHAM COWLEY*
His Death, and Burial amongst the
Ancient *POETS*.

By the Honourable Sir *JOHN DENHAM*.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning Star,
To us discovers day from far,
His light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the Age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spencer rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the Poets God, inspires;
By Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher's lines,
Our Stages lustre Rome's outshines:
These Poets near our Princes sleep,
And in one Grave their Mansion keep;
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their Bays:
But curs'd be the fatal hour
That pluckt the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses Garden grew,
And amongst wither'd Laurels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakespear and Fletcher all they have;
In Spencer, and in Johnson, Art,
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'st share;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;

On the Death of Mr. Abraham Cowley.

He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor with Ben Johnson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear;
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the Golden Fleece;
To him that Language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban Swan extends his wings,
When through th' aetherial Clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our Swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reacht,
When on that gale his Wings are stretcht;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving Law)
His modest fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too fair;
His English stream so pure did flow,
As all that saw, and tasted, know;
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great Portraicture, so true
A Copy Pencil never drew.
My Muse her Song had ended here,
But both their Genii-strait appear,
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two Twins she never saw so like;
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the world this Parallel,

His Pindaricks.

His last work.

Several Copies of Verses, &c.

Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Natures Books :
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine ;
They gilding dirt, in noble Verse
Rustick Philosophy rehearse ;
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd,
Both by two generous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd ;
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busie throng retire ;
Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind :
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-spring hath no power,
Nor fire, nor fate their Bays shall blast,
Nor Death's dark vail their day o'rcast.

Miscellanies



T H E
T A B L E.

AN Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Abraham Cowley. Written to Mr. M. Clifford. By the Reverend Dr. Thomas Sprat. P. 1

Elegia Dedicatoria ; ad Illustrissimam Academiam Cantabrigiensem.

The Preface of the Author.

MISCELLANIES.

T HE Motto.	P. 1
Ode of Wit.	2
To the Lord Falkland, for his safe return from the Netherland Expedition against the Scots.	4
On the death of Sir Henry Wootton.	5
On the death of Mr. Jordan, Second Master at Westminster-School.	6
On His Majesties return out of Scotland.	7
On the death of Sir Anthony Vandyke, the Famous Painter.	9
Prometheus ill Painted.	10
	Ode

The TABLE.

Ode 1.	10
<i>Friendship in Absence.</i>	11
<i>To the Bishop of Lincoln, upon his Enlargement out of the Tower.</i>	12
<i>To a Lady who made Poesies for Rings.</i>	14
<i>Prologue to the Guardian before the Prince.</i>	15
<i>The Epilogue.</i>	16
<i>On the death of Mr. William Harvey.</i>	16
<i>Ode. In imitation of Horace's Ode. Lib. 1. Ode 5.</i>	20
<i>In imitation of Martial's Epigrams. L. 5. Ep. 21.</i>	21
<i>The Chronicle. A Ballad.</i>	22
<i>To Sir William Davenant, upon his Two First Books of Gondibert, finished before his Voyage to America.</i>	24
<i>In Answer to a Copy of Verses sent to me to Jersey.</i>	25
<i>The Tree of Knowledge; That there is no Knowledge, against the Dogmatists.</i>	26
<i>The Reason, the Use of it in Divine Matters.</i>	27
<i>On the death of Mr. Craihaw.</i>	29
<i>Anacreontiques, Or, some Copies of Verses Translated Paraphrastically out of Anacreon.</i>	31
1 <i>Of Love.</i>	31
2 <i>Of Drinking.</i>	32
3 <i>Of Beauty.</i>	32
4 <i>The Duel.</i>	33
5 <i>Of Age.</i>	34
6 <i>The Accompt.</i>	34
7 <i>Of Gold.</i>	35
8 <i>The Epicure.</i>	36
9 <i>Another.</i>	36
10 <i>The Grasshopper.</i>	37
11 <i>The Swallow.</i>	38
<i>Elegy upon Anacreon, who was choaked by a Grape-stone, spoken by the God of Love.</i>	39

The MISTRESS.

O R,

Several Copies of LOVE-Verfes.

T HE Request.	3
<i>The Thraldom.</i>	5
	<i>The</i>

The TABLE.

Dauidæidos, Liber Primus.

I

C hrist's Passion taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Masters of New-Colledge in Oxford.	1
Ode. <i>On Orinda's Poems.</i>	2
Ode. <i>Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my Lord Broghil's.</i>	4
Mr. Cowley's Book, presenting it self to the University Library of Oxford.	6
<i>Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.</i>	8
<i>Upon the death of the Earl of Balcarres.</i>	10
Ode. <i>Upon Dr. Harvey.</i>	12
Ode. <i>Acme and Septimius out of Catullus</i>	14
Ode. <i>Upon His Majesties Restauration and Return.</i>	16
<i>On the Queens Repairing Somerset-House.</i>	26
<i>The Complaint.</i>	28
<i>The Adventures of Five Hours.</i>	32
<i>On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Philips.</i>	32
<i>Hymn to the Light.</i>	35
<i>To the Royal Society.</i>	38
<i>Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's Ship, Presented to the University of Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford Esq;</i>	42
<i>A Proposition for the Advancement of experimental Philosophy.</i>	43

A Discourse by way of Vision, concerning the Government of *Oliver Cromwel.* 52

Several Discourses by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose.

I O F Liberty.	79
Martial Lib. 1. <i>Vota tui breviter, &c.</i>	86
Martial L. 2. <i>Vis fieri liber, &c.</i>	87
<i>Quod te nomine, &c. M. L. 2.</i>	87
Ode. <i>Upon Liberty.</i>	88
2. <i>Of Solitude.</i>	91
3. <i>Of Obscurity.</i>	95
4. <i>Of Agriculture.</i>	98
Virg. Georg. <i>A Translation out of Virgil.</i>	105
Horat. Epodon. <i>Beatus, qui procul, &c.</i>	107
	<i>The</i>

The TABLE.

<i>The Given Love.</i>	6
<i>The Spring.</i>	8
<i>Written in juice of Lemon.</i>	9
<i>Inconstancy.</i>	10
<i>Not Fair.</i>	11
<i>Platonick Love.</i>	12
<i>The Change.</i>	13
<i>Glad all in White.</i>	13
<i>Leaving One, and then Loving many.</i>	14
<i>My Heart Discovered.</i>	15
<i>Answer to the Platonicks.</i>	16
<i>The Vain-Love.</i>	17
<i>The Soul.</i>	18
<i>The Passions.</i>	20
<i>Wisdom.</i>	21
<i>The Despair.</i>	21
<i>The Wish.</i>	22
<i>My Diet.</i>	23
<i>The Thief.</i>	24
<i>All-over-Love.</i>	25
<i>Love and Life.</i>	26
<i>The Bargain.</i>	27
<i>The Long Life.</i>	28
<i>Counsel.</i>	29
<i>Resolved to be Beloved.</i>	30
<i>The same.</i>	31
<i>The Discovery.</i>	32
<i>Against Fruition.</i>	32
<i>Love undiscover'd.</i>	33
<i>The Given Heart.</i>	34
<i>The Prophet.</i>	35
<i>Call'd Inconstant.</i>	36
<i>The Resolution.</i>	36
<i>The Welcome.</i>	37
<i>The Heart fled again.</i>	38
<i>Womens Superstition.</i>	39
<i>The Soul.</i>	39
<i>Escho.</i>	40
<i>The Rich Rival.</i>	41
<i>Against Hope.</i>	41
<i>For Hope.</i>	43
<i>Loves Ingratitude.</i>	44
<i>The Frailty.</i>	45
<i>Coldness.</i>	45
<i>Sleep.</i>	47
<i>Beauty.</i>	48
<i>The Parting.</i>	49
<i>My Picture.</i>	50
	<i>The</i>

The TABLE.

<i>The Concealment.</i>	50
<i>The Monopoly.</i>	51
<i>The Distance.</i>	52
<i>The Increase.</i>	53
<i>Loves Visibility.</i>	54
<i>Looking on, and Discoursing with his Mistress.</i>	54
<i>Resolved to Love.</i>	55
<i>My Fate.</i>	56
<i>The Heart breaking.</i>	57
<i>The Usurpation.</i>	58
<i>Mutaenhead.</i>	59
<i>Impossibilities.</i>	60
<i>Silence.</i>	61
<i>The Disssembler.</i>	62
<i>The Inconstant.</i>	63
<i>The Constant.</i>	64
<i>Her Name.</i>	65
<i>Weeping.</i>	66
<i>Discretion.</i>	66
<i>The Waiting-Maid.</i>	67
<i>Counsel.</i>	68
<i>The Cure.</i>	69
<i>The Separation.</i>	69
<i>The Tree.</i>	70
<i>Her Unbelief.</i>	71
<i>The Gazers.</i>	72
<i>The Incurable.</i>	73
<i>Honour.</i>	74
<i>The Innocent Ill.</i>	74
<i>Dialogue.</i>	76
<i>Verses lost upon a wager.</i>	77
<i>Bathing in a River.</i>	78
<i>Love given over.</i>	80

The TABLE.

Pindarick Odes, Written in imitation of
the Style and Manner of the Odes of *Pin-*
dar.

The PREFACE.

T HE Second Olympick Ode of Pindar.	1
The First Nemean Ode of Pindar.	11
The Praise of Pindar, in imitation of Horace his Second Ode. B. 4.	18
The Resurrection.	21
The Muse.	23
To Mr. Hobs.	26
Desinies.	30
Brutus.	33
To Dr. Scarborough.	35
Life and Fame.	39
The Extasie.	41
To the New Year.	43
Life.	45
The 34th Chapter of the Prophet Iſaiah.	48
The Plagues of Egypt.	54

Davideis, A Sacred Poem of the Trou-
bles of *David.*

In Four BOOKS.

D avideis, The First Book.	4
<i>Davideis</i> , The Second Book.	46
<i>Davideis</i> , The Third Book.	85
<i>Davideis</i> , The Fourth Book.	123
	<i>Davideidos</i>

The TABLE.

<i>The Country-Mouse. A Paraphrase upon Horace's 2 Book Satyr 6</i>	109
<i>A Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the First Book of Horace.</i>	111
5 <i>The Country Life.</i>	113
<i>The Garden. To J. Evelyn Esq;</i>	114
6 <i>Of Greatness.</i>	120
Horace, Lib. 3. Ode 1.	125
7 <i>Of Avarice.</i>	127
<i>A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's Third Book, beginning thus;</i> Inclusam Danaen turris aeneae.	130
8 <i>The dangers of an honest Man in much company.</i>	132
<i>Claudian's old Man of Verona.</i>	135
9 <i>The shortness of Life, and uncertainty of Riches.</i>	136
10 <i>The danger of Procrastination: A Letter to Mr. S. L.</i>	140
11 <i>Of my Self.</i>	143
<i>Martial L. 10. Ep. 47. Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.</i>	146
<i>Martial Book 10. Epigram 96.</i>	147
<i>Epitaphium vivi Auctoris.</i>	147

FINIS.

CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It begins with a definition of the term, and then proceeds to a discussion of its history and development. The author then examines the various theories and methods that have been proposed, and finally concludes with a summary of the main points.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the various theories and methods. It begins with a discussion of the various theories, and then proceeds to a detailed examination of each of them. The author then examines the various methods, and finally concludes with a summary of the main points.

The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the various theories and methods. It begins with a discussion of the various theories, and then proceeds to a detailed examination of each of them. The author then examines the various methods, and finally concludes with a summary of the main points.

CHAPTER II

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It begins with a definition of the term, and then proceeds to a discussion of its history and development. The author then examines the various theories and methods that have been proposed, and finally concludes with a summary of the main points.



Miscellanies.

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via est, &c.

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the *Age to come* my own?
I shall like *Beasts* or *Common People* dy,
Unless you write my *Elegy*;
Whilst others great by being born are grown,
Their *Mothers Labour*, not their own.

In this scale *Gold*, in th' other *Fame* does ly,
The *weight* of *that* mounts this so *high*.

These men are *Fortunes Jewels*, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light.

If I, her *vulgar stone* for either look;
Out of *my self* it must be *strook*.

Yet I must on; what sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I *Fames Trumpet* hear.

It sounds like the *last Trumpet*; for it can
Raife up the *buried Man*.

Unpast *Alpes* stop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the *Muses Hannibal*.

Hence all the *flattering vanities* that lay
Nets of Roses in the way.

D

Hence

Hence the desire of *Honours*, or *Estate* ;
 And all, that is not above *Fate*.
 Hence *Love* himself, that *Tyrant* of my days,
 Which intercepts my coming praise.
 Come my best *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on ;
 'Tis time that I were gon.
 Welcome great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
 All I was born to know.
 Thy *Scholar's Victories* thou dost far out-do ;
 He conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World* you.
 Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whose blest *Tongue* and *Wit*
 Preserves *Romes* greatness yet.
 Thou art the *first* of *Orators* ; only he
 Who best can praise *Thee*, next must be.
 Welcome the *Mantu'an Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wise*,
 Whose Verse walks highest, but not flies.
 Who brought green *Poesie* to her perfect Age ;
 And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*.
 Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what shall I do
 To be like one of you.
 But you have climb'd the *Mountains* top, there sit
 On the calm flourishing head of it,
 And whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
 See *Us*, and *Clouds* below.

O D E.

Of WIT.

I.

Tell me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
 Thou who *Master* art of it.
 For the *First* matter loves *Variety* less ;
 Less *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dress*.
 A thousand different shapes it bears,
 Comely in thousand shapes appears.
 Yonder we saw it plain ; and here 'tis now,
 Like *Spirits* in a *Place*, we know not *How*.

2.

London that vents of *false Ware* so much store,
 In no *Ware* deceives us more.
 For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
 Like *Zeuxes Birds* fly to the painted *Grape* ;
 Some things do through our *Judgment* pass
 As through a *Multiplying Glass*.
 And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far,
 We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

Hence

3.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest *word of Fame*
 Grows such a common Name,
 And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
 Just so, as *Titular Bishops* made at *Rome*.
 'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jest*
 Admir'd with *Laughter* at a *Feast*,
 Nor florid *Talk* which can the *Title* gain ;
 The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever must remain.

4.

'Tis not to force some lifeless *Verses* meet
 With their five gowty feet.
 All ev'ery where, like *Man's* must be the *Soul*,
 And *Reason* the *Inferiour Powers* controul.
 Such were the *Numbers* which could call
 The *Stones* into the *Theban Wall*.
 Such *Miracles* are ceas'd ; and now we see
 No *Towns* or *Houſes* rais'd by *Poetrie*.

5.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part ;
 That shows more *Cost* than *Art*.
Jewels at *Nose* and *Lips* but ill appear ;
 Rather than *all thing Wit*, let none be there.
 Several *Lights* will not be seen,
 If there be nothing else between.
 Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' skie,
 If those be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie*.

6.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
 Jests for *Dutch Men*, and *English Boys*.
 In which who finds out *Wit*, the same may see
 In *Anagrams* and *Acrostiques Poetrie*.
 Much less can that have any place
 At which a *Virgin* hides her face.
 Such *Dross* the *Fire* must purge away ; 'tis just
 The *Author blush* there, where the *Reader* must.

7.

'Tis not such *Lines* as almost crack the *Stage*,
 When *Bajazet* begins to rage.
 Nor a tall *Metaphor* in the *Bombast-way*,
 Nor the dry *Chips* of short-lung'd *Seneca*.
 Nor upon all things to obtrude,
 And force some odd *Similitude*.
 What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
 We only can by *Negatives* define ?

8.

In a true piece of *Wit* all things must be,
 Yet all things there agree.
 As in the *Ark*, joyn'd without force or strife,
 All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life*.
 Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
 (If we compare great things with small)
 Which without *Discord* or *Confusion* lie,
 In that strange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*.

9.

But *Love* that molds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
 Makes me forget and injure you.
 I took you for my *self* sure when I thought
 That you in any thing were to be *Taught*.
 Correct my error with thy *Pen*;
 And if any ask me then,
 What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
 I'll only shew your *Lines*, and say, 'Tis *this*.

To the Lord Falkland.

For his safe Return from the Northern Expedition against the
 SCOTS.

Great is thy *Charge*, O *North*; be wise and just,
 England commits her *Falkland* to thy trust;
 Return him safe: *Learning* would rather chuse
 Her *Bodley*, or her *Vatican* to lose,
 All things that are but *writ* or *Printed* there,
 In his unbounded *Breast* engraven are.
 There all the *Sciences* together meet,
 And every *Art* does all her *Kindred* greet,
 Yet jittle not, nor quarrel; but as well
 Agree as in some *Common principle*.
 So in an *Army*, govern'd right we see
 (Though out of several *Countries* rais'd it be)
 That all their *Order* and their *Place* maintain,
 The *English*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane*.
 So thousand divers *Species* fill the aire,
 Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
 Beasts, Houses, Trees, and Men together lye,
 Yet enter *undisturb'd* into the Eye.
 And this great *Prince* of *Knowledge* is by Fate
 Thrust into th' noise and business of a State,

All *Virtues*, and some *Customs* of the *Court*,
 Other mens *Labour*, are at least his *Sport*.
 Whilst we who can no *action* undertake,
 Whom *Idleness* it self might *Learned* make,
 Who hear of *nothing*, and as yet scarce know,
 Whether the *Scots* in *England* be or no,
 Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
 Yet see his nimble *Pegasus* fly away.
 'Tis *Natures* fault who did thus partial grow,
 And her *Estate* of *Wit* on *One* bestow.
 Whilst we like *younger Brothers*, get at best
 But a *small stock*, and must *work* out the rest.
 How could he answer 't, should the State think fit
 To question a *Monopoly* of *Wit* ?

Such is the *Man* whom we require, the same
 We lent the *North*; untoucht as is his *Fame*.
 He is too good for *War*, and ought to be
 As far from *Danger*, as from *Fear* he's free.
 Those *Men* alone (and those are useful too)
 Whose *Valour* is the only *Art* they know,
 Were for sad *War* and bloody *Battles* born;
 Let *Them* the *State* defend, and *He* adorn.

On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.

W^Hat shall we say, since *silent* now is *He*,
 Who when he *Spake*, all things would *Silent* be ?
 Who had so many *Languages* in store,
 That only *Fame* shall speak of him in *more*.
 Whom *England* now no more return'd must see.
 He's gone to *Heaven* on his *Fourth Embassie*.
 On *Earth* he travell'd often; not to say
 H' had been abroad, or pass'd loose time away.
 In whatsoever *Land* he chanc'd to come,
 He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home
 Their *Wisdom*, *Learning*, and their *Pietie*,
 As if he went to *Conquer*, not to *See*.
 So well he understood the most and best
 Of *Tongues* that *Babel* sent into the *West*,
 Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
 Not only *Liv'd*, but *been Born* every where.
 Justly each *Nations* Speech to him was known,
 Who for the *World* was made, not *Us* alone.
 Nor ought the *Language* of that *Man* be less
 Who in his *Breast* had *all things* to express.
 We say that *Learning's* endless, and blame *Fate*
 For not allowing *Life* a longer date.

He did the utmost *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,
 He found them not so large as was his *Mind*.
 But, like the brave *Pelean Youth*, did mone
 Because that *Art* had no more *Worlds* than *One*.
 And when he saw that he through all had past,
 He dy'd, lest he should *Idle* grow at last.

On the Death of *Mr. Jordan*

Second Master at Westminster School.

Hence, and make room for me, all you who come
 Only to read the *Epitaph* on this *Tombe*.
 Here lies the *Master* of my tender years,
 The *Guardian* of my *Parents Hope* and *Fears*,
 Whose *Government* ne'r stood me in a *Tear* ;
 All *weeping* was reserv'd to spend it *here*.
 Come hither all who his rare *Vertues* knew,
 And mourn with *Me* ; He was *your Tutor* too.
 Let's joyn our *Sighs*, till they fly far, and shew
 His native *Belgia* what she's now to do.
 The *League* of grief bids her with us lament ;
 By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
 In payment of all *Men* we there had lost,
 And all the *English Blood* those *Wars* have cost.
 Wisely did *Nature* this learn'd *Man* divide ;
 His *Birth* was *Theirs*, his *Death* the mournful pride
 Of *England* ; and t' avoid the envious strife
 Of other *Lands*, all *Europe* had his *Life*,
 But we in chief ; our *Country* soon was grown
 A *Debter* more to *Him*, than *He* t' his *Own*.
 He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
 And built up *Men* against the future times.
 For deeds of *Age* are in their *Causés* then,
 And though he taught but *Boys*, he made them *Men*.
 Hence 'twas, a *Master* in those ancient days
 When men sought *Knowledge* first, and by it *Praise*,
 Was a thing full of *Reverence*, *Profit*, *Fame* ;
Father it self was but a *Second Name*.
 He scorn'd the profit ; his *Instructions* all
 Were like the *Science*, *Free* and *Liberal*.
 He deserv'd *Honours*, but despis'd them too
 As much as those who have them, others do,
 He knew not that which *Complement* they call ;
 Could *Flutter* none, but *Himself* least of all.
 So true, so faithful, and so just as he,
 Was nought on earth, but his own *Memorie*.

His *Memory*, where all things written were
 As sure and fixt as in *Fates Books* they are.
 Thus he in *Arts* so vast a treasure gain'd,
 Whilest still the *Use* came in, and *Stock* remain'd.
 And having purchas'd all that man can know,
 He labour'd with't to enrich others now.
 Did thus a new, and harder task sustain,
 Like those that work in *Mines* for others gain.
 He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
 To search the *Vein*, dig, purge, and mint it too.
 Though my *Excuse* would be, I must confess,
 Much better had his *Diligence* been less.
 But if a *Muse* hereafter smile on me,
 And say, *Be thou a Poet*, men shall see
 That none could a more grateful *Scholar* have;
 For what I ow'd his *Life*, I'll pay his *Grave*.

On His Majesty's Return out of SCOTLAND.

I.

WELCOME, Great Sir, with all the joy that's due
 To the return of *Peace* and *You*.
 Two greatest *Blessings* which this Age can know,
 For *that to Thee*, for *Thee to Heaven* we ow.
 Others by *War* their *Conquests* gain,
 You like a *God* your ends obtain.
 Who when rude *Chaos* for his help did call,
 Spoke but the *Word*, and sweetly *Order'd* all.

2.

This happy *Concord* in no *Blood* is writ,
 None can grudge *Heav'en* full thanks for it.
 No *Mothers* here lament their *Childrens* fate,
 And like the *Peace*, but think it comes too late.
 No *Widows* hear the jocund *Bells*,
 And take them for their *Husbands* *Knells*.
 No drop of *Blood* is spilt which might be said
 To mark our joyful *Holiday* with *Red*.

3.

'Twas only *Heav'en* could work this wondrous thing,
 And only work't by such a *King*.
 Again the *Northern Hindes* may sing and plow,
 And fear no harm but from the *weather* now.
 Again may *Tradesmen* love their gain
 By knowing now for whom they gain.
 The *Armour* now may be hung up to fight,
 And only in their *Halls* the *Children* fright.

4.

The gain of *Civil Wars* will not allow
Bay to the *Conqueror's Brow*,
 At such a *Game* what fool would venture in,
 Where one must *lose*, yet neither side can *win* ?
 How justly would our *Neighbours* smile
 At these mad *Quarrels* of our *Ile*
 Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,
 Whil'st we *Bet all*, and yet for *nothing pay* ?

5.

How was the silver *Tine* frighted before,
 And durst not kiss the armed shore ?
 His waters ran more swiftly than they use;
 And hasted to the Sea to tell the News.
 The *Sea* it self, how rough so ere,
 Could scarce believe such fury here.
 How could the *Scots* and we be *Ene'mies* grown ?
 That, and its *Master Charles* had made us *One*.

6.

No *Blood* so loud as that of *Civil War* ;
 It calls for Dangers from afar.
 Let's rather go, and seek out *Them*, and *Fame* ;
 Thus our *Fore-fathers* got, thus left a *Name*.
 All their rich blood was spent with gains,
 But that which swells their *Childrens Veins*.
 Why fit we still, our *Spir'its* wrapt up in *Lead* ?
 Not like them whilest they *Liv'd*, but now they're *Dead*.

7.

This noise at home was but *Fates* policie
 To raise our *Spi'rits* more high.
 So a bold *Lion*, e're he seeks his prey,
 Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away.
 How would the *German Eagle* fear,
 To see a new *Gustavus* there ?
 How would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do
 For *Jove* of old, it now bore *Thunder* too !

8.

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
 Destin'd to *Charles* his days.
 What will the *Triumphs* of his *Battels* be,
 Whose very *Peace* it self is *Victorie* ?
 When *Heaven* bestows the best of *Kings*,
 It bids us think of mighty things.
 His *Valour*, *Wisdom*, *Off-spring* speak no less ;
 And we the *Prophets Sons*, write not by *Guests*.

On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,

The Famous Painter.

Vandike is Dead; but what Bold Muse shall dare
(Though Poets in that word with Painters share)

To express her sadness? Poëse must become
An Art, like Painting here, an Art that's Dumb.

Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad Picture which he made to weep,
Or those who saw't, for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the same Passions which he drew.

His pieces so with their live Objects strive,
That both or Pictures seem, or both Alive.
Nature her self amaz'd, does doubting stand,
Which is her own, and which the Painters Hand,
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in Twins she would express.

His All-resembling Pencil did out-pass
The mimick Imagery of Looking-Glass.
Nor was his Life less perfect than his Art,
Nor was his Hand less erring than his Heart.
There was no false, or fading Colour there,
The Figures sweet and well proportion'd were.

Most other men, set next to him in view,
Appear'd more shadows than the Men he drew.
Thus still he liv'd till Heaven did for him call,
Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all:
Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair;
And could almost wish for his Pencil there?
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine,
Whilst he for ever ravish'd with the show,
Scorns his own Art which we admire below.

Only his beauteous Lady still he loves;
(The love of heav'nly Objects Heav'n improves)

He sees bright Angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left so like them here.

And you, fair Widow, who stay here alive,
Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve.

Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, blest Pair, to Disagree.

No wonder Death mov'd not his gen'rous mind,
You, and a new born You, he left behind.

Even Fate express'd his love to his dear Wife,
And let him end your Picture with his Life.

Prometheus ill-painted.

HOW wretched does *Prometheus* state appear,
 Whilest he his *Second Mis'ery* suffers here!
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
 He blames great *Jove's* less than the *Painter's* hands.
 It would the *Vultur's* cruelty outgo,
 If once again his *Liver* thus should grow.
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold *Theft* allow;
 The *Flames* he once *stole* from thee grant him now.

O D E.

I.

HERE's to thee *Dick*; this whining *Love* despise;
 Pledge me, my *Friend*, and drink till thou be'st *wife*.
 It sparkles brighter far than *She*:
 'Tis pure, and right without deceit;
 And such no *woman* e're will be:
 No; they are all *Sophisticate*.

2.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
 But an *ill-favour'd*, and *uncleanly Sin*?
 A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
 That *Venus* *Joys* as well as the
 With reason may be said to be
 From the neglected *Foam* deriv'd.

3.

Whom would that painted toy, a *Beauty*, move,
 Whom would it e'r persuade to court and love,
 Could he a *Woman's Heart* have seen,
 (But, Oh, no *Light* does thither come)
 And view'd her perfectly within,
 When he lay shut up in her *womb*?

4.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
 That only he who loves them can have more.
 Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true;
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,
 Nothing like to ours at all.
 But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too.

5.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown;
 Let the *Glass* walk, till all things too go round;

Again

Again, till these *Two Lights* be *Four* ;
 No error here can dangerous prove ;
 Thy *Passion*, Man, deceiv'd thee more ;
 None *Double* see like Men in *Love*.

Friendship in Absence.

1.

When Chance or cruel business parts us two,
 What do our *Souls* I wonder do?
 Whilst sleep does our dull *Bodies* tie,
 Methinks, at home, they should not stay,
 Content with *Dreams*, but boldly flie
 Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

2.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
 And mix I know not *How*, nor *Where*.
 Their friendly *Lights* together twine,
 Though we perceive't not to be so,
 Like loving *Stars* which oft combine,
 Yet not themselves their own *Conjunctions* know.

3.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
 If *Distance* could their *Union* end :
 But *Love* it self does far advance
 Above the power of *Time* and *Space*.
 It scorns such outward *Circumstance*,
 His *Time's* for ever, every where his *Place*.

4.

I am there with *Thee*, yet here with *Me* thou art,
 Lodg'd in each others heart.
Miracles cease not yet in *Love*,
 When he his mighty *Power* will try,
Absence it self does *Bounteous* prove,
 And strangely ev'n our *Presence* *Multiply*.

5.

Pure is the flame of *Friendship*, and *Divine*
 Like that which in *Heavens Sun* does shine ;
 He in the upper *Air* and *Sky*
 Does no effects of *Heat* bestow,
 But as his beams the farther fly
 He begets *Warmth*, *Life*, *Beauty* here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
 Like *Objects*, if they touch the *Eye*.

Less *Meritorious* than is *Love*,
 For when we Friends together see
 So much, so much *Both One* do prove,
 That their *Love* then seems but *self-love* to be.

7.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
 For thee make *Hours Canonical*.
 By every *Wind* that comes this way,
 Send me at least a *sigb* or two,
 Such and so many I'll repay
 As shall themselves make *Winds* to get to you.

8.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon
 To mock our *Separation*.
 Alas, ten thousand will not do;
 My heart will thus no longer stay,
 No longer 'twill be kept from you,
 But knocks against the *Breast* to get away.

9.

And when no Art affords me help or ease,
 I seek with Verse my griefs t' appease.
 Just as a *Bird* that flies about
 And beats it self against the *Cage*,
 Finding at last no passage out,
 It fits and sings, and so o'comes its rage.

To the Bishop of Lincoln,

Upon his Enlargement out of the Tower.

Pardon, my Lord, that I am come so late
 T' express my joy for your return of Fate.
 So when injurious Chance did you deprive
 Of *Liberty*, at first I could not grieve;
 My thoughts a while, like you, *imprison'd* lay;
 Great *Joys* as well as *Sorrows* make a *Stay*;
 They hinder one another in the *Crowd*,
 And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud
 Should every mans officious gladness hast,
 And be afraid to shew it self the last;
 The throng of *Gratulations* now would be
 Another *Loss* to you of *Liberty*.
 When of your freedom men the news did hear
 Where it was wisht for, that is every where,

'Twas

'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,
 As soon as it was heard it raviſht all.
 So *Eloquent Tully* did from exile come ;
 Thus long'd for he return'd, and cheriſht *Rome*,
 Which could no more his *Tongue* and *Counſels* miſs ;
Rome, the *Worlds head*, was nothing without *His*.
 Wrong to thoſe ſacred *Aſhes* I ſhould do,
 Should I compare any to *Him* but *You* ;
 You to whom *Art* and *Nature* did diſpence
 The *Conſulſhip* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*.
 Nor did your *Fate* differ from his at all,
 Becauſe the doom of *Exile* was his fall,
 For the whole *World* without a native home
 Is nothing but a *Pris'on* of larger room.
 But like a melting *Woman* ſuffer'd He,
 He who before out-did *Humanitie*.
 Nor could his *Spi'rit* conſtant and *ſtedfaſt* prove,
 Whoſe *Art* 't had been, and greateſt end to *Move*.
 You put *ill-Fortune* in ſo good a dreſs
 That it out-ſhone other mens *Happineſs*.
 Had your *Proſperity* always clearly gon
 As your *high Merits* would have led it on,
 You 'had *half* been loſt, and an *Example* then
 But for the *Happy* the *leaſt part* of men.
 Your very ſufferings did ſo graceful ſhew,
 That ſome ſtraight *envy'd* your *Affliction* too.
 For a clear *Conſcience* and *Heroick Mind*
 In *Ills* their *Buſineſs* and their *Glory* find.
 So though leſs worthy ſtones are drown'd in *night*,
 The faithful *Diamond* keeps his native *Light*,
 And is oblig'd to *Darkneſs* for a ray
 That would be more oppreſt than *help'd* by *Day*.
 Your *Soul* then moſt ſhew'd her unconquer'd power,
 Was ſtronger and more armed than the *Tower*.
 Sure unkind *Fate* will tempt your *Spi'rit* no more,
 She has try'd your *Weakneſs* and your *Strength* before.
 T' oppoſe him ſtill who once has *Conquer'd* ſo,
 Were now to be your *Rebel* not your *Foe*.
Fortune henceforth will more of *Providence* have,
 And rather be your *Friend*, than be your *Slave*.

To a Lady who made Posies for Rings.

1.

I Little thought the time would ever bee,
 That I should *Wit* in *dwarfish Posies* see.
 As all *Words* in few *Letters* live,
 Thou to few *Words* all *Sense* dost give.
 'Twas *Nature* taught you this rare Art
 In such a *Little Much* to shew,
 Who all the good she did impart
 To Womankind, *Epitomiz'd* in you.

2.

If as the Ancients did not doubt to sing,
 The turning *Years* be well compar'd to 'a *Ring*.
 We'll write whate'r from you we hear,
 For that's the *Posse* of the *Year*.
 This difference only will remain,
 That *Time* his former face does shew,
 Winding into himself again,
 But your unweari'd *Wit* is always *New*.

3.

'Tis said that *Conjurers* have an *Art* found out
 To carry *Spi'rits* confin'd in *Rings* about.
 The wonder now will less appear
 When we behold your *Magick* here.
 You by your *Rings* do *Prisoners* take,
 And chain them with your mystick *Spells*,
 And the strong *Witchcraft* sull to make,
Love, the great *Dev'il*, charm'd to those *Circles* dwells.

4.

They who above do various *Circles* find,
 Say like a *Ring* th' *Æquator Heav'en* than 'tis will be)
 When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
 (Which then more *Heav'en* does bind.
 'Tis thou must write the *Posse* there,
 For it wanteth one as yet,
 Though the *Sun* pass through 't twice a year.
 The *Sun* who is esteem'd the God of *Wit*.

5.

Happy the Hands which wear these sacred *Rings*,
 They'll teach those Hands to write mysterious things.

Let other *Rings* with *Jewels* bright,
 Cast around their costly light,
 Let them want no noble *Stone*
 By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
 Yet shall thy *Rings* give place to none,
 But only that which must thy *Marriage* bind.

Prologue to the Guardian.

Before the Prince.

WHO says the *Times* do *Learning* disallow?
 'Tis false; 'Twas never *Honour'd* so as *Now*.
 When you appear, *Great Prince*, our *Night* is done;
 You are our *Morning Star*, and shall be our *Sun*.
 But our *Scene's* *London* now; and by the rout
 We perish, if the *Roundheads* be about.
 For now no *Ornament* the *Head* must wear,
 No *Bays*, no *Mitre*, not so much as *Hair*.
 How can a *Play* pass safely when ye know
Cheapside Cross falls for making but a *Show*?
 Our only *Hope* is this, that it may be
 A *Play* may pass too, made *Extempore*.
 Though other *Arts* poor and neglected grow,
 They'll admit *Po'esse* which was *always* so.
 But we contemn the fury of these days,
 And scorn no less their *Censure* than their *Praise*.
 Our *Muse*, blest *Prince*, does only on you rely;
 Would gladly *Live*, but not refuse to *Dye*.
 Accept our *hasty zeal*; a thing that's *play'd*
 Ere 'tis a *Play*, and *Acted* ere 'tis *Made*.
 Our *Ign'orance*, but our *Duty* too we show;
 I would *all ignorant People* would do so!
 At other *Times* expect our *Wit* or *Art*;
 This *Comedy* is *Acted* by the *Heart*.

The Epilogue.

THE *Play*, Great Sir, is done ; yet needs must fear,
 Though you brought all your *Father's Mercies* here,
 It may offend your *Highness*, and we 'have now
 Three hours done *Treason* here, for ought we know.
 But power your *Grace* can above *Nature* give,
 It can give power to make *Abortives Live*,
 In which if our bold wishes should be crost,
 'Tis but the *Life* of one poor week 't has lost ;
 Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
 Scarce could it *Dye* more quickly than 'twas *Born*.

On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

Immodicis brevis est aetas, & rara Senectus. Mart.

I.

IT was a dismal, and a fearful Night,
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
 When *Sleep*, *Deaths Image*, left my troubled brest
 By something liker *Death* posselt.
 My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my Soul hung the dull weight
 Of some *Intolerable Fate*.
 What Bell was that ? Ah me ! Too much I know.

2.

My sweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peere*,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 Thy *End* for ever, and my *Life* to none ?
 O thou hast left me all alone !
 Thy *Soul* and *Body* when *Deaths Agonie*
 Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
 Than *I*, my dearest *Friend*, do part from *Thee*.

3.

My dearest *Friend*, would I had dy'd for thee !
Life and this *World* henceforth will tedious be.
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
 If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too.

Silent and sad I walk about all day,
 As fullen *Ghosts* stalk speechless by
 Where their hid *Treasures* ly ;
 Alas, my *Treasure's* gone, why do I stay ?

4.
 He was my *Friend*, the truest *Friend* on Earth ;
 A strong and mighty *influence* join'd our *Birth*.
 Nor did we envy the most sounding *Name*
 By *Friendship* given of old to *Fame*.
 None but his *Brethren* he, and *Sisters* knew,
 Whom the kind Youth preferr'd to Me ;
 And ev'en in that we did agree,
 For much above my self I lov'd them too.

5.
 Say, for you saw us, ye immortal *Lights*,
 How oft unweari'd have we spent the *Nights*?
 Till the *Ledean Stars* so fam'd for *Love*,
 Wondred at us from above.
 We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;
 But search of deep *Philosophy*,
Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry* ;
 Arts which I lov'd, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*.

6.
 Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,
 Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
 Was there a *Tree* about, which did not know
 The *Love* betwixt us two ?
 Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, for ever fade ;
 Or your sad *Branches* thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine ;
 Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.

7.
 Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you sing,
 Till all the tuneful *Birds* to' your *Boughs* they bring ;
 No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted *Chear*,
 And call the learned *Youths* to hear ;
 No whistling *Winds* through the glad branches fly,
 But all with sad solemnitie,
 Mute and unmoved be,
 Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does ly.

8.
 To him my *Muse* made haste with every strain
 Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the *Brain*,
 He lov'd my worthless *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
 Would find out something to commend.

Hence now, my *Muse*, thou canst not me delight;
 Be this my latest verse
 With which I now adorn his *Herse*,
 And this my *Grief*, without *thy* help shall write.

9.

Had I a Wreath of *Bays* about my Brow,
 I should contemn that flourish'ing honour now,
 Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear
 It rage and crackle there.
 Instead of *Bays*, crown with sad *Cypress* me;
Cypress which *Tombs* does beautifie;
 Not *Phæbus* griev'd so much as I
 For him, who first was made that mournful *Tree*.

10.

Large was his *Soul*; as large a *Soul* as ere
 Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.
 High as the Place 'twas shortly' in *Heaven* to have,
 But low, and humble as his *Grave*.
 So *high* that all the *Vertues* there did come
 As to the chiefest Seat
 Conspicuous, and great;
 So *low* that for *Me* too it made a room.

11.

He scorn'd this busie World below, and all
 That we, *Mistaken Mortals*, Pleasure call;
 Was fill'd with inn'ocent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,
 Triumphant o'r the sins of *Youth*.
 He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,
 That shine with Beams like *Flame*,
 Yet burn not with the same,
 Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none.

12.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
 As if for him *Knowledge* had rather sought.
 Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded ly
 In such a short *Mortalitie*.
 When e'r the skilful *Youth* discours'd or writ,
 Still did the *Notions* throng
 About his elo'quent Tongue,
 Nor could his *Ink* flow faster than his *Wit*.

13.

So strong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,
 As all things but his *Judgment* overcame;
 His *Judgment* like the Heavenly *Moon* did show.
 Temp'ring that mighty *Sea* below.

O had he liv'd in *Learnings World*, what bound
 Would have been able to controul
 His over-powering Soul?
 We've have loft in him *Arts* that not yet are found.

14.

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spi^rits* of various Wit,
 Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget.
 And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retir'd and gave to them their due.
 For the rich help of *Books* he always took,
 Though his own searching mind before
 Was so with *Notions* written o're
 As if wise *Nature* had made that her *Book*.

15.

So many *Vertues* join'd in him, as we
 Can scarce pick here and there in *Historie*.
 More than old *Writers Practice* ere could reach,
 As much as they could ever teach.
 These did *Religion*, *Queen* of *Vertues* sway,
 And all their sacred *Motions* tear,
 Just like the First and *Highest Sphere*
 Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'^en* one way.

16.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Pietie,
 He always *Liv'd*, as other *Saints* do *Die*.
 Still with his Soul severe account he kept,
 Weeping all *Debts* out ere he slept.
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
 Like the *Suns* laborious light,
 Which still in *Water* sets at *Night*,
 Unfullied with his *Journey* of the *Day*.

17.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made so good,
 To be snatcht hence ere better understood?
 Snatcht before half enough of thee was seen!
 Thou *Ripe*, and yet thy *Life* but *Green*!
 Nor could thy *Friends* take their last sad Farewell,
 But *Danger* and *infectious Death*
 Maliciously seiz'd on that *Breath*
 Where *Life*, *Spi^rit*, *Pleasure* always us'd to dwell.

18.

But happy Thou, ta'n from this frantick Age!
 Where *Igno^rance* and *Hypocriste* does rage!
 A fitter *time* for *Heav'ⁿ* no Soul e'r chose,
 The place now only free from those.

There 'mong the *Blest* thou dost for ever shine,
 And wherefoe'r thou cast'st thy view
 Upon that white and radiant Crew,
 See'st not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* than *Thine*.

19.

And if the glorious *Saints* cease not to know
 Their wretched Friends who *fight* with *Life* below ;
 Thy Flame to *Me* does still the same abide,
 Only more pure and rarifi'd.
 There whilst immortal Hymns thou dost rehearse,
 Thou dost with holy pity see
 Our dull and earthly *Poesie*,
 Where *Grief* and *Mis'ery* can be joy'n'd with *Verse*.

O D E.

In Imitation of Horace's Ode.

*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus, &c. Lib. I. Od. 5.*

1.

TO whom now *Pyrrha*, art thou kind ?
 To what heart-ravish'd Lover
 Dost thou thy golden Lock unbind,
 Thy hidden sweets discover,
 And with large bounty open set
 All the bright stores of thy rich *Cabinet* ?

2.

Ah simple *Youth*, how oft will he
 Of thy chang'd *Faith* complain ?
 And his own *Fortunes* find to be
 So airy and so vain,
 Of so *Cameleon*-like an hew,
 That still *their colour* changes with it too ?

3.

How oft, alas, will he admire
 The blackness of the Skies ?
 Trembling to hear the Winds found higher
 And see the Billows rise ;
 Poor *unexperienc'd* He
 Who ne'r, alas, before had been at *Sea* !

4.

He 'enjoys thy calmy *Sun-shine* now,
 And no breath stirring hears,
 In the clear Heaven of thy brow
 No smallest *Cloud* appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the *faibleſs* *April* of thy *May*.

5.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy He,
 T'whom *Thou untry'd* doſt ſhine!
 But there's no danger now for *Me*,
 Since o'r *Loretto's Shrine*
 In witness of the *Shipwrack* paſt
 My consecrated *Veſſel* hangs at laſt.

In Imitation of Martial's Epigram.

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF dearest *Friend* it my good *Fate* might be
 T' enjoy at once a *quiet Life* and *Thee*;
 If we for *Happiness* could *leisure* find,
 And *wandering Time* into a *Method* bind,
 We should not sure the *Great mens* favour need,
 Nor on long *Hopes*, the *Courts thin Diet*, feed.
 We should not *Patience* find daily to hear
 The *Calumnies*, and *Flatteries* spoken there.
 We should not the *Lords Tables* humbly use,
 Or talk in *Ladies Chambers Love* and *News*;
 But *Books*, and wise *Discourse*, *Gardens* and *Fields*,
 And all the joys that *unmixt Nature* yields.
 Thick *Summer* shades where *Winter* still does ly,
 Bright *Winter Fires* that *Summers* part supply.
 Sleep not controll'd by *Cares* confin'd to *Night*,
 Or bound in any rule but *Appetite*.
 Free, but not savage or ungracious *Mirth*,
 Rich *Wines* to give it quick and easie birth.
 A few *Companions*, which our selves should chuse,
 A *Gentle Mistress*, and a *Gentler Muse*.
 Such, dearest *Friend*, such without doubt should be
 Our *Place*, our *Business*, and our *Companie*.
 Now to *Himself*, alas, does neither *Live*,
 But sees good *Suns*, of which we are to give
 A strict *account*, set and march thick away;
 Knows a man how to *Live*, and does he *stay*?

The

The Chronicle.

A Ballad.

1.

M *Argarita* first possest,
 If I remember well, my brest.
Margarita first of all;
 But when a while the wanton Maid
 With my restless heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

2.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous *Catherine*.
 Beauteous *Catherine* gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To *Elisa's* conqu'ring face.

3.

Elisa till this Hour might reign
 Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'n,
Fundamental Laws she broke,
 And still new *Favourites* she chose,
 Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

4.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
 Both to reign at once began,
 Alternately they sway'd,
 And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
 And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
 And sometimes *Both* I'obey'd.

5.

Another *Mary* then arose,
 And did rigorous *Laws* impose.
 A mighty *Tyrant* she!
 Long, alas, should I have been
 Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
 Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

6.

When fair *Rebecca* set me free,
 'Twas then a *golden Time* with me.
 But soon those pleasures fled,
 For the gracious Princess dy'd
 In her Youth and Beauties pride,
 And *Judith* reigned in her sted.

7.

One Month, three Days, and half an hour
Judith held the *Sove'raign Power*.
 Wondrous beautiful her Face,
 But so weak and small her Wit,
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so *Susanna* took her place.

8.

But when *Isabella* came
 Arm'd with a resistless flame
 And th' Artillery of her Eye,
 Whilst she proudly marcht about
 Greater Conquests to find out,
 She beat out *Susan* by the Bye.

9.

But in her place I then obey'd
 Black-ey'd *Bess*, her *Viceroy-Maid*,
 To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy*.
 Thousand worse *Passions* then possess'd
 The *Interregnum* of my brest.
 Bless me from such an *Anarchy*!

10.

Gentle *Henrietta* than
 And a third *Mary* next began,
 Then *Jone*, and *Jane*, and *Andria*.
 And then a pretty *Thomasine*,
 And then another *Katharine*,
 And then a long *Et cetera*.

11.

But should I now to you relate
 The strength and riches of their *state*,
 The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
 The *Ribonds*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
 The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
 That make up all their *Magazines* :

12.

If I should tell the politick Arts
 To take and keep mens hearts,
 The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,
 The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
 The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
 Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries!*

13.

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid
 By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All Change of *Weathers* that befall)
 Than *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

14.

But I, will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with Me.
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present *Empress* does claim,
Helconora, *First o' th' Name*;
 Whom *God* grant long to reign.

To Sir William D'avenant.

Upon his two first Books of Gundibert, finished before his
 Voyage to America.

MEthinks *Heroick Poesie* till now
 Like some fantastick *Fairy Land* did show,
Gods, *Devils*, *Nymphs*, *Witches*, and *Gyants* race,
 And all but *Man*, in *Mans chief work* had place.
 Thou like some worthy *Knight* with sacred Arms
 Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms*.
 In stead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,
 The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want.
 Yet even thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell,
 Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well.
 By fatal hands whilst present *Empires* fall,
 Thine from the *Grave* past *Monarchies* recall.
 So much more thanks from humane kind does merit
 The *Poets Fury*, than the *Zealots Spirit*.
 And from the *Grave* thou mak'est this *Empire* rise,
 Not like some dreadful *Ghost* t' affright our *Eyes*,
 But with more lustre and triumphant state,
 Than when it crown'd at proud *Verona* fate.

So will our *God* rebuild man's perisht frame,
 And raise him up much *Better*, yet the *same*.
 So *God-like Poets* do past things reherse,
 Not *change*, but *heighten* Nature by their Verse.

With shame, methinks, great *Italy* must see
 Her *Conquerors* rais'd to *Life* again by *Thee*.
 Rais'd by such powerful Verse, that ancient *Rome*
 May blush no less to see her *Wit* *o'come*.
 Some men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
 And think all ill but that which *Rome* does give.
 The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
 To the same *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind.
 Thou in those beaten paths disdain't to tread,
 And scorn'st to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*.
 Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
 This latter *Age* should see all *New* but *Wit*.
 Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,
 And leave bright *Tracks* for following Pens to take.
 Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the *Muse*
 Did thy desire to seek new *Worlds* infuse,
 And ne'r did Heav'n so much a *Voyage* bless,
 If thou canst *Plant* but *there* with like success.

An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent me to
 Jersey.

AS to a *Northern People* (whom the Sun
 Uses just as the *Romish Church* has done
 Her *Prophane Laity*, and does assign
 Bread only both to serve for *Bread* and *Wine*)
 A rich *Canary Fleet* welcome arrives;
 Such comfort to us here your *Letter* gives,
 Fraught with brisk *racy Verses*, in which we
 The *Soil* from whence they came, taste, smell and see:
 Such is your *Present* to us; for you must know,
 Sir, that *Verses* does not in this *Island* grow
 No more than *Sack*; One lately did not fear
 (Without the *Muses* leave) to plant it here.
 But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge
Rhimes, as ev'n set the hearers *Ears* on *Edge*,
 Written by _____ Esquire, the
 Year of our Lord six hundred thirty three.
 Brave *Jersey Muse*! and he's for his high style
 Call'd to this day the *Homor* of the *Isle*.
 Alas to men here no *Words* less hard be,
 To rhyme with, than * *Mount Orgueil* is to me.

* The name of one of the Castles in Jersey.

Jane Cron

Mount Orgueil, which in scorn o'th' *Muses* Law
 With no *yoke-fellow* Word will deign to draw.
 Stubborn *Mount Orgueil*! 'tis a work to make it
 Come into *Rhime*, more hard than 'twere to take it.
 Alas, to bring your *Tropes* and *Figures* here,
 Strange as to bring *Camels* and *Elephants* were.
 And *Metaphor* is so unknown a thing,
 'Twould need the *Preface* of *God save the King*.
 Yet this I'll say for th' honour of the place,
 That by God's extraordinary *Grace*
 (Which shows the people have *Judgment* if not *Wit*,
 The Land is *undefil'd* with *Clinches* yet.
 Which in my poor opinion I confess,
 Is a most sing'ular blessing, and no less
 Than *Ireland's* wanting *Spiders*. And so far
 From th' *Actual Sin* of *Bombast* too they are,
 (That other *Crying Sin* o' th' *English Muse*)
 That even *Satan* himself can accuse
 None here (no not so much as the *Divines*)
 For th' *Motus primò primi* to *Strong Lines*.
 Well, since the Soil then does not nat'urally bear
Verse, who (*a Devil*) should import it here?
 For that to me would seem as strange a thing
 As who did first *Wild Beasts* into ' *Islands* bring.
 Unless you think that it might taken be
 As *Green* did *Gondibert*, in a *Prize* at Sea.
 But that's a *Fortune* falls not every day;
 'Tis true *Green* was made by it; for they say
 The *Parliament* did a noble bounty do,
 And gave him the *whole Prize*, their *Tenths* and *Fifteenths* too.

The Tree of Knowledge.

That there is no Knowledge.

Against the Dogmatists.

I.

THE Sacred *Tree* 'midst the fair *Orchard* grew,
 The *Phoenix Truth* did on it rest,
 And built his perfum'd Nest.
 That right *Porphyrion* *Tree* which did true *Logick* shew,
 Each *Leaf* did learned *Notions* give,
 And th' *Apples* were *Demonstrative*.
 So clear their *Colour* and *Divine*,
 The very *shade* they cast did other *Lights* out-shine,

2.

Taste not, saith God, 'tis *mine* and *Angels* meat;
 A certain *Death* doth fit
 Like an ill *Worm* i'th' *Core* of it.
 Ye cannot *Know* and *Live*, nor *Live*, or *Know* and *Eat*.
 Thus spake *God*, yet *man* did go
 Ignorantly on to *Know*;
 Grew so *more blind*, and *she*
 Who tempted him to this, grew yet *more blind* than *He*.

3.

The only *Science* Man by this did get,
 Was but to *know* he nothing *knew*:
 He straight his *Nakedness* did view,
 His ign'orant poor estate, and was asham'd of it.
 Yet searches *Probabilities*,
 And *Rhetorick*, and *Fallacies*,
 And seeks by useles pride
 With flight and withering *Leaves* their *Nakedness* to hide.

4.

Henceforth, said *God*, the wretched Sons of *Earth*:
 Shall sweat for food in vain.
 That will not long sustain,
 And bring with *Labour* forth each fond *Abortive Birth*.
 That *Serpent* too their *Pride*,
 Which aims at things deny'd,
 That learn'd and eloquent *Lust*
 Instead of *mounting high*, shall creep upon the *Dust*.

The Reason.

The Use of it in Divine Matters.

I.

Some *blind* themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others a right way;
 They build on *Sands*, which if unmov'd they find,
 'Tis but because there was no *Wind*.
 Less hard 'tis, not to *erre our selves*, than know
 If our *Fore-fathers* err'd or no.
 When we trust *Men* concerning *God*, we then
 Trust not *God* concerning *men*.

2.

Visions and Inspirations some expect
 Their course here to direct.
 Like senseless *Chymists* their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary Gold t' enjoy.
 So *Stars* appear to drop to us from Sky,
 And gild the passage as they fly :
 But when they fall, and meet th' opposing Ground,
 What but a sordid *Slime* is found?

3.

Sometime their *Fancies* they 'above *Reason* set,
 And fast that they may dream of meat.
 Sometimes *ill Spirits* their sickly Souls delude,
 And *Bastard-Forms* obtrude.
 So *Endor's* wretched *Sorcerefs*, although
 She *Saul* through his disguise did know,
 Yet when the *Dev'il* comes up *disguis'd*, she cries,
 Behold the *Gods* arise.

4.

In vain, alas, these outward hopes are try'd ;
Reason within's our only *Guide*.
Reason which (*God* be prais'd !) still *walks*, for all
 Its old Original *Fall*.
 And since it self the boundless *Godhead* join'd
 With a *Reasonable Mind*,
 It plainly shows that *Mysteries Divine*
 May with our *Reason* join.

5.

The *Holy Book*, like the eighth *Sphere*, does shine
 With thousand *Lights of Truth Divine*.
 So numberless the *Stars*, that to the Eye,
 It makes but all one *Galaxie*.
 Yet *Reason* must assist too, for in *Seas*
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by *Stars* above we cannot know,
 Without the *Compass* too below.

6.

Though *Reason* cannot through *Faiths Myst'eries* see,
 It sees that *There* and such they be ;
 Leads to *Heavens Door*, and there does humbly keep,
 And there through *Chinks* and *Key-holes* peep.
 Though it, like *Moses* by a sad command
 Must not come into th' *Holy Land*,
 Yet thither it infallibly does *guide*,
 And from afar 'tis all *descry'd*.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.

POet and Saint ! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred Names of Earth and Heaven.
 The hard and rarest Union which can be
 Next that of Godhead with Humanitie
 Long did the *Muses* banisht Slaves abide,
 And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal pride ;
 Like *Moses* Thou (though Spells and Charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their *Holy Land* :

Ah wretched *We*, *Poets of Earth* ! but *Thou*
 Wert *Living* the same *Poet* which thou'rt *Now*.
 Whilst *Angels* sing to thee their *Ayres Divine*,
 And joy in an applause so great as *Thine*.
 Equal Society with them to hold,
 Thou needst not make *new Songs*, but say the *Old*.
 And they (kind *Spirits* !) shall all rejoyce to see
 How little less than *They*, *Exalted Man* may be.

Still the old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,
 The *Heav'neliest* thing on Earth still keeps up *Hell*.
 Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Christian Land* ;
 Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* stand.
 And though *Pan's Death* long since all *Or'acles* broke.
 Yet still in Rhyme the Fiend *Apollo* spoke :
 Nay with the worst of *Heathen* dotage *We*
 (*Vain men* !) the *Monster Woman Deisse* ;
 Find *Stars*, and tye our *Fates* there in a *Face*,
 And *Paradise* in them *Ly* whom we *lost* it, place.
 What different faults corrupt our *Muses* thus ?
Wanton as *Girls*, as *Old Wives*, *Fabulous* !

Thy spotless *Muse*, like *Mary*, did contain
 The boundless *Godhead* ; she did well disdain
 That her *eternal Verse* employ'd should be
 On a less Subject than *Eternity* ;
 And for a sacred *Mistress*'s scorn to take,
 But her whom *God* himself scorn'd not his *Sponse* to make.
 It (in a kind) her *Miracle* did do ;
 A fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too.

* How well (blest *Swan*) did *Fate* contrive thy death,
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great *Mistress*'s Arms ? thou most *Divine*
 And richest *Off'ring* of *Loretto's Shrine* !
 Where like some holy *Sacrifice* t' expire,
 A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd *Chappel* there,
 And bore the sacred Load in *Triumph* through the *Air*.

* Mr. *Crashaw* died of a *Fever* at *Loretto*, being newly chosen Canon of that Church.

'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and *They*,
And *Thou*, their Charge, went *singing* all the way.

Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent,
That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,
For even in *Error* sure no *Danger* is
When join'd with so much *Piety* as *his*.
Ah, mighty *God*, with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!
And our weak *Reason* were ev'en weaker yet,
Rather than thus our *Wills* too strong for it.
His *Faith* perhaps in some nice *Tenents* might
Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was *in the right*.
And I my self a *Catholick* will be,
So far, at least, great *Saint*. to *Pray* to thee.
Hail *Bard Triumphant*! and some care bestow
On *us*, the *Poets Militant* Below!
Oppos'd by our old *Enemy*, adverse *Chance*,
Attacque'd by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,
Enchain'd by *Beauty*, tortur'd by *Desires*,
Expos'd by *Tyrant-Love* to savage *Beasts* and *Fires*.
Thou from low earth in nobler *Flames* didst rise,
And like *Elijah*, mount alive the *Skies*.
Elisba-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy *Greatness*, and my *Littleness*)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So *Humble* to *Esteem*, so *Good* to *Love*)
Not that thy *Spirit* might on me *Doubled* be,
I ask but half thy mighty *Spirit* for Me.
And when my *Muse* soars with so strong a *Wing*,
'Twill learn of things *Divine*, and first of *Thee* to sing.

Ana-

Anacreontiques ;

O R,

Some COPIES of VERSES Translated
Paraphrastically out of *Anacreon*.

I.

L O V E.

I'll sing of *Heroes*, and of *Kings* ;
 In mighty Numbers, mighty things,
 Begin, my *Muse* ; but lo the strings
 To my great *Song* rebellious prove ;
 The strings will sound of nought but *Love*.
 I broke them all, and put on new ;
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
 These sure (said I) will me obey ;
 These sure *Heroick Notes* will play.
 Straight I began with thundering *Jove*,
 And all th' immortal Powers but *Love*.
Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled *Lyre*
 Came gentle Ayres, such as inspire
 Melting Love, soft desire.
 Farewel then *Heroes*, farewel *Kings*,
 And mighty Numbers, mighty *Things*.
 Love tunes my *Heart* just to my strings.

Drinking.

II.

Drinking.

THE thirsty *Earth* soaks up the *Rain*,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
 The *Plants* suck in the *Earth*, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
 The *Sea* it self, which one would think
 Should have but little need of *Drink*,
 Drinks ten thousand *Rivers* up,
 So fill'd that they o'rflo'w the *Cup*.
 The busie *Sun* (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,
 The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*.
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in *Nature's Sober* found,
 But an eternal *Health* goes round.
 Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
 Fill all the *Glasses* there, for why
 Should every Creature drink but *I*,
 Why, *Men of Morals*, tell me why ?

III.

Beauty.

Liberal *Nature* did dispense
 To all things *Arms* for their defence ;
 And some she arms with sin'ewy force,
 And some with swiftness in the course ;
 Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,
 And some with Horns, or tusked Jaws ;
 And some with Scales, and some with Wings,
 And some with Teeth, and some with Stings.
Wisdom to *Man* she did afford,
Wisdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*.
 What to beauteous *Woman-kind*,
 What *Arms* what *Armour* has she' assign'd ?
Beauty is both ; for with the *Fair*,
 What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare ?

What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
 More *Impassible* is found ?
 And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e'r
 So great an *Active* force did bear ?
 They are all *weapon*, and they dart
 Like *Porcupines* from every part.
 Who can, alas, their strength express,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
 Cap-a-pe with *Nakedness* ?

IV.

The Duel.

YES, I will love then, I will love,
 I will not now *Loves Rebel* prove,
 Though I was once his *Enemy* ;
 Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
 Did to the Combate him desie,
 An *Helmet*, *Spear*, and mighty *Shield*,
 Like some new *Ajax* I did wield.
Love in one hand his *Bow* did take,
 In th' other hand a *Dart* did shake.
 But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
 In vain he often drew the *Bow*.
 So well my *Armor* did resist,
 So oft by flight the *Blow* I mist.
 But when I thought all danger past,
 His *Quiver* empty'd quite at last,
 Instead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
 He shot *Himself* into my *Heart*.
 The *Living* and the *Killing Arrow*
 Ran through the *Skin*, the *Flesh*, the *Blood*,
 And broke the *Bones*, and scorcht the *Marrow*,
 No *Trench* or *Work* of *Life* withstood.
 In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
 I set out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
 Since th' *En'my* does within remain.
 In vain a *Breastplate* now I wear,
 Since in my *Breast* the *Foe* I bear.
 In vain my *Feet* their *swiftness* try ;
 For from the *Body* can they fly ?

V.

A G E.

OFT am I by the Women told,
 Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'st old.
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all;
 Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' effects I do not know.
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis time to *Live* if I grow *Old*.
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
 Of little *Life* the best to make,
 And manage *wisely* the *last stake*.

VI.

The Account.

WHen all the *Stars* are by thee told,
 (The endless Summes of heav'only Gold)
 Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
 From sickly *Autumns Head* that fall,
 Or when the drops that make the *Sea*,
 Whilst all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be;
 Thou then, and Thou alone must prove
 Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*.
 An hundred Loves at *Athens* score.
 At *Corinth* write an hundred more.
 Fair *Corinth* does such Beauties bear,
 So few is an *Escaping* there.
 Write then at *Chios* seventy three;
 Write then at *Lesbos* (let me see)
 Write me at *Lesbos* ninety down,
 Full ninety *Loves* and half a One.
 And next to these let me present
 The fair *Ionian Regiment*;
 And next the *Carian Company*,
 Five hundred both *Effectively*.
 Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*;
 Three hundred 'tis I am sure *complete*.
 For arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,

And

And every *Eye's* an *Archer* there.
 Go on ; this stop why dost thou make ?
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
 Seem this to thee too great a *Summe* ?
 Why many *Thousands* are to come ;
 The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast
 Such different *Nations* in his Host.
 On ; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
 Must find some better *Secretary*.
 I have not yet my *Persian* told,
 Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
 Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian* ;
 Nor *Cyprian Loves*, nor *African* ;
 Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian flames* ;
 There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*.
 Of gentle Love i'th' *temperate Zone*,
 And cold ones in the *Frigid One*,
 Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
 And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*.

VII.

GOLD.

A Mighty pain to *Love* it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to *mis*.
 But of all pain the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
Vertue now nor noble *Blood*,
 Nor *Wit* by *Love* is understood.
Gold alone does *Passion* move,
Gold monopolizes *Love* !
 A *curse* on her, and on the Man
 Who this traffick first began !
 A *curse* on him who found the *Ore* !
 A *curse* on him who digg'd the store !
 A *curse* on him who did refine it !
 A *curse* on him who first did coyn it !
 A *curse* all curses else above
 On him, who us'd it first in *Love* !
Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in *Families* debate ;
Gold does *Friendships* separate,
Gold does *Civil Wars* create.
 These the smallest harms of it !
Gold, alas, does *Love* beget.

VIII.

The Epicure.

FILL the *Bowl* with *rose Wine*,
 Around our temples *Roses* twine,
 And let us chearfully awhile,
 Like the *Wine* and *Roses* smile.
 Crown'd with *Roses* we contemn
Gyges wealthy *Diadem*.
To day is *Ours*; what do we fear?
To day is *Ours*; we have it here.
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
 Let's banish *Business*, banish *Sorrow*;
 To the *Gods* belongs *To Morrow*.

IX.

ANOTHER.

UNderneath this *Myrtle-shade*,
 On flowry *Beds* supinely laid,
 With od'orous *Oyls* my head o'rfloving,
 And around it *Roses* growing,
 What should I do but drink away
 The *Heat* and *troubles* of the *Day*?
 In this more than *Kingly* state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up;
 And mingled cast into the *Cup*,
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
 Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Desires*.
 The *Wheel* of *Life* no less will stay
 In a smooth than *rugged* way.
 Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the *Motion* pleasant be.
 Why do we precious *Oyntments* shower,
 Nobler *Wines* why do we pour,
 Beauteous *Flowers* why do we spread,
 Upon the *Mon'uments* of the *Dead*?
 Nothing they but *Dust* can show,
 Or *Bones* that hasten to be so.

Crown me with *Roses* whilest I *Live*,
 Now your *Wines* and *Oynments* give.
 After *Death* I nothing crave,
 Let me *Alive* my pleasures have,
 All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave*.

X.

The Grasshopper.

Happy *Insect*, what can be
 In happiness compar'd to Thee?
 Fed with nourishment Divine,
 The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine*!
Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd wher ever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy *Ganymed*.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest *King*!
 All the *Fields* which thou dost see,
 All the *Plants* belong to Thee,
 All that *Summer Hours* produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer He, and *Landlord Thou*!
 Thou dost innocently joy;
 Nor does thy *Luxury* destroy;
 The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
 More *Harmonious* than *He*.
 Thee *Country Hinds* with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened Year!
 Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy *Sire*.
 To thee of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy *Mirth*.
 Happy *Insect*, happy Thou,
 Dost neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know.
 But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among
 (*Voluptuous*, and *Wise* withal,
Epicurean Animal!)
 Satiated with thy *Summer Feast*,
 Thou retir'st to endless *Rest*.

XI.

The Swallow.

Foolish *Prater*, what dost thou
 So early at my Window do
 With thy tuneless *Serenade* ?
 Well 't had been had *Terens* made
 Thee as *Dumb* as *Philomel* ;
 There his Knife had done but well.
 In thy undiscover'd Nest
 Thou dost all the Winter rest,
 And dreamest o'r thy Summer joys
 Free from the stormy seasons noise :
 Free from th' Ill thou'st done to me ;
 Who disturbs or seeks out *Thee* ?
 Had'st thou all the charming Notes
 Of the Woods *Poetick Throats*,
 All thy Arts could never pay
 What thou'st ta'n from me away.
 Cruel *Bird*, thou'st ta'n away
 A *Dream* out of my arms to day,
 A *Dream* that ne'r must equall'd be
 By all that *waking Eyes* may see.
 Thou this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good can'st bring,
 Though men say, *Thou bring'st the Spring.*

ELEGIE

UPON

ANACREON,

Who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOW shall I lament thine end,
 My best *Servant*, and my *Friend* ?
 Nay, and if from a *Deity*
 So much *Deifi'd* as I,
 It found not too prophane and odd,
 Oh my *Master*, and my *God* !
 For 'tis true most mighty *Poet*,
 (Though I like not Men should know it)
 I am in naked *Nature* less,
 Less by much than in thy *Dress*.
 All thy *Verse* is softer far
 Than the downy *Feathers* are
 Of my *Wings*, or of my *Arrows*,
 Of my *Mothers Doves* or *Sparrows*.
 Sweet as *Lovers* freshest *kisses*,
 Or their riper following *Blisses*,
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round,
 All with *Venus Girdle* bound.
 And thy *Life* was all the while
 Kind and gentle as thy *Stile*.
 The smooth-pac'd *Hours* of ev'ry day
 Glided numerously away.
 Like thy *Verse* each *Hour* did pass,
 Sweet and short, like that it was.
 Some do but their *Youth* allow me,
 Just what they by *Nature* owe me,
 The *Time* that's *mine*, and not their *own*,
 The certain *Tribute* of my *Crown* ;
 When they grow old, they grow to be
 Too *busie*, or too *wise* for me.
 Thou wert *wiser*, and did'st know
 None too *wise* for *Love* can grow.

Love was with thy *Life* entwin'd
 Close as *Heat* with *Fire* is join'd,
 A powerful *Brand* prescrib'd the date
 Of thine, like *Meleager's* Fate.
 Th' *Antiperistasis* of *Age*
 More inflam'd thy amorous rage,
 Thy *silver Hairs* yielded me more
 Than even *golden Curls* before.

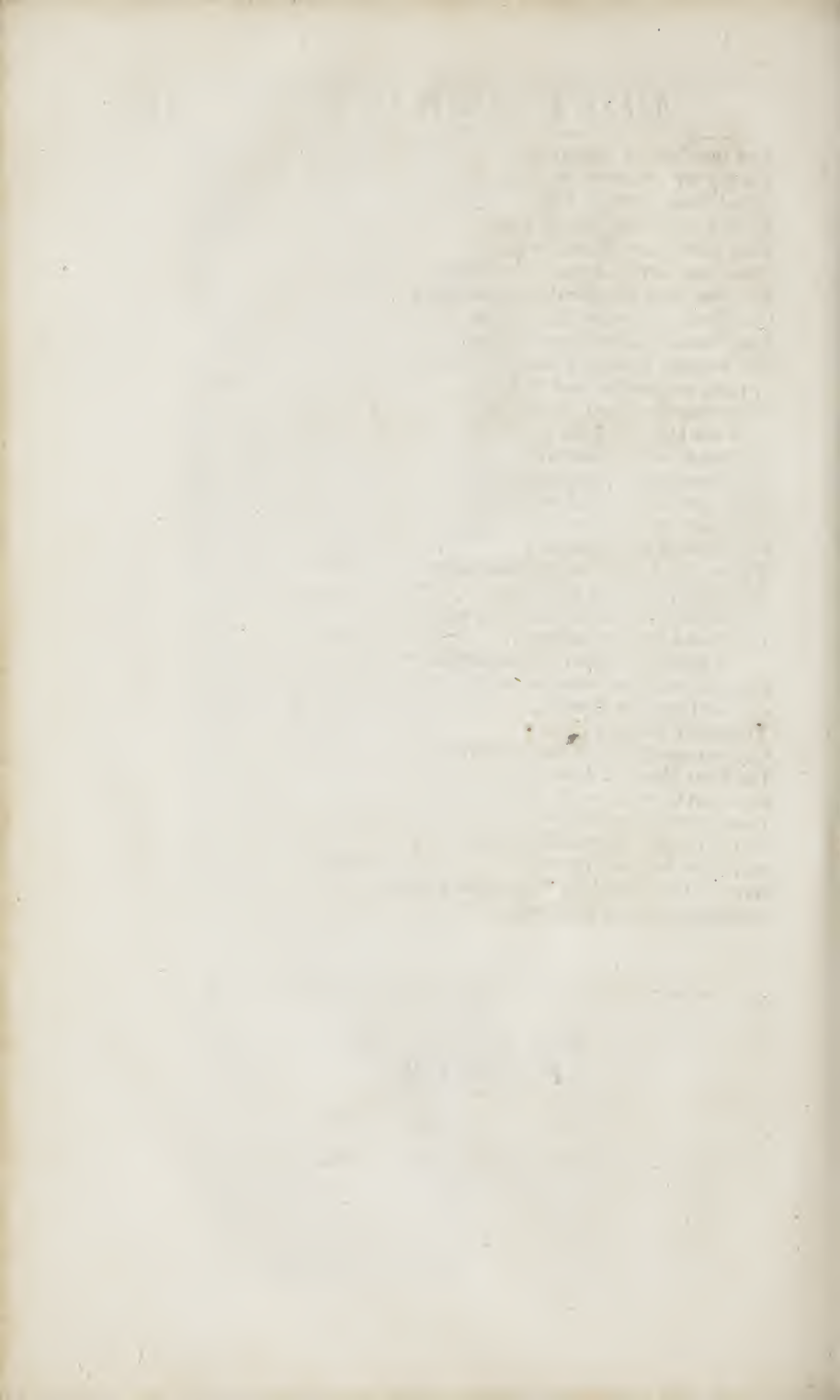
Had I the power of *Creation*,
 As I have of *Generation*,
 Where I the matter must obey,
 And cannot work *Plate* out of *Clay*,
 My *Creatures* should be all like *Thee*,
 'Tis *Thou* should'st their *Idea* be,
 They like *Thee*, should throughly hate
 Bus'iness, Honour, Title, State.
 Other wealth they should not know
 But what my *Living Mines* bestow ;
 The pomp of *Kings* they should confess
 At their *Crownings* to be less
 Than a *Lover's* humblest guise,
 When at his *Mistress's* feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
 Than Men safe-landed do the *Wind*,
Wisdom it self they should not hear
 When it presumes to be *Severe*.
Beauty alone they should admire ;
 Nor look at *Fortunes* vain attire,
 Nor ask what *Parents* it can shew ;
 With *Dead* or *Old*'t has nought to do.
 They should not love yet *All* or *Any*,
 But very *Much* and very *Many*.
 All their *Life* should gilded be
 With *Mirth*, and *Wit*, and *Gayety*,
 Well remembering, and *Applying*
 The *Necessary* of *Dying*.
 Their chearful *Heads* should always wear
 All that crowns the flowry year.
 They should always laugh, and sing,
 And dance, and strike th' harmonious string.
Verse should from their *Tongue* so flow,
 As if it in the *Mouth* did grow,
 As swiftly answering their *Command*,
 As tunes obey the artful *Hand*.
 And whilst I do thus discover
 Th' ingredients of a happy *Lover*,
 'Tis my *Anacreon*, for thy sake,
 I of the *Grape* no mention make.
 Till my *Anacreon* by thee fell,
Cursed Plant, I lov'd thee well,

And

And 'twas 'oft my wanton use
To dip my *Arrows* in thy juice.
Cursed Plant, 'tis true I see,
Th' old report that goes of Thee,
That with *Gyants* blood the Earth
Stain'd and poys'ned gave thee birth,
And now thou wreakst thy ancient spight
On *Men* in whom *the Gods* delight.
Thy *Patron Bacchus*, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in *Flames* and *Thunder* ;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worse than his *Tygers* he delights ;
In all our Heav'n I think there be
No such *ill-natur'd God* as He.
Thou pretendest, *Tray'trous Wine*,
To be the *Muses* friend and *Mine*.
With *Love* and *Wit* thou dost begin,
False Fires, alas, to draw us in.
Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to *Madness*, or to *Sleep*.
Sleep were well ; thou' hast learnt a way
To *Death* it self now to betray.

It grieves me when I see what Fate
Does on the best of *Mankind* wait.
Poets or *Lovers* let them be,
'Tis neither *Love* nor *Poesie*
Can arm against *Deaths* smallest dart
The *Poets* *Head*, or *Lovers* *Heart*.
But when their *Life* in its decline,
Touches th' *Inevitable Line*,
All the *World's* *Mortal* to 'em then,
And *Wine* is *Aconite* to men.
Nay in *Death's* hand the *Grape* stone proves
As strong as *Thunder* is in *Jove's*.

F I N I S.



THE
MISTRESS,
OR,
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
Love-Verses.

Written by A. COWLEY.

VIRG. ÆN. 4.

—*Hæret lateri letbalis arundo.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blue Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1687.

THE
MISTRRESS
OR
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
Love-Veils

Written by A. COWLEY

Price 2s. 6d.
—I have done better than



LONDON

Printed by J. G. ...
...
...



THE
MISTRESS,
OR,
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
Love-Verses.

The Request.

I.

I 'Have often wisht to love ; what shall I do ?
 Me still the *cruel Boy* does spare ;
 And I a double taske must bear,
 First to woo *him*, and then a *Mistress* too.
 Come at last and strike for shame ;
 If thou art any thing besides a *name* ;
 I'll think Thee else no *God* to be ;
 But *Poets* rather *Gods*, who first created Thee.

2.

I ask not one in whom all Beauties grow,
 Let me but *love*, whate'r she be,
 She cannot seem *deform'd* to me ;
 And I would have her seem to *others* so.
 Desire takes wings, and straight does fly,
 It stays not *dully* to enquire the *Why*.
 That *Happy* thing a *Lover* grown,
 I shall not see with *others* Eyes, scarce with *mine own*.

3.

If the be coy and scorn my noble fire,
 If her chill heart I cannot move,
 Why I'll *enjoy* the very *Love*,
 And make a *Mistress* of my own *Desire*.
 Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
 And purest light, if compas'd round with *cold* :
 So when sharp *Winter* means most harm,
 The springing Plants are by the *Snow* it self kept warm.

4.

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone;
 Strike deep thy burning Arrows in :
Lukewarmness I account a sin,
 As great in *Love*, as in *Religion*.
 Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
 All the extremities of mighty *Love*.
 Th' excess of heat is but a *Fable* ;
 We know the *torrid Zone* is now found *habitable*.

5.

Among the Woods and Forests thou art found,
 There *Bears* and *Lions* thou dost tame ;
 Is not my heart a nobler Game ?
 Let *Venus*, *Men* ; and *Beasts*, *Diana* wound.
 Thou dost the *Birds* thy *Subjects* make ;
 Thy nimble *Feathers* do their *wings* o'take ;
 Thou all the *Spring* their *Songs* dost hear,
 Make *me Love* too, I'll *sing* to thee all the *Tear*.

6.

What service can *mute fishes* do to Thee ?
 Yet against them thy *Dart* prevails,
 Piercing the *Armour* of their *Scales* ;
 And still thy *Sea-born Mother* lives i'th' *Sea*.
 Dost thou deny only to me
 The no-great priviledge of *Captivitie* ?
 I *bez* or *challenge* here thy *Bow* ;
 Either thy *pity* to me, or else thine *anger* show.

7.

Come ; or I'll teach the *World* to scorn that *Bow* :
 I'll teach them thousand *wholsom Arts*
 Both to resist and cure thy *Darts*,
 More than thy skilful *Ovid* e'r did know.
Musick of *Sighs* thou shalt not hear,
 Nor drink one wretched *Lovers* tasteful *Tear* :
 Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
 My *Verfes* shall not only *wound*, but *murther* Thee.

The Thraldom.

I.

I Came, I saw, and was undone ;
 Lightning did through my bones and marrow run ;
 A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart,
 A swift, cold trembling seiz'd on every part ;
 My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
 The Poison that was enter'd there.

2.

So a Destroying Angels breath
 Blows in the Plague and with it hasty Death.
 Such was the pain, did so begin
 To the poor wretch, when Legion entred in.
 Forgive me, God, I cry'd ; for I
 Flatter'd my self I was to die.

3.

But quickly to my Cost I found,
 'Twas cruel Love, not Death had made the wound :
 Death a more generous rage does use ;
 Quarter to all he conquers does refuse.
 Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves
 The vanquish'd lives to make them slaves.

4.

I am thy Slave then ; let me know,
 Hard Master, the great task I have to do :
 Who pride and scorn do undergo,
 In Tempests and rough Seas, thy Gallies row ;
 They pant and groan, and sigh, but find
 Their sighs encrease the angry wind.

5.

Like an Egyptian Tyrant, some
 Thou weariest out, in building but a Tomb.
 Others with sad and tedious art,
 Labour i'th' Quarries of a stony Heart ;
 Of all the works thou dost assign,
 To all the several slaves of thine,
 Employ me, mighty Love, to dig the Mine.

The Given Love.

I.

I'LL on ; for what should hinder me
 From *Loving*, and *Enjoying* Thee ?
 Thou canst not those exceptions make,
 Which vulgar sordid *Mortals* take,
 That my Fate's too mean and low ;
 'Twere pity I should love thee so,
 If that dull cause could hinder me
 In *Loving*, and *Enjoying* thee.

2.

It does not me a whit displease,
 That the rich all honours seize ;
 That you all *Titles* make your own,
 Are *Valiant*, *Learned*, *Wise* alone.
 But if you claim o'r *Women* too
 The power which over *Men* ye do ;
 If you alone must *Lovers* be ;
 For that, *Sirs*, you must pardon me.

3.

Rather than lose what does so near
 Concern my *Life* and *Being* here,
 I'll some such crooked wayes invent,
 As you, or your *Fore-Fathers* went :
 I'll flatter or oppose the *King*,
 Turn *Puritan*, or *Any thing* ;
 I'll force my *Mind* to *Arts* so new :
 Grow *Rich*, and *Love* as well as *You*.

4.

But rather thus let me remain,
 As man in *Paradise* did reign ;
 When perfect *Love* did so agree
 With *Innocence* and *Povertie*.
Adam did no *Joynture* give,
Himself was *Joynture* to his *Eve* :
 Untoucht with *Av'arice*, yet or *Pride*,
 The *Rib* came freely back to's *side*.

5.

A curse upon the man who taught
 Women, that *Love* was to be bought ;

Rather dote only on your *Gold* ;
 And that with greedy av'rice hold ;
 For if *Woman* too submit
 To that, and sell her self for it,
 Fond Lover, you a *Mistress* have
 Of her, that's but your *Fellow-slave*.

6.

What should those *Poets* mean of old
 That made their *God* to woo in *Gold* ?
 Of all men sure they had no cause
 To bind Love to such *costly Laws* ;
 And yet I scarcely blame them now ;
 For who, alas, would not allow,
 That *Women* should such gifts receive,
 Could They, as He, Be what *They give* ?

7.

If thou, my Dear, Thy self should'st prize,
 Alas, what value would suffice ?
 The *Spaniard* could not do't, though he
 Should to both *Indies* joynture thee.
 Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
 If thou should'st any *bargain* make ;
 To give *All* will besit thee well ;
 But not at *Under-rates* to sell.

8.

Bestow thy *Beauty* then on me,
 Freely, as *Nature* gave't to Thee ;
 'Tis an exploded *Popish* thought
 To think that *Heaven* may be bought.
Prayers, Hymns, and Praises are the way ;
 And those my thankful *Muse* shall pay ;
 Thy *Body* in my verse enshrin'd
 Shall grow *immortal* as thy *Mind*.

9.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
 To *Sacharissas* well-sung name.
 So faithfully will I declare
 What all thy wondrous beauties are,
 That when at the last great *Affise*
 All *Women* shall together rise,
 Men straight shall cast their eyes on Thee
 And know at first that *Thou art she*.

The Spring.

I.

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

2.

How could it be so fair, and you away ?
 How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* so gay ?
 Could they remember but last year,
 How you did *Them*, *They* you delight,
 The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
 And call'd their *Fellows* to the sight,
 Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
 Creep back into their silent *Barks* again.

3.

Where e'r you walk'd, *Trees* were as reverent made,
 As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every shade.
 Is't possible they should not know,
 What loss of honour they sustain,
 That thus they smile and flourish now,
 And still their former pride retain ;
 Dull *Creatures* ! 'tis not without Cause that she,
 Who fled the *God of Wit*, was made a *Tree*.

4.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
 When they rejoyc'd the *Thracian* Verse to hear ;
 In vain did *Nature* bid them stay,
 When *Orpheus* had his Song begun,
 They call'd their wondring *roots* away,
 And bad them silent to him run.
 How would those learned *Trees* have follow'd you ?
 You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too.

5.

But who can blame them now ? for since you're gone,
 They're here the only *Fair*, and *Shine* alone.

You did their *Natural Rights* invade ;
 Whereever you did walk or sit,
 The thickest Boughs could make no *shade*,
 Although the *Sun* had granted it :
 The fairest *Flowers* could please no more, near you,
 Than *Painted Flowers* set next to them, could do.

6.

When e'r then you come hither, that shall be
 The time, which this to others is, to *Me*.
 The little joys which here are now,
 The name of Punishments do bear ;
 When by their sight they let us know
 How we depriv'd of greater are.
 'Tis you the best of *Seasons* with you bring ;
 This is for *Beasts*, and that for men the *Spring*.

V I

Written in Juice of Lemmon.

1.

W Hilest what I write I do not see,
 I dare thus, even to *you*, write *Poetrie*.
 Ah foolish *Muse*, which dost so high aspire,
 And know'st her judgment well
 How much it does thy power excell,
 Yet dar'st be read by, thy just doom, the *Fire*.

2.

Alas, thou think'st thy self secure,
 Because thy form is *Innocent* and *Pure* :
 Like *Hypocrites*, which seem unspotted here ;
 But when they sadly come to dye,
 And the last *Fire* their Truth must try,
 Scrawl'd o'r like thee, and blotted they appear.

3.

Go then, but reverently go,
 And since thou needs must *sin*, confess it too :
 Confess't, and with humility clothe thy shame ;
 For thou who else must burn'd be
 An *Heretick*, if she pardon thee,
 May'st like a *Murtyr* then enjoy the *Flame*.

4.

But if her *wisdom* grow severe,
 And suffer not her *goodness* to be there ;

If her large mercies cruelly it restrain ;
 Be not discourag'd, but require
 A more gentle *Ordeal Fire*,
 And bid her by *Loves-Flames* read it again.

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet dost show
 Like winter Earth, *naked*, or *cloath'd* with *Snow*.
 But as the quickning *Sun* approaching near,
 The *Plants* arise up by degrees,
 A sudden paint adorns the trees,
 And all kind *Natures Characters* appear :

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is seen,
 But when a *Genial heat* warms thee within,
 A new-born *Word* of various Lines there grows ;
 Here buds an *A*, and there a *B*,
 Here sprouts a *V*, and there a *T*,
 And all the flourishing *Letters* stand in *Rows*.

7.

Still, silly *Paper*, thou wilt think
 That all this might as well be writ with *Ink*.
 Oh no ; there's sense in this, and *Mysterie* ;
 Thou now may'st change thy *Authors* name,
 And to her *Hand* lay noble claim ;
 For as *She reads*, she *makes* the words in Thee.

8.

Yet if thine own unworthiness
 Will still, that thou art mine, not *Hers* confess ;
 Consume thy self with Fire before her Eyes,
 And so her *Grace* or *Pity* move ;
 The *Gods* though *Beasts* they do not love,
 Yet like them when they're burnt in *Sacrifice*.

 INCONSTANCY.

Five years ago (*says Story*) I lov'd you,
 For which you call me most *Inconstant* now ;
 Pardon me, Madam, you mistake the *Man* ;
 For I am not the same that I was than ;
 No *Flesh* is now the same 'twas then in Me,
 And that my *Mind* is chang'd your self may see.
 The same *Thoughts* to retain still, and *Intents*,
 Were more inconstant far ; for *Accidents*

Must of all things most strangely *Inconstant* prove,
 If from one *Subject* they 'another move;
 My *Members* then, the *Father Members* were,
 From whence *These* take their birth, which now are here.
 If then this *Body* love what th' other did,
 'Twere *Incest*; which by Nature is forbid.
 You might as well this *Day* inconstant name,
 Because the *Weather* is not still the same,
 That it was yesterday: or blame the *Year*,
 'Cause the *Spring*, *Flowers*; and *Autumn*, *Fruits* does bear.
 The *World's* a *Scene of Changes*, and to be
Constant, in Nature were *Inconstancie*;
 For 'twere to break the *Laws* herself has made:
 Our *Substances* themselves do fleet and fade;
 The most fixt Being still does move and fly,
 Swift as the wings of *Time* 'tis measur'd by.
 T' imagine then that *Love* should never cease
 (*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of these)
 Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and *Colour* stay not when we dy.

Not Fair.

'TIS very true, I thought you once as fair,
 As women in th' *Idea* are,
 Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
 But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee*.
 But then (methoughts) there something shin'd within
 Which cast this *Lustre* o'r thy *skin*.
 Nor could I chuse but count that the *Suns Light*,
 Which made this *Cloud* appear so bright.
 But since I knew thy fallhood and thy pride,
 And all thy thousand faults beside;
 A very *Moor* (methinks) plac'd near to *Thee*,
 White as his *Teeth*, would seem to be.
 So men (they say) by Hells delusions led
 Have ta'n a *Succubus* to their Bed;
 Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
 Till the *cleft Foot* discovers all:
 Then they start from't, half *Ghosts* themselves with fear;
 And *Devil*, as 'tis, it doth appear.
 So since against my will I found *Thee* foul,
 Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soul*,
 My reason straight did to my *Senses* shew,
 That they might be *mistaken* too:
 Nay when the world but knows how false you are,
 There's not a man will think you fair.

Thy

Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
 They'll call their *Eyes* as false as *Thee*.
 But what thou wilt; *Hate* will present thee so,
 As *Puritans* do the *Pope*, and *Papists* *Luther* do.

Platonick Love.

1.

I Ndeed I must confess,
 When *Souls* mix 'tis an *Happiness* ;
 But not compleat till *Bodies* too combine,
 And closely as our minds together join.
 But half of Heaven the *Souls* in glory taſt,
 'Till by Love in Heaven at laſt,
 Their *Bodies* too are plac't.

2.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art.
 But something 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me* ;
 And we must *one* even in that *Difference* be.
 I *Thee*, both as a *man*, and *woman* prize ;
 For a perfect *Love* implies
 Love in *all Capacities*.

3.

Can that for true love paſs
 When a fair *Woman* courts her *Glaſs* ?
 Something *unlike* muſt in *Loves* *likeness* be,
 His wonder is, *one*, and *Variety*.
 For he, whose *Soul* nought but a *Soul* can move,
 Does a new *Narcissus* prove,
 And his own *Image* love.

4.

That *Souls* do beauty know,
 'Tis to the *Bodies* help they owe ;
 If when they know't, they ſtraight abuſe that truſt,
 And ſhut the *Body* from't, 'tis as unjuſt,
 As if I brought my deareſt *Friend* to ſee
 My *Miſtreſs*, and at th' inſtant *He*
 Should ſteal her quite from *Me*.

The Change.

1.

Love in her Sunny eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Hair ;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray ;
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen ;
But, Oh, He never went within.

2.

Within Love's Foes, his greatest Foes abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dress,
With other beauties numberless:
But at the Center, Darknes is, and Hell ;
There wicked Spirits, and there the Damned dwell.

3.

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares ;
Darknes and Death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and Paleness in my face appears,
And Grief and Fear, Love's greatest Enemies ;
But, like the Persian Tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud Court, and ne'r is seen.

4.

Oh take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stor'd enough of Love :
Give me but Yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That Love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this Change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

Clad all in White.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this Robe dost thou appear ?
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear :
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than Winter when 'tis clad with snow.

2.

'Tis not the *Linnen* shews so fair :
Her skin shines through, and makes it bright ;
So *Clouds* themselves like *Suns* appear,
When the *Sun* pierces them with Light :
So *Lilies* in a *Glas* enclose,
The *Glas* will seem as white as those.

3.

Thou now *one heap of beauty* art ;
Nought outwards, or within is foul :
Condens'd beams make every part ;
Thy *Body's Clothed* like thy *Soul*.
Thy *Soul*, which does it self display,
Like a *Star* plac'd i'th' *Milkie* way.

4.

Such *Robes* the *Saints* departed wear,
Woven all with *Light* Divine ;
Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
And with such full *Glory* shine.
But they regard not *Mortals* pain ;
Men *pray*, I fear, to *both* in vain.

5.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still ;
Thou wouldst not take this *Garment* sure,
When thou hadst an intent to *kill*.
Of *Peace* and *yielding* who would doubt,
When the white *Flag* he sees hung out ?

Leaving Me, and then Loving Many.

SO Men, who once have cast the *Truth* away,
Forfook by *God*, do strange wild lusts obey ;
So the vain *Gentiles*, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more.
Their *Zeal* was senseless straight and boundless grown ;
They worshipt many a *Beast*, and many a *Stone*.
Ah fair *Apostate* ! couldst thou think to flee
From *Truth* and *Goodness*, yet keep *Unitie* ?
I reign'd alone ; and my blest *Self* could call
The *Universal Monarch* of her *All*.
Mine, mine her fair *East Indies* were above,
Where those *Suns* rise that cheer the world of Love ;

Where

Where beauties shine like Gems of richest price ;
 Where *Coral* grows, and every *breath* is *spice* :
 Mine too her rich *West-Indies* were below,
 Where *Mines* of gold and endless treasures grow.
 But, as when the *Pelleean Conquerour* dy'd,
 Many small *Princes* did his *Crown* divide ;
 So, since my *Love* his vanquisht world forsook,
 Murther'd by poysons from her fallhood took,
 An hundred petty *Kings* claim each their part,
 And rend that glorious *Empire* of her *Heart*.

My Heart Discovered.

HER body is so gently bright,
 Clear and transparent to the sight,
 (Clear as fair *Crystal* to the view,
 Yet soft as that, e're *Stone* it grew,)
 That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
 The brighter *Soul* that dwells within :
 Our eyes the subtile *covering* pass,
 And see that *Lily* through its *Glass*.
 I through her *Breast* her *Heart* espy,
 As *Souls* in *Hearts* do *Souls* descry,
 I see't with gentle *Motions* beat ;
 I see *Light* in't, but find no *Heat*.
 Within, like *Angels* in the sky,
 A thousand *gilded thoughts* do fly :
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
 Fair and chaste, as *Mother-Mind*.
 But, oh, what other *Heart* is there,
 Which sighs and crouds to hers so neer ?
 'Tis all on flame, and does like *fire*,
 To that, as to its *Heaven*, aspire,
 The wounds are many in't and deep ;
 Still does it bleed, and still does weep.
 Whose ever wretched heart it be,
 I cannot chuse but grieve to see ;
 What *pity* in my *Breast* does raign ?
 Methinks I *feel* too all its pain.
 So torn, and so defac'd it lies,
 That it could ne're be known by th' eyes ;
 But, oh, at last I heard it grone,
 And knew by th' *Voyce* that 'twas *mine own*.
 So poor *Alcione*, when the saw
 A shipwrackt body tow'ards her draw
 Beat by the Waves, let fall a *Tear*,
 Which only then did *Pity* wear :

L

But

But when the Corps on shore were cast,
 Which she her *Husband* found at last;
 What should the wretched Widow do?
 Grief chang'd her straight; away she flew,
 Turn'd to a *Bird*: and so at last shall I,
 Both from my *Murth'er'd Heart*, and *Murth'rer* fly.

Answer to the Platonicks.

SO Angels love; so let them love for me;
 When I am *all soul*, such shall *my Love* too be:
 Who nothing here but like a *Spirit* would do,
 In a short time (believ't) will be one too:
 But shall our Love do what in Beasts we see?
 E'ven *Beasts* eat too, but not so well as *We*.
 And you as justly might in thirst refuse
 The use of *Wine*, because *Beasts Water* use:
 They taste those pleasures as they do their food;
Undrest they tak't, devour it *raw* and *crude*:
 But to us *Men*, *Love Cooks* it at his fire,
 And adds the *poignant sauce* of sharp desire.
 Beasts do the same: 'tis true; but ancient fame
 Says, *Gods* themselves turn'd *Beasts* to do the same.
 The *Thunderer*, who, without the Female bed,
 Could *Goddesses* bring forth from out his *head*,
 Chose rather *Mortals* this way to create;
 So much he esteem'd his *pleasure*, 'bove his *state*.
 Ye talk of *Fires* which shine, but never burn;
 In this *cold world* they'll hardly serve our turn;
 As useless to despairing *Lovers* grown,
 As *Lambent flames*, to men i'th' *Frigid Zone*.
 The *Sun* does his pure fires on earth bestow
 With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below;
 Such is *Loves* noblest and divinest heat,
 That *warms* like his, and does, like his, *beget*.
Lust you call this; a name to yours more just,
 If an *Inordinate Desire* be *Lust*:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
 More *lustful* was, than the hot youth of *Troy*.

The vain Love.

*Loving one first because she could love no body, afterwards
loving her with desire.*

WHat new-found *Witchcraft* was in thee,
 With thine own *Cold* to kindle *Me* ?
 Strange art ! like him that should devise
 To make a *Burning-Glass* of *Ice* ;
 When *Winter* so, the *Plants* would harm,
 Her *snow* it self does keep them *warm* ;
 Fool that I was ! who having found
 A rich, and *sunny Diamond*,
 Admir'd the *hardness* of the *Stone*,
 But not the *Light* with which it shone :
 Your brave and haughty scorn of all
 Was stately, and *Monarchical*.
 All *Gentleness* with that esteem'd
 A *dull* and *slavish* virtue seem'd ;
 Shouldst thou have yielded then to me,
 Thoud'st lost what I most lov'd in thee ;
 For who would *serve* one, whom he sees
 That he can *Conquer* if he please ?
 It far'd with me, as if a *slave*
 In *Triumph* led, that does perceive
 With what a gay majestic pride
 His *Conqueror* through the streets does ride,
 Should be *contented* with his wo,
 Which makes up such a comly *show*.
 I sought not from thee a return,
 But without *Hopes* or *Fears* did burn ;
 My *Covetous* *Passion* did approve
 The *Hoarding* up, not *Use* of *Love*.
 My *Love* a kind of *Dream* was grown,
 A *Foolish*, but a *Pleasant* one :
 From which I'm *wakened* now, but, oh,
Prisoners to *dye* are *wakened* so.
 For now th' *Effects* of *Loving* are
 Nothing, but *Longings* with *despair*.
Despair, whose torments no men sure,
 But *Lovers*, and the *Damnd* endure.
 Her *scorn* I doted once upon,
 Ill *Obj:ct* for *Affection*,
 But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,
 That yet 'twas *something* that I lov'd ;

Now my desires are worse, and fly
 At an *Impossibility*;
 Desires, which whilst so high they soar,
 Are *Proud* as that I lov'd before.
 What *Lover* can like me complain,
 Who first lov'd vainly, next in *vain*!

The Soul.

I.

IF mine *Eyes* do e're declare
 They have seen a second thing that's *fair*;
 Or *Ears*, that they have *Musick* found,
 Besides thy *Voice*, in any *Sound*;
 If my *Tast* do ever meet,
 After thy *Kiss*, with ought that's *sweet*;
 If my 'abused *Touch* allow
 Ought to be *smooth*, or *soft*, but *You*;
 If, what seasonable Springs,
 Or the Eastern Summer brings,
 Do my *Smell* perswade at all,
 Ought *Perfume*, but thy *Breath* to call;
 If all my *senses Objects* be
 Not *contracted* into *Thee*,
 And so through *Thee* more pow'rful pass,
 As *Beams* do through a *Burning-Glass*;
 If all things that in *Nature* are,
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
 Be not in *Thee* so 'Epitomiz'd,
 That nought *material's* not compriz'd;
 May I as worthless seem to *Thee*
 As all, but *thou*, appears to *Me*.

2.

If I ever *Anger* know,
 Till some *wrong* be done to *You*;
 If *Gods* or *Kings* my *Envy* move,
 Without their *Crowns crown'd* by thy *Love*;
 If ever I an *Hope* admit,
 Without thy *Image* stamp't on it;
 Or any *Fear*, till I begin
 To find that *You're* concern'd therein;
 If a *Joy* ere come to me,
 That *Tasts* of any thing but *Thee*;
 If any *Sorrow* touch my *Mind*,
 Whilst *You* are *well*, and not *unkind*;
 If I a minutes space debate,
 Whether I shall curse and hate

The things beneath thy hatred fall,
 Though all the *World*, *My self* and *all* ;
 And for *Love*, if ever I
 Approach to it again so nigh,
 As to allow a *Toleration*
 To the least *glimmering Inclination* ;
 If thou alone do'st not controul
 All those *Tyrants* of my Soul,
 And to thy Beauties ty't them so,
 That constant they as *Habits* grow ;
 If any *Passion* of my Heart,
 By any *force*, or any *art*,
 Be brought to move one step from *Thee*,
 Mayst Thou no *Passion* have for *Me*.

3.

If my busie *'Imagination*,
 Do not *Thee* in all things fashion ;
 So that all fair *Species* be
Hieroglyphick marks of *Thee* ;
 If when She her sports does keep
 (The lower Soul being all asleep)
 She play one *Dream* with all her art,
 Where Thou hast not the longest part.
 If ought get place in my *Remembrance*,
 Without some badge of thy resemblance ;
 So that thy parts become to me
 A kind of *Art* of *Memory*.
 If my Understanding do
 Seek any *Knowledge* but of *You*,
 If she do near thy *Body* prize
 Her *Bodies* of *Philosophies*,
 If She to the *Will* do show
 Ought *desirable* but *You*,
 Or if *That* would not rebel,
 Should she another doctrine tell ;
 If my *Will* do not resign
 All her *Liberty* to thine ;
 If she would not follow *Thee*,
 Though *Fate* and *Thou* shouldst *disagree* ;
 And if (for I a curse will give,
 Such as shall force thee to believe)
 My *Soul* be not entirely Thine ;
 May thy dear *Body* ne'er be Mine.

The Passions.

1.

From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
 And all the *Passions* else that be,
 In vain I boast of *Libertie*,
 In vain this *State* a *Freedom* call;
 Since I have *Love*, and *Love* is all:
 Not that I am, who think it fit to brag;
 That I have no *Disease* besides the *Plague*!

2.

So in a zeal the Sons of *Israel*,
 Sometimes upon their *Idols* fell;
 And they depos'd the powers of Hell,
Baal, and *Astarte* down they threw,
 And *Accaron* and *Molock* too:
 All this *imperfect Piety* did no good,
 Whilst yet, alas, the *Calf* of *Bethel* stood.

3.

Fondly I boast, that I have drest my *Vine*
 With painful art, and that the *Wine*
 Is of a tast rich and divine,
 Since *Love* by mixing *Poyson* there,
 Has made it worse than *Vinegere*.
Love even the tast of *Nectar* changes so,
 That *Gods* chuse rather *water* here below.

4.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all *Passions* else that be,
 Drive this one *Tyrant* out of me,
 And practise all your *Tyranny*.
 The change of ills some good will do:
 Th' oppressed wretched *Indians* so
 Be'ing slaves by the great *Spanisb Monarch* made,
 Call in the *States* of *Holland* to their aid.

Wisdom.

TIS mighty *Wife* that you would now be thought
 With your grave *Rules* from musty *Morals* brought
 Through which some streaks too of *Driv'ity* ran,
 Partly of *Monk*, and partly *Puritan* ;
 With tedious *Repetitions* too y'ave tane
 Often the name of *Vanity in vain*.
 Things, which, I take it, friend, you'd ne're recite,
 Should she I love, but say t'you, *Come at night*.
 The *Wiseſt King* refus'd all pleasures quite,
 Till *Wisdom* from above did him enlight ;
 But when that gift his ign'orance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in *Love*.
 And if by 'event the Counſels may be ſeen,
 This *wisdom* 'twas that brought the *Southern Queen*.
 She came not, like a good *old Wife*, to know
 The wholeſome nature of all *Plants* that grow :
 Nor did ſo far from her own *Country* rome,
 To cure ſcall'd heads, and broken ſhins at home ;
 She came for that, which more befits all *Wives*,
 The art of *Giving*, not of *Saving Lives*.

The Deſpair.

1.

Beneath this gloomy ſhade,
 By Nature only for my ſorrows made,
 I'll ſpend this *voice* in crys,
 In tears I'll waſte theſe *eyes*
 By *Love* ſo vainly fed ;
 So *Luſt* of old the *Deluge* puniſhed.
Ab wretched youth! ſaid I,
Ab wretched youth! twice did I ſadly cry :
Ab wretched youth! the fields and floods reply.

2.

When thoughts of *Love* I entertain,
 I meet no words but *Never*, and *In vain*.
 Never (alas) that dreadful name
 Which ſewels the infernal name :

Never,

Never, my time to come must waste ;
 In vain, torments the present, and the past.
In vain, in vain, said I ;
In vain, in vain ! twice did I sadly cry ;
In vain, in vain ; the fields and floods reply.

3.

No more shall fields or floods do so ;
 For I to shades more dark and silent go :
 All this worlds noise appears to me
 A dull ill-acted *Comedy* :
 No comfort to my wounded fight,
 In the *Suns* busie and impertinent Light.
 Then down I laid my head ;
 Down on cold earth ; and for a while was *dead*,
 And my freed *Soul* to a strange *Somewhere* fled.

4.

Ah sottish *Soul* ; said I,
 When back to 'its *Cage* again I saw it fly ;
 Fool to resume her *broken Chain* !
 And row her *Galley* here again !
 Fool, to that body to return
 Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to *burn* !
 Once *dead*, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee,
 That thou shouldst come to *live it o're again* in Me ?

The Wish.

1.

WELL then ; I now do plainly see,
 This busie world and I shall ne're agree ;
 The very *Honey* of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest *cloy*,
 And they (methinks) deservè my pity,
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The *Crowd*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*
 Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.

2.

Ah, yet, E're I descend to th' Grave
 May I a *small House*, and *large Garden* have !
 And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too !

And

And since *Love* ne're will from me flee,
 A *Mistress* moderately fair,
 And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

3.

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you shall I
 My self, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughtsepy?
 Oh *Fields!* Oh *Woods!* when, when shall I be made
 The happy *Tenant* of your shade?
 Here's the Spring-head of *Pleasures* flood;
 Where all the *Riches* lie, that she
 Has coynd and stampd for good.

4.

Pride and *Ambition* here,
 Only in *far fetcht Metaphors* appear;
 Here nought but *winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* scatter,
 And nought but *Eccho* flatter.
 The *Gods*, when they descended, hither
 From Heav'en did always chuse their way;
 And therefore we may boldly say,
 That 'tis the way too *thither*.

5.

How happy here should I,
 And one dear *She* live, and embracing dy?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
 In *deserts* *Solitude*.
 I should have then this only fear,
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a *City* here.

My Diet.

NOW by my *Love*, the greatest *Oath* that is,
 None loves you half so well as I:
 I do not ask *your Love* for this;
 But for Heave'ns sake believe me, or I dye.
 No *Servant* e're but did deserve
 His *Master* should believe that he does serve;
 And I'll ask no more *wages*, though I *starve*.

2.

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and sure
 I shall not by't too *Lusty* prove;
 Yet shall it willingly endure,
 If't can but keep together *Life* and *Love*.
 Being your *Priso'ner* and your *slave*,
 I do not *Feasts* and *Banquets* look to have,
 A little *Bread* and *Water's* all I crave.

3.

O'n a *Sigh* of *Pity* I a year can live,
 One *Year* will keep me twenty at least,
 Fifty a gentle *Look* will give;
 An hundred years on one *kind word* I'll feast:
 A thousand more will added be,
 If you an *Inclination* have for me;
 And all beyond is vast *Eternity*.

The Thief.

1.

THou rob'st my *Days* of bus'ness and delights,
 Of sleep thou rob'st my *Nights*;
 Ah, *lovely Thief*, what wilt thou do?
 What? rob me of *Heaven too*?
 Thou even my *prayers* dost steal from me:
 And I, with wild *Idolatry*,
 Begin, to *God*, and end them all, to *Thee*.

2.

Is it a *Sin* to *Love*, that it should thus,
 Like an *ill Conscience* torture us?
 What e're I do, where e're I go,
 (None *Guiltless* e're was haunted so)
 Still, still, methinks thy face I view,
 And still thy *shape* does me pursue,
 As if, not *you Me*, but *I had murdered You*.

3.

From *Books* I strive some remedy to take,
 But thy *Name* all the *Letters* make;
 What e're 'tis writ, I find That there,
 Like *Points* and *Comma's* every where;
 Me blest for this let no man hold;
 For I, as *Midus* did of old,
 Perish by turning ev'ry thing to *Gold*.

What

4.
 What do I seek, alas, or why do I
 Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
 For making thee my *Deity*,
 I gave thee then *Ubiquity*.
 My pains resemble *Hell* in this;
 The *Divine Presence* there too is,
 But to torment Men, not to give them *bliss*.

All over Love.

I.
 TIS well, 'tis well with them (say I)
 Whose short-liv'd *Passions* with *themselves* can dye.
 For none can be unhappy, who
 'Midst all his ills a time does know
 (Though ne're so long) when he shall not be so.

2.
 Whatever *parts* of Me remain,
 Those *parts* will still the *Love* of thee retain;
 For 'twas not only in my heart,
 But like a *God* by pow'rful Art,
 'Twas *all* in *all*, and *all* in *every Part*.

3.
 My *'Affection* no more perish can
 Than the *First Matter* that compounds a Man.
 Hereafter if one *Dust* of Me
 Mixt with anothers *substance* be,
 'Twill *Leaven* that whole *Lump* with *Love* of Thee.

4.
 Let Nature if she please disperse
 My *Atoms* over all the *Universe*,
 At the last they easi'ly shall
 Themselves know, and together call,
 For thy *Love*, like a *Mark*, is stamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

1.
NOW sure within this twelve-month past,
 I have lov'd at least some twenty years or more :
 The account of *Love* runs much more fast
 Than that, with which our *Life* does score :
 So though my *Life* be *short*, yet I may prove
 The great *Methusalem* of *Love*.

2.
 Not that *Loves* Hours or Minutes are
 Shorter than those our *Being's* measur'd by :
 But they're more close *compact'd* far,
 And so in lesser room do lye.
 Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
 Things *solid* take up little place.

3.
 Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in Me,
 Are not two several things, but purely one,
 At once how can there in it be
 A double *different Motion* ?
 O yes, there may : for so the self same *Sun*,
 At once does flow and swiftly run.

4.
 Swiftly his *daily* journey he goes,
 But treads his *Annual* with a statelier pace,
 And does three hundred Rounds enclose
 Within one yearly Circles space.
 At once with *double course* in the same *Sphere*,
 He *runs* the *Day*, and *walks* the *Year*.

5.
 When *Soul* does to *my self* refer,
 'Tis then my *Life*, and does but slowly move ;
 But when it does relate to her,
 It swiftly flies, and then is *Love*.
Love's my *Diurnal* course, divided right
 'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*.

The Bargain.

1.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
 Nor be by *glittering ills* betraid;
 Thy self for *Money* ? oh, let no man know
 The *Price* of Beauty faln so low !
 What dangers ought'ft thou not to dread,
 When *Love* that's *Blind* is by *blind Fortune* led ?

2.

The foolish *Indian* that sells
 His precious *Gold* for *Beads* and *Bells*,
 Does a more wise and gainful traffick hold,
 Than thou who fell'ft thy self for *Gold*.
 What gains in such a bargain are ?
 Hee'l in thy *Mines* dig better *Treasures* far

3.

Can *Gold*, alas, with *Thee* compare ?
 The *Sun* that makes it's not so fair ;
 The *Sun* which can nor *make*, nor ever *see*
 A thing so beautiful as *Thee*,
 In all the journeys he does pass,
 Though the *Sea* serv'ed him for a *Looking-Glass*.

4.

Bold was the wretch that cheapned *Thee*,
 Since *Magus*, none so bold as he :
 Thou'rt so divine a thing that *Thee* to buy,
 Is to be counted *Simony* ;
 Too dear he'l find his fordid price,
 H'as forfeited *that*, and the *Benefice*.

5.

If it be lawful *Thee* to buy,
 There's none can pay that rate but *I* ;
 Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
 But what on earth's most like to *Thee*.
 And that my *Heart* does only bear ;
 For there *Thy self*, *Thy very self* is there.

6.

So much *thy self* does in me live,
 That when it for *thy self* I give,

'Tis but to change that piece of Gold for this,
 Whose *stamp* and *value* equal is.
 And that full *Weight* too may be had,
 My *Soul* and *Body* ; two *Grains* more, I'll add.

The Long Life.

1.

Love from *Times* wings hath stolt the *feathers* sure,
 He has, and put them to his *own* ;
 For *Hours* of late as long as *Days* endure,
 And very *Minutes*, *Hours* are grown.

2.

The various *Motions* of the turning *Year*,
 Belong not now at all to Me :
 Each *Summers Night* does *Lucies* now appear,
 Each *Winters* day St. *Barnaby*.

3.

How long a space, since first I lov'd, it is ?
 To look into a *glafs* I fear ;
 And am surpriz'd with wonder when I miss,
Grey hairs and *wrinkles* there.

4.

Th' old *Patriarchs* age and not their *happ'iness* too ;
 Why does hard *Fate* to us restore ?
 Why does *Loves Fire* thus to *Mankind* renew,
 What the *Floud* wash'd away before ?

5.

Sure those are happy people that complain
 O'th' shortness of the days of man :
 Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
 To th' ordinary *Span*.

6.

If when your gift, *Long Life* I disapprove,
 I too ingrateful seem to be ;
 Punish me justly, Heaven ; make Her to love,
 And then 'twill be too *short* for me.

Counsel.

1.

Gently, ah gently, Madam, touch
 The wound, which you your self have made;
 That pain must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of *your hand* afraid.
Cordials of *Pity* give me now,
 For I too weak for *Purgings* grow.

2.

Do but a while with patience stay ;
 For *Counsel* yet will do no good,
 'Till *Time*, and *Rest*, and *Heav'n* allay
 The violent burning of my blood :
 For what effect from this can flow,
 To chide men *drunk*, for being so ?

3.

Perhaps the *Physick's* good you give,
 But ne're to me can useful prove ;
Med'cines may *Cure*, but not *Revive* ;
 And I am not *Sick*, but *Dead* in *Love*.
 In *Loves Hell*, not his *World*, am I ;
 At once I *Live*, am *Dead*, and *Dye*.

4.

What new found *Rhetorick* is thine ?
 Ev'n thy *Diswacons* me *perswade*,
 And thy great power does clearest shine,
 When thy *Commands* are *disobey'd*.
 In vain thou bidst me to forbear ;
Obedience were *Rebellion* here.

5.

Thy *Tongue* comes in, as if it meant
 Against thine *Eyes* t'assist my *Heart* ;
 But different far was his intent :
 For straight the *Traitor* took their part.
 And by this new foe I'm bereft
 Of all that *Little* which was left.

6.

The act I must confes was wise,
 As a dishonest act could be :

Well knew the *Tongue* (alas) your *Eyes*
 Would be too strong for *That*, and *Me*.
 And part o'th' *Triumph* chose to get,
 Rather than *be a part* of it.

Resolved to be Beloved.

1.

TIS true, I've lov'd already three or four,
 And shall three or four hundred more;
 I'll love each fair one that I see,
 Till I find one at last that shall *love me*.

2.

That shall my *Canaan* be, the fatal soil,
 That ends my wandrings, and my toil.
 I'll settle there and happy grow;
 The *Country* does with *Milk* and *Honey* flow.

3.

The *Needle* trembles so, and turns about,
 Till it the *Northern Point* find out:
 But constant then and fixt does prove,
 Fixt, that his dearest *Pole* as soon may *move*.

4.

Then may my *Vessel* torn and shipwrackt be,
 If it put forth again to *Sea*:
 It never more abroad shall rome,
 Though't could next voyage bring the *Indies* home.

5.

But I must sweat in *Love*, and labour yet,
 Till I a *Competency* get.
 They're slothful fools who leave a *Trade*,
 Till they a moderate *Fortune* by't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not; give me *One*
 To live perpetually upon.
 The person *Love* does to us fit,
 Like *Manna*, has the *Taft* of all in it.

The Same.

1.

FOR Heavens sake, what d' you mean to do?
 Keep me, or let me go, one of the two?
 Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,
 The little Time that Love does chuse;
 If always here I must not stay,
 Let me be gone, whilest yet 'tis day;
 Left I faint, and benighted lose my way.

2.

'Tis dismal, *One* so long to love
 In vain; till to love *more* as vain must prove:
 To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we
 Too weary to take others be;
 Alas, 'tis folly to remain,
 And waste our *Army* thus in vain,
 Before a *City* which will ne're be tane.

3.

At several hopes wisely to fly,
 Ought not to be esteem'd *Inconstancy*;
 'Tis more *Inconstant* always to pursue
 A thing that always *flies* from you;
 For that at last may meet a bound,
 But no end can to this be found,
 'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless *Round*.

4.

When it does *Hardness* meet and *Pride*,
 My *Love* does then rebound t'another side;
 But if it ought that's *soft* and *yielding* hit;
 It lodges there, and stays in it.
 Whatever 'tis shall first love me,
 That it my *Heaven* may truly be;
 I shall be sure to give't *Eternity*.

The Discovery.

I.

BY 'Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis She ;
 Why should she aham'd or angry be,
 To be belov'd by Me ?
 The Gods may give their Altars o're ;
 They'l smook but seldom any more,
 If none but *Happy Men* must them adore.

2.

The *Lightning* which tall *Oaks* oppose in vain,
 To strike sometime does not disdain
 The humble *Furzes* of the Plain.
 She being so *high*, and I so *low*,
 Her power by this does greater show,
 Who at such *distance* gives so *sure* a blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
 That nought on earth can tow'ards her move,
 Till't be *exalted* by her *Love*.
 Equal to her, alas, there's none ;
 She like a *Deity* is grown ;
 That must *Create*, or else must be *alone*.

4.

If there be man, who thinks himself so high,
 As to pretend *equality*,
 He deserves her less than I ;
 For he would *cheat* for his relief ;
 And one would give with lesser grief,
 To'an *undeserving Beggar* than a *Thief*.

Against Fruition.

NO ; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e're thou grant :
 Much of my *Veneration* thou must want,
 When once thy *kindness* puts my *Ign'rance* out ;
 For a *learn'd Age* is always least devout.
 Keep still thy *distahce* ; for at oace to me
Goddeffs and *Woman* too, thou canst not be ;

Thou'rt

Thou'rt *Queen* of all that sees thee ; and as such
 Must neither *Tyrannize*, nor *yield* too much ;
 Such *freedoms* give as may admit *Command*,
 But keep the *Forts* and *Magazines* in thine hand,
 Thou'rt yet a *whole world* to me, and do'est fill
 My large ambition ; but 'tis dang'rous still,
 Left I like the *Pellæan Prince* should be,
 And weep for *other Worlds*, hav'ing conquer'd *Thee* ;
 When *Love* has taken all thou hast away,
 His strength by too much *riches* will decay.
 Thou in my *Fancy* dost much higher stand,
 Than *Women* can be plac'd by *Natures* hand ;
 And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
 To change *Thee*, as *Thou'rt there*, for very *Thee*.
 Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
 That shouldst thou *Nectar* give, 'twould spoil the tast.
Beauty at first moves wonder, and delight ;
 'Tis *Natures juggling trick* to cheat the sight,
 We 'admire it, whilst unknown, but after more
 Admire our selves, for liking it before.
Love like a greedy *Hawk*, if we give way,
 Does over-gorge himself, with his own *Prey* ;
 Of very *Hopes* a surfeit he'll sustain,
 Unless by *Fears* he cast them up again :
 His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone ;
 If once he lose his *sting*, he grows a *Drone*.

Love undiscovered.

1.

SOME, others may with safety tell
 The moderate *Flames*, which in them dwell ;
 And either find some *Medicine* there,
 Or cure themselves ev'en by *Despair* ;
 My *Love's* so great, that it might prove
 Dang'rous, to tell her that I *Love*.
 So tender is my wound, it must not bear
 Any salute, though of the kindest air.

2.

I would not have *her know* the pain,
 The *Torments* for her I sustain,
 Left too much *goodness* make her throw
 Her *Love* upon a *Fate* too low.
 Forbid it Heaven my *Life* should be
 Weigh'd with her least *Conveniency* :
 No, let me *perish* rather with my grief,
 Than to her *disadvantage* find *relief*.

3.

Yet when I dye, my last breath shall
 Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
 Like covetous Men who ne're descry
 Their dear hid *Treasures* till they *dye*.
 Ah fairest Maid, how will it chear
 My *Ghost*, to get from *Thee* a *tear* !
 But take heed ; for if me thou *Pitiest* then,
 Twenty to one but I shall *live* agen.

The given Heart.

1.

I Wonder what those *Lovers* mean, who say,
 They have giv'en their *Hearts* away.
 Some good kind *Lover* tell me how ;
 For mine is but a *Torment* to me now.

2.

If so it be, one place both hearts contain,
 For what do they complain ?
 What courtesie can Love do more
 Than to *join Hearts*, that *parted* were before ?

3.

Wo to her stubborn *Heart*, if once mine come
 Into the self same room ;
 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
 Like a *Grannado* shot into a *Magazin*.

4.

Then shall *Love* keep the ashes, and torn parts
 Of both our broken *Hearts* :
 Shall out of both *one* new one make,
 From hers, the *Alloy* ; from mine, the *Metal* take.

5.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire ;
 No *dross* was there, to perish in the *Fire*.

The Prophet.

I.

Teach me to Love? go teach thy self more wit;
 I chief *Professour* am of it.
 Teach craft to *Scots*, and thrift to *Jews*,
 Teach boldness to the *Stews*;
 In *Tyrants* Courts teach supple flattery,
 Teach *Jesuits*, that have travell'd far, to Lye.
 Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
 Teach restless Fountains how to flow,
 Teach the dull earth, fixt, to abide,
 Teach *Woman-kind* Inconstancy and Pride.
 See if your diligence here will useful prove;
 But, pr'ithe, teach not me to Love.

2.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,
 May learn to love from Me.
 He who does boast that he has bin
 In every Heart since *Adam's* sin,
 I'll lay my Life, nay *Mistress* on't, that's more;
 I'll teach him things he never knew before;
 I'll teach him a Receipt to make
 Words that ~~weep~~, and Tears that speak,
 I'll teach him Sighs, like those in Death,
 At which the Souls go out too with the breath:
 Still the Soul stays, yet still does from me run;
 As Light and Heat does with the Sun.

3.

'Tis I who *Love's Columbus* am; 'tis I
 Who must new Worlds in it descry:
 Rich Worlds, that yield of Treasure more,
 Than all that has bin known before.
 And yet like his (I fear) my Fate must be,
 To find them out for others; not for Me.
 Me Times to come, I know it, shall
 Loves last and greatest Prophet call.
 But, ah, what's that, if she refuse
 To hear the wholesome Doctrines of my Muse?
 If to my share the Prophets fate must come;
 Hereafter Fame, here Martyrdome.

The Resolution.

1.
THE *Devil* take those foolish men,
 Who gave you first such pow'ers;
 We stood on even grounds till then;
 If any odds, *Creation* made it ours.

2.
 For shame let these weak Chains be broke;
 Let's our slight bonds, like *Samson*, tear;
 And nobly cast away that yoke,
 Which we nor our *Forefathers* e're could bear.

3.
French Laws forbid the *Female Raign*;
 Yet *Love* does them to *slavery* draw:
 Alas, if we'll our rights maintain,
 'Tis all *Mankind* must make a *Salique Law*.

Called Inconstant.

1.
HA! ha! you think y'have kill'd my fame,
 By this not understood, yet common Name:
 A Name that's full and proper when assign'd
 To *Woman-kind*:
 But when you call us so,
 It can at best but for a *Met'aphor* go.

2.
 Can you the shore *Inconstant* call,
 Which still as *Waves* pass by, embraces all;
 That had as lief the same *Waves* always love,
 Did they not from him *move*?
 Or can you fault with *Pilots* find
 For changing course, yet never blame the *wind*?

3.
 Since *drunk* with vanity you fell:
 That things turn *round* to you that stedfast dwell;

And

And you your self, who *from us* take your flight,
 Wonder to find us out of fight.
 So the same errorr seizes you,
 As *Men in motion* think the *Trees* move too.

The Welcome.

I.

GO, let the *fatted Calf* be kill'd ;
 My *Prodigal's* come home at last ;
 With noble resolutions fill'd,
 And fill'd with sorrow for the past.
 No more will burn with *Love* or *Wine* :
 But quite has left his *Women* and his *Swine*.

2.

Welcome, ah welcome my poor *Heart* ;
 Welcome ; I little thought, I'll swear,
 ('Tis now so long since we did part)
 Ever again to see thee here :
 Dear *Wanderer*, since from me you fled,
 How often have I heard that Thou wer't *dead* !

3.

Haft thou not found each womans breast
 (The *Lands* where thou haft travelled)
 Either by *Savages* possest,
 Or wild, and *uninhabited* ?
 What joy couldst take, or what repose
 In *Countrys* so *unciviliz'd* as those ?

4.

Lust, the scorching *Dog-star*, here
 Rages with immoderate *heat* ;
 Whilst *Pride* the rugged *Northern Bear*,
 In others makes the *Cold* too great.
 And where these are temp'rate known,
 The Soil's all barren *Sand*, or rocky *Stone*.

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
 A rich, well-govern'd Heart,
 Like *China*, it admitted You
 But to the *Frontier-part*.
 From *Paradise* shut for evermore,
 What good is't that an *Angel* kept the *Door* ?

Well fare the *Pride*, and the *Disdain*,
 And *Vanities* with *Beauty* joyn'd,
 I ne're had seen this Heart again,
 If any *Fair One* had been kind :
 My *Dove*, but once let loofe, I doubt
 Would ne're return, had not the *Flood* been out.

The Heart fled again.

I.

False, foolish *Heart* ! didst thou not say,
 That thou wouldst never leave me more ?
 Behold again 'tis fled away,
 Fled as far from me as before.
 I strove to bring it back again,
 I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

2.

Even so the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
 When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
 Saw the dear object of her flame,
 Th' ingrateful *Trojan* hoist his sail :
 Aloud she call'd to him to stay ;
 The wind bore *him*, and her lost words away.

3.

The doleful *Ariadne* so
 On the wide shore forsaken stood :
 False *Thetæus*, *whither dost thou go* ?
 Afar false *Thesæus* cut the flood.
 But *Bacchus* came to her relief ;
Bacchus himself's too weak to ease my grief.

4.

Ah senseless *Heart*, to take no rest,
 But travel thus eternally !
 Thus to be froz'n in every breast !
 And to be scorcht in every Eye !
 Wandring about like wretched *Cain*,
 Thrust out, ill us'd by all, but by none slain !

5.

Well ; since thou wilt not here remain,
 I'll ev'en to live without Thee try ;
 My *Head* shall take the greater pain,
 And all thy duties shall supply ;
 I can more easily live I know
 Without Thee, than without a *Mistress* Thou.

Womens Superstition.

1.

O R I'm a very *Dunce*, or *Womankind*
 Is a most unintelligible thing :
 I can no *Sense*, nor no *Contexture* find,
 Nor their loose parts to *Method* bring,
 I know not what the *Learn'd* may see,
 But they're strange *Hebrew things* to *Me*.

2.

By *Customs* and *Traditions* they live,
 And foolish *Ceremonies* of antique date,
 We *Lovers*, new and better *Doctrines* give.
 Yet they continue obstinate ;
 Preach we, *Loves Prophets*, what we will,
 Like *Jews*, they keep their *old Law* still.

3.

Before their *Mothers Gods*, they fondly fall,
 Vain *Idol-Gods* that have no *Sense* nor *Mind* :
 Honour's their *Asttaroth*, and *Pride* their *Baal*,
 The *Thundering Baal* of *Woman-kind*,
 With twenty other *Devils* more,
 Which *They*, as we do *Them*, adore.

4.

But then, like *Men* both *Covetous* and *Devout*,
 Their costly *Superstition* loth t' omit,
 And yet more loth to issue *Moneys* out,
 At their own charge to furnish it.
 To these expensive *Deities*,
 The *Hearts* of *Men* they *Sacrifice*.

The Soul.

1.

SOME dull *Philosopher* when he hears me say,
 My *Soul* is from me fled away ;
 Nor has of late inform'd my *Body* here,
 But in anothers breast does ly,
 That neither *Is*, nor *will* be *I*,
 As a *Form Servient* and *Assisting* there ;

O

Will

2.

Will cry, *Absurd!* and ask me, how I live :
 And *Syllogisms* against it give ;
 A curse on all your vain *Philosophies*,
 Which on weak *Natures Law* depend,
 And know not how to comprehend
Love and *Religion*, those great *Mysteries*.

3.

Her *Body* is my *Soul* ; laugh not at this,
 For by my *Life* I swear it is.
 'Tis that preserves my *Being* and my *Breath*,
 From that proceeds all that I *do*,
 Nay all my *Thoughts* and *Speeches* too,
 And *separation* from it is my *Death*.

Eccho.

1.

TIr'd with the rough denials of my Prayer,
 From that hard she whom I obey,
 I come, and find a *Nymph*, much gentler here,
 That gives *consent* to all I say.
 Ah, gentle *Nymph* who lik'ft so well,
 In hollow, *solitary Caves* to dwell,
 Her *Heart* being such, into it go,
 And do but once from thence answer me so.

2.

Complaisant Nymph, who do'eft thus kindly share
 In griefs, whose cause thou do'ft not know !
 Hadst thou but *Eyes*, as well as *Tongue* and *Ear*,
 How much *compassion* wouldst thou show !
 Thy *flame*, whilst *living*, or a *flower*,
 Was of less beauty, and less rav'ishing power ;
 Alas, I might as easilie,
Paint thee to her, as *describe Her* to *Thee*.

3.

By repercussion *Beams* engender *Fire*,
Shapes by reflexion *shapes* beget ;
 The *voyce* it self, when stopt, does back retire,
 And a new *voyce* is made by it.
 Thus things by *opposition*
 The gainers grow ; my barren *Love* alone,
 Does from her stony breast rebound,
 Producing neither *Image*, *Fire*, nor *Sound*.

The Rich Rival.

1.

They say you're angry, and rant mightilie,
 Because I love the same as you ;
 Alas ! you're very *rich* ; 'tis true ;
 But prithee Fool, what's that to *Love* and *Me* ?
 You've *Land* and *Money*, let that serve ;
 And know you 'have more by that than you *deserve*.

2.

When next I see my *fair One*, she shall know
 How worthless thou art of her bed ;
 And wretch, I'll strike thee *dumb* and *dead*,
 With noble *verse* not understood by you ;
 Whilst thy sole *Rhetorick* shall be
Joynture and *Jewels*, and *Our Friends* agree.

3.

Pox o' your friends that dote and Domincere :
Lovers are better *Friends* than they ;
 Let's those in other things obey ;
 The *Fates*, and *Stars*, and *Gods* must govern here.
 Vain names of *Blood* ! in *Love* let none
 Advise with any *Blood*, but with their *own*.

4.

'Tis that which bids me this bright *Maid* adore ;
 No other thought has had access !
 Did she now *beg*, I'd love no *less*,
 And were she'an *Empress*, I should love no *more* ;
 Were she as just and true to *Me*,
 Ah, simple soul, what would become of *Thee* !

Against Hope.

1.

Hope, whose weak *Being* ruin'd is,
 A like if it *succeed*, and if it *miss* ;
 Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,
 And both the *Horns* of *Fates Dilemma* wound.
 Vain *shadow* ! which dost vanish quite,
 Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night* !

The Stars have not a *possibility*
 Of blessing Thee ;
 If things then from their *End* we happy call,
 'Tis *Hope* is the most *Hopeless* thing of all.

2.

Hope, thou bold *Taster* of Delight,
 Who whilst thou shouldst but *tast*, *devour'st* it quite !
 Thou bring'st us an *Estate*, yet leav'st us *Poor*,
 By clogging it with *Legacies* before !
 The *joys* which we *entire* should wed,
 Come *deflowr'd Virgins* to our bed ;
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty *Custom's* paid to Thee.
 For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept close does better tast ;
 If it take air before, its spirits wast.

3.

Hope, Fortunes cheating *Lottery* !
 Where for one *prize* an hundred *blanks* there be ;
 Fond *Archer*, *Hope*, who tak'st thy aim so far,
 That still or *short*, or *wide* thine arrows are !
 Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th' eye deceives
 With shapes that our own *Fancy* gives !
 A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in *tears* !
 When thy false beams o're *Reasons* light prevail,
 By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we sail.

4.

Brother of *Fear*, more gaily clad !
 The *merr'ier Fool* o'th' two, yet quite as *Mad* :
 Sire of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Desire* !
 That blow'st the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers fire* !
 Leading them still insensibly 'on
 By the strange *witchcraft* of *Anon* !
 By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through
 Her endless *Labyrinths* pursue,
 And th' other chafes *Woman*, whilst She goes
 More ways and turns than *hunted Nature* knows.

For Hope.

I.

Hope, of all Ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and *Universal Cure* !
 Thou *Captives freedom*, and thou *sick mans Health* !
 Thou *Losers Vict'ory*, and thou *Beggars wealth* !
 Thou *Manna*, which from Heav'n we eat,
 To every *Tast* a several *Meat* !
 Thou strong *Retreat* ! thou sure *entail'd Estate*,
 Which nought has power to *alienate* !
 Thou pleasant, *honest Flatterer* ! for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone !

2.

Hope, thou *First-fruits of Happiness* !
 Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Success* !
 Thou good *Prepar'ative*, without which our Joy
 Does *work* too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy ;
 Who out of *Fortunes* reach dost stand,
 And art a blessing *still in hand* !
 Whilst *Thee*, her *Earnest-Money* we retain,
 We certain are to gain,
 Whether she 'her *bargain* break, or else fulfill ;
 Thou only *good*, not worfe, for *ending ill* !

3.

Brother of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and *Thee*
 The joys of *Heav'n* and *Earth* divided be !
 Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fixt Estate*,
 Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great.
Happiness it self's all one
 In *Thee*, or in *possession* !
 Only the *Future's Thine*, the *Present His* !
 Thine's the more hard and noble blis ;
 Best *apprehender* of our joys, which hast
 So long a *reach*, and yet canst hold so *fast* !

4.

Hope, thou sad *Lovers only Friend* !
 Thou *Way* that mayst dispute it with the *End* !
 For *Love* I fear's a fruit that does delight
 The *Tast* it self less than the *Smell* and *Sight*.
Fruition more deceitful is
 Than *Thou* canst be, when thou dost *miss* ;

Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and strait flee
 Some other way again to *Thee* ;
 And that's a pleasant *Country*, without doubt,
 To which all soon return that travel out.

Loves Ingratitude.

1.

I Little thought, thou fond *ingrateful Sin*,
 When first I let thee in,
 And gave thee but a part
 In my unwary *Heart*,
 That thou wouldst e're have grown
 So *false* or *strong* to make it all thine own.

2.

At mine own *breast* with care I fed thee still,
 Letting thee suck thy fill,
 And daintily I nourisht Thee
 With *Idle thoughts* and *Poetrie* !
 What ill returns dost thou allow ?
 I fed thee then, and thou dost *starve* me now.

3.

There was a time when thou wast *cold* and *chill*,
 Nor hadst the power of doing ill ;
 Into my *Bosom* did I take
 This frozen and benumbed *Snake*,
 Not fearing from it any harm ;
 But now it *stings* that breast which made it *warm*.

4.

What cursed *weed*'s this *Love* ! but one *grain* sow,
 And the whole *field* 'twill overgrow ;
 Strait will it choak up and devour
 Each wholesome *herb* and beauteous *flour* ?
 Nay unless something soon I do,
 'Twill kill I fear my very *Lawrel* too.

5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
 Declare, protest, and threat in vain.
 Since by my own *unforc'd consent*,
 The *Traitor* has my *Government*,
 And is so settled in the *Throne*,
 That 'twere *Rebellion* now to claim *mine own*.

The Frailty.

1.

I Know 'tis *sordid*, and 'tis *low* ;
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue ;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilst this curfed flesh I bear,
And all the *Weakness*, and the *Baseness* there,
Alas, alas, it will be always so.

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
I rage sometimes, and bite my *Chain* ;
For to what purpose do I bite
With Teeth which ne're will break it quite ?
For if the chiefest *Christian Head*,
Was by this sturdy *Tyrant buffeted*,
What wonder is it, if *weak* I be slain ?

Coldness.

1.

A S *water* fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by *Cold* ;
So in *warm Seasons* *Love* does loofely flow,
Frost only can it hold.
A *Womans rigour*, and *disdain*,
Does his swift course restrain.

2.

Though *constant*, and *consistent* now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the *Sea*,
And loses it self there.
So the *Sun's* amorous play,
Kisses the *Ice* away.

You

3.

You may in *Vulgar Loves* find always this ;
 But my *Substantial Love*
 Of a more firm and perfect *Nature* is ;
 No weathers can it move :
 Though *Heat* dissolve the *Ice* again,
 The *Crystal* solid does remain.

1.

Then like some wealthy *Island* thou shalt ly ;
 And like the *Sea* about it, *I* ;
 Thou like fair *Albion*, to the Sailors Sight,
 Spreading her beauteous Bosom all in *White* :
 Like the kind *Ocean* I will be,
 With loving *Arms* for ever clasping Thee.

2.

But I'll embrace Thee gentlier far than so ;
 As their fresh *Banks* soft *Rivers* do,
 Nor shall the proudest *Planet* boast a power
 Of making my *full Love* to ebb one hour ;
 It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
 Whilst thy unwasted *Fountain* feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour shall our *Kisses* bear,
 As if like *Doves* we'engendred there.
 No *bound* nor *rule* my pleasures shall endure,
 In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.
 Nought shall my hands or Lips controul ;
 I'll kiss Thee *through*, I'll kiss thy *very Soul*.

4.

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our sports shall know ;
 Night that's both *blind* and *silent* too.
Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
 His lov'd *Sicanian Fountain* to embrace,
 Creeping so far beneath the Sea,
 Than I will dot' enjoy, and *scast* on Thee.

5.

Men, out of *Wisdom* ; *Women*, out of *Pride*,
 The pleasant Thefts of Love do *hide*.

That may secure thee ; but thou 'hast yet from Me
A more *infallible* *Securitie*.

For there's no danger I should tell
The Joys, which are to Me *unspeakable*.

Sleep.

1.

IN vain thou drouse God, I thee invoak ;
For thou, who dost from fumes arise,
Thou, who *Man's Soul* dost overshade
With a thick *Cloud* by *Vapours* made,
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his *Spirits* to choak,
Whose *flame's* so pure, that it sends up no *smoak*.

2.

Yet how do *Tears* but from some *Vapours* rise ?
Tears, that bewinter all my Year ?
The fate of *Egypt* I sustain,
And never feel the dew of *Rain*,
From *Clouds* which in the Head appear,
But all my too much *Moysture* ow,
To *overflowings* of the *Heart* below.

3.

Thou, who dost *Men* (as *Nights* to *Colours* do)
Bring all to an *Equality* :
Come, thou *just God*, and *equal me*
A while to my disdainful *She* ;
In that condition let me ly ;
Till *Love* does the favour shew ;
Love equa's all a better way than *You*.

4.

Then never more shalt thou be'invokt by me ;
Watchful as *Spirits*, and *Gods* I'll prove :
Let her but grant, and then will I,
Thee and thy *Kinsman Death* defy.
For betwixt *Thee* and them that *love*,
Never will an agreement be ;
Thou scorn'st th' *Unhappy* ; and the *Happy*. Thee.

Beauty.

1.

Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
 Who dost in ev'ry Country change thy shape!
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
 Thou *Flatt'rer* which compli'ft with every fight!
 Thou *Babel* which confound'ft the Ey
 With unintelligible *variety*!
 Who haft no certain *What*, nor *Where*,
 But vary'ft still, and dost thy self declare
 Inconstant, as thy *she-Professors* are.

2.

Beauty, Love's Scene and Maskerade,
 So gay by well-plac'd *Lights*, and *Distance* made;
 False *Coy*, with which th'*Impostor* cheats us still;
 The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill!
 Which *Light*, or *Base* we find, when we
 Weigh by *Enjoyment*, and examine Thee!
 For though thy *Being* be but *show*,
 'Tis chiefly *Night* which men to Thee allow:
 And chuse t' enjoy Thee, when *Thou leaft art Thou*.

3.

Beauty, Thou active, passive Ill!
 Which dy'ft thy self as fast as thou dost *kill*!
 Thou *Tulip*, who thy stock in paint dost waste,
 Neither for *Physick* good, nor *Smell*, nor *Tast*.
Beauty, whose *Flames*, but *Meteors* are,
 Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a *Star*,
 Who dar'ft not thine own *Home* descry,
 Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye*,
 When thou, alas, dost in the *Fancy* lye.

4.

Beauty, whose *Conquests* still are made
 O're Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or else *betray'd*;
Weak Vicfor! who thy self destroy'd must be
 When *sickness* storms, or *Time* besieges Thee!
 Thou unwholesome *Thaw* to *frozen Age*!
 Thou strong *Wine*, which youths *Fever* dost enrage,
 Thou *Tyrant* which leav'ft no man free!
 Thou subtle *Thief*, from whom nought safe can be!
 Thou *Murth'rer* which haft *kill'd*, & *Devil* which would *Damn me*

The Parting.

1.
AS Men in *Green-land* left beheld the *Sun*
 From their *Horizon* run;
 And thought upon the sad half year
 Of *Cold* and *Darkness* they must suffer there:

2.
 So on my parting *Mistress* did I look,
 With such swollen eyes my farewell took;
 Ah my fair *Star*! said I;
 Ah those blest Lands to which *bright Thou* dost fly!

3.
 In vain the Men of *Learning* comfort me;
 And say I'm in a warm *degree*;
 Say what they please; I say and swear,
 'Tis beyond *eighty* at least, if you're not here.

4.
 It is, it is; I tremble with the *Frost*,
 And know that I the *Day* have lost,
 And those wild things which *Men* they call,
 I find to be but *Bears* or *Foxes* all.

5.
 Return, return, gay *Planet* of mine *East*,
 Of all that shines *Thou* much the *Best*!
 And as thou now *descend'st* to *Sea*;
 More fair and fresh *rise* up from thence to Me.

6.
 Thou, who in many a *Propriety*,
 So truly art the *Sun* to Me,
 Adde one more *likeness*, which I'm sure you can,
 And let *Me* and *my Sun* beget a *Man*.

My Picture.

1.

HERE, take my *Likeness* with you, whil'ft 'tis so ;
 For when from hence you go,
 The next Suns rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old.
 The Man who did this *Picture* draw,
 Will swear next day my face he never saw.

2.

I really believe, within a while,
 If you upon this *shadow* smile,
 Your *presence* will such vigour give,
 (Your *presence* which makes all things live)
 And *absence* so much alter *Me*,
 This will the *substance*, I the *shadow* be.

3.

When from your well-wrought *Cabinet* you take it,
 And your bright looks *awake* it ;
 Ah be not frighted, if you see
 The *new-soul'd-Picture* gaze on Thee,
 And hear it breath a sigh or two ;
 For those are the first things that it will do.

4.

My *Rival-Image* will be then thought blest,
 And laugh at me as dispossess'd ;
 But *Thou*, who (if I know thee right)
 I'th' *substance* dost not much delight,
 Wilt rather send again for *Me*,
 Who then shall but my *Pictures Picture* be.

The Concealment.

NO ; to what purpose should I speak ?
 No, wretched *Heart*, swell till you *break* !
 She cannot love me if she *would* ;
 And to say truth, 'twere pity that she *should*.
 No, to the *Grave* thy sorrows bear,
 As *silent*, as they will be *there*.

Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
 So handfomly the thing contrive,
 That she may *guiltless* of it live.
 So perish, that her killing Thee
 May a *Chance-Medley*, and no *Murder* be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
 By her *Beauty*, not her *Anger* dy;
 This will look justly, and become
 An *Execution*; that, a *Martyrdome*.
 The censuring world will ne're refrain
 From judging men by *Thunder* slain.
 She must be angry sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me
 By being *hers*, *happ'ier than She*.
 I will not; 'tis a milder fate
 To fall by her *not Loving*, than her *Hate*.

3.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
 Will *ominous* to her appear:
 When, found in every other part,
 Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart*.
 For the last *Tempest* of my death
 Shall sigh out *that* too, with my *breath*.
 Then shall the world my noble ruine see,
 Some *pity*, and some *envy* Me;
 Then *She* her self, the *mighty She*,
 Shall grace my fun'rals with this truth;
 'Twas only *Love* destroy'd the *gentle Youth*.

The Monopoly.

1.

What *Mines* of *Sulphur* in my breast do ly,
 That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart?
 Not *Ætna* flames more fierce or constantly,
 The founding shop of *Vulcan's* smoaky art;
Vulcan his shop has placed there,
 And *Cupid's Forge* is set up here.

2.

Here all those *Arrows* mortal Heads are made,
 That fly so thick unseen through yielding air;
 The *Cyclops* here, which labour at the trade
 Are *Jealousie*, *Fear*, *Sadness*, and *Despair*.

Ah cruel *God!* and why to me
Gave you this curst *Monopolie?*

3.
I have the *trouble*, not the *gains* of it ;
Give me but the *disposal* of one *Dart* ;
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my *Heart*.
So sweet's *Revenge* to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly dy.

4.
Deep into 'her bosom would I strike the dart ;
Deeper than *Woman* e're was struck by *Thee* ;
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from th'*Heart*,
They *flutter* still about, inconstantly,
Curse on thy *Goodness*, whom we find
Civil to none but *Woman-kind!*

5.
Vain God! who *women* dost thy self *adore!*
Their wounded *Hearts* do still retain the powers
To travel, and to wander as before ;
Thy broken *Arrows* 'twixt that sex and ours
So 'unjustly are distributed ;
They take the *Feathers*, we the *Head*.

The Distance.

1.
I 'Have followed thee a year at least,
And never stopt my self to rest.
But yet can thee o'retake no more,
Than this *Day* can the *Day* that went before.

2.
In this our *fortunes* equal prove
To *Stars*, which govern them above ;
Our *Stars* that move for ever round,
With the same *Distance* still betwixt them found.

3.
In vain, alas, in vain I strive
The *wheel* of *Fate* faster to drive ;
Since if a round it swifelier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as *I*.

4.

Hearts by *Love*, strangely *shuffled* are,
 That there can never meet a *Pair*!
 Tamelier than *Worms* are *Lovers* slain;
 The *wounded Heart* ne'er turns to *wound* again.

The Encrease.

1.

I Thought, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
 Than I had done before;
 But you as easi'ly might account
 'Till to the top of *Numbers* you amount,
 As cast up my *Loves* score.
 Ten thousand millions was the sum;
Millions of endless *Millions* are to come.

2.

I'm sure her *Beauties* cannot greater grow;
 Why should my *Love* do so?
 A *real* cause at first did move;
 But mine own *Fancy* now drives on my *Love*,
 With *shadows* from it self that flow.
 My *Love*, as we in *Numbers* see,
 By *Cyphers* is encreas'd eternallie.

3.

So the new-made, and untri'd *Spheres* above,
 Took their first turn from th' hand of *Jove*;
 But are since that beginning found
 By their own *Forms* to move for ever round.
 All *violent Motions* short do prove,
 But by the length 'tis plain to see
 That *Love's* a *Motion Natural* to Me.

Loves Visibility.

1.
With much of *pain*, and all the *Art* I knew
 Have I endeavour'd hitherto
 To *hide* my *Love*, and yet all will not do.

2.
 The world perceives it, and it may be, *she*,
 Though so discreet and good *she* be,
 By hiding it, to teach that skill to *Me*.

3.
 Men without *Love* have oft so cunning grown,
 That something like it they have shown,
 But none who had it ever seem'd t' have *none*.

4.
Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
 Can no arts or disguises find,
 But thinks none *sees* it'cause it *self* is *blind*.

5.
 The very *Eye* betrays our inward smart;
Love of himself left there a part,
 When thorow it he past into the *Heart*.

6.
 Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
 But keep the secret wisely, yet,
 Like *Drunkennes*, into the *Tongue* 'twill get

Looking on, and discoursing with his Mistress.

1.
These full two hours now have I gazing been,
 What comfort by it can I gain?
 To look on *Heav'n* with *mighty Gulfs* between
 Was the great *Mis'ers* greatest pain;
 So neer was he to *Heavens* delight,
 As with the blest converse he might,
 Yet could not get one *drop* of water by't.

2.

Ah wretch ! I seem to *touch* her now ; but oh,
 What boundless spaces do us part ?
Fortune, and *Friends*, and all earths empty show,
 My *Lowness* and her high *Desert* :
 But these might conquerable prove ;
 Nothing does me so far remove,
 As her hard *Souls aversion* from my *Love*.

3.

So *Travellers*, that lose their way by night,
 If from afar they chance t'espy
 Th' uncertain glimmerings of a *Tapers* light,
 Take flattering hopes, and think it *nigh* ;
 Till wearied with the fruitless pain,
 They sit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in *Darkness* and *Despair* remain.

Resolved to Love.

1.

I Wonder what the *Grave* and *Wife*
 Think of all us that *Love* ;
 Whether our *Pretty Fooleries*
 Their *Mirth* or *Anger* move
 They understand not *Breath*, that *Words* does want ;
 Our *Sighs* to them are *unsignificant*.

2.

One of them saw me th' other day,
 Touch the dear hand, which I admire ;
 My *Soul* was melting strait away,
 And dropt before the *Fire*.
 This *silly Wiseman*, who pretends to *know*,
 Ask't why I look'd so pale, and trembled so ?

3.

Another from my *Mistress' dore*
 Saw me with eyes all watry come ;
 Nor could the hidden cause explore,
 But thought some *smoak* was in the room ;
 Such *Ignorance* from *unwounded Learning* came ;
 He knew *Tears* made by *Smoak*, but not by *Flame*.

If learn'd in other things you be,
 And have in *Love* no skill,
 For God's sake keep your arts from me,
 For I'll be *ignorant* still.
Study or *Action* others may embrace ;
 My *Love's* my *Business*, and my *Books* her *Face*.

3.

These are but *Trifles*, I confess,
 Which me, weak *Mortal*, move ;
 Nor is your *busse Seriousness*
 Less trifling than my *Love*.
 The wisest *King* who from his sacred breast
 Pronounc'd all *Van'ity*, chose it for the *best*.

My Fate.

1.

GO bid the *Needle* his dear *North* forsake,
 To which with trembling rev'rence it does bend ;
 Go bid the *Stones* a journey upwards make ;
 Go bid th' ambitious *Flame* no more ascend :
 And when these false to their *old Motions* prove,
 Then shall I cease *Thee*, *Thee* alone to *Love*.

2.

The fast-link'd *Chain* of everlasting *Fate*
 Does nothing tye more strong, than *Me* to *You* ;
 My fixt *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate* ;
 But will be still the same, what e're you do.
 You cannot *kill* my *Love* with your *disdain*,
Wound it you may, and make it *live in pain*.

3.

Me, mine example let the *Stoicks* use,
 Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain,
 Let all *Prædestinators* me produce,
 Who struggle with *eternal bonds* in vain.
 This *Fire* I'm born to, but 'tis she must tell,
 Whether't be *Beams of Heaven*, or *Flames of Hell*.

4.

You who mens *fortunes* in their faces read,
 To find out *mine*, look not, alas, on *Me* ;
 But mark her *Face*, and all the features heed ;
 For only there is writ my *Destiny*.

Or if Stars shew it, gaze not on the Skies ;
But study the *Astrology* of her Eyes.

5.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear ;
I well believe the *Fate* of mortal days
Is writ in *Heav'en* ; but oh my *heav'en* is there.
What can men learn from *stars* they scarce can see ?
Two great Lights rule the world ; and her two, Me.

The Heart-breaking.

1.

IT gave a piteous *grone*, and so it broke ;
In vain it something would have spoke :
The Love within too strong for't was,
Like *Poyson* put into a *Venice-Glass*.

2.

I thought that *this* some *Remedy* might prove,
But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still *liv'd*, and still it *stung* in all.

3.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my *Heart* :
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the *Whole* did *kill*.

4.

Even so rude *Armies* when the field they quit,
And into several *Quarters* get ;
Each *Troop* does spoil and ruine more,
Than all join'd in one *Body* did before.

5.

How many *Loves* raign in my bosom now ?
How many *Loves*, yet all of you ?
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant-State*.

The Usurpation.

I.

THou'hadst to my *Soul* no title or *pretence* ;
 I was mine own, and *free*,
 Till I had *giv'n* my self to Thee ;
 But thou hast kept me *Slave* and *Prisoner* since.
 Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
 Fond *Tyrant*, I'll *depose* thee from thy *Throne* ;
 Such outrages must not admitted be
 In an *Elective Monarchy*.

2.

Part of my *Heart* by *Gift* did to Thee fall ;
 My *Country*, *Kindred*, and my best
 Acquaintance were to share the rest ;
 But thou, their *Cov'etous Neighbour*, dravest out all :
 Nay more ; thou mak'st me worship *Thee*,
 And would'st the rule of my *Religion* be ;
 Was ever *Tyrant* claim'd such power as you,
 To be both *Emp'our*, and *Pope* too ?

3.

The *publick Miseries*, and my *private fate*
 Deserve some tears : but greedy Thou
 (*Insatiate Maid !*) wilt not allow
 That I one drop from thee should *alienate*.
 Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
 Though the sole cause of most of them thou art,
 Counting my *Tears* thy *Tribute* and thy *Due*,
 Since first mine *Eyes* I gave to *You*.

4.

Thou all my *Joys*, and all my *Hopes* dost claim,
 Thou ragest like a *Fire* in me,
 Converting all things into *Thee* ;
 Nought can resist, or not *increase* the *Flame*.
 Nay every *Grief* and every *Fear*,
 Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear.
 Thy presence, like the crowned *Basilisk's* breath,
 All other *Serpents* putsto death.

5.

As men in *Hell* are from *Diseases* free,
 So from all other ills am I ;
 Free from their known *Formality* :

But

But all pains *Eminently* lye in *Thee* :
 Alas, alas, I hope in vain
 My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain.
 Since all the *Natives* there thou'ft overthrown,
 And planted *Gar'isons* of thine own.

Maidenhead.

THOU *worst* estate even of the *sex* that's *worst* ;
 Therefore by *Nature* made at first,
 T'attend the weaknes of our birth !
 Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed* !
 Thou *Cafe* to buildings not yet finished !
 Who like the *Center* of the Earth,
 Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
 Though thou a *point imaginary* be.

2.

A thing *God* thought for *Mankind* so unfit,
 That his *first Blessing* ruin'd it.
 Cold *frozen Nurse* of fiercest *fires* !
 Who like the parched plains of *Africk's* sand,
 (A *steril*, and a wild unlovely Land)
 Art always scorcht with hot desires,
 Yet *barren* quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and *Serpents* forth thy self to sting !

3.

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
 Like a close *Conjurer* in his *Cell* !
 And fear'st the days discovering Eye !
 No wonder'tis at all that thou shouldst be
 Such tedious and unpleasant *Company*,
 Who liv'st so *Melancholily* !
 Thou thing of subtile, slippery kind,
 Which *Womn* lose, and yet no *Man* can find.

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
 Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee ;
 The search it self rewards the pains.
 So though the *Chymick* his great *secret* misse,
 (For neither it in *Art* nor *Nature* is)
 Yet things well worth his toyle he gains :
 And does his Charge and Labour pay
 With good *unsought experiments* by the way.

5.
 Say what thou wilt, *Chastity* is no more,
 Thee, than a *Porter* is his *Door*.
 In vain to honour they pretend,
 Who guard themselves with *Ramparts* and with *Walls*,
 Them only *Fame* the truly valiant calls
 Who can an *open breach* defend.
 Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so *Hated*, and so *Lov'd without*.

Impossibilities.

1.
I *Impossibilities*? oh no, there's none;
 Could mine bring thy *Heart Captive* home;
 As easily other dangers were *o'rethrown*,
 As *Cæsar* after vanquish'd *Rome*,
 His little *Asian* foes did overcome.

2.
 True Lovers oft by *Fortune* are envy'd,
 Oft *Earth* and *Hell* against them strive;
 But *Providence* engages on their side,
 And a good end at last does give;
 At last *Just Men* and *Lovers* always thrive.

3.
 As *stars* (not powerful else) when they *conjoyn*,
 Change, as they please, the *Worlds* estate;
 So thy *Heart* in *Conjunction* with mine,
 Shall our own fortunes regulate;
 And to our *Stars themselves* prescribe a *Fate*.

4.
 'Twould grieve me much to find some bold *Romance*,
 That should two kind *examples* shew,
 Which before us in wonders did advance;
 Not that I thought that *story true*,
 But none should *Fancy more*, than *I would Do*.

5.
 Through spight of our *worst Enemies*, thy *Friends*,
 Through *Local Banishment* from *Thee*;
 Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning *Ends*,
 As easie shall my passage be,
 As was the *Am'rous Youth's* o're *Helles Sea*.

6.

In vain the *Winds*, in vain the *Billows* rore ;
 In vain the *Stars* their aid deny'd ;
 He saw the *Sestian Tower* on th' other shore ;
 Shall th' *Hell-spont* our Loves divide ?
 No, not th' *Atlantick Oceans* boundless Tide.

7.

Such *Seas* betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are ;
 But, gentle *Maid*, do not deny
 To let thy *Beams* shine on me from afar ;
 And still the *Taper* let me espy :
 For when thy *Light* goes out, I sink and dye.

Silence.

1.

CURSE on this *Tongue*, that has my *Heart* betray'd,
 And his great *Secret* open laid !
 For of all persons chiefly *She*
 Should not the ills I suffer know ;
 Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
 Only in *Her* to *Pity Me* :
 Snce 'tis for *Me* to lose my *Lif* more fit,
 Than 'tis for *Her* to save and ransome it.

2.

Ah, never more shall thy unwilling ear
 My helpless story hear.
Discourse and *talk* awake does keep
 The rude unquiet pain,
 That in my *Breast* does reign ;
Silence perhaps may make it sleep :
 I'll bind that *Sore* up, I did ill reveal ;
 The *Wound*, if once it *Close*, may chance to *Heal*.

3.

No, 'twill ne're heal ; my *Love* will never dye,
 Though it should *speechless* lye.
 A *River*, e're it meet the *Sea*,
 As well might stay its source,
 As my *Love* can his course,
 Unless it join and mix with *Thee*.
 If any end or stop of it be found,
 We know the *Flood* runs still, though *under ground*.

The Dissembler.

1.

U**N**hurt, *untoucht* did I complain ;
 And terrifi'd all others with the pain :
 But now I feel the *mighty evil* ;
 Ah, there's no *fooling* with the *Devil* !
 So wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
 Themselves have met a real *Spright*.

2.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome Ly
 Had been no *sin* at all in *Poetry* :
 But now I suffer an *Arrest*,
 For words were spoke by me in *jest*.
 Dull, sottish *God of Love*, and can it be
 Thou understand'st not *Raillery* ?

3.

Darts, and *Wounds*, and *Flame*, and *Heat*,
 I nam'd but for the *Rhime*, or the *Conceit*.
 Nor meant my Verse should raised be,
 To this sad fame of *Propheſie* ;
Truth gives a *dull propriety* to my stile,
 And all the *Metaphors* does spoil.

4.

In things, where *Fancy* much does reign,
 'Tis dangerous too cunningly to *feign* ;
 The *Play* at last a *Truth* does grow,
 And *Custom* into *Nature* go.
 By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with *counterfeiting* *Lame*.

5.

My Lines of amorous desire
 I wrote to kindle and blow others fire :
 And 'twas a *barbarous delight*
 My *Fancy* promis'd from the sight ;
 But now, by *Love*, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
 My *burning Bull* the first do try.

The Inconstant.

I.

I Never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifties space,
They all victorious be.
Love, thou'rt a *Devil*; if I may call thee *One*,
For sure in Me thy name is *Legion*.

2.

Colour, or *Shape*, good *Limbs*, or *Face*,
Goodness, or *Wit* in all I find.
In *Motion* or in *Speech* a *Grace*,
If all fail, yet 'tis *Woman-kind*;
And I'm so weak, the *Pistol* need not be
Double, or *treble charg'd* to murder *Me*.

3.

If *Tall*, the Name of *Proper* slays;
If *Fair*, she's pleasant as the *Lights*;
If *Low*, her *Prettiness* does please;
If *Black*, what *Lover* loves not *Night*?
If *Yellow-hair'd*, I *Love*, lest it should be
Th'excuse to others for not loving *Me*.

4.

The *Fat*, like *Plenty*, fills my heart,
The *Lean*, with *Love* makes me too so.
If *Streight*, her *Body's Cupid's Dart*
To me; if *Crooked*, 'tis his *Bow*.
Nay *Age* it self does me to rage incline,
And strength to *Women* gives, as well as *Wine*.

5.

Just half as large as *Charity*
My richly landed *Love's* become;
And judg'd aright is *Constancy*,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves *always one*, why should they call
More *Constant*, than the Man loves *Always all*.

6.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all *Love's Gardens* and his *Fields*;
And, like the wise, industrious *Bee*,

No *Weed* but *Honey* to me yields!
Honey still spent this dil'igence still supplies,
 Though I return not home with *laden Thighs*.

7.
 My *Soul* at first indeed did prove
 Of pretty strength against a *Dart*;
 Till I this *Habit* got of *Love*;
 But my consum'd and wasted Heart
 Once burnt to *Tinder* with a strong Desire,
 Since that by every *Spark* is set on fire.

The Constant.

I.
 Great, and wise *Conqu'ror*, who where e're
 Thou com'st, dost *fortifie*, and *settle* there!
 Who canst *defend* as well as *get*;
 And never hadst one *Quarter* beat up yet;
 Now thou art in, Thou ne'er wilt part
 With one inch of my vanquish't Heart;
 For since thou took'st it by assault from Me,
 'Tis *Garison'd* so strong with *Thoughts* of Thee,
 It fears no *beauteous Enemy*.

2.
 Had thy charming strength been less,
 I had serv'd e're this an hundred *Mistresse*.
 I'm better thus, nor would compound
 To leave my *Pris'on* to be a *Vagabound*.
 A *Pris'on* in which I still would be,
 Though every *door* stood ope to Me.
 In sight both of thy *Coldness*, and thy *Pride*,
 All Love is *Marriage* on thy *Lovers side*,
 For only *Death* can them *divide*.

3.
 Close, narrow *Chain*, yet soft and kind,
 As that which *Spirits* above to good does bind,
 Gentle, and sweet *Necessity*,
 Which does not *force*, but *guide* our *Liberty*!
 Your *Love* on Me were spent in vain.
 Since my *Love* still could but remain
 Just as it is; for what, alas, can be
 Added to that which hath *Infinity*
 Both in *Extent* and *Quality*?

Her Name.

1.
With more than *Jewish* Reverence as yet
 Do I the *Sacred Name* conceal;
 When, ye kind *Stars*, ah when will it be fit
 This *Gentle Mystery* to reveal?
 When will our Love be *Nam'd*, and we possess
 That *Christning* as a *Badge of Happiness*?

2.
 So bold as yet no *Verse* of mine has been,
 To wear that *Gem* on any *Line*;
 Nor, till the happy *Nuptial Muse* be seen,
 Shall any *Stanza* with it shine.
 Rest, mighty *Name*, till then; for thou must be
 Laid down by *Her*, e're taken up by *Me*.

3.
 Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
 Then *Echoes* burden it shall be;
 Then all the *Birds* in sev'eral notes shall sing,
 And all the *Rivers* murmur Thee;
 Then ev'ry *wind* the Sound shall upwards bear,
 And softly whisper't to some *Angels Ear*.

4.
 Then shall thy *Name* through all my *Verse* be spread,
 Thick as the *flowers* in *Meadows* lye,
 And when in future times they shall be read,
 (As sure, I think, they will not dye)
 If any *Critick* doubt that *They be mine*,
 Men by that *Stamp* shall quickly know the *Coin*.

5.
 Mean while I will not dare to *make a Name*
 To represent thee by;
Adam (*God's Nomenclator*) could not frame
 One that enough should *signifie*.
Astræa or *Cælia* as unfit would prove
 For *Thee*, as 'tis to call the *Deity, Jove*.

Weeping.

I.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise,
 Drops *Tears* more fair than others *Eyes!*
 Ah, charming Maid, let not *ill-Fortune* see
 Th' attire thy *sorrows* wears,
 Nor know the *beauty* of thy *Tears* :
 For shee'l still come to dress her self in *Thee*.

2.

As *stars* reflect on *waters*, so I spy
 In every drop (methinks) her *Eye*.
 The *Baby*, which lives there, and always plays
 In that illustrious *sphere*,
 Like a *Narcissus* does appear,
 Whilst in his *flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze.

3.

Ne're yet did I behold so glorious weather,
 As this *Sun-shine* and *Rain* together.
 Pray Heav'en her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *snow*,
 (For some such *Fountain* we must find,
 To waters of so fair a kind)
 Melt not, to feed that beauteous *Stream* below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
 Which made this precious *Limbeck* sweat!
 But what, alas, ah what does it avail
 That she weeps *Tears* so wondrous cold,
 As scarce the *Asses hoof* can hold,
 So cold, that I admire they fall not *Hail*.

Discretion.

I

DIScreet? what means this word *Discreet*?
 A *Curse* on all *Discretion!*
 This *barbarous term* you will not meet
 In all *Love's-Lexicon*.

2.
 Joynture, Portion, Gold, Estate,
 Houſes, Houſhold-ſtuff, or Land,
 (The *Low Conveniences* of Fate)
 Are *Greek* no *Lovers* underſtand.

3.
 Believe me, beauteous one, when Love
 Enters into a breaſt,
 The two firſt things it does remove,
 Are *Friends* and *Interſt*.

4.
Paſſion's half blind, nor can endure
 The careful, ſcrup'ulous *Eyes*,
 Or elſe I could not love, I'm ſure,
 One who in *Love* were *wiſe*.

5.
 Men, in ſuch tempeſts toſt about,
 Will, without grief or pain,
 Caſt all their *goods* and *riches* out,
Theſelves their *Port* to gain.

6.
 As well might *Martyrs*, who do chooſe,
 That *ſacred Death* to take,
 Mourn for the *Clothes* which they muſt loſe,
 When they're bound *naked* to the *Stake*.

The Waiting-Maid.

1.
TH Y *Maid* ? ah find ſome nobler theme
 Whereon thy doubts to place ;
 Nor by a low ſuſpect *blaſpheme*
 The glories of thy face.

2.
 Alas, ſhe makes thee ſhine ſo *fair*,
 So exquisitely bright,
 That her dim *Lamp* muſt diſappear
 Before thy potent *Light*.

3.
 Three hours each morn in dressing Thee,
Maliciously are spent;
 And make that *Beauty Tyranny*,
 That's else a *Civil Government*.

4.
 The 'adorning thee with so much art,
 Is but a barb'rous skill;
 'Tis like the *poysoning* of a *Dart*
 Too apt before to kill.

5.
 The *Min'istring Angels* none can see;
 'Tis not their beauty 'or face,
 For which by men they worshipt be;
 But their high *Office* and their *place*.
 Thou art my *Goddeſs*, my *Saint*, *She*;
 I pray to *Her*, only to pray to *Thee*.

Counsel.

1.
AH! what advice can I receive?
 No, satisfie me first;
 For who would *Physick*-potions give
 To one that dyes with *Thirst*?

2.
 A little puff of breath we find,
 Small fires can *quench* and *kill*;
 But when they're great, the adverse wind
 Does make them *greater* still.

3.
 Now, whilst you speak, it moves me much;
 But straight I'm jult the same;
 Alas, th' effect must needs be such
 Of *Cutting* through a *Flame*.

The Cure.

I.
Come, *Doct'or*, use thy roughest Art,
 Thou canst not cruel prove;
 Cut, burn, and torture every part,
 To heal me of my *Love*.

2.
 There is no danger if the pain
 Should me to a *Fever* bring;
 Compar'd with *Heats* I now sustain,
 A *Fever* is so *Cool* a thing,
 (Like *drink* which feaverish men desire)
 That I should hope 'twould almost quench my *Fire*.

The Separation.

I.
ASK me not what my *Love* shall do or be
 (*Love* which is *Soul* to *Body*, and *Soul* of *Me*)
 When I am sep'arated from thee;
 Alas, I might as easily show,
 What after *Death* the *Soul* will do;
 'Twill last, I'me sure, and that is all we know.

2.
 The thing call'd *Soul* will never stir nor move,
 But all that while a lifeless *Carcass* prove,
 For 'tis the *Body* of my *Love*;
 Not that my *Love* will fly away,
 But still continue, as they say,
 Sad troubled *Ghosts* about their *Graves* do stray.

The Tree.

1.

I Chose the flouri'ning'ft *Tree* in all the Park,
 With freshest Boughs, and fairest Head;
 I cut my Love into his gentle Bark,
 And in three days, behold, 'tis dead;
 My very *written Flames* so violent be,
 They've burnt and wither'd up the *Tree*.

2.

How should I live my self, whose *Heart* is found
 Deeply graven every where,
 With the large *History* of many a *Wound*,
 Larger than thy *Trunk* can bear?
 With Art as strange, as *Homer* in the *Nut*,
 Love in my *Heart* has *Volumes* put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
 The *Leaves* and *Beauties* all?
 As a strong *Poyson* with one *drop* does make
 The *Nails* and *Hairs* to fall:
 Love (I see now) a kind of *Witchcraft* is,
 Or *Characters* could ne'er do this.

4.

Pardon, ye *Birds* and *Nymphs*, who lov'd this *Shade*;
 And pardon me, thou gentle *Tree*;
 I thought her *Name* would thee have happy made,
 And blessed *Omens* hop'd from Thee;
 Notes of my *Love*, thrive here (said I) and grow;
 And with ye let my *Love* do so.

5.

Alas, poor Youth, thy Love will never thrive!
 This blasted *Tree* *Predestines* it;
 Go, tye the dismal *Knot* (why should'st thou live?)
 And by the Lines thou there hast writ
 Deform'dly hanging, the *sad Picture* be
 To that unluckly *History*.

Her Unbelief.

1.
TIS a strange kind of *Ignorance* this in you !
 That you your *Victories* should not spy,
 Victories gotten by your *Eye* !
 That your bright *Beams* as those of *Comets* do,
 Should kill, but not know *How*, nor *Who*.

2.
 That truly you my *Idol* might appear,
 Whilst all the *People* smell and see
 The odorous flames, I offer thee,
 Thou fit'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear
 Thy constant zealous *worshipper*.

3.
 They see't too well who at my fires repine,
 Nay th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
 Quick-Ey'd enough to spy my Love ;
 Nor does the *Cause* in thy *Face* clearer shine,
 Than the *Effect* appears in *mine*.

4.
Fair Infidel ! by what unjust decree
 Must I, who with such restless care
 Would make this truth to thee appear,
 Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
 Damn'd by thy *incredulitie* ?

5.
 I by thy *Unbelief* am guiltless slain ;
 Oh have but *Faith*, and then that you
 May know that *Faith* for to be true,
 It shall it self by 'a *Miracle* maintain,
 And raise me from the *Dead* again.

6.
 Mean while my *Hopes* may seem to be o'rethrown ;
 But *Lovers Hopes* are full of *Art*,
 And thus dispute, that since my heart
 Though in thy *Breast*, yet is not by thee known,
 Perhaps thou may'st not know thine *Own*.

The Gazers.

1.

COME let's go on, where *Love* and *Youth* does call ;
 I've seen too much, if this be *all*.
 Alas, how far more *wealthy* might I be
 With a contented *Ign'orant Povertie* ?
 To shew such stores, and nothing grant,
 Is to enrage and *vex* my want.
 For *Love* to *Dye an Infant's* lesser ill,
 Than to live long, yet *live in Child-hood* still.

2.

We 'have both fate gazing only hitherto,
 As *Man* and *Wife* in *Piçure* do.
 The richest crop of *Joy* is still behind,
 And *He* who only *Sees*, in *Love* is *blind*.
 So at first *Pigmalion* lov'd,
 But th' *Amour* at last improv'd,
 The *Statue* 'it self at last a *Woman* grew,
 And so at last, my *Dear*, should you do too.

3.

Beauty to man the greatest *Torture* is,
 Unless it lead to farther blis
 Beyond the tyran'ous pleasures of the *Eye*.
 It grows too *serious a Crueltie*,
 Unless it *Heal*, as well as *strike* ;
 I would not, *Salamander-like*,
 In scorching heats always to *Live* desire,
 But like a *Martyr*, pass to *Heav'en* through *Fire*.

4.

Mark how the lusty *Sun* salutes the *Spring*,
 And gently kisses every thing.
 His loving *Beams* unlock each maiden flower,
 Search all the *Treasures*, all the *Sweets* devour :
 Then on the earth with *Bridegroom-Heat*,
 He does still new *Flowers* beget.
 The *Sun* himself, although *all Eye* he be,
 Can find in *Love* more Pleasure than to *see*.

The Incurable.

I.

I Try'd if *Books* would cure my *Love*, but found
 Love made them *Non-sense* all.
 I apply'd *Receipts* of *Business* to my wound,
 But stirring did the pain recall.

2.

As well might men who in a *Feaver* fry,
Mathematique doubts debate,
 As well might men, who mad in *darkness* ly,
 Write the *Dispatches* of a *State*.

3.

I try'd *Devotion*, *Sermons*, *frequent Prayer*,
 But those did worfe than *useless* prove ;
 For *Prayers* are turn'd to *Sin* in those who are
 Out of *Charity*, or in *Love*.

4.

I try'd in *Wine* to drown the mighty care ;
 But *Wine*, alas, was *Oyl* to th' fire.
 Like *Drunkards* eyes, my troubled *Fancy* there
 Did double the *Desire*.

5.

I try'd what *Mirth* and *Gayety* would do,
 And mixt with pleasant *Companies* ;
 My *Mirth* did graceless and *insipid* grow,
 And 'bove a *Clinch* it could not rise.

6.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at last I try'd,
 'Gainst this some *new desire* to stir,
 And lov'd again, but 'twas where I esp'y'd
 Some faint *Resemblances* of *Her*.

7.

The *Physick* made me worfe with which I strove
 This *Mortal* *Ill* t' expell,
 As wholesome *Medicines* the *Disease* improve,
 There where they *work* not well.

Honour.

I.
SHE *Loves*, and she *confesses* too ;
 There's then at last, no more to do.
 The happy *work's* entirely done ;
 Enter the *Town* which thou hast *won* ;
 The *Fruits* of *Conquest* now begin ;
Iô Triumph! Enter in.

2.
 What's this, ye *Gods*, what can it be ?
 Remains there still an *Enemie* ?
 Bold *Honour* stands up in the Gate,
 And would yet *Capitulate* ;
 Have I o'recome all *real foes*,
 And shall this *Phantome* me oppose ?

3.
Noisy Nothing! *stalking Shade!*
 By what *Witchcraft* wert thou made ?
Empty cause of *Solid* harms !
 But I shall find out *Counter-Charms*
 Thy airy *Devil-ship* to remove
 From this *Circle* here of *Love*.

4.
 Sure I shall rid my self of *Thee*
 By the *Nights* obscurity,
 And obscurer *secrese*.
 Unlike to every other *spright*,
 Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
 Nor appear'st but in the *Light*.

The Innocent Ill.

I.
THOUGH all thy gestures and discourses be
 Coy'd and stamp'd by *Modestie*,
 Though from thy *Tongue* ne're slipt away
 One word which *Nuns* at th' *Altar* might not say,

Yet such a sweetness, such a grace
 In all thy speech appear,
 That what to th' *Eye* a beauteous face,
 That thy *Tongue* is to th' *Ear*.
 So cunningly it wounds the heart,
 It strikes such heat through every part,
 That thou a *Tempter* worle than *Satan* art.

2

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have bin
 So much as of *Original Sin*,
 Such charms thy *Beauty* wears as might
 Defires in dying confest *Saints* excite.
 Thou with strange *Adulterie*
 Dost in each breast a *Brothel* keep ;
Awake all men do *lust* for thee,
 And some *enjoy* thee when they *sleep*.
 Ne're before did *Woman* live,
 Who to such *Multitudes* did give
 The *Root* and *cause* of *Sin*, but only *Eve*.

3.

Though in thy breast so quick a *Pity* be,
 That a *Flies* *Death's* a wound to thee.
 Though savage, and rock-hearted those
 Appear, that weep not ev'n *Romances* woes.
 Yet ne're before was *Tyrant* known,
 Whose rage was of so large extent,
 The ills thou dost are *whole* thine own,
 Thou'rt *Principal* and *Instrument*,
 In all the deaths that come from you,
 You do the *treble* *Office* do
 Of *Judge*, of *Tort'urer*, and of *Weapon* too.

4.

Thou *lovely* *Instrument* of *angry* *Fate*,
 Which *God* did for our faults create !
 Thou *Pleasant*, *Universal* *Ill*,
 Which *sweet* as *Health*, yet like a *Plague* dost *kill* !
 Thou kind, well-natur'd *Tyrannie* !
 Thou *chast* committer of a *Rape* !
 Thou *voluntary* *Destinie*,
 Which no man *Can*, or *Would* escape !
 So gentle, and so glad to spare,
 So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
 (*We* know) e'ven the *Destroying* *Angels* are.

DIALOGUE.

1.

She. **W**Hat have we done? what cruel passion mov'd thee,
 Thus to ruine her that lov'd thee?
 Me thou hast robb'd, but what art thou
 Thy Self the richer now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure;
 So soon is spent, and gone, this thy ill-gotten Treasure.

2.

He. We 'have done no harm; nor was it Theft in me,
 But noblest Charity in Thee.
 I'll the well-gotten Pleasure
 Safe in my Mem'ory Treasure;
 What though the Flower it self do wast,
 The Effence from it drawn does long and sweeter last.

3.

She. No: I'm undone; my Honour Thou hast slain,
 And nothing can restore't again.
 Art and Labour to bestow
 Upon the Carcase of it now,
 Is but t' embalm a body dead,
 The Figure may remain, the Life and Beauty's fled.

4.

He. Never, my dear, was Honour yet undone,
 By Love, but Indiscretion.
 To th' wife it all things does allow;
 And cares not What we do; but How.
 Like Tapers shut in ancient Urns,
 Unless it let in air, for ever shines and burns.

5.

She. Thou first perhaps who didst the fault commit,
 Wilt make thy wicked boast of it.
 For Men, with Roman pride, above
 The Conquest, do the Triumph love:
 Nor think a perfect Victory gain'd,
 Unless they through the streets their Captive lead enchain'd.

6.

Who e're his secret joys has open laid, He.
 The *Baud* to his own *Wife* is made.
 Beside what boast is left for me,
 Whole whole wealth's a *Gift* from *Thee* ?
 'Tis you the *Conquerour* are, 'tis you
 Who have not only *ta'en*, but *bound*, and *gagg'd* me too.

7.

Though publick punishment we escape, the *Sin* She.
 Will rack and *torture* us within :
Quit and *Sin* our bosom bears
 And though fair, yet the *Fruit* appears,
 That *Worm* which now the *Core* does waist,
 When long t'has gnaw'd within will break the *skin* at last.

8.

That *thirsty Drink*, that *Hungry Food* I fought, He.
 That *wounded Balm*, is all my fault.
 And thou in pity didst apply
 The kind and only *remedy* :
 The *Cause* absolves the *Crime* ; since *Me*
 So mighty *Force* did move, so mighty *Goodness* *Thee*.

9.

Curse on thine *Arts* ! methinks I *Hate* thee now ; She.
 And yet I'm sure I *love* *Thee* too !
 I'm *angry*, but my *wrath* will prove
 More *Innocent* than did thy *Love*.
 Thou hast *this day* undone me quite ;
 Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at *night*.

Verses lost upon a Wager.

1.

AS soon hereafter will I *wagers* lay,
 'Gainst what an *Oracle* shall say,
 Fool, that I was, to venture to deny
 A *Tongue* so us'd to *Victory* !
 A *Tongue* so blest by *Nature* and by *Art*,
 That never yet it spoke but gain'd an *Heart* :
 Though what you said, had not been *true*
 If spoke by any else but *you*.
 Your speech will govern *Destiny*,
 And *Fate* will *change* rather than *you* should *Ly*.

'Tis

2.

'Tis true if *Humane Reason* were the *Guide*,
Reason, methinks, was on my side,
 But that's a *Guide*, alas, we must resign,
 When th' *Authority's Divine*.
 She said, she said *herself* it would be so ;
 And', bold *unbeliever*, answer'd *No*,
 Never so justly sure before
Error the name of *Blindness* bore,
 For whatsoe'er the *Question* be,
 There's no man that has *eyes* would bet for *Me*.

3.

If *Truth* it self (as other *Angels* do
 When they descend to humane view)
 In a *Material Form* would daign to shine,
 'T would imitate or borrow *Time*,
 So daz'ling bright, yet so transparent clear,
 So well proportion'd would the parts appear ;
 Happy the eye which *Truth* could see
 Cloath'd in a *shape* like *Thee*,
 But happier far the eye
 Which could thy *shape* naked like *Truth* espy !

4.

Yet this lost *wager* costs me nothing more
 Than what I ow'ed to thee before.
 Who would not venture for that debt to *play*
 Which He were bound howe'er to *pay* ?
 If *Nature* gave me power to write in verse,
 She gave it me thy praises to reherse.
 Thy wondrous Beauty and thy Wit
 Has such a *Sovereign Right* to it,
 That no Mans *Muse* for *publique vent* is free,
 Till she has paid *her Customs* first to *Thee*.

Bathing in the River.

I.

THE *fish* around her crowded, as they do
 To the false light that treach'rous *Fishers* shew,
 And all with as much ease might taken be,
 As she at first took me.
 For ne're did *Light* so clear
 Among the *waves* appear,
 Though ev'ery night the *Sun* himself set there.

Why

2.

Why to *Mute Fish* should'st thou thy self discover,
 And not to me thy no less *silent Lover*?
 As some from *Men* their buried *Gold* commit
 To *Ghosts* that have no use of it!
 Half their rich treasures so
*Maid*s bury; and for ought we know
 (*Poor Ignorants*) they're *Mermaids* all below.

3.

The am'rous *Waves* would fain about her stay,
 But still new am'rous *waves* drive them away,
 And with swift current to those joys they haste,
 That do as swiftly waste,
 I laught the wanton play to view,
 But 'tis, alas, at *Land* so too,
 And still *old Lovers* yield the place to *new*.

4.

Kiss her, and as you part, you am'rous *Waves*
 (*My happier Rivals*, and my *fellow slaves*)
 Point to your flowry banks, and to her shew
 The good your *Bounties* do;
 Then tell her what your *Pride* doth cost,
 And how your *use* and *beauty's* lost,
 When rig'orous *Winter* binds you up with *Frost*.

5.

Tell her, her *Beauties* and her *Youth*, like *Thee*
 Haste without stop to a *devouring Sea*;
 Where they will mixt and *undistinguished* ly
 With all the meanest things that *dy*.
 As in the *Ocean* Thou
 No priviledge dost know
 Above th' *impurest streams* that thither flow.

6.

Tell her, kind *flood*, when this has made her sad,
 Tell her there's yet one *Remedy* to be had;
 Shew her how thou, though long since *past*, dost find
 Thy self yet still *behind*,
Marriage (say to her) will bring
 About the self-same thing.
 But she, fond *Maid*, *shuts* and *seals* up the *spring*.

Love given over.

1.

IT is enough ; enough of time, and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain ;
Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
Thy self with shadows to deceive ;
Think that *already lost* which thou must *never gain*.

2.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years
(Toft in storms of *Hopes* and *Fears*)
Like helpless *Ships* that be
Set on fire i'th' midst o'the *Sea*,
Have all been *burnt in Love*, and all been *drown'd in Tears*.

3.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky *Heart* ;
Since *Fate* does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy *Love*.
And not one *Star* in heav'n offers to take thy part.

4.

If e're I clear my *Heart* from this desire,
If e're it home to its breast retire,
It ne're shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call'd it out :
A *Lover burnt* like me for ever *dreads the fire*.

5.

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and ev'ery *small disease*
May come as oft as *ill Fate* please ;
But *Death* and *Love* are never found
To give a *Second Wound*,
We're by those *Serpents bit*, but we're *devour'd by these*.

6.

Alas, what comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of being *again* o'rethrown ?
Since such an *Enemy* needs not fear
Lest any else should quarter there,
Who has not only *Sack'd*, but quite *burnt down the Town*.

F I N I S.

Pindarique
O D E S,
Written in Imitation of the
STILE and MANNER
OF THE
O D E S
OF
PINDAR.

By *A. COWLEY.*

HOR EP. L. I. 3.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blue Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the
New-Exchange. 1687.

Pindaridae

OLD

ATLANTIC MANNERS

1702

ODES

OF

PINDAR.

By A. COWLEY

Has. Es. Esq.

Pindar's Poems first and separately printed

LONDON

Printed for A. W. Baskin, at the Sign of the Ship
in the Strand, in the Year 1702.



PREFACE.

IF a man should undertake to translate *Pindar* word for word, it would be thought that one *Mad man* had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the *Original*, reads the verbal Translation of him into *Latin Prose*, than which nothing seems more *Raving*. And sure, *Rhyme*, without the addition of *Wit*, and the *Spirit of Poetry* (*quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more *Distracted* than it is in *Prose*. We must consider in *Pindar* the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in *Pictures*, at least the *Colours of Poetry*, the no less difference betwixt the *Religions and Customs* of our Countries, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our Eyes at so great a distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our Ears are strangers to the Musick of his *Numbers*, which sometimes (especially in *Songs and Odes*) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent *Poet*; for though the *Grammarians* and *Criticks* have laboured to reduce his Verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the *Greek and Latin Comedies*) yet in effect they are little better than *Prose* to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of *English Poesie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into *French or Italian Prose*. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by *Pindar*, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a *Richer man* than he was in his own Country. This is in some measure to be applied to all *Translations*; and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferior to their *Originals*. The like happens too in *Pictures*, from the same root of exact *Imitation*; which being a vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen *Originals* both in *Painting and Poesie*, much more beautiful than their *natural Objects*; but I never saw a *Copy* better than the *Original*, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot *beyond the Mark*, it is a thousand

to one if they shoot not *short* of it. It does not at all trouble me that the *Grammarians* perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendring foreign Authors, to be called *Translation*; for I am not so much enamoured of the *Name Translator*, as not to wish rather to be *Something Better*, though it want yet a *Name*. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of *Translating*, or *Imitating* (or what other Title they please) the two ensuing *Odes of Pindar*; for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectifie the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The *Psalms of David*, (which I believe to have been in their *Original*, to the *Hebrews* of his time, though not to our *Hebrews* of *Buxtorfius's* making, the most exalted pieces of *Poesie*) are a great example of what I have said; all the *Translators* of which (even *Mr. Sands* himself; for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost Excellencies of another *Language* with new ones in their own; are so far from doing honour, or at least justice to that *Divine Poet*, that methinks, they revile him worse than *Shimei*. And *Bucanan* himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great Person) comes in my opinion no less short of *David*, than his *Country* does of *Judæa*. Upon this ground, I have in these two *Odes of Pindar*, taken, left out, and added what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the Reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his *way* and *manner* of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into *English*, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in Verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the List of *Pan-ci-rollus*, among the *lost Inventions of Antiquity*. This *Essay* is but to try how it will look in an *English Habit*: for which experiment, I have chosen one of his *Olympique*, and another of his *Nemeæan Odes*; which are as followeth.



THE SECOND

Olympique Ode

OF

PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron Prince of Agrigentum (a famous City in Sicily built by his Ancestors) who in the seventy seventh Olympique won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the Nobility of his Race (whose story is often toucht on) from his great Riches (an ordinary Common-Place in Pindar) from his Hospitality Munificence, and other Virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in Digressions, than in the main subject: And the Reader must not be choqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a Liberty which this kind of Poetry can hardly live without.

O D E.

I.

1 **Q**ueen of all Harmonious things,
Dancing Words, and Speaking Strings,
2 What God, what Hero wilt thou sing?
What happy Man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice.
3 *Pisa does to Jove belong,
Jove and Pisa claim thy Song.*

The

- 4 The fair *First-fruits* of *War*, th' *Olympique Games*,
Alcides offered up to *Jove* ;
Alcides too thy strings may move ;
 But, oh, what *Man* to join with these can worthy prove !
 Join *Theron* boldly to their sacred *Names* ;
Theron the next honour claims ;
Theron to no *man* gives place,
 Is first in *Pisa's*, and in *Virtue's Race* ;
Theron there, and he alone,
 Ev'n his own swift *Forefathers* has outgone.

2.

- 1 They through rough ways, o're many stops they past,
 Till on the fatal bank at last
 2 They *Agrigentum* built, the beauteous *Eye*
 Of fair-fac'ed *Sicilie*,
 Which does it self i'th' *River* by
 With *Pride* and *Joyespy*.
 Then chearful *Notes* their *Painted Years* did sing,
 And *Wealth* was one, and *Honour* th' other *Wing*.
 Their genuine *Virtues* did more sweet and clear,
 In *Fortunes* graceful drefs appear.
 3 To which great *Son* of *Rhea*, say
 The *Firm Word* which forbids things to *Decay*.
 If in *Olympus Top*, where *Thou*
 Sit't to behold thy Sacred *Show*,
 4 If in *Alpheus* silver flight,
 If in *my Verse* thou dost delight,
 My *Verse*, O *Rhea's Son*, which is
Lofty as *that*, and *smooth* as *This*.

3.

- For the past sufferings of this noble Race
 (Since things once *past*, and fled out of thine hand,
 Hearken no more to thy command)
 Let *present joys* fill up their place,
 1 And with *Oblivions* *silent stroke* deface
 Of foregone ills the very *trace*.
 In no illaustrious line
 Do these happy changes shine
 More brightly *Theron* than in thine.
 2 So in the *Crystal Pallaces*
 Of the blue-ey'd *Nereides*
Ino her endless youth does please,
 And *thanks* her fall into the *Seas*.
 3 Beauteous *Semele* does no less
 Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* blefs,
 Whilst sporting with the *Gods* on high,
 4 She'enjoys *secure* their *Company*,
 Plays with *Light'nings* as they fly,
 Nor trembles at the *bright Embraces* of the *Deity*.

4.

- But *Death* did them from future dangers free,
 What God (alas) will *Caution* be
 For *Living* Man's securitie,
 Or will ensure our *Vessel* in this faithless *Sea* ?
 Never did the *Sun* as yet
 So healthful a fair *day* beget,
 1 That *Travelling* *Mortals* might rely on it.
 But *Fortunes* favour and her *Spight*
 Rowl with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night*.
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
 2 Ere since the *fatal* *Son* his *Father* slew,
 And did old *Oracles* fulfill
 Of *Gods* that cannot *Lye*, for they foretel but their own *Will*.

5.

- 1 *Erynnis* saw't, and made in her own seed
 The *innocent* *Parricide* to bleed,
 2 She slew his wrathful *Sons* with mutual blows ;
 But better things did then succeed,
 3 And brave *Thersander* in amends for what was past arose.
 Brave *Thersander* was by none
 In war, or warlike sports out-done.
 4 Thou *Theron* his great virtues dost reve,
 He in *my* *Verse* and *Thee* again does live.
 Loud *Olympus* happy *Thee*,
 5 *Isthmus* and *Nemea* does twice happy see.
 For the *Well-natur'ed* honour there
 Which with thy *Brother* thou didst share,
 Was to thee double grown
 By not being all thine *Own*.
 And those kind pious glories do deface
 The old *Fraternal* quarrel of thy *Race*.

6.

- 1 Greatness of *Mind* and *Fortune* too
 The' *Olympique* *Trophees* shew.
 Both their several parts must do
 In the noble *Chase* of *Fame*,
 This without that is *Blind*, that without this is *Lame*.
 Nor is fair *Virtues* *PicTure* seen aright
 But in *Fortunes* golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
 And on *short-Man* long cannot wait.
 The *Vertuous* make of them the best,
 And put them out to *Fame* for *Interest*.
 With a *frail* good they wisely buy
 The solid *Purchase* of *Eternity*.

They whilst Lives air they breath, consider well and know
Th'account they must hereafter give below.

Whereas th'unjust and Covetous above,

In deep unlovely vaults,

By the just decrees of *Jove*

2 Unrelenting torments prove,

The heavy *Necessary effects* of *Voluntary Faults*.

7.

1 Whilst in the Lands of unexhausted *Light*
O're which the *God-like Suns* unwearied fight,
Ne're *winks* in *Clouds*, or *sleeps* in *Night*,
An endless *Spring* of *Age* the Good enjoy,
Where neither *Want* does *pinch*, nor *Plenty* cloy.

There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they plow,

Nor ought to *Labour* ow

For *Food*, that whilst it *nourishes* does decay,

And in the *Lamp* of *Life* consumes away.

2 *Thrice* had these men through mortal bodies past,

Did *thrice* the tryal undergo,

Till all their *little Drofs* was purg'd at last,

The *Furnace* had no more to do.

Then in rich *Saturns* peaceful state

3 Were they for sacred *Treasures* plac'd,

The *Muse* discovered *World* of *Islands Fortunate*.

8.

Soft-footed Winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd Air.

There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows* glide,

And *golden Trees* enrich their side.

Th' *illustrious Leaves* no dropping *Autumn* fear,

And *Jewels* for their *fruit* they bear.

Which by the *Blest* are gathered

For *Bracelets* to the Arm, and *Garlands* to the Head.

Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live,

1 Wife *Rhadamanthus* did the Sentence give,

Who for his justice was thought fit

With *Soveraign Saturn* on the *Bench* to sit.

Peleus here, and *Cadmus* reign,

Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,

Since his blest *Mother* (who before

Had try'd it on his *Body*' in vain)

Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,

Which did from thence a *divine Hardness* take,

That does from *Passion* and from *Vice Invulnerable* make.

9.

- [To *Theron*, *Muse*, bring back thy wandering Song,
 Whom those bright Troops expect impatiently;
 And may they do so long.
 1 How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly
 At all the *Game* that does but cross thine *Eye*;
 Shoot, and spare not, for I see
 Thy sounding *Quiver* can ne'er emptied be;
 Let *Art* use *Method* and good *Husbandry*,
Art lives on *Natures Alms*, is weak and poor;
Nature herself has unexhausted store,
 Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,
 That no *vulgar Eye* can trace.
Art instead of mounting high,
 About her *humble Food* does hovering fly,
 2 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *rapine* and *noise* does love,
 Whilst *Nature*, like the sacred *Bird of Jove*,
 3 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *silent joy*
 The beauteous *Phrygian Boy*,
 Defeats the *Strong*, or'etakes the *Flying prey*;
 4 And sometimes basks in th'open *Flames of Day*,
 And sometimes too he shrouds
 His soaring *wings* among the *Clouds*.

10.

- Leave, wanton *Muse*, thy roving flight,
 To thy loud *String* the well-fletcht *Arrow* put,
 Let *Agrigentum* be the *But*,
 And *Theron* be the *White*.
 And lest the Name of *Versè* should give
 Malitious men pretext to *misbelieve*,
 By the *Castalian waters* swear
 (A sacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare
 To take in vain,
 1 No more than *Gods* do that of *Styx* prophane)
 Swear in no *City* e're before,
 A better man, or greater-sould' was born,
 Swear that *Theron* sure has *sworn*
 No man *near* him should be *poor*.
 Swear that none e're had such a graceful art,
 Fortunes *free* gifts as *freely* to impart
 With an *Unnervious hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*.

11.

But in this thankless world the *Givers*
 Are *envi'd* ev'en by the *Receivers*.
 'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* fashion,
 Rather to *Hide* than *Pay* the *Obligation*.

Nay 'tis much worfe than fo,
 It now an *Artifice* does grow,
Wrongs and *outrages* to do,
 Left men should think we ow.
 Such *Monsters*, *Theron*, has thy *Virtue* found,
 But all the malice they profefs,
 Thy *secure Honour* cannot wound :
 For thy vast *Bounties* are fo *numberlefs*,
 That them or to *Conceal*, or else to *Tell*,
 Is equally *Impossible*.

NOTES.

I.

PInd. Ἄναξιφόρμιγες ὕμνοι, τίνα θεῶν, τίς Ἡρώα, τίνα δ' ἄνδρα κίλαδιστοῦ; Ἥσαι Πίσα ἢ Δίδος, Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἔρα—σὺν Ἡρακλῆϊ, Ἀκροθίνα πολέμα. Θήρανα δ' τέλοσσις Ἐνεκα νικαφόρου Γεγωνήσον ὅπτι, Δίκαιον ξένου, Ἐρισμῷ Ἀκροθινῶ, Ἐυανύμων τε πατέρων Ἀἰών, ὀρθόπολιον.

Hymni dominantes Cythere, quem Deum, quem Heroem, quem Virum celebrabimus? Pisi quidem Jovis est, Olympicum autem certamen instituit Hercules, primitias belli, sed Theronem ob cursum in quadrigis victorem sonare oportet voce, justum & hospitalem, column Agrigenti, laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem urbium.

1. Whereas Pindar addresses himself to his Song, I change it to his Muse; which, methinks, is better called Ἀναξιφόρμιγξ, than the Ode which she makes Some interpret Ἀναξιφόρμιγες passively (i. e.) as subjects of the Harp; but the other sense is more Grammatical.

2. Horace translates this beginning, Lib. 1. Ode 12. Quem viderum aut Hicra Lyrā vel acri Tibiā sumes celebrare Clio. Quem Deum cuius resonet jocosa Nomen Imago? The latter part of which I have added to Pindar. Horace inverts the order, but the other is more natural, to begin with the God, and end with the Man.

3. Písa, a Town in Elis, where the Olympique Games were celebrated every fifth year by the Institution of Hercules, after he had slain Augias Prince of Elis, in honour of Jupiter, surnamed Olympicus from the Mountain Olympus, which is just by Písa.

4. Ἀκροθίνα. First-fruits, from ἄκρον the Top, and θῆν an Heap, because they were taken from the Top of the Heap of Corn, &c. Some interpret it, the spoils of War dedicated to the Gods; so the old Greek Scholiast. I think the Olympique Games are so called, because they were sacred exercises that disposed and improved men for the War, a Sacred bloodless war, dedicated to the Gods.

2.

Καίοντες οὐ πολλὰ θυμῷ, ἱερὸν νόσον ὄκημα Πόλακῷ, Σικελίαι τε ἔσαν Ὀρθαλιμῶ, αἰὼν τ' ἔρα—τε μέροσι—πλήτων—τε χ' ἔραων ἀγῶν Γρησιῶσις ἐπ' ἀρσιῶσι. Ἄλλ' ὃ Κέσιντε παῖ Πίσας, Ἐδ' ὃ Ὀλύμπια νόμων, Ἀέθλων τε κορυφαῖαν Πόρον τ' Ἄλλεσῶ, Ἰανθείς ἀοιδάων, Ἐυερον ἀνεσεν ἔτι πα—τέρων στίσι κόμισον.

Qui cum multum laborassent animo, sacrum obtinuerunt sedem sitivī, Siciliaq; fuerunt oculus, Vitaq; insequatur felix, divitias & gratiam afferens nativis virtutibus. Verum O Saturnie filii Rheæ, sedem Olympi habitans, & certaminum summitem, riamq; Alphaī, delectatus Hymnis, benevolus, arum patrum adhuc ipsi cura & postero generi.

1. They say, that Amon the Son of Polydorus, the Son of Cadmus, having slain one of his fellow Citizens as he was hunting, fled from Thebes to Athens, afterwards to Rhodes, and from thence into Sicilie, where he built Agrigentum; and from him to Theron are reckoned many Generations; but the Progenitors of Theron in a right line, came not thither till a long time after.

2. I rather chose to call Agrigentum, than Theron's Ancestors (as Pindar does) the Eye of Sicilie. The Metaphor in this sense is more natural. So Julius terms Damascus, τῆς εἰσῆς ἀπὸ τῶν ὀρθαλιμῶν, The Eye of all the East. So Catullus, Sirmion, Insularum ocellum, The Eye of Islands. Agrigentum took the name from the River Acragas, or Agragas, upon which it stands, that from ἄκρον and γῆ, as it were, Primaria terra. An especial soil; or from ἀγρῶς and γῆ, Land good for the plow. I know very well, that it is not certain that this

this Town was built by *Theon's* Ancestors; neither do the words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there: nevertheless, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to take that sense which pleases me best.

3. *Jupiter.*

4. The *River of Elis*, by the side of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated.

3.

Λοιπὸν γένει. ἧ δ' ἢ πεπεργυμένων Ἐν δίκῃ τε καὶ παρὰ δίκην, Ἀποίησον, εἰ δ' ἂν Χρῆνθ-
 ὀ πάϊον παῖθε Δύνατο δέμῳ ἔργων τέλθῃ. Λάθῃ δ' ὀπίσω σὺ ἐυδαίμονι γένει! ἄν.
 Ἐδῶν δ' ἔσθ' ἡμεῖς ἡμεῖς ἡμεῖς Πῆμα δὲ δόκει παλιγκοῖον δαμασθῆν. Ὅταν δ' ἔα μοῖρα
 πέμπη Ἀνεκλῆ ὄλσον ὀλλόν. Ἐπταίη δ' λόγῃ εὐθρένοισι Κάδμοιο κέχθῃ, ἔπα-
 θον αἰμετά, πένθῃ δὲ πῆνθ βαρὺ Κρεσσίων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν. Ζῶει μὲν ἐσ' Ὀλυμπίοις,
 Ἀποθανοῖσι βρέμῳ Κεσσυῖ τανυθείη—εἰ Σεμέλα· φίλει δὲ μιν Παλλάς αἰεὶ, καὶ ζῆος
 πατὴρ μίλα· φίλει δὲ παῖς ὁ κισσοφόρῃ. Λίγυτι δ' ἐν ἡ θαλάσῃ, Μῆλα κέχθῃ
 Νηρηῖ Ἀλλας, βίβον ἀρβύλον Ἰνοὶ τελέχθαι ἢ ὄλον ἀμοῖ χέρον.

*Astorum autem vel jure vel injuriâ insectum ne Tempus quidem omnium pater possit reddere
 operum finem. Sed Oblivio cum sorte prospera fiat. Bonis enim à gaudiis malum molestum domitum
 perit, quando divina fors mittit de caelo altas divitias. Convenit hic sermo Cadmi filibus bono
 sôlo collocatis, ille passus sunt magna (mala) sed gravis luctus opprimitur à posterioribus bonis. Vivit
 quidem in caelo mortua fragore fulminis capillis passis Semele. Pallas autem illam amat, et max-
 imè Jupiter & filius ejus hederiget. Aiunt etiam in mari cum filibus Nerei marinis Inoni vi-
 tam immortalem constitutam esse per omne tempus.*

1. *Eurip.* says excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpose.

Ἦν πάτνια Λήθη ἧ κακῶν ἄς εἰ σφῆ
 Καὶ τείπ δυσχῆσιν ἐυκταία θεός!

O Oblivion the wife Dissolver of Evils, and the Goddess propitious to unhappy men!

2. For the examples of the change of great misfortunes into greater felicities, he makes use of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*; because they were both of *Theon's* race, being the Daughters of *Cadmus*. *Ino*, after her husband *Atamas* in his madness had slain *Leearchus*, believing him to be a wild beast fled with her other Son *Melicerta*, in her arms, to a Rock, and from thence cast her self into the Sea; where, at the desire of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the child a God, and her a Goddess of the Sea; him by the name of *Palemon*, and her of *Leucæthea*. See *Ovid Metam.* l. 4. The Blue-ey'd *Nereides* (*i.*) The *Sea-Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris*. *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Theis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it self.

3. A known Fable. See *Ovid. Metam.* l. 3. *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promise, that he would deny her nothing, askt that he would lie with her in all his Majesty of the Thunderer, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*; which her mortal nature not being able to endure, she was burnt to death with his Thunder and Lightning; but *Bacchus* her child, by *Jupiter*, then in the Womb, was saved; for which reason, I call it her *Midwife Thunder*.

4. *Semele*. Without fear of being burnt again.

4.

Ἦτοι βροτῶν γὰ κέκταται Πῆμα ἔτι θανάτου, εἰ δ' αὖχιμον αἰμῶν Ὀπότῃ παῖδ' αἰεὶ
 Ἀτρεθῆ σὺν ἀγαθῷ Τελέθῃ—τέλεισθῃ. Ῥοαὶ δ' ἀλλοῖ! ἀλλὰ Ἐυθυμῶν τέ μετὰ καὶ Πόνων
 ἐς ἀνδρῶς ἔβαν. Ὅσα δ' μοῖρ' ἔτε παρ' αἶον Τόν δ' ἔχει τ' ἔσθῃρα πότμον, Θεορῶ σὺ
 ὄλθῃ, Ἐπὶ τε καὶ πῆμ' ἀγει Παλινβάπελον ἀλλο χέρον, Ἐξ ἔπερ' ἔκλεινε Λαίον μῦ-
 μῃ· ἦδ' ἔσθ' ἡμεῖς ἡμεῖς ἡμεῖς Πῆμα δὲ δόκει παλιγκοῖον δαμασθῆν. Ὅταν δ' ἔα μοῖρα
 πέμπη Ἀνεκλῆ ὄλσον ὀλλόν. Ἐπταίη δ' λόγῃ εὐθρένοισι Κάδμοιο κέχθῃ, ἔπα-
 θον αἰμετά, πένθῃ δὲ πῆνθ βαρὺ Κρεσσίων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν. Ζῶει μὲν ἐσ' Ὀλυμπίοις,
 Ἀποθανοῖσι βρέμῳ Κεσσυῖ τανυθείη—εἰ Σεμέλα· φίλει δὲ μιν Παλλάς αἰεὶ, καὶ ζῆος
 πατὴρ μίλα· φίλει δὲ παῖς ὁ κισσοφόρῃ. Λίγυτι δ' ἐν ἡ θαλάσῃ, Μῆλα κέχθῃ
 Νηρηῖ Ἀλλας, βίβον ἀρβύλον Ἰνοὶ τελέχθαι ἢ ὄλον ἀμοῖ χέρον.

*Certe terminus nullus cognoscitur mortalium vite, neq; unquam tranquillum diem, filium Solis,
 sic & fatum, quod paternam hanc habet jucundam sortem cum divitiis à Deo profectis, aliquam
 etiam cladem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo fatalis filius occurrans interfecit Laium, &
 in Pythone editum Oraculum vetus perfecit.*

1. Not men that go a journey, but all men, who in this life are termed *Viatores*, *Travellers*.

2. *Oedipus*. Fatal, because of the Predictions. *Laius* King of *Thebes* being married to *Jocasta* the daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the Oracle concerning his *Issue*, and was told that he should be slain by it. Whereupon he commanded *Jocasta* to put to death whatsoever she should bring forth; but she moved with natural compassion, and the great beauty of the *Infant*, caused one of her Servants to expose it in the Woods, who making an hole through the feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from which wound in his feet, he was called *Oedipus*) and so left it. But *Phoebus*, chief *Herdsman* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth* passing by, found the *Child*, and presented it to the Queen his *Mistress*; who having none of her own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her Son; who being come to mans age, and desirous to know the truth of his birth, enquired it of the Oracle; and was answered that he should meet his Father in *Phocis*; whither he went, and there in a tumult ignorantly slew *Laius*, and after married his Mother *Jocasta*, by whom he had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, the latter *Theon's* Ancestor.

Ἰδοῖσα

Ἰδὸσα δ' ὄρε' Ἐρινύς, Πέρεν εἰσὶ σὺν ἀλλαλο—ροῖα γὰρ ὄρεσσιν, Λέσθη θ' Ἰέρων-
δρος, ἰ—εἰπὼντι Πολυνίκῃ, Νέοις ἐν ἀήλοισι, Ἐν μάχῃσι τε πολέμοι Τιμῶνδρῳ, Ἄ-
δρῶντι δ' ἄλλ' ὄρεσσιν δμοιοι, Ὄθεν ἀέρματ' ἔχον—ταρίζαν πέρσει Τὸν Ἄλυσσιν-
δμῳ. Ἐγκομίον τε μέλεον Ἀρσῶν τε, τυγχάνουσι. Ὀλυμπία μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς Γέρας ἔδε-
κτο. Πυθῶνι δ' Ὀμόκλασεν ἐς ἀδελφῶν, Ἰδῶμι τε, κοινὰ χρεῖ—τες ἀνθεα τεθείππων
δυσόδικα δέμων, ἀγαρῶν.

*Sed intuita acris Erinny's interfecit ei per mutuum cædem prolem maritiam, at relictus est Ther-
sander interfecto Polynici juvenilibus & in certaminibus & in pugnis belli honoratus, gemen auxi-
liari Adrastidum domni, à quo seminis habentem radicem decet filium Ænetidam encomiastica
carmina lyræsq; consequi, nam apud Olympiam ipse præmiū accepit, apud Pythonam autem &
Isthmum communes gratiæ ad fratrem ejusdem sortis participem flores attulerunt, quadrigærum du-
odecim cursum conficiētium.*

1. One may ask, Why he makes mention of these tragical accidents and actions of *Oedipus* and his *Sons*, in an *Ode* dedicated to the praise of *Theron* and his Ancestors? I answer, That they were so notorious, that it was better to excuse than conceal them; for which cause he attributes them to *Fatality*; and to mitigate the thing yet more, I add, *The innocent Parricide*.

2. *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: The War of which two Brethren, and their slaughter of one another, is made so famous by *Statius* his most excellent *Poem*, that it is needless to tell their *History*.

3. *Thersander*, the Son of *Polynices* by *Argis*, together with *Diomedes*, brought an Army against *Thebes*, to revenge their Fathers deaths, and took it: After that, he carried fifty Ships to the Siege of *Troy*, and was at last chosen for his valour to be one of the persons that were shut up in the belly of the *Wooden Horse*, and so enter'd the *Town*. Virg. l. 2. *Æn*.

— Let se robore promunt,
Thersanderus, Sibeneusq; Ducis, & dirus Ulyffis.

4. There are several great actions of *Theron's* mentioned in *History*, besides his successes in the *publique Games*, which were in that age, no less honourable than *Victories* in war; as that he expelled *Terillus* out of *Hymera*, which he had usurped, and defeated *Hamilcar*, General of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicilie*, the same day that the *Greeks* overthrew the *Persians* in that memorable *Battel of Salamis*, Herod. l. 7.

5. Because in the *Olympique Games* he obtained the *Victory* alone, in those of *Nemea* and *Isthmus* jointly with his Brother, who had shared with him in the expence of setting forth the *Chariots*.

Τὸ δ' τυχῶν Περὶ ὁμίον ἀγωνίας Παρὰ λυθὲν ὑπὸ φρονῶν. Ὅ μὲν πλῆτ' ἀρσῶν Δεδαι-
δαλιδῶν φέρον τῶν τε καὶ Κλεῶν, βαθῆσαν ὑπὸ χῶν Μέμενον ἀρσῶν. Ἀσπρὸν ἀεί-
ζηλος, ἀλαθινὸν Ἀνδρῶν φέρον, ἢ δὲ μιν ἔχει τις, εἶδε τὸ μέλλον, Ὅτι θανόντων μὲν
ἐν—θάδ' ἀσπρὸν ἀπάλαμνοι φέροντες Ποινὰς ἔτισον, τὰ δ' ἐν τὰδε διδὸς ἀρχα. Ἀλλ' ἴδ' ἀπὸ
γῆς δικάζει τις, ἔχθη δὲ λόγον φερόντων ἀνάγκη.

*Successus certaminibus dispellit molestias, divitiæ autem virtutibus ornata afferunt (hujus rei) op-
portunitatem indagatricem, sustinentes profundam sollicitudinem. (O Divitiæ) stella præfulgida,
verum homini lumen! quæ eas habet, etiam futurum hovit, quod mortuorum hic intricabiles men-
tes penas lunt, & quæ fiant in hoc Jovis imperio scelera judicat aliquis, inimicū sententiā pro-
nuntians necessitate.*

1. The Connexion of this *Stanza* is very obscure in the *Greek*, and could not be rendered without much *Paraphrase*.

2. This is not a *Translation* of *Τὰ δ' ἐν τὰδε διδὸς ἀρχα*, &c. for that is rendered by (*Above*) but an *innocent addition* to the *Poet*, which does no harm, nor, I fear, much *Good*.

Ἴσον ἢ νύκλειον αἰετῶν, Ἴσον ἐν ἀμέροισι ἄλλοις—ον ἔχοντες, ἄπονεύσων Ἐδδαὶ νέμονται
βίο—τον, ἢ χθόνα παρῶν—τες ἀλλὰ χερῶν, ἢ ἐκ πόντιον ὕδαρ, Κεινὰν παρῶν διαίταν, ἀλλὰ
παρῶν μὲν τιμῶν θείων, ὅσιν ἐξέχου—ρον εὐροκίαις Ἀδακρον νέμονται Ἀἰῶνα, τοὶ δ' ἀπο-
σπασ—τον ὀχέοντι πόνον. Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἐς τρεῖς Ἐκατέρωθι μόναντες, Ἀπὸ πάντων
ἀδικῶν ἔχου Ψυχῶν, ἔτελει δὲ δὲ Ὅσον παρῶν Κεῶν τύρων.

*At equaliter noctu semper, equaliter interdii Solem habentes non laboriosam boni degunt vitam;
neq; terram neq; marinam aquam vexantes robore manuum inopem propter vitium, sed apud ho-
noratos deos (vel, cum iis qui honorantur à Diis) illi qui gaudebant fidelitate, illachrymabili
finantur suo, alii autem intolerabilem visū patiuntur cruciatum. Quicumq; sustinuerunt ter com-
morati continere animam ab omnibus injustis, peregrinunt Jovis viam ad Saturni urbem.*

1. A description of the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Elysian Fields*, so often mentioned by the *Poets*, and much after this manner. *Valer*. Hac lucet via latè igne Dei, donec silvas & amana
piorum Diviniant, campisq; ubi Sol, totumq; per annum Durat aprica dies.

Virg. Æn. 6. Devenere locos letos & amena vireta
 Fortunatorum nemorum sedesq; beatas
 Largior hic campos æther, & lumine vestit
 Eurpateo, solentis suum, sua sidera norunt.

In which Homer shews the way to Pindar, and all. *Odyss.* 4.

Ἄλλ' σ' ἐς Ἠλύσον πεδῖον καὶ πέρας αἰνῆς
 Ἀθάναίῳ πέμψουσιν, ὅδε Ζεῦ πάριος Ῥαδάμανθυς,
 Τῷ περ ῥήσῃ βιοτὴ πάλιν ἀνθρώποισιν.
 Ὅυ μιν εἶδος, ἔτ' αἰεὶ χεῖμων πολὺς, ἐπὶ πόλ' ὀμβροῖς,
 Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ ζεφύρου λίγυ τρεῖσιν αἰεταῖς
 Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίστην, ἀναλύχων ἀνθρώπους.

2. According to the opinion of Pythagoras, which was much followed by the Poets, and became them better, that souls pass still from one body to another, till by length of time, and many penances, they had purged away all their imperfections. *Virg. Æn.* 6.

—Pauci leta arva tenemus,
 Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe,
 Concreta exemit labem, puraque relinquit
 Athyrium solum atq; auræ simplicis ignem.
 —Anime quibus altera fato
 Corpora debentur.

And a little before,

But the restriction of this to the third *Metempsychosis*, I do not remember any where else. It may be *thrice* is taken here indefinitely for several times, as is most frequent among the Poets.

2. *Saturn* is said to govern here, because the *Golden-Age* was under his reign, from the resemblance of the condition of mankind then, to that of the *Blessed* now in the other World.

8.

Ἐνθα μακρῶν Νῶσιν Ὠκεανίδης ἄνθηα καὶ χρυσὸν φλέγει, τὰ μὲν χρυσὸν ἀπ' ἀ—γαλῶν δένδρων, ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρει, Ὀρμοισὶ τῷ χέρας ἀνα—πλάκοντι καὶ σφάλλοις, βαλαῖς ἐν ὀρθαῖς Ῥαδάμανθυθ', Ὀν παλῆρ ἔχει Κρόνος ἐτόιμον αὐτῷ παρθέδρον Πόσις δ' τάνων Ῥέας ὑπέρτατον ἐχοῖσας θεῶνον. Πηλῆς τε καὶ Κασδμος ἐν τοῖσιν ἀλέγονται, Ἀχιλλεῖα τ' ἔνεικ', ἐπὶ Ζηνὸς ἠτορ λίσσας ἔπεισε μάτηρ.

Ūbi beatorum Infulam Oceanides ausse perfant, florēq; aurī conuſcant, alii quidem in humo ab illustribus arboribus, alios autem aqua educat, quorum monilibus manus implicant & corollis (capita) juxta recta decreta Rhadamanthi, quem pater Saturnus maritus Rheæ omnium supremum habitus solium, dignum sibi habet Affestorem, Peleus, & Cadmus inter hos recensentur, Achillēus; to transfudit mater, postquam Jovis animum precibus flexit. There follows a Description of *Achilles*, from the slaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus*, and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out; and instead of it, to add by what means *Thetis* made his *Soul*, that was before so tainted with *Anger*, *Pride*, and *Cruelty*, capable of being admitted into this place; which I believed it not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as she had formerly done his *body*, all but his *heel*, by which she held him, and which was therefore the only part where he was *Vulnerable*. That the water of *Styx* might have the like effects upon his *Soul*, I am authorized to feign, by the common Tradition of the *Water of Lethe*, whose power upon the *Soul* is no less.

1. Of the three Judges of the Dead, he names only one. *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, &c.

And the Grammarians derive his name from ῥήτωρ and δαμάω from taming men by the severity of his justice. *Cadmus* was chosen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent reason, *Theron* being descended from him; as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular cause. The Poets imitate sometimes the *Divine* proceeding, and will have *mercy* on whom they will have *mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar merit. It was not hard indeed for those two to be admitted here; for *Æacus*, one of the three Judges, was *Father* to the one, and *Grandfather* to the other. I make bold to add, that the Poets are there too, for *Pindar's* honour, that I may not say, for *mine own*.

9.

Πολλὰ μοι κατ' ἀγκῶνθ' ὠκέα βέλη Ἐνδον ἐνὶ καρτέρῃσιν φανᾶντα συνέοισιν, ἐς δὲ τὸ πρῶτον ἐριπύσαν χαλκίζουσας ὁ πολὺ καὶ εἰδὸς φύξ, Μαιδόντες καὶ λαβροὶ Παύλαγυα κότευ- κες ὄς, Ἀκρογῆνα γαρύσειν διδς πρὸς ὀρθῆν θεῶν.

Malte

Multa mihi sub cubito celeres Sagittæ intrâ Pharetram sunt sonantes prudentibus, apud vulgus autem interpretibus egent. Sapiens est qui multa novit naturæ viribus, qui disciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate sicut Corvi irrita clamant adversus Jovis Avem divinam.

1. The Connexion in the Poet is very obscure. This Metaphor of *Quiver and Arrows* does much delight him. *Olymp. 13.* Ἐμέ δ' εὐθὺν ἀκόντων ἰὺντα βέβηκον περὶ σκόπον ἢ χερσὶ τὰ πᾶσι βέβηκα καθύπευρ' ἔχειν. *Me autem vellum telorum mittentem, turbinem præter scopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manibus.* The like is in the first *Olympique*, and divers other places. *Horace* in imitation.

Prome reconditum Thalia telum, &c.

2. *Pindar* falls frequently into this common place of preferring *Nature* before *Art*, as in the first *Nemean Ode*, &c. The Scholiast says, he does it in derogation from his adversary *Bacchilides*. The comparison of *Art* to a *Crow*, and *Nature* to an *Eagle*, is very nobly extravagant, but it was necessary to enlarge it.

The Poets feigned, that the *Eagle* carried *Jove's Thunder*, because of the strength, courage, and swiftness of that Bird. They likewise feigned, that *Jupiter* falling in love with *Ganymedes*, the Son of *Tros*, a most beautiful Boy, carried him up to Heaven upon the back of an *Eagle*, there to fill *Nectar* to him when he feasted, and for a more ungodly use. *Hor.*

Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.

4. Nothing but the *Eagle* is said to be able to look full right into the *Sun*, and to make that trial of her young ones, breeding up none but those that can do so.

10.

Ἐπεχευὴν σκοπῶν τόξον Ἄγε θυμὲ, τίνα βάλλομαι Ἐκ μαλθακάσ' αὖτις φρεσὶς δουκλῆς εἰς εἰς Ἰέντες; ὅτι τοὶ Ἀκράγαντι ταύσας, Ἀυδίσσεται ἄνεγκιον λόγον ἀληθεῖ νόσφ, Τοκῆν μὴ τὴν ἐκείδν Γ' ἐτέον πόλιν φίλοις ἀνδράσ' μάλλον Ἐυεργέταν περὶ στίον, ἀφ' ἑστέον τε χερσῶν.

Intende nunc arcum in scopum; agedum anime mi; Quem petimus ex molli mente gloriosas sagittas mittentes? In Agrigentum dirigens proferam veraci mente jurandum peperisse nullam centum annis civitatem virum amicis magis benevolum peioris, & minus invidum manu.

1. *Virg.*

—Stygiâmq; paludem
Dii cuius jurare timent & fallere numen.

Castalian waters. A fountain in *Phocis*, at the foot of *Parnassus*, dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses*; so called from the *Virgin Castalia*, who flying from *Apollo*, was there turned into a *Fountain*.

11.

Ἄλλ' αἶνον ἔβα κόρως, ἢ δίκῃ συναντίσθω, ἀλλ' ἀ μέρων ἰσ' ἀνδρῶν Τὸ λαλαγγῆσαι θέλων Κρόνον τε θέλω ἐβλάν κακοῖς Ἐργοῖς, ἐπὶ τείμαθ' αἰεθμῶν περὶ πτόδωγεν, κείνθ' ὅσα χάρματ' ἀλλοῖς ἔδωκεν, τίς εἴν φεῖσαι δύναιο;

Sed Invidia laudem iniquam in justis occurrens, à finiosis viris inmultuari volens, & occultare beneficia injuriis. Siquidem arena numerum refugit, ille quot gaudia aliis contulerit quis recensere poterit?

THE FIRST
Nemeæan Ode
OF
PINDAR.

Chromius, the Son of Agefidamus, a young Gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the Chariot-Race in the Nemeæan Games (a Solemnity instituted first to celebrate the Funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the Conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion, the Poet begins with the commendation of his Country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an Island belonging to Sicilie, and a part of Syracuse, being joyned to it by a Bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made Governour of that Town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius his person, which he draws from his great endowments of Mind and Body, and most especially from his Hospitality, and the worthy use of his Riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules, and according to his usual manner of being transported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, passing into a Digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two Serpents in his Cradle, concludes the Ode with that History.

O D E.

I.

Beauteous Ortygia, the first breathing place
Of great Alpheus close and amorous race,
Fair Delos Sister, the Child-Bed
Of bright Latona, where she bred
The Original New-Moon,
Who saw't her tender Forehead e're the Horns were grown.
Who like a gentle Scion, newly started out,
From Syracuse's side doft sprout.

Thee first my *Song* does greet
 With numbers smooth and fleet,
 As thine own *Horses* airy feet,
 When they young *Chromius* Chariot drew,
 And o're the *Nemeæan* race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my *Song* and *Me*,
 7 *Jove* is concern'd in *Nemea*, and in *Thee*.

2.

1 With *Jove*, my *Song* ; this happy man,
 Young *Chromius* too with *Jove* began ;
 From hence came his success,
 Nor ought he therefore like it less,
 Since the best *Fame* is that of *Happiness*.
 For whom should we esteem above
 The *Men* whom *Gods* do love ?
 'Tis them alone the *Muse* too does approve.
 Lo how it makes this victory shine
 2 O're all the fruitful *Isle* of *Proserpine* !
 The *Torches* which the *Mother* brought
 When the ravish'd *Maid* she sought,
 Appear'd not half so bright,
 but cast a weaker light,
 Through *earth*, and *air*, and *Seas*, and up to th' *heavenly Vault*.

3.

1 To thee, O *Proserpine*, this *Isle* I give,
 Said *Jove*, and as he said,
 2 Smil'd, and bent his gracious *Head*.
 And thou, O *Isle*, said he, for ever thrive,
 And keep the *value* of our *Gift* alive.
 As *Heaven* with *Stars*, so let
 The *Country* thick with *Towns* be set,
 And numberless as *Stars*
 Let all the *Towns* be then
 Replenish'd thick with *Men*,
 Wise in *Peace*, and bold in *Wars*.
 Of thousand glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,
 Of thousand glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Constellation*.
 Nor let their *warlike Laurel* scorn,
 3 With the *Olympique Olive* to be worn,
 Whose gentler *Honours* do so well the *Brows* of *Peace* adorn.

4.

1 Go to great *Syracuse*, my *Muse*, and wait
 At *Chromius* Hospitable Gate.
 'Twill open wide to let thee in,
 When thy *Lyres* voyce shall but begin.
Joy, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within.

The *Tyrian Beds* thou shalt find ready dress,
 The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feast,
 The *Table* which is free for every *Guest*,
 No doubt will *thee* admit,
 And feast more upon *Thee*, than *Thou* on it.
 Chromius and *Thou* art met aright,
 2 For as by *Nature* thou dost *Write*,
 So he by *Nature Loves*, and does by *Nature Fight*.

5.
 1 *Nature* her self, whilst in the *Womb* he was,
 Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the *Forming Mass*,
 They mov'd the *vital Lump* in every part,
 And carv'd the *Members* out with wondrous art.
 She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage*, and with *Wit*,
 And a vast *Bounty*, apt and fit
 For the great *Dowre* which *Fortune* made to it.
 'Tis *Madness* sure *Treasures* to hoord,
 And make them *useless*, as in *Mines*, remain,
 To lose th' *Occasion* *Fortune* does afford
 Fame, and publick *Love* to gain.
 Even for *self-concerning ends*,
 'Tis wiser much to hoord up *Friends*.
 Though *Happy men* the *present* goods possess,
 Th' *Unhappy* have their share in *future* *Hopes* no less.

6.
 How early has young *Chromius* begun
 The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how swiftly run,
 And born the noble *Prize* away,
 Whilst other youths yet at the *Barriere* stay?
 1 None but *Alcides* e're set earlier forth than *He*;
 The *God*, his *Fathers*, *Blood* nought could restrain,
 'Twas ripe at *first*, and did disdain
 The slow advance of dull *Humanitie*,
 The big-limb'd *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,
 Too weighty to be rockt by *Nurses* hands,
 Wrapt in *Purple Swadling-bands*.
 When, *Lo*, by jealous *Juno's* fierce commands,
 Two dreadful *Serpents* come
 Rowling and hissing loud into the room,
 To the *bold Babe* they trace their *bidden way*,
 Forth from their flaming *eyes* dread *Lightnings* went,
 Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thunderbolts* present.

7.
 1 Some of th' amazed *Women* dropt down dead
 With fear, some wildly fled
 About the *Room*, some into corners crept,
 Where silently they shook and wept.

All naked from her Bed the *passionate Mother* left
 To *save* or *perish* with her *Child*,
 She *trembled*, and the *cry'd*, the *mighty Infant* *smil'd*.
 2 The *mighty Infant* seem'd well pleas'd
 At his *gay gilded* foes,
 And as their *spotted* necks up to the *Cradle* rose,
 With his *young warlike* hands on both he *seis'd* ;
 In *vain* they *rag'd*, in *vain* they *hif*,
 In *vain* their *armed Tails* they *twist*,
 And *angry Circles* cast about,
Black Blood, and *fiery Breath*, and *poys'nous Soul* he *squeezes* out.

8.

1 With their *drawn Swords*
 In ran *Amphitryo*, and the *Theban Lords*,
 2 With *doubting Wonder*, and with *troubled joy*
 They *saw* the *conquering Boy*
Laugh, and *point* downwards to his *prey*,
 Where in *deaths pangs*, and their *own gore* they *folding* lay.
 3 When *wife Tiresias* this *beginning* knew,
 He *told* with *ease* the *things t'ensue*,
 4 From what *Monsters* he *should* free
 5 The *Earth*, the *Air*, and *Sea*,
 6 What *mighty Tyrants* he *should* slay,
 Greater *Monsters* far than *They*.
 7 How much at *Phlegras* field the *distrest Gods* *should* ow
 To their *great Off-spring* here *below*,
 And how his *Club* *should* there *outdo*
 8 *Apollo's* *silver Bow*, and his *own Fathers* *Thunder* too.

9.

1 And that the *grateful Gods* at *last*,
 The *race* of his *laborious Virtue* *past*,
Heaven, which he *sav'd*, *should* to him *give*,
 2 Where *marry'd* to *eternal Youth* he *should* for *ever* live ;
 Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his *senses* *please*
 In their *harmonious golden Palaces*.
 Walk with *ineffable Delight*
 Through the *thick Groves* of *never-withering Light*,
 And as he *walks* *affright*
 The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,
 3 *Bull*, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monsters* there.

NOTES.

I.

1. **Ἀμνῶμα σιμῶν Ἀλφειῶ.** *Respiramen reverendum Alphi.* Alpheus was a River in Elis, which the Poets feigned to have fallen in love with the Nymph *Arcthusa*, whom when he was ready to ravish, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*; which left her *Lover* should mix his waters with hers, fled by secret ways under ground, and under the Sea into *Sicily*, rising up in the Island *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* also followed, and there mingled with her.

2. **Δάλω καθ' ἡνίκα.** *Delis soror.* The Commentator says, because *Delos* too was called *Ortygia*. I think, because *Apollo* was born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Islands* too, where they were born, *Sisters*. Hom. Hymn.

Καὶ με μίκαρ' ὃ Ληϊοῖ ἐπέ τίκας ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
Ἀπόλλωνα τ' ἄσπασα καὶ Ἀρτεμιὶν Ἰοχίαιον,
Τὴν ἰδὼν ἐν Ὀρτυρίῃ, ἣ ἤ κεραναῖ ἐνὶ Δύλω.

Which for *Pindar's* sake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Island among the *Cyclades* of the same name.

3. **Δίεινον Ἀρτέμιδος.** *Cubile Artemidii.* Because she was born there, I therefore chose rather to call it *Latona's Child-Bed*, than her *Bed*.

4. Because other *New Moons* seem but returns of *Diana* (which is the same with the Goddess *Luna*) then she had her beginning.

5. **Κλειῶν Συρακοῶν θάλασσα.** *Genetrix insularum Syracusarum*, for the reason mentioned in the Argument.

6. **Σίθεν ἀδελπῆς ὕμνον ὀρμαῖται θειῶν Αἰῶν ἀλλοπίδων μέγαν ἵππον, Ζηνὸς Ἀϊναιὸς χάσει.** *Arma d' ὄρῳνης Χερμίου, Νεμεία δ' ἐργμασινικαῶρες Ἐρχώμιον ζεύξαι μέλω.* *A te suavitatis Hymus cum impetu aggreditur exponere magnam laudem procellipidum equorum in Jovis Aetnae gratiam, Curvus etiam Chromii & Nemea me incitant ut adjungam meam laudatorium milos triumphantibus (certaminum) laboribus.*

7. In *Nemea*; because *Hercules* having slain the *Nemean Lion*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemeae*, and dedicate the *Games* to him. In *Thee*: For having given this Island to *Proserpine*, for *Ceres* sake, for the birth of *Diana*; for being himself surnamed (as before) *Aetnaean Jupiter*, from *Aetna*, where his *Thunder* was likewise forged.

2.

1. **Ἀρχαὶ ἢ βέλωνται θεῶν Κόνη σὺν ἀνδρῶς δαιμονίας ἀρεταίς.** *Est d' ἐν εὐλοχίῃ πανδοξία ἄρεων.*

Proemia sumpta sunt a Diis & illius viri felicibus virtutibus, est enim in felicitate summum fastigium omnis gloriae.

2. Of these *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Aetna*, and carried with her all about the world in the search of *Proserpine*, *Claudia* speaks thus, *L. 3. de R. Proserp.*

— Quacumq; it, in aequore sultis
Adnatas umbra fretis, extremaq; lucis imago
Italiam Lybiamaq; ferit, clarescit Hetruscum
Litus, & accenso resplendent aequore Syrtis.

At *Enna*, where *Ceres* was most religiously worshipped, her *Statue* was made with *Torches* in her hands. See *Tull. 4. Agr. in Ver.*

3.

1. **Νῦν ἔγχε' ἀγλαίαν τινὰ νῆσῳ, Τῶν Ὀλύμπω δεσπότης Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν Περσέρον, κατίνδυσεν τε οἱ χαλταῖς, αἰεῖ—δύσαν εὐάρεστον χθονὸς Σικελίας κισθῶν ἐρεθίστην πορφυρῆς πόλεον ἀφρῆαις.** *Ἦσπασ' ἢ Κερνίων Πολέμου μνηστῆρ' οἱ χαλκονήϊο Λαδὸν Ἰσπαρχίμων, θάμα δ' ἢ Ὀλυμ—πιάδων φύλλοις ἐλαυδῶν χερσὶ τοῖς μετ' ἑβρίαι.*

Nunc excita splendorem aliquem Imule quam Olympi Dominus Jupiter dedit Proserpinæ & annuit capillis se principem fertilis soli Siciliam pinguem exaltaturum celsibus fastigiis civitatum, deditq; eis Saturnius populum equis gaudentem, & memorem ferrei belli quæ sepe etiam solis aureis Olympicarum Olivarum se immisceret.

2. **Καλῶς δὲ τὸ οἱ χαλταῖς.** Is very eloquent in the Greek, but I know not how to render

render it but by *Head*. Homer expresses the same sense most excellently. *Il.* 1.

Ἦ ἢ κυανέρον ἐπ' ὄρουσ' ἰδῶσι Κερίων
Ἀμύρσοισι δ' ἄρα χαίται ἐπιπέριόσωντο ἄνακτι
Κερίος δ' ἄν' ἀθανάτοιο.

3. Pindar in his third *Olympique*, by a great *Geographical Error* (but pardonable in those times) says, that *Hercules* obtained of the *Hypereboreans* at the Fountain of *Ister*, or the *Danube* Plants of *wild-Olives*, to set about the Temple of *Jupiter* in *Pisa*; and ordained, that the *Conquerours* in those Games should always be crown'd with Garlands of the said *Olives*. It may be askt, in the celebration of a *Nemeæan* Victory, why he rather mentions the *Olympique* Prizes born away by the *Sicilians*, than those of *Nemea*? Some say, that in the *Nemeæan* Games too, the like Olive-Garlands were used at first before those of *Apium*; which I hardly believe, if the Institution of them was to celebrate a Funeral, as the general opinion is. I think he chuses the *Olympique* Games, only because they were the most famous of all.

4.

1. Ἔσαν δ' ἐπ' αὐλίας θύραις Ἀνδρῶν φιλοξέων κατὰ μετόπισθε,
Δῖον κούρσμησαι. Θάμα δ' ἄλλοδαπῶν ἐκ ἀπείροιο ὄμοιο ἐνλί.
Steti autem in vestibulo vitæ hospitalis egregie cantans, ubi mihi conveniens cæna adornata est, neq; enim frequentium peregrinorum ignare sunt ædes ejus.

2. Τέχναι δ' ἕτερον ἔτασαι, χρῆ δ' ἐν εὐθείαις ὄδοις Σπείχονησ' ἀμάρναδ' οὐά. *Aliæ aliorum artes sunt, sed oportet relictis in viis ambulantem naturâ pugnare.*

5.

1. Πρῶται δ' ἔργω μὲν θένθ' Βυλαῖσ' ἢ φθην, ἰσοδύμων περὶ δῶν Σύζηνες οἷς ἔπειαι.
Ἀγροσάμε παῖσ' ἰσ' ἀμφὶ βόσπο Τῶν τε χ' ἴσ' χερίσσι. ἐκ ἔραμαι πολλῶν ἐν μετάρω πλῆ—
τοι καίκαρτέλαι ἔχων, Ἄλλ' ἐβόλον ἐν τε παθῆν χ' ἀκῆ—σαι, φίλοισ' ἔξαρκῶν. Κοινὰ δ' ἔρχοντ' ἐλπίδες Πολυπόνων ἀνδρῶν. *Auxiliatur enim operi quidem robur, consiliiis autem mens, quibus naturalis est futurorum providentia. Tuis autem in moribus, ð Agelidami filii, horum ἔ- illo-
rum est usus. Non cupio multas in ædibus divitias absconditas habere, sed ex iis que adsunt bona percipere, ἔ- binè audire amicis subveniens, communis enim veniunt spes ætunotioform.*

6.

1. Ἐγὼ δ' Ἦ Ἡρακλῆσ' ἀνίχουμαι περσφῶνας, Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρείων μετὰλαις Ἀρχαῖων
ὄβρων λόγον, ἔ-
Ego autem Herculeum amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis antiquum profertens sermonem, ἔ-.

Pindar, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find as he can, the connexion between *Chromius* and the story of *Hercules*, which it seem'd to me necessary to make a little more perspicuous.

7.

1. Ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἀτλαῖον δέθ' Πλάξ' ἔ γυναῖκας ὄσαι τύχων Ἀλκμήνας ἀφροισαί λέχει, καὶ
δ' αὐτὰ ποσσὶν ἀπεπλῶθ' ὄρεσσο' ἄπο σρωναῖ, ὄμοιο Ἄμυνον ὕβεν κροδέλαιν.
Intolerabilis metus percussit mulieres que inferuebant Alcmenæ lecto, quinetiam ὄσα sine vestibus profliens pedibus è lecto propulsavit injuriam bestiarum.

2. Ἐς θαλάμῳ μυχῶν εὐρὺν ἕβαν Τῆ—κροισιν ὀκίας γνάθος Ἀμφελίξσδ' μεμῶτες:
ὄ δ' ὄρ—θῶν μὲν ἀνίχουμαι κάρα, Περσῶτο δ' πρῶτον μάχης. *In thalami penetralia lata venerunt pueris celeses malas circumplicare gestientes, sed ille rectum extendit caput, ἔ- speciem primum pugne edidit. I leave out the mention of his Brother Iphiclus, who lay in the same Cradle, because it would but embroil the story, and adds nothing to the similitude. Pherecydes writes, that Amphitryo himself put these Serpents into the Chamber, to try which was his, and which Jupiters Son.*

8.

1. Τὰχ' ὄ Κασμάων ἀροὶ χαλ—κίαισιν ὄπλοισ' ἀθροῖσ' ἔδραμον, Ἐν χρεῖ δ' Ἀμφι-
τρύων κολῆτ' ἰμῶν ξιρῶθ' ἐκλινάσων Ἰκε' ὄξείαις ἀνίσασιν τυπῆσι. *Confestim autem Cadmaeorum duces æreis cum armis accurrerunt, Amphitryo quoq; nudum vaginâ insensum quatiens venit acutis doloribus sauciis. I leave out a sentence that follows; which is a wise saying, but methinks to no great purpose in that place.*

2. This is excellently expressed in the Greek, Ἔτα δ' θαμῶν δυσφόρῳ Τερπῶν τε μυχῶν, *Constitit autem stipore acerbo delectabilibus permixtus.*

3. Τῶτον δ' ἐκάλεισιν ὄδ' ὄβι—σιν προφάταν ἔρχοντ' Ὀρθόμανθιν Τερπῶν ὄ δ' ὄ φραξέ
χ' ὄ πάνσι σεαπῆ, ποίαις ὄμιλήσει τύχαις. *Vicium itaq; adlocavit Jovis altissimi Prohibitam eximium*

eximium vera vaticinante Tiresiam, hic autem ei dixit totiq; turbe in quibus versatus esse fortunis.

4. "Οαυος μὲν ἐν χέρσιν κίαναν, "Οαυος δ' ἐν πόντῳ θῆρας αἰδέσθικας, καὶ τινα σὺν πλάτῃ Ἀνδρῶν κόρη σίγαλτα ἢ ἐχθροτάταν φασὶν νῦν δάσκειν μέγαν, καὶ ὃ δ' ἔταυ θεοὶ ἐν πείθῳ ἐλέγχεις γισάνεσσιν μέγαν. Ἀνιδέουσι θελίαν ἄσπερον—πᾶσι κένη φασθίμων γαίᾳ περὶ φησὶν ἄβυσσον. Quot in terra interfecturus esset, quot in mari belluas perniciosas, & niam hominum cum obliqua insolentia incendi inimicissimo mortem daret, quinetiam cum Diis cum Gigantibus in campo Phlegræ prælio occurrerent, telorum illius impetu præclaram pulvis commixtum in illorum comam. Where I have ventured to change what he says of his Darts, into his Club, that being his most famous Weapon.

5. The Earth; as the Erymanthian Bore, the Nemean Lyons. The Air, as the Stymphalian Birds. And the Sea, as the Whale, which the Scholiast says he slew, and cites Homer for the Story.

6. As Anteus, Busiris, Augias, &c.

7. The place of the battle between the Gods and the Giants, was Phlegra, a Town in Thrace, where the Earth pronounced an Oracle, that the Giants could not be destroyed, but by the help of two Heroes, or Half-Gods; for which purpose, the Gods made choice of Hercules and Bacchus, and by their assistance got the victory. Phlegra is called ὁ τόπος ἑλέγχεος, To burn; perhaps, because of the Giants being destroyed there chiefly by Thunder; or as others, from Baths of Hot-water which arise there. Eustathius says, it was likewise called Pallene, and gave occasion to the Fable of the Giants fight, from the wickedness of the Inhabitants.

8. According to Homer's ordinary Epithete of Apollo, Ἄργυροτόξος, Silver-bow'd.

9.

1. Ἄσπερον μὲν ἐν ἀθήνῃσιν τὴν ἅπαντα χερσὶν χερσὶν Ἡσυχίαν καμάτων μεγάλων ποιῶν λαχόντ' ἐξείρετον, Ὀλβίοις ἐν δόμοισι δεξάμενον θαλασπὸν ἦσαν ἀκοίην, καὶ γυμνὸν δαίσαυλα παρ' Διὶ Κρονίδα, Σουμνὸν αἰνήσειν δ' αὖθις. Ipsum vero in pace omne tempus diuturnis laborum, tranquillitatem magnorum laborum premium eximium consequutum, recepta in beatis ædibus Hebe conjugis florente, & nuptiis celebratis in domo Jovis venerandi quam ipse admiratione videret.

2. The Names of Constellations, so called first by the Poets, and since retained by the Astronomers. They might be frighted by Hercules, because he was the famous Monster-killer.

The

The Praise of Pindar.

In Imitation of *Horace* his second Ode, B. 4.*Pindarum quisquis studet annulari, &c.*

I.

- 1 **P**indar is imitable by none ;
 The *Phoenix* Pindar is a vast *Species alone*.
 Who e're but *Dædalus* with waxen wings could fly
 And neither *sunk* too low, not *soar* too high ?
 What could he who *follow'd* claim,
 But of vain *boldness* the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a *Sea* to name ?
 Pindar's unnavigable Song
 Like a swoln *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours along.
 The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice*
 From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noise.

2.

- So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul
 1 Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,
 Which in no *Channel* deigns t'abide,
 2 Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul.
 Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he sings
 In a no less *Immortal strain*,
 3 Or the great *Aëts* of *God-descended Kings*,
 Who in his *Numbers* still survive and *Reign*.
 Each rich embroidered *Line*,
 Which their triumphant *Brows* around,
 By his sacred *Hand* is bound,
 4 Does all their *starry diadems* outline.

3.

- Whether at *Pisa's* race he please
 1 To *carve* in polished *Versè* the *Conquerors Images*,
 2 Whether the *Swift*, the *Skilful*, or the *Strong*,
 Be crowned in his *Nimble, Artful, Vigorous Song* :
 3 Whether some brave young mans untimely fate
 In words worth *Dying* for he celebrate,
 Such *mournful*, and such *pleasing* words,
 As *joy* to 'his *Mothers* and his *Mistress* grief affords:
 He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,
 4 Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name* :
 The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,
 So *small* is *Deaths*, so great the *Poets* power.

4.

Lo, how th' obsequious ^{4.} *Wind*, and swelling *Air*
 I The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
 Into the *walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,
 And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.
 Whilst alas, my *timorous Muse*
Unambitious tracks pursues;
 Does with weak unballast wings,
 About the *mossy Brooks* and *Springs*;
 About the *Trees* new-blossom'd *Heads*,
 About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*,
 About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,
 And all *inferiour beauteous things*
 Like the laborious *Bee*,
 For little drops of *Honey* flee,
 And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Industrie*.

NOTES.

I.

I. **P**indar was incredibly admired and honoured among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they saw more in him than we do now: Infomuch, that long after his death, when *Thebes* was quite burnt and destroyed (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander the Great*) both times the *House* wherein he had lived was alone preserved by publick Authority, as a place sacred and inviolable. Among the very many Elogies of him, I will only cite that of *Quintilian* (than whom no man perhaps ever living was a better Judge) L. 10. c. 1. *Novem Lyricorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris beatissimus, rerum verborumq; copiâ & velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine, propter quæ Horatius nemini credit eum imitabilem.* Where he applies *Horace* his similitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*; but it is such a *River*, as when *Poetical Envy*,

*Tanquam fera diluvies quietum
 Irritat animum.* Hor.

And like the rest of that description of the *River*,

*Nunc patre delabentis Hetrucum
 In mare, nunc lapides adestos
 Stirpesq; raptas & pecus & domos
 Volventis unâ non sine montium
 Clamore vicineq; silvæ.*

For which reason, I term his Song *Unnavigable*; for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not strong built and well ballasted. *Horace* in another place calls it a *Fountain*; from the unexhausted abundance of his *Invention*.

2.

1. There are none of *Pindar's Dithyrambiques* extant. *Dithyrambiques* were Hymns made in honour of *Bacchus*, who did, *Ἰσείας θύραν ἀναβαίνειν*, come into the world through two *Doors*, his *Mother Semele's Womb*, and his *Father Jupiter's Toigh*. Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verse, which others also attribute to *Arion*. *Pindar* himself in the 13. *Olympique* seems to give the *Invention* to the *Corinthians*. *Ταὶ Διονύσει πτόθεν ἔξερσαν σὺν βολάτῃ χερσὶς Διδυραμβῶν.* Unde *Bacchi exorte sunt venustates cum Boves agente Dithyrambo.* For it seems an *Ox* was given in reward to the *Poet*; but others interpret *βολάτῃ πρὸς ἄβωδον*, from the loud repeating or singing of them. It was a bold, free, *enthusiastical* kind of Poetry, as of men inspired by *Bacchus*, that is, *Half-Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*.

Διδυμοποιησῶν ἄν ἔχῃς ἐλάττωα.
You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet*.

And another,

Ἵου δὲ Διδυμοῦ ἂν ὕδωρ πίνῃ.
There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking water.

Something like this kind (but I believe with less *Liberty*) is *Horace* his 19. Ode of the 2. B.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.

And nearer yet to it comes his 25. Ode of the 4. B. *Quo me Bacche rapis tuū plenum? Que nemora, aut quos agor in specus, Velox mente novā?* For he is presently *half mad*, and promises I know not what,

Dicam insigne recens,
Indictum ore allo. And,
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar.

And then he ends like a man ranting in his drink, that falls suddenly asleep.

Banks, natural; Dikes, artificial. It will neither be bounded and circumscribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art*.

3. Almost all the ancient *Kings* to make themselves more venerable to their subjects, derived their pedigree from some *God*, but at last that would not content them, and they made themselves *Gods*, as some of the *Roman Emperours*.

4. *Diadems* (which were used by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the *Mark of Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were bindings of *white Ribband* about the head, set and adorned with precious stones; which is the reason I call them *Starry Diadems*. The word comes ἀπὸ τῆς ἀδαξίν, *To bind about*.

3.

1. The *Conquerours* in the *Olympique Games*, were not only crowned with a *Garland of Wild-Olive*, but also had a *Statue* erected to them.

2. The chief Exercises there were *Running, Leaping, Wrestling, the Discus*, which was the casting of a great round *Stone, or Ball*, made of *Iron or Brals*; The *Cestus, or whorle-bats, Horse-Races, and Chariot-Races*.

3. For he wrote *Threni*; or *Funeral Elegies*: but they are all lost, as well as his *Hymns, Tragedies, Encomia*, and several other works.

4. So *Hor. l. 4. Od. 25:*
Stellis inserere, & concilio Jovis.

4.

1. From the *Fabulous*, but universally received *Tradition of Swans singing most sweetly before their Death* (though the truth is, *Geese and They* are alike melodious) the *Poets* have assumed to themselves the title of *Swans*: *Horace l. 2. Od. 20.* would be believed to be *Metamorphosed* into one, *Jam, jam, residant cruribus asperæ Pelles, & album mator in alitem Superæ* (or *Superna*) *nascunturq; leves Per digitos humerósq; plume.* The *Anthologie* gives the same name to *Pindar*, ὄψῃς ὠρυγίης ἑλικώνας & ἴσαλο κλύου & Πήδαρε & ἱμαρέθραν & Sweet tongued *Pindar*, the *Heliconian Swan of Thebes*. So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan of Mantua*; *Theocritus* terms the *Poets*, Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, The *Birds of the Muses*; which the *Commentators* say, is in allusion to *Swans*; to which *Callimachus* gives the name of Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες; and in another place calls them, Ἀπίλλων & παρίδαυ. A bold word, which I know not how to render: but they were consecrated to *Apollo*, and consequently beloved by the *Muses and Poets*.

The RESURRECTION.

I.

1 NOT Winds to Voyages at Sea,
 Nor Showers to Earth more necessary be,
 (Heavens vital seed cast on the Womb of Earth
 To give the fruitful Year a Birth)
 Than Verse to Virtue, which can do
 The Midwives Office, and the Nurses too;
 It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
 And when it dyes, with comely pride
 Embalms it, and erects a Pyramide
 That never will decay
 Till Heaven it self shall melt away,
 And nought behind it stay.

2.

Begin the Song, and strike the Living Lyre;
 Lo how the Years to come, a numerous and well-fitted Quire,
 All hand in hand do decently advance,
 And to my Song with smooth and equal measures dance.
 2 Whilst the dance lasts, how long so e're it be,
 My Musicks voice shall bear it companie.
 Till all gentle Notes be drown'd
 In the last Trumpets dreadful sound.
 That to the Spheres themselves shall silence bring,
 Untune the Universal String.
 Then all the wide extended Skie,
 And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,
 And Virgil's sacred work shall dy.
 3 And he himself shall see in one Fire shine
 Rich Natures ancient Troy, though built by Hands Divine.

3.

1 Whom Thunder's dismal noise,
 And all that Prophets and Apostles louder spake,
 And all the Creatures plain conspiring voyce,
 Could not whilst they liv'd, awake,
 This mightier sound shall make
 When Dead t'arise,
 And open Tombs, and open Eyes
 2 To the long Sluggards of five thousand years.
 This mightier Sound shall make its Hearers Ears.
 Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crowding come
 Back to their Ancient Home,
 Some from Birds, from Fishes some,
 Some from Earth, and some from Seas,
 Some from Beasts, and some from Trees.

Some descend from *Clouds* on high,
 Some from *Metals* upwards fly,
 And where th' *attending Soul* naked, and shivering stands,
 Meet, salute, and join their hands.
 As disperst *Souldiers* at the *Trumpets* call
 Hasten to their *Colours* all.
 Unhappy most, like *Tortur'd Men*,
 Their *Joints* new set, to be new rackt agen.
 To *Mountains* they for shelter pray,
 The *Mountains* shake, and run about no less confus'd than *They*.

4.

Stop, stop, my *Muse*, allay thy vig'orous heat,
 Kindled at a *Hint* so great.
 Hold thy *Pindarique Pegasus* closely in,
 Which does to *rage* begin,
 And this steep *Hill* would gallop up with violent course,
 'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-Mouth'd Horse*,
 Fierce, and unbroken yet,
 Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit* ;
 Now *prounces* stately, and anon *flies* o're the place,
 Disdains the *servile Law* of any settled *pace*,
 Conscious and proud of his own *natural force*,
 'Twill no *unskil Touch* endure,
 But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *sits* not *sure*.

NOTES.

1. This Ode is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthusiastical manner*, and he gives a *Hint* for the beginning of it in his 14. *Olymp.* Έβαν άνδρα-ποις άριμον ότε πείσαι χεΐρας, έστ δ' αγαθίαν υδύταν ΌμCελων παιδων υφάλας. Έι δ' σνν πόρω τις έυ προάει, μαλίζεργες θυμοι υστραν άρχαι λόγων τίλλεσαι κ' πιστον θεον μεγάλας άρεσάει. Est aliquando hominibus ventorum usus, aliquando aquarum caelestium, silvarum nubes, sed si quis cum labore vesle faciat, dulces Hymni illi principium sunt futurae gloriae, & factus fidei facturus cum magnis virtutibus.

1. Whilest the *Motion* of *Time* lasts, which is compared to a *Dance*, from the regular measures of it.

2. According to the ancient opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better besfit *Poetry*, than it did *Philosophy*.

3. Shall see the whole *world burnt* to ashes like *Troy*, the destruction of which was so excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *Divine hands*. The walls of *Troy* were said to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*.

1. No natural effect gives such impressions of *Divine fear*, as *Thunder* ; as we may see by the examples of some wicked Emperours, who though they were *Atheists*, and made themselves *Gods*, yet consent a greater divine power when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themselves.

Horat. Caelo Tonantem Crederimus Jovem.

And *Lucret.* speaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very found of *Thunder* did not make him superstitious,

Quem neq; fama Deum, neq; fulmina, nec minitanti
 Mutare compressit caelum, &c.

Yet the *Prophets* and *Apostles* voice is truly term'd *Thunder* ; for as *S. Paul* says, the voice of the Gospel was heard over all the habitable worlds, Έτε πάσαν οικουμένην ό σθησις άύσων.

2. The ordinary *Traditional opinion* is, that the world is to last six thousand years (Έξ ης έν γενήν κατ'αύπειαι κόσμου) and that the seventh thousand is to be the *Rest* or *Sabbath* of thousands : but I could not say, *Sluggards* of *Six thousand years*, because some then would be found alive, who had not so much as slept at all. The next *Presett Number* (and *Verse* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *Five thousand*.

The MUSE.

I.

- 1 GO, the rich *Chariot* instantly prepare;
 The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the air;
 Unruly *Phanſie* with ſtrong *Judgment* trace,
 Put in the nimble-footed *Wit*,
 Smooth-pac'd *Eloquence* joyn with it,
 Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
 Harnes all the *winged* race.
 Let the *Poſtillion* *Nature* mount, and let
 The *Coachman* *Art* be fet.
 And let the airy *Footmen* running all beſide,
 Make a long row of goodly *pride*.
Figures, *Conceits*, *Raptures*, and *Sentences*
 In a well-worded *dreſs*.
 And *innocent Loves*, and *pleaſant Truths*, and *uſeful Lies*,
 In all their gaudy *Liveries*.
 Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,
 And bid it to put on;
 For long; though *chearful*, is the *way*,
 And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *Winters Day*.

2.

- Where never *Foot of Man*, or *Hoof of Beaſt*,
 The paſſage preſt,
 1 Where never *Fiſh* did fly,
 And with ſhort ſilver *wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*.
 2 Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did ne're
 Row through the trackleſs *Ocean* of the *Air*.
 Where never yet did pry
 The buſy *Mornings* curious *Eye* :
 The *Wheels*, if thy bold *Coach* paſs quick and free ;
 And all's an open *Road* to *Thee*.
 3 Whatever *God* did *Say*,
 Is all thy plain and ſmooth, uninterrupted *way*.
 Nay ev'n beyond his *works* thy *Voyages* are known,
 Thou 'haſt thouſand *worlds* too of thine own.
 Thou ſpeakſt, great *Queen*, in the ſame *ſtile* as *He*,
 And a *New World* leaps forth when *Thou* ſay'ſt, *Let it Be*.

3.

- 1 Thou fadomeſt the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* paſt,
 And canſt pluck up with eaſe
 The *years* which Thou doſt pleaſe,
 Like ſhipwrackt *Treasures* by rude *Tempeſts* caſt

Long

Long since into the *Sea*,
Brought up again to *light* and publick *Use* by Thee.
Nor dost thou only *Dive* so low,
But *Fly*

With an unwearied *Wing* the other way on high,
2 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow;
There into the close *Nests* of *Time* do'st peep,
And there with piercing *Eye*,
Through the firm *shell*, and the thick *White* do'st spie,
Tears to come a forming lie,
Close in their sacred *Secundine* asleep,
Till *hatcht* by the *Suns* vital heat
Which o're them yet does *brooding* set
They *Life* and *Motion* get,
And *ripe* at last with vigorous might
Break through the *Shell*, and take their everlasting *Flight*.

3.
And sure we may
The same too of the *Present* say,
If *Past*, and *Future Times* do thee obey.
Thou stopst this *Current*, and dost make
This running *River* settle like a *Lake*,
1 Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery *Snake*.
The *Fruit* which does so quickly wast,
Men scarce can see it, much less *fast*,
Thou *Comfisteest* in *Sweets* to make it *last*.
This shining piece of *Ice*
2 Which melts so soon away
With the *Suns* ray,
Thy *Versè* does solidate and *crystallize*,
Till it a lasting *Mirror* be.
Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*
Makes this one short *Point* of *Time*,
3 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.

NOTES.

I.

1. Pindar in the 6. Olymp. has a *Pheantse* somewhat of this kind; where he says, 'Ω φίλιε ἀλλὰ ζῆλον ἦνί μοι δίωθ' ἠμείων' ἢ τὰχ' ὄρεα κελδ' ἔσθ' ἐν κάρῳ βάρσμεθ' ἄχρον. Sed, ὁ Phinty, junge jam mihi robur Mularum quibus celeritas est, ut viâ purâ ducamus currum. Where by the Name of Phintis he speaks to his own Soul. O, my Soul, join me the strong and swift Mules together, that I may drive the Chariot in this fair way. Some make φίλιε to be a Dialect for φίλιε: as if he should say, O my friend: Others (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of some famous Chariot-driver. The *Aurea Carm.* use the same Metaphor, 'Ἡρίστων γυβῶνυν σῆμα καθ' ὁρέθων ἀρίστην. Aurigâ supernè constitutâ optimâ ratione: Making right Reason the Chariot-driver of the Soul. Porphyrius calls the Spirits, "Ὀχμῶν ἢ ψυχῶν, The Chariot of the Soul.

2.

1. For *Fins* do the same Office to *Fish*, that *wings* do to *Birds*; and the *Scripture* it self gives authority to my calling the *Sea* the *Low Skye*; where it says, *Gen. 1. 6. Let there be a Firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*

2. This *Metaphor* was used by the ancient *Poets*, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

Volat ille per aera magnum Remigio alarum.

And elsewhere *Lucret.* before him, *L. 6.*

Remigii oblita pennarum.

Ovid in his *Epistles* applies the same to *Mens Arms.*

Remis ego corporis utar.
I'll use the *Bodies Oars.*

3. (1.) *Whatever God made*; for his saying, *Let it be, made all things.* The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centauris, Satyrs, Faeries,* &c. makes *persons* and *actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, make *Beasts, Trees, Waters,* and other irrational and insensible things to act above the possibility of their natures, as to understand and speak, nay makes what *Gods* it pleases too without *Idolatry*, and varies all these into innumerable *Systemes*, or *Worlds* of *Invention.*

3.

1. That is, The subject of *Poetry* is all *Past, Future, and Present Times*; and for the *Past*, it makes what choice it pleases out of the *wrack* of *Time* of things that it will save from *Oblivion.*

2. According to the vulgar (but false) opinion of the *Influence* of the *Stars* over mens *actions* and *Fortunes.* There is no difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *Year* to come like an *Egg* that is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding.*

3. The thin *Film* with which an *Tasant* is covered in the *womb*, so called, because it follows the *child.* In *Latine Secundæ*, as in the 9. *Epistle* of *Seneca*, where he says most admirably. *Sed ut ex barbâ capillos deconfus negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egressurus hominem quo receptaculum suum rejervatur, ignis illud exurat, an serâ distrahant, an terra contigat, non magis ad se pertinere judicat quam Secundus ad editum infantem.*

4.

1. A *Snake* with the *Tail* in the mouth of it, was the ancient *Hieroglyphick* of the *year.*

2. Because the course of the *Sun* seems to consume *Time*, as the *Beams* of it do *Ice.*

3. There are two sorts of *Eternity*; from the *Present* backwards to *Eternity*, and from the *Present* forwards, called by the *Schoolmen* *Æternitas à parte ante,* and *Æternitas à parte post.* These two make up the whole *Circle* of *Eternity*, which the *Present Time* cuts like a *Diameter*, but *Poetry* makes it extend to all *Eternity* to come, which is the *Half-Circle.*

Joyce Crown

To Mr. Hobs.

I.

VAST *Bodies of Philosophie*
 I oft have seen, and read,
 But all are *Bodies Dead*;
 Or *Bodies by Art fashioned*;
 I never yet the *Living Soul* could see,
 But in thy *Books* and *Thee*.
 'Tis only *God* can know
 Whether the fair *Idea* thou dost show
 Agree intirely with his *own* or no.
 This I dare boldly tell,
 'Tis so like *Truth* 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in *Nature* thy *Proportions* be,
 As full of *Concord* their *Varieties*,
 As *firm* the parts upon their *Center* rest,
 And all so *Solid* are that they at least
 As much as *Nature*, *Emptiness* detest.

2.

1 Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain
 The *universal Intellectual* reign,
 2 Saw his own *Countries* short-liv'd *Leopard* slain;
 3 The stronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly,
 Oftner renew'd his *Age*, and saw that *Dy*.
 4 *Mecha* it self, in spite of *Mahumet* possess,
 And chas'd by a wild *Deluge* from the *East*,
 His *Monarchy* new planted in the *West*.
 But as in time each great imperial race
 Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
 So did this noble *Empire* waft,
 Sunk by degrees from glories past,
 And in the *School-mens* hands it perisht quite at last.
 Then nought but *Words* it grew,
 And those all *Barbarous* too.
 It perisht, and it vanisht there,
 The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out, became but empty *Air*.

3.

The *Fields* which answer'd well the *Ancients* *Plow*,
 Spent and out-worn return no *Harvest* now,
 In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lie,
 And boast of *past Fertility*,
 The *poor relief* of *Present Poverty*.

Food and Fruit we now must want.
 Unless new Lands we plant.
 We break up Tombs with Sacrilegious hands;
 Old Rubbish we remove;
 To walk in Ruines, like vain Ghosts, we love,
 And with fond Divining Wands
 We search among the Dead
 For Treasures Buried,
 Whilst still the Liberal Earth does hold
 So many Virgin Mines of undiscover'd Gold.

4.

2 The Baltique, Euxin, and the Caspian,
 And slender-limb'd Mediterrean,
 Seem narrow Creeks to Thee, and only fit
 For the poor wretched Fisher-boats of Wit.
 Thy nobler Vessel the vast Ocean tries,
 And nothing sees but Seas and Skies,
 Till unknown Regions it descries,
 Thou great Columbus of the Golden Lands of new Philosophies.
 Thy task was harder much than his,
 For thy learn'd America is
 Not only found out first by Thee,
 And rudely left to Future Industrie,
 But thy Eloquence and thy Wit,
 Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd it.

5.

I little thought before,
 (Nor being my own self so poor
 Could comprehend so vast a store)
 That all the Wardrobe of rich Eloquence,
 Could have afforded half enuff,
 Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
 To cloath the mighty Limbs of thy Gigantique Sence.
 Thy solid Reason like the shield from Heaven
 To the Trojan Heroe given,
 Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
 Yet shines with Gold and Gems in every part,
 And Wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art,
 A shield that gives delight
 Even to the enemies sight,
 Then when they're sure to lose the Combat by't.

6.

Nor can the Snow which now cold Age does shed
 Upon thy reverend Head,

Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,
 But all which thou hast *bin*,
 And all that *Youth* can *be*, thou'rt yet,
 So fully still dost Thou
 Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,
 And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Feaver* too.
 So *Contraries* on *Ætna's* top conspire,
 Here hoary *Frosts*, and by them breaks out *Fire*.
 A secure *peace* the *faithful Neighbours* keep,
 Th'emboldned *Snow* next to the *Flames* does *sleep*.
 And if we weigh, like *Thee*,
Nature, and *Caus'es*, we shall see
 That thus it *needs must be*,
 To things *Immortal Time* can do no wrong,
 And that which never is to *Dye*, for ever must be *Young*.

NOTES.

2.

1. *Aristotle*; So called from the Town of *Stagira*, where he was born, situated near the Bay of *Strimon* in *Macedonia*.
2. Outlasted the *Grecian Empire*, which in the Visions of *Daniel*, is represented by a *Leopard* with four wings upon the back, and four heads, *Chap. 7. v. 6*.
3. Was received even beyond the bounds of the *Roman Empire*, and out-lived it.
4. For *Aristotle's Philosophy* was in great esteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens*, witness those many excellent Books upon him, or according to his principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avicenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others. In spite of *Mahomet*: because his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous humour of those people he had first to deal withal, and aiming only at greatness of *Empire* by the Sword, forbids all the studies of *Learning*; which (nevertheless) flourished admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continued so, till it was extinguish'd with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other Nations. *Mecha* is the Town in *Arabia* where *Mahomet* was born.

3.

1. *Virgula Divina*; or a *Divining Wand* is a two-forked branch of an *Hazel-Tree*, which is used for the finding out either of *Veins*, or hidden *Treasures* of *Gold* or *Silver*; and being carried about, bends downwards (or rather is said to do so) when it comes to the place where they lye.

4.

1. All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in these *Seas*: they seldom ventured into the *Ocean*; and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coast about near the shore.

5.

1. The meaning is, that his *Notions* are so *New*, and so *Great*, that I did not think it had been possible to have found out words to express them clearly; as no *wardrobe* can furnish *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* taller and bigger than ever any was before; for the *Cloaths* were made according to some *Measure* that then was.
2. See the excellent description of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan* at the request of *Venus*, for her Son *Æneas*, at the end of the 8. Book of *Æn.*

—Et clypei non enarrabile textum,

recon was graven all the *Roman History*; and withal, it was so strong, that in the 12. B. *Turnus* strook with all his force (which was not small you may be sure in a *Postical Hero*)
 Corpore

Corpore toto
 Alitè sublatum conjurgit Turnus in enses.

Infomuch, that it frighted all *Aeneas* his friends.

(*Exclamant Troes trepidi; Latini*)

Instead of piercing through these arms,

*Persidus ensis
 Frangitur, in medioq; ardentem deserit iclu,
 Ni fuga subsidio subeat.*

Which is just the case of mens arguing against *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reason*; for when their argumentation is broken, they are forced to save themselves by flight, that is, by *evasions*, and seeking still new ground; and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good service upon the rest of the *Trojans*.

*Isq; diu, dum terga dabant palantis Teucri
 Suffecit, postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,
 Mortalis Muro glacies cusfulis iclu
 Dissluit.*

It broke like a piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*.

6.

1. The Description of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the application of it) is imitated out of *Claud. L. 1. de raptu Prof.*

*Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet aestu,
 Scit nivibus servare fidem, pariterq; saxillis
 Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis
 Arcano defensa gelu, fumoq; fideli
 Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.*

Where, methinks, is somewhat of that which *Seneca* objects to *Ovid*, *Nescivit quod bene cesset relinquere*. When he met with a *Phanise* that pleased him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. *Tacitus* has the like expression of *Mount Libanus*, *Precipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidemq; nivibus*. Shady among such great heats, and faithful to the *Snow*; which is too *Poetical* for the *Prose* even of a *Romanet*, much more of an *Historian*. *Sil. Italic. of Ætna. L. 14.*

*Summò cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu)
 Vicinam flammis glaciem, æterniq; rigore
 Ardentes horrent scopuli, stat vertice celsi
 Colis hyems, calidâq; nivem tegit atra saxilla;*

See likewise *Seneca, Epist. 79.*

Z DESTI

DESTINIE.

Hoc quoq; Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. Manil.

I.

- 1 *S*trange and *unnatural* ! let's stay and see
 This *Pagant* of a *Prodigie*.
 Lo, of themselves th'enlivened *Chejmen* move,
 Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd *Pieces* prove,
 As full of *Art*, and *Industrie*,
 Of *Courage* and of *Policie*,
 As *we ourselves* who think there's nothing *Wise* but *We*.
- 2 Here a proud *Pawn* I admire
 That still advancing higher
 At top of all became
 Another *Thing* and *Name*.
 Here I'm amaz'd at th'actions of a *Knight*,
 That does bold wonders in the fight.
 Here I the losing party blame
- 3 For those false *Moves* that break the *Game*,
 That to their *Grave* the *Bag*, the conquered *Pieces* bring,
 And above all, th' *ill Conduct* of the *Mated King*.

2.

- What e're these *seem*, what e're *Philosophie*
 And *Sense* or *Reason* tell (said I)
 These Things have *Life*, *Election*, *Libertie* ;
 'Tis their own *Wisdom* molds their *State*,
 Their *Faults* and *Virtues* make their *Fate*.
 They do, they do (said I) but strait
 Lo from my enlightned Eyes the *Mists* and *Shadows* fell
 That hinder *Spirits* from being *Visible*.
 And lo, I saw *two Angels* play'd the *Mate*.
 With *Man*, alas, no otherwise it proves,
 An *unseen Hand* makes all their *Moves*.
 And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,
 Some climb to *good*, some from *good Fortune* fall.
 Some *Wisemen*, and some *Fools* we call,
Figures, alas, of *Speech*, for *Destiny* plays us all.

3.

Me from the *womb* the *Midwife Muse* did take:
 She cut my *Navel*, *washt me*, and mine *Head*
 With her own *Hands* she *Fashioned*;
 She did a *Covenant* with me make,
 And *circumcis'd* my tender *Soul*, and thus she spake,
 Thou of my *Church* shalt be,
 Hate and *renounce* (said she)
Wealth, *Honour*, *Pleasures*, all the *World* for *Me*.
 Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,
 Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling *Bar*.
 Content thy self with the small *Barren Praise*,
 That neglected *Verse* does raise.
 She spake, and all my years to come
 Took their unlucky *Doom*.
 Their several ways of *Life* let others *chuse*,
 Their several *Pleasures* let them use,
 But I was born for *Love*, and for a *Muse*.

4.

With *Fate* what boots it to contend?
 Such I *began*, such *am*, and so must *end*.
 The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,
 Was but a *Lambent Flame*,
 And some small *Light* it did dispence,
 But neither *Heat* nor *Influence*.
 No Matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* see,
 That *thou* canst *her* despise no less than *she* does *Thee*.
 Let all her gifts the portion be
 Of *Folly*, *Lust*, and *Flatterie*,
 Fraud, *Extortion*, *Calumnie*,
 Murder, *Infidelitie*,
 Rebellion and *Hypocrisie*.
 Do Thou not *grieve* nor *blush* to be,
 As all th' *inspired Tuneful Men*,
 And all thy great *Forefathers* were from *Homer* down to *Ben*.

.2411122

NOTES.

I.

1. **T**His *Ode* is written upon an extravagant supposition of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Ches*; which if they did, the spectators would have reason as much to believe, that the pieces moved themselves, as we can have for thinking the same of *Mankind*, when we see them exercise so many, and so different actions. It was of old said by *Plautus*, *Di nos quasi Pilas homines habent*. We are but *Tennis Balls* for the *Gods* to play withal, which they strike away at last, and still call for new ones: And *S. Paul* says, *We are but the Clay in the hands of the Potter*.

2. For a *Pawn* being the least of the pieces, if it can get up to such a degree, grows the greatest, and then has both another *name*, and other *Motions* and *Powers*; for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done, if it had not been removed, and carried to such an height.

3. *Manum injicientibus fati* (says *Amm. Marcellin.*) *bebetantur sensus hominum & obtunduntur*. When the *Fates* lay hold on a *Man*, when they arrest him, he's confounded, and loses his *Wits*. And *Vell. Patenc.* speaking of the defeat of *Quintil. Varus*, *Preevalebant jam fata consiliis omnemq; animi vim perstrinxerant, quippe ita se res habet, ut qui fortunam mutaturus sit, etiam consilia corrumpat*. *Fatality* grew too strong for *Humane Counsels*, and dazled the sight of his judgment, for so it also happens, that the *designs* and *counsels* are corrupted of the *Man* that is to *perish*.

2.

1. *Ἄριστ' ἔστι πείρασον ἰσ θεῶν κύριον*. The *Dice* of the *Gods* never sling out. *Thucydid.* says, with admirable shortness and weight, *Δυναί γδ' εὐπραξίαι συγκρούσαι ἢ συσκιόσαι τὰ ἐκείρων ἀμαρτήματα*. Which *Sallust.* imitating, renders yet shorter; and beats him, as *Seneca* says, at his own *Weapon*. *Res secunde mirè vitiiis sunt obtutui*. *Faults* are not visible through *Prosperity*: and therefore the old *Greek Verse* is not much mistaken, that says,

Θέλω τύχης σαλαγμὸν, ἢ φρενῶν πῖθον.

I had rather have a *Drop* of *Good Fortune*, than a whole *Tun* of *wisdom*.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

I.

EXcellent *Brutus*, of all humane race,
 The best till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,
 Till men above *themselves* *Faith* rais'd more
 Than *Reason* above *Beasts* before.
 Virtue was thy *Lifes Center*, and from thence
 Did *silently* and *constantly* dispense
 The gentle vigorous *Influence*
 To all the wide and fair *Circumference* :
 And all the *parts* upon it lean'd so easilie,
 Obey'd the mighty *force* so *willingly*
 That none could discord or disorder see
 In all their *Contrarieties*.
 Each had his motion natural and free,
 And the *Whole* no more mov'd than the *Whole World* could be.

2.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
 (*Mistaken Honest men*) in *Cæsar's* blood ;
 What *Mercy* could the *Tyrant's* *Life* deserve,
 From him who kill'd *Himself*, rather than *serve* ?
 Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*
 Are so far from *Understood*,
 We count them *Vice* : alas our *Sight's* so ill,
 That things which swiftest *Move* seem to *stand still*.
 We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
 On her supreme *Idea*, brave and bright,
 In the *Original Light* :
 But as her *Beams* reflected pass
 Through our own *Nature* or ill *Customs* *Glass*.
 And 'tis no wonder so,
 If with dejected *Ey*
 In standing *Pools* we seek the *Sky*,
 That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*.

3.

Can we stand by and see
 Our *Mother* robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
 Yet not to her assistance stir,
 Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Ravisher* ?
 Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
 The cancell'd *Name* of *Friend* he bore ?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call ?
Ingrateful Cæsar who could *Rome* enthrall !
 An act more barbarous and unnatural

(In th'exact ballance of true *Virtue* try'de)
 Then his *Sucessor Nero's Parricide* !
 There's none but *Brutus* could deserve
 That all men else should wish to serve,
 And *Cæsars* usurpt place to him should proffer ;
 None can deserve't but he who would refuse the offer.

4.

Ill Fate assum'd a *Body* thee t'affright,
 And wrapt it self i'th' terrors of the *night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the *Spright* ;
I'll meet thee there, saidst *Thou*,
 With such a *voyce*, and such a *brow*,
 As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden flight,
 It vanisht as a *Tapers* light
 Goes out when *Spirits* appear in sight.
 One would have thought t'had heard the *morning crow*,
 Or seen her well-appointed *Star*
 Come marching up the *Eastern Hill* afar.
 Nor durst it in *Philippi's* field appear,
 But *unseen* attack'd thee there.
 Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
 Thou wouldst have forc'd it back upon thy foes :
 Or slain't like *Cæsar*, though it be
 A *Conqueror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*.

5.

What joy can *humane things* to us afford,
 When we see perish thus by odde events,
Ill men, and wretched *Accidents*,
 The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword* ?
 When we see
 The false *Octavious*, and wild *Antonie*,
 God-like *Brutus*, conquer *Thee* ?
 What can we say but thine own *Tragick Word*,
 That *Virtue*, which had worshipt been by thee
 As the most solid *Good*, and and greatest *Deitie*,
 By this fatal proof became
 An *Idol* only, and a *Name*,
 Hold noble *Brutus*, and restrain
 The bold *voyce* of thy generous *Disclaim* :
 These mighty *Gulphs* are yet
 Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
 The *Time's* set forth already which shall quell
 Stiff *Reason*, when it offers to *Rebell*.
 Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,
 And new *Philosophies* reveal.
 A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'ed,
 Would have confounded *Humane Virtues* pride,
 And shew'd thee a *God crucifi'd*.

To Dr. Scarborough.

How long, alas! has our mad *Nation* been
 Of *Epidemick War* the *Tragick Scene*,
 When *Slaughter* all the while
 Seem'd like its *Sea*, embracing round the *Isle*,
 With *Tempests*, and *red waves*, *Noise*, and *Affright*?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from *white*!
 What *Province*, or what *City* did it spare?
 It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Aire*.
 Sure the unpeopled *Land*
 Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
 Had *God's* All-mighty hand
 At the same time let loose *Diseases* rage
 Their *Civil Wars* in *Man* to wage.
 But *Thou* by *Heaven* wert sent
 This *Desolation* to prevent,
 A *Medicine* and a *Counter-poyson* to the *Age*,
 Scarce could the *Sword* dispatch more to the *Grave*,
 Than *Thou* didst *save*;
 By wondrous *Art*, and by successful *care*
 The *Ruines* of a *Civil War* thou dost alone repair.

2.

- 1 The *Inundations* of all *Liquid pain*,
 And *Deluge Dropsic* thou do'est *drain*.
Feavers so hot that one would say
 Thou might'st as soon *Hell-Fires* allay
 (The *Damn'd* scarce more *incurable* than *They*)
 2 Thou dost so *temper*, that we find
 Like *Gold* the *Body* but *resin'd*;
 No *unhealthful dross* behind.
 The subtle *Ague*, that for *sureness* sake
 Takes its own times th' *assaults* to make,
 And at each *battery* the whole *Fort* does shake,
 When thy strong *Guards*, and *works* it spies,
 Trembles for it *self*, and *flies*.
 The cruel *Stone* that restless pain
 That's sometimes *roll'd away* in vain,
 3 But still, like *Sisyphus* his *stone*, returns again,
 Thou *break'st* and *meltest* by learn'd *Juyces* force,
 (A greater work, though short the way appear,
 4 Than *Hannibal's* by *Vinegar*)
 Oppressed *Natures* necessary course
 It stops in vain, like *Moses*, Thou
 Strik'st but the *Rock*, and straight the *Waters* freely flow.

A a

The

3.

The *Indian Son* of *Lust*, (that foul *Disease*
 Which did on this his *new-found World*, but lately *rise*;
 Yet since a *Tyranny* has planted here,
 As wide and Cruel as the *Spaniard* there)
 Is so quite rooted out by Thee,
 That thy *Patients* seem to be
 Restor'd not to *Health* only, but *Virginitie*.
 The *Plague* it self, that proud *Imperial* ill
 Which destroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,
 If thou but succour the *besieged Heart*,
 Calls all its *poisons* forth, and does depart,
 As if it fear'd no less thy *Art*,
 Than *Aaron's Incense*, or than *Phineas* dart.
 What need there here repeated be by me
 The vast and barbarous *Lexicon*
 Of *Man's Infirmities* ?
 At thy strong charms it must be gon
 Though a *Disease*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Legion*.

4.

From creeping *Moss* to soaring *Cedar* thou
 Dost all the powers and several *Portions* know,
 Which *Father-Sun*, *Mother-Earth* below
 On their green *Infants* here bestow.
 Can't all those *Magick Virtues* from them draw,
 That keep *Disease*, and *Death* in aw.
 Who whilst thy wondrous skill in *Plants* they see,
 Fear lest the *Tree of Life* should be found out by Thee.
 And Thy well-travell'd knowledge too does give
 No less account of th' *Empire Sensitive*,
 Chiefly of *Man*, whose *Body* is
 That active *Souls Metropolis*.
 I As the great *Artist* in his *Sphere of Glass*
 Saw the whole *Scene of Heavenly Motions* pass,
 So thou know'st all so well that's done within,
 As if some *living Crystal Man* thou'dst seen.

5.

Nor does this *Science* make thy *Crown* alone,
 I But whole *Apollo* is thine own.
 His gentler *Arts*, *belov'd* in vain by *Mee*,
 Are *wedded* and *enjoy'd* by Thee.
 Thou'rt by this noble *Mixture* free
 From the *Physicians* frequent *Maladie*,
Fantastick Incivilitie.
 There are who all their *Patients* chagrin have,
 As if they *took* each morn worse *potions* than they gave.

And

- And this great race of *Learning* thou hast runne,
 E're that of *Life* be half yet done.
 Thou see'st thy self still fresh and strong,
 And like t' enjoy thy *Conquests* long.
- 2 The first fam'd *Aphorism* thy great *Master* spoke,
 Did he live now he would revoke,
 And better things of Man report ;
 For thou do'est make *Life* long, and *Art* but short.

6.

- Ah, learned *friend*, it grieves me, when I think
 That *Thou* with all thy *Art* must dy
 As certainly as *I*.
- 1 And all thy noble *Reparations* sink
 Into the sure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mortality*,
 Like *Archimedes*, hon'orably in vain,
- 2 Thou holdst out *Towns* that must at last be ta'ne,
 And *Thou* thy self their great *Defender* slain.
 Let's ev'en compound, and for the *Present Live*,
 'Tis all the *Ready Money Fate* can give,
 Unbend sometimes thy restless care ;
 And let thy *Friends* so happy be
 T' enjoy at once their *Health* and *Thee*.
 Some hours at least to thine own pleasures spare.
 Since the whole *stock* may soon exhausted be,
 Bestow't not all in *Charitie*.
 Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they please,
 When all's done, *Life is an Incurable Disease*.

NOTES.

2.

1. **G**out's, and such kind of *Diseases* proceeding from *moisture*, and affecting one or some parts of the *Body*, whereas the *Dropsie* swells the whole. *Inundation* signifies a lets overflowing than *Deluge*.

2. *Find, Refin'd*: These kind of Rhymes the *French* delight in, and call *Rich Rhymes* ; but I do not allow of them in *English*, nor would use them at all in any other but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very sparingly, hardly at all without a *third Rhyme* to answer to both, as in the ninth stasse of the *Nemean Ode*, *Delight, Light, Affright*. In the third stasse to *Mr. Hobs*, *Ly, Fertility, Poverty*. They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our old *Poets*, but that is not good authority for us now. There can be no *Musick* with only one *Note*.

3. The Fable of *Sisyphus* is so known, that it deserves not to be repeated. He was in his life a most famous *Cozener* and *Robber*. *Ovid. Metam. 13.*

*Quid sanguine cretus
 Sisyphio, furtis ac fraude similimus illi ?*

For which he was slain by *Theseus*, and condemned 'n *Hell* eternally to thrust a great rolling stone up an *Hill*, which still fell down again upon him, alluding perhaps to the ill success of all his subtilties and wicked enterprizes, in which he laboured incessantly to no purpose.

4. *Hannibal* not being able to march with his Army over some Rocks in his passage on the *Alpes*, made fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of *Vinegar* upon it, by which it being softened and putrified, the *Souldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it. See *Livy* the 1. Book of the 3. *Decade*. *Juven.*

Et montem rupit aceto.

4.

1. *Archimedes*: of which Sphere see *Claudian's Epigram*. The like Sphere of *Glass* one of the *Kings of Persia* is said to have had, and sitting in the middle of it, as upon the *Earth*, to have seen round about him all the *Revolutions* and motions of the *Heavenly Bodies*.

5.

1. For *Apollo* is not only the *God of Physick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Florida Learning*.

2. The first *Aphorism* in *Hippocrates*, *Ars longa, Vita brevis*. Known to all men.

6.

1. For whilst we are repairing the outward seeming *Breaches*, *Nature* is undermining the very *foundations of life*, and drawing the *Radical moisture*, which is the *Well* that the *Town* lives by.

2. The great City of *Syracuse* (which *Tully* calls in his fourth against *Verrés*, *Urbem omnium pulcherrimam atq; ornatissimam*) sustained a *Siege* of three years against *Marcellus* and the *Roman Forces*, almost only by the art and industry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archimedes*; but at last, by the treason of some *Commanders*, it was entered and taken by the *Romans*, and in the confusion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it so long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of some new *Engines* to preserve the *Town*, was slain by a common *Souldier*, who knew him not; for there had been particular order given by the *Roman General* to save him. See this at large in *Plut.* the *Life of Marcellus*, and *Livy* 5. B. of the 3. *Dec.*

LIFE

LIFE and FAME.

1.

- 1 O H Life, thou *Nothings* younger Brother !
 So like, that one might take *One* for the other !
 2 What's *Some Body*, or *No Body* ?
 3 In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmens* trade,
 We no such nice *Distinction* woven see,
 As 'tis *To be*, or *Not to Be*.
 4 *Dream* of a *Shadow* ! a *Reflection* made
 From the false glories of the gay reflected *Bow*,
 Is a more *solid* thing than *Thou*.
 5 Vain weak-built *Isthmus*, which dost proudly rise
 Up betwixt *two Eternities* ;
 Yet canst nor *Wave* nor *Wind* sustain,
 But *broken* and *orewhelm'd*, the endless *Oceans* meet again.

2.

- And with what rare *Inventions* do we strive,
Our selves then to *survive* ?
 Wise, subtle *Arts*, and such as well besit
 That *Nothing* *Mans* *no Wit*.
 Some with vast costly *Tombs* would purchase it,
 And by the *proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live*.
Here lies the Great-----False Marble, where ?
 Nothing but *small*, and *sordid Dust* lies there.
 Some build enormous *Mountain-Palaces*,
 The *Fools* and *Architects* to please :
 A lasting *Life* in well-hew'en *Stone* they rear :
 1 So he who on th' *Egyptian* shore,
 Was slain so many hundred years before,
 Lives still (Oh *Life* most *happy* and most *dear* !
 2 Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear !)
 Lives in the *dropping Ruines* of his *Amphitheater*.

3.

- 1 His *Father* in *Law* an higher place does claim
 2 In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame*.
 He since that *Toy* his *Death*,
 Does fill all *Mouths*, and *breathes* in all mens *Breath*.
 'Tis true, the *two immortal Syllables* remain,
 But, Oh ye learned men explain,
 What *Essence*, what *Existence* this,

What *Substance*, what *Subsistence*, what *Hypothesis*
 In *Six poor Letters* is?
 In those alone does the *Great Caesar* live,
 'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give.
 We *Poets* madder yet than all,
 With a refin'd *Phantastick Vanitie*,
 Think we not only *Have*, but *Give Eternitie*.
 Fain would I see that *Prodigal*,
 Who his *To-morrow* would bestow,
 For all old *Homer's Life* e're since he *Dy'ed* till *now*.

NOTES.

1.

1. Because *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*; which perhaps is the sense of the Distinction of *Days* in the story of the *Creation*, *Night* signifying the *Privation*, and *Day*, the subsequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed first, *Gen.* 1. 5. *And the Evening and the Morning were the first day.*

2. Τις τις, τὶς τις; Σκιά ὄντος ἀνθρώπου. Pindar, *Quid est Aliquis, aut quid est Nemo? Somnium Umbrae Homo est.*

3. The Distinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be likened to *Cobwebs* (I mean many of them, for some are better woven) either because of the too much fineness of the work which makes it slight, and able to catch only little Creatures; or because they take not the materials from *Nature*, but spin it out of *Themselves*.

4. The *Rainbow* is in it self of *No Colour*; those that appear are but *Reflections* of the *Sun's* light received differently.

Mille trahit varios adverso Sole Colores.

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows*; And yet this *Shadow*, this *almost Nothing* makes sometimes another *Rainbow* (but not so distinct or beautiful) by *Reflection*.

5. *Isthmus* is a neck of *Land* that divides a *Peninsula* from the *continent* and is betwixt two *Seas*, Ἰσθμὸς ἀμφὶθάλασσα. In which manner this narrow passage of *Life* divides the *Past Time* from the *Future*, and is at last swallowed up into *Eternity*.

2.

1: *Pompey the Great*. 2. An *Irony*; that is, *Oh Life* which *Epicures* laugh at and contemn.

3.

1. *Cesar*, whose Daughter *Julia* was married to *Pompey*; an Alliance fatal to the *Commonwealth*; which, as *Tully* says, ought never to have been made, or never ended.

9. *Supernatural*, *Intellectual*, *Unintelligible Being*.

The Ecstasie.

I.

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below ;
 I have no time in *Complements* to wait,
 Farewel to' ye all in hast,
 For I am call'd to go.
 A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,
 Th' officious *Clouds* beneath them meet.
 And (Lo!) I mount, and (Lo!)
 How small the biggest Parts of *Earth's* proud *Tittle* show!

2.

Where shall I find the noble *Brittish* Land?
 Lo, I at last a *Northern Spec* espie,
 Which in the *Sea* does lie,
 And seems a *Grain* o'th' *Sand*!
 For this will any *sin*, or *Bleed*?
 Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed*?
 And is it this, alas, which we
 (Oh *Irony* of *Words*!) do call *Great Britanie*?

3.

I pass by th' arched *Magazins*, which hold
 Th' eternal stores of *Frost*, and *Rain*, and *Snow*;
 Dry, and *secure* I go,
 Nor shake with *Fear*, or *Cold*.
 Without *affright* or *wonder*
 I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*,
 And *Lightnings* in my way
 Like harmless *Lambent Fires* about my *Temples* play.

4.

Now into a gentle *Sea* of rowling *Flame*.
 I'm *plung'd*, and still mount higher there,
 As *Flames* mount up through *air*.
 So perfect, yet so tame,
 So great, so pure, so bright a fire
 Was that unfortunate desire,
 My faithful *Breast* did cover,
 Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover*.

Through

5.

Through several *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,
 Where I behold distinctly as I pass
 The *Hints* of *Galileo's Glass*,
 I touch at last the spangled *Sphere*.
 Here all th' extended *Skie*
 Is but one *Galaxie*,
 'Tis all so bright and gay,
 And the *joynt Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*.

6.

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here;
 An unexhausted *Ocean* of *delight*
 Swallows my *senses* quite,
 And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*.
 Not *Paul*, who first did thither pass,
 And this great *World's Columbus* was,
 The *tyrannous pleasure* could express.
 Oh 'tis *too much* for *Man*! but let it ne're be *less*.

7.

The mighty *Elijah* mounted so on high,
 That second *Man*, who leapt the *Ditch* where all
 The rest of *Mankind* fall,
 And went not *downwards* to the *skie*.
 With much of *pomp* and *show*
 (As *Conquering Kings* in *Triumph* go)
 Did he to *Heaven* approach,
 And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his *Coach*.

8.

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every part,
 Of *Essences*, of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*
 Was its *substantial mold*;
 Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels* art.
 Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas *silver'd* bright,
 There double-gilt with the *Suns* light,
 And mystique *Shapes* cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a *Vulgar Angel's* wit.

9.

The *Horses* were of temper'd *Lightning* made,
 Of all that in *Heavens* beauteous *Pastures* feed,
 The noblest, *sprightful'st* breed,
 And *flaming Mains* their *Necks* array'd.
 They all were shod with *Diamond*,
 Not such as *here* are found,
 But such *light solid* ones as shine
 On the *Transparent Rocks* o'th' *Heaven Crystalline*.

Thus

10.

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the skies ;
 Astonisht Men who oft had seen *Stars fall*,
 Or that which so they call,
 Wondred from hence to see one *rise*.
 The soft *Clouds* melted him a way,
 The *Snow* and *Frosts* which in it lay
 A while the sacred *footsteps* bore,
 The *Wheels* and *Horses Hoofs* hizz'd as they past them ore.

11.

He past by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright
 All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'ed,
 And their *Astrologers* amaz'd
 With th' unexampled sight.
 But where he stopt will ne're be known,
 Till *Phoenix Nature* aged grown
 To'a better *Being* do aspire,
 And mount *herself*, like *Him*, to' *Eternitie* in *Fire*.

To the NEW YEAR.

I.

I GREAT *Janus*, who dost sure my *Mistress* view
 With all thine *Eyes*, yet think't them all too few :
 If thy *Fore-face* do see
 No better things prepar'd for me,
 Than did thy *Face behind*,
 If still her *Breast* must shut against me be
 (For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temples Gate* does bind)
 Oh let my *Life*, if thou to many *deaths* a coming find,
 With thine *old year* its *voyage* take
 Born down, that *stream* of *Time* which no *return* can make.

2.

Alas, what need I thus to pray ?
 Th' old avaritious *year*
 Whether I would or no, will bear
 At least a *part* of *Me* away.
 His well-borst *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and *Hours*,
 Though never any where they stay,
 Make in their *passage* all their *Prey*.
 The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours* that march i'th' *Rear* can find
 Nought of *Value* left behind.
 All the good *Wine* of *Life* our *drunken youth* devours ;
 B b Sorrowness

Sowreness and *Lees*, which to the bottom sink,
 Remain for latter years to *Drink*.
 Until some one offended with the taste
 The *Vessel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliques* run at last.

3.

If then, *young year*, thou needs must come,
 (For in *Times* fruitful *Womb*
 The *Birth* beyond its *Time* can never tarry,
 Nor ever can *miscarry*)
 Chuse thy *Attendants* well ; for 'tis not *Thee*
 We fear, but 'tis thy *Companie*,
 Let neither *Loss* of *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Libertie*,
 Nor pining *Sickness*, nor tormenting *Pain*,
 Nor *Sadness*, nor uncleanly *Povertie*,
 Be seen among thy *Train*,
 Nor let thy *Livery* be
 Either black *Sin*, or gawdy *vanitie* ;
 Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle *Year*,
 Let not so much as *Love* be there :
 Vain fruitless *Love*, I mean ; for, gentle *Year*,
 Although I fear,
 There's of this *Caution* little need,
 Yet, gentle *Year*, take heed,
 How thou dost make
 Such a *Mistake*.
 Such *Love* I mean alone
 As by thy cruel *Predecessors* has been shown,
 For though I have too much cause to doubt it,
 I fain would try for once if *Life* can *Live* without it.

4.

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,
 And seek to *Antedate* our *Misery* ?
 Like *Jealous men* why are we longing still
 To *See* the thing which only *seeing* makes an *Ill* ?
 'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd* ; for 'twere a *Sight*
 That would even *Happiest men* affright,
 And something still they'd spy that would destroy
 The *past* and *present Joy* ;
 In whatsoever *Character*
 The *Book of Fate* is writ,
 'Tis well we *understand* not it,
 We should grow *Mad* with little *Learning* there.
 Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *Foresee*,
 Undecently and foolishlie
 We should stand *shivering*, and but slowly venter
 The *Fatal Flood* to enter,
 Since *willing*, or *unwilling* we must do it.
 They feel least *cold* and *pain* who *plunge* at once into it.

NOTES.

NOTES.

I.

1. **J**ANUS was the God to whom the Year was dedicated, and therefore it began with his Festival; and the first Month was denominated from him; for which cause he was represented with two Faces, to shew that he looked both Backward upon the time past, and Forward upon the time to come; and sometimes with four Faces, to signify (perhaps, for I know other Reasons are given) the four Seasons of the year,

*Annorum nitidiq; sator pulcherrime Mundi,
Publica quem primum vota precēsq; canunt. Mart.*

2. This alludes to that most notorious custom of shutting up Janus his Temple in time of an universal Peace; as was thrice done from Numa to Augustus's Reign: and when any War began, it was opened again with great Ceremony by the chief Magistrate; from which opening and shutting of his Temple Gates, Janus is called *Clavus* and *Patulcius*, and esteemed, *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter.*

L I F E.

Nascentes Morimur. Manil.

I.

1 **W**E're ill by these *Grammarians* us'd;
We are abus'd by *Words*, grossly abus'd;
From the *Maternal Tomb*,
To the *Graves* fruitful *Womb*,
We call here *Life*; but *Life's* a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched *Inn*, where we scarce stay to *bait*,
We call our *Dwelling-place*;
We call one *Step* a *Race*:
But *Angels* in their full enlightned state,
Angels who *Live* and know what 'tis to *Be*,
2 Who all the *nonsense* of our *Language* see,
Who *speak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn *Pictures* scorn,
When we by a *foolish Figure* say,
3 Behold an *old man Dead!* then they
Speak properly, and cry, Behold a *man-child* born.

2.

My *Eyes* are opened, and I see
 Through the *Transparent Fallacie* :
 Because we seem wisely to talk
 Like *men of business* ; and for *business* walk
 From place to place,
 And mighty *voyages* we take,
 And mighty *Journies* seem to make,
 1 O're *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *space*.
 Because we *fight*, and *Battels* gain ;
 Some *Captives* call, and say, *the rest are slain*.
 Because we heap up *yellow Earth*, and so,
 Rich, valiant, wise, and vertuous seem to grow ;
 Because we draw a long *Nobilitie*
 2 From *Hieroglyphick* proofs of *Herauldrie*,
 And *impudently* talk of a *Posteritie*,
 3 And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,
 Who write of twenty thousand years,
 4 With *Maravedies* make the *account*,
 That *single Time* might to a sum amount,
 We grow at last by *Custom* to believe,
 That really we *Live* :
 Whilst all these *Shadows* that for things we take,
 Are but the empty *Dreams* which in *Deaths* *sleep* we make.

3.

But these fantastique errors of our *Dreams*,
 Lead us to solid wrong ;
 We pray God, our *Friends* torments to prolong,
 And wish uncharitably for them,
 To be as long a *Dying* as *Methusalem*.
 The ripened *Soul* longs from his *Pris'on* to come,
 But we would *seal*, and *sow* up, if we could, the *Womb*.
 We seek to close and plaster up by Art
 The *cracks* and *breaches* of the' extended *Shell*,
 And in that narrow *Cell*
 Would rudely force to dwell,
 The noble vigorous *Bird* already *wing'd* to part.

NOTES.

I.

1. **P**lato in *Timæus* makes this distinction: *That which is, but is not generated; and That which is generated, but is not.* Ὁν ὃ ἐστίν. This he took from *Trismegistus*, whose *Science of God* was written in the Egyptian Temples. Ἐγὼ εἰμι πάν τὸ χρονοῦ καὶ ἐν ἐξ ἰσοπέδου, I am all that *Was, is, or shall be.* And he drew this from the very fountain where he calls himself, *Exod.* 3. 12. Ὁ ὄν, I am that I am, or, *That which is.* This doctrine of Plato, that nothing truly is but God, is approved by all the *Fathers.* *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more degrees of *Privation, or Not-Being* than of *Being* (which is the case of all *Creatures*) is not properly said to *Be*; and again, That which is in a perpetual *Fieri* or *Making*, never is quite *Made*; and therefore never properly *is.* Now because this perpetual *Flux of Being* is not in *Angels, or Separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title of Being and Living*, and carry not the *Figure* (for in truth it is no other) so far as Plato.

2. That the *Gods* call things by other names than we do, was the fancy of *Homer.*

Ὁν Ζεῦθον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκίαμανδρον,
Ὁν βελάρου καλέουσι θεοὶ, θνητοὶ δ' ἄνθρωποι
Ἰλιγγίονα.

And the like in several other places, as also in other Authors, *Athenæus*, l. 7. c. 9. *Ovid Metam.* &c. and this is likewise drawn from Scripture; for *Isaiab* (Chap. 40. v. 36.) makes it a *Property of God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their *Names.*

3. So *Euripid.*

Τίς δίδου εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὴ ὄντι καθ'αυτῶν,
τὸ καθ'αυτῶν ὃ ζῆν;

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Dye*; and to *Dye* to *Live*?

2.

1. *Isa.* 40. 26. Behold the Nations are as the drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small Dust of the Ballance, &c.

2. Because *Heraldry* consists in the *Figures* of Beasts, Stars, Flowers, and such like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient Egyptians.

3. An uncertain Number for a Certain. The Egyptian Kingdom, according to *Manstion*, had 31 Dynasties before *Alexander's* time, 5355 years; others content not themselves with so small a Number; for *Diod.* says, lib. 1. from *Osiris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thousand years; or as others will have it, little less than 23 thousand. See the Egyptian Priests discourse to *Solon* in *Plato's Timæus.* But these vast accounts arose from the equivocal term of a Year among them, which sometimes they made *Solar*, sometimes of *Four*, sometimes of *Three*, nay, *Two*, or *One Month.* *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin.* c. 7. *Plin.* l. 7. c. 11. *Macrobi.* in *Sonn. Scipion.* &c.

4. A Spanish Coin, one of the least that is.

The 34. Chapter of the Prophet Isaiah.

I.

- 1 **A** Wake, and with attention hear,
 Thou *drowsie World*, for it concerns thee near;
 Awake, I say, and listen well,
 To what from *God*, I, his *loud Prophet*, tell.
 Bid both the *Poles* suppress their stormy noise,
 And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its voice.
 Be still thou *Sea*, be still thou *Air* and *Earth*,
 2 Still, as old *Chaos*, before *Motions* birth,
 A dreadful *Host* of *Judgments* is gone out;
 In strength and number more
 Than e're was rais'd by *God* before,
 To scourge the *Rebel World*, and march it round about.

2.

- 1 I see the *Sword* of *God* brandisht above;
 And from it streams a dismal ray;
 2 I see the *Scabbard* cast away.
 How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!
 How will it *sweat* and *reek* in *blood*!
 3 How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be o'regorged with his food!
 And devour all the mighty *Feast*!
 Nothing soon but *Bones* will rest.
God does a solemn *Sacrifice* prepare;
 4 But not of *Oxen*, nor of *Rams*,
 Nor of *Kids*, nor of their *Dams*,
 Not of *Heifers*, nor of *Lams*.
 The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims* are,
 Since wicked *Men's* more guilty blood to spare,
 The *Beasts* so long have sacrificed bin,
 Since *Men* their *Birth-right* forfeit still by *Sin*,
 5 'Tis fit at last *Beasts* their *Revenge* should have,
 And *Sacrificed Men* their better *Brethren* save.

3.

- So will they fall, so will they flee;
 Such will the *Creatures* wild distraction be,
 When at the final *Doom*,
Nature and *Time* shall both be *Slain*,
 Shall struggle with *Deaths* pangs in vain,
 And the whole *world* their *Funeral Pile* become.
 The wide-stretcht *Scrowl* of *Heaven*, which we
 1 Immortal as the *Deity* think,
 2 With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it

With such deep *Sense* by *God's* own *Hand* were writ,
Whose *Eloquence* though we *understand* not, we admire,
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink

- 3 Like *Parchment* in a fire.
4 Th'exhausted *Sun* to th' *Moon* no more shall lend;
But truly then headlong into the *Sea* descend.
The glittering *Host*, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful *Troops* in some strong *Ambush* ta'ne,
5 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slaine,
6 Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,
With such a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree* and *all*.

4.
And Thou, O cursed *Land*,
Which wilt not see the *Precipice* where thou dost stand,
Though thou standst just upon the brink;
Thou of this poysoned *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* shalt drink.
Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* shall so
With humane blood overflow;
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corps away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the *Beasts* and *Birds* to give the *Fish* their prey.
The rotting *Corps* shall so infect the air;
Beget such *Plagues*, and putrid *Venomes* there,
That by thine own *Dead* shall be slain
All thy few *Living* that remain.
I As one who buys, *Surveys* a ground,
So the *Destroying Angel* measures it around,
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any *Nook* or *Corner* he should miss.
He walks about the perishing *Nation*,
Ruine behind him stalks and empty *Desolation*.

5.
1 Then shall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*
Be choakt with *Brambles* and oregrown with *grass*,
The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* shall rowl,
And in thy lower *Rooms* the *Wolves* shall howl,
2 And thy gilt *Chambers* lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*,
And all the wing'd *Ill Omens* of the aire,
Though no *new-Ills* can be *fore-boded* there.
The *Lyon* then shall to the *Leopard* say,
Brother *Leopard* come away;
Behold a *Land* which *God* has giv'en us in prey!
Behold a *Land* from whence we see
Mankind expulst, *His* and *Our* common *Enemie*!
The *Brother Leopard* shakes himself, and does not stay.

6.

- 2 The glutt'd *Vulturs* shall expect in vain
 New *Armies* to be slain.
 Shall find at last the business done,
 Leave their consumed *Quarters*, and be gone.
- 3 Th'unburied *Ghosts*, shall sadly moan,
 The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan.
 The *Evil Spirits* that delight
 To dance and revel in the *Mask* of *Night*,
 The *Moon* and *Stars*, their sole *Speçtators* shall affright.
 And if of lost *Mankind*
 Ought happen to be left behind,
 If any *Reliques* but remain,
 They in the *Dens* shall lurk, *Beasts* in the *Palaces* shall raigin.

NOTES.

I.

Isa. ch. 34.
v. 1.

Come near ye Nations to hear, and hearken ye people, let the Earth hear, * and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. 2. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all Nations, and his fury upon all their Armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter. * Terra & plenitudo ejus.

The manner of the Prophets writing, especially of *Isaiah*, seems to me very like that of *Pindar*; they pass from one thing to another with almost *Invisible* connexions, and are full of words and expressions of the highest and boldest flights of Poetry, as may be seen in this Chapter, where there are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatsoever; and the connexion is so difficult, that I am forced to add a little, and leave out a great deal to make it seem *Sense* to us, who are not used to that elevated way of expression. The Commentators differ, and some would have it to be a Prediction of the destruction of *Judea*, as *Hugo*, *Lyran*, and others; the rest understand it as a Prophecy of the day of Judgment. The design of it to me seems to be this, first to denounce great desolations and ruines to all Countries, and then to do it more particularly to *Judea*, as which was to suffer a greater measure of them than the rest of the World; as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun; and to illustrate these confusions by the similitude of them to those of the last Day, though in the Text there be no Transition from the subject to the similitude; for the old fashion of writing, was like *Disputing* in *Enthymemes*, where half is left out to be supplied by the Hearer: ours is like *Syllogisms*, where all that is meant is express'd.

2. For as soon as *Motion* began, it ceased to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confusion*, but *Natural Motion* is regular: I think I have read it somewhere called ἀκίνητος χάος. The Scripture says, *And darkness was upon the face of the Earth, and the spirit of God moved upon the Waters*. So that the first *Motion*, was that of the Spirit of God upon *Chaos*, to which succeeded the *Motion* in *Chaos*. And God said (that is, the motion of the Spirit of God, for it is a Procession of his will to an outward Effect) *let there be light, and there was light* (that is, the first *Motion* of *Chaos*.)

2.

Verse 5.

For my sword * shall be bathed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon *Idumea*, and upon the people of my curse to Judgment. 6. The sword of God is filled with blood, * it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the fat of the Kidneys of Rams; for the Lord has a Sacrifice in *Borjath*, and a great slaughter in the Land of *Idumea*. * Quoniam inebriatus est in cœlo gladius meus, & sup. populum interfectiones mœæ ad judicium — * Incrâfatus est adipe.

I have left out the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Verses; in which, where the Prophet says *Unicorns* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a *Metaphor* only of Great *Tyrants*, and men of the mightiest power; the *Horn* signifying that in Hebrew, and other Languages too; as *Horace*.

Addet cornua pauperi, &c.

v. 8. And

And the year of recompences for the controversy of *Sion*, *Annus retributionis judicii Sion*. This makes *Vatabl. Montan. Sanchez*, and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgment which God shall exercise against the *Idumeans* in revenge of *Sion*; but I take it rather to be, This is the year when *Sion* shall be judged for her judgment; that is, for the condemnation and execution of her *Messias*, who likewise foretels the same things as *Isaiab*; concerning the destruction of *Jerusalem*, and even in the same manner, part of the threatenings seeming to belong particularly to *Jerusalem*, and part being only applicable to the Day of Judgment. Observe this remarkable conformity in the 24. of *Matthew*.

2. As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled; in which sense it was said, as I take it, to the great Duke of *Guisse*, that he who draws his Sword against his Prince, should fling away the *Scabbard*.

3. For the Text says, it is made drunk with blood, and made fat with flesh. Like the rich *Glutton* in the Gospel, who is described to be cloathed with Purple.

4. The Text seems to say quite contrary to this, It shall be made fat with fatness, and with the blood of Lambs and Goats, and kidneys of Rams, &c. But the names of Beasts in that place must necessarily be understood, as put for Men; all sorts of Men. *Cornel. à Lap.* says that by Lambs are signified the Common People; by Goats the Captains and Princes; by Rams the Magistrates. But these two last interpretations of Goats and Rams, seem very slight and forced; the meaning is, that all sorts of men shall be sacrificed to God's justice, as Lambs, Goats, and Rams were wont to be. It may be asked, why *Idumæa* and *Borsæ*, (the Metropolis of it) are here particularly mentioned? Is it not with allusion to the Names? for *Idumæa* (or *Edom*) signifies Red, a Country that shall be red with bloodshed; and *Borsæ* signifies a Strong fortified Place. So that in the Psalm 108. v. 10. where we read, Who will bring me into the Strong City? the Hebrew is, Who will bring me into *Borsæ*? From which word too by a Metathesis of the Letters, some derive *Byrsa*, the strong Castle of *Carthage*, which was founded by the *Phœnicians*, and therefore it is more likely the Castle should have a *Phœnician* (which Language is said to have been little different from the Hebrew) than a *Græcian* name, to wit, from *Bûrsæ*, an Hide, because *Dido* is reported to have bought of *Iarbas* as much ground as could be compass with an Ox's hide, which cut into very narrow thongs, took up the whole space where she built the Castle. *Virg.*

*Mercatiq; solum facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

Wherefore under the name of *Borsæ*, the Prophet threatens all strong Places, and more especially of *Judæa*, which God will make an *Edom*, or red, or bloody Country.

5. Though Beasts were first created in time, yet because Man was first and chiefly designed, and they only in order to him, the right of Primogeniture belongs to him; and therefore all Beasts at first obeyed and feared him. We need not be angry, or ashamed to have them called our Brethren; for they are literally so, having the same Creator or Father; and the Scripture gives us a much worse kindred; I have said to corruption, thou art my Father; and to the worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister, *Job 17. v. 14.*

3.

And all the host of Heaven shall be dissolved, * and the Heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all their host shall fall down as the leaf falleth from the vine, and as a falling fig from the Figtree. * Et complicabuntur sicut Liber cœli, &c. *D. Thomas Hug.* and divers others, interpret this to be an hyperbolical expression of the calamities of those times; which shall be so great, that men shall think the World at an end, and shall be so distracted, that the Heavens shall seem to be rolled together, and the stars to fall. But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real description of the end of the World, but by way of a Similitude, to illustrate the confusions that are foretold.

Verse 4.

1. The vulgar opinion, and that of *Aristotle*, and most Philosophers has always been that the Heavens are Immutable, and Incorruptible, nay even Immaterial; in which, though experience it self of visible Mutations in them (as the production and extinction two years after of the New Star in *Cassiopea*, 1572.) might sufficiently by natural reason convince them, yet some men are so given up even to the most reprobate sense of *Aristotle*, that not so much as the Divine Authority can draw them from it; as in this point *Saarez*, and many others, are so far from the opinion of the Heavens being now Corruptible, and Mutable, that they will allow them to be changed only Accidentally (as they call it) and not Substantially at the last Day. Of which *Maldon* upon *S. Matth.* says well, That he had rather believe *Christ* who affirms it, than *Aristotle* who denies it.

2. The Stars may well be termed Characters or Letters, where the Heavens are called a Scroll or Book, in which perhaps Mens fortunes, Gods Glory is certainly written; and in this sense the Psalmist speaks, The heavens shall declare his righteousness. *Origen* cites a Book of great authority in his days, called *Narratio Joseph*, in which *Jacob* says to his Sons, *Ligi in tabulis cœli quecuq; contingent vobis & filiis vestris.*

3. The Text is rolled up like a Scroll, or rather Book; for the ancient Books were not like ours, divided into leaves; but made of sheets, of skins, or parchment, and rolled upon a cylinder, after the fashion of our Maps. So that when they had read them, they

rolled them up again, as God will the Heavens, when he has done with them. But I thought that this comparison of *Parchment* that shrivels up in the Fire does more represent the violence of their destruction, which is to be by burning.

4. He supplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that shine by reflection from him, but then shall want light for himself. *In those days the Sun shall be darkened, and the Moon shall not give her light.* Mat. 24. Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphasis*; even *her own little Light*: for I believe the *Moon* and *Stars* nor to be totally opaque and dark bodies.

Truly, is *Emphatical*; for according to the *Fables*, whensoever he sets, he descends into the *Sea*, but now he really does so; that is, he will be mingled with the *Sea* and *Earth*, and all other things that must then be dissolved: And the *Heathens* had both this opinion of the end of the *World*, and fell almost into the same expressions. As *Lucan*.

*Mistis Sidera sideribus concurrent, Ignea pontum
Astra petent*

St. Matthew and *Mark*, *And the Stars of Heaven shall fall*; and here, *Their host shall fall down* &c. Sen. ad Marc. *Sidra sideribus incurvent, & omni flagrante materia, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex disposito lucet, ardebit.* And one might call up a pedantical heap of authorities to the same purpose.

5. It is, I hope, needless to admonish any tolerable *Reader*, that it was not negligence or ignorance of *Number*, that produced this *Stumbling Verse*, no more than the other before, *And truly then headlong into the Sea descend.* And several others in my *Book* of the like kind.

6. That of the *wind* is added to the *Text* here, but taken out of another just like it in the *Revelations*, Chap. 6. v. 13. *And the Stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth, even as a Fig-tree casteth her untimely Figs when she is shaken of a mighty Wind.* And there follows too the similitude of the *Scroll*.

4.

1. Verse 11. *And he shall stretch out upon it the Line of confusion, and the stones of Emptiness* The *Latine* very differently, *Et extendatur super eam mensura, ut redigatur ad nihil, & perpendiculum in desolationem.* The *Metaphor* is, that as a *Carpenter* draws a *Line* to mark exactly the space that he is to *build*, so *God* does here, to mark that which he is to *destroy*.

Our *Translation* follows *Vatabl.* *Extendet super eam regulam inanitatis, & lapides vacuitatis.* Which *stones of Emptiness* may have two interpretations, either making the *Stones, Tyrimini*, that is *Bound-stones of Desolation*, as if he should say, *This is the Land of Desolation, and I have set for these bounds and limits to circumscribe it.* Or else he says, the *Stones of Emptiness*, as an effect of *Desolation*; for when a ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows *stony*. According to the vulgar *Latine Translation* it is very like another *Text of Isaiah*, Chap. 28. v. 17. *Judgment also will I lay to the Line, and righteousness to the Plummets.* Which is no more in plain language, than, I will be exact in *Judgment* and *Righteousness*. There is a much harder *Text* with the same *Metaphor* in 2 *Sam.* Ch. 8. Verse 2 *And he smote Moab, and measured them with a Line, casting them down to the ground, even with two lines measured he to put to Death, and with one full Line to keep alive; And so the Moabites became David's Servants, and brought gifts.* Which some interpret, that he put two parts of them to the *Sword*, and saved the third, who became his *Servants*. And that he did this, not by a just account, or polling of them (for the number was too great) but by measuring out the *Land* into three parts, and destroying two of them, 2 *King.* 21. 13. *I will stretch over Jerusalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummets of the House of Ahab, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping and turning it upside down.* The *Latine*, *Pondus domus Achab*: and instead of a *dish*, uses a more noble *Metaphor* of a *Table-book*. *Delebo Jerusalem sicut delebit solent Tabule, & delens ver-tam, & ducam crebrissimam super faciem ejus.*

5.

1. Verse 11. *The Cormorant and the Bittern shall possess it, the Owl and the Raven shall dwell in it.* V. 13. *And thorns and nettles shall come up in her Palaces, and Brambles in the Fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls.*

Et possidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericius, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in ea, v. 13. Et orientur in domibus ejus spinæ & urticæ, & paliurus in munitionibus ejus, & erit cubile Dracorum & pascua Struthionum. The *Cormorant* is called *Onocrotalus*, from *Op* an *Ass*, and *κροταλ*, Noise: because it makes a noise like the braying of an *Ass*. I know not whether we are in the right, who translate it a *Bittern*; or the *Latin*, which calls it *Ericius*, an *Hedge-Hog*. *Ericius* among the *Classick* Authors, signifies an Instrument of War, made with Iron Pikes, like *Palisadoes* sticking out of it. Some think a *Percullia*, from the similitude of which, *Echinus* was in the time of corrupted *Latine*, called *Ericius*. *Ibis* is a Bird like a *Stork* most known in *Egypt*, and worshipt there, because it kills multitudes of *Serpents*, which would else infest the *Country*. We erroneously translate it *Owl*, for mention of *Owls* is made afterwards. I do not use the same names of *Beasts* and *Birds* exactly which the *Prophet* does: nor is that material; for the meaning only is, that the *Land* shall be possess'd by *Beasts* instead of *Men*.

2. Of *Birds* from which the Ancients took *Auguries*: Some were called *Oscines*, from whose *voices* they drew their Divinations, and other *Præpites*, from their manner of *flight*; Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls, and such like, were counted inauspicious Birds; and others (as *Vultures*) in some cases portended good, and in others evil.

3. Though the *Lyon* might call any *Beast* Brother, yet it may more properly the *Leopard*; for the *Leopard* is begot of a *Lyoness*, and a *he-Panther*, which is called *Pardus*.

6.

Verse 14. The wild beasts of the Desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the Islands, and the Satyre shall cry to his fellow, the Scrych-Owl shall also rest there; and find for herself a place of rest. V. 15. There shall the great Owl make her nest, and lay and hatch, and gather under her shadow; There shall the Vultures also be gathered every one with her Mate, V. 14. Et occurrunt Dæmonia Onocentauris, & Piloſus clamabit alter ad alterum; Ibi cubavit Lamia, & invenit sibi requiem. V. 15. Ibi habuit fovæam Ericius, & enutrivit catulos, & circumſedit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus; illuc congregati sunt Milvi, alter ad alterum.

Here is a great difference between the two Translations; and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly understood the Hebrew, neither in this nor many other places. From whence they give the fabulous Greek names, as those of Satyrs, Lamia, Onocentauris, Unicorns, Dragons, Orion, Pleiades, and the like, to several Hebrew words, whose true signification was lost; which is no wonder, for even in the Greek and Latin we have much ado to translate all the names of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, and Herbs, &c. and I am afraid we are often mistaken in them. So the Septuagint in Job. 42. v. 14. translate the name of Job's third Daughter, The Horn of Amalthea, alluding to a Grecian fable born long after Job's time. Κέρασ' Αμάλθειας, which the Latin *Cornu stibii* the Horn of Antimony, perhaps because Antimony is accounted by some the Mother of Metals. We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the signification, but the word of the Hebrew. It seems by the Greek, that Job's three Daughters names signified Sweetness; Light, or Beauty; Plenty, or Fruitfulness. So in the 15 of *Judith* it is translated; *Nec filii Titan percusserunt eum*: when the meaning is, They were not the Sons of *Gyants* that slew him, but, &c. Not great strong men, but a weak woman.

2. The Latin says *Milvi*: which Translation is best I know not, nor does it import. The *Vultures* from their devouring of dead Bodies, were called *ταφοί ἐμυλοχοί*, *Living Tombs*. They are said to assemble themselves together by a natural *Divinatory Instinct* in the places where any great slaughters are to be made; which *Tradition* arises, because they use to follow *Armies*; not as foreseeing the day of *Battel*, but because even in the marches of *Armies* there are always a great many men, horses, and other beasts, that fall here and there by the way. *Job* has the like description of the *Eagle*, Ch. 39. ver. 30. *And where the slain are, there is she*

3. The English mentions only *Satyrs*, the Latin besides that (for *Piloſus*, are the same) *Dæmonia*, and *Lamie*, *Hobgoblins*. The Hebrew is said to signify *Νοστιωνων σπελιθων*, An appearance of something in the Night. From whence the Chald. transl. it, An Owl, the English a *Scrych-Owl*. Whether there be any such Creatures in Nature as *Satyrs*, &c. I will not determine. *S. Antony* seeking *S. Paul* the *Hermite*, is reported by *Athanasius* to have met with a *Monster* half *Man*, and *Beast*, which he drove away with the sign of the *Cross*; and *S. Hierom* in the life of the *Hermite*, says that such a kind of *Monster* was in his time brought to *Alexandria*. *Pliny* testifies, that he himself saw an *Hippocentaur*, the body of which was preserved in honey, and brought to *Gland. Cesar*; but I am sorry he does not describe the form of it, *Lib. 7. Cap. 3.*

The Plagues of Egypt.

I.

IS this thy *Bravery, Man*, is this thy *Pride*?
Rebel to God, and *Slave* to all beside!
 Captiv'd by every thing! and only *Free*
 To fly from thine own *Libertie*!
 All *Creatures* the *Creator* said *Were thine*;
 No *Creature* but might since, say, *Man is Mine*.
 In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lie;
 And sweat and toil in the vile *Drudgerie*
 Of *Tyrant Sin*;
 To which we *Trophees* raise, and wear out all our *Breath*,
 In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*;
 We, the *choice Race*, to *God* and *Angels Kin*!
 In vain the *Prophets* and *Apostles* come
 To call us home,
 Home to the promis'd *Canaan* above,
 Which does with nourishing *Milk*, and pleasant *Honey* flow;
 And ev'en i'th' way to which we should be fed
 With *Angels tasteful Bread*:
 But, we, alas, the *Flesh-pots* love,
 We love the very *Leeks* and *fordid roots* below.

2.

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and *Wonders* see;
 In vain did *God* to descend hither dain,
 He was his own *Ambassador* in vain,
 Our *Moses* and our *Guide* himself to be.
 We will not let our *selves* to go,
 And with worse hardned hearts do our own *Pharaohs* grow;
 Ah, left at last we perish so!
 Think, stubborn *Man*, think of the' *Egyptian Prince*,
 (Hard of *Belief* and *Will*, but not so hard as *Thou*)
 Think with what dreadful proofs *God* did convince
 The feeble arguments that humane pow'er could show;
 Think what *Plagues* attend on *Thee*,
 Who *Moses God* dost now refuse, more oft than *Moses He*.

3.

If from some *God* you come (said the proud *King*)
 I With half a smile and half a Frown;
 2 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown?)
 3 What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you bring?
 Behold his *Seal*, behold his *Hand*,
 Cries *Moses*, and casts down th' *Almighty Wand*.

- 4 Th' *Almighty Wand* scarce toucht the Earth,
 When with an undiscern'd birth
 Th' *Almighty Wand* a *Serpent* grew
 And his long half in painted folds behind him drew.
 Upwards his threatenng *Tail* he threw ;
 Upwards he cast his threatenng *Head*,
 He gap'd and hiss'd aloud ;
 With flaming *Eyes* survey'd the trembling croud,
 And like a *Basilisk* almost lookt the *Assembly* dead ;
 5 Swift fled th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards* before him fled.

4.
 1 *Jannes* and *Jambres* stopt their flight,
 And with proud words allay'd th' affright.
 The *God of Slaves* (said they) how can he be
 More powerful than their *Masters Deitie* ?
 And down they cast their *Rods*,
 2 And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the *servile Gods*.
 The evil *Spirits* their charms obey,
 And in a subtle cloud they snatch the *Rods* away,
 3 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Juglers* lay.
Serpents in *Egypt's* monstrous land,
 Were ready still at hand,
 And all at the *Old Serpents* first command.
 And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,
 And they their threatenng *Tails* did twist,
 But straight on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew ;
 Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it slew,
 And both almost at once devour'd,
 So much was over-power'd
 By *God's* miraculous *Creation*
 His *Servants* *Natures* slightly-wrought, and feeble *Generation*.

3.
 1 On the fam'd bank the *Prophets* stood,
 Toucht with their *Rod*, and wounded all the *Flood* ;
Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.
 The helpless *Fish* were found
 In their strange *Current* drown'd,
 The *Herbs* and *Trees* wash't by the mortal *Tide*
 About it blusht and dy'd.
 Th' amazed *Crocodiles* made hast to ground ;
 From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
 Thought it their *Omn*, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
 2 Nor all thy *Priests*, nor *Thou*
 Oh *King*, couldst ever show
 From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his course ;
 Of this *new Nile* thou seest the sacred *Source* ;
 And as thy *Land* that does oreflow,
 Take heed lest *this* do so.

- 3 What *Plague* more just could on thy *Waters* fall ?
 The *Hebrew Infants Murder* stains them all.
 The kind, *instructing Punishment* enjoy ;
 Whom the *Red-River* cannot *Mend*, the *Red-Sea* shall *Destroy*.

6.

- The *River* yet gave one *Instruction* more,
 1 And from the rotting *Fish* and unconcocted *Gore*,
 Which was but *Water* just before,
 A loathsome *Host* was quickly made,
 That seal'd the *Banks*, and with loud noise did all the *Country* in-
 As *Nilus* when he quits his sacred *Bed* (vade.
 2 (But like a *Friend* he visits all the *Land*
 With welcome *Presents* in his hand)
 So did this *Living Tide* the *Fields* orespread.
 In vain th' alarmed *Country* tries
 To kill their noisome *Enemies*,
 From th'unexhausted *Source* still new *Recruits* arise,
 Nor does the *Earth* these greedy *Troops* suffice,
 The *Towns* and *Houses* they possess,
 The *Temples* and the *Palaces*,
 Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear ;
 Both their importune croakings hear.
 Unsatiate yet they mount up higher,
 Where never *Sun-born Frog* durst to aspire ;
 And in the silken *Beds* their slimy *Members* place ;
 A *Luxurie* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*.

7.

- The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce ;
 But both were to no use.
 As yet the *Sorcerers* *mimick power* serv'd for excuse,
 Try what the *Earth* will do (said *God*) and, Lo !
 They stroke the *Earth* a fertile blow.
 And all the *Dust* did strait to stir begin ;
 One would have thought some sudden *Wind* t'had bin ;
 But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within !
 And all the little *Springs* did move,
 1 And evey *Dust* did an arm'd *Vermine* prove,
 Of an unknown and new-created kind,
 Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither *make* nor *find*.
 The wretched shameful *Foe* allow'd no rest
 Either to *Man* or *Beast*.
 Not *Pharaoh* from th'unquiet *Plague* could be,
 With all his change of *Rayments* free ;
 The *Devils* themselves confest
 This was *God's Hand* ; and 'twas but just
 To punish thus man's pride, to punish *Dust* with *Dust*.

8.

- Lo the *third Element* does his *Plagues* prepare,
 And swarming *Clouds of Insects* fill the Air.
 With fullen noise they take their flight,
 And march in *Bodies* infinite ;
 In vain 'tis *Day* above, 'tis still beneath them *Night*.
 1 Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberless,
 Compos'd this mighty *Armies* spacious boast ;
 Of different *Manners*, different *Languages* ;
 And different *Habits* too they wore,
 And different *Arms* they bore.
 And some, like *Scythians*, liv'd on *Blood*,
 And some on *Green*, and some on *Flowery Food*,
 2 And *Accaron*, the *Airy Prince*, led on this *various Host*.
 Houses secure not Men, the populous ill
 Did all the Houses fill.
 The Country, all around,
 3 Did with the cries of tortured *Cattel* sound ;
 About the fields enrag'd they flew,
 And witht the *Plague* that was t'ensue.

9.

- 1 From *poysonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came
 (The mingled *Malice* of their *Flame*)
 A skilful *Angel* did th' *Ingredients* take,
 And with just hands the sad *Composure* make,
 And over all the Land did the full *vial* shake.
 Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,
 And *pining Pains*, and *Shivering Sweats*
 On all the *Cattle*, all the *Beasts* did fall ;
 With *deform'd Death* the Country's covered all.
 The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow* ;
 The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
 Sink, and prevent the *lifted Blow*.
 The generous *Horse* from the full *Manger* turns his *Head* ;
 Does his lov'd *Floods* and *Pastures* scorn,
 Hates the shrill *Trumpet* and the *Horn*,
 Nor can his lifeless *Nostril* please,
 With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled *Mistresses*.
 The starving *Sheep* refuse to feed,
 They bleat their innocent *Souls* out into air ;
 The faithful *Dogs* lie gasping by them there ;
 Th'astonisht *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his tuneful *Reed*.

10.

Thus did the *Beasts* for *Man's Rebellion* dy,
 God did on *Man* a Gentler *Medicine* try,
 And a *Disease* for *Physick* did apply.
 Warm ashes from the *Furnace Moses* took ;
 The *Sorcerers* did with wonder on him look ;

And

- And smil'd at th'unaccustom'd *Spell*
 Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell.
 1 He flings the *pregnant Asbes* through the *Air*,
 And speaks a mighty *Pray'er*,
 Both which the *Ministring Winds* around all *Egypt* bear.
 As gentle western *Blasts* with downy wings
 Hatching the tender *Springs*
 To the'unborn *Buds* with vital whispers say,
 Ye *living Buds* why do ye stay?
 The passionate *Buds* break through the *Bark* their way:
 So wherefoere this *tainted Wind* but blew,
 Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew;
 It from the body call'd all *sleeping Poysons* out,
 And to them added new;
 2 A noysome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did sprout.

II.

- Heaven* it self is angry next;
 Wo to *Man*, when *Heaven* is vext.
 With sullen brow it frown'd,
 And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound.
 Till *Moses* lifting up his hand,
 Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
 And all the full-charg'd *clouds* in ranged *Squadrons* move,
 And fill the spacious *Plains* above.
 Through which the rowling *Thunder* first does play,
 And opens wide the *Tempests* noisy way.
 And straight a *stony shower*
 Of monstrous *Hail* does downwards pour,
 Such as nere *Winter* yet brought forth
 From all her stormy *Magazins* of the *North*.
 It all the *Beasts* and *Men* abroad did slay,
 1 O're the defaced corps, like *Monuments*, lay,
 The *Houses* and strong-body'd *Trees* it broke,
 Nor askt aid from the *Thunders* stroke.
 The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,
 The *Hail* alone the work could do.
 The dismal *Lightnings* all around,
 Some flying through the *Air*, some running on the *ground*,
 Some swimming o're the *waters* face,
 Fill'd with *bright Horror* every place.
 One would have thought their *dreadful Day* to have seen,
 The very *Hail*, and *Rain* it self had kindled been.

I 2.

- 1 The *Infant Corn*, which yet did scarce appear,
 Escap'd this general *Massacre*
 Of every thing that grew,
 And the well-stored *Egyptian year*

- Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew.
- 2 When, Lo! a *scorching wind* from the burnt Countrys blew,
And endless *Legions* with it drew
- 3 Of greedy *Locusts*, who where e're
With founding wings they flew,
Left all the Earth depopulate and bare,
As if *Winter* it self had marcht by there.
What ere the *Sun* and *Nile*
Gave with large *Bounty* to the thankful soil,
The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
And the whole *Summer* was their Prey,
Till *Moses* with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent Western wind,
Which all these *living clouds* did headlong bear
(No *Straglers* left behind)
- 4 Into the *purple Sea*, and there bestow
On the luxurious *Fish* a Feast they ner'e did know.
With *untaught joys* *Pharaoh* the News does hear,
And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *Him*, and *His* so near.

13.

- What *blindness* or what *Darkness* did there e're
Like this *undocil King's* appear ?
What e're but that which now does represent
And paint the *Crime* out in the *Punishment* ?
- 1 From the deep, baleful *Caves of Hell* below,
Where the old *Mother Night* does grow,
Substantial Night, that does disclaime,
Privation's empty Name,
Through secret conduits monstrous *shapes* arose,
Such as the *Suns* whole force could not oppose,
They with a *Solid Cloud*.
All Heavens *Eclipsed Face* did shrowd.
Seem'd with large *Wings* spread o're the Sea and Earth
To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed birth.
- 2 And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*
Did at the dreadful fight *wink* and *expire*,
To th' *Empyrean Source* all *streams of Light* seem'd to retire.
The *living Men* were in their *standing-houfes buried* ;
But the *long Night* no *slumber* knows,
But the *short Death* finds no *repose*.
Ten thousand terrors through the darkness fled,
And *Ghosts* complain'd, and *Spirits* murmured.
And *Fancies* multiplying fight
View'd all the *Scenes Invisible* of *Night*

14.

Of *God's* dreadful anger these
Were but the first light *Skirmishes* ;

- The *Shock* and bloody *battle* now begins,
 The plenteous *Harvest* of full-ripened Sins.
- 1 It was the time, when the still *Moon*
 Was mounted softly to her *Noon*,
 And dewy *sleep*, which from *Nights* secret *springs* arose,
 Gently as *Nile* the land oreflows.
- 2 When (Lo!) from the high Countries of *refined Day*,
 The *Golden Heaven* without *allay*,
 Whose *dross* in the *Creation* purg'd away,
 Made up the *Suns* adulterate ray,
- 3 *Michael*, the warlike *Prince*, does downwards fly
 Swift as the journeys of the *Sight*,
 Swift as the race of *Light*,
 And with his *Winged Will* cuts through the yielding sky.
 He past throw many a *Star*, and as he past,
 Shone (like a *star* in them) more brightly there,
 Than *they* did in their *Sphere*.
 On a tall *Pyramids* pointed Head he stoop'd at last,
 And a mild look of sacred *Pity* cast
 Down on the sinful Land where he was sent,
 T' inflict the *tardy Punishment*.
 Ah! yet (said He) yet stubborn King repent;
 Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
 Ere the keen *Sword* of God fill my commanded *Hand*;
 Suffer but yet *Thy self*, and *Thine* to live;
 Who would, alas! believe
 That it for *Man* (said He)
 So hard to be forgiven should be,
 And yet for *God* so easie to *Forgive*!

15.

- He spoke, and downwards flew,
 And ore his shining *Form* a well-cut *cloud* he threw
 Made of the blackest *Fleece* of *Night*,
 And close-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
 Yet wrought so *fine* it hindred not his *Flight*,
 But through the Key-holes and the chinks of dores,
 And through the narrow'est *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
 He past more swift and free,
 Than in wide air the wanton *Swallows* flee.
- 1 He took a *pointed Pestilence* in his hand,
 The *Spirits* of thousand mortal *poysons* made
 The strongly temper'd *Blade*,
 The sharpest *Sword* that e're was laid
 Up in the *Magazins* of God to scourge a wicked Land.
 Through *Egypt's* wicked Land his march he took.
- 2 And as he marcht the *sacred First-born* strook
 Of every womb; none did he spare;
- 3 None from the meanest *Beast* to *Cenchres purple Heire*.

16.

The swift approach of endless *Night*,
 Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rowling *Eyes* ;
 They 'awake the rest with dying cries,
 And darkness doubles the affright.
 The mixed sounds of *scatter'd Deaths* they hear,
 And lose their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*.
 Louder than all the shrieking *Womens* voice
 Pierces this *Chaos* of confused noise.
 As brighter *Lightning* cuts a way
 Clear, and distinguisht through the *Day*.
 1 With less complaints the *Zoan Temples* sound,
 2 When the adored *Heifer's* dround,
 And no true markt *Successor* to be found.
 Wiltst *Health* and *Strength*, and *Gladness* does possess
 The festal *Hebrew Cottages* ;
 The blest *Destroyer* comes not there
 To interrupt the sacred chear
 3 That new begins their well-reformed *Year*.
 Upon their doors he read and understood,
God's Protection writ in *Blood* ;
 Well was he skild i'th' *Character Divine* ;
 And though he past by it in haste,
 He bow'd and worshipt as he past,
 The mighty *Mystery* through its *humble Signe*.

17.

The *Sword* strikes now too deep and near,
 Longer with its edge to play ;
 No *Diligence* or *Cost* they spare
 To haste the *Hebrews* now away,
Pharaoh himself chides their delay ;
 So kind and bountiful is *Fear* !
 But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we ow,
 Is but like *Fire* struck out of *stone*.
 So hardly got, and quickly gone,
 That it scarce out-lives the *Blow*.
 Sorrow and fear soon quit the *Tyrants* brest ;
Rage and *Revenge* their place possess
 With a vast Host of *Chariots* and of *Horse*,
 And all his powerful *Kingdoms* ready force
 The *travailing Nation* he pursues ;
 Ten times orecome, he still th' unequal war renews.
 Fill'd with proud hopes, At least (said he)
 Th' *Egyptian Gods* from *Syrian Magick* free
 Will now revenge *Themselves* and *Me* ;
 Behold what passless *Rocks* on either hand
 Like *Prison* walls about them stand !
 Whilst the *Sea* bounds their *Flight* before,

And in our injur'd *justice* they must find
 A far worse stop than *Rocks* and *Seas* behind,
 Which shall with crimson gore
 I New paint the *Waters Name*, and double dye the *shore*.

18.

He spoke ; and all his Host
 Approv'd with shouts the' *unhappy boast*,
 A bidden *wind* bore his vain *words* away,
 And drown'd them in the neighb'ring Sea.
 No means t'escape the faithless *Travellers* spie,
 And with degenerate fear to die,
 Curse their new-gotten *Libertie*.
 But the great *Guide* well knew he led them right,
 And saw a *Path* hid yet from humane sight.
 He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
 Unloose their close *Embraces*, and divide ;
 And backwards press, as in some solemn show
 The crowding *People* do
 (Though just before no space was seen)
 To let the admired *Triumph* pass between.
 The *wondring Army* saw on either hand
 The no less *wondring Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Crystal* stand.
 They marcht betwixt, and boldly trod
 The *secret paths* of God.
 And here and there all scatter'd in their way
 The *Seas* old spoils, and gaping *Fishes* lay
 Deserted on the sandy plain.
 The *Sun* did with astonishment behold
 The inmost *Chambers* of the opened *Main*,
 For whatsoere of old
 By his *own Priests* the *Poets* has been said,
 He never sunk till then into the *Oceans Bed*.

19.

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
 To th'other shore at Morning Dawn they came,
 And saw behind th'unguided Foe
 March disorderly and slow.
 The *Prophet* straight from th' *Idumean* strand
 Shakes his *Imperious Wand*.
 The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
 The beckning *Wand* espie.
 Straight their first right-hand *files* begin to move,
 And with a murmuring wind
 Give the word *March* to all behind.
 The left-hand *Squadrons* no less ready prove,
 But with a joyful louder noise
 Answer their distant fellows voice,
 And haste to meet them make,

As several *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take,
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell

- 1 Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,
When on both sides they saw the roaring Main
Broke loose from his *Invisible Chain* ?
They saw the *monstrous Death* and *watry War*
Come rowling down loud Ruine from afar.
In vain some backward, and some forwards fly
With helpless haste ; in vain they cry
- 2 To their *Cælestial Beasts* for aid ;
In vain their guilty *King* they 'upbraid,
In vain on *Moses* he, and *Moses God* does call,
With a *Repentance true too late* ;
They're compact round with a *devouring Fate*
That draws, like a strong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon them all.

NOTES.

1. Like that of *Virgil*,

3.

Subridens missâ Merentius ira.

And *Merentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his contempt of the Deity, *Contemptorq; Deum Merentius*. *Exod. 5. 2. And (Pharaoh) answered, who is the Lord, that I should bear his voice, and let Israel go ? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.*

2. For no Nation under the Sun worshipt so many Gods as *Egypt* ; so that probably *Pharaoh* would have known the name of any God but the true one, *Jehovah*.

3. That *Pharaoh* askt a sign, appears by *Exod. 7. 9. And when Pharaoh shall say to you, Shew me a sign, &c.*

4. *Almighty*, as it was the *Instrument* of the *Almighty* in doing Wonders ; for which it is called the *Rod of the Lord*, as well as of *Moses* and *Aaron* ; and in this sense *Fortune* is rightly called by *Virgil* *Omnipotens*.

5. We may well suppose that the *King* and his *Guards* fled for fear at the sight, since *Moses* himself did so at first, *Exod. 4. 2. And it was turned into a Serpent, so that Moses fled from it.*

4.

1. So the *Apostle* calls the chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, *2 Tim. 3. 8.* but *S. Hieron.* translates their names *Johannes* and *Mambres* ; and they say there is a Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Jubanni* and *Mamre*, chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, said to *Moses*, Thou bringest straw into *Ephraim*, which was where abundance of Corn grew ; as if they should have said, to bring your *Magical Arts* hither, is to as much purpose, as to bring water to *Nilus*. *Jannes* was famous even among *Heathen Authors*. *Plin. lib. 3. c. 1. Est & alia Magices factio, à Mose, & Janne & Jotape Judæis pendens.* And *Numenius* the *Pythagorean* names him in *Euseb. l. 9. Preparat. Evang.* They here are called by several names, in several Translations, by the *Septuag.* *Φαλακτοί, Venifici, Poisoners,* and *Ἐξαοιστῆ, Incantatores, Incantors* ; by *Sulpitius Severus*, *Chaldæans*, that is, *Astrologers* ; by others, *Sapientes & Malefici, wisemen* (that is, Men esteemed so among the *Egyptians*) *Philosophers* and *Witches*.

2. *Peccant etiam ipsi per incantationis Ægyptiacas & arcana quedam similiter.* Their Gods may well be called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we find them threatened by the *Conjurers*, and forced whether they will or no, by the power of Spells, to do what they are commanded. *Tiresias* in the *4. Theb.* because they did not obey him at first word, speaks to them like a *Schoolmaster* with a rod in his hand,

—*Et nobis servire facultas.*

—*An Scythicus quoties armata venenis*

Colchis æget, trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,

Nostri cura minor ? &c.

And *Lucan* says of *Erichtho*,

Omne nefas superi primâ jam voce precantis
concedunt, carmenq; timent audire secundum.

And

And the *witches* used always some obscure murmurings in their charms. So of *Erichtho*,

*Tam vox Lethæos cunctis potentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum
Dissona, & humane multum discordia Linguae.*

3. There are four opinions concerning this action of the *Magicians*; the first, that their *Rods* appeared *Serpents* by an *Illusion* of the fight. This was *Josephus* his opinion; for he says, Βακίλλαιαί οὐ δεικνόμεναι ἰδόντων and *Tertullian*, *Hierom*, *Gregory Nyssen*, are cited for it too. *Sedulius* in *lib. 4. Carm.*

—*Sed imagine falsa
Visibus humanis magicas tribuere figuras.*

This I like not by no means; for if the appearance of the *Serpents* was an *Illusion*, so was the *devouring* of them too by *Moses* his *Serpent*. Therefore the second opinion to solve this difficulty, says, that the *Devil* for the *Magicians*, did really on the sudden make up some bodies that looked like *true Serpents*, but were not so, and those bodies were *truly devoured* by *Moses* his *true Serpent*. But it does not fully answer the objection; and besides by this *Deceit*, they might as well have imitated the other miracles. The third is *Thom. Aquinas*, and *Cajetans*, and *Delrius*, and divers others, That they were *true Serpents*, not *Created* in an instant by the *Devil* (for that is granted by all to exceed his power) but *Generated* in a moment of Time by application of all things required to the generation of *Serpents*, which is *Spontaneous* sometimes. The fourth is of *Petorius*, *Abulensis*, and many more, that the *Devil* snatched away the *Rods*, and had *true Serpents* there in readiness to put in their place, and this agrees better with the swiftness of the action, for which, and some other reasons, I follow it

5.

1. The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the most famous *River* in the World, whether we consider the greatness and length of it (for it runs about 900 German miles) or the things that it produces, or the miraculous flowing and ebbing of it. It is therefore called absolutely in the Scripture *Machab Misraim, The River of Egypt*. From whence the word *Nile* is not unaturally derived *Nabal, Naal, Neel, Neil*; as *Babal, Baal, Beel, Bel, Bēl* &c: and *Pompon. Mela* reports, l. 5. c. 10. That the Fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Ethiopiens*. Now whereas God says to *Moses*, Go to *Pharaoh* in the morning, when he shall go forth to the water: I believe, as the *Persians* worshipt every morning the rising *Sun*, so the *Egyptians* did *Nile*; and that this going forth of the *King* to the *River*, was a constant act of *Devotion*, *Theodoret*. μέγα ἱερόνυμ ἦν τῷ ποταμῷ ἃ ἡ δαδὴν ἔχον ἐνέμουσιν. Nay I doubt whether *Osiris* (their great Deity) be not worshipped for *Nilus*. *Seld. de Diis Syriis*.

2. The Fountain of *Nilus* is now known to be in the mountains called *Luna montes*, and one of the Titles of *Priester Joba* is, *King of Goyome, where Nile begins*; but the *Ancients* were totally ignorant of it, inasmuch that this was reckoned among the famous prophecies of *Nilus*, that it concealed its Spring, *Fontium qui celat origines*; of which see *Lucan* in the 10. Book; where, among other things, he says most admirably of *Nilus*.

—*Ubicumq; videris,
Quæreris, & nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo sit lata suo.*

3. *Theodoret* upon *Exodus*, says thus of this change of *Nilus*, μελαγχρθεῖς εἰς τὸ αἷμα ἢ γερμυκάνους καὶ ἡγορεῖται παυδοκλονία. Being changed into *Blood*, it accused the *Egyptians* of the *Infants Murder*; and the Book of *Wisdom* in Chap. 11. makes the same observation.

6.

1. *Computruit fluvius*; and before the *Septuag.* φαεζόμεν ὁ ποταμὸς where the vulgar Edition says *Computrescent aque*; that is, *fervebit, vel effervescent fluvius*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts, *boils* and burns as it were in the *Veins*: when the Water had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it produced a great number of *Frogs*; but the Wonder consists in that the number was so infinite, in that it was so suddenly produced upon the action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their nature, they came to molest the *Egyptians* in their very Houses. The like judgment with this we find in profane Histories, and to be attributed to the same hand of God, though the *Rod* was *invisible*. *Athenæus* in his 8. Book. Ch. 2. reports, that in *Peonia* and *Dardanium* (now called *Bulgary*) there rained down so many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is, perhaps they were suddenly produced after great shower-) that they filled all the publick ways, and even private Houses, that their domestical furniture was covered with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boiled their meat; and that what with the trouble of the *Living*, and the smell of the *Dead ones*, they were forced at last to forsake their Country. And *Pliny* reports in his 8. B. Ch. 25. That a whole

whole City in Gallia hath been driven away by Frogs, and another in Afrique by Locusts; and many examples of this kind might be collected.

2. Sen. l. 4. *Quest. Natur. c. 11.* Nilus brings both Water and Earth too to the thirsty and sandy soil; for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the clefts of the parched ground, and covers the dry places with the fatness which he brought with him, so that he does good to the Country two ways both by overflowing and by manuring it. So that Herod. calls it Ἐγγύσιον, The Husbandman. Tibul. *Te propter nullos Tellus tua postulat imbres, Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi*; for which reason Lucan says, that Egypt had no need of Jupiter,

—Nihil indiga miris
Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.

And one in Athenæus bolder, yet calls Nilus excellently well, Ἀιγύπτια Ζῶ Νεῖλας, O Nilus thou Egyptian Jupiter: nay, it was termed by the Egyptians themselves, Ἀνίμιμος ἢ Ἐγγύτις, The River that emulates and contends with Heaven.

7.

1. What kind of Creature this was, no man can tell certainly. The Sept. translate it both here, and in the Psalm 105. Συρῆες. And so Philo, and the vulgar Edition retains the word, Sciniphes, Ciniiphes, or Kniphes, seem to come from the word, κνίζω, which signifies to Prick, and they were a kind of Gnat: and Pliny renders them *Culices multiones*, and sometimes simply *Culices*; as likewise *Columella*. *Dioscorid. cap. 112.* terms them, *Θηλα κωνοποσῆς*. And Hefsch. *Κνίζα ζῶον πνυδρ, ἕμοιον κωνοπι.* So Isidor. l. 12. *Origin.* and *Gros. 7, 8.* and so Origen. Yet Junius and Tremel. and the French and the English, and divers other Translations, render it by Lice, and Lice too might have Wings; for *Diod. Sicul. l. 3. c. 2.* speaking of the *Acridophagi*, or eaters of Locusts, says, that when they grow old, their bodies breed a kind of winged Lice, by which they are devoured. It seems to me most probable, that it was some new kind of Creature, called analogically by an old known name, which is Pterius his conjecture, and is approved by Rivet: And this I take to be the reason why the Magicians could not counterfeit this miracle, as it was easie for them to do those of the Serpents, the Blood, and the Frogs, which were things to be had every where. This I think may pass for a more probable cause than the pleasant fancy of the Hebrews, who say, that the Devils power is bounded to the producing of no Creature less than a grain of Barley, or than S. Augustin's allegorical reason, and too poetical even for Poetry, who affirms, that the Magicians failed in the third Plague, to shew the defect of humane Philosophy, when it comes to the mystery of the Trinity; but such pitiful allusions do more hurt than good in Divinity.

8.

1. A grievous Swarm of Flies—So our English Translation; *St. Hier. Omne genus mscarum.* All sorts of Flies. The Septuag. *Κυνομίαν, Canina Maska*, a particular kind of Fly, called a Dog-Fly, from his biting. If it be not to be read *Καυομίαν*, which may signify *Aquila's Παιμύχαν*. Some translate this place, *A mixture of Beasts*. The French, *une mistée de bestes*. Jun. and Tremel. *Colluvium*: and it should seem that Josephus understood it of several sorts of wild Beasts that infested the Country. For he says, *Θηρέων παντοίων ἢ τελευφόρων*: and *Paginnus. Omne genus ferarum*; which is not very probable, for the punishments yet were rather troublesome than mortal, and even this punishment of infinite numbers of small Tormentors, is so great a one, that God calls them his Army, *Joel. 2. 25.* nay, his Great Army, The Locust, the Locust, the Canker-worm, and the Caterpillar, and the Palmer-worm, my great Army, which I sent among you.

2. The God of Flies Belzebub, a Deity worshipped at Accaron, Jupiter, ἀπόμυτος, either from bringing or driving away of Swarms of Flies, *Plin. lib. 10. c. 28.* Those of Cyrene worship the God Achor, great multitudes of Flies causing there a Pestilence, which presently dy upon the sacrificing to this God; where Achor, I conceive to be the same with Accaron, most of the Sea-Coasts of Afrique, being ancient Colonies of the Phœnicians. *Clemens* reports, that in Accar at the Temple of Asian Apollo, they sacrificed an Ox to Flies: And *Ælian*, l. 11. *de Animal. c. 8.* θύσσει βὸν Ἰμύμας. Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrificed the Ox, not to the flies themselves, but to Apollo or Jupiter, ἀπομύμας, *Pausan. l. 5.* Ἡλείος θύειν τῷ Ἀπομύῳ Διὶ, ἔξελαιώνσι τῷ Ἡλείῳ Ὀλυμπίας τὰς μύμας. The Eleians sacrifice to Jupiter (the Driver away of Flies) for the driving away of Flies, from the Country of Elia. The Romans called this God not Jupiter, but Hercules Apomyias, though we read not of the killing of Flies among his Labours, *Plin. l. 29. c. 6.* No living creature has less of understanding, or is less docile (than Flies) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the Olympick Games, upon the sacrificing of an Ox to the God whom they call *Mysiodes*, whose clouds of them file out of the Territory. And among the Trachinians, we read of Hercules, κοροπίῳ, the Driver away of Gnats, with the Erythreans of Hercules Ἰποκλῆτος, the Killer of Worms, that hurt the Vines, and many more Deities of the like honourable employment are to be found among the ancients.

3. Many sorts of *Flies* molest the Cattle, none so as the *Astlus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad. Fly*) *Virg. Georg.*

*Oestrum Græci vertèrè vocantes,
Aster, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta*——

Wish the *Plague* that was to ensue; that is, not in the sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Plato's Horses*,

Craffina venturæ expectantes gaudia præde.

For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wish* for death.

9.

1. (i.) *Poysoning*. The conjunction of which produce *Poysons* (i.) Infectious diseases, according to the received opinion of *Astrologers*. *Virgil* says, By the sick, or *Diseas'd Heaven*; that is, which causes diseases, but *Heaven* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*,

*Hic quondam Morbo cæli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totòq; Autumni incanduit æstus, &c.*

Where see his most incomparable description of a *Pestilence*.

10.

1. No Books of Writings of the *Rites of Magick* amongst the *Egyptians*.
2. It is called by *Moses*, Chap. 9. 10. *Ulcus inflationum Germinans in hominè, &c.* Sprouting out with blains, &c. which *Jun.* and *Tremel.* *Erumpens multis pustulis*. This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the curses with which the disobedience to God is threatened, Chap. 18. 27. *The Lord shall smite thee with the botch of Egypt, &c.* From hence, I believe, came the calumny, that *Trog. Pompeius*, *Diod. Siculus*, *Tacitus*, and other Heathens cast upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being scabbed and leprous, which mistake was easie, instead of being dismiss for having brought those diseases upon the *Egyptians*.

11.

1. Not each one like a *Monument*, for that *Metaphor* would be too big; but many of them together, like a *Monument*, and the most ancient *Monuments*, we know, were *heaps of Stones*, not great *Tomb-stones*.

12.

1. (i.) The *Wheat* and *Rye*. See *Chap. 9. v. 32.*
2. *Ch. 10. v. 13.* Our Translation has *East-wind*: And the Lord brought an *East-wind* upon the Land all that day, and all the night, &c. The vulgar has *Ventum urentem*. The *Septuagint* a *South-wind*. And *Eugub.* says, There is no doubt but it was a *South-wind*; which opinion I follow (though the *Jews* unanimously will have it to be an *East-wind*) because the Southern parts of *Afrique* were most infested with *Locusts*, where they are in some places the chief food of the inhabitants: so that from thence they might easily be fetcht; for I cannot agree with some, who imagine, that the hot Wind blowing all day and night produced them.
3. Wonderful are the things which Authors report of these kind of *Armies of Locusts*, and of the order and regularity of their marches. *Aldrovandus* and *Fincelius* (as I find them cited) say thus, That In the year 852. they were seen to fly over twenty miles in *Germany* in a day, in manner of a formed Army, divided into several Squadrons, and having their quarters apart when they rested. That the *Captains*, with some few, marche a days journey before the rest, to chuse the most opportune places for their *Camp*. That they never removed till Sun-rising, and just then went away in as much order as an *Army* of men could do. That at last having done great mischief wheresoever they past, after prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent wind into the *Belgick Ocean*, and there drown'd, but being cast again by the Sea upon the shore, caused a great *Pestilence* in the Country. Some add, that they covered an hundred and forty Acres at a time. *St. Hier.* upon *Jothel*, speaks thus, When the *Armies of Locusts* came lately into these parts, add filled all the air, they flew in so great order, that *Slates* in a *Pavement* cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever stir one inch out of their ranks and files. There are reckoned thirty several sorts of *Locusts*, some in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) three foot long. The same Author adds of *Locusts* (*Lib. 11. cap. 29.*) That they pass in troops over great Seas, enduring hunger for many days together in the search of foreign food. They are believed to be brought by the anger of the Gods; for they are seen sometimes very great, and make such a noise with their wings in flying, that they might be taken for *Birds*. They overcast the Sun, whilst people stand gazing with terror, lest they should fall upon their lands——out of *Afrique* chiefly they infest *Italy*, and the people

people are forced to have recourse to the Sibyls Books, to enquire for a remedy. In the Country of Cyrene, there is a Law to make war against them thrice a year, first by breaking their Eggs, then by killing the young ones, and lastly, the old ones, &c.

4. The Red-Sea, which, methinks, I may better be allowed to call Purple, than Homer and Virgil to term any Sea Ió ;

Virg. Ἐπὶ δ' ἅλα πορφυρέην.
In Mare purpureum violentior influit annis.

Pliny says, *Purpuram irati maris faciem referre.* And Theoph. Πορφυρεῖται ἡ θάλασσα, ὅταν τὰ κύματα μετῴραζόμενα σκιαδῆν.

13.

1. Chap. v. 21. *Even darkness that may be felt.* The Vulgar, *Tam dense (tenebræ) ut palpari queant.* Whether this darkness was really in the air, or only in their eyes, which might be blinded for the time : Or whether a suspension of Light from the act of Illumination in that Country : or whether it were by some black, thick, and damp vapour which possest all the air, it is impossible to determine. I fancy that the darkness of Hell below, which is called *Utter darkness*, arose and overshadowed the Land ; and I am authorized by the *Wisdom of Solom.* Chap. 17. v. 14. where he calls it a night that came upon them out of the bottoms of inevitable Hell ; and therefore was the more proper to be (as he says after) An *Image* of that darkness which should afterwards receive them.

2. That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text ; for else how could it be truly said, that they could not see one another ? and is confirmed by the *Wisdom of Solom.* Chap. 17. 5. *No power of the fire might give them light.*

3. See the above-cited, Chap. 17.

14.

1. *Midnight*, called also by the Latines *Meridies Noctis.*

2. It is very much disputed what that *Light* was that was created the first day. It seems to me to be the most probable opinion, that it was the *Empyrean heaven*, out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the fourth day : and therefore before I say, that all *Light* seemed to be returned to the *Empyrean* or highest heaven from whence it came at first.

3. Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the Egyptians immediately *himself*, because he says, Chap. 11. v. 4. *About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt.* And to the same effect, Chap. 12. 12. but it is an ordinary manner of speech to attribute that to God, which is done by one of his *Angels* ; and that this was an *Angel*, appears out of Chap. 12. 23. *The Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.* From which place, and Psalm 78. v. 49. where it is said (of the Egyptians) *He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, and indignation, and trouble, by sending evil Angels among them ;* Some collect, that God used here the ministry of an *Evil* or *Evil Angels* ; but I cannot believe, that God and the *Magicians* had the same *Agents*, and that Text of the Psalm is perhaps ill translated. Jun. and Tremel. understand by it *Mosis* and *Aaron*, as *Nuntios Malorum* ; and if we interpret it (as others) of *Angels*, it were better rendred in English, *Destroying* or *Punishing Angels*, Inflicters of Evil upon them. I attribute this infliction to the Archangel *Michael* : first, because it was he (by name) who fought with the *Dragon*, and smote him and his *Angels*, Revel. 12. 7. Secondly, because in *Daniel* too he is mentioned as an *Angel* of War, Chap. 10. v. 13. And lastly, because the very name is said to signify *Percussis Dei.* The *Smiting of God.* The *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chap. 18. v. 14, 15, 16. gives a little hint of the fancy of this Stanza : *Few whilst all things were in quiet silence, and that the night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word leapt down from heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce man of war into the midst of a Land of destruction : And brought thine unseigned command as a sharp sword, and standing up, filled all things with death, &c.*

15.

1. That this Plague was a *Pestilence* is the opinion of *Josephus*, and most Interpreters.

2. The Law of consecrating all *first-borns* to God, seems *Exod.* the 13. to be grounded upon this slaughter of the Egyptian *First-born.* But that was rather the addition of a new cause why the Hebrews should exactly observe it, than that it was the whole reason of it ; for even by natural right, the *First-born*, and *First-Fruits* of all things are sacred to God ; and therefore anciently, not only among the *Jews*, but also other Nations, the *Priesthood* belonged to the *Elders Sons.*

3. The Name of that *Pharaoh* who was drowned in the *Red Sea.* There is great confusion in the succession of the *Egyptian Kings*, and divers named by some *Chronologers* that are quite omitted by others ; as *Amenophis*, whom *Mercator*, and some others, will have to be the King drowned in the *Red-Sea* ; but that it was *Cnechres*, is the most probable and most received opinion.

16.

1. That *Zaan*, or *Tzoan* was the place where *Moses* did his miracles, and consequently the City where *Pharaoh Cenobres* lived, we have the authority of *Psalms* 78. 12. It was likewise called *Tanis* (by the *Græcians*) and from it that mouth of the *Nile* near which it stood, *Ossium Taniticum*. So that they are mistaken, who make *Noph*, or *Moph*, that is, *Memphis*, the place where *Pharaoh* kept his Court, for that was built afterwards, and lies more Southward.

2. The *Adored Hæifer*, *Apis*, and *Strapis*, and *Osyris* (who was *Misraim*) I conceive to have been the same *Deity* among the *Egyptians*, known by other Nations by the names of *Mithra*, *Baal*, *Tamuz*, *Adonis*, &c. and signifying the *Sun*; the great lamentations for the disappearing or loss of *Osyris*, *Tamuz*, and *Adonis*, and rejoicing for their return, signifying nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and re-approach of the *Sun* by *Summer*. The *Egyptians* under *Apis*, or *Osyris*, did likewise worship *Nilus*; and their *Ἀφανισμὸς* and *Ἐγενεσις* signified the overflowing of *Nilus*, and return of it to the Channel. Now owing all their sustenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reason they figured both under the shape of an *Ox*; and not, I believe, as *Vessius*, and some other learned men imagine, to represent *Joseph*, who fed them in the time of the *Famine*: Besides the Images of this *Ox* (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Israel*, in the imitation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry) they kept a living one, and worshipped it with great reverence, and made infinite lamentations at the death of it, till another was found with the like marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the death or disappearing,

—Quo se gurgite Nili
Condat adoratus trepidis pastoribus Apis. — Scat.

The *Marks* were these. It was to be a black *Bull*, with a white streak along the back, a white mark like an *Half-Moon* on his right shoulder, two hairs only growing on his tail, with a square blaze in his forehead, and a bunch, called *Cantharus*, under his tongue: By what art the *Priests* made these marks, is hard to guess. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calf*, or *Hæifer*, both by the *Hebrews*, *Greeks*, and *Latines*. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calf*, *Psalms* 106. renders an *Ox*.

3. See *Chap.* 12. 2. From this time the *Hebrews* had two computations of the beginning of the year; the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*: The *Common* began in *Tisri*, which answers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Equinoctial*; and all civil matters were regulated according to this, which was the old account of the year. The *Sacred*, to which all *Festivals*, and all religious matters had relation, began at the *Vernal Equinoctial*, and was instituted in commemoration of this deliverance.

17.

1. Give a new occasion for it to be called the *Red-Sea*. Concerning the name of which, the opinions are very different; that which seems to me most probable is, that it is denominated from *Idumæa*; and that from *Edom*, or *Esau*, that signifies *Red*; and the *King Erythra*, or *Erythrus*, from whence the *Græcians* derive it, was *Esau*, and *Erythra* his Country, *Idumæa*, both signifying the same thing in *Hebrew* and in *Greek*; but because that opinion of the *Redness* of the shore in some places, has been most received, and is confirmed even to this day by some *Travellers*, and sounds most poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

18.

1. *Plutarch* de *Is.* & *Osyris* testifies, that *Χημία* was an ancient name of *Egypt*, and that it was called so long after by the most skillful of the *Egyptian Priests*; that is, the Country of *Cham*: As also, the Scripture terms it, *Psalms* 105. *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham*. From whose son it was afterwards named *Misraim*, and by the *Arabians* *Misre* to this day.

2. *Beasts* that were deified by the *Egyptians*, who chose at first the figures of *Beasts* for the Symbols or Hieroglyphical signs of their Gods, perhaps no otherwise than as the Poets make them of *Constellations*, but in time the worship came even to be terminated in them.

F I N I S.

Davideis,
A
SACRED POEM
OF THE
TROUBLES
OF
DAVID.

In FOUR BOOKS.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

*Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musa;
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore;
Accipiant, Cæliq; vias ac Sidera monstrent.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blue*
Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the
New-Exchange. 1687.

SACRED POEM

THE

DAVID.

IN

THE

THE

LONDON

Printed by R. DODD, at the Sign of the Ship
in the Strand, near the Temple Church, in the
City of London, 1787.



THE CONTENTS.

THE Proposition. *The Innovation. The Entrance into the History from a new Agreement betwixt Saul and David. A Description of Hell. The Devil's Speech. Envy's Reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the shape of Benjamin; her Speech and Saul's to himself after she was vanisht. A Description of Heaven. God's Speech: he sends an Angel to David, the Angel's Message to him. David sent for to play before Saul. A Digression concerning Musick. David's Psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His Escape to his own house, from whence being pursued by the King's Guard, by the Artifice of his Wife Michol, he escapes and flies to Naioth, the Prophet's Collodge at Ramah. Saul's Speech and Rage at his Escape. A long Digression describing the Prophet's Collodge, and their manner of Life there, and the ordinary subjects of their Poetry. Saul's Guards pursue David thither, and prophesie. Saul among the Prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose Song concludes the BOOK.*

D A V I.



DAVIDEIS.

The first Book.

1,2 **I** Sing the Man who *Judab's Scepter* bore
 In that right hand which held the *Crook* before ;
 Who from best *Poet*, best of *Kings* did grow ;
 The two chief *gifts Heav'n* could on *Man* bestow.
 Much danger first, much toil did he sustain,
 Whilst *Saul* and *Hell* crost his strong fate in vain.
 Nor did his *Crown* less painful work afford ;
 Less exercise his *Patience*, or his *Sword* ;
 So long her *Conque'ror Fortunes* spight pursu'd ;
 Till with unwearied *Virtue* he subdu'd
 All homebred Malice, and all foreign boasts ;
 Their strength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hosts*.
 Thou, who didst *David's* royal stem adorn,
 And gav'st him *birth* from whom thy self wast born.
 Who didst in *Triumph* at *Deaths Court* appear,
 And slew'st him with thy *Nails*, thy *Cross* and *Spear*,
 Whilst *Hells* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold
 The glorious light he forfeited of old,
 Who *Heav'n's glad burden* now, and justest pride,
 Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great *Fathers* side,
 (Where hallowed *Flames* help to adorn that Head
 Which once the *blushing Thorns* environed,
 Till crimson drops of precious *blood* hung down
 Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*.
 Ev'en *Thou* my breast with such blest rage inspire,
 As mov'd the tuneful strings of *David's Lyre*,
 Guide my bold steps with thine old *trav'ling Flame*,
 3 In these untrodden paths to *Sacred Fame* ;
 Lo, with *pure hands* thy heav'nly *Fires* to take,
 My well-chang'd *Muse* I a chaste *Vestal* make !
 From earths vain joys, and loves soft witchcraft free,
 I consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee !

Joh. 8. 58.

Exod.
13. 21.

Lo,

Lo, this great work, a *Temple* to thy praise,
On polish'd *Pillars* of strong *Verse* I raise!
A *Temple*, where if *Thou* vouchsafe to dwell,

4 It *Solomon's*, and *Herod's* shall excel.

Too long the *Muses-Land* have *Heathen* bin;
Their *Gods* too long were *Devils*, and *Virtues Sin*;
But *Thou*, *Eternal World*, has call'd forth *Me*

5 Th' *Apostle*, to convert that *World* to *Thee*;
T' unbind the charms that in slight *Fables* lie,
And teach that *Truth* is truest *Poesie*.

The malice now of jealous *Saul* grew less,
O'recome by constant *Virtue*, and *Success*;

6 He grew at last more weary to command
New dangers, than young *David* to withstand
Or *Conquer* them; he fear'd his mast'ring *Fate*,
And envy'd him a *King's* unpowerful *Hate*.
Well did he know how *Palms* by 'oppression speed,

7 *Victorious*, and the *Victors* sacred *Meed*!
The *Burden* lifts them *higher*. Well did he know
How a tame *stream* does wild and dangerous *grow*

By unjust force; he now with wanton play,
Kisses the smiling *Banks*, and glides away,
But his known *Channel* stopt, begins to roare,

8 And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore.
His mutinous waters hurry to the *War*,
And *Troops* of *Waves* come rolling from afar.

Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent course.

This knew the *Tyrant*, and this useful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to *David* did renew,
Swore constancy, and meant his *Oath* for true.

A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For *David* all men lov'd, and *Saul* they fear'd.
Angels and *Men* did *Peace*, and *David* love,
But *Hell* did neither *Him*, nor *That* approve;
From mans agreement fierce *Alarms* they take,
And *Quiet* here does there new *Business* make.

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the *Suns* fruitful beams give *metals* birth,
Where he the growth of fatal *Gold* does see,
Gold which above more *Influence* has than *He*.

9 Beneath the Dens where *unsetcht Tempests* lye,
And *Infant Winds* their tender *Voyces* try,
Beneath the mighty *Oceans* wealthy *Caves*,

10 Beneath th'eternal *Fountain* of all *Waves*,
Where their vast *Court* the *Mother-Waters* keep,
And undisturb'd by *Moons* in silence sleep,
There is a place deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine *Night* and *Horror* does o'reflow;

- 11 No bound controlls th' unwearied space, but *Hell*
Endless as those dire *pains* that in it dwell.
 Here no dear glimpse of the *Sun's* lovely face,
 Strikes through the *Solid* darkness of the place ;
 No dawning *Morn* does her kind reds display ;
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the *Day*.
 No gentle *stars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*
 Offend the tyr'amous and unquestion'd *Night*.
 Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* reigns ;
Proud, 'midst his *Woos*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*.
 Once *General* of a gilded *Host* of *Sprights*,
 Like *Hesper*, leading forth the spangled *Nights*.
 But down like *Lightning*, which him struck, he came ;
 And roar'd at his first plunge into the *Flame*.
 Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there ;
 With dropping *Lights* thick shone the sinded *Air*.
 Since when the dismal *Solace* of their wo,
 Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo ;
Themselves at first against *themselves* they 'excite,
 (Their dearest *Conquest*, and most proud delight)
 And if those *Mines* of secret *Treason* fail,
 With open force mans *Vertue* they assail ;
 Unable to *corrupt*, seek to *destroy* ;
 And where their *Poysons* miss, the *Sword* employ.
 Thus fought the *Tyrant Fiend* young *David's* fall ;
 And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'eful rage of *Saul*.
 He saw the beauties of his shape and face,
 His female sweetness, and his manly grace,
 He saw the nobler wonders of his *Mind*,
 Great *Gifts*, which for Great *Works* he knew design'd.
 He saw (t'ashame the strength of *Man* and *Hell*)
 How by's young hands their *Gathite Champion* fell.
 He saw the reverend *Prophet* boldly shed
- 12 The *Royal Drops* round his *Enlarged Head*.
 13 And well he knew what *Legacy* did place
 The sacred *Scepter* in blest *Judab's* race,
 From which th' *Eternal Shilo* was to spring ;
 A *Knowledge* which new *Hells* to *Hell* did bring !
 And though no less he knew himself too weak
 The smallest *Link* of strong-wrought *Fate* to break ;
 Yet would he rage and struggle with the *Chain* ;
 Lov'd to *Rebel*, though sure that 'twas *in vain*.
 And now it broke his form'd design, to find
 The gentle change of *Saul's* recover'ing *Mind*.
 He trusted much in *Saul*, and rag'd, and griev'd
 (The great *Deceiver*) to be Himself *Deceiv'd*.
 Thrice did he knock his *Iron teeth*, thrice howl,
 And into frowns his wrathful forehead rowl.
 His eyes dart forth red flames which scare the *Night*,
 And with worse *Fires* the trembling *Ghosts* affright.

2 Sam.
16. 12.

1 Sam. 17.

1 Sam.
16. 13.
Gen. 49.
10.

A Troop of gasty *Fiends* compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd sound.

Are we such *Nothings* then (said *He*) Our will
Croft by a *Shepherd's Boy*? and you yet still
Play with your *idle Serpents* here? dares none
Attempt what becomes *Furies*? are ye grown
Benum'd with *Fear*, or *Vertues* sprightless cold,
You, who were once (I'm sure) so brave and bold?
O my ill-chang'd condition! O my fate!

14 Did I lose *Heav'n* for this?

With that, with his long tail he lasht his breast,
And horridly *spoke* out in *Looks* the rest.
The quaking Powers of Night stood in amaze,
And at each other first could only gaze.
A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terrour of *Hells* face;
Rivers of flaming *Brimstone*, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of *Snakes*, no clank of *Chains* was known;
The *Souls* amidst their *Tortures* durst not groan.
Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direful'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling *Serpents*; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within,
And at her breast stuck *Vipers* which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day
Sucking black *blood* from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left fresh *poysons* there.
Her garments were deep stain'd in humane gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall, and juice of wormwood swim.
With which when she was drunk, she furious grew,
And lasht *herself*; thus from th' accursed crew
Envy, the worst of *Fiends*, herself presents,
Envy, good only when she 'herself torments.

Spend not, great *King*, thy precious rage (said she)
Upon so poor a cause; shall *Mighty We*
The glory of our wrath to *him* afford?
Are *We* not *Furies* still? and you our *Lord*?
At thy dread anger the fixt *World* shall shake,
And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forsake,
Do *Thou* but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
And *Thunder* echo't to the trembling Sky,
Whilst raging *Seas* swell to so bold an height,
As shall the *Fires* proud *Element* affright,
Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten way,
Shall at thy *Voice* start, and misguide the day.
The jocund *Orbs* shall break their measur'd pace,
And stubborn *Poles* change their allotted place.

- Heavens* gild'd *Troops* shall flutter here and there,
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere* ;
 15 Nay their *God* too——for fear he did, when *We*
 Took noble *Arms* against his *Tyrannie*,
 So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cause* so great,
 That *Triumphs* they deserve for their *Defeat*.
 There was a *Day* ! oh might I see't again
 Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thrust us in !
 And can such pow'rs be by a *Child* withstood ?
 Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebbles* do him good ?
 What th' untam'd *Lion*, whet with hunger too,
 And *Gyants* could not, that my *Word* shall do :
 I'll soon dissolve this *Peace* ; were *Saul's* new *Love*
 (But *Saul* we knew) great as my *Hate* shall prove,
 Before their *Sun* twice more be gone about,
 I, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out.
 Gen. 4. 8. 16 By me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brother's* gore,
 A *Sacrifice* far worse than that before ;
 I saw him fling the *stone*, as if he ment,
 At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,
 And laught to see (for'twas a goodly show)
 The *Earth* by her first *Tiller* fatted so.
 Ib. v. 2.
 Exod. 14.
 23. I drove proud *Rharaob* to the parted *Sea* ;
 He, and his *Host* drank up cold death by *Me* ;
 By *Me* rebellious *Arms* fierce *Corah* took,
 And *Moses* (curse upon that *Name* !) forfook ;
 Num. 16. 1.
 17 Hither (ye know) almost *alive* he came
 Through the cleft *Earth* ; Ours was his *Fun'eral Flame*.
 By *Me*——but I lose time, methinks, and should
 Perform new acts whilst I relate the old ;
David's the next our fury must enjoy ;
 'Tis not thy *God* himself shall save thee, *Boy* ;
 No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace* ;
 May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* cease,
 And banisht from this potent *Court* below,
 May I a ragged, contemn'd *Vertue* grow.
 She spoke ; all star'd at first, and made a pause ;
 But straight the general murmur of applause
 Ran through Deaths *Courts* ; she frown'd still, and begun
 To *envy* at the praise *herself* had won.
 18 Great *Belzebug* starts from his burning *Throne*
 To 'embrace the *Fiend*, but she now furious grown
 To act her part ; thrice bow'd, and thence she fled ;
 The *Snakes* all hift, the *Fiends* all murmured.
 It was the time when silent night began
 T'enchain with *sleep* the busie *spirits* of *Man* ;
 And *Saul* himself, though in his troubled breast
 The weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle rest :
 So did not *Envy* ; but with hast arose ;
 And as through *Israels* stately *Towns* she goes,

She frowns and shakes her head ; shine on (says she)
Ruines e're long shall your sole *Mon'uments* be.

The silver *Moon* with terrour paler grew,
 And neighbouring *Hermon* sweated flowery dew ;
 Swift *Jordan* started, and straight backward fled,
 Hiding among thick reeds his aged head ;

19 Lo, at her entrance *Saul's* strong *Palace* shook ;
 And nimbly there the reverend shape she took
 Of *Father Benjamin* ; so long her beard,
 So large her limbs, so grave her looks appear'd.

20 Just like his *statue* which *bestrid Saul's* gate,
 And seem'd to *guard* the race it did *create*.
 In this known form she approacht the *Tyrant's* side ;
 And thus her words the sacred *Form* bely'd.

Arise, lost *King of Isra'el* ; can'st thou lie
 Dead in *this sleep*, and yet thy *Last* so nigh ?
 If *King* thou be'st, if *Jesse's* race as yit
 Sit not on *Israel's Throne* ! and shall he sit ?
 Did ye for this from fruitful *Egypt* fly ?
 From the mild *Brickbils* nobler *slavery* ?
 For this did *Seas* your pow'eful *Rod* obey ?
 Did *Wonders* guide, and feed you on your way ?
 Could ye not there *great Pharaoh's* bondage beare,
 You who can serve a *Boy*, and *Minstrel* here ?
 Forbid it *God*, if thou be'st *just* ; this shame
 Cast not on *Saul's*, on *mine*, and *Israel's Name*.
 Why was I else from *Canaans* *Famine* lead ?
 Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead
 E're my full *Loyus* discharg'd this num'rous race,
 This luckless *Tribes*, even *Crown'd* to their *Disgrace* !
 Ah *Saul*, thy *Servants* *Vassal* must thou live ?
 Place to his *Harp* must thy dread *Scepter* give ?
 What wants he now but that ? canst thou forget
 (If thou be'st *man* thou can'st not) how they met
 The *Youth* with *Songs* ? Alas poor *Monarch* ! you
 Your *thousand* only, he *ten thousand* slew !
 Him *Isra'el* loves, him neighb'ring *Countries* fear ;
 You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear ;
 And yet the *Traytor* lives, lives in thy *Court* ;
 The *Court* that must be *his* ; where he shall sport
 Himself with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,
 Thy costly *robes*, thy *Crown* ; Wert thou not told
 This by proud *Sammuel*, when at *Gilgal* he
 With bold false threats from *God* affronted Thee ?
 The *dotard* ly'd ; *God* said it not I know ;
 Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee so ;
 Was not the choice his own ? did not thy worth
 Exact the *royal Lot*, and call it forth ?
 Hast thou not since (my best and greatest *Sonne*)
 To *Him*, and to his perishing *Nation* done

Gen. 43:

1 Sam.
18. 7.1 Sam.
13. 13:1 Sam.
19. 21:

Such lasting ben'efits as may justly claime
 A Scepter as eternal as thy *Fame* ?
 Poor Prince, whom *Madmen, Priests,* and *Boys* invade ;
 By thine own *Flesh* thy ingrateful *Son* betray'd !
 Unnat'ural *Fool*, who can thus cheated be
 By *Friendship's* Name against a *Crown* and *Thee* !
 Betray not too thy self ; take courage, call
 21 Thy 'enchanted Vertues forth, and be *Whole Saul*.
 Lo, this great cause makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,
 Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clo'd *Tombs* and *Eyes*.
 Nor can their jealous *Asses*, whilst this *Boy*
 Survives, the *Priviledge* of their *Graves* enjoy.
 Rise quickly, *Saul*, and take that *Rebel's* breath
 Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'en our *Death*.
 Kill him, and thou'rt secure ; 'tis only *He*
 That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *Thee*,
 As *Earth's* low *Globe* robs the *High Moon* of *Light* ;
 When this *Eclipse* is past, thy *Fate's* all bright.
 Trust me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell ;
 I've seen thy royal *Stars*, and know them well.
 Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays* ! Is not thy *Breast*
 (Yes, *Saul* it is) with noble thoughts posses't ?
 May they beget like *Asps*. With that she takes
 One of her worst, her best beloved *Snakes*,
 Softly, dear *Worm*, soft and unseen (said she)
 Into his bosom steal, and in it be
 My *Vice-Roy*. At that word she took her flight,
 And her loose shape dissolv'd into the *Night*.

The infected *King* leapt from his bed amaz'd,
 Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
 And started back at piec'd up shapes, which fear
 And his distracted *Fancy* painted there.
 Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
 Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace.
 Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
 Earth with his feet ; He crys, O 'tis confest ;
 22 I have been a *pious Fool*, a *Woman-King* ;
 Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, every thing.
 23 Eight hundred years of *Death* is not so deep,
 So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick sleep*.
 My patience ev'en a *Sacriledge* becomes,
 Disturbs the *Dead*, and opes their sacred *Tombs*.
 Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father* ! who for me
 This curst World endur'st again to see !
 All thou hast said, great *Vision*, is so true,
 That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do :
 Kill him ? yes, *mighty Ghost*, the wretch shall dy,
 Though every *star* in Heav'n should it deny ;
 Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
 Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain.

Should

Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose design
 Is to revenge his *own disgrace* by *Mine*,
 Should my ingrateful *Son* oppose th'intent,
 Should mine *own heart* grow scrup'ulous and relent.
 Curse me just *Heaven* (by which this truth I swear)
 If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do spare.
 No gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still home ;
 Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* shall come.
 If that curst object longer vex my sight,
 It must have learnt to 'appear as *Thou* to night.

1 Sam.
8. 19.

- Whilst thus his wrath with threats the *Tyrant* fed ;
 The threaten'd *Youth* slept fearless on his bed ;
 Sleep on, rest quiet as thy *Conscience* take,
 For though *Thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God's* awake.
- 24 Above the subtle foldings of the Sky,
 Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,
 Above those petty *Lamps* that gild the *Night* ;
 There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light* ;
 Where *Heaven*, as if it left it self behind,
 Is stretcht out far, nor its own bounds can find :
 Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred place,
 25 Nor can the glory contain it self in th'endless space.
 For there no twilight of the *Sun's* dull ray,
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
 No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stolt beams appear,
 Or with dim *Taper* scatters *darkness* there.
 On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *seasons* slide,
 No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide ;
 Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,
- 26 But an *Eternal Now* does always last.
 There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End* ;
 Whom nothing but *Himself* can comprehend.
 Who with his *Word* commanded *All to Be*,
 And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.
 Only he spoke, and every thing that *Is*
 From out the womb of *fertile Nothing* ris.
 O who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
 Thou great *Three-One* ?
 There Thou thy self do'st in full presence show,
 Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below ;
 No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would cease,
 And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace.
 The *Sun* would stop his course, or gallop back,
 The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves would crack :
Earths strong foundations would be torn in twain,
 And this vast work all ravel out again
 To its first *Nothing* ; For his *spirit* contains
- 27 The well-knit *Mass*, from him each *Creature* gains
Being and *Motion*, which he still bestows ;
 From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows.

28 Round him vast *Armies* of swift *Angels* stand,
Which seven triumphant *Generals* command,
They sing loud *Anthems* of his endless praise,
And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rays.

29 Of these he call'd out one ; all *Heav'en* did shake,
And silence kept whilst its *Creator* spake.

Are we forgotten then so soon ? can He
Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*
That gave it ? can he think we did not hear
(Fond man !) his threats ? and have we made the *Ear*
To be accounted *deaf* ? No, *Saul*, we heard ;
And it will cost thee dear ; the ills thou'st fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send ;
Have we not spoke it, and dares *Man* contend !
Alas, poor dust ! didst thou but know the day
When thou must lie in blood at *Gilboa*,

1 Sam. 31.

Thou, and thy *Sons*, thou wouldst not threaten still,
Thy trembling *Tongue* would stop against thy will.
Then shall thine *Head* fixt in curst *Temples* be,
And all their *foolish Gods* shall laugh at Thee.

That hand which now on *David's* Life would prey,
Shall then turn *just*, and its own *Master* slay ;
He whom thou *hat'est*, on thy *lov'd Throne* shall sit,
And expiate the disgrace thou do'st to it.

Haft then ; tell *David* what his *King* has sworn,
Tell him whose blood must paint this rising Morn.
Yet bid him go securely when he sends ;

30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.

The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack,
And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back

He spoke ; the *Heav'ns* seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright *Inhabitants* ; and now
The jocond *Spheres* began again to play,
Again each *Spirit* sung *Halleluia*.

Only that *Angel* was strait gon ; Ev'en so
(But not so swift) the *morning Glories* flow
At once from the bright *Sun*, and strike the ground ;
So winged *Lightning* the soft air does wound.

Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call
The *Motion*, having no *Account* so *small*.

So flew this *Angel*, till to *David's* bed
He came, and thus his sacred Message said,

31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has sworn ;
He swore thy blood should paint this rising Morn.

Yet to him go securely when he sends ;

'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friends*.

The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack ;

And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back.

Up leapt *Jessides*, and did round him stare ;
But could see nought ; for nought was left but air,

Whilst

Whilst this great *Vison* labours in his thought,
Lo, the *short Prophecy* t'affect is brought.

In treacherous haſt he's ſent for to the King,
And with him bid his charming *Lyre* to bring.

The King, they ſay, lyes raging in a Fit,
Which does no cure but ſacred tunes admit;

32 And true it was, ſoft *muſick* did appeaſe
Th' obſcure fantaſtick rage of *Saul's* diſeaſe.

33 Tell me, O *Muſe* (for *Thou*, or none canſt tell
The myſtick pow'ers that in bleſt *Numbers* dwell,

Thou their great *Nature* know'ſt, nor is it fit
This nobleſt *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t'omit)
Tell me from whence theſe heav'nly charms ariſe;
Teach the dull world t'*admire* what they *deſpiſe*.

As firſt a various unform'd *Hint* we find

Riſe in ſome god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with juſt marches *verſe* and *muſick* make,

34 Such was *God's* *Poem*, this *World's* new *Essay*;
So wild and rude in its firſt draught it lay;

Th' ungovern'd parts no *correſpondence* knew,
An artleſs *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew;
Till they to *Number* and fixt *Rules* were brought
By the *eternal* *Minds* *Poetick* *Thought*.

35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* choſe,
Earth made the *Base*, the *Treble* *Flame* aroſe,

36 To th' active *Moon* a quick brisk ſtroke he gave,
To *Saturn's* *ſtring* a touch more ſoft and grave.
The *motions* *Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,
And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven ſo,

Did in ſuch artful *Figures* ſmoothly fall,
As made this decent meaſur'd *Dance* of all.

And this is *Muſick*; *Sounds* that charm our ears,
Are but one *Dreſſing* that rich *Science* wears
Though no man hear't, though no man it reherſe,
Yer will there ſtill be *Muſick* in my *Verſe*.

In this *Great* *World* ſo much of it we ſee;

37 The *leſſer*, *Man*, is all o're *Harmonic*.

Storehouſe of all *Proportions*! ſingle *Quire*!
Which firſt *God's* *Breath* did tuneſfully inſpire!
From hence bleſt *Muſick's* heav'nly charms ariſe,
From *ſympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.

Thus they our *souls* thus they our *Bodies* win,
Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within.

38 Thus the ſtrange *Cure* on our ſpilt *Blood* apply'd,
Sympathy to the diſtant *Wound* does guide.

39 Thus when two *Brethren* *ſtrings* are ſet alike,
To *move* them *both*, but *one* of them we *ſtrike*.

Thus *David's* *Lyre* did *Saul's* wild rage controul,

40 And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his *Soul*.

1 Sam.
12. 10.
& 19. 9.

1 Sam.
16. 23.

Pfal. 114. 41

When *Israel* was from bondage led,
 Led by th' *Almighty's* hand
 From out a foreign land,
 The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.
 As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,
 Stop on some higher ground to look behind,
 So whilst through wondrous ways
 The sacred *Army* went,
 The *Waves* afar stood up to gaze,
 And their own *Rocks* did represent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament*.

Old *Jordans* waters to their *spring*
 Start back with sudden *fright* ;
 The *spring* amaz'd at fight,
 Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.
 The *Mountains* shook ; and to the *Mountains* side,
 The little *Hills* leapt round themselves to hide ;
 As young affrighted *Lambs*
 When they ought dreadful spy,
 Run trembling to their helpless *Dams* ;
 The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
 Were glad for their *excuse* to see the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee ?
 Or why did *Jordans* tide
 Back to his *Fountain* glide ?
Jordans Tyde, what ailed Thee ?
 Why leapt the *Hills* ? why did the *Mountains* shake ?
 What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forsake ?
 Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea* !
 And *Jordans* Current cease ;
Jordan there is no need of thee,
 For at *God's* word, when e're he please,
 The *Rocks* shall weep new *Waters* forth instead of these.

Exod. 17

6.

Num. 24.

11.

Thus sung the great *Musitian* to his *Lyre* ;
 And *Saul's* black rage grew softly to retire ;
 But *Envy's* *Serpent* still with him remain'd,
 Pfal. 58. 5. 42 And the wise *Charmers* healthful voice disdain'd.
 Th'unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his fit,
 Seems to lie drown'd and buryed still in it.
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,
 To sin disguis'd, and *murther* with *excuse* :
 For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
 And the soft *Medicine* with kind art renews ;
 The barbarous *Patient* casts at him his *spear*,
 (The usual *Scepter* that rough hand did bear)

1 Sam. 18.

11. & 19.

10.

Casts it with violent strength, but into th' roome
 An *Arm* more strong and sure than his was come ;
 An *Angel* whose unseen and easie might
 Put by the *weapon*, and misled it right.
 How vain Man's pow' er is ! unless God command,
 The *weapon* disobey his *Master's* hand ;
 Happy was now the error of the blow ;
 At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so.
 One would have thought, *Saul's* sudden rage t'have seen,
 He had himself by *David* wounded been.
 He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
 And thought his *Honor* now engag'd i'th' *Sin*.
 A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends
 (*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'd his *friends*)
 To mend his error by a surer blow ;
 So *Saul* ordain'd, but *God* ordain'd not so.
 Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*
 Relates the new past hazard of his life,
 Which she with *decent passion* hears him tell ;
 For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'd so well.

43 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row
 Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,
 And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
 The *Light* they drank from the *Sun's* neighb'ring ray,
 (A small, but artful *Paradisè*) they walk'd ;
 And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
 Here *Michol* first an armed Troop espies
 (So faithful and so quick are *loving Eyes*)
 Which marcht, and often glister'd through a wood,
 That on right hand of her fair *Palace* stood ;
 She saw them ; and cry'd out ; They're come to kill
 My dearest *Lord* ; *Saul's* spear pursues thee still.
 Behold his wicked *Guards* ; Haste quickly, fly,
 For heavens sake haste ; My dear *Lord*, do not dy.
 Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'd rage
 Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can asswage !
 Will he part those he joyn'd so late before ?
 Were the two-hundred *Foreskins* worth no more ?
 He shall not part us ; (Then she wept between)
 At yonder *Window* thou mayst scape unseen ;
 This hand shall let thee down ; stay not but hast ;
 'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast.

Best of all women, he replies----and this
 Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a *Kiss* ;
 Throw not away (said she) thy precious *breath*,
 Thou stay'lt too long within the *reach* of *death*.
 Timely he' obeys her wife advice, and streit

44 To unjust Force she'opposes just deceit.
 She meets the *Murderers* with a *virtuous Ly*,
 And good dissembling *Tears* ; May he not dy

1 Sam.
19. 11.

1 Sam.
18. 27.

1 Sam.
19. 13.

1 Sam.
19. 14.

In quiet then? (said she) will they not give
That freedom who so fear lest he should *Live*?
Even fate does with your cruelty conspire,
And spares your *guilt*, yet does what you *desire*.
Must he not *live*? for that ye need not *sin*;
My much-wrong'd *Husband* speechless lies within,
And has too little left of vital breath
To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*.
One *hour* will do your work ———
Here her well-govern'd Tears dropt down apace;
Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one face
Has such resistless charms that they believe,
And an *unwilling aptness* find to *grieve*
At what they *came* for; A pale *Statue's* head
In linnen wrapt appear'd on *David's* bed;
Two servants mournful stand and silent by,
And on the table med'cinal reliques ly;
In the close room a well-plac'd *Tapers* light,
Adds a becoming horror to the sight.
And for th' *Impression* *God* prepar'd their *Sence*;
They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts *Saul's* unblest anger tries,
By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and servants *Eyes*!

It cannot be (said he) no, can it? shall
Our great *ten thousand* *Slayer* idly fall?
The silly rout thinks *God* protects him still;
But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill*.
O may he guard him! may his members be
In as full strength, and well-set harmonic
As the fresh body of the first made *Man*
E're *Sin*, or *Sins* just meed, *Disease* began.
He will be else too *small* for our *vast* *Hate*;
And we must *share* in our revenge with *fate*.
No; let us have him *Whole*; we else may seem
To have snatcht away but some few days from him,
And *cut* that *Thread* which would have dropt in two;
Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
Of our just wrath the solemn *Sacrifice*,
45 That must not *blemisht* be; let him remain
Secure and *grow up* to our *stroke* again.
'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
When he shall *strive*, and *wrestle* with his *death*;
Go, let him live—— And yet—— shall I then stay
So long? good and great actions hate delay.
Some foolish piety perhaps, or He
That has been still mine *honour's* *Enemie*,
Samuel may change or cross my just intent,
And I this *Formal* *Pity* soon repent.
Besides *Fate* gives him me, and whispers this,

That

That he can fly no more, if we should mis; ;
 Mis? can we mis again? go bring him strait,
 Though gasping out his Soul; if the wisht date
 Of his accursed life be almost past,
 Some Joy 'twill be to see him breath his last.
 The Troop return'd, of their short Virtue 'asham'd ;
 Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness blam'd.
 But when the pious fraud they understood,
 Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,
 Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,
 From Michol's murder their wild rage restrain'd.
 She 'allegd the holiest chains that bind a wife,
 Duty and Love; she allegd that her own Life,
 Had she refus'd that safety to her Lord,
 Would have incur'd just danger from his sword.
 Now was Saul's wrath full grown; he takes no rest ;
 A violent Flame rolls in his troubled brest,
 And in fierce Lightning from his Eye do's break ;
 Not his own favourites, and best friends dare speak,
 Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
 Fear where this Cloud will burst, and Thunder fall.
 So when the pride and terror of the Wood,
 A Lyon prickt with rage and want of food,
 Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,
 And bristles up preparing for his feast ;
 If that by swiftness scape his gaping jaws;
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
 Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
 Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out.
 Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there ;
 Trees, though no wind stirring, shake with fear ;
 Silence and horror fill the place around:
 Echo it self dares scarce repeat the sound.

1 Sam.
19. 15.1 Sam.
19. 17.1 Sam.
19. 19.

- 46 Midst a large Wood that joyns fair Ramah's Town
 (The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
 47 A College stands, where at great Prophets feet
 The Prophets Sons with silent diligence meet,
 By Samuel built, and moderately endow'd,
 Yet more to 'his lib'ral Tongue than Hands they ow'd.
 There himself taught, and his blest voice to heare,
 Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.
 The House was a large Square; but plain and low ;
 Wife Natures use Art strove not to outgo.
 An inward Square by well-rang'd Trees was made ;
 And midst the friendly cover of their shade,
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome Fountain rose ;
 Which no vain cost of Marble did enclose ;
 Nor through carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass,
 Shapes gazing on themselves i'th' liquid glass.
 Yet the chaste stream that 'mong loose pebbles fell

- 48 For *Cleanness, Thirst, Religion* serv'd as well.
 49 The *Scholars, Doctors, and Companions* here,
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were :
Well furnish'd Chambers, for in each there stood,
 50 A narrow *Couch, Table and Chair* of wood ;
 More is but clog where *use* does bound *delight* ;
 And those are rich whose *Wealth's* proportion'd right
 To their *Lifes Form* ; more *goods* would but become
 A *Burden* to them, and contract their *room*.
 A second *Court* more sacred stood behind,
 Built fairer, and to nobler *use* design'd :
 The *Hall and Schools* one side of it possess ;
 The *Library and Synagogue* the rest.
 Tables of plain-cut *Firre* adorn'd the *Hall* ;
 51 And with beasts skins the *beds* were cov' red all.
 52 The reverend *Doctors* take their seats on high,
 Th' *Elect Companions* in their bosoms ly.
 The *Scholars* far below upon the ground,
 On fresh-strew'd rushes place themselves around.
 With more respect the *wise* and *ancient* lay ;
 But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* than they,
 Nor purer *Waters* drank, their constant feast ;
 But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encrease.
 The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end
 With their fair circle did this side extend ;
 To which their *Synagogue* on th'other side,
 And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.
 The midst tow'ards their large *Gardens* open lay,
 To admit the joys of *Spring* and *early day*.
 I'th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* stood ;
 Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was *good* ;
Writing, Mans *Spiritual Physick*, was not then
 It self, as now, grown a *Disease* of Men.
Learning (*young Virgin*) but few *Suiters* knew ;
 The common *Prostitute* she lately grew,
 And with her *spurious brood* loads now the *Press* ;
Laborious effects of *Idleness* !
 Here all the various forms one might behold
 How *Letters* sav'd themselves from *Death* of old ;
 53 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought *plates*,
 Some cut in *wood*, some lightlier trac'd on *slates* ;
 54 Some drawn on fair *Palm leaves*, with short-liv'd toy,
 Had not their *friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oyl*.
 55 Some wrought in *Silks*, some writ in tender *barks* ;
 Some the sharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks ;
 56 Some in beasts *skins*, and some in *Biblos* reed ;
 Both new rude arts, with age and growth did need.
 The *Schools* were painted well with useful skill ;
Stars, Maps, and Stories the learn'd wall did fill.
 Wise wholesome *Proverbs* mixt around the room,

- 57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* some.
 Here all the noblest *Wits* of men inspir'd,
 From earths slight joys, and worthless toils retir'd,
 Whom *Sammel's Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,
 Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.
- 58 The course and power of *Stars* great *Nathan* thought,
 And home to man those *distant Wonders* brought,
 How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey bends,
 And how the *Year* his *crooked walk* attends.
 By what just steps the *wandering Lights* advance,
 And what eternal measures guide their *dance*.
 Himself a *Prophet*; but his *Lectures* shew'd
 How little of that *Art* to them he ow'd.
Mabul th' *inferior worlds* fantastick face,
 Through all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,
 Great *Natures* well-set *Clock* in pieces took;
 On all the *Springs* and smallest *Wheels* did look
 Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal art
 Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*.
 The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Dust* designs.
 Th' *immortal* solid rules of fanci'd *Lines*.
 Of *Numbers* too th' *unnumbred wealth* he showes,
 And with them far their *endless journey* goes.
- 59 *Numbers* which still encrease more high and wide
 From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd Pyramide*.
 Of *Men*, and *Ages* past *Seraiah* read;
Embalmd in *long-liv'd History* the *Dead*.
 Show'd the *steep falls*, and *slow ascent* of *States*;
 What *Wisom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates*.
Sammuel himself did *God's rich Law* display;
 Taught doubting men with *Judgment* to obey.
 And oft his ravish'd *Soul* with sudden flight
 Soar'd above *present Times*, and humane sight.
 Those *Arts* but welcome *strangers* might appear,
Musick and *Verse* seem'd *born* and *bred* up here;
 Scarce the blest *Heav'en* that rings with *Angels* voyce,
 Does with more constant *Harmony* rejoyce.
 The sacred *Muse* does here each breast inspire;
Heman, and sweet-mouth'd *Asaph* rule their *Quire*;
 Both charming *Poets*, and all strains they plaid,
 By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.
 The *Synagoge* was drest with care and cost,
 (The only place where that they esteem'd *not lost*)
 The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
- 60 The sides refresh't with silks of *sacred Blew*.
 Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*,
 Thrice pray'ers from willing *Heav'en* a blessing draw;
 Thrice in glad *Hymns* swell'd with the *Great Ones* praise,
- 61 The plyant *Voice* on her *sev'en* steps they raise,
 Whilst the *enlivened Instruments* around

To the just feet with various concord sound ;
 Such things were *Muses* then, contemn'd low earth ;
Decently proud, and mindful of their *birth*.
 'Twas *God* himself that here tun'd every Tounge ;
 And gratefully of him alone they sung.
 62 They sung how *God* *spoke out* the worlds vast ball ;
 From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth *All*.
 No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to possess,
 But an unbottom'd *Gulf* of *Emptiness*.
 Full of *Himself*, th' *Almighty* sat, his own
 63 *Palace*, and without *Solitude Alone*.
 But he was *Goodness* whole, and all things will'd ;
 Which ere they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd ;
 And their astonisht heads o'th' sudden rear'd,
 An unshap'd kind of *Something* first appear'd,
 Confessing its new *Being*, and undrest
 As if it stept in hast before the rest.
 Yet buried in this *Matters* darksome womb,
 Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ery thing to com.
 From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up so high ;
 Close at its heels the nimble *Air* did fly ;
 Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards pierce
 To the fixt *Navel* of the *Universe*,
 And was quite lost in *waters* : till *God* said
 To the proud *Sea*, shrink in your insolent head,
 See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place ;
 That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace.
 Since when his bounds are set, at which in vain
 He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
 With richer stuff he bad *Heaven's* fabrick shine,
 And from him a quick spring of *Light divine*
 Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his cherishing flame
 Fills the whole world, like *Him* from whom it came.
 He smooth'd the rough-cast *Moon's* imperfect mold,
 And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold ;
 Be thou (said he) *Queen* of the mournful night,
 And as he spoke, she arose clad o're in *Light*,
 With thousand *stars* attending on her train ;
 With her they rise, with her they set again.
 Then *Herbs* peep'd forth, new *Trees* admiring stood,
 And smelling *Flowers* painted the infant wood.
 Then flocks of *Birds* through the glad air did flee,
 Joyful, and safe before *Mans* *Luxurie*,
 Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays :
 Nay the *mute Fish* witness no less his praise.
 For those he made, and cloath'd with silver scales ;
 From *Minoes* to those *living Islands*, *Whales*.
Beasts too were his command : what could he more ?
 Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before ;
 In him he all things with strange order hurl'd ;

In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World*.

This, and much more of *God's* great works they told ;

His *mercies*, and some *judgments* too of old :

How when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin ;

With an impetuous noise the waves came rushing in.

Where *birds* e're while dwelt and securely sung ;

There *Fish* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung.

The face of *shipwreck* *Nature* naked lay ;

The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea*.

This men forgot, and burnt in lust again,

Till show'rs, strange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,

And scalding brimstone, dropt on *Sodom's* head ;

Alive they felt those *Flames* they fry in *Dead*.

No better end rash *Pharaoh's* pride befel

When *wind* and *Sea* wag'ed war for *Israel*.

In his gilt chariots amaz'ed *fishes* sat,

And grew with corps of wretched *Princes* fat.

The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain ;

Nor was it since call'd the *Red-Sea* in vain.

Much too they told of faithful *Abraham's* fame,

64 To whose blest passage they owe still their *Name* :

Of *Moses* much, and the great seed of *Nun* :

What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won.

How many *Kings* they slew or *Captive* brought ;

They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels* fought.

Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their days ;

And their whole *Life* was their dear *Maker's* praise.

No minutes rest, no swiftest thought they sold

To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold*.

Gold for which all mankind with greater pains

Labour towards *Hell*, than those who dig its veins.

Their *wealth* was the *Contempt* of it ; which more

They valu'd than rich fools the shining *Ore*.

The *Silk-worm's* pretious death they scorn'd to wear,

And *Tyrian Dy* appear'd but sordid there.

Honor, which since the price of *Souls* became,

Seem'd to these *great ones* a low idle *Name*.

Instead of *Down*, hard beds they chose to have,

Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*.

Their *Board* dispeopled no full *Element*,

Free Natures bounty thriftily they spent

And spar'd the *Stock* ; nor could their bodies say

We owe this *Crudeness* t' *Excess* yesterday.

Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no soiling fear,

But entertain their welcome *Maker* there.

The *Senses* perform nimbly what they're bid,

And *Honestly*, nor are by *Reason* chid.

And when the *Down* of *sleep* does softly fall,

65 Their *Dreams* are heavenly then, and mystical.

With hasty wings *Time present* they outfly,

And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Destiny*.
 There walk and sport among the *years to come* ;
 And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ry *Causes womb*.
 Thus these wise *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All* ;
 Free from the spight of *much-mistaken Saul* :
 For if man's *Life* we in just ballance weigh,
David deserv'd his *Envy* less than *They*.
 Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
 Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voice*.
 But long unknown even here he could not lye ;
 So bright his *Lustre*, so quick *Envies Eye* !
 Th'offended *Troop*, whom he escap'd before,
 Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more ;
 Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords ;
 Some part of him all *promise* to their *swords*.

1 Sam.
19.20.

They came, but a new spirit their hearts possess'd,
 Scatt'ring a sacred calm through every breast :
 The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
 Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile*.

Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
 And the chaste streams with even current glide.
 A sudden *day* breaks gently through their eyes,
 And *Morning-blushes* in their cheeks arise.

Ib. v. 21.

The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder cease ;
 In peaceful tunes they adore the *God of Peace*.

New Messengers twice more the *Tyrant* sent,
 And was twice more mockt with the same event.

Ib. v. 23.

His heightned rage no longer brooks delay ;

It sends him there himself ; but on the way
 His *foolish Anger* a *wise Fury* grew,
 And *Blessings* from his mouth *unbidden* flew.

His *Kingly robes* he laid at *Naioth* down,
 Began to *understand* and *scorn* his *Crown* ;
 Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things ;
 And felt more *solid joys* than *Empire* brings.

Embrac'd his wondring *Son*, and on his head
 The *balm* of all past *wounds*, kind *Tears* he shed.

Num. 22.

So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond intent
 Of *curfing* the *blest Seed*, to *Moab* went.

But as he went his *fatal tongue* to sell ;
 His *Asi* taught him to *speak*, *God* to *speak well*.

Ib. v. 28:
Num.24.5.

How comely are thy *Tents*, O *Israel* !

(Thus he began) what conquests they foretel !
 Less fair are *Orchards* in their *Autumn* pride,
 Adorn'd with *Trees* on some fair *Rivers* side.
 Less fair are *Vallies* their green mantles spread !
 Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their head !
 'Twas *God* himself (thy *God* who must not fear ?)
 Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Master* here.

Slaughter shall wear out these ; new *Weapons* get ;
And *Death* in triumph on thy darts shall fit.
When *Judah's Lyon* starts up to his prey,
The *Beasts* shall hang their ears, and creep away.
When he lies down, the *Woods* shall silence keep,
And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his sleep.
Thy *Curses*, *Jacob*, shall twice *curst* be ;
And he shall bleis *himself* that blestes *Thee*.

H h NOTES



NOTES

UPON THE

FIRST BOOK.

- T**HE custom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Proposition* of the whole work, and an *Invocation* of some God for his assistance to go through with it, is so solemnly and religiously observed by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I should not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no less necessary for a *Christian Poet*. *A Jove principium, Musæ*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole work may reasonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be so. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with less state, and made but one part of these *Two*; in which, and almost all things else, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abused the *Prayer*, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worst of *Men*, their *Princes*: as *Lucan* addresses it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuses *Augustus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little superior to the other two.
- 2 I call it *Judab's*, rather than *Israel's Scepter* (though in the notion of distinct *Kingdoms*, *Israel* was very much the greater) First, because *David* himself was of that *Tribe*. Secondly, because he was first made King of *Judab*, and this *Poem* was designed no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, because the *Monarchy* of *Judab* lasted longer, not only in his *Race*, but out-lasted all the several *Races* of the *Kings* of *Israel*. And lastly, and chiefly, because our *Saviour* descended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more considerable than all the rest.
 - 3 I hope this kind of boast (which I have been taught by almost all the old *Poets*) will not seem immodest; for though some in other *Languages* have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none that I know of, has in *English*: So *Virgil* says in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quæ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

Because none in Latin had written of that subject. So Horace,

*Libera, per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede.-----*

And before them both Lucretius,

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atq; haurire.-----*

And so Nemesianus,

*-----Ducitq; per avia, quæ sola nunquam
Trita rotis.-----*

Though there he does wrong to Gratius, who treated of the same Argument before him. And so Oppian, 1. Ven.

*Ἐρπεο, ἢ τραχείαν ὄπισθε βωυδῶν ἀταρπὼν
Τῶν μερόπων ἔτιω τίς ἐνς ἐπάμειν ἀοιδαῖς.*

My own allusion here is to the passage of the Israelites through the Wilderness, in which they were guided by a Pillar of Flame.

4 Though there have been three Temples at Jerusalem, the first built by Solomon, the second by Zorobabel, and the third by Herod (for it appears by Josephus that Herod pluckt down the old Temple, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which were very much superiour to that of Zorobabel in riches and magnificence, though that was forty six years a building, whereas Herod's was but eight, and Solomon's seven; of all three the last was the most stately; and in that, and not Zorobabel's Temple, was fulfilled the Prophecy of Haggai; that the glory of the last House should be greater than of the first.

5 To be made an Apostle for the conversion of Poetry to Christianity, as S. Paul was for the conversion of the Gentiles; which was done not only by the Word, as Christ was the Eternal Word of his Father; but by his becoming a Particular Word or Call to him. This is more fully explained in the Latin Translation.

6 It was the same case with Hercules; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this subject that which Seneca makes Juno speak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

*Superat, & crescit malis,
Irâq; nostrâ fruitur, in laudes suas
Mea vertit odia, dum nimis seva impero.
Patrem probavi; gloriæ feci locum.*

And a little after,

*Minorq; labor est Herculi iussa exequi,
Quàm mihi jubere.-----*

7 In the publique Games of Greece, Palm was made the sign and reward of Victory, because it is the nature of that Tree to resist, overcome, and thrive the better for all pressures,

*-----Palmaq; nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor. Od. i.*

Lane Cron

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self. And the Greek *Grammarians* say that *νικειν* (to overcome) is derived from the same sense, *νικειν* τὸ μὴ εἶναι, ἢ non cedendo.

- 8 Shore is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers*: and the same difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*; *Virgil*

Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,

Speaking of *Minicius*.

- 9 That the *Matter* of *winds* is an *Exhalation* arising out of the concavities of the *Earth*, is the opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates* his doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux. In those concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moist ones turn into water, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and these are the secret *Treasuries*, out of which *God* is in the *Scripture* said to bring them. This was also meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Eolus*, imprisoned in deep caves,

—Hic vasto Rex *Eolus* antro

Luctantes ventos tempestateq; sonoras

Imperio premit, ac vinculis & carcere franat.

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudi; nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, & aeris stativo est, omnis in fuga ventus est*: For though it get not yet out, it is wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. However, my Epithete of *unsettled Tempests* might pass with him; for as soon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extremum resistance (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal Sat. 5.* expresses very well the *South wind*, in one of these dens.

—Dum se continet *Auster,*

Dum sedet, & siccit madidus in carcere pennas.

- 10 To give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as *Rivers* do into the *Sea*; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of water, like that of *Blood* in mans body: For to refer the original of all *Fountains* to condensation, and afterwards dissolution of vapors under the earth, is one of the most unphilosophical opinions in all *Aristotle*. And this *Abyss* of waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the Blessings of the *Heavens* above, and with the Blessings of the *Deep* beneath; that is, with the dew and rain of *Heaven*, and with the *Fountains* and *Rivers* that arise from the *Deep*; and *Esdras* conformably to this, asks, What habitations are in the heart of the *Sea*, and what veins in the root of the *Abyss*? So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that *God* kept the windows of *Heaven*, and the fountains of the *Abyss*.

And undisturb'd by *Moons* in silence sleep. For I suppose the *Moon*

to be the principal, if not sole cause of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the Sea, but to have no effect upon the waters that are beneath the Sea it self

- 11 This must be taken in a Poetical sense; for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the Earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my conscience, where e're it be, it is not so strait, as that *Crowding* and sweating should be one of the *Torments* of it; as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin*. *Lessius* in his Book *de Morib. Divinis*, as if he had been there to survey it, determines the *Diameter* to be just a *Dutch mile*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of) the *Apocalypse*, allows *Pluto* a little more elbow-room, and extends it to 1600 furlongs, that is 200 Italian miles. *Virgil* (as good a Divine for this matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the distance betwixt Heaven and Earth:

*Bis patet in præceptis tantum tenditq; sub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum cæli suspectus Olympum.*

Hesiod is more moderate :

Τόσον ἔρεβι ὑπὸ γῆς ὅσον ἕβανός ἐστι ἀπὸ γαίης.

Statius puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the distance : He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

*Indispecta tenet vobis quæ Tartara, quorum
Vos estis superi-----*

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls *Τάσλαρ* ἢ *νέβη ἀΐδα*, the *Scripture* terms it *utter Darknes*, *Σκότος* ἢ *ἐξομίον*, & *Ζόρον σκότους*.

- 12 There are two opinions concerning *Samuel's* anointing of *David* : one (which is *Josephus's*) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a secret from *David's* Father and *Brethren* ; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow ; and therefore we use the word *Boldly* : nay, I believe, that most of the people, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Saul's* great jealousy of his being appointed to succeed him ; and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himself ; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High Priests* ; and was applied to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High Priests*, and did often exercise the duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reprov'd and punish'd ; not so much for offering Sacrifice (as an usurpation of the *Priests* Office) as for his infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel* ; that is, by *God* himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the maner of anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different ; as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Cross* (*decussatim*, like the figure of Ten X) upon the *Priests* heads, and Round in fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings* ; which I follow here, because it sounds more poetically (*The royal drops round his enlarged head*) not that I have any faith in the authority of those *Authors*.

- 13 The Prophecy of *Jacob* at his death concerning all his Sons, *Gen.* 49. v. 10. The Scepter shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the Law-giver from between his feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong

belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant*, τὰ ἀποκειμενα ἄνωγ, *quæ reposita sunt ei*. *Tertullian*, and some other *Fathers*, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar *Edition*, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the *Rabbies*, *Filius ejus*; others, *Filius mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others, *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours, and the *French Translation* retain the word *Shilo*, which I choose to follow.

14 Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half verses (where the sense seems to invite a man to that liberty) yet his authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully: and I am far from their opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemistiques*: There are some places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his death by the putid officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

-----*Moriamur inultæ?*

Sed moriamur, ait-----

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the passion she was then in, than to conclude abruptly with that resolution? nothing could there be well added; but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;

Which is contrary to her sense; for to have dyed revenged, would have been

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras?

Shall we dye (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make death unpleasant to us: but however it is necessary to die. I remember when I made once this exception to a friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras:

Which does indeed a little mend the sense; but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken verses; yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16. *Controversie*) upon these two verses of *Varro*,

Deserant latrare canes, urbesq; silebant,

Omnia noctis erant placidâ composita quiete,

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant-----

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own verses, as most remarkably in that,

Omnia pontus erant, deerant quoq; littora ponto,
All things was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.

Where

Where he might have ended excellently with

Omnia pontus erat——

But the addition is superfluous, even to ridiculoufness.

15 An *Apostopæsis*, like *Virgil's*

Quos ego——*Sed motos præstat componere finibus.*

This would ill besit the mouth of any thing but a *Fury* ; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole speech without some lies in it ; such are those precedent exaltations of the *Devil's* power, which are most of them false, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury* ; nor are her boasts more false, than her threatnings vain, where she says afterwards, 'Tis not thy *God himself*——yet *Seneca* ventures to make a man say as much in *Her. Fur.*

Amplectere aras, nullus eripiet Deus

Te mihi-----

16 *Cain* was the first and greatest example of *Envy* in this world ; who slew his *Brother*, because his *Sacrifice* was more acceptable to *God* than his own ; at which the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angered, and his countenance cast down.* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cain's sacrifice* that displeas'd *God* ; the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, ἐκ ἐάν ὀρθῶς προσετέχνης, ὀρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλθης, ἡμετέρας ; If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not sinned ? but this *Translation*, neither the *Vulgar Edition*, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the cause, since it hath pleas'd *God* not to declare it ; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his *Brother* : And therefore I had the *Liberty* to chuse that which I thought most probable ; which is, that he knockt him on the head with some great stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural weapons of *Anger*. That this stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombstone* of *Abel*, is not so *Hyperbolical*, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus*,

———*Saxum circumspicit ingens,*
Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui fortè jacebat
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret agris,
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem :

Which he takes from *Homer*, but adds to the *Hyperbole*,

Ὅσ' ἔδδο ἀνδρε φέροισεν,

Οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶσιν, ὁ δὲ μιν βέα πάλλε δὲ οἴῳ. Il. 21.

Ovid is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent
Juncta, Phololeniden à summo vertice fregit.

17 Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to Burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practis'd *Burning* of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that custom : which if we believe *Statius*,

- was received even among the *Gracians* before the *Theban War*.
- 18 *Belzebul*. That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received opinion of the *Ancients*, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this world*, *John 12. 31. Prince of this age*, *Corinth. 11. 6. Prince of the power of the Air*, *Ephes. 11. 2. Prince of Devils*, *Mat. 12. 24.* by the express name of *Belzebul*; which is the reason why I use it here. *Porphyrus* says his name is *Serapis*, *Μήποτε ἑπὶ εἰς τὸν ἄρχαι ὁ Σάραπισ, δὲ τέτων Σύμβολον ὁ τρικάρμηθ· κύων, τέτ' ἐστὶ ὁ ἐν τῷ τριεσι τριχέοις, ὑδάτι, γῆ, ἄερα παντός δαίμων.* According to which *Stattius* calls him *Triplicis mundi summum*; but names him not; for he adds: *Quem scire nefastum est.* This is the *Spirit* to whom the two *Verfes*, cited by the same *Porphyrus* address themselves,

Δαίμων ἀλιτρονῶν ψυχῶν διάδημα λελόγητος
Ἡερίων ὑπένερθε μυχῶν χθονίων τ' ἐφύπερθε.

O thou *Spirit* that hast the command of guilty *Souls*, beneath the vaults of the *Air*, and above those of the *Earth*; which I should rather read *χθονίων τ' ὑπένερθε*; And beneath the *Vaults* of the *Earth* too.

Now for the name of *Belzebul*, it signifies the *Lord of Flies*; which some think to be a name of *scorn* given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter* of the *Syrians*, whom they called *Βεελσαμν*, *id est, Δία βεάνιον*, because the *Sacrifices* in this *Temple* were infested with multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar privilege, notwithstanding the daily great number of *Sacrifices*, never came (for such is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Jerusalem*. But others believe it was no mock-name, but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was worshipt at *Ekron*, either from bringing or driving away *swarms* of *Flies*, with which the *Eastern Countries* were often molested; and their reason is, because *Abaziab* in the time of his sickness (when it is likely he would not rally with the *God* from whom he hoped for relief) sends to him under the name of *Belzebul*.

- 19 That even insensible things are affected with horror at the presence of *Devils*, is a frequent exaggeration of stories of that kind; and could not well be omitted at the appearance of *Poetical Spirits*,

Tartaream intendit vocem, quæ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & sylvæ insonuere profunde,
Audiit & Triviæ longæ lacus, &c.-----Virg. *Aeneid.* 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes*: *Sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit*—*Jam tuum mæstæ pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus linqnat, ut regio vacent, &c.* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertere vultum.* When *Stattius* makes the *Ghost* of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the *War* with his *Brother*, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the shape of *Tiresias*, *Longævi vatis opacos Induitur vultus,*

vultus, vocemq; & velleræ, since at his going away he discovers him to be *Laius*,

————— *Ramos, ac velleræ fronti*
Diripuit confessus avum—————

Neither do I more approve in this point of *Virgil's* method, who in the 7. *Æneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at first in the shape of a Priestess,

Fit Calybe Junonis anus ;---

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her, her own figure of a *Fury*, and so speak to him ; which might have been done, methinks, as well at first or indeed better not done at all ; for no person is so improper to persuade man to any undertaking, as the *Devil* without a disguise : which is the reason why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the likeness of *Benjamin*, who as the first and chief of *Saul's* Progenitors, might the most probably seem concern'd for his welfare, and the easiest be believed and obeyed.

- 20 I fancy here that the statue of *Benjamin* stood in manner of a *Colossus* over *Saul's* Gate ; for which perhaps I shall have some *Criticks* fall severely upon me ; it being the common opinion, that the use of all statues, nay, even pictures, or other representations of things to the sight, was forbidden the *Jews*. I know very well, that in latter ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the Letter of the Law (which they began to be about the time when they should have left it) even the civil use of Images was not allowed, as now among the *Mahometans*. But I believe that at first it was otherwise : And first, the words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of Images, not absolutely, but with relation to the end of bowing down, or worshipping them ; and if the *Commandment* had implied more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Moral one*. Secondly, we have several examples in the *Bible*, which shew that statues were in use among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by God to be so, as those of the *Cherubins*, and divers other Figures, for the ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple* ; as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lyons* upon *Solomon's* Throne, and the statue of *David*, placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Souldiers who came to murder him ; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vasques* says, that such Images only were unlawful, as were *Erectæ aut constitutæ modo accommodato adorationi*, made, erected, or constituted in a Manner proper for Adoration ; which *Modus accommodatus adorationis*, he defines to be, when the Image is made or erected *Per se*, for its own sake, and not as an *Appendix* or addition for the ornament of some other thing ; as for example, Statues are Idols, when Temples are made for them ; when they are only made for Temples, they are but Civil Ornaments.

- 21 Enchanted Vertues. That is, whose operation is stopt, as it were, by some Enchantment. Like that *Fascination* called by the *French*, *Novement d'esguillette*, which hinders the natural faculty of Generation.

- 22 So *Homer*,
And *Virg.* *'Αρχαίδης, ἐκ τῆρ' Ἀρχαοί.*
O verè *Phrygiæ*, neq; enim *Phryges* !

- 23 The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Saul's* reign; not exactly: but this is the next *whole number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: and indeed, though it were in prose, in so passionate a speech it were not natural to be punctual.
- 24 In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* parts; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common opinion, though it be false, is so far from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the custom even of the Scripture to do so; and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it; as where it attributes the *members* and *passions* of mankind to *Devils*, *Angels*, and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it *seems*, not as it *is*, and in too many other places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgil's* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,

Says in his 86. *Epistle*, That the Tree will easily grow up to give shade to the *Planter*: but that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *Truly*, but what most *gracefully*; and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing* *Husbandmen*: Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the description of a *Tempest* (a common place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four winds blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Unda Eurisq; Notusq; ruunt, creberq; procellis

Africus ————— And *Statius*,

Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Euris.

And so all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by *Scaliger* himself,

————— *Facet omne pecus, volucresq; feraeque,*

Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

Hitherto there is no scruple; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod*. He adds,

Nec trubicus fluviis idem sonus occidit horror

Aequoris, & terris maria inclinata quiescunt;

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth*.

- 25 I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *Vast*; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before, *And over-runs the neighbouring fields with violent course*. In the second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all*— and
- And*

And fell adorn his shoulders with loose care. In the 3. Brags was his Helmet, his Boots Brags, and ore His breast a thick plate of strong Brags he wore. In the 4. Like some fair Pine ore-looking all th' ignobler Wood; and, Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong; and many more: but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our English Poets observed it, for ought I can find. The Latins (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their Prince, *Virgil*, always. In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

26 Eternity is defined by *Boët. Lib. 5. de consolat. Interminabilis vite tota simul & perfecta possessio*. The whole and perfect possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which Definition is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the Schoolmen; who therefore call eternity *Nunc stans*, a standing Now, to distinguish it from that Now, which is a difference of time, and is always in fluxu.

27 *Seneca*, methinks, in his 58. *Epist.* expresses this more divinely than any of the Divines: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia aeterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent, hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materie vi suâ vincens*. And the Schoolmen all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate concurrence of God is required as well now for the Conservation, as at first it was necessary for the Creation of the World, and that the nature of things is not left to it self to produce any action, without a concurrent act of God; which when he was pleased to omit, or suspend, the fire could not burn the three young men in the red hot Furnace.

28 The Book of *Tobias* speaks of Seven Angels superiour to all the rest; and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient Jews and Christians. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat. 6. Ἐπτα τὴν ἰσχυρὰν δυνάμιν ἔχοντας πρωτόγονους ἀγγέλους*. The Seven that have the greatest power, the First-born Angels, *Tob. 12. 15. I am Raphael, one of the Seven holy Angels, which present the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one; and this Daniel may very well be thought to mean, when he says, Chap. 10. 13. Lo Michael one of the chiefest Princes came to help me*. That some Angels were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zechary 2. 3.* where one Angel commands another; *Run, speak to this young man, &c.* and out of *Rev. 12. 7.* where Michael and his Angels, fought with the Dragon and his Angels. The number of just seven supream Angels, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the seven chief Princes of the Persian Empire; but I doubt whether the seven there were so ancient as this Tradition. Three names of these seven the Scripture affords, *Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel, Zushariel, Samuel, and Anaël*, let the Authors

of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *Seven Planets*.

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶδ' ἔφρανον περὲν ἡ παρεῖσαν πολὺ μοχθοῦσι
* Ἀγγελοῖ, οἵσι μέμνητε βρότοις ὡς πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1. 19. ὁ παρεστηὸς ἐνώπιον τοῦ Θεοῦ. He that stands before the face of God. And *Daniel* had his vision interpreted by one, ἢ ἡ ἐστηῶτων, of the standers before God.

29 The Poets are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either *Spoke*, or so much as *Nodded*. Hom.

— Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλυμπόν.

Virgil. Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Stat. — *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.*

30 Friends in the plural, as an intimation of the *Trinity*; for which cause he uses sometimes *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*.

31 I do not like *Homer's* repeating of long Messages just in the same words: but here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from God, from whose words no creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some Readers, but would have been a crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*.

32 That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what degrees he pleased; that a *Musician* in *Denmark* by the same Art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the striking of all his Friends about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same means a woman to stop the fury of a young man, who came to set her House on fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindred another from murdering his Father, when the Sword was drawn for that purpose; that the fierceness of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the spoils of *Eëtion*) that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths; and *Asclepiades*, even seditious multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes*, and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own flesh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised or suppressed (for which cause *Pindar* says to his Harp, Τὸν αἰχμῆσαν κεραυνὸν θεινύεις. Thou quenchest the raging thunder.) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine Testimony for it. *Plin. Lib. 28. Chap. 1. Dixit Homerus profusivum sanguinis vulnecrato f. more Ulyssem intibuisse*

buiffe *carmine*, *Theophrastus Ichiadicus sanari*, *Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari*. *Mar. Varro Podagrís*; Where *Carmen* is to be understood as joined with *musical notes*. For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving ease to it, *Ut memoriae proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported. *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus. It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthusiasm*, that *Musick* cures many passions and diseases, both of the *Mind* and *Body*, *Καθότιπερ λεπτοθυμίας, φόβος ἔχ' τὰς ἐπιμακρὸν γλυνομυίας ἔ Διανοίας ἐκστάσις, ἰάται ἡδ' φησὶν ἢ χαλαυλῆος ἔχ' Ἰγυάδα ἔχ' Ἐπιληψίαν.* And the same Author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used the *Pipe* for the cure of several sicknesses, which *Galen* calls *χαλαυλεῖν τῷ τύπῳ*, *Super loco affecto tibiā canere*; or, *Loca dolentia decantare*. So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured mad men, *Terpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be in the particular cure of the *Tarantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denied or eluded, and afford a probable argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet the Art. For the explication of the reason of these cures, the Magicians flye to their *Colcodea*; the *Platoniques*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says that *Madness* is to be cured by the harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciatick* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are so false, that I wonder at the negligence or impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus Mirand.* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *Body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural reason to be, that in the same manner as *Musical* sounds move the outward air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the seat of Diseases) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*, or *expulsion of Vapours*, and by Vertue of that *Sympathy of Proportion*, which I exprefs afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the effect desired, *Athan. Kircherus* requires four conditions: 1. *Harmony*. 2. *Number and Proportion*. 3. *Efficacious* and pathetical words joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. An adapting of all these to the *Constitution*, *Disposition*, and *Inclinations of the Patient*. Of which, and all things on this subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magnā Consoni & Dissoni*.

- 33 Scaliger in his *Hypercrit.* blames *Claudian* for his excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the cause of it in his own person. If he had brought in, says he, any other person making the relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new occasion, by the bye to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'd*, is to be understood as from the person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the digression been upon any subject but *Musick*. *Hom. Il. 2.*

Ἐσπέτε γὺν μοι Μῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι.

Ἑμεῖς δ' ἴδελ' ἔστε, πέρεσέ τε, ἴσε τε πόντα.

Ἡμεῖς δ' κλέθ' οἶον ἀκούμεν, ἔδὲ τι ἴδμεν.

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book (*Æn. 7.*)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato————

Tu Vatum, tu Diva mone, &c.————

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Heliconæ Deæ, cantusq; ciete——

Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,

Ad nos vix tenuis fame perlabitur aura.

- 34 I have seen an excellent saying of *St. Augustin's*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus*-----*sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quædam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiâ contrariorum oppositione sæculi pulchritudo componitur.* And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the *World* was made in *Number, Weight, and Measure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the *World*, and not that which *Pythagoras, Plato, Tully, Macrob.* and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens*. This is their *Musical* and loud voice, of which *David* speaks, *Psalms 19. The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord---There is no speech nor Language where their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their words to the end of the world*-----Or as our *Translation* nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) renders it, *Their Line is gone out, Linea vel amussis eorum*: to shew the exactness of their proportion.
- 35 Even this distinction of sounds in the art of *Musick*, is thought by some to have been invented from the consideration of the elementary qualities: In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have formed an *Harp* with four strings, and set them to different *Tunes*: The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranate*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.
- 36 Because the *Moon* is but 28 days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course.
- 37 There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kircherus* in his 10. Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

38 The *Weapon-Salve*.

39 The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*, which is most easily perceived by laying a straw upon one of the strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40 Here may seem to want connexion between this verse and the *Psal.* It is an *Elleipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the Reader; to wit, *That David sung to his Harp, before Saul, the ensuing Psalm.* Of this kind is that in *Virgil*,

*Jungimus hospitio dexteras, & tectâ subimus.
Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto,
Da propriam Thybræe domum, &c.----*

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supplied by any care. Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4. Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some places in *Virgil*, where the sense is discontinued and interrupted by the leaving out of some verses, through the overmuch severity of his judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his 5. Book, upon the death of *Palinurus*,

*Multa gemens casuq; animum percussus amici,
O nimium cælo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignetâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.*

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb.*

*— Ni tu Tritonia Virgo
Consilio dignata virum.---Sate gente superbi
Oeneos, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas
Annuimus----*

And why do I instance in these, since the examples are so frequent in all Poets?

41 For this liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no authority or example; and therefore like men who venture upon a new coast I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

*Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
Ausû deserere.----Hor.*

42 *Psal.* 58. 5. *They are like the deaf Adder, that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely.* So *Jerem.* 8. 17. *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio:* which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick-mongers* for a proof of the power of *Charms*: For the first is plainly against them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one Species of *Serpents*, which alone had a quality of resisting *Incantations*: And the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, *Though you practise Magick Arts, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can charm the very Serpents, yet you shall find with all your Magick, no remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical*

lical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted of as the power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the Creatures most *antipathetical* and terrible to humane nature.

Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis. Virg.

Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces. Ovid.

Inq; pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo,

Viperei cœunt abrupto corpore nodi,

Humanoq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno. Lucan.

- 43 Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the wonders of the World) than the $\chi\eta\tau\textcircled{\text{C}}$ or $\alpha\beta\delta\epsilon\iota\sigma\textcircled{\text{C}}$ $\kappa\rho\epsilon\mu\alpha\sigma\acute{\iota}\varsigma$ rendered by the Latines. *Hortus pensilis*, at *Babylon*, which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, foursquare, and each side containing four Acres of ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorned with many Banqueting-Houses. The particular description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l. 11.* and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l. 5.* It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosor*, for so *Josephus*, l. 10. and *Suidas* expressly says) in favour of a *Persian Wife* of his, who as *Qu. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorum sylvarumq; in campestribus locis virum compulsi naturæ genium amantitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chrysostome* mentions another of the like kind at *Susa* in his *Sermon of Riches*, Οὐδ' ἂν γινώσκῃ πῶς ἀνθρώποι οὐδαίμυρες ἀνόητοι ἢ ἀφρονες, ἔδ' ἂν ἢ ἐν Σύροις παρὰ δέιστον ἐπιγδομήσων, ὅς ἴν, ὡς φασι, μέλεισθ' ἄπας. These were miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the ancients. *Seneca Trag. Act. 3. Thyest.*

Nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat sylvæ. Sen. Epist. 122.

Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt & quorum sylvæ in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quò improbè cacumina egissent. Plin. *In tecta olim Romæ scandebant sylvæ;* Which luxury, as all others, came out of *Assa* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the *Hebrews*, even in *David's* time, several Texts of Scripture make me conjecture, 2 *Sam. 26. 22.* *They spread for Absalom a Tent upon the Top of the House, and Absalom went unto his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all Israel.* 2 *Sam. 11. 2.* *And it came to pass in an evening, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings House; and from the roof he saw a woman washing her self.* And 1 *Sam. 9. 25.* *Samuel communed with Saul upon the top of the House.* And again, *verse 26.*

- 44 1 *Sam. 19. 13.* *And Michol took an image, and put it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a Cloath.* An Image, The Hebrew is *Theraphim*, a word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good sense, but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban*, are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by "Εἰδωλον, in other places by Θεραφεῖν, or Θεραφιν, sometimes by γλυπτόν, here by κενόταφιον, the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the representations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herses*. The *Latin* uses *Simulacrum*, or *Statua*, and *Aquila*, $\mu\epsilon\sigma\sigma\acute{\omega}\mu\epsilon\tau\alpha$. The fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol*

put

put between the cloaths the Liver of a she-Goat, newly cut out, and shew'd the palpitation of it under the coverlet to the Souldiers, saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all night: How come such men as he to have such odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, What *Statue* was it that she placed in the bed? Certainly no Idol, for those were not to be found in the House of *David*; nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the reception of celestial influences, which *R. Abraham* believes, for those were not allowable among the Jews; but she made some figure like a man, out of several cloaths, which she stuff with other things, like *Scar-crows*, or those figures presented to wild Bulls in the Theaters, or those that are placed upon great mens *Herses*. And she put the skin of a she-Goat about his head, to represent his red hair; which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a statue of *David* in the house, and laid that in the bed, pretending that he was speechless; and even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th'impresion God prepared their sense*. And now concerning the *Civil use* of *Images* among the Jews, I have declared my opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long as it hath any appearance of probability.

45. It was a necessary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit. 1.* and this was observed too among the Heathen.

46. *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several Towns, but *Naioth* was a place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious meetings. *Adricom.*

47. The Description of the *Prophets College* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight, as if I had taken the pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, ours (as many other *Christian* customs) were formed after the example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or foretellers of future things, but Religious persons, who separated themselves from the business of the world, to employ their time in the contemplation and praise of God; their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments: for which cause in *1 Sam. 10. 5.* they carried with them a *Psaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe*, and *Harp*; These it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for the 19, and 20. they saw the company of *Prophets* prophesying (that is, saw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as appointed over them, *Stantem super eos*; which the *Chaldee* interprets *Stantem docentem eos*, *Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterward compos'd *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, because they laboured in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as *2 Kings 2. 3.* The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v. 5.* the *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were at *Jericho*: out of which may be collected, that *Colleges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons* of

the *Prophets*) either because they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the sense that the *Greeks* term *Physicians*, ἱατρῶν παῖδες, The *Sons of the Physicians*; and the *Hebrews*, *Men*, the *Sons of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young *Scholars* or *Students* are meant by this appellation. To this alludes *S. Matth.* 11. 19. *Wisdom is justified of her Children.* And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, 2 *King.* 2. 12. *My Father, my Father, &c.*

48 For the several *Sprinklings* and *Purifications* by water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod.* *Levit.* *Numb.* and *Deuteron.* the omission of which, in some cases, was punished with no less than death, *Exod.* 30. 20.

49 I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the speech of an ancient *Rabbi*; from whence we may collect this distinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sat in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high *Chairs* (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon *Benches* below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the feet of their *Teachers*, from whence *S. Paul* is said to be brought up at the feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* sat at *Jesus* his feet, and heard his word, *Luke* 10. 39. After the *Scholars* had made good progress in learning, they were *Elect*ed and made, by imposition of hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows of Colledges* to the *Masters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elect Companions*.

50 The Furniture of the *Prophet Elisha's* Chamber, 2 *Kings* 4. 10.

51 It was the ancient custom to cover the *Seats* and *Table-Beds* with *Beasts* skins: So *Enneus* places *Ulysses*, *Odys.* 14.

Ἐστράσαν δ' ἐνὶ δέσμασιν ἰονδίδου ἀγροῦ ἀγροῦ.

Collocavit super pellem villosa silvestris caprae.

So *Evander* *Aeneas*, 8 *Aeneid*.

Præcipuumq; toro & villosi pelle Leonis

Accipit *Aeneam*——

Ovid. Qui poterat pelles addere, dives erat.

52 There is a great dispute among the *Learned*, concerning the antiquity of this custom of *Lying down* at meat; and most of the *Critiques* are against me, who make it here so ancient. That the *Romans* at first used *sitting* at table, is affirmed by *Pliny*; that the *Graecians* did so too, appears by *Athenæus*, l. 7. c. 15. That in our *Saviour's* time (long before which the *Romans* and *Graecians* had changed *sitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the several words used in the *New Testament* upon this occasion, as ἀνακλιθῆναι, *Luke* 22. ἀνακλιθῆσαι, *Matt.* 26. ἕλκεσθαι *Luke* 14. ἀνακλιθῆναι *Matt.* 14. so *John* is said to lean on *Jesus* bosom, *Joh.* 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feast; and alluding to this custom, *Christ* is said to be in the bosom of his *Father*, and the *Saints* in the bosom of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this fashion from the *Romans* after they were subdued by them, but that is a mistake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the *Eastern* people: even in the *Prophets* time we have testimony of this custom, *Ezek.* 23. 41. *Thou satest up on*

upon a stately bed, and a table prepared before it, Amos 2. 8. They lay themselves upon cloaths laid to pledge by every Altar; that is, they used garments laid to pledge instead of Beds, when at the Altars they eat things sacrificed to Idols. What was the fashion in Samuel's time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice, and long before; for the plucking off their shoos when they went to Table, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the Beds clean. And why had the Jews a strict particular command to have their shoos on their feet at the eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their shoos off at other meals?

- 53 There is no matter capable of receiving the marks of Letters, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The twelve Tables of the Roman Laws were ingraven in Brass; so was the League made with the Latins, Liv. Dec. j. Lib. 2. and Talus among the Cretans was feigned to be a Man made of Brass by Vulcan (of whom they report many ridiculous stories) because he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in Brass, and put them severely in execution. Pausan. in Boetic. makes mention of the whole Book of Hesiod's Ἐργῶν καὶ ἡμερῶν, written in Lead; which kind of plates Sueton. in Nerone calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden paper*. This fashion was in use before Job's time; for he says, Job 19. 23, 24. *Oh that my words were graven with an Iron pen and Lead in the Rock for ever.* Rock, that is, the *Leaden plates* should be placed upon Rocks or Pillars. They likewise anciently engraved the very Pillars themselves; as those two famous ones of Enoch, one of which was extant even in Josephus his days. And Iamblicus avows, that he took the principles of his mystical Philosophy from the Pillars of Mercurie. Plin. l. 7. 56. reports, that the Babylonians and Assyrians write their Laws in *Cocæis lateribus*, that is, Pillars of Brick, *Atoses* his in Stone. Horace,

Non incisa notis marmora publicis.

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a private Library. They used also of old Plates or Leaves of Ivory; from whence they were termed *Libri Elephantini*; not as some conceive, from their bigness. Mart.

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.

As for Wood and Slates, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable materials were written upon. Of thin shavings of wood the Longobards at their first coming into Italy, made Leaves to write on: some of which Pancirollus had seen and read in his time.

- 54 See Plin. l. 13. 11. From whence Letters are called *Phœnicæan*, not from the Country, but from φοινῖξ, a Palm-tree. But Guiland. de Papyro, thinks that *Phœnicæa* in Pliny is not the same with φοινῖξ, and has a long discourse to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in use for writing, and that we should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very slight grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by Isidor. and the Epigram of Cinna cited by him:

*Hæc tibi Arateis muliùm invigilata lucernis
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo Malvæ descripta libello
Prusiacâ vexi munera naviculâ.*

But this was a raritie; for *Malloes* are too soft to be proper for that use. At *Athens* the names of those who were expelled the Senate, were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this sentence was called *Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις*, as the names of those banisht by the people were in *Shells*; but at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called *Πελαδομοὶ διὰ τὸ πέλαιον ἐλαίας*. And in this manner wrote *Virgil's Sibylla*,

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.

Pliny testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under ground unperished, by having been rubbed over with the Oyl of *Cedar*. *Horace*, de *Ar. Po.*

— *Speramus carmina fingi*

Posse linenda Cedro, aut lævi servanda Cupresso?

Ovid. — *Nec Cedro charta notetur;* and,

— *Cedro digna locutus;*

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by *Cedar Oyl*; which was likewise in the *Embalming* of dead Bodies.

- 55 Of *Linen Books* *Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Linteï*, and were *Publique Records*; by others termed too *Linteæ Mappæ*, and *Carbasina volumina*, *Silken Volumes*, *Claud. de B. Get.*

----- *Quid carmina poscat*

Fatidico custos Romani carbasus ævi.

And *Sym. l. 4. Epist. Monitus Cumanos lintea texta sumpserunt*. And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their cloaths.

- 55 *Tender Bark*s. The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the body of the Tree. The paper used to this day in *China* and some part of the *Indies*, seems to be made of the same kind of stuff. The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the sharp style, &c. These waxen Table-books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library at Naioth. Iliad. 6. Prætus* sent a Letter in such Table-books by *Bellerophon*. The *Stile* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at first made of *Iron*, but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome*, and they used *styles* of *Bone*; it was made sharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *stylum vertere*.

- 56 *Pliny* says that *Paper* (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that name in the Marshes of *Egypt*) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria*; and *Parchment*, not till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena*. In both which he is deceived; for *Herod in Terps.* says, that the *Ionians* still call *Paper skins*, because formerly when they wanted *Paper*, they were forced to make use of *skins* instead of it.

See

- See Melch. Guiland. de Pap. upon this argument. And the *Diphtheræ* of the *Græcians* were nothing else but the skins of beasts; that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the she-Goat that gave him milk. And many are of opinion, that the famous *Golden-Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-Skin*. *Diod. Sicul. l. 2.* affirms that the *Persian Annals* were written in the like Books: and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced: however, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper of Egypt new Arts* here; because they were later than the other.
- 57 *Hieroglyphicks*. The use of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Egypt* where they had lived so long, *Lucan. l. 3.*
Nondum flumineas Memphis contexcere Biblos
Noverat, & saxis tantum volucresq; feræq;
Sculptaq; servabant magicos animalia linguas.
- 58 *Nathan* and *Gad* were famous *Prophets* in *David's* time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Sansuel* in his *College*, for their particular *Professorships*, the one of *Astronomy*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them, and I suppose the places were very lawfully at my disposing. *Seraiz* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called *1 Kings 42.* *Sisba*, and *1 Chron. 18. 16.* *Shansba*. *Mahol* the Reader of *Natural Philosophy*, is mentioned, *1 Kings 4. 3.* *Heman* and *Asaph* are often spoken of in the Scripture, *1 Kings 4. 1 Chron. 15. 17, 19.* and *16. 5.* and *37. 41, 42,* and *25.*
- 59 A *Pyramide* is a figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upwards, till it end in a point, like our *Spire-Steeples*. It is so called from *Πῦρ*, *Fire*, because *Flame* ascends in that Figure. *Number*, is here called a *Turn'd Pyramide*, because the bottom of it is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up still larger and larger, just contrary to the nature of *Pyramidical Ascension*.
- 60 *Sacred Blue*. Because of the use of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the *Curtain* for the *Door*, the *Vail*, the *Priests Ephod*, *Breast-Plate*, and briefly all sacred *Ornaments*. The reason of chusing *Blue*, I suppose to have been in the *Tabernacle*, to represent the seat of *God*, that is, the *Heavens*, of which the *Tabernacle* was an *Emblem*, *Numbers 15. 38.* The *Jews* are commanded to make that lace or ribband of *Blue*, wherewith their fringes are bound to their cloaths; and they have now left off the very wearing of *Fringes*; because, they say, the art is lost of dying that kind of *Blue*, which was the perfectest sky-colour. *Cæruleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cœluleus*.
Virg. l. 6. Æn.
- 61 *Obloquitur numeris Septem discrimina vocum.*
 From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now six notes in *Musick*, *Ut. Re. Mi. Fa. So. La.* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to *S. John*, beginning every line with those syllables) so the ancients had *seven*; according to which *Apollo* too instituted the *Lyre* with seven

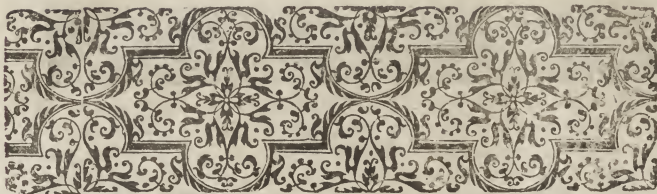
- seven strings; and *Pindar* calls it Ἐπίδοπον, his Interpreter, Ἐπίδοπον, and the *Argives* forbade under a penalty, the use of more strings.
- 62 *Porphyrus* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, 3. *Præpar. Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believe but one God, whom they called Κρηρ (whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is. & Osyr. & Strabo*, l. 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the image of that God was made with an Egg coming out of his mouth, to shew that he Spoke out the World, that is, made it with his word; for an Egg with the *Egyptians* was the symbol of the world. So was it too in the mystical Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Sympos.* l. 11. *Quæst.* 3. and *Macrobi.* l. 7. c. 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, Τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ὡδὸν καὶ τὸ τῶ Πλάτωνος Ὄν, to be the same things. *Voss. de Idol.*
- 63 *Theophil.* l. 2. *adversus Gent.* Θεὸς ἢ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐστὶ πάντων, God is in no place, but is the Place of all things; and *Pbilo*, Ἄυτὸς ἐαυτῶ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐαυτῶ πλήρης. Which is the same with the expression here.
- 64 *Gen.* 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew, &c.* which Text hath raised a great controversy among the Learned, about the derivation of the name of the *Hebrews*: The general opinion received of old was, that it came from *Eber*; which is not improbable, and defended by many learned men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more followed by the late Criticks, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the name came from *Abraham's* passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the name of *Welch* is said to signify no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the people amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which opinion is chiefly grounded upon the *Septuagint Translation* in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, πῶν περὶτη, *The Passenger*; and *Aquila*, Περὶτη.
- 65 For even these *Sons of the Prophets* that were Students in Colleges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 *King* 2. 3, &c.



THE
CONTENTS.

THE Friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon that occasion a digression concerning the nature of Love. A discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from Court, and the former goes thither, to inform himself of Saul's resolution. The Feast of the New-Moon, the manner of the Celebration of it; and therein a Digression of the History of Abraham. Saul's Speech upon David's absence from the Feast, and his anger against Jonathan. David's resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a Tree. A Description of Phanse; an Angel makes up a Vision in David's head; the Vision it self, which is, A Prophecie of all the succession of his Race till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking, Gabriel assumes an humane shape, and confirms to him the truth of his Vision.

DAVI-



DAVIDEIS.

The second Book.

BUT now the early birds began to call
 The morning forth ; up rose the *Sun* and *Saul* ;
 Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose ;
 But both, alas, from restless labours rose.
 For in *Saul's* breast, *Envy*, the toilsome *Sin*,
 Had all that night active and ty'rannous bin,
 She'expell'd all forms of *Kindness*, *Virtue*, *Grace* ;
 Of the past day no footstep left or trace.
 The new-blown sparks of his' old rage appear,
 Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*.
 So near a storm wise *David* would not stay,
 Nor trust the glittering of a faithless Day.
 He saw the *Sun* call in his beams apace,
 And angry *Clouds* march up into their place.
 The *Sea* it self smooths his rough brow awhile,
 Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a smile ;
 But he, whose ship-wrackt *Barque* it drank before,
 Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
 Such is the *Sea*, and such was *Saul*.
 But *Jonathan*, his *Son*, and *Only Good*,
 Was gentle as fair *Jordan's* useful Flood.
 Whose innocent stream as it in silence goes,
 Fresh *Honours*, and a sudden spring bestows
 On both his banks to every flower and tree ;
 The manner *How* lies hid, th' effect we see.
 But more than *all*, more than *Himself* he lov'd
 The man whose worth his *Father's* Hatred mov'd.

For

For when the noble *youth* at *Dammin* stood
 Adorn'd with *sweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,
Jonathan pierc'd him through with greedy Eye
 And understood the future *Majesty*
 Then destin'd in the glories of his look ;
 He saw, and straight was with amazement strook,
 To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
 Of his young limbs ; he saw his comely face
 Where Love and Rev'ence so well mingled were ;
 2 And *Head*, already *crown'd* with *golden haire*.
 He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Spirit* did tame,
 Gentler than *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.
 He saw his *Valour* by their safety prov'd ;
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he *Love'd*.

1 Sam.
18. 1.

What art thou, *Love*, thou great mysterious thing ?
 From what hid stock does thy strange *Nature* spring ?
 'Tis thou that mov'st the *world* through every part
 And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start
 From the due *Place* and *Office* first ordain'd.
 3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *sustain'd*.
 Sometimes we see thee *fully*, and can say
 From hence thou took'st thy *Rise*, and went'st that way ;
 But oftner the short beams of *Reasons* Eye,
 See only, *There thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.
 How is the *Loadstone*, Natures subtle pride,
 By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride* ?
 How was the *Weapon* wounded ? what hid *Flame*
 The strong and conqu'ring *Metal* overcame ?
 4 *Love* (this *Worlds* *Grace*) exalts his *Natural* state,
 He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.
 5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy *Garlands* grace,
 Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace ?
 The *Oak* for courtship most of all unfit,
 And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it ?
 How does the absent *Pole* the *Needle* move ?
 How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love* ?
 Which are the *Wings* of *Lightness* to ascend ?
 Or why does *Weight* to th' *Centre* downwards bend ?
 Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy *Laws*,
 And seldom *We*, they never knew the *Cause*.
 In thy large state, *Life* gives the next degree,
 6 Where *Sense*, and *Good* *Apparent* places thee ;
 But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans* *Heart* alone,
 Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories shown,
 7 Handsome *Desires*, and *Rest* about thee flee,
Union, *Inherence*, *Zeal*, and *Ecstasie*.
 Thousand with *Joy*s cluster around thine head,
 O re which a gall-less *Dove* her wings does spread,
 A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter tarre
 Than *Consciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,

Exod. 32.

Lies at thy feet ; and thy right hand does hold
 The mystick *Scepter* of a *Cross* of Gold.
 Thus do'est thou sit (like Men e're sin had fram'd
 A guilty blush) *Naked*, but not *Asham'd*.
 What cause then did the fab'ulous Ancients find,
 When first their superstition made thee *blind* ?
 'Twas *They*, alas, 'twas *They* who could not see,
 When they mistook that *Monster*, *Lust*, for *Thee*.
 Thou art a bright, but not consuming *Flame* ;
 Such in th'amazed Bush to *Moses* came ;
 When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,
 And chid the trembling Branches needles fear.
 Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall
 Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletcht withal.
 Such, and no other, were those secret *Darts*,
 Which sweetly toucht this noblest pair of Hearts.
 Still to one end they both so justly drew,
 As courteous *Doves* together yok'd would do.
 No weight of *Birth* did on one side prevaile,
 Two *Twins* lesse even lie in *Natures* Scale.
 They mingled *Fates*, and both in each did share,
 They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.
 If any Joy to one of them was sent,
 It was most his, to whom it least was meant,
 And fortunes malice betwixt both was crost,
 For striking one, it wounded th'other most.
 Never did *Marriage* such true *Union* find,
 Or mens desires with so glad violence bind ;
 For there is still some tincture left of *Sin*,
 And still the *Sex* will needs be stealing in.
 Those joys are full of dross, and thicker farre,
 These without matter, clear and liquid are.
 Such sacred *Love* does he'avens bright *Spirits* fill,
 Where *Love* is but to *Understand* and *Will*,
 With swift and unseen *Motions* ; such as We
 Somewhat expresse in heighten'd *Charitie*.
 O ye blest *One* ! whose *Love* on earth became
 So pure that still in *Heaven* 'tis but the same !
 There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,
 Gazing upon great *Loves* mysterious Face,
 And pity this base world where *Friendship's* made
 A bait for sin, or else at best a *Trade*.
 Ah wondrous *Prince* ! who a true *Friend* could'st be,
 When a *Crown* flatter'd, and *Saul* threated Thee !
 Who held'st him dear, whose *Stars* thy birth did cross !
 And bought'st him nobly at a *Kingdoms* loss !
Israel's bright *Scepter* far lesse glory brings ;
 There have been fewer *Friends* on earth than *Kings*.
 To this strange pitch their high affections flew ;
 Till *Natures* self scarce look'd on them as *Two*.

Hither

Hither flies *David* for advice and ayde,
As swift as Love and Danger could perswade,
As safe in *Jonathan's* trust his thoughts remain
As when *Himself* but *dreams* them o're again.

1 Sam.
20. 1.

My dearest *Lord*, farewell (said he) farewell;
Heav'n blefs the *King*; may no misfortune tell
Th'injustice of his hate, when I am dead;
They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltless head
Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding ly,
And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.
Think me not scar'd with *death*, howe'r't appear,
I know thou can't not think so: 'tis a fear
From which thy *Love*, and *Dannin* speaks me free;
I've met him face to face, and ne're could see
One terrour in his looks to make me fly
When *Virtue* bids me stand; but I would dy
So as becomes my *Life*, so as may prove
Saul's Malice, and at least excuse your *Love*.

He stopt, and spoke some passion with his eyes;
Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)
Thou hast so prov'd thy Virtues, that they're known
To all good men, more than to each his *own*.
Who lives in *Israel*, that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee*.
Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vast success,
That all things but thy *Loyalty* are less.
And should my *Father* at thy ruine aim,
T'would wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.
Think them not coming then to slay thee here,
But *doubt* mishaps, as little as you *fear*.
For by thy loving God who e're design
Against thy *Life* must strike at it through *Mine*.
But I my royal *Father* must acquit
From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his softness when from death he freed
The faithless *King* of *Amalecks* cursed seed;
Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* so bloody grow,
He who ev'n sin'd but now to spare a *Foe*?
Admit he could; but with what strength or art
Could he so long close, and seal up his heart?
Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
And dare not fix without consent of some.
Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,
Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
No more (believe't) could he hide this from me,
Than *I*, had he discover'd it, from *Thee*.

1 Sam. 15.
9.

Here they embraces joyn, and almost tears;
Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.
The praise you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to spend
Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me *Friend*.

1 Sam.
20. 2.

That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,
 And gives excuse to th' *Envy* of a *King*.
 What did his Spear, force, and dark plots impart
 But some eternal rancour in his heart ?
 Still does he glance the fortune of that day
 When drown'd in his own blood *Goliath* lay,
 And cover'd half the plain ; still hears the sound
 How that vast *Monster* fell, and strook the ground :
 The *Dance*, and *David his ten thousand* slew,
 Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
 Great acts t'ambitious *Princes Treasons* grow.
 So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *ow*.
Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place,
 From the *Good*, *danger* ; from the *Bad*, *disgrace*.
 They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *Peoples* hate,
 Till *Blood* become a *Principle of State*.
 Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
 But still they *Fear* ev'en more than they *Affright*.
 Pardon me, *Sir*, your *Father's* rough and stern :
 His *Will* too strong to bend, too proud to learn.
 Remember, *Sir*, the *Honey's* deadly sting ;
 Think on that savage *Justice* of the *King*.
 When the same day that saw you do before
 Things above Man, should see you Man no more.
 'Tis true th' accursed *Agag* mov'd his ruth,
 He pitied his tall *Limbs* and comely youth
 Had seen, alas, the proof of heav'ens fierce hate,
 And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate.
 Remember how th'old *Seer* came raging down,
 And taught him boldly to suspect his *Crown*.
 Since then his pride quakes at th' *Almighties* rod,
 Nor dares he love the man belov'd by *God*.
 Hence his deep rage and trembling *Envy* springs ;
 Nothing so wild as *Jealousie* of *Kings*.
 Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,
 Whose *Reason* and *God's counsel* does despise ?
 Who head-strong will no *Law* or *Conscience* daunt,
 Dares he not sin, do'you think, without your grant ?
 Yes, if the truth of our fixt love he knew,
 He would not doubt, believ't, to kill ev'en *you*.

The Prince is mov'd, and straight prepares to find
 The deep resolves of his griev'd *Father's* mind.
 The danger now appears, *Love* can soon show't,
 And force his *Stubborn piety* to know't.
 They agree that *David* should conceal't abide,
 Till his great friend had the Courts temper tryde,
 Till he had *Saul's* most secret purpose found,
 And searcht the depth and rancor of his wound.

'Twas the years seventh-born *Moon* ; the solemn *Feast*
 That with most noise its sacred mirth exprest.

1 Sam. 20.
5, &c.

Lev. 23. 24.
Nu. 26. 1.

- From opening Morn till night shuts in the day,
 On *Trumpets* and *shrill Horns* the *Levites* play.
- 9 Whether by this in mystick *Type* we see
 The *New-years-Day* of great *Eternitie*,
 When the chang'd *Moon* shall no more changes *make*,
 And scatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpet's* sound awake ;
- 10 Or that the *Law* be kept in *Mem'ory* still, Exod. 19.
 Giv'n with like noise on *Sina's* shining *Hill*, 19.
- 11 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
 From faithful *Abraham's* righteous *Sacrifice*,
 Who whilst the *Ram* on *Isaac's* fire did fry,
 His *Horn* with joyful tunes stood sounding by.
 Obscure the *Cause* ; but *God* his will declar'd ;
 And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd.
- 12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed *Tent*
 Midst a large train of *Priests* and *Courtiers* went ;
 The sacred *Herd* marcht proud and softly by ;
- 13 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
 Hard fate of *Beasts*, more innocent than *We* !
 Prey to our *Luxury*, and our *Pietie* !
 Whose guiltless blood on *boards* and *Altars* spilt,
 Serves both to *Make*, and *Expiate* too our guilt !
- 14 Three *Bullocks* of free neck, two gilded *Rams*,
 Two well-wash't *Goats*, and fourteen spotless *Lams*,
 With the three vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
 (Small fees to heav'n of all by which we're fed)
 Are offer'd up ; the hallowed flames arise,
 And faithful prayers mount with them to the skies.
- 15 From thence the *King* to th'outmost *Court* is brought,
 Where heavenly things an inspir'd *Prophet* taught,
 And from the sacred *Tent* to his *Palace* gates,
 With glad kind shouts th'*Assembly* on him waits ;
 The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
 And fresh strew'd flowers paint his triumphant way.
 Thus in slow state to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
 Rich dress't for solemn *Luxury* and *Show* ;
- 16 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'strey* hung the room,
 The noblest work e're stretcht on *Syrian* loom ;
 For wealthy *Adriel* in proud *Sydon* wrought
 And giv'n to *Saul* when *Saul's* best gift he fought,
 The bright-ey'd *Merab* ; for that mindful day
 No ornament so proper seem'd as they. 1 Sam. 18.
- 17 There all old *Abram's* story you might see ; 19.
- 18 And still some *Angel* bore him companie.
 His painful, but well-guided *Travels* show
 The fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.
- 19 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came, Gen. 21.
 He blusht with sudden *passion*, she with *shame* ; 14.
 Troubled she seem'd, and labouring in the strife
 'Twixt her own *Honor*, and her *Husband's* *Life*.

- Here on a conqu'ring *Host* that careless lay,
 Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
 The *Patriarch* falls; well mingled might you see
 20 The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.
- Gen. 14. 21 In the next piece blest *Salem's* mystick King
 18. 22 Does sacred Presents to the *Victor* bring;
 Like him whose *Type* he bears, his rights receives;
 Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely gives,
 Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face;
 The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Priest* and *Prince* had place.
- Gen. 15. 5. Here all their starry host the heavens display;
 And, Lo, an heavenly *Youth*, more fair than they,
 Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; such, said he,
 23 So bright and numberless thy *Seed* shall be.
- Gen. 17. 24 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes,
 And in his flesh the marks of *Homage* takes;
- Gen. 18. 2. 25 Here he three mysterious *persons* feasts,
 Ver. 10. Well paid with joyful tidings by his *Guests*.
 Gen. 18. Here for the *Wicked Town* he prays, and near
 23. Scarce did the *wicked Town* through *Flames* appear.
 Gen. 19. And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,
 24. * Gen. 11. 26 Since he from * *Ur* to * *Ephron's* cave was brought.
 31. But none amongst all the forms drew then their eyes
 * Gen. 25. Like faithful *Abram's* righteous *Sacrifice*.
 9. Gen. 22. 27 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
 Ver. 3. With *Natures* power triumphant in his face
 O're the *Mind's* courage; for in spite of all
 From his swollen eyes resistless waters fall.
- Ver. 6. 28 The innocent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore
 With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
 And sometimes turn'd to talk; above was made,
 The *Altar's* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid
- Ver. 9. 29 The *Hope* of *Mankind*; patiently he lay,
 And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey.
 The mournful *Syre* lifts up at last the knife,
 And on one moments string depends his *life*
 In whose young *loyns* such brooding *wonders* ly.
 A thousand *Spirits* peep'd from th'affrighted sky,
 Amaz'd at this strange *Scene*; and almost fear'd
 For all those joyful *Prophecies* they'd heard.
- Ver. 11. Till one leapt nimbly forth by *God's* command
 Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and stopt his hand.
 The gentle *Spirit* smil'd kindly as he spoke,
 New beams of joy through *Abram's* wonder broke.
 The *Angel* points to a tuft of bushes near,
 Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear,
 And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
 Which though but slightly wrought, was firmly set.
 For, lo, anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
 The useful *Beast* on *Isaac's* *Pile* consum'd;

- Whilst on his *Horns* the ransom'd couple plaid,
 And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made.
 Near this *Halls* end a *Shittim Table* stood ;
 Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood.
 For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
 And cast his fruitful riches all about.
 Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* express,
 Which does weak Man intoxicate no less.
 Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
 And on them large embroidered *Carpets* laid,
 From *Egypt* the rich shop of *Follies* brought,
 But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* soon are taught.
- 30 Behold sev'en comely blooming *Youths* appear,
 And in their hands sev'en silver *waspots* bear,
 31 Curl'd, and gay clad ; the choicest Sons that be
 Of *Gibeon's* race, and *Slaves* of high degree.
 Seven beauteous *Maids* marcht softly in behind ;
 Bright scarfs their cloathes, their hair fresh *Garlands* bind,
- 32 And whilst the *Princes* wash, they on them lined
Rich Oyntments, which their costly odours spread
 O're the whole room ; from their small *prisons* free
 With such glad haste through the wide ayr they flee.
- 33 The *King* was plac'd alone, and o're his head
 A well-wrought *Heav'n* of silk and gold was spread,
 Azure the ground, the *Sun* in gold shone bright,
 But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with silver light.
 The right hand bed the *Kings* three Sons did grace,
 The third was *Abner's*, *Adriel's*, *David's* place.
 And twelve large *Tables* more were fill'd below,
 With the prime men *Saul's Court* and *Camp* could show ;
 The Palace did with *mirth* and *musick* sound,
- 34 And the crown'd *goblets* nimbly mov'd around.
 But though bright joy in every guest did shine,
 The plenty, state, musick, and sprightful wine
 Were lost on *Saul* ; an angry care did dwell
 In his dark brest, and all gay forms expell.
David's unusual abience from the feast
 To his sick spir'it did jealous thoughts suggest.
 Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,
 And thus at last his troubled silence broke.

1 Sam.
20. 25.

1 Sam. 20.
26, 27.

Where can he be ? said he ; it must be so :
 With that he paus'd a while ; Too well we know
 His boundless pride : he grieves and hates to see
 The solemn *triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*.
 Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
 From thousand proofs, th'ambitious *David* now
 Does those vast things in his proud soul design
 That too much *business* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*.
 He's kindling now perhaps, rebellious fire
 Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conspire

Against *my Crown*, and all *our Lives*, whilst we
Are loth ev'en to *suspect*, what we might *See*.

35 By the *Great Name*, 'tis true.

With that he strook the board, and no man there
But *Jonathan* durst undertake to clear

1 Sam. 20.
28, 29.

The blameless *Prince*; and scarce ten words he spoke,
When thus his speech th'enraged *Tyrant* broke.

V. 30, 31.

36 *Disloyal Wretch!* thy gentle *Mother's shame!*

Whose cold pale *Ghost* ev'en blushes at thy *name!*

Who fears lest her chaste bed should doubted be,
And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of *thee!*

Canst thou be *Mine*? a *Crown* sometimes does hire
Ev'en *Sons* against their *Parents* to conspire,

But ne'er did story yet, or fable tell

Of one so wild, who meerly to *Rebel*

Quitted the unquestion'd *birthright* of a *Throne*,

And bought his *Father's* ruine with his *own* :

Thou need'st not plead th'ambitious *youths* defence;

Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.

Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,

Whilst thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'd so near.

Is this that noble *Friendship* you pretend?

Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worst *En'mies Friend*?

If thy low spirit can thy great *birthright* quit,

The thing's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it.

I, and thy *Brethren* here have no such mind;

Nor such prodigious worth in *David* find,

That we to him should our just rights resign,

Or think *God's choice* not made so well as *Thine*.

Shame of thy *House* and *Tribe!* hence from mine *Eye*;

To thy false *Friend*, and servile *Master* fly;

He's e're this time in arms expecting thee;

Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruine *Mee*.

Thy sin that way will *nobler* much appear,

Than to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.

When I think this, *Nature* by thee forfook,

Forfakes me too. With that his spear he took

To strike at him; the mirth and musick cease;

Ver. 33.

The guests all rise this sudden storm t'appease;

Ver. 34.

37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *duty* knew;

And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.

Ver. 35.

To *David* strait, who in a *Forest* nigh

Waits his advice, the royal *Friend* does fly.

The sole advice, now like the danger clear,

Was in some foreign land this storm t'outwear.

All marks of comely grief in both are seen;

And mournful kind discourses past between.

Ver. 42.

Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain.

Now they begin, and talk all o're again.

- A reverent *Oath* of constant love they take,
 And *God's* high name their dreaded *witness* make ;
 Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove ;
 But 'twas the tedious *zeal* of endless *Love*.
 Thus e're they part, they the short time bestow
 In all the pomp *Friendship* and *Grief* could show.
 And *David* now with doubtful cares oppress'd,
 Beneath a shade borrows some little rest ;
 When by command divine thick *mists* arise,
 And stop the *Sense*, and close the conquer'd eyes.
- 38 There is a place which *Maz* most high doth rear,
 The *small World's Heaven*, where *Reason* moves the *Sphere*.
 Here in a robe which does all colours show,
 (Th'envy of birds, and the clouds gawdy bow)
Phanste, wild *Dame*, with much lascivious pride
 By twin-*Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride,
 Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
 Of shapes and airy *Forms* an endless rout.
 A *Sea* rowls on with harmless fury here ;
 Straight 'tis a *field*, and trees and herbs appear.
 Here in a moment are vast *Armies* made,
 And a quick *Scene* of war and blood displaid.
 Here sparkling *wines*, and brighter *Maid*s come in,
 The *bawds* for *sense* and lying baits of *sin*.
- 39 Some things arise of strange and quarr'ling kind,
 The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind ;
 Here golden *mountains* swell the cove'tous place,
- 40 And *Centaures* ride *Themselves* a painted race.
 Of these slight wonders *Nature* sees the store,
 And only then accounts herself but *poore*.
 Hither an *Angel* comes in *David's* trance ;
 And finds them mingled in an antique dance ;
 Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
 And joyns them wisely, and his *Vision* makes.
 First *David* there appears in Kingly state,
 Whilst the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands await ;
 Strait to the wars with his joyn'd strength he goes,
 Settles new *friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*.
 To *Solima*, *Cana'ans* old head, they came,
 (Since high in note, then not unknown to *Fame*)
- 41 The *Blind* and *Lame* th'undoubted wall defend,
 And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend.
 The busie *image* of great *Joab* there
 Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear.
 He climbs the *airy* walls, leaps raging down,
 New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town.
 They curse the guards their mirth and bravery chose ;
 All of them now are slain, or made like *those*.
- 42 Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
 Which with full banners a fair *Fish* display.

2 Sam.
 5. 1.
 1 Chro.
 12. 23.
 Ver. 6.

2 Sam.
 5. 6.

- 2 Sam. 5.
 17, 18, 19,
 20, 21, 22.
 1 Chron.
 14. 8.
 Ver. 22, 23, 24.
 1 Chron.
 14. 14.
- 2 Sam 8.3.
 1 Chron.
 18. 5.
 Ver. 5.
 2 Sam. 10.
 1 Chron.
 19. 6.
 & 19. 8.
- Ver. 10.
- 2 Sam. 10.
 3, 4.
 1 Chron.
 19. 3.
- Ver 15.
 1 Chron.
 19. 15.
- 2 Sam 11.
 1 Chr. 20.
- 2 Sam. 12.
 30.
 1 Chr. 20.
 2.
 Ver. 31.
 1 Chron.
 20. 3.
 1 King. 1.
 1 Chro. 23.
1.
 1 King. 3.
 12.
 2 Chro. 1.
 12.
 1 King. 10.
 Mat. 12.
 42.
 Lu. 11. 31.
 2 Chr. 19.
 1 King. 6.
 2 Chro 3.
 & 4. 5.
- From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypt*'s coast
 They seem all met ; a vast and warlike *Host*.
 Thither hasts *David* to his destin'd prey,
Honor, and noble *Danger* lead the way ;
 The conscious *Trees* shook with a reverent fear
 Their *unblown* tops ; *God* walkt before him there.
 Slaughter the wearied *Riphaims* bosom fills,
 Dead corps *imbofs* the *vail* with little *bills*.
 On th'other side *Sophenes* mighty King
 Numberless troops of the blest *East* does bring :
 Twice are his men cut off, and Chariots ta'ne ;
Damascus and rich *Adad* help in vaine.
 Here *Nabathæan* troops in battel stand,
 With all the lusty youth of *Syrian* land ;
 Undaunted *Joab* rushes on with speed,
 Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed ;
 He hews down all, and deals his deaths around ;
 The *Syrians* leave, or possess *dead* the ground.
 On th'other wing does brave *Abisbai* ride
 Reeking in blood and dust ; on every side
 The perjur'd sons of *Ammon* quit the field,
 Some basely *dye*, and some more basely *yield*.
 Through a thick wood the wretched *Hannu* flies,
 And far more justly than fears *Hebrew Spies*.
Moloch, their bloody God, thrusts out his head,
 Grinning through a black cloud, him they'd long fed
 In his *sev'en Chambers*, and he still did eat
 New-roasted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat.
 Again they arise, more ang'red than dismaid ;
Euphrates, and *Swift Tygris* sends them aid ;
 In vain they fend it, for again they're slain,
 And feast the greedy birds on *Helay* plain.
 Here *Rabba* with proud towers affronts the sky,
 And round about great *Joab's* trenches ly.
 They force the walls, and sack the helpless town ;
 On *David's* head shines *Ammon's* massy Crown.
 Midst various torments the curst race expires,
David himself his severe wrath admires.
 Next upon *Isra'els* throne does bravely sit
 A comely *Youth* endow'd with wondrous wit.
 Far from the *parched Line* a royal *Dame*,
 To hear his tongue and boundless *wisdom* came.
 She carried back in her triumphant *womb*
 The glorious stock of thousand *Kings* to come.
 Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,
 Here they a *Temples* vast foundations lay.
 A mighty work ; and with fit glories fill'd,
 For *God* t'enhabit, and that *King* to build.
 Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,
 Some draw it up with cranes, some breathe and grone

- In order o're the anvil ; some cut down
Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient crown ;
Some carve the Trunks, and *breathing shapes* bestow,
Giving the *Trees* more life than when they grow ;
But, oh (alas) what sudden cloud is spread
About this glorious *King's eclipsed* head ?
It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round, and now he's seen no more.
- When straight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* crown'd ;
With young and heedless *Council* circled round ;
Unseemly object ! but a falling state
Has always its *own* errors joyn'd with *fate*.
Ten *Tribes* at once forsake the *Jessian* throne,
And bold *Adoram* at his *Message* stone ;
Brethren of Israel ! ----- more he fain would say,
But a flint stopt his mouth, and speech i'th way.
Here this fond *King's* disasters but begin,
He's destin'd to more shame by his *Father's* sin.
Susack comes up, and under his command
- 54 A dreadful *Army* from scorcht *Africk's* sand
As *numberless* as *that* ; all is his prey,
The *Temples* sacred wealth they bear away ;
- 55 *Adrazar's* shields and golden loss they take ;
Ev'n *David* in his dream does sweat and shake.
Thus fails this wretched *Prince* ; his *Loyns* appear
Of less *weight* now, than *Solomon's* *Fingers* were.
- Abijah* next seeks *Israel* to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his *Father's* stain ;
- 56 Ner'e saw the aged *Sun* so cruel fight,
Scarce saw he *this*, but hid his bashful light.
Nebat's curst *Son* fled with not half his men,
Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then ?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide ;
God *punisht* one, but *blest* not th'other side.
- Afan* a just and vertuous *Prince* succeeds ;
High rais'd by fame for great and godly deeds ;
- 57 He cut the solemn groves where *Idols* stood,
And *Sacrific'd* the *Gods* with their *own* wood.
He vanquish't thus the proud weak powers of hell,
Before him next their doating servants fell.
- 58 So huge an *Host* of *Zerab's* men he slew,
As made ev'n that *Arabia* *Desart* too.
- 59 Why fear'd he then the perjurd *Baasha's* fight ?
Or bought the dangerous aid of *Syrian's* might ?
Conquest Heav'ens gift, cannot by man be sold ;
Alas, what *weakness* trusts he ? *Man* and *Gold*.
Next *Josaphat* possess't the royal state ;
An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate ;
His oft *Oblations* on God's *Altar* made,
With thousand flocks, and thousand herds are paid,

1 King. 11.

1 King. 12.
2 Chr. 10.Ver. 18.
2 Chron.
10. 18.1 K. 14. 25.
2 Chron.
12. 2.1 Kin. 12.
10.
2 Chr. 10.
10.
1 Ki. 15. 1.
2 Chron.
13. 1.
& 13. 3.2 Chron.
13. 17.2 Ki. 15. 9.
2 Ch. 14. 1.
ver. 13.
2 Ch. 14. 3.2 Ch. 14. 9.
2 Ch. 16. 2.
ver. 18.
2 Ch. 16. 8.2 K. 15. 25.
& 22. 43.
2 Chro. 17.
2 Chro.
17. 11.

- Arabian Tribute!* what mad troops are those,
 Those *mighty Troops* that dare to be his foes?
 He *Prays* them dead: with mutual wounds they fall;
 One fury brought, one fury slays them all.
 Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;
 Never o'recome but by's Friend *Ahab's* sin;
 60 On whose disguise fates then did only look;
 And had almost their *God's* command *mistook*,
 Him from whose danger heav'n securely brings,
 And for his sake two ripely wicked *Kings*.
 61 Their armies languish burnt with thirst at *Seere*,
Sighs all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moisture* there.
 They fix their greedy eyes on th'empty sky,
 And fancy *clouds*, and so become *more dry*.
Elisba calls for waters from affarre
 To come; *Elisba* calls, and here they are.
 In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
 And the decrease repair with *Moab's blood*.
 62 *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng
 For *Judah's* Scepter; both *short-liv'd too long*.
 63 A *Woman* too from *Murther* Title claims;
 Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* she shames.
 Proud cursed *Woman!* but her her fall at last
 To doubting men *clears* heav'n for what was past.
Joas at first does bright and glorious show;
 In lifes fresh morn his *fame* did early *crow*.
 Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
 But *Prophets* angry blood o'recast his day.
 From thence his clouds, from thence his storms begin,
 64 It cries aloud, and twice lets *Aram* in.
 65 So *Amaziab* lives, so ends his reign;
 Both by their *Trayt'ers* servants *justly slain*.
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand,
 Before him thousand *Captives* trembling stand.
 Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all,
 66 The *mimick shapes* in several postures fall.
 But then (mad fool!) he does those *Gods* adore,
 Which when pluckt down, had *worshipt* him before.
 Thus all his life to come is loss and shame;
 No help from *Gods* who themselves helpt not, came.
 67 All this *Uzziab's* strength and wit repairs,
 Leaving a well-built greatness to his *Heirs*.
 68 Till leprous scurf o're his whole body cast,
 Takes him at first from *Men*, from *Earth* at last.
 69 As vertuous was his *Son*, and happier far;
Buildings his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'd his *War*.
 But *Achaz* heaps up sins, as if he meant
 To make his worst forefathers *innocent*.
 70 He burns his *Son* at *Hizon*, whilst around
 The roaring child Drums and loud Trumpets found.

- This to the boy a *barbarous* mercy grew,
 And snatcht him from all his mis'eries to ensue.
 Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thousands fall,
 Here *Rezin* marches up, and sweeps up all :
- 71 Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus* Son
 Breaks upon both, and both does over-run.
 The last of *Adad's* ancient stock is slain,
Isra'el captiv'd, and rich *Damascus* ta'ne.
 All this wild rage to revenge *Juda's* wrong ;
- 72 But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too strong !
 Thus *Hezekiah* the torn Empire took,
 And *Affur's King* with his worse *Gods* forsook,
 Who to poor *Juda* worlds of Nations brings,
 There rages ; utters *vain* and *Mighty* things,
 Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
 Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames ;
 Whilst in the midst of their huge *sleepy* boasts,
- 73 An *Angel* scatters death through all the hoast.
 Th'affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies,
- 74 There meets an end far worse than that he flies.
 Here *Hezekiah's* life is almost done !
 So good, and yet, alas ! so short 'tis spunne.
 Th'end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old ;
Time must go back, and afford better hold
 To tye a new thread to't, of fifteen years ;
 'Tis done ; Th'*almighty* power of prayer and tears !
- 75 Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went ;
 The *Stars* gaz'd on, and wondred what he meant :
- 76 *Manasses* next (forgetful man !) begins ;
 Enslav'd, and sold to *Affur* by his sins.
 Till by the rod of *learned* mis'ery taught,
 Home to his *God* and *Country* both he's brought.
 It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardness brake ;
 He's made th'*Example* he refus'd to take.
- Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* springs ;
Josiah best of *Men*, as well as *Kings*
- 77 Down went the *Calves* with all their gold and cost ;
 The *Priests* then truly griev'd, *Osiris* lost,
 These mad *Egyptian* rites till now remain'd !
 Fools ! they their worse thraldome still retain'd !
- 78 In his own *Fire Moloch* to ashes fell,
 And no more flames must have besides his *Hell*.
- 79 Like end *Astartes* horned Image found,
 80 And *Baal's* spired Stone to dust was ground.
- 81 No more were *Men* in female habit seen,
 Nor *They* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen*.
- 82 No lustful *Maid*s at *Benos* Temple sit,
 And with their bodies *shame* their marriage get.
- 83 The double *Dagon* neither nature saves,
 Nor flies *She* back to th'*Erythrean* waves.

- 2 K. 23. 11. 84 The trav'elling *Sun* sees gladly from on high
His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched ly.
The King's impartial Anger lights on all,
85 From *fly-blown Accaron* to the *thundring Baal*.
Here *David's* joy unruly grows and bold ;
Nor could *Sleeps* silken chain its violence hold ;
Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his eyes
The humors stirr'd, and bad more mists arise :
When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away,
And in it good *Josab* bleeding lay.
One hand's held up, one stops the wound ; in vain
They both are us'd ; alas *he's slain, he's slain*.
Jeboias and *Jeboachim* next appear ;
Both urge that vengeance which before was near.
He in *Egyptian* fetters captive dies,
86 Thus by more *courteous* anger murder'd lies.
His Son and Brother next do bounds sustain,
87 *Isra'el's* now solemn and *imperial Chain*.
Here's the last *Scene* of this proud *Cities* state ;
All ills are met ty'd in one *knott* of *Fate*.
88 Their endless slavery in this tryal lay ;
Great God had heapt up *Ages* in one *Day* :
Strong works around the wall the *Chaldees* build,
The *Town* with grief and dreadful business fill'd.
To their carv'd *Gods* the frantick women pray,
Gods which as near their *ruine* were as *they*.
At last in rushes the prevailing foe,
Does all the mischief of proud *conquest* show.
The wondring babes from mothers breasts are rent,
And suffer ills they neither *feard* nor *meant*.
No silver reverence guards the stooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundless rage.
The glorious *Temple* shines in *flame* all o're,
Yet not so bright as in its *Gold* before.
Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes ;
Nothing the *ear* but groans and dismal cries.
The walls and towers are levi'd with the ground,
And scarce ought now of that vast *City's* found
But shards and rubbish which weak signs might keep
Of forepast glory, and bid *Travellers* weep.
Thus did triumphant *Assur* homewards pass,
And thus *Jerusalem* left, *Jerusalem that was*.
Thus *Zedechiah* saw, and this not all ;
Before his face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
The sport of insolent *Victors* ; this he views,
A *King* and *Father* once ; ill fate could use
His eyes no more to do their master spight ;
All to be seen she took, and next his sight.
89 Thus a *long death* in prison he outwears ;
Bereft of griefs *last solace*, ev'n his *Tears*.

2 K. 23. 31.

Ib. v. 26.

2 Chr. 36.

1 & 5.

2 K. 23. 34.

2 Ch. 36. 4.

Jer. 36. 30.

2 Kl. 24. 8.

2 Chro. 36.

2 Kl. 25. 1.

Jer. 52. 4.

2 Chro.

36. 17.

2 Chro.

36. 19.

2 King.

25. 9.

2 Kl. 25. 7.

Jer. 52. 10.

- Then *Jehoniah's* son did foremost come,
 And he who brought the captiv'd nation home ;
 A row of *Worthies* in long order past
 O're the short stage ; of all old *Joseph* last.
 Fair *Angels* past by next in seemly bands,
 All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands,
 Some as they went the blew-ey'd *violets* strew,
 Some spotless *Lilies* in loose order threw.
 Some did the way with full-blown *roses* spread ;
 Their smell divine and colour strangely red ;
 Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
 Whom *weathers* taint, and winds *ruce-kisses* tear.
 Such, I believe, was the first *Roses* hew,
 Which at *God's* word in beauteous *Edengrew*.
Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay,
 The morning blushes of the *Springs new Day*.
- 90 With sober pace an heav'nly maid walks in,
 Her looks all fair ; no sign of *Native sin*
 Through her whole body writ ; *Immoderate Grace*
 Spoke things far more than humane in her face.
 It casts a dusky gloom o're all the flow'rs ;
- 91 And with full beams their mingled *Lights* devours.
 An *Angel* straight broke from a shining clowd,
 And prest his wings, and with much reverence bow'd.
 Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
 And thus his sacred Message sweetly said :
- Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole world shall call
 Above all *blest* ; *Thee*, who shalt blest them all.
 Thy *Virgin womb* in wondrous sort shall shrowd
Jesus the God ; (and then again he bow'd)
 Conception the great *Spirit* shall breathe on thee ;
- 92 Hail thou, who must *God's Wife*, *God's Mother* be !
 With that, his seeming form to heav'n he hear'd ;
 She low obeisance made, and disappear'd.
 Lo a new *Star* three Eastern *Sages* see ;
 (For why should only *Earth* a *Gainer* be ?)
 They saw this *Phosphors* infant-light, and knew
 It bravely usher'd in a *Sun* as New.
 They hasted all this rising *Sun* t'adore ;
- 93 With them rich myrrh, and early spices bore.
 Wife men ; no sifter gift your zeal could bring ;
 You'll in a noisome *stable* find your *King*.
 Anon a thousand *Devils* run roaring in ;
 Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin.
 Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown and tear
 The gaping *Snakes* from their black-knotted hair.
 As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
 Were doubled now, or that just *now* they fell.
 But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring saw,
 All fled with trembling fear and silent aw.

Mat. 1. 12.
Luk. 3.

Lu. 1. 23.

Mat. 2. 13.

In her chaste arms th'*Eternal Infant* lies,
Th' *Almighty voice* chang'd into feeble cries.
Heav'en contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;
Never did *Virgin* contain *Heav'en* before.

Angels peep round to view this mystick thing,
And *Halleluiab* round, all *Halleluiab* sing.

No longer could good *David* quiet bear
The *unwieldy pleasure* which ore-flow'd him here.
It broke the fetters and burst ope his ey.
Away the tim'rous *Forms* together fly.
Fixt with amaze he stood; and time must take,
To learn if yet he were at last awake.

Sometimes he thinks that heav'en this *Vision* sent,
And order'd all the *Pageants* as they went.
Sometimes, that only 'twas wild *Phantasies* play,
The loose and scatter'd *reliques* of the *Day*.

94 When *Gabriel* (no blest *Spirit* more kind or fair)

95 Bodies and cloathes himself with thickned ayr.
All like a comely *youth* in lifes fresh bloom;
Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly loom!
He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That e're the midday Sun pierc'd through with light:
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spred;
Washt from the morning beauties deepest red.
An harmless flaming *Meteor* shone for haire,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.
He cuts out a silk *Mantle* from the skies,
Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes.
This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime e're they grow ripe and fall.
Of a new *Rainbow* e're it fret or fade,
The choicest piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.
Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,
Not *Vertuous Lovers* sighs more soft than *They*.
These he gilds o're with the *Suns* richest rays,
Caught gliding o're pure streams on which he plays.

Thus dress'd the joyful *Gabriel* posts away,
And carries with him his *own* glorious day
Through the thick woods; the gloomy shades a while
Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile.

The trembling *Serpents* close and silent ly,
96 The *birds obscene* far from his passage fly.
A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by *Creation* rose.
Thus he appears to *David*, at first sight
All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.
In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;
A Sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.
Hail, *Man* below'd! from highest heav'en (said he)
My mighty *Master* sends thee *health* by me.

- The things thou saw'est are full of *truth* and *light*,
97 Shap'd in the *glafs* of the divine *Forefight*.
Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the years
To go in order thus ; hence empty fears ;
Thy Fate's all *white* ; from thy blest seed shall spring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*.
Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be *found*.
The *Southern Clime* him her sole *Lord* shall stile,
98 Him all the *North*, ev'en *Albions stubborn Isle*.
99 My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell.
100 Straight into shapeless air unseem he fell.

N n

NOTES



NOTES

UPON THE

SECOND BOOK.

¹ **H**onours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*; in which sense *Virgil* often uses the word, and delights in it:

Et letos oculis afflrat Honores.

And in the 2 *Georg.* (as in this place) for *Leaves*.

Frigidus & silvis Aquilo decussit honorem.

² *Josephus* calls *David*, Πᾶς ξανθός, *The yellow*; that is, *yellow-haired Boy*, or rather, *Youth*. *Cedrenus* says, that *Valentinian* the *Emperour* was like *David*, because he had beautiful Eyes, a ruddy complexion, and red, or rather, *yellow hair*.

³ *Power, Love, and Wisdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (*The Father, Power*; the *Son, Love*; the *Holy Ghost, Wisdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the world: And it is not only preserved by these *Three*, the *Power, Love, and Wisdom* of *God*, but by the emanations and beams of them derived to, and imprest in the *Creatures*. Which could not subsist without *Power* to *Act*, *Wisdom* to direct those *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their *Natures*, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual necessary assistances and benefits from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero* *Cognatio Naturæ*, *The Kindred*, or *Consanguinity of Nature*. And to *Love* the *Creation* of the world, was attributed even by many of the ancient *Heathens*, the *Verse* of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῦτις πρώτηⓄ γένετ' ἔργω πολυτέρπης.

Wisdom and *Love* were *Parents* of the world: And therefore *Hesiod* in his mad confused *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the first of all the *Gods*.

*Ηδ' ἜρⓄ ὅς κ' ἄλλαςⓄ ἐν ἀθανάτοις θεοῖσι.

Pherecydes said excellently, that God transformed himself into Love, when he began to make the world,

Εἰς Ἐρωτα μεταβλήθη
Δία μέμνητα δημιουργεῖν.

- 4 As Humane Nature is elevated by Grace, so other Agents are by Love to Operations that are above, and seem contrary to their Nature, as the ascension of heavy bodies, and the like.
- 5 Garlands of Ivy were anciently the ornaments of Poets, and other learned men, as Laurel of Conquerors, Olive of Peace-makers, and the like. Horace.

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis—

Me Ivy the reward of learned brows does mingle with the Gods.

Virg. ----- Atq; hanc sine tempora circum
Inter viçtrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.

And let this humble Ivy creep around thy Temples with triumphant Laurel bound. Because Ivy is always green, and requires the support of some stronger Tree, as Learning does of Princes and great men.

- 6 The Object of the Sensitive Appetite is not that which is truly good, but that which appears to be Good. There is great caution to be used in English in the placing of Adjectives (as here) after their Substantives. I think when they constitute specifical differences of the Substantives, they follow best; for then they are to it like Cognomina, or Surnames to Names, and we must not say, the Great Pompey, or the Happy Sylla, but Pompey the Great, and Sylla the Happy; sometimes even in other cases the Epithete is put last very gracefully, of which a good ear must be the judge for ought I know, without any Rule. I chuse rather to say Light Divine, and Command Divine, than Divine Light, and Divine Command.
- 7 These are the Effects of Love according to Th. Aquinas in Prima Sec. Quæst. 28. the 1, 2, 3, and 4. Artic. to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, Amor est affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem. Scal. de Subt.
- 8 1 Sam. 5. And David said unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new-Moon, and I should not fail to sit with the King at meat, but let me go, &c. Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, & ego ex more sedere soleo juxtâ regem ad vescendum, &c. The first day of every month was a Festival among the Jews: for the First-fruits of all things, even all distinctions of Times were Sacred to God; in it they neither bought nor sold, Amos 8. 4. When will the new Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn? the Vulg. Quando transibit mensis (that is, Primus dies, or Festum Mensis) & venundabimus merces? They went to the Prophets to hear the word as upon Sabbaths, 2 Kings 4. 23. Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither New-moon nor Sabbath; which was likewise a Custom among the Romans, for the day of the Calends the High Priests called together the people (from whence the name of Calends à Calando plebem) to instruct them in the divine duties which they were to perform that month, Macrobius. 1. Saturnal. And lastly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other ordinary days, Num. 28. 11. But of all new-moons, that of the seventh month

was the most solemn, it being also the *Feast of Trumpets*. It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* spoken of in this story of *David*; but that it was so, may probably be conjectured, in that the *Text* seems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the *Feast* lasted above one day, *1 Sam.* 20. 27. And it came to pass, that on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, *David's* place was empty. Now the reason of this greater observation of the *Calends* of the *Seventh Month* (called *Iisri*, and answering to our *September*) was, because according to the *Civil Computation* (for the *Jews* had two accounts of the beginning of the year, one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this latter being instituted in memory of their passage out of *Egypt* in the month *Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the beginning of the year; from hence contracts, and the account of *Sabbatical years* and *Jubilees* bare date. It is called by some *Sabbatum Sabbathorum*, because it is the *Sabbath of Months*; for as the seventh day, and the seventh year, so the seventh month too was consecrated to God. Of this *New-Moon* it is that *David* spake *Psalms* 81. 3. Blow the *Trumpet* in the *New-Moon*, in the time appointed on our solemn *Feast-day*. In *insigni die solennitatis vestrae*. And the *Psalms* is inscribed, *Pro Torcularibus*; which concurs just with this seventh *Moon*; which *Philo* in *Decal. terms*. ἡ ἑσπερινὴ ἢ σάββατον ἐποσημαίνουσι. And *S. August.* reads, *In initio Mensis Tubæ*. See the Institution of this *Festival*, *Levit.* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9 The *Priests* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Festivals*, the year of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the sound of *Trumpets* through the whole Land; nay the *Sabbath* it self was begun with it, as *Josephus* testifies, *l. 5. Bel. Jud. c. 9*. But why the *Trumpets* were sounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris*. Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-year*; which opinion is likewise adorned with an allusion to the beginning (or as it were *New-years-Day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great sound of a *Trumpet*, *Mat.* 24. 31.

10 This was *Saint Basil's* opinion, but is not much followed, because when *Festivals* are instituted in memory of any past Blessing, they used to be observed on the same day that the blessing was conferred.

11 This third is the common opinion of the *Jews*; who therefore call this *Festival Festum Cornu*, and say, that they sounded only upon *Rams Horns*: but, that, methinks, if this be the true reason of it, is not necessary.

12 *The Third Hour*; *i.* Nine a clock in the morning: For the day began at six a clock, and contained twelve *Little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters*. The first *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*, because that closed up the *Quarter*.

13 *Gay*, because the *Beasts* to be Sacrificed, used to be *Crowned* with *Garlands*, and sometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as *1 say* afterwards.

14 For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first year without spot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added on this *New-Moon*, one young *Bullock*, one *Ram*, seven *Lambs* of the first year without blemish, and one *Kid*, *Numb.* 29. which joined, make up my number. *Bullocks* of *Free-neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, implied in the *Epithete Young: Intactâ cervicæ Juvenci*,

15 The outmost Court of the Tabernacle.

16 The custom of having *Stories* wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlets*, nay even wearing *Garmets*, is made to be very ancient by the Poets. Such is the history of *Thesus* and *Ariadne* in the *Coverlet* or *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed*. *Catull.* *Argonaut.*

*Talibus amplificè vestis variata figuris
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.*

So *Æneas* in 5. *Æn.* gives a *Coat* to *Cloanthus*, in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede*,

Intextusq; puer frondosâ regius Idâ.

And many authorities of this kind might be alledged if it were necessary.

17 You might see. That is, *It might be seen*, or, *Any one might see*. This manner of speaking, which puts the second person *Indefinitely*, is very frequent among the *Poets*; as *Homer*,

φαῖνς κεν Λαίηλον τινα ἕμμενον.

Virg. 4. *Æn.*

Migrantes cernas:

Upon which *Servius* says; *Honestâ figura si rem tertie personæ in secundam transferas. Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8. *Æn.*

Credas innare revulsas Cycladâ; that is, *Credat quis.*

18 God is said to have spoken with *Abraham* Nine times; that is, so many times *Angels* brought him *Messages* from *God*. An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* *Πρόσωπον Θεῶ.*

19 Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abram's Brother*; others of *Terah* by another *Wife*, which marriages were then lawful, but the *Scripture Gen.* 11. calls her *Terah's Daughter-in-Law*, nor *Daughter*; others think she was only *Abram's Kinswoman*; all which the *Hebrews* called *Sisters* *Ἀδελφίδῃ* non *Ἀδελφῆ.* *Grot.* *Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had, which was above threescore years, but that the *Scripture* calls her so, and she proved her self to be so, by striking two *Kings* in love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech*. It is to be believed that people in those days bore their age better than now, and her barrenness might naturally contribute somewhat to it; but the chief reason I suppose to be a *Blessing* of *God* as particular, as that of her *child-bearing* after the natural season.

20 The *Scripture* does not say particularly, that *Abram* surprised this *Army* in, or after a *debauch*, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the case. Of these *Confused marks* of *death* and *luxury*,

luxury, there is an excellent description in the 9 Æneid, where *Nisus* and *Euryalus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy.

Somno vinoq; sepultam.

*Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
Vina refert moriens, &c.*

But I had no leisure to expatiate in this place.

- 21 St. *Hierom* says this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to this *Time*; and that there were then remaining some ruins of the Pallace of *Melchisedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jerusalem*; for being a *Type* of *Christ*, that seat was most proper for him, especially since we are sure that *Jerusalem* was once named *Salem*, *Psal.* *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his habitation in Sion.* And the addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the *Jebusites*; that is, *Salem of the Jebusites, Adric.* The situation of *Jerusalem* agrees very well with this story. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damascus*, passes very near *Jerusalem*, nay nearer than to the other *Salem*. But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchisedec*, the difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *man*, but *God* himself, or the *Holy Ghost*, as the ancient *Melchisedecians* and *Hieracites*; others, to be *Christ* himself; others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the son of *Noah*; which is little more probable than the former extravagant fancies. That which is most reasonable, and most received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Priest* for the true *God*, which makes him so remarkable among those *Idoltrous Nations*; for which cause he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος, because he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the *Scripture*; and therefore the better typified or represented *Christ*, as being both a *King* and a *Priest*, without being of the *Tribe* of *Levi*: But this and the other controversies about him, are too copious to be handled in a *Comment* of this Nature.
- 22 Ver. 18. And *Melchisedec* King of *Salem* brought forth bread and wine, &c. The *Romanists* maintain, that this was only a *Sacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Eucharist*, and *Melchisedec* himself was of *Christ*; others, that it was only a *Present* for the relief of *Abram's* men. Why may we not say that it was both? and that before the men were refreshed by bread and wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Priest* of the most *High God*, as he is denominated? for even this oblation of bread and wine (used also among the *Hebrews*) is called *δωτα*, *Levit. 2.* and *Philo* says of *Melchisedec* upon this occasion *ἑνὴν ἰδωε*. I therefore name them *Sacred Presents*. Like him whose *Type* he bears; that is, *Christ*. And the *Dues* he receiv'd were *Tents*, whether of all *Abram's* substance, or of the present *Spoils* (ἀνεροδωτα) is a great controversy.
- 23 Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand upon the sea shore. An ordinary Proverb in all languages, for great numbers. *Catul.* *Aut quot sidera multa cum tacet nox*; and in another place he joyns the sand of the sea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythræi Siderumq; micantium subducatur numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberless* to the similitude. Gen.

24 *Gen. 17.* It is called a *Covenant*; and circumcision may well be termed a *Mark of Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the flesh, and peculiar dedication of *Abram* and his seed to the service of the true *God*.

25 The received opinion is, that *two* of these persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen. 18. 22.* But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat. Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the *Jews* have a *Tradition*, that these *Three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient opinion that these were the *Three persons* of the *Trinity*; from whence arose that notorious saying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit*. This appearing of *Gods* in the manner of *strangers* to punish and reward men was a common tradition too among the *Heathens*, *Hom. p. Odyss.*

Καὶ πὲρ τοὺς ξείνοισιν εἰκότως ἀλλοπιδοῦσι
 Πάντοιοι πλεόντες ἐπιφρωῶσι πλῆθια
 Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν πρὸς ὀνομένην ἐφοροῦντες.

The *Gods* in the habits of *strangers* went about to several *Towns* to be eye-witnesses of the justice and injustice of men. So *Homer* makes the *Gods* to go once a year to feast,

— μετ' αἰμύργας Ἀιθιοπίας,

With the *unblameable Ethiopians*. And we find these peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

Summo delabor Olympo—

Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras. 1. *Metam.*

26 From *Ur*, the place of his *Birth*, to *Ephron's Cave*, the place of his *Burial*. *Ur of the Chaldees*, *Gen. 11. 31.* Some of the *Jews* take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, *lib. 9. Prepar. Evang.* say *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Josephus* calls *ἕρην*. and *Plin. l. 5. c. 24.* makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Usq; quem fertur Euphrates*. It was perhaps denominated from the worship of *Fire* in that *Country*. The name continued till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib. 25.*

27 *Mounts*. For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis*. *Aquila* ἢ γῶ ἢ ἡσ. ταρανῆ; which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same reason has *Ὀπίσις*, which is the same with the *Latine Visionis*; and the *Septuag.* call it *ὕψλλον*, the *High Country*; others interpret it, *The Country of worship*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abraham's*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the seat of *Solomon's Temple*.

28 *The Boy*. Our English Translation, *Lad*, which is not a word for verse, the *Latin Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that

- time but ten or twelve years old. But that is an age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that reason conceives that he was about 16. years of age, *Josephus* 25. Others 33. because at that age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the word *Boy*; for so all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, *Gen.* 43. 8. and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliath*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my description agrees most with that opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetic than the others.
- 29 Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, *Gen.* 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.
- 30 The ancients (both *Hebrews* and other *Nations*) never omitted the *washing* at least of their *hands* and *feet* before they sat or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is said of the *Levite* and his *Concubine*, *They washed their feet and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, *Gen.* 18. 4. *Let a little water, I pray you be fetcht, and wash your feet, and rest your selves under the Tree, and I will fetch a morsel of Bread, &c.* So likewise *Joseph's Steward* treats his *Masters brethren*. So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 *Sam.* 11. 8. *Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet, &c. and there followed him a mess of meat from the King*. It is in vain to add more authorities of a thing so notorious. And this custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but contract much dirt, and were (of which this custom is some argument) to lie down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the feet of their guests,
- ἀρχαίων ἢ τῶν Ἑλλήνων. Athen. L. i. c. 8.
- For this (says he) was the ancient custom; and so the daughters of *Cocalus* washed *Minos's* at his arrival in *Sicilie*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful servants for this and the like ministeries. Besides this, it was accounted necessary to have *wash-pots* standing by at the *Jewish* feasts, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these reasons six *Waterpots* stood ready at the wedding feast of *Cana* in *Galilee*.
- 31 *Ecclef.* 2. 8. *I gat men-singers and woman-singers, the delights of the sons of men, ὀνοχέας καὶ οἰνοχέας*. He and the servants to fill wine, says the *Septuagint*: Though I know the *Vulgar*, and our *English Edition* translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible how curious the ancients were in the choice of *Servants* to wait at *Table*. *Mart.*
- Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer esse meos.
- 32 After *washing* they always *anointed* themselves with precious oyl. So *Judab* 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self*. So *David* after the death of his child, *Rose up and washed, and anointed himself, &c.* So *Hom.* *Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her *Maids*,

Ἄϊ ἢ λοεσάμενι καὶ χρισάμενι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
 Δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' εἰλονίῳ παρ' ὄρχησιν πύλαμνιῳ.

But

But this too is as notorious as the other fashion of *washing*. *Small Prisons*. Boxes of Oynments, such as the woman poured upon the head of our *Saviour*, Mat. 26. 7. ἀλάταρον μύρον, that is, as we say, an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter; for this was not of *Alabaſter*, S. *Mark* affirming that it was *broken*. Horace.

Nardi parvus Onyx.

Claudian. *Gemmatīs alii per totum balſama teſtum
Effundere cadis-----*

33 The Roman custom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Triclinium*) and *three persons* to each bed (though sometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Aſiatiques* as well as the very fashion of *discubation*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for ſtate I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Iſhui* and *Melchiſua*, 1 Sam. 14. 49. to *Abner* his Coſin German and Captain of his Hoſts, and to his two Sons in Law, *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me that *Lying down* was now in uſe, becauſe it is ſaid here, 1 Sam. 20. 25. *And Saul ſate upon his ſeat as at other times, even upon a ſeat by the wall*: becauſe the words of *Seſſion* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at ſeveral times, and in ſeveral Nations.

34 At the Feaſts of the Ancients, not only the rooms were ſtrewed with *flowers*, but the *Guests* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were crowned with them. *Virg.*

*Crateras magnos ſtatuant & vina coronant; and
Tum pater Anchifeſ magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitq; mero-----*

Which cannot be interpreted as ſome do *Homer's*,

Κεράμεις ἐμπίπυλον πόσιον;

Which they ſay are ſaid to be *Crowned*, when they are filled ſo full, that the liquor ſtanding higher than the brims of the Bowl, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen. l. j. c. 11*. But why may we not conſtrue *Homer*, *They Crowned*, *Κεράμεις πόσιον*, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crowned Bowls with drink*?

35 The name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious woman, &c.* The *Vulg.* *Fili mulieris virum ultrò rapientis*; that is as much as to ſay, *Thou Son of a Whore*. Upon which place *Grotius*. Sons uſe to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuſe himſelf, caſts the fault of his ſtubbornneſs and ill nature upon his *Mother*. In which I cannot abide to be of his opinion; the words are ſo ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince*: I rather think that they import this, thou who art ſo ſtubborn and unnatural that thou mayeſt ſeem to be not my ſon, but a *Baſtard*, the ſon of a whore or rebellious woman; and that which follows in the ſame Verſe confirms this to me. *Thou haſt choſen the Son of Jeſſe to thine own confuſion, and to the confuſion of thy Mothers nakedneſs*; that is, to her ſhame, who will be thought to have had thee of ſome other man, and not of

me.

○ ○

1 Sam.

- 37 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And Jonathan arose from the Table in fierce anger, In irâ furoris; But his passion (it seems) did not overcome his duty or discretion; for he arose without saying any thing.*
 I omit here *Jonathan's* shooting Arrows, and sending his Page for them, from the 35 to the 40 verse; By *Horace* his rule,
 -----*Et quæ*
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.
 And what art or industry could make that story shine? besides it was a subtilty that I cannot for my life comprehend; for since he went to *David*, and talked to him himself, what needed all that politick trouble of the shooting?
- 38 The *Head*, which is the seat of *Fancy*.
- 39 These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Phantastique Creatures*.
Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus, *Lucretius* L. 5.
 And afterwards,
Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimera,
 Which is out of *Homer*,
Πρότερον λέων ἔσπευε δράκοντα.
- 40 When the Country people in *Thessaly* saw men first that came on Horseback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which fancy, they are truly said to ride upon themselves.
- 41 Unless thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam.* 5. 6. There are some other interpretations of the place, than that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Jebusites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind*. But this carries no probability. Thinking *David* cannot come hither; is a plain proof that they did it in scorn of *David*, and confidence of the extraordinary strength of the place; which without question was very great, or else it could not have held out so many hundred years since the entrance of the *Israelites* into the land, in the very midst of them.
- 42 *Fish*; *Dagon* the Deity most worshipt by the *Philistines*.
- 43 The English says *Mulberry Trees*; the Latine, *Pear Trees*; the safest is to leave it *indefinite*. The sound of a going in the Tops of the *Mulberry Trees*, *v.* 24. Some interpret, The noise of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the *Trees*. From whence the Greek τὸ κλαυθμῶν.
- 44 *Hadad-Esar* King of *Zobab*, which is called by *Josephus* *Sophene*, a part of *Cælofryia*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Mamasses*. This Kingdom is first mentioned, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it seems) it was under several Princes, and against the *Kings* of *Zoba*.
- 45 *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great lustre.
- 46 The Children of *Ammon*.
- 47 *Moloch* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites*, 1 *Kin.* 11. 5. and 7. *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor*
 of

of the Moabites; *Arius Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, because the like Worship and like Sacrifices were used to him. *Macrobius*. 1. *Saturn*. *Curt. Lib.* 4. *Diodor. Lib.* 20, &c. I rather believe the *Sun* was worshipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the word signifies *King*; and it is the same Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Affyrians* and *Sidonians*, signifying *Lord*. Some think that children were not burnt or sacrificed to him, but only consecrated and initiated by passing between two fires; which perhaps might be a custom too. But it is evident by several places of Scripture, that this was not all: And the *Jews* say, that passing through the *Fire*, is but a Phrase for *Burning*. He had seven Chappels from the number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which reason the *Persians* likewise made seven Gates to him. In the first Chappel was offered to him a *Cake* of fine flower, in the second a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the sixth an *Ox*, and the seventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child*. The *Image* was of *Brass*, of wonderful greatness, with his hands spread, and set on fire within, perhaps to represent the heat of the *Sun*, and not, as some think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewise the face of a *Bullock*, in which figure too *Osiris* among the *Egyptians* represented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Persians*.
Stat. *Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the worship of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloch*, it was indeed the Devil that they worshipped; which makes me say, *Grinning through a black Cloud, &c.*

48 *Swift Tygris*, *Curt. L.* 4. No River in the East runs so violently as *Tygris*, from which swiftness it takes the name; for *Tygris* in the *Persian Language* signifies an *Arrow*.

49 *Helam*, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Fords of *Euphrates*.

50 The Metropolis of *Ammon*, since *Philadelphia*.

51 And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his head (the weight whereof was a *Talent* of *Gold*, with the precious stones) and it was set on *David's* head, *2 Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, *1 Chron.* 20. 2. *Tulit diadema regis eorum de capite ejus, &c.* But the *Seventy* have it, *Καὶ ἔλαβε ἡ σέβανον Μολχού τοῦ Βασιλῆως αὐτῶν ἀπὸ τοῦ κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, &c.* He took the *Crown* of *Molchom* their *King* from off his head. That is, The *Crown* upon the head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes some of the *Greek Fathers* say, That *Melchom's Image* had a bright precious stone in form of the *Morningstar*, placed on the top of his forehead. I rather follow the *English Translation*.

52 Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his reign at eleven years old, which is very unreasonable. *Sir W. Raleigh*, methinks, convinces that it was in the 19. year of his age; at which time it might truly be said by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wise man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but a young Child*.

53 I am not ignorant that I go contrary to most learned men in this point,

point, who make *Saba*, of which she was *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Fœlix*,

Virg. *Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.*

And Frankincense was one of her presents to *Solomon*, Psalm. 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba.* The City where she lived they say was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariaba*; and her, some namé, *Niccanna*; others, *Makeda*; the *Arabians*, *Bulkis*. This consists well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*; for there were two *Ethiopia's*, the one in *Asia*, the other in *Africk*. Nevertheless, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reasons; first because she is called in the *New Testament* *Queen of the South*, which seems to me to be too great a *Title* for the *Queen* of a small *Territory* in *Arabia*, lying full East, and but a little *Southward* of *Judea*; and therefore the *Wise-men* that came to worship *Christ* from those parts, are termed *Eastern*, and not *Southern Sages*. Secondly, all the *Histories* of the *Abyssines* or *African Ethiopians* affirm, that she was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their *Kings* from her and *Solomon*, which the ordinary names of them seem to confirm, and the custom of *Circumcision* used even to this day, though they be *Christians*. In fine, whatever the truth be, this opinion makes a better sound in *Poetry*.

54 This *Egyptian King's* name is very variously written. *Shishac* the English, *Sesac* Latine, *Susakim* Septuagint, *Susac* *Josephus*, *Susefin* *Cedrenus* also, *Safuges*, *Sofouchis*, *Sofachis*; and by *Eusebiu Smendes: Josephus*, l. 8. proves that *Herodot.* falsely ascribes the acts of this *Susac* to *Sesostris*, and particularly his setting up of *Pillars* in *Palestine*, with the figures of womens privy parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminate-ness of those Nations. The *Scripture* says, his *Army* was without number, composed of *Lubims*, i. *Lybians*, the Countries west of *Egypt*. *Sukkym*, from *Succoth Tents*, Lat. *Troglodia*, a people bordering upon the *Red sea*; by others, *Arabes Egyptii*, or *Ichthyophagi*; and *Ethiopians*, *Cusita*, *Joseph.* which is more probable, than to make them, as some do, the people of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petræa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the sovereignty of *Judea*, 2 Chr. 12 8.

55 *Adadefar*, 1 Chron. 18 7. I mention rather the golden shields taken by *David*, than those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concerned in them.

56 The story of this great battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the strangest and humanely most hard to believe, almost in the whole *Old Testament*, that out of a Kingdom not half so big as *England*, five hundred thousand chosen and valiant men should be slain in one battel; and of this not so much as any notice taken in *Abijah's* or *Jeroboam's* lives in the first of *Kings*. It adds much to the wonder, that this defeat should draw no other consequence after it but *Abijah's* recovery of two or three Towns; no more than all the mighty troubles and changes in *Israel*, that hapned afterwards in *Asa's* time, who had besides, the advantage of being a virtuous and victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raleigh* makes a good discourse to prove the reason of this to have been, because the successors of *Solomon* still

still kept up that severity and arbitrariness of Government, which first caused the separation, but that all the *Kings* of *Israel* allowed those liberties to the people, upon the score of which *Jeroboam* possessed himself of the Crown; which the people chose rather to enjoy, though with great Wars and disturbances, than to return to the quiet which they enjoyed with servitude under *Solomon*. There may be something of this perhaps in the case; but even though this be true, it is so strange that the *Kings* of *Judah* should never (among so many changes) find a party in *Israel* to call them in again, that we must fly to the absolute determination of *God's* will for a cause of it, who being offended with the sins of both, made both his instruments of vengeance against one another, and gave victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for blessings to that, but for Curses and Scourges to *Israel*. *God punisht one; but blest not th' other side.*

- 57 This Superstition of consecrating Groves to Idols grew so frequent, that there was scarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to some Idol,

-----*Lucosq; vetusta*

Religione truces & robora Numinis instar. Claud.

The word itself *Lucus* is conceived by some to come à *Lucendo*, from the constant Light of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning there in honour of them. At last the very Trees grew to be the Idols:

-----*Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druidæ* had their name from worshipping an Oak; and among the *Celtæ* an Oak was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Helm-Tree* had no less honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* says the ancient *Germans* called Trees by the names of the Gods, 2 *Kings* 23. 6. *Josiah* is said to bring out the Groves from the house of the Lord; where it seems the Idols themselves are called Groves: either having gotten that name from standing commoly in Groves, or perhaps because they were the Figures of Trees adored by them, or of Idols with Trees represented too about them; as *Acts* 19. 24. the silver similitudes of *Diana's Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

- 58 The number of the Armies is here likewise more than wonderful, *Asa's* consisting of five hundred and eighty thousand, and *Zerah's* of ten hundred thousand men, called *Ethiopian*s, *Cusitæ*: Now though I took the *Cusites* of *Susac's* Army to be the *Ethiopian*s of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up those as well as *Lybians* into *Palestine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* should march with such an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*; besides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabout are spoiled by *Asa*, as belonging to *Zerah*, but that is in *Arabia Petraea*, which I suppose to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countries thereabouts; and with the help of his neighbour Princes: for otherwise it is hard to believe, that his Army could be so great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopian*s as well as the *Abysines*, both descending from *Chus*.

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petraea*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*.

- 59 It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an Army into the field, after his great success against *Zerah*, and his Fathers but a little before against *Jeroboam*, he should be so alarmed with the War of *Baasha* (a Murderer, and an unsettled Usurper; for which cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treasures for the assistance of *Benhadad*: But it was not so much out of fear of *Baasha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha*, if he had not been brought off to join with *Asa*. The Family of the *Adads* then reigned in *Damascus*, were grown mighty Princes, and so continued long after. But the Assistance was very Dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this occasion found the weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Judaea*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and attacke them.
- 60 The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels* to whom the Government of this world is committed. The meaning is, that having a command to kill the King, and seeing *Jehosaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the person was) they had like to have caused the King of *Judah* to be slain instead of the King of *Israel*. He had like to have dyed, as *Virgil* says, *Alieno vulnere*.
- 61 *Seir*, A little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.
- 62 *Jehoram* is said to have reigned eight years in *Jerusalem* 2 Kings 8. 17. 2 Chron. 21. 20. but it is apparent by most evident collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehosaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his mistake, who says, *Joram filius regnum tenuit (Josphat rege defuncto) annos duo deviginti*: Reigned eighteen years. I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in since. *Ochofisa*, or *Abazia* reigned scarce one year.
- 63 *Athalia*, by some *Gotholia*, Her murder of all that remained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua possessio*, and belonged to the first possessor. She had been in effect in possession of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochofisa*, Ἐσπένδασε μὲν ἕνα ἔτη ἕκ τῆ Δαβίδ κατὰ λιπείν ὄντι, πᾶν δ' ἐξαφανίσαι τὸ γένος. *Joseph*. And after these Murders here was a double *Usurpation* of *Athaliah*, first as she was not of the *House of David*. And secondly, as she was a *Woman*. For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* say, Fall to the *Distaff*, *Tomber en quenouille*, *Deut.* 17. 15. Yet she reigned peaceably almost seven years, which was very much to be wondered at, not only in regard of her murders, usurpation, tyranny and Idolatry at home, but because *Jehu* then King of *Israel*, was a sworn enemy of the *House of Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise he effected, except in the person of this wicked woman, who nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Absolvitq; Deum*.

64 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invasion of Hazael's King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great sum of money. The 2 of *Chronicles* mentions likewise but one, which ended in the loss of a battel by *Joas*, and the slaughter of most of the Princes of *Judah*. Some think that both those places signifie but one war, and that the composition followed the victory. That they were several Invasions appears to me more probable, and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the former of the two, though it be generally otherwise thought; for it is more likely, that *Joas* should be driven to accept of that costly and shameful composition, after the loss of a battel, and of the greatest part of his Nobility, against a small number, than before he had ever tried his fortune in the field against the *Aramites*. Neither is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made that agreement for a vast Treasure, should again break it, and invade them with a small company, as that having at first with a party only defeated the *Judean* Army, they should afterwards enter with greater Forces to prosecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of so hard and dishonourable conditions. But it may be objected, that it is said, 2 Chron. 24. 25. *When they (the Syrians) departed from him (for they left him in great diseases) his own servants conspired against him, and slew him*; as if this followed immediately after the Battel. But he that observes the manner of writing used in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Historical parts of the *Scripture*, shall find the relation very imperfect and confused (especially in circumstances of *Time*) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticipation*. So that *When they departed, &c.* may relate not to this Defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other composition afterwards; which may be here omitted, because that second Invasion was but a Consequence and almost Continuance of the former: In which respect one Relation (2 *Chronicles*) mentioning the first part, which was the Battel only; and the other (2 *Kings*) the second, which was the sending in of new Forces, and the conditions of agreement, both have fulfilled the duty of *Epitomes*.

65 That is, in the same manner as his Father *Joas*; both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last; with the same resemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*; and in the consequences of them, which were the loss of all their Treasures, and those of the Temple, a dishonourable Peace; and their murders, by their own servants.

66 This punishment, I suppose, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *enemies*.

67 *Uzziab* so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint *Ozias*, and so *Josephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the High Priests name in his time.

68 *At first from men*, 2 Chron. 26. 21. *Dwelt in an house apart, being a Leper*. So likewise 2 *Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law con-

concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. From earth at last: For *Josephus* reports, that the grief caused his death $\chi\rho\acute{o}\nu\omicron\nu\ \mu\upsilon\acute{\iota}\ \pi\upsilon\alpha\ \delta\iota\eta\gamma\epsilon\nu\ \epsilon\zeta\omega\ \tau\epsilon\ \pi\acute{o}\lambda\epsilon\omega\varsigma\ \iota\delta\iota\omega\tau\acute{\iota}\omega\ \alpha\pi\acute{\omicron}\zeta\acute{\omega}\nu\ \beta\iota\omicron\nu$ — $\epsilon\pi\epsilon\iota\lambda\alpha\ \iota\pi\acute{o}\ \lambda\upsilon\pi\eta\varsigma\ \kappa\acute{\iota}\ \alpha\delta\upsilon\mu\acute{\iota}\alpha\varsigma\ \alpha\pi\epsilon\delta\alpha\upsilon\epsilon\nu.$

- 69 *Josephus* gives *Jothan* an high Elogy; That he wanted no kind of vertue, but was religious towards God, just to men, and wise in Government.
- 70 To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the custom to make a great noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Instruments, to the end that his cries might not be heard. *Hinnon*, a vally full of Trees close by *Jerusalem*, where *Moloch* was worshipped in this execrable manner, called *Gebinnon*, from whence the word *Gebenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewise *Tophet*. Some think (as *Theodor. Salia, &c.*) that *Achaz* only made his Son pass between two fires for a *Lustration* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it is said, *2 Kings* 16. 2. He made his Son to pass through the fire. But *2 Chron.* 26. 3. explains it, He burnt his Children in the fire. And *Josephus*, $\epsilon\iota\delta\acute{\omega}\lambda\omicron\iota\varsigma\ \iota\delta\iota\omicron\nu\ \omicron\lambda\omicron\kappa\epsilon\upsilon\acute{\tau}\omega\sigma\epsilon\ \pi\alpha\iota\delta\alpha.$
- 71 *Tiglat-Pileser*, or *Tiglat-phul-asar*. The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Belofus*, by *Diodor. Beleser*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire*. After which, the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Sovereignty, and made other great additions to it by conquest.
- 72 For after the spoil of *Syria* and *Israel*, which he destroyed upon *Achas* quarrel, he posselt himself also of a great part of *Judaea*, which he came to succour, bore away the chief riches of the Country, and made *Achas* his *Tributary* and servant.
- 73 The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulensis* and *Cajetan* say the Angel of God destroyed them by fire from Heaven. *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*, $\lambda\omicron\iota\mu\iota\kappa\eta\ \nu\acute{o}\sigma\omega.$
- 74 He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, Septuagint, *Νεσερά*, *Josephus* $\tau\omega\ \nu\alpha\acute{\omega}\ \text{Αεράκη λεηρμένω}$, by his two eldest Sons *Adramelec* and *Sarasar*, some say, because in his distres at *Pelusium* (of which see *Herodot.*) he had bound himself by vow to sacrifice them to his Gods. Others more probably, because he had declared *Asarhadon*, their younger brother by another Mother, his Successor. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacherib's* Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

$\epsilon\iota\varsigma\ \epsilon\mu\acute{\epsilon}\ \tau\iota\varsigma\ \omicron\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\omega\nu\ \epsilon\upsilon\sigma\epsilon\beta\eta\varsigma\ \epsilon\zeta\omega.$

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

- 75 It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backward, but that the shadow only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this opinion hath the authority of all the *Greek* and *Latine Fathers*.
- 76 *Forgetful Man*, which is the signification of his name.

77 The Egyptians worshipped Two Calves, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*; that is in their Sacred Language, of *Osiris* and *Isis*. From the Egyptians the *Israelites* took this Idolatry, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to worship under the same figure, as they had seen *Osiris* worshipped in *Egypt*. Such was *Aaron's Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Jeroboam's two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Osiris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Osiris*, see before the Note upon the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

78 See Note 47. where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*; how then could it fall to *Ashes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to dust, as the graven *Image* of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, and then stamp'd to powder; which stamping was not necessary if it had been of *Wood*, for then it would have burnt to ashes, 2 *King*. 23. 6.

79 The *Sydonians* had two Principal Idols, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Astharoth*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Astarte* is perhaps the ἡ Βαάδλ, mentioned often in the Septuagint, *Tob*. 1. 5. ἔθυσον τῇ Βαάδλ τῇ Δαμάλει. They sacrificed to *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were represented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Deâ Syr.* Ἀσάρτην δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σελήνηαίαν ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her head the head of a *Bull*.

Syderum Regina bicornis. Hor.

80 *Herodian* testifies, that *Heliogabalus* that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a *Spire*, to signify the nature of *Fire*. In the like *Figure* *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipped, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*; *Astarte* (for the *Cyprian* superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the *Wife* of *Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a surname of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81 *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is, the *Moon Men*; sacrificed to her in the habit of *women*, and they in that of *Men*, because the *Moon* was esteemed, ἀρρενοβήλις, both *Male* and *Female*, *Macrobius*. *Saturn*. 3. 8. from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*, *Jul. Firm.* says of these *Priests*, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebri dedecorant*, which is the occasion of the *Law*, *Deut.* 22. 5.

82 2 *Kings* 17. 30. And the men of *Babylon* made *Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βινῶ, ὄνομα θεᾶς, (i.) To *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose worship *Herodot.*

- L. 1. reports, That *Virgins* crowned with *Garlands* sat in order in her *Temple*, separated from one another by little cords, and never stirred from thence till some stranger came in, and giving them a piece of money took them out to lie with them; and till then they could not be married.
- 83 Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτων, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, a *Fish*; and was an *Idol*, the upper part *Man*, and the lower *Fish*. *Definit in Piscem mulier formosa supernè*. I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder Dagon*, the mighty *Fish*) and *Derefo*, whose *Image* was such, and her *Temple* at *Affcalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was worshipped. *Diodor.* says of the *Image*, L. 3. τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δ' ἄλλο σώμα τῶν ἰχθύων. And *Lucian*, Ἡμοῖη μὲν γυνή, τὸ δ' ὄφιστον ἐκ μηρῶν εἰς ἄκρον πύδας ἰχθύων ἀπέεινέται. There is an ancient Fable, that *ωάγριος*, a Creature *Half-Man* and *Half-Fish*, arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught men several Arts, and then returned again to the *Sea*. *Apollodor.* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several ages had arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and that the name of one was *ωδάκιον*. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this matter. *De D. Syris. Syntag.* 2. c. 3.
- 84 2 *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots* and *Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the swiftness of his motion. See *Zen.* l. 8. *de Cyro*, 11. *Ἀναξάς*. *Pausan.* in *Lacon.* *Heliodor.* *Æth.* 10. *Justin.* 1. *Herod.* 1. They were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light*. *Nergal*, 2 *Kings* 17. 30. *And the men of Cuth made Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*; to wit, the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the *Romans*. The ancient *Persians* worshipt it, and had no other *Idol* of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samarina*, who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a River in *Persia*, *Strabo* says of the *Persians*, Δεῖν πρότω τῶν Πυρὶ ἔυχθῆναι, which was the reason they abhorred the *burning* of dead bodies, as a *prophanation* of their *Deity*.
- 85 *Belzebub*. The God of *Ekron* or *Accaron*. The God of *Flies*. See the Note on the eight Stanza of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and the Note 18. upon the first Book.
Thundring Baal. The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countries. See the Note 45. L. 3.
- 86 Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the slaughter of *Jehoiachim* by the *Affyrians*. Nay the second of *Chron.* 36. 6. seems at first sight to imply the contrary. Against him came up *Nebuchadnezar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to *Babylon*. That is, he first bound him with an intent to carry him away captive, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Prophecies* of *Jeremiah*, *Jer.* 36. 30. and *Josephus* says expressly, that *Nebuchadnezar* commanded him to be slain, and his body to be cast over the walls.

- 87 *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away captive after three months and ten days, *Zedechia* being set up in his place, the younger brother of *Jehoias* and *Jehoiakim*; The fourth *King* of the Jews successively, that was made a *Bond-slave*. *Israels now solemn and imperial Chain*: for it was the custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis & reges*. Tacit.
- 88 For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans*, till their final destruction.
- 89 In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own eyes. In *Theb*.

Quid hic manes meos detineo?

Why do I keep my *Ghost* alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,
Funus extendis meum,
Longa; vivi ducis exequias patris.

And *Oed*. Act. 5.

Mors eligatur longa, queratur via
Qua nec sepultis mistus & vivis tamen
Exemptus errem----*Seneca the Philosopher.*

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philosopher*) calls *Banishment* it self (the least of *Zedechia's* affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*,

Parce religatis, hoc est, jam parce sepultis.
Vivorum cineri sit tua terra Levii.

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19. *Controvers*. has raised an objection against the next verse, *Bereft of griefs, &c. Cestius* (says he) I poke a most false sense, into which many fall. *She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep her self*. And again, *So much cause, and no more power to weep*. As if (says he) *Blind people could not weep*. Truly, *Philosophically* speaking, The moisture that falls through the place of the *Eyes*, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the *Eyes* were there; yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the *Eyes*, as to make the expression *Poetically* true, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragedian* was not frightened with his *Criticis*m; for *Oedip*. says in *Theb*.

Cuncta fors mihi infesta abstulit.
Lacryma supercrant, has quoq; eripui mihi.

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not those kind of *Flowers* so well.

- 90 I do not mean, that she was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temerariouly*; but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*, which are the effects and footsteps, as it were, of *Sin*, were to be seen in her body.
- 91 Their *mingled Lights*; i. Their *Colours*; which are nothing but the several mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the superficies of opacous bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little darkness; *Green* with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected

and shadowed. Plato calls them, φλόγα τῆς συνεχόμενης ἐκείτων ἀπέρεσσιν. *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from Bodies; and Pindar, *Od.* 6. elegantly attributes to Flowers, Παμπερφύρουσ ἀκλίνας. *Purple Beams*.

92 *God's Wife*. Though the word seem bold, I know no hurt in the figure. And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical word*. The *Church* is called *Christ's Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*, till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same reason.

93 *Early*; i. *Eastern Spices*. From *Arabia* which is *Eastward* of *Judæa*. Therefore the Scripture says, that these *Arabian* wise men came ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν. We have seen his *Star*, ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ. Virg.
Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum.

And the Presents which these wise men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia*.

94 *Gabriel*; the name signifies, *The Power of God*. I have seen in some *Magical Books*, where they give barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great persons, as that of *Mathatron* to the *Angel of Moses*, that they assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, And this *Gabriel* to *Joseph*, *Josua*, and *Daniel*. But I rather use this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no mention of. Especially because *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifestation of *Christ*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary*. The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the *Minister of God's Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water*.

95 *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the second of the *Senten. Distinct. 9. Art. 2.* It is necessary that the *Air* should be *thickned*, till it come near to the propriety of earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a solid body, &c. And this way of *Spirits* appearing in bodies of condensed air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about *Witches*. But they are beholding for this *Invention* to the ancient *Poets*. Virg.

*Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æn. &c.*

Which is the reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and best *Artificer of Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantasm* of *Æneas*, 5. *Iliad*.

"Αὐτὰρ δ' εἶδαλον πύξ' ἀργυρέτης Ἄπεικλον
Ἄντ' τ' Ἀρεία, ἴμιλον κ' πύρροι πύον.

96 *Obscene* was a word in use among the *Augures*, signifying that which portended *ill Fortune*. And it is most frequently applied to *Birds of ill Omen*. Virg. 3. *Æn.*

Sive Dea, ceu sint Diræ, obscenæq; volucres.

Æn. 12. — Nec me terrete timentem

Obscæna volucres. —

Ovid. — Obscæne quo prohibentur aves.

And *Servius* interprets *Virgil's Obscœnam farinam*, to be, The hunger that drives men to *Obscene*, that is, unclean, or shameful things, or because it was foretold by an *Obscene*; i. *unluckie Bird*.

97 It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for *God* foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.

98 *Albion* is the ancientest name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *David's* time. But we must content our selves with the best we have. It is found in *Arist. de Mundo*, in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the vanity of those who derive it from a *Latin* word, *Ab Albis Rupibus*.

99 So the *Angel* to *S. John*, *Revel. 19. 10.* and *22. 9.* calls himself His *Fellow-servant*.

100 *Virg.* -----*Cum circumfusa repente*

Scindit se nubes & in aera purgat apertum; and again,

Tenuis fugit cœu Fumus in auras.

Hom. Σμῆ ἠέλον ἢ χεῖ οὐραίου Ἐπῆλο.

THE



THE CONTENTS.

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis; He counterfeits himself Mad, and escapes to Adullam. A short enumeration of the Forces which come thither to him. A description of the Kingdom of Moab, whither David flies; His entertainment at Moab's Court, a digression of the History of Lot, Father of the Moabites, represented in Picture. Melchor's Song at the Feast; Moab desires Joab to relate the Story of David. Which he does; His Extraction, his excellency in Poësie, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philistims Army encamped at Dammin, the Description of Goliah and his Arms, his Challenge to the Israelites, David's coming to the Camp, his Speech to Saul to desire leave to fight with Goliah; several Speeches upon that occasion; the combat and slaughter of Goliah, with the defeat of the Philistims Army. Saul's envy to David. The Characters of Merab and Michol. The Love between David and Michol, his Song at her window, his expedition against the Philistims, and the Dowry of two hundred foreskins for Michol, with whom he is married. The Solemnities of the Wedding; Saul's relapse, and the causes of David's flight into the Kingdom of Moab.

D A V I -



DAVIDEIS.

The third Book.

RAIS'd with the news he from high Heav'n receives, 1 Sam. 21. 1.
 Straight to his *diligent God* just thanks he gives.
 To *divine Nobe* directs then his flight,
 A small *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levi's* right,
 Is there with sprightly wines, and hallowed bread,
 (But what's to *Hunger* hallowed?) largely fed. v. 4, 5, 6.
 The good old *Priest* welcomes his *fatal Guest*, Mat. 12. 4.
 And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast.
 He lends him *vain Goliab's Sacred Sword*, Ver. 9.
 (The fittest help *just fortune* could afford)
 A *Sword* whose *weight* without a *blow* might slay,
 Able *unblunted* to cut *Hosfs* away,
 A *Sword* so great, that it was only fit
 To take off his *great Head* who came with it.
 Thus he arms *David*; I your own restore,
 Take it (said he) and use it as before.
 I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest fight
 That ere these *Eyes* ow'd the discov'ring light. 1 Sam. 17.
 When you stept forth, how did the *Monster* rage,
 In scorn of your soft looks, and tender age!
 Some your *high Spirit* did *mad presumption* call,
 Some piti'd that such *Youth* should idly fall.
 Th' *uncircumcis'd* smil'd grimly with disdain;
 I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain.
 Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'd to say,
 Rapt with his joy; how the two *Armies* lay;
 Which way th'amazed *Foe* did wildly flee,
 All that his *Hearer* better knew than *He*.

But

1 Sam.
21. 10.

But *David's* hast denies all needles stay ;
To *Gath* an Enemy's Land, he hasts away,
Not there secure, but where one *Danger's* near,
The more *remote* though *greater* disappear.
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Man's* succour flee,
So from *fir'd Ships* *Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
There in disguise he hopes unknown t'abide !
Alas ! in vain ! what can such greatness hide ?
Stones of small worth may lye unseen by *Day*,
But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray.

5 *Tagal* first spi'ed him, a *Philistian* Knight,
Who erst from *David's* wrath by shameful flight
Had sav'd the fordid remnant of his age ;
Hence the deep sore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*.
Straight with a band of Souldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for scarce he thought that band enough,
On him he seises whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold *Youth* in his *own* *shape* appear'd.
And now this wisht-for, but yet dreadful prey
To *Achis* Court they led in haste away,
With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
Upon th' *Immod'erate* *Vulgars* Joy and *Hate*.

1 Sam.
21. 13.

His valour now and strength must useles ly,
And he himself must arts unusu'al try ;
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow haire.
Sometimes a violent laughter scrud his face,
And sometimes ready tears dropt down apace.
Sometimes he fixt his staring eyes on ground,
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round,
More full revenge *Philistians* could not wish,

Ver. 15.

6 But call't the *Justice* of their *mighty* *Fish*.
They now in height of anger let him *Live* ;
And *Freedom* too, t'increase his *scorn*, they give.
He by *wise* *Madness* freed does homeward flee,
And *Rage* makes them all that *He* seem'd to be.

1 Sam.
21. 1.

7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
An *Hill* part earth, part rocky stone there stood,
Hollow and vast within, which *Nature* wrought
As if by 'her *Scholar* *Art* she had been *taught*.
Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends* ; many his spreading fame,
Many their wants or discontents did call ;
Great men in war, and almost *Armies* all !

1 Sam.
22. 1.

8 Hither came wise and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *David's* self must owe his *Crown*,
A mighty man, had not some cunning *Sin*,
Amidst so many *Virtues* crowded in.
With him *Abishai* came by whom there fell
At once three hundred ; with him *Ajabel* :

1 Chron.
11. 20.

- 9 *Asabel*, swifter than the *Northern wind* ;
 Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his mind
 Outgo his *Feet* ; so strangely would he run,
 That *Time it self* perceiv'd not what was done.
 Oft o're the *Lawns* and *Meadows* would he pass,
 His weight *unknown*, and harmless to the grass ;
 Oft o're the sands and hollow dust would trace,
 Yet no one *Arome* trouble or displace.
 Unhappy *Youth*, whose end so near I see !
 Ther's nought but thy *Ill Fate* so swift as *Thee*.
 2 Sam.
 2. 23.
- 10 Hither *Jessides* wrongs *Benaiab* drew,
 He, who the vast exceeding *Monster* slew.
 Th'*Egyptian* like an *Hill* himself did rear,
 Like some tall *Tree* upon it seem'd his *Spear*.
 But by *Benaiabs* *Staff* he fell o'rethrown ;
 The *Earth*, as if worst strook, did loudest groan:
 Verſe. 23.
 Such was *Benaiab* ; in a narrow pit
 He ſaw a *Lyon*, and leapt down to it.
 Verſe. 22.
 Aſeaſly there the *Royal Beas*t he tore
 As that itſelf did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
 Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely boy,
 But full of *Spirit*, and *Arms* was all his joy.
 1 Chro.
 11. 28.
 Oft when a *child* he in his dream would fight
 With the vain air, and his wak'd *Mother* fright.
 Oft would he ſhoot young *birds*, and as they fall,
 Would laugh, and fanſie them *Philiftians* all.
 And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
 Tho' yet the face did ſcarce his *Sex* betray.
Dodos great Son came next, whoſe dreadful hand
 Snatcht *ripped Glories* from a conqu'ring band ;
 1 Chro.
 11. 12.
 Who knows not *Dammin*, and that barly field,
 Which did a ſtrange and bloody *Harveſt* yield
 Many beſides did this new *Troop* encreaſe ;
Adan, whoſe wants made him unfit for peace.
Eliel, whoſe full *Quiv'r* did alwaies bear
 1 Chro.
 11. 46
 As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were.
 None from his hand did vain or innocent flee,
 Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim ſo well as *Hee*.
 Many of *Judah* took wrong'd *David's* ſide,
 1 Chro.
 12. 16.
 And many of old *Jacobs* youngſt *Tribe* ;
 But his chief ſtrength the *Gathite* Souldiers aie,
 1 Chro.
 12. 8.
 Each *ſingle man* able t'orecome a *War* !
 Swift as the *Darts* they ſling through yielding are,
 And hardy all as the ſtrong *Steel* they bare,
 A *Lions* noble rage ſits in their face,
Terrible, comely, arm'd with *dreadful grace* !
- Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded here,
 1. Chro.
 12. 3.
 Yet his ſtout Soul durſt for his *Parents* fear ;
 He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quiet ſeat,
 Nor truſts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* ſo great.

Virg. 2.
Æn.

So when in hostile fire rich *Asia's* pride
 For ten years siege had fully satisf'd,
Aeneas stole an act of higher fame,
 And bore *Anchises* through the wandring flame,
 A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
 Than all the *Græcian* forces bore away.
 Go pious *Prince*, in peace, in triumph go;
 Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overtrown*;
 T' have sav'd thy *Troy* would far less glorious be;
 By this thou *Overcom'st* their *V.Æorie*.

11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lies;
 12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curst* *Sea* denies.
 13 They see *North-stars* from o're *Amoreus* ground:
 14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South part does bound.

15 Eastwards the Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* ly,
 The mornings happy beams they first espy.
 The region with fat soil and plenty's blest,
 A soil too good to be of old posselt

16 By monstrous *Emins*; but *Lots* off-spring came
 And conquer'd both the *People* and the *Name*.

Num. 21.
26.

17 Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Armons* flood,
 And their sad *bound's* markt deep in their own *blood*.

18 In *Hesbon*, his triumphant *Court* he plac'd,
Hesbon by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'd.
 A glorious *Town*, and fill'd with all delight
 Which *Peace* could yield, tho' well prepar'd for *fight*.

Num. 21.
25. 25.

But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord*
 Felt the keen rage of *Israels Sacred Sword*,
 Whilst *Moab* triumpht in her torn estate,
 To see *her own* become her *Conqu'rors* fate.

Yet that small remnant of *Lots* parted *Crown*
 Did arm'd with *Israels* sins pluck *Israel* down,
 Full thrice six years they felt fierce *Eglons* yoke,
 Till *Ebuds* sword *Gods* vengeful *Message* spoke;
 Since then their *Kings* in quiet held their own,
 Quiet the good of a not-envy'd *Throne*.

Judg. 3.
14.

Eb v. 21.

And now a wise old *Prince* the *Scepter* sway'd,
 Well by his *Subjects* and *Himself* obey'd.

Only before his *Fathers* *Gods* he fell;
 Poor wretched *Man*, almost too good for *Hell*!
 Hither does *David* his blest *Parents* bring,
 With humble greatness begs of *Moabs* King,
 A safe and fair aboad, where they might live,
 Free from those storms with which himself must strive.

1 Sam.
21. 3.

The King with chearful grace his suit approv'd,

19 By hate to *Saul*, and love to *Virtue* mov'd.

Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (said he)
 Your *Name* found welcome long before with me.

20 That to rich *Ophirs* rising *Morn* is known,
 And stretcht out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone*.

- 21 Swift *Fame*, when her round journey she does make,
Scorns not sometimes *Us* in her way to take.
Are you the man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
- 22 Great *Baal of Phegor*! and how young he's still! Ru. i. 4.
From *Ruth* we heard you come; *Ruth* was born here,
In *Judah* sojourn'd, and (they say) matcht there Ru. 4. 10.
To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true,
How're your *Virtues* here intitle you.
Those have the best *alliance* always bin
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.
He spoke, and straight led in his thankful *Guests*,
To a stately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feasts*.
The Room with golden *Tap'stry* glister'd bright,
At once to *please* and to *confound* the sight,
- 23 Th' excellent work of *Babylonian* hands;
- 24 In midst a Table of rich *Ivory* stands,
By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lions* born,
Which grin, and *fearfully* the place *adorn*.
Widely they gape, and to the *eye* they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
- 25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* stood,
26 With coverings dy'd in *Tyrian Fishes* blood,
They say, th' *Herculean* art; but most delight
- 27 Some Pictures gave to *Davids* learned sight. Gen. 13. 6.
Here several ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go,
Their too much wealth, vast, and *unkind* does grow.
Thus each extrem to equal danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can separate *Friends*; •
Here *Sodoms* Towers raise their proud tops on high;
The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the sky.
By it the waves of rev'rend *Jordan* run,
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.
Hither *Lots* Household comes, a numerous train,
And all with various business fill the plain. Ib. v. 10.
Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*.
Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce *Bullock* scorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threaten'g horns;
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
The *Dogs* stand afar off, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high,
With stuff, on top of which the *Maidens* lye.
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Sisters* ride,
And *Lot* talks with them both on either side.
Another *Picture* to curst *Sodom* brings
- 28 *Elams* proud *Lord*, with his three *servant Kings*: Gen. 14.
11. 12.
Ib. v. 10.
They sack the *Town*, and bear *Lot* bound away;
Whilst in a Pit the vanquisht *Bera* lay,
Buried almost alive for fear of *Death*;
- 29 But Heav'ns just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath.

- Gen. 14.
13. *Abraham* pursues, and slays the Victors *Host*,
Scarce had their *Conquest* leisure for a *boast*.
- Gen. 19.
24. 30 When a strange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven* there came,
Here the two *Angels* from *Lots* window look
Ib. v. 11. With *smiling anger*; the lewd wretches, strook
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the dore,
31 Their *Eyes*, first cause of *Lust*, first *Vengeance* bore.
Through liquid air, Heav'n's busie Souldiers fly,
And drive on *Clouds* where seeds of *Thunder* ly.
Here the sad sky gloses red with dismal streaks,
Here *Lightning* from it with short trembling breaks.
Here the blew flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruine, all.
The Fire of *Trees* and *Houses* mounts on high,
And meets half-way new *fires* that show'r from sky.
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the *Fathers arms*, and *They*.
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And more to *vex* their fate, are *burnt ev'n* there.
Men thought, so much a *Flame* by Art was shewn,
The *pictures* self would fall in ashes down,
Afar old *Lot* toward little *Zoar* hyes,
And dares not move (good man!) his weeping eyes.
Gen. 19.
17. 32 Behind, his *Wife* stood ever fixt alone;
Ib. v. 26. No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*.
A lasting *Death* seiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red.
And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to speak she strove;
Her lips, tho' stone, a little seem'd to move.
One eye was clos'd, surpriz'd by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light.
The wind admir'd which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.
To Heav'n she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a *Suppliant Pillar* stands.
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toes* rooted there:
Ah foolish Woman! who must always be,
A sight more *strange*, than that she turn'd to see!
Whilst *David* sed with these his curious eye,
The Feast is now serv'd in, and down they lye.
Moaba goblet takes of massy gold,
33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes round
In the brisk *Grape* of *Armons* richest ground.
34 Whilst *Melchor* to his *Harp* with wondrous skill
35 (For such were *Poets* then, and should be still)
His noble Verse through *Natures* Secrets lead;
He sung what *Spirit*, through the whole *Mass* is spread.

- Ev'ry where *All*; how *Heavens Gods Law* approve,
 And think it *R-ft* eternally to *above*.
 How the kind *Sun* ufelessly comes and goes,
 Wants it himself, yet gives to Man repose.
 How his *round Journey* does for ever last,
 36 And how he baits at every Sea in haste.
 He fung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane,
 37 Whilst foolish men beat founding *Brafs* in vain,
 Why the *Great Waters* her flight *Horns* obey,
 Her changing *Horns*, not constant than *They*;
 38 He fung how grisly *Comets* hang in ayr,
 Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *hair*.
Gods Beacons for the World, drawn up fo far,
 To publish ill, and raise all Earth to War.
 39 Why *Contraries* seed *Thunder* in the cloud.
 What *Motions* vex it, till it roar fo loud.
 40 How *Lambent Fires* become fo wondrous tame,
 And bear such *shining Winter* in their *Flame*.
 41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Watry Bow*:
 What *eyes* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*.
 What *Palfie* of the *Earth* here shakes fixt *Hills*,
 From off her brows, and here whole *Rivers* spills.
 Thus did this *Heaven Natures Secrets* tell,
 And fomtimes mist the *Cause*, but fought it *Well*.
 Such was the sawce of *Moabs* noble Feast,
 Till night far spent invites them to their rest.
 Only the good old Prince stays *Joab* there,
 And much he tells, and much desires to hear. !
 He tells deeds *antique*, and the *new* desires;
 Of *David* much and much of *Saul* enquires.
 Nay gentle *Guest*, (said he) since now you're in,
 The story of your gallant friend begin.
 His birth, his rising tell, and various fate,
 And how he slew that man of *Gath* of late,
 What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous man ?
 With that he stopt, and *Joab* thus began :
 His birth, Great Sir, fo much to mine is ty'd,
 That praise of that might look from me like *pride*.
 Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood
 42 Of th' old *Judean Lyons* richest blood.
 From *Judah*, *Pharez*, from him *Efrom* came
Ram, *Nashon*, *Salmon*, *Names* spoke loud by *Fame*.
 A *Name* no less ought *Boaz* to appear,
 By whose blest match we come no *strangers* here.
 From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* sprung,
 From *Obed*, *Jesse*, *Jesse* whom *Fames* kindest tongue,
 Counting his birth, and *high nobility*, shall
 Not *Jesse* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
David born to him sev'nth; the six births past
 Brave *Tryals* of a work more great at last.

1 Chr.
2. 16.

Gen. 49. 9.
1 Chr. 2.
Mat. 1.

1 Chr.
2. 15.
1 Sam. 16.

Bless

Bless me! how swift and growing was his Wit?
 The wings of *Time* flagg'd dully after it.
 Scarce past a *Child*, all wonders would he sing
 Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'r of Natures King*;
 His *sheep* would scorn their food to hear his lay,
 And savage *Beasts* stand by, as *tame* as they.
 The fighting *Winds* would stop there, and admire;
 Learning *Consent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.
Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before;
 Mute, as their *Fish*, would listen towards the *shore*.

1 Sam. 16.
14.

'Twas now the time when first *Saul* *God* forsook,
God, *Saul*; the room in's heart wild *Passions* took;
 Sometimes a Tyrant-Frensie revell'd there,
 Sometimes black sadness, and deep, deep despair.
 No help from Herbs or learned Drugs he finds,
 They cure but sometimes *Bodies*, never *Minds*.
Musick alone those storms of *Saul* could lay:
 Not more *Saul* them, than *Musick* they obey.
David's now sent for, and his Harp must bring;
 His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ry string.
 When *Saul's* rude passions did most tumult keep,
 With his soft notes they all dropt down asleep.
 When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* and *Night*,
 He with quick strains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*.
 Thus chear'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury swage,
 Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.

1 Sam.
16. 23.

1 Sam. 17.

To *Helah* Plain *Phil'stians* Troops are come,
 And Wars loud noise strikes peaceful *Musick* dumb.
 Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,
 For this rough work *Saul* his stout *Brethren* chose.
 He knew not what his hand in War could do,
 Nor thought his *Sword* could cure mens *Madness* too.
 Now *Dammis*'s destin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
 On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* stood.
 Between a fatal Vally stretcht out wide,
 And *Death* seem'd ready now on either side,
 When (Lo!) their Host rais'd all a joyful shout,

1 Sam.
17. 4.

43 And from the midst a monstrous man stept out,
 Aloud they shouted at each step he took;
 We and the *Earth* itself beneath him shook,
 Vast as the *Hill*, down which he marcht, h'appear'd;
 Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd,
 A young tall *Squire* (tho' then he seem'd not so)
 Did from the Camp at first before him go;
 At first he did, but scarce could follow strait,
 Sweating beneath a *Shields* unruly weight,
 44 On which was wrought the *Gods* and *Gyants* fight,
 Rare work! all fill'd with *terror* and *delight*.
 45 Here a vast *Hill*, 'gainst thundring *Baal* was thrown,
 Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down.

- One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too
 Torn up with't; that *rains* back on him that threw.
 Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;
 The *Sea* boils round with flames shot thick from sky.
 This he believ'd, and on his *shield* he bore,
 And prais'd *their* strength, but thought his *own* was more.
 The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to fill;
 46 And we (methoughts) *lookt* up t' him from our *Hill*.
 47 All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest dress of *War*
 (A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar.
 The *Sun* himself started with sudden fright,
 To see his beams return so dismal bright.
Brass was his *Helmet*, his *Boots* *brass*; and o're
 His breast a thick plate of strong *brass* he wore,
 His *spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,
 Which *Nature* meant some tall *ships* *Maß* should be,
 Th' huge *Iron* head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
 And of *whole* bodies but *one* wound it made,
 Able *Deaths* worst command to overdo,
 Destroying *Life* at once and *Carcass* too;
 Thus arm'd he stood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,
 And round him flung a scornful look away.
 So when a *Scythian* *Tiger* gazing round,
 An Herd of *Kine* in some fair *Plain* has found
 Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
 48 And calls forth all his *spots* on e'ry side.
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
 In choise of some strong neck on which to fall.
 Almost he scorns, so weak, so cheap a prey,
 And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
 Ye men of *Jury*, he cries, if *Men* you be,
 And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *Me*,
 Chuse out 'mongst all your *Troops* the boldest *Knight*,
 To try his *strength* and *fate* with me in fight.
 49 The chance of *War* let us two bear for all,
 And they the *Conqu'ror* serve whose *Knight* shall fall.
 At this he paw'd a while; straight, I defie,
 Your *Gods* and *You*; dares none come down and *die*?
 Go back for shame, and *Egypt's* slav'ry bear,
 Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.
 Alas ye'ave no more *Wonders* to be done,
 Your *sovereign* *Moses* now and *Josua's* gone,
 Your *Magick* *Trumpets* then could *Cities* take,
 And sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battles* make.
 Spears in your hands and manly *Swords* are vain;
 Get you your *Spells*, and *Conjuring* *Rods* again.
 Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were!
 In his full strength, and long *Enchanted* *Hair*.
 This *Sword* should be in the weak *Razors* stead;
 It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.

1 Sam. 17.
7, &c.

Ib. v. 8.

Ib. v. 9. 10.

Jos. 6. 20.

Judg. 16
17.

Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the *Valleys* round
 Flat'ring his voice restor'd the dreadful sound.
 We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd
 We had behind some new *Goliath* heard.

1 Sam.

17. 11.

'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n's sure (which *David's* glory meant
 Through this whole *Aff*) such sacred terror sent
 To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,
 Whome're saw fear but in his *Enemies* face,
 His god-like *Son* there in bright Armour shone,
 Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not alone.

1 Sam 14.

Fate her own *Book* mistrusted at the fight;
 On that side *War*, on this a *Single Fight*.

There stood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
 He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliath* slew.

1 Chr 11.

In his pale fright, rage through his eyes shot flame,
 He saw his *staff*, and blusht with generous shame.

50 Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
 Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to *Fear*.

Thus forty days he marcht down arm'd to fight,
 Once every morn he marcht, and once at night.

Slow rose the Sun, but gallopt down apace.
 With more than *Evening blushes* in his face.

1 Sam. 17.

12, &c.

When *Jessy* to the Camp young *David* sent;
 His purpose low, but high was *Fates* intent,

For when the *Monsters* pride he saw and heard,
 Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they fear'd,
 Anger and brave disdain his heart possest,

Thoughts more than manly swell'd his *youthful* breast.

1 Sam.

17. 25.

Much the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame,
Saul's Daughter much, and much the voice of *Fame*.

These to their just intentions strongly move,
 But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countrys* Love,
 Resolv'd for combat to *Saul's* tent he's brought,
 Where thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought:

Ib. v. 32.

Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred breast
 With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* molest.

This hand alone shall end his curst breath;

Fear not, the wretch *blasphemes* himself to death,
 And cheated with false weight of his own might,
 Has challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to single fight.

Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* right is try'd,
 The strength of *man* should find just cause for *pride*!

Firm like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,
 But *Rocks* we know were op'd at thy command.

Exod.

17. 6.

That *Soul* which now does such large members sway,
 Through one *small wound* will creep in haste away,

And he who now dares boldly *Heav'n* defie,
 To ev'ry *bird* of *Heav'n* a prey shall lie.

For 'tis not human force we ought to fear;
 Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?

51 Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue?
 By that whole *Nations* of *Goliath's* slew?
 The *Wonders* they perform'd may still be done;
Moses and *Josua* is, but *God's* not gone.
 We've lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *Skill*:
Prayers and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still.
 These are more *Tall*, more *Gyants* far than *He*,
 Can reach to *Heav'n* and thence pluck *Victorie*.
 Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' advantage is;
He's stronger far than *I*, my *God* than *Hu*.

Joh. 12.

Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see,
 Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as *He*.
 Brave Youth, (replies the *King*) whose daring mind,
 Ere come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*;
 Reserve thy *Valour* for more equal fight,
 And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.
 Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
 Whose *Touch* would wound thee more, than him thy *Blow*.
 Nature his *Limbs* only for *War* made fit,
 In thine as yet nought beside *Love* she 'as writ.
 With some less *Foe* thy unflesht valour try;
 This *Monster* can be no *first Victory*.
 The *Lions* royal Whelp does not at first
 For blood of *Basan-Bulls* or *Tygers* thirst.
 In timorous *Deer* he hanfels his young paws,
 And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer claws.
 So vast thy *Hopes*, so unproportion'd bee,
Fortune would be aham'd to *second Thee*.

: Sam. 17:
33.

He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
 But nought moves *David* from his high Intent.
 It brave to him, and om'nous does appear,
 To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here,
 Which he resolves; Scorn not (said he) mine age,
 For *Vict'ry* comes not like an *Heritage*,
 At *set-years*; when my *Fathers* flock I fed,
 A *Bear* and *Lion* by fierce hunger led,
 Broke from the *Wood*, and snatcht my *Lambs* away;
 From their grim *mouths* I forc'd the panting prey:
 Both *Bear* and *Lion* ev'n this hand did kill,
 On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still.
 My *God's* the same, which then he was, to day,
 And this *wild* wretch almost the same as *They*.
 Who from such danger sav'd my *Flock*, will he
 Of *Isr'el*, his own *Flock*, less careful be?

1 Sam. 17:
33.

Be't so then (*Saul* bursts forth:) and thou on high,
 Who oft in *weakness* do'st most *strength* descry,
 At whose dread beck *Conquest* expecting stands,
 And casts no look down on the *Fighters* hands,
 Assist what *Thou* inspir'st; and let all see,
 As *Boys* to *Gyants*, *Gyants* are to *Thee*.

R x

Thus,

- Thus, and with trembling hopes of strange success,
 52 In his own Arms he the bold *Youth* does dress.
 On's head an *helm* of well-wrought Brass is plac'd,
 The top with warlike Plume *severely grac'd*.
 His Breast a plate cut with rare Figures bore,
 A *Sword* much practis'd in *Deaths Art* he wore.
 Yet *David* us'd so long to no defence,
 But those *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,
 No good in Fight of that gay *burden* knows,
 But fears his *own Arms* weight more than his *Foes*.
 He lost himself in that *disguise of war*,
 And guarded seems as men by *Prisons* are.
 He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous fight,
Prepares now, and *disarms* himself for fight.
 'Gainst Shield, Helm, Breast-plate, and instead of those
 Five sharp smooth Stones from the next Brook he chose,
 And fits them to his Sling; then marches down;
 For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he esteem'd his *Own*.
 We all with various Passion strangely gaz'd,
 Some sad, some sham'd, some angry, all amaz'd.
 Now in the Valley he stands, through's youthful Face
 Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and sheds manly grace.
 Both in his looks so joyn'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'my Love*.
 Hot as ripe *Noon*, sweet as the *blooming Day*,
 Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May*.
 Th' accurst *Philistian* stands on th' other side,
 Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt Rage and Pride.
 The *Plagues of Dagon!* a smooth *Boy*, said he,
 A curst *beardless Foe* oppos'd to *Me!*
 Hell! with what Arms (hence thou fond *Child*) he's come!
 Some friend his Mother call to drive him home.
 Not gone yet? if one minute more thou stay,
 The birds of heav'n shall bear thee *dead* away.
 Gods! a curst *Boy!* the rest then murmuring out,
 He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.
David with cheerful anger in his Eyes,
 Advances boldly on, and thus replies,
 Thou com'st vain Man, all arm'd into the Field,
 And trustest those *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*;
 Thy *Prid's* my *Spear*, thy *Blasphemy* my *Sword*;
 My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool; the mighty *Lord*
 Of *Thee* and *Battels*, who hath sent forth *Me*
 Unarm'd thus, not to *Fight*, but *Conquer Thee*.
 53 In vain shall *Dagon* thy false hope withstand;
 In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand*.
 Thy Fall to man shall Heavens strong Justice shew;
 Wretch! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canst do.
 He said, our Host stood dully silent by,
 And durst not trust their *Ears* against the *Eye*,

As much their *Champions* threats to him they fear'd,
 As when the *Monsters* threats to them they heard,
 His flaming Sword th'enrag'd *Philistian* snakes,
 And hast to 's ruin with loud *Curses* makes.
 Backward the Winds his *active Curses* blew,
 54 And fatally round his own Head they flew. Ib. v. 49.
 For now from *David's* sling the stone is fled,
 And strikes with joyful noise the *Monster's* head.
 It strook his Forehead, and pierc'd deeply there ;
 As swiftly as it pierc'd before the *Air*.
 Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground ;
Blood, Brain, and Soul crowd mingled through the *Wound*.
 So a strong *Oak*, which many years had stood
 With fair and flourishing boughs, *itself a Wood* ;
 Tho' it might long the *Axes* violence bear,
 And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear ;
 Yet by the *Thunders* stroke from th' root 'tis rent :
 So sure the Blows, that from high Heav'n are sent.
 What tongue the joy and wonder can express,
 Which did that moment our whole Host possess ?
 Their jocond shouts th' *Air* like a storm did tear,
 Th' amazed *Clouds* fled swift away with *Fear*.
 But far more swift th' accurs'd *Philistians* fly,
 And their ill fate to perfect, *basely dy*. I Sam.
17. 52.
 With thousand Corps the ways around are strown,
 Till they, by the days Flight secure their own.
 Now through the Camp sounds nought but *David's* name ;
 All joys of several stamp and colours came
 From several Passions ; some his Valour praise,
 Some his free Speech, some the fair popular Rayes
 Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modest Guise* ;
 Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the Female Eyes.
 Some wonder, some, they thought t' would be so, swear ;
 And some saw *Angels* flying through the air.
 The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance
 On this great Act, and fain would giv't to *Chance*. I Sam.
18. 6.
Ib. v. 8.
 Women our Host with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,
 With much joy *Saul, David* with more they greet.
 Hence the Kings politique rage and envy flows,
 Which first he hides, and seeks his life to expose
 To *gen'rous dangers* that his hate might clear,
 And *Fate* or *Chance* the blame, nay *David*, bear.
 So vain are mans Designs ! for *Fate* and *Chance*,
 And *Earth*, and *Heav'n* conspir'd to his advance ;
 His Beauty, Youth, Courage, and wondrous Wit,
 In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love beget.
 Not *Saul's* own house, not his own nearest blood,
 The noble causes sacred force withstood. I Sam.
18. 16.
 You have met no doubt, and kindly us'd the fame,
 Of God-like *Jonathans* illustrious Name ;

A *Name* which ev'ry wind to Heav'n would bear,
 Which *Men* to speak, and *Angels* joy to hear.
 55 No *Angel* e're bore to his *Brother Mind*
 A kindness more exalted and refin'd,
 Than his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
 And scorn'd the false *Alarums* of a *Crown*.
 At *Dammin* field he stood, and from his place
 Leapt forth, the *wondrous Cong'ror* to embrace ;
 56 On him his *Mantle*, *Girdle*, *Sword*, and *Bow*,
 On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did bestow.
 Not all that *Saul* could threaten or persuade,
 In this close knot the smallest looseness made.
 Oft his wife care did the *Kings* rage suspend.
 His own lifes danger shelter'd oft his *Friend*.
 Which he expos'd a *Sacrifice* to fall
 By th'*undiscerning* rage, of furious *Saul*.
 Nor was young *David's* active virtue grown
 Strong and triumphant in one *Sex* alone.
Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
 And deeper Prints in the *soft breast* it made :
 For there t'*Esteem* and *Friendships* graver name,
Passion was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame*.
 Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'd,
Saul's Royal House two beaut'ous *Daughters* grac'd.
Merab the first, *Michal* the younger nam'd,
 Both equally for different glories fam'd.
Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight,
 But too much aw chastis'd the bold delight.
 Like a calm *Sea*, which to th'enlarged view,
 Gives *pleasure*, but gives *fear* and *rev'rence* too.
Michal's sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
 And no less *strong*, though much more *gentle Love*.
 Like virtuous *Kings* whom men rejoyce t'obey,
Tyrants themselves less absolute than *They*.
Merab appear'd like some fair princely *Tower*,
Michal some *Virgin Queens* delicious *Bower*.
 All *Beauties* stores in *Little* and in *Great* ;
 But the *contracted Beams* shot fiercest heat.
 A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merab's* dy,
 Such as the *Prouder* colours might envy,
Michal's pure skin shone with such raintless *White*,
 As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight.
 Her Lips and *Cheeks* a nobler red did shew,
 Than e're on *Fruits* or *Flowers* Heav'ns *Pencil* drew.
 From *Merab's* eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,
 From *Michal's* the *Sun's* mild, yet active flame ;
Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut brown,
Tresses of palest gold did *Michal* crown.
 Such was their outward Form, and one might find
 A difference not unlike it in the *Mind*.

Merab with comely *Majesty* and *State*
 Bore high th' advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.
 Such humble sweetness did soft *Michal* shew,
 That none who reach so high e're stoopt so low.
Merab rejoyc'd in her wrackt *Lovers* pain,
 And fortifi'd her *Virtue* with *Disdain*.
 The grief she caus'd gave gentle *Michal* grief,
 She wisht her *Beauties* less for their relief,
 Ev'n to her *Captives*, civil; yet th' excess
 Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less.
Business and *Power* *Merab's* large thoughts did vex.
 Her *Wit* disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.
Michal no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
 Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choise*.
 In brief, both *Copies* were more sweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michal* of *Jonathan*.

The day that *David* great *Goliath* slew,
 Not great *Goliath's* *Sword* was more his due
 Than *Merab*; by *Saul's* publick promise she
 Was sold then and betroth'd to *Victory*.
 But haughty *She* did this just Match despise,
 Her *Pride* debauch't her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*.
 An unknown *Youth*, ne'r seen at *Court* before,
 Who *Shepherds-staff*, and *Shepherds-habit* bore;
 The seventh-born Son of no rich house, were still
 Th' unpleasant Forms which her high thoughts did fill.
 And much aversion in her stubborn mind
 Was bred by being promis'd and design'd.
 Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
 The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn,
Adriel the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,
 And could not set him free, nor her *inchain*.
 Long liv'd they thus; but as the hunted *Dear*
 Closely pursu'd quits all her wonted fear,
 And takes the nearest waves, which from the shore
 She oft with horror had beheld before.
 So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
 She leapt to *Adriels* long-avoided bed.
 The Match was nam'd, agreed, and finish't strait;
 So comply'd *Saul's* *Envy* with her *Hate*.
 But *Michal* in whose breast all virtues move
 That hatch the *pregnant seeds* of sacred *Love*,
 With juster eyes the noble *Object* meets,
 And turns all *Merab's* *Poyson* into *Sweets*.
 She saw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,
 Should make all *Fame* to come so soon his own:
 She saw, and wondred how a *Shepherd's* *Crook*
 Despis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* shook.
 Tho' he seventh-born, and tho' his House but poor,
 She knew it noble was, and would be more.

I Sam.
18. 19.

Oft had she heard, and fancied oft the sight,
 With what a *generous calm* he marcht to night.
 In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,
 And after it from *Pride* he did appear.
Greatness, and *Goodness*, and an *Ayr divine*,
 She saw through all his *Words* and *Actions* shine.
 She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
 Whose artful sounds did violent *Love* inspire,
 Tho' us'd all other *Passions* to relieve ;
 She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
 When those strong thoughts attaqu'd her doubtful Breast,
 His *Beauty* no less active than the rest.
 The Fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
 When *David's* breast reflected back its heat.
 Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidden ly
 From any sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)
 She *Conqu'ror* was as well as *Overcome*,
 And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home*,
 57 Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a Pair,
 Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
 Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* self does wed)
 A mutual Warmth through both their Bosoms spread.
Fate gave the *Signal* ; both at once began
 The gentle *Race*, and with just pace they ran.
 Ev'n so (methinks) when two Fair *Tapers* come,
 From several Doors entring at once the Room,
 With a swift flight that leaves the Eye behind,
 Their *amorous Lights* into one *Light* are join'd.
Nature her self, were she to judge the case,
 Knew not which first *beg an* the kind embrace.
Michal her modest flames sought to conceal,
 But *Love* ev'n th' *Art* to hide it does reveal.
 Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,
Love past through them, and there such *footsteps* left.
 She blusht when he approacht, and when he spoke,
 And suddenly her wandring answers broke,
 At his names sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
 With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she rais'd.
Uncall'd for sighs oft from her Bosom flew,
 And *Adriels* active friend sh' *abruptly* grew.
 Oft when the *Courts* gay youth stood waiting by,
 She strove to act a cold *Indifferency* ;
 In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
 For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.
 On th' other side *David* with silent pain
 Did in respectful bounds his Fires contain.
 His humble fear t' offend, and trembling aw,
 Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*
 Than *Modesty* on her, and tho' he strove
 To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love*.

To tell it first the timorous Youth made choice
 Of *Musicks* bolder and more active voice.
 And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
 His faithful Lyre ; the words and numbers such,
 As did well worth my Memory appear,
 And may perhaps deserve your Princely Ear.

1.

Awake, awake, my *Lyre*,
 And tell thy *silent Masters* humble Tale,
 In founds that may prevail ;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
 Tho' so Exalted She
 And I so *Lowly* be,
 Tell her such *diff'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmonie*.

2.

Hark, how the Strings awake,
 And tho' the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear,
 A kind of num'rous *Trembling* make.
 Now all thy Forces try,
 Now all thy Charms apply,
 Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

3.

Weak *Lyre* ! thy *Virtue* sure
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
 And She to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My *Passion* to remove,
Physick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*.

4.

Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*,
 For thou can'st never tell my humble Tale,
 In Sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ;
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent ly,
Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Master* dy :

She heard all this, and the prevailing Sound
 Toucht with delightful pain her tender Wound.
 Yet tho' she joy'd th' *authentique News* to hear,
 Of what she quest before with jealous fear.

She

She checkt her forward joy, and blusht for shame,
 And did his holdness with forc'd anger blame.
 The senseless rules, which first *Falſe Honour* taught,
 And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Custom* brought,
 Which *Womens Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
 Their *Lovers* and *Themselves* too to torment,
 Made her next day a grave displeasure gain,
 And all her *Words*, and all her *Looks* constrain
 Before the trembling youth; who when he saw
 His *vital Light* her wonted beams withdraw,
 He curst his *Voice*, his *fingers*, and his *Lyre*,
 He curst his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Deſire*.
 In vain he curst the laſt, for that ſtill grew;
 From all things *Food* its *ſtrong Complexion* drew:
 His *Joy* and *Hope* their cheerful motions ceaſt,
 His *Life* decay'd, but ſtill his *Love* encreaſt.
 Whiſt ſhe whoſe Heart approv'd not her *Diſdain*,
 Saw and endur'd his *Pains* with greater *Pain*.
 But *Jonathan*, to whom both hearts were known
 With a concernment equal to their own,
 Joyful that Heav'n with his ſworn *Love* comply'd
 To draw that *Knot* more faſt which he had ty'd,
 With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
 Reſtor'd, and better'd ſoon the *nice affair*.
 With eaſe a *Brothers* lawful power o'recame
 The *formal decencies* of *Virgin-ſhame*.
 She firſt with all her heart forgave the paſt,
 Heard *David* tell his flames, and *told her own* at laſt.
 Lo here the happy point of *prosperous Love*!
 Which ev'n *Enjoyment* ſeldom can improve!
Themselves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alone,
 All *Iſraels* wiſh concurrent with their own.
 A *Brothers* powerful ayd firm to the ſide,
 By ſolemn vow the *King* and *Father* ty'd:
 All jealous fears, all nice diſguiſes paſt,
 All that in *leſs-ripe Love* offends the *Taſt*,
 In eithers Breaſt their *Souls* both meet and wed,
 Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
 And tho' the groſſer *Cates* were yet not dreſt,
 By which the *Bodies* muſt ſupply this *Feaſt*;
 Bold *Hopes* prevent ſlow *Pleasures* lingring birth,
 As *Saints* aſſur'd of *Heav'n* enjoy't on *Earth*.
 All this the *King* obſerv'd, and well he ſaw
 What ſcandal, and what danger it might draw
 T'oppoſe this juſt and popular *Match*, but meant
 T'*ont-malice* all reſuſals by *Conſent*.
 He meant the *poſ'nous grant* ſhould mortal prove,
 He meant t'enſnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.
 And thus he to him ſpoke, with more of art
 And fraud, than well became the *Kingly part*.

1 Sam.
18. 21.

Your

Your valour, *David*, and high worth (said he)
 To praise, is all mens duty, mine to see
 Rewarded; and we shall t' our utmost powers
 Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
 Forbid it, *God*, we like those *Kings* should prove,
 Who Fear the *Virtues* which they're bound to Love.
 Your *Pi'ty* does that tender point secure,
 Nor will my *Acts* such *humble thoughts* endure.
 Your neerfulness to't rather supports the *Crown*,
 And th' honours giv'n to you encrease our own.
 All that we can, we'll give; 'tis our intent,
 Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*,
 To place thee next ourselves; Heav'n does approve;
 And my *Sons Friendship*, and my *Daughters Love*,
 Guide fatally, methinks, my willing Choice;
 I see, methinks, *Heav'n* in't, and I rejoice.
 Blush not, my Son, that *Michals Love* I name,
 Nor need she blush to hear it; 'tis no shame
 Nor secret now; *Fame* does it loudly tell;
 And all men but thy *Rivals* like it well.
 If *Merabs* choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine.
 And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,
 Had I not *Thine* and *Michals* heart descry'd.
 Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee; the last
 And dearest *Present* made me by the chaste
Abinoam; and unless she me deceive,
 When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* shall leave,
 'Twill be a smaller *Gift*.

- If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
 58 To guess, they are what *Jointure* thou shalt make,
 Fitting her *birth* and *fortune*: And since so
Custom ordains, we mean t'exact it too.
 The *Jointure* we exact, is that shall be
 No less advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*.
 Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land;
 Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand.
 When thine own hand, which needs must Conqu'ror prove,
 In this joynt cause of *Honour* and of *Love*,
 An hundred of the faithless Foe shall slay,
 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay,
 59 Be *Michal* thy Reward; did we not know
 Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,
 We should not cheaply that dear blood expose
 Which we to mingle with our own had chose.
 But thou'rt secure; and since this Match of thine
 We to the publick benefit design,
 A publick Good shall its beginning grace,
 And give *triumphant Omens* of thy race.

1 Sam.
18.25.

Thus spoke the King : The *happy Truth* bow'd low ;
 Modest and graceful his great joy did shew,
 The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind ;
 And nought t'except against it could he find,
 But that his *Mistress* price too *cheap* appear'd,
 No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.
 She with much different sense the News receiv'd,
 At her high rate she trembled, blusht, and griev'd.
 'Twas a less work the conquest of his Foes,
 Than to obtain her leave his life t'expose.
 Their kind debate on this soft point would prove
 Tedious, and needless to repeat : If *Love*
 (As sure it has) e're toucht your Princely breast,
 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
 All that was done, or said ; the grief, hope, fears ;
 His *troubled joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.
 In all the pomp of Passions reign, they part ;
 And bright Prophetique forms enlarge his heart ;
Vict'ry and *Fame* ! and that more *quick delight*
 Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.

Towards *Gath* he went ; and in one month (so soon
 A *fatal*, and a *willing* work is done,)
 A double *Dowre*, two hundred foreskins brought
 60 Of choice *Philistian* Knights with whom he fought,
 Men that in birth and valour did excel,
 Fit for the *Cause* and *Hand* by which they fell.
 Now was *Saul* caught ; nor longer could delay
 The two *resistless Lovers* happy day.
 Tho' this days *coming* long had seem'd and slow,
 Yet seem'd its *stay* as long and tedious now.
 For now the violent *weight* of eager *Love*,
 61 Did with more haste so neer its *Centre* move,
 He curst the stops of *Form* and *State*, which lay
 62 In this last *stage* like *Scandals* in his way.

On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall *Wood*,
 Neer where the *regal Gabaah* proudly stood,
 63 A *Tent* was pitcht, of green wrought *Damask* made,
 And seem'd but the fresh *Forests* nat'ral shade,
 Various, and vast within, on pillars born
 Of *Shittim* *Wood*, that *usefully adorn*.
 Hither to grace the *Nuptial-Feasts* does *Saul*
 Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
 And all around the *idle, busie* crowd,
 With *Shouts* and *Blessings* tell their joy alowd.
 Lo, the press breaks, and from their several homes
 In decent pride the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* comes.
 Before the *Bride*, in a long double row
 With solemn pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
 And make a *Moving Galaxy* on earth ;
 All heav'nly *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth* ;

- 64 All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,
 65 As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter *Hair*,
 All in that new-blown age, which does inspire
Warmth in Themselves, in their *B. holders Fire*.
 But all this, and all else the *Sun* did e're,
 Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
 The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say
 They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.
 Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,
 Who on their Dress much fruitless care had spent,
 Vain *Gems*, and unregarded cost they bore,
 For all mens eyes were ty'd to those before.
 The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next the plac
 66 With thirty comly youths of noblest race,
 That marcht before; and Heav'n around his head,
 The graceful beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.
 67 So the glad *star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
 Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
 No *Light* of *Heav'n* so chearful or so gay,
 Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.
 The *King* himself, at the Tents crown'd gate
 In all his *Robes* of ceremony and state
 Sate to receive the train; on either hand
 Did the *High Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.
Ariel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
 And all the *Chiefs* in their due order presse.
 First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
 Avow'd by a gen'ral murmur of applause,
 68 Then sign'd her *Dow'r* and in few words he pray'd,
 And blest, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
 T'her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look
 And humble gesture the *vast Present* took,
 69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks* play,
 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless day*
 70 To all but to the *wedded*; till at last
 The long-wisht *night* did her kind shadow cast;
 At last th' *inestimable hour* was come
 To lead his *Conquering prey* in *triumph* home,
 71 To a *Palace* near, dress'd for the *Nuptial-bed*
 (Part of her *Dower*) he his fair *Princess* led,
Saul, the *High-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
 Who as they part, their *weighty blessings* give.
 72 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the gate
 The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
 73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the flames they bore,
 To light the *Nuptial-pomp*, and march before.
 The rest bring home in state the happy *Pair*,
 To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there
 All those free joys insatiably to prove
 With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love*.

74 But scarce, alas, the first seven days were past,
 In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* last,
 When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
 Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
 He envy'd the good work himself had done ;
 Fear'd *David* less, his *Servant* than his *Son*.
 No longer his wild wrath could he command ;
 He seeks to stain his own Imperial hand
 In his *Sons* blood ; and that twice cheated too,
 With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one life* pursue.
 Said I but *One* ? his thirsty rage extends
 To th' Lives of all his *kindred* and his *friends* ;
 Ev'n *Jonathan* had dyed for being so,
 Had not just *God* put by th'unnat'ral blow.

You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us here ;
 No fullen discontent, or groundless fear,
 No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home.
 Only to breath in peace a while we come,
 Ready to *Serve*, and in mean space to *Pray*
 For *You* who us receive, and *Him* who drives away.

NOTES.



NOTES

UPON THE

THIRD BOOK.

A Town not far from *Jerusalem*, according to *S. Hierom*, in his *Commentary* upon *Isaiab*, by which it seems it was re-edified, after the destruction of it by *Saul*; he says, that *Jerusalem* might be seen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he should place it in the *Tribes* of *Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulensis* sure is in an error, placing it in the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Translation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a name.

2 *Panes Propositionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἀφ' ὧν ἐνώμοι, from the *Hebrew*, in which it signifies *Panes Facierum*, because they were always standing before the *Face* of the *Lord*; which is meant too by the *English* word *Shew-bread*. The *Law* concerning them, *Levit*. 23. commands not only that they should be eaten by the *Priests* alone, but also eaten in the *Holy Place*. For it is most holy unto him, of the offerings made unto the *Lord* by *Fire*, by a perpetual *Statute*, Verse 9. In the *Holy Place*; that is, at the door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev*. 8. 31. and that which remained was to be burnt, lest it should be eaten by any but the *Priests*. How comes it then to pass, not only that *Abimelech* gave of this bread to *David* and his company, but that *David* says to him, *1 Sam*. 21. 5. *The bread is in a manner common*? The *Latine* differently, *Porro via hæc polluta est, sed & ipsa hodie sanctificabitur in vasis*. The words are somewhat obscure; the meaning sure must be, that seeing here are new Breads to be set upon the *Table*, the publique occasion (for that he pretended) and present necessity makes these as it were common. So, what more sacred than the *Sabboth*? yet the *Maccabees* ordained, that it should be lawful to fight against their enemies on that day. *Seneca* says very well, *Necessitas magnum humana imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit, excusat*. And we see this *Act* of *David*s approved of in the *Evangelists*.

- 3 Fatal, in regard his coming was the cause of *Abimelechs* murder and the destruction of the Town.
- 4 Sacred : made so by *Dauids* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophee* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the stuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the Lord, Jud. 16. 19. ἀνάθημα τοῦ κυρίου θεοῦ, where the Latin commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which should be left out. *Josephus* of this word, τὴν πομπήν ἀνάθημα τοῦ θεοῦ. And *Sulpit. Sever.* *Gladium posset in Templum posuit* : i. In *Tabernaculum Nobæ* : where, methinks, In *Templum* signifies more than if he had said in *Templo*. The reason of this custom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurred in this duty after successes, and called (as *Virgil* says)
In prædam partemq; Jovem.-----

So the *Philistims* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Ashtaroth*, and carried the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this *Sword* of *Goliath* was not consecrated to *God*; for than *Abimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had sinned; for it is said, *Levit. 27. 28.* *Whatsoever is devoted is most holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous *Victory*, in a publick place. There is no need of this evasion; for not every thing consecrated to *God* is unalienable (at least for a time) in case of necessity, since we see the very vessels of the Temple were often given to *Invadere* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumq; Tempia nudantur.* *Sen.* in *Controvers.*

- 5 This particular of *Jagal* and *Dauids* going in disguise into the Land of the *Philistims* (which seems more probable than that he should go immediately and avowedly to *Achis*'s Court so soon after the defeat of *Goliath*) is added to the History by a *Poetical License*, which I take to be very harmless, and which therefore I make bold to use upon several occasions.
- 6 Their *Goddeſs Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid Deity*. See on the second Book.
- 7 *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the Tribe of *Judah*, even in *Judah*'s time, *Gen. 38.* in *Joshua*'s it had a *King*, *Josh. 12. 15.* the *Cave* still remains; and was used by the *Christians* for their refuge upon several irruptions of the *Turks*, in the same manner as it served *David* now.
- 8 In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Persons* who came to assist *David*, I chose to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my opinion too large upon this kind of subject, especially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian Fleet* and *Army*; where he makes a long list of *Names* and *Numbers*, just as they would stand in the *Roll* of a *Muste-Master*, without any delightful and various descriptions of the persons; or at least very few such. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciously by an excess the other way.
- 9 2 Sam. 2. And *Asael* was as swift of foot as a wild *Roe*. *Joseph.* says of him, that he would out-run ἵππον καλαδίπυ εις ἀμιλλαν, which

which is no such great matter. The Poets are all bolder in their expressions upon the swiftness of some persons. *Virgil* upon *Nisus* *Æn.* 5.

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that his *Modest* with them. Heare him of *Camilla*, *Æn.* 7.

Illā vel intactā segetis per summa volaret

Gramina, nec teneras cursu lesisset aristas.

Vel mare per mediū fluctu suspensa tumentī

Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

From whence I have the hint of my description, *Oft o're the Lawns, &c.* but I durst not in a Sacred Story be quite so bold as he. The walking over the waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer.* 20. *Iliad.*

Ἄϊ δ' ἔπ' ὑπὸ σκισσῶν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἀρ' ἔειπ

Ἄκειον ἐπ' Ἀνδρείκων κροπὴν θείων, ἠδὲ κατέκταν.

Ἄλλ' ὅπ' ἢ σκισσῶν, ἐπ' ἕνεα νότῳ θαλάσσης

Ἄκειον ἐπὶ βυσσῶν ἄλῃς παλαιοῖο θείσκειον.

They ran upon the top of flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have satisfied any moderate man; yet *Scal.* 5. *de Poet.* prefers *Virgil's* from the encrease of the miracle, by making *Camilla's* flight over a tenderer thing than *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intacta*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suspensa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monster, that one would believe should rather sink the *Earth* at every tread, then run over the *Sea* with dry feet,

Κεῖν ἄνθρωπος ἢ πόντου ἐπὶ γλαυκῷοῖο θείσκειον

Ἄιδμαλῶ, ἠδὲ τοῦδ' ἐπάπτεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἀκεῖς

Ἰχθυεῖσι περὶ σῶμα ἄνθρωπου παρέρητο κελευθῶ.

And *Solinus* reports historically of *Ladus* (the man so much celebrated by the Poets,) *cap.* 6. That he ran so lightly over the dust, (*supra cavum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαυμάτιον τὸ πάρος

The swiftness of a God.

All which, I hope, will serve to excuse me in this place.

10 *Jessides*, the Son of *Jesse*; a *Patronymick* after the *Greek* Form.

11 *Moab*, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was possess'd by *Reuben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* & *Ephraim*, so *Judah* is not here taken in a precise sense for that Tribe only.

12 *His*: because *Jordan* runs into it, and is there lost. It is called promiscuously a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

13 *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Sanaan*; the Country of his Sons extended East and West between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, North and South between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally destroyed by the *Israelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen.* 10. 14. *Numb.* 21. 32. *Dent.* 3. *Josh.* 13. *Judg.* 12.

- 14 *Edom*, called by the *Greeks Idumæa*; denominated from *Eſau*. *Joſephus* makes two *Idumæa's*, the *Upper* and the *Tower*; the upper was poſſeſt by the *Tribe of Judah*, and the Lower by *Simeon*: but ſtill the *Edomites* poſſeſt the Southern part of the *Country*, from the *Sea of Sodom* towards the *Red, or, Idumæan Sea*. The great *Map of Adricomius* places another *Edom & montes Seir*, a little North of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a miſtake. The *Greeks* under the name of *Idume* include ſometimes all *Paleſtine* and *Arabia*.

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petrea*. *Adric*. 77.

Petrea autem dicta à vetuſtiſſimo oppido Petra, Deferti ipſius Metropoli ſupra mare mortuum ſita.

It is hard to ſet the bounds of this *Country* (and indeed of all the little ancient *Kingdoms* in thoſe parts;) for ſometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: But here it is taken in a more contracted ſignification, for that part of *Arabia* which lies near the *Metropolis Petra* and denominates the whole. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deferti*, which *Adric*. makes to be the ſame, where not another *City* of the ſame name. *Adric*. is very confuſed in the deſcription of the *Countries* bordering upon the *Jews*, nor could well be otherwiſe, the matter is ſo intricate, and to make amends not much important.

- 15 *Cuſh*. *Arabia Sabæa*, ſo called from *Saba* the Son of *Cuſh*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red-Sea* (for *Jethro's* daughter of *Midian* was a *Cuſite*, tho' taken by *Joſephus* to be an *African Ethiop*,) are called ſometimes in Scripture *Cuſites*, and tranſlated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* deſcended from theſe, and are the *Cuſite* at other times mentioned in the Scripture.

Ammon is by ſome accounted a part of *Arabia Fælix*, and the *Country* called ſince *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that name, conceived by *Adricom*. to be the ſame with *Rabba* of *Ammon* the Son of *Lot*.

- 16 Accounted of the race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, ſtrong, and warlike ſort of *People*; as *Amos* ſays Poetically of the *Amorites*, As tall as *Cedars*, and ſtrong as *Oaks*. Theſe *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaem*, *Gen. 14.* and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called that *Country Moab*, from their Anceſtor the Son of *Lot*.
- 17 *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquered the greateſt part of the *Kingdom* of *Moab* all weſtward of *Arnon*, and poſſeſt it himſelf till the *Iſraelites* ſlew him, and deſtroyed his people. *Arnon*, a *River* that diſcharges itſelf into the *Dead-ſea*, and riſes in an high *Rock* in the *Country* of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives the name to the *Rivier*, and that to the *City Arnon*, or *Arear* ſeated upon it. Or,
- 18 *Eſebon*. A famous and ſtrong *City* ſeated upon an *Hill*, and encompassed with brick-walls, with many *Villages* and *Towns* depending on it. It was twenty miles diſtant from *Jordan*. *Adric*. For

- 19 For *Saul* had made war upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.
- 20 I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not, as some imagine, in the *West-Indies*; for in *Solomons* time, where it is first mentioned, those *Countrys* neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that voyage from some Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-sea*. I therefore, without any scruple, say, *Ophirs* rising *Morn*, and make it a *Country* in the *East-Indies*, called by *Josephus* and *S. Hierom.* *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts, whether *Ophir* were not a *Town* seated in the *Arabian Bay*, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny* *Saphar*, *Ptolomy* *Sapphara*, *Stephanus* *Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetcht from thence by the Merchants of the more *Western Countrys*. But that small similitude of the Name, is not worth the change of a received Opinion.
- 21 Like this is that of *Dido* to *Aeneas*,

*Non obtusa adè gestamus pectora Pæni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.*

And in *Stat.* of *Adrastus* to *Polynices*;
*Nec tam aversum fama
Mycænis volvit iter.*

- 22 *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which, *Balaam* was desired by *Balaac* to curse, but did bless *Israel*. This place was chosen perhaps by *Balac*, because upon it stood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe, the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites* *Chemos*; only denominated *Baal Phegor*, from that particular place of his worship, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think, that *Baal-Peor* was the same with *Priapus* the obscene *Idol*, so famous in ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made after that fashion, to signify that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or *Lord*, of *Generation*.
- 23 The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came first from *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonica*, *Plin.* l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diversos picturæ intertexere Babylon maximè celebravit, & nomen imposuit.* *Plaut.* in *Sticho*.

*Tum Babylonica peristromata consutaq; tapetia
Advexit minimum bona rei.*

He calls the like Hangings in *Pseud.*

Alexandria belluata conchiliata peristromata;

Mart. l. 8. *Non ego pratulerim Babylonica picta superbe*

Texta Semiramia quæ variantur acui.

And long before, *Lucret.* l. 4.

BBabylonica magnifico splendore.

- 24 These kind of *Ivory Tables*, born up with the Images of *Beasts*,

were much in esteem among the Ancients. The Romans had them; as also all other instruments of *Luxury*, from the *Asiatiques*,

— *Putere videntur*

Unguenta atq; rose latos nisi sustinet orbes
Grande ebúr, & magno sublimis Pardius hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes
Et Mauri celeres. Juven. 11.

Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum stent dentibus orbes.*

- 25 *Citron*: It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though that be in Latin called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citronnier*;) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cypress*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: It is very famous among the Roman Authors, and was most used for banquetting-*Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more precious than Gold.

Accipe felices, Atlantica numera, mensas,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin.* l. 13. c. 15. The spots and crispness of the Wood was the great commendation of it: From whence they were called, *Tygrine* and *Pantherine Mensæ*. *Virg.* *Ciris.*

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur lætulus ostro.

Where *Lybis Lætulus* may signify either an Ivory, or a Citron Bed.

- 26 *Purple Coverlets* were most in use among great Persons. *Hom. Il. 9.*

Ἔισιν δ' ἐν κλισίῳσι τέππαι τε πορφύρεοι.

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian Purple*. *Stat. Theb. 1.*

— *Pars ostro tenues aroq; sonantes*

Emunire toros. —

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen. 2.*) ἐν κλίῳσι ἐλεφανθόποις ἢ σφύμασι πορφύρεοις, &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shellfish*, called *Purpura*; where it was found in a white vein running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boyled; and the blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the Colour *Nigrantis rose sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the true *Purple*, though there were other sorts too of it, as the colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, &c. Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancivollus*. The greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest Manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; there likewise was the Invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the shore saw his Dog bite one of these fishes, and found his Mouth all stained with that excellent Colour, which gave him the first hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this Colour is called in Greek Ἀλιεῖον, *Aristot.* quasi ἄλιος ἔργον, the work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Ἀλαργόν to be Red mingled with White and Black.

- 27 So *Aeneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the story of all the *Trojan War* painted upon the walls of *Juno's Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuse here the history of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.

Chedor-

Chedor-laomer, who, according to the general opinion, was King of *Persia*, but to me it seems altogether improbable, that the King of *Persia* should come so far, and joyn with so many Princes to make a War upon those five little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce so big as the least Shire in *England*, and whose very Names are unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia*. Besides, *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, but *Assyria* under *Ninias* or *Zameis*, who succeeded *Semiramis*; which makes me likewise not doubt, but that they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninias*, since *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and *S. Hierom* translate it; or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be the *Hellespont*. *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Cælosyria*, others on the borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more appearance. But for my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellasar*, and *Tidal*, were the names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings such as the thirty three that *Joshua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwise how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating miracles) with his own family only? perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is, *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is, *Babylonia*, of *Ellasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were *Colonies* brought from those Countrys; which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm, that is, of *Nations*; Latine, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παιονίας, to wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of people from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm*, which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

That he might be consumed presently after with his whole People and Kingdom, by fire from Heaven. 29

For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which cause the Apostle *Jude*, v. 7. says, that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are set forth for an example, πνεῖς αἰώνια δίκην ὑπέχουσιν, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire; So our English; the Latin, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder, none have thought of interpreting δίκην, adverbially; for, *Instar habentes Ignis æterni*, Suffering the similitude of *Eternal*, that is, *Hell Fire*. So δίκην is used *Arist. de Mund.* ἢ ῥέσι πολλοῖσι ποσειδῶνι δίκην, nay even δίκην, the Subst. is sometimes taken in that Sense, as *Homer*, *Ulyss.* ξ.

Ἡ δὲ δίκην δίκην ἐστίν.

For this is the *Manner* or *Fashion* of *suitors*. It is not improbable, that this *Raining* of *Fire* and *Brimstone* was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for *Thunder* hath *Sulphur* in it, which (*Grotius* says) is there called θείον, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of the destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, L. 5. *Histor. Fulminum* icu arsisse, &c. and by and by, *igne caelesti flagrasse*, &c.

31 The *Blindness* with which these Wretches were stricken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *Sight*, but either such a sudden darkness in the air as made them grope for the door, or a sudden failing of the sight, as when men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Eblouissement*; or that which the Greeks term *ἀορασία*, when men see other things, but not the thing they look for. For, says S. *Augustine, De Civit. Dei, Lib. 22. c. 19.* If they had been quite blind, they would not have sought for the Door to go into *Lot's House*, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

32 I describe her not after she was changed, but in the very act or moment of her changing, *Gen. 19. 26.* Our English says, she became a *Pillar of Salt*, following the Greek *στύλη ἀλάς*. The Latin is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others *Columnam*. Sulpit. Sever. *Reflexit oculos, statimq; in molem conversa traditur.* It is pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, omitted the description of it. Likely it is, that it retained her form. So *Cyprian* in better verse than is usual among the *Christian Poets*,

Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum,

Ipsaq; Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.

Some with much subtlety, and some probability, understand a *Pillar of Salt*, to signify only an *Everlasting Pillar*, of what matter soever, as *Numb. 18, 19.* A *Covenant of Salt*. But we may very well too understand it *Literally*; for there is a *Mineral kind of Salt* which never melts, and serves for building as well as *Stone*; of which *Pliny* speaks, *l. 31. c. 7.* Besides, the conversion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is such abundance mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God had, as it were, *sowed with Salt*, in token of eternal barrenness, of which this *Statue* was set up for a *Monument*. The *Targum of Jerusalem* is cited, to give this reason why she looked back; it says, she was a woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to see what became of her *Friends and Country*. The Moral of it is very perspicuous, but very well express'd by S. *Augustus. Uxor Loth; in Salem conversa magno admonuit Sacramento, neminem in via liberationis suae præterita desiderare debere.*

33 *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and first King of *Moab* mentioned in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vaheb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more authentical, and better sounding *Name*. Among the Ancients there was always some *hereditary Bowl*, with which they made their *Libations* to the *Gods*, and entertained *Strangers*. *Virg.*

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; poposcit

Implevitq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes

A Belo soliti——

And presently she begins to the *Gods*. So *Stat. l. 1. Theb.*

Signis perfectam auroq; nitentem

Insides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,

Quâ Danaus libare Deis, seniorq; Phoroneus

Affueti——

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the *Bowl*, which would not have been so proper for me in this place, because of the

the Pictures before. *Sen. Thyest. Poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho.* This Libation to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural custom of paying the *First Fruits* of all things to the Divinity, by whose bounty they enjoyed them.

This too was an ancient Custom that never failed at solemn Feasts, to have *Musick* there (and sometimes *Dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαυτός;

The *Appendixes* ; or as *Heisich* interprets, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feast*. And as for wise and honorable persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, than that they spent at *Table* ; for either they held then some profitable and delightful Discourses with Learned Men, or heard some remarkable Pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them ; or, if they were Princes, had some eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philosopher* and *Musician*,) to entertain them with *Musick* and *Verses*, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest subjects. So does *Jopas* in *Virg.*

Citharâ crinitus Jopas

Personat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas,

1 Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisq; labores, &c.

So does *Orpheus* in *Appollon. 1. Argonaut.*

Ἦειδεν δ' ὡς γαῖα χ' ἕρως ἠδὲ δάλασσα,
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μῦθ' συναθήεστα μέρει
Νέμεθ' ἐξ ὀλοοιο δίκριδεν, &c.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer* ; though there the subject, methinks, be not so well chosen.

See *Athen. L. 1. c. 12.* upon this matter, where among other things, he speaks to this sense, The *Poets* were anciently a race of wise men, both in learning and practice *Philosophers* ; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemnestra*, as a *Guardian* and *Instructor* to her, who, by laying before her the virtues of women, might give her impressions of goodness and honour, and, by the delightfulness of his conversation, divert her from worse pleasures. So *Ægyptus* was not able to corrupt her, till he had killed her *Poet*. Such a one was he too, who was forced to sing before *Penelopes Lovers*, though he had them in detestation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in especial reverence. *Demodocus*, among the *Phæacians*, sings the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous people from such unlawful appetites, &c. The old *Scholiast* upon *Homer* says, 3. *Odyss.*

τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἄοισοὶ φιλοσόφων τὰς τιν ἐπέων.

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philosophers*. See *Quintil. l. 1. c. 10. Strab. l. 1. Geogr. &c.*

By drawing up vapors from them, with which the Ancients believed, that the *Stars* were nourished. *Virg.*

Polus dum sidera Pascit:

36

This

37 This was an ancient fashion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in thunder. *Juvenal* says of a loud scolding Woman, that she alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse*. *Sola laboranti poterat succurrere Luna.*

This Superstition took the original from an opinion, that *Witches*, by muttering some Charms in verse, caused the *Eclipses* of the *Moon*, which they conceived to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddess* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the vertue of those *Enchantments*; and therefore they made a great noise by the beating of *Brass*, sounding of *Trumpets*, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the *Witches* Murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual. *Ovid.*

*Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores
Æra tuos minuant. —*

*Tib. Cantus & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,
Et faceret, si non æra repulsa sonent.*

*Stat. 6. Theb. — Attonitis quoties avellitür astris
Solis opaca soror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.*

*Sen. in Hippol. Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit.
At nos solliciti lumine turbido
Tractam Theſſalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.*

38 The World has had this hard opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *Vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no Reason for it, though they search it, & yet follow the vulgar belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the extraction of vapors from the earth to generate and feed them; and *Droughts* more certainly produce sicknesses: But his authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets*, but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, *Gen. 9.* the supernatural *Token* of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the Ancients had,

Luc. Terris mutantem regna Cometem.

Claud. Et nunquam cælo spectatum impunè Cometem.

Sil. Ital. Regnorum everſor rubuit lethale Cometes.

39 For *Thunder* is an *Exhalation* hot and dry shut up in a cold and moist *Cloud*, out of which striving to get forth, it kindles itself by the agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40 *Lambent Fire* is, A thin unctuous exhalation made out of the *Spirits* of *Animals*, kindled by *Motion*, and burning without consuming any thing but itself. Called *Lambent* from *Licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a good *Omen*. *Virg.* describes the whole Nature of it excellently in three verses, *Æn. 2.*

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli

Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli

Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora pasci.

41 Fleecy snow, Psal. 147. He giveth snow like Wool. Pliny calls snow, ingeniously for a Poet, but defines it ill for a Philosopher, The Foam of Clouds, when they hit one another. Aristotle defines it truly and shortly. Snow is a Cloud Congealed, and Hail Congealed Rain.

42 Gen. 49. 9. Judah is a Lyonwhelp; from the Prey, my, son thou art gone up, he stooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who shall rouse him up?

43 1 Sam. 17. 4. And there went out a Champion out of the Camp of the Philistines named Goliath, &c. wherein we follow the Septuagint, who render it, *Suavis a Strong man*: But the Latin Translation hath, *Et egressus est vir spurius, a Bastard*. Grotius notes, that the Hebrews called the Gyants so; because being contemners of all Laws they lived without Matrimony, and consequently their Fathers were not known. It is probable he might be called so, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which feated themselves in *Gath*;) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44 See *Turnus* his shields, 7. Æn. and *Aeneas* his 8. Æn. with the stories engraven on them.

45 For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter*. *Baalsen Jupiter Olympius*. But I like not in an Hebrew story to use the European names of Gods. This *Baal*, and *Jupiter* too of the Græcians, was at first taken for the *Sun*, which raising Vapors out of the earth, out of which the *Thunder* is ingendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, *Zeûs ð-Megaleus* and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God so much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter Sol*.

The Fable of the Gyants fight with Gods was not invented by the Græcians, but came from the Eastern people, and arose from the true story of the building of the Tower of *Babel*.

46 This perhaps will be accused by some severe men for too swelling an *Hyperbole*; and I should not have endured it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Methought*; for in a great apprehension of fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant Species that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many sayings of this kind, even without an excuse or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine Poet himself. He calls tall young Men,

Patriis & montibus equos,

Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He says of *Polyphemus*,

—— *Graditurq; per aquor*

Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

That walking in the midst of the Sea, the Waves do not wet his sides. Of *Orion*,

—— *Quam magnus Orion*

Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei

stagna viam scindens humero supereminet undas.

Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum,

Ingrediturq; solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And in such manner (says he,) *Mezentius* presented himself. He says of another, that he flung no small part of a Mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he adds to the greatness, he does not impudently recede from truth. One place in him occurs, for which *Sen. Suasor.* makes that defence, which will serve better for me,

— *Credas Innare revulsas*

Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, speaking of great Ships, but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Sovereign*; you would think the *Cyclades*, loosned from their roots, were floating, or that high Mountains encountered one another, *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur.* He does not say it *Is*, but seems to be, (for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excused before it be spoken. Which will serve to answer for some other places in this Poem; as,

The Egyptian, like an Hill, himself did rear;

Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his Spear.

Like an Hill, is much more modest than *Montibus æquus*.

47 Because *Gold* is more proper for the ornaments of *Peace* than *War*.

48 *Sen. in Thyest.* *Jejunæ sylvæ qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusq; prædæ cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morsus, flectit hæc victus suos, Illo respicit, & famem dubiam tenet.*

And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is angered.

Stat. 2. Theb. Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris

Horruit in maculas, &c. —

Nay *Virgil* attributes the same marks of *Passion* to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisq; trementes

Interfusa genas. —

49 See the like conditions of a publick *Duel* in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Aeneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

50 The *Egyptian-Goliath*; *i.* The *Egyptian-Gyant*, whom he slew only with his *staff*, and therefore at the sight of it might well be ashamed, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliath*. This is that shame which *Virgil* calls *Conscia virtus*.

51 They were 33. but *Poetry*, instead of the broken Number, chuses the next entire one, whether it be more or less than the truth.

52 It appears by this, that *David* was about 20 years old (at least,) when he slew *Goliath*; for else how can we imagine that the *Armour* and *Arms* of *Saul* (who was the tallest man in all *Israel*;) should fit him? neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accusom'd to the use of them; besides, he handled dextrously the *Sword* of *Goliath*, and not long after said, *There is none like it.* Therefore though *Goliath* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth*.

53 For the Men who are so proud and confident of their own Strength make that a *God* to themselves, as the human Politicians are said in the Scripture to sacrifice to their own *Nets*, that is, their own *Wit*. *Virg. of Mezent. Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod missile libro.*

And

Aud *Capaneus* is of the same mind in *Statius*;
Illic Augur ago, & mecum quicumq; parati
Insanire manu-----

The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the prayers that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were. *Virg.*

54 *Audii, & voti Phabus succedere partem*
Mente dedit, partem volucres disperfit in auras.
 Ovid. de *Trist.*

Terribilisq; Notus jactat mea verba, procesque
Ad quos mittuntur non sinit ire Deos.

Virg. Partem aliquam venti Divum referatis ad aures, &c.

55 *i.* To another *Angel.*

56 1 Sam. 18. 4. *And Jonathan stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his Sword, and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some understand this gift exclusively, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper marks of a *Souldier*, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this occasion. *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of *Military honour*; for *Joab* promises to him that should kill *Absalom*, ten *Shekels* of silver, and a *Girdle*, 2 Sam. 18. 12. But it was besides that, a necessary part of every mans dress, when they did any work, or went abroad, their *under-Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow* and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been said, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a loose garment not exactly fitted to their bodies, (for the profession of *Taylors* was not so ancient, but clothes were made by the wives, mothers & servants even of the greatest persons) & so might serve for any size or stature.

57 1 Sam. 18. 20. *Septuagint.* Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μιχαὴλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαουλ τὸν Δαβὶδ, Which our English Translation follows, but the Latine Translations very; for some have, *Dilexit autem Michal filia Saul altera David. Michal Sauls Daughter loved David*, And others, *Dilexit autem David Michal filiam Saul alteram. David loved Michal Sauls Daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58 The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Esposued* certain *Gifts*, as pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abrahams* *Steward* in the name of *Isaac* gave to *Rebecca* *Jewels* of silver, and of gold, and raiment. *Gen.* 24. 53. Which Custom the *Greeks* too used, and called the *Presents* ἑδνα. But at the day of the marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Joynture* or *Dowre*.

59 *Josephus* says, *saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which word he uses instead of *Foreskins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads*, I confess, had been a better word for my turn too; but *Foreskins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish* *Story*. Besides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe, that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the heads of *Hebrews*, instead of *Philistines*.

- 60 If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Souldiers as he pleased, and so make an inroad into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowre* for a Princess, and would not have exposed *David* to that hazard, for which *Saul* chose this manner of *Joynture*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own hands.
- 61 As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move the swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a reason for it from the *Medium* through which they pass, that still presses them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive power of the *Centre* is much received, and is consonant to many other experiments in Nature.
- 62 *Scandals* in the sense of the *New Testament*, are *Stumbling blocks*, λίθοι προσέμματα Ⓞ, Stops in a mans way, at which he may fall, however they retard his course.
- 63 *Jansenius* in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Brides* house, and that the *Virgins* came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, tho' there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.
- Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Brides* nor *Bridegrooms* house, but in publick houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumstances of the *Marriage*, *1 Maccab. 8. 37. Hof. 2. 14. and Cant. 8. 5, &c.* Whatever the ordinary custom was, I am sure the ancients in great Solemnities were wont to set up *Tents* on purpose in the fields for celebration of them. See the Description of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus in Athen. l. 5. c. 6.* and perhaps *Psal. 19. 4. 5.* alludes to this, He hath set a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.
- 64 Habits of divers colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See *Judges 5. 30. Ezek. 16. 10. & 26. 16.* Such was *Josephs* coat, *Gen. 37. 3.* Septuagint χρῶν ποικίλην; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minerva*, *vestes Polymita*.
- 65 It appears by several places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their feasts, and especially *Nuptials*, *Isa. 61. 10.* The *Latine* reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis. 2. 8. Ezek. 16. 12. Lam. 5. 15. Eccles. 32. 1, &c.*
- 66 I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty young Men* from the story of *Samsons* Marriage-feast, *Judg. 14. 11.* where *Thirty Companions* were sent to him, whom I conceive to have been ἱοὶ τῶν νυμφῶν *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by *St. Matthew*.

- 67 *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,*
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cælo sacrum, tenebrasq; resolvit. *Virg.*

Which Verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter than *Ambrosia*. *Homer* led him the way.

Ἄσπερ ἑπαρίνα ἐναλιγμιον, ὅτε μάλιστα
 λαμασὲν παμράνθοι λελυμένῃ Ὠκεάνοιο, and
 οἷῃ δ' ἄσπερ εἶσι μετ' ἀσπείσει νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ
 Ἔσπερ, ὅς κελύς ἐν ἕραν ἴσταται ἀσπέρ.

- 68 The *Bride* also brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his *Daughter Sara* half his goods, servants, cattel and Money, *Tob. 10. 10.* See *Exod. 22. 17, &c.*
- 69 The *Marriage-Song* was called *Hillalim, Praises*, and the house it self *Beth-billala*, the *House of Praise*, *Pfal. 78. 63.* Their *Maidens* were not given to marriage; the *Chald. Paraphraf.* reads, Are not celebrated, with *Epithalamiums*. So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, ἐξ ὑμνῶν.
- 70 See *Gen. 29. 22. Tob. c. 7. Esth. 2, 18. Luke 14. 1. Judg. 14. 17. Apoc. 19. 9.*
- 71 The custom seems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his house, *2 King. 11. 27. Judg. 12. 9. Gen. 24. 67. Cant. 3. 4.* but because *Michal* was a *Princess*, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I chose rather to bring them to one of the *Kings houses* assigned to them by the *Dowre*.
- 72 The *Bride* when she was delivered up to her *Husband*, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule) in token of her subjection, *Gen. 24. 65, &c.*
- 73 See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, *Mat. 25.*
- 74 The time of the *Marriage-feast* appears clearly to have been usually *seven days*. See *Judg. 14. 10.* and *29. 27. Fulfil her week, &c.* It was a *Proverb* among the *Jews*, *Septem dies ad convivium, & Septem ad luctum.*



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

Moab carries his Guests to hunt at Nebo, in the way falls into discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the Change of Government in Israel, how Saul came to the Crown, and the story of Him and Jonathan. Davids Speech, containing, The state of the Commonwealth under the Judges, the Motives for which the people desired a King; their Deputies Speech to Samuel upon this Subject, and his Reply. The assembling of the People at the Tabernacle to enquire Gods pleasure. Gods Speech. The Character of Saul, his Anointing by Samuel, and Election by Lot; the defection of his People. The War of Nahas King of Ammon against Jabes Gilead; Saul and Jonathans relieving of the Town. Jonathan's Character, his single fight with Nahas, whom he slays, and defeats his Army. The confirmation of Sauls Kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuels quitting his Office of Judge. The War with the Philistins at Macmas, their strength, and the weakness of Sauls Forces, his exercising of the Priestly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel against him. Jonathans discourse with his Esquire; their falling alone upon the enemies out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole Army the wonderful defeat of it; Sauls rash Vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the People.



DAVIDEIS.

The fourth Book.

Though *state* & kind *discourse* thus robb'd the *Night*
 Of half her natural and more just delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'rance* did still vig'rous keep,
 And regal cares had us'd to mod'rate sleep,
 1 Up with the *Sun* arose, and having thrice
 With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
 And thrice towards *Phegor*, his *Baals* holiest Hill,
 (*With good and pious prayers, directed ill*)
 Call'd to the Chase his Friends, who for him stay'd ;
 The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horses* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
 2 The best and noblest that fresh *Zerith* breeds,
 3 All white as *Snow*, and sprightful as the *Light*,
 With *Scarlet* wrapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
 He into it young *David* with him took,
 Did with respect and wonder on him look
 Since last nights *story*, and with greedier ear,
 The *Man*, of whom so much he *heard*, did *hear*.
 The well-born *Youth* of all his flourishing *Court*
 March gay behind, and joyful to the sport.
 Some arm'd with Bows, some with strait *Javelines* ride ;
 4 Rich *Swords* and gilded *Quivers* grace their side.
 Midst the fair Troop *David's* tall *Brethren* rode,
 5 And *Joab* comely as a *Fanci'd* God,
 They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab* Lords,
 With loose and various talk that chance affords,
 Whilst they pac'd slowly on ; but the wise *King*
 Did *David's* tongue to weightier subjects bring.

Much, (said the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
 For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.
 'Twas drawn in little, but did *Acts* express
 So great, that largest *Histories* are less.
 I see (methinks) the *Gathian Monster* still,
 His shape last night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
 Strange *Tyrant Saul* with envy to pursue
 The praise of deeds, whence his own safety grew!
 I have heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
 Has his lifes hazard for your friendship run;
 His matchless *Son*, whose worth (if Fame be true)
 Lifts him 'bove all his *Countrymen* but you,
 With whom it makes him *One*; Low *David* bows,
 But no *Reply Moabs* swift tongue allows.

And pray, kind *Guest*, whilst we ride thus (says he)
 6 (To gameful *Nebo* still threeleagues there be,)

The story of your royal friend relate;
 And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,
 7 Why your great State that nameless Fam'ly chose,
 And by what steps to *Iserals Throne* they rose.

He staid; and *David* thus; from *Egypt's* Land
 Yo'have heard, Sir, by what strong, unarmed hand
 Our *Fathers* came; *Moses* their sacred *Guide*,
 But he in sight of the *Giv'n Country* dy'd,
 His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high;
 And *Joshua's* *Sword* must th' active *Rod* supply.

Deut. 34.

Josh. 1. 4.

8 From sacred *Jordan* to the *Western Main*,
 From well-clad *Libanus* to the *Southern Plain*
 Of naked Sands, his winged *Conquests* went;
 And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he sent.

Josh. 12.

Almost four hundred years from him to *Saul*,
 9 In too much freedom past, or foreign thrall.
 Oft *Strangers*, *Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land,
 (Such still are those born by a *Conquering Hand*,)
 Oft pir'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raise,
 Fit for the toilsome business of their days,
 To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace first, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.
 But they whose stamp of *Power* did chiefly lye
 In *Characters* too fine for most mens *Eye*,
Graces and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright
 With state to awe dull minds, and force t' affright,
 Were ill obey'd whilst *Living*, and at *death*,
 Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vanisht with their breath.
 The hungry *Rich* all near them did devour,
 Their *Judge* was *App'tite*, and their *Law* was *Power*.
 Not want itself could *Luxury* restrain,
 For what that *empri'd*, *Rapine* fill'd again.

Robbery the Field, Oppression sackt the Town ;
 What the Swords reaping spar'd, was glean'd by th' Gown.
 At Courts, and Seats of Justice to complain,
 Was to be robb'd more vexingly again.

Nor was their Lust less active or less bold,
 Amidst this rougher search of Blood and Gold.

Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the strong ;

The Pride of Old Men that, and this of Young.

Yo' have heard perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeans shame,
 Which Hebrew Tongues still tremble when they name,

Judg. 19.

Alarum'd all by one fair strangers Eyes,

As to a sudden War the Town does rise,
 Shaking and pale, half dead e're they begin

The strange and wanton Trag'dy of their sin.

All their wild Lusts they force her to sustain,

Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,

She midst their loath'd, and cruel kindness dies,
 Of monstrous Lust th' innocent Sacrifice.

This did ('r istrue) a Civil War create,

(The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd State)

10 All Gibeas and all Jabes blood it cost ;

Near a whole Tribe and future Kings we lost.

Firm in this general Earthquake of the Land,

How could Religion, its main pillar, stand ?

Proud and fond Man his Fathers worship hates,

Himself, Gods Creature, his own God creates.

Hence in each Household sev'ral Deities grew,

And when no Old one pleas'd, they fram'd a New.

The only Land which serv'd but one before,

Did th' only then all Nations Gods adore.

They serv'd their Gods at first, and soon their Kings ;

Their choice of that this later slavery brings.

Till special men arm'd with Gods Warrant broke

By justest force th' unjustly forced yoke.

All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they

Of Power more great, or Lands more apt t' obey.

1 Sam. 1.

11 At last the Priesthood joyn'd in Ith'mars Son,

12 More weight and lustre to the Scepter won.

But whilst mild Ely, and good Samuel were

Busi'd with age, and th' Altars sacred care ;

To their wild Sons they their high charge commit,

Who 'xpose to Scorn and Hate both them and it.

1 Sam. 2.
12.

Ely's curst House th' exemplar vengeance bears

Of all their Blood, and all sad Israels Tears.

His Sons abroad, Himself at home lies slain,

Israel's captiv'd, Gods Ark and Law are ta'ne.

1 Sam. 4.

Thus twice are Nations by ill Princes vext,

They suffer By them first, and For them next.

1 Sam. 7. 6.

Samuel succeeds ; since Moses none before

So much of God in his bright bosom bore.

- 1 Sam. 7. In vain our Arms *Philistian Tyrants* seis'd;
Heav'n's Magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.
- 1b. v. 10. He Rains and Wind for *Auxiliaries* brought,
 He muster'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.
- 13 Thus thirty years with strong and stedy hand
 He held th'unshaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.
- 1 Sam. 8. 1. At last his *Sons* th'indulgent *Father* chose
 To share that *State* which they were born to lose.
 Their hateful *Acts* that *Changes birth* did halt,
 14 Which had long growth i'th' *Womb* of *Ages past*.
 To this (for still were some great *Periods* set,
 Ther's a strong knot of sev'ral *Causes* met,)
 The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring *War*;
 A mighty storm long gathering from a far.
 For *Ammon*, heightned with mixt *Nations* aid,
 Like *Torrents* swoln with *Rain* prepar'd the land t'invade.
Samuel was old, and by his *Sons* ill choice
 Turn'd *Dotard* in th' *unskulful Vulgars* voice,
 His *Sons* so scorn'd and hated, that the *Land*
 Nor *hop'd* nor *wisht* a *Victory* from their hand:
 These were the just and faultless causes, why
 The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,
 But God *ill grains* did in this *Incense* smell,
 Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he saw the *Canker* dwell.
 A mut'nous *Itch* of *Change*; a dull *Despair*
 Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithless care
 Of *Common Means*; the pride of heart, and scorn
 Of th' *humble yolk* under low *Judges* born.
 They saw the state and glittering pomp which blest
 In vulgar sense the *Scepters* of the *East*.
 They saw not *Powers* true *Source*, and scorn'd t'obey
 Persons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *They*.
 They mist *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'rous train;
 1b. Judg. 4. 5. Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain.
 On an old *Bench* of *wood*, her *Seat* of *State*,
 Beneath the well-known *Palm*, wise *Deborah* sat;
 Her *Maids* with comly *diſſigence* round her spun,
 And *ſhe* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:
 With the ſame *Goad* *Samgar* his *Oxen* drives,
 1b. Judg. 3. 31. Which took, the *Sun* before, ſix hundred lives
 From his *ſham'd* foes: He miſt his work deſt *Laws*;
 And oft was his *Plow* ſtopt to hear a *Caſe*.
 1b. Judg. 6. 14. Nor did great *Gid'on* his old *Flail* diſdain,
 After won *Fields*, ſackt *Towns*, and *Princes* ſlain;
 His *Scepter* that, and *Ophras* *Thrſhing-Floor*
 The *Seat* and *Embleme* of his *Juſtice* bore.
 1b. Judg. 10. 3. What ſhould I *Fair*, the *happieſt* *Father*, name
 Or mournful *Jephtha*, known no leſs to fame
 1b. Ib. 11. 34. For the moſt wretched? Both at once did keep
 The mighty *Flocks* of *Iſra'el* and their *Sheep*.

Of from the field in haste they summon'd were
 Some weighty foreign *Embassy* to hear,
 They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends* around,
 Who all at several cares were scattered found:
 They wash't their Feet, their *only Gown* put on;
 And this chief work of *Cer'mony* was done.
 These reasons, and all else that could be said,
 In a ripe hour by *factious Eloquence* spread
 Through all the *Tribes*, make all desire a *King*;
 And to their *Judge* selected *Dep'ties* bring
 This harsh demand; which *Nacol* for the rest
 (A bold and artful *Mourb*) thus with much grace exprest.

1 Sam. 2.

3.

We are come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th' *Arrears*
 Of much-ow'd Thanks for the bright thirty years
 Of your just *Reign*; and at your feet to lay
 All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
 In *unproportion'd words*, for you alone
 The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*.
 But when our forepast Ills we call to mind,
 And sadly think how *little's* left behind
 Of your important *Life*, whose sudden date
 Would *dis-inherit* th' unprovided *State*.
 When we consider, how unjust 'tis, you,
 Who ne're of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,
 At once the weight of *that* and *Age* should have;
 Your stooping days prest *doubly* towards the grave.
 When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,
 Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
 And all th' united East our fall conspir'd,
 And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd
 As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place,
 By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
 'Midst these new Fears and Ills, we're forc'd to fly,
 T' a new, and yet unpractis'd, *Remedy*;
 A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,
 By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shewn of old.
 A *Prophecie* long forming in the *Womb*
 Of teeming years, and now to *ripeness* come.
 This *Remedy's* a *King*; for this we all
 With an inspir'd, and zealous *Union* call.
 And in one Sound when all mens voices join,
 The *Musick's* tun'd (no doubt) by Hand Divine.
 'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nations* voice;
 That is his *Publique Language*; but the Choice
 Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown must bear
 From you, who his *Peculiar Organ* are,
 We expect to hear; the *People* shall to you
 Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
 To your great Name what lustre will it bring
 T' have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King*!

1 Sam. 8.

5.

Deut. 17:

4.

1 Sam. 8.
6.

He bow'd, and ended here ; and Samuel streight,
Pawſing a while at this great Questions weight,
With a grave Sigh, and with a thoughtful Eye,
That more of *Care* than *Paſſion* did deſcry,
Calmly replys: You're ſure the firſt (ſaid he,)
Of *Free-born* men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
I fear, my Friends, with heav'nly *Manna* fed;
(Our old forefathers crime) we luſt for *Bread*.
Long ſince by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th' *Egyptian Brickiln* here.

1 Sam. 8.
11.

16 Cheat not your ſelves with *words*, for tho' a *King*
Be the mild *Name*, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.
Let his power looſe, and you ſhall quickly ſee
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
He'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to ſpill,
Where e're his *guideleſs Paſſion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Luſt, or Spleen his wars will raiſe,
Your *Lives beſt price* his thirſt of *Wealth* or *Praiſe*.
Your ableſt *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievous make.
Your *Daughters*, and dear *Wives*, he'll force away,
His *Lux'ry* ſome, and ſome his *Luſt* t' obey.
His *idle friends* your *hungry toils* ſhall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood* and *Sweat*.
Then you'll all ſigh, but *Sighs* will *Treaſons* be ;
And not your *Griefs* themſelves, or *Looks* be *free*.
Robb'd even of *Hopes*, when you theſe Ills ſuſtain,
Your watry eyes you'll then turn back in vain
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *Me*,
Nay ev'n my *Sons*, howe're the' unhappy be
In your diſpleaſure now ; Not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* in dear,
17 Witneſs th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought
Of private ends into this *Queſtion* brought.
But why this *Yoke* on your own necks to draw ?
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Paſſion* made your *Law* ?
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here.)
The good old *Seer* gainſt *Kings* was too ſevere.
'Tis *Jeſt* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *how many* ſhall their *Masters* be,
Is the ſole doubt ; *Laws* *guid*, but cannot *reign* ;
And tho' they *bind* not *Kings*, yet they *reſtrain*.
I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their *Love*,)
That no one *Moabite* would his ſpeech approve.
But pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies ;
Yet men whom age and action renders wiſe,
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils *will*, which *may*, from them arrive.
On men reſolv'd theſe *Threats* were ſpent in vain,
All that his power or eloquence could obtain.

1 Sam. 8.
19.

- Was to enquire *Gods Will* ere they proceed
 To a work that would so much his Blessing need.
 A solemn Day for this great work it set,
 18 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Israel* met.
 Expect th' event ; * below fair bullocks fry
 In hallowed Flames ; * above, there mount on high
 The precious clouds of Incense, and at last
 The *Sprinkling*, *Prayers*, and all due *Honours* pass.
 19 Lo ! we the *sacred Bells* o' th' sudden hear,
 20 And in mild pomp grave *Samuel* does appear.
 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
 21 Th' *Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breast-plate* shone.
 22 To'ards the *blew Curtains* of *Gods* holiest place
 (The *Temples* bright *Third Heaven*) he turn'd his Face.
 23 Thrice bow'd He, thrice the solemn *Musick* plaid,
 And at third rest thus the great *Prophet* praid :
 Almighty *God*, to whom all men that be
 Owe *all* they have, yet none so much as *We* ;
 Who tho' thou fill'st the spacious World alone,
 Thy too small *Court*, hast made this place thy *Throne*.
 With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo, here,
 Blest *Abrahams seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
 Hear them, great *God*, and thy just Will inspire ;
 From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they a *King* desire.
 Some gracious Signs of thy good pleasure send,
 Which, lo, with *Souls* resign'd we humbly here attend.
 He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horror* seiz'd the Rout.
 The whole *Tent* shakes, the Flames on th' *Altar* by
 In thick dull *Rolls* mount slow and heavily.
 24 The * seven *Lamps* wink ; and what does most dismay,
 Th' *Orac'ulous Gems* shut in their natural day.
 The *Rubies* *Cheek* grew pale, the *Em'raud* by
 Faded, a *Cloud* o'rcast the *Saphirs* *Skie*.
 The *Diamonds* *Eye* lookt *sleepy*, and swift night
 Of all those litle *Suns* eclyps'd the Light.
 Sad signs of *Gods* dread anger for our Sin,
 But straight a wondrous brightness from within
 Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly* *Cloud*
 Could those strong beams of heav'nly glory shroud.
 The *Altars* fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
 Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* out-shone.
 Beauty th' *illustrious* *Vision* did impart
 To ev'ry *Face*, and Joy to ev'ry heart.
 In glad effects *Gods* presence thus appear'd,
 And thus in wondrous sounds his *Voice* was heard :
 This stubborn *Land* sins still, nor is it *Thee*, but *Us*
 (Who have been so long their *King*) they seek to cast off thus.
 Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff Nation strove
 To exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom'd *Love*.

* Ex. 49.
9. & 30.
26.* Ib. v. 5;
6.Exo. 39.
25. & 28.Ex. 39. 2.
Ib. 8.* Exod.
25. 37e

Be't so then ; yet once more are we resolv'd to try
 T'outweary them, through all their *Sins variety*.
 Assemble ten days hence the num'rous people here ;
 To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* shall bear.
 Dismiss them now in Peace ; but their next Crime shall bring
 Ruin without redress on *Them*, and on their *King*.

The *Almighty* spoke ; th'astonisht people part
 With various Stamps imprest on every heart.
 Some their demand repented, others prais'd,
 Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.

1 Sam.

9. 1-

Ib. v. 2.

There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gibeath* Town,
 For *Wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* known.
 More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,
 Whom *Nature*, ere the *Lots*, t'*a Throne* did call.
 He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *wherefoe're*
 His Birth had been, *Then* had he reign'd, and *There*.
 Such *Beauty*, as great *Strength* thinks no disgrace,
 Smil'd in the manly features of his Face.

His large black Eyes, fill'd with a sprightful light,
 Shot forth such lively and *illustrious Night*,
 As the *Sun* beams, on *Jet* reflecting shew,
 His *Hair*, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow.
 His tall, strait *Body* amidst thousands stood,
 Like some fair *Pine* o'relooking all th'ignobler *Wood*.

Of all our rural sports he was the pride ;
 So swift, so strong, so dextrous none beside.
 Rest was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Lust* and *Game* ;
 No nat'ral wants could his fierce dil'gence tame,
 Not *Thirst*, nor *Hunger* ; he would journeys go
 Through raging *Heats*, and take repose in *Snow*.
 His *Soul* was ne're unbent from weighty *Care* ;
 25 But active as some *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.

His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
 Nor stept aside for *Dangers* or *Delight*.
 Yet was He wise all *Dangers* to foresee ;
 But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *He*.
 His *Wit* was *Strong*, not *Fine* ; and on his *Tongue*
 An *artless Grace* above all *Eloq'ence* hung.

1 Sam. 9.

21. Ib. 10.

v. 22.

These *Virtues* too the rich unusual dress
 Of *Modesty* adorn'd and *Humbleness*.
 Like a rich *Varnish* o're fair *Pictures* laid,
 More *fresh* and *lasting* they the *Colours* made.
 Till *Power* and *vickent Fortune*, which did find
 No stop or bound, o'rewhelm'd no less his *Mind*,
 Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ral *Forms* deface,
 And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their place.
 Forbid it, God, my *Masters* spots should be,
 Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me !
 But such he was ; and now to *Ramah* went
 (So God dispos'd) with a strange, low intent.

Great

- Great God! he went lost *Asses* to enquire,
 And a small *Present* his small questions hire,
 Brought simply with him to that Man to give,
 From whom high *Heav'n's chief Gifts* he must receive,
 Strange *Play of Fate!* when might'est human things
 Hang on such small, *Imperceptible Strings!*
- 26 'Twas *Samuel's Birth-day*, a glad annual Feast
 All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Guest
 With such respect leads to it, and does grace
- 27 With the choise Meats o' th' Feast, and highest place.
 Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,
 And feasts his ravisht Ears with nobler things.
 He tells the mighty *Fate* to him assign'd.
 And with great rules fill'd his *capacious Mind*.
 Then takes the sacred *Vial*, and does shed
- 28 A *Crown* of mystique Drops around his Head.
 Drops of that *Royal Moisture* which does know
 No Mixture, and disdain the place below.
 Soon comes the *Kingly Day*, and with it brings
- 29 A new *Account of Time* upon his Wings.
 The People met, the Rites and Pray'rs all past,
 Behold, the *Heav'n-instructed Lot* is cast.
 'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot miss;
 Forth *Benjamin*; forth leaps the House of *Cis*.
 As glimm'ring *Stars* just at the approach of *Day*,
 Casbeer'd by *Troops*, at last drop all away,
 By such Degrees all mens bright hopes are gone,
 And, like the *Sun*, *Saul's Lot* shines all alone.
 Ev'n here perhaps the peoples shout was heard,
 The loud long shout when *Gods* fair choice appear'd.
 Above the whole vast throng h' appear'd so tall,
- 30 As if by *Nature* made for th' *Head* of all.
 So full of Grace and State, that one might know
- 31 'Twas some wise *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided so.
 But blind unguided *Lots* have more of choise
 And constancy than the slight *Vulgars voice*.
 Ere yet the *Crown* of sacred *Oyl* is dry,
 Whil'st *Ecchoes* yet preserve the joyful cry,
 Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
 Some envy *Saul*, some scorn the House of *Cis*.
 Some their first mut'nous wish, *A King*, repent,
 As if, since that, quite spoil'd by *Gods consent*.
 Few to this Prince their first just duties pay;
 All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey.
 Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is constant still
 To those eternal grounds, that mov'd his *Will*.
 And tho' he yielded first to them, 'tis fit
 That stubborn Men at last to him submit.
- 32 As midst the Main a low small *Island* lies,
 Assaulted round with stormy *Seas* and *Skies*.

- Whil'st the poor heartless *Natives* ev'ry hour
Darkness and *Noise* seems ready to devour :
Such *Israel's* state appear'd, whilst ore the West
Philistian Clouds hung threatning, and from th' East
All Nations wrath into one *Tempest* joins,
Through which proud *Nabas* like fierce *Lightning* shines.
Tygris and *Nile* to his assistance send,
- 33 And waters to swoln *Jaboc's* Torrent lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Seba*, *Amalec* add their force,
- 34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia's* Horse.
And 'mongst all these none more their hope or pride,
Than those few Troops your warlike Land supply'd.
Around weak *Jabes* this vast Host does ly,
Disdains a dry and *bloodless* *Victory*.
The hopeless Town for *Slav'ry* does *intreat*,
But barbarous *Nabas* thinks that *Grace* too great.
He (his first *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,
- 35 And with their *Faces* *shame* disarms their *Hands*.
If unreliev'd sev'n days by *Israel's* aid,
This bargain for *or'e-rated* *Life* is made.
Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Israel* be
Quite *blind* itself, ere this reproach it see!
- By his wanton people the new *King* forsook,
To homely rural *Cares* himself betook.
In private plenty liv'd without the State,
Lustre and *Noise* due to a publique fate.
Whilst he his *Slaves* and *Cattel* follows home,
Lo the sad *Messengers* from *Jabes* come,
Implore his *Help*, and weep as if they meant
That way at least proud *Nabas* to prevent.
Mov'd with a *Kingly* wrath, his strict *Command*
He issues forth t' assemble all the Land.
He threatens high, and disobedient they
Waked by such *Princely* terrors learnt t' obey.
A mighty Host is rais'd ; th' important cause
Age from their *Rest* ; *Youth*, from their *Pleasure* draws.
Arm'd as unfurnisht *Haste* could them provide,
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that supply'd.
All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
On *Jabes* Heath in three fair *Bodies* drawn.
Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third command.
But pardon, Sir, if naming *Saul's* great Son,
I stop with him a while ere I go on.
- This is that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beautiful'st, and best of *Human* Race.
That *Jonathan* in whom does mixt remain
All that kind *Mothers* wishes can contain.
His *Courage* such as it no stop can know,
And *Victory* gains by *stonishing* the Foe.

With *Lightnings* force his Enemies it confounds,
 And melts their *Hearts* ere it the *Bosom* wounds.
 Yet he the *Conqu'ring* with such *Sweetness* gains,
 As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains*.
 In *War* the adverse *Troops* he does assail,
 Like an imper'ous *storm* of *Wind* and *Hail*.
 In *Peace* like gentlest *Dew* that does asswage
 The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage.
 Kind as the *Suns* blest *Influence*, and where e're
 He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
 To *Help* seems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*;
 To do much *Good* his sole *Prerogative*.
 And yet this gen'ral *Bounty* of his *Mind*,
 That with wide arms embraces all *Mankind*,
 Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
 With diff'rent measures all are satisf'd.
 Just as wise *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt,
 Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
 To all *Relations* their just rights he pays,
 And worths reward above its claim does raise.
 The tendrest *Husband*, *Master*, *Father*, *Son*,
 And all those parts by 's *Friendship* far outdone.
 His *Love* to *Friends* no bounds or rule does know,
 What *He* to *Heav'n*, all that to *Him* they owe.
 Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed as his *Wit*:
 His *Judgment*, like best *Armour*, strong and fit.
 And such an *Elquence* to both these does join,
 As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine.
 Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
 By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.
 As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,
 As he himself to th' *future* shall be known.
 But his chief study is *Gods* sacred *Law*;
 And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw,
 As never more by *Heav'n* to *Man* was giv'n,
 So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'n*.
 And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown,
 E're yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully blown.
 All *Autumns* store did his rich *Spring* adorn;
 Like *Trees* in *Par'dise* he with *Fruit* was born.
 Such is his *Soul*; and if, as some men tell,
Souls form and build those *Mansions* where they dwell;
 Whoe're but sees his *Body* must confess,
 The *Architect* no doubt could be no less.
 From *Saul* his growth and manly strength he took,
Chastis'd by bright *Ahinoams* gentler look.
 Not bright *Ahinoam*, *Beauties* lowdest Name;
 Till she t'her *Children* lost with joy her fame,
 Had sweeter *strokes*, colours more fresh and fair,
 More darting *Eyes*, or lovelier auborn *Hair*.

Exod. 16.
18.

36

1 Sam. 14.
50.

Forgive

Forgive me, that I thus your Patience wrong,
 And on this *boundless* subject stay so long.
 Where too much haste ever to end t'would be,
 Did not his *Acts* speak what's untold by *Me*.
 Tho' from the time his Hands a Sword could wield,
 He ne're mist *Fame* and *Danger* in the Field.
 Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
 Since *Sauls* bright Crown gave lustre to his worth.
 'Twas the last morning, whose uncheerful rise
 Sad *Jabes* was to view with both their Eyes.
 Secure proud *Nahas* slept as in his Court,
 And dreamt, vain man! of that days barb'rous sport,
 Till Noise and dreadful Tumults him awoke;
 Till into 's *Camp* our violent *Army* broke.
 The careless *Guards* with small resistance kill'd,
 Slaughter the *Camp*, and wild Confusion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
 And marches boldly up t'outface the storm.
 Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he pursues
 Th' *Arabian Horse*, and a hot fight renews.
 'Twas here your Troops behav'd themselves so well,
 Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their stout *Colonels* fell.
 'Twas here our *Victory* stopt, and gave us cause
 Much to suspect th' intention of her pause.
 But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* espy'd,
 Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
 Broke through our Troops, and to'ards him boldly prest,
 A gen'rous Joy leapt in his youthful Breast.
 As when a wrathful *Dragons* dismal light
 Strikes suddenly some warlike *Eagles* sight.
 The *mighty Foe* pleases his fearless Eyes,
 He claps his joyful Wings, and at him flies.
 With vain, tho' violent force, their Darts they flung;
 In *Ammons* plated Belt, *Jonathan's* hung,
 And stopt there; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
 And gliding off bore the proud Crest from it.
 Straight with their Swords to the fierce shock they came,
 Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* shot *Flame*.
 Blows strong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they dealt;
 Which more than they th' engag'd *Spectators* felt.
 In *Ammon* Force, in *Jonathan* Address
 (Tho' both were great in both to an excess.)
 To the well-judging Eye did most appear;
Honour, and *Anger*, in both equal were.
 Two Wounds our *Prince* receiv'd, and *Ammon* three;
 Which he enrag'd to feel, and sham'd to see,
 Did his whole strength into one blow collect;
 And as a *Spaniel*, when we our Aim direct
 To shoot some *Bird*, impatiently stands by
 Shaking his Tail, ready with joy to fly,

Just as it drops, upon the wounded Prey ;
 So waited *Death* it self to bear away
 The threaten'd *Life*, did glad and greedy stand
 At sight of mighty *Ammons* lifted hand.
 Our watchful *Prince* by bending fav'd the wound,
 But *Death* in other coyn his *reck'ning* found :
 For whil'st th'*immoderate* strokes miscarrying force
 Had almost born the striker from his horse,
 A nimble thrust, his active En'my made,
 Twixt his right ribs deep peirc'd the furious blade,
 And opened wide those *secret vessels*, where
 37 *Lif's Light* goes out, when first they let in *aire*.
 He falls, his Armour clanks against the ground,
 From his faint tongue *imperfect curses* sound.
 His amaz'd Troops straight cast their Arms away :
 Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more swift than *they*.
 As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom rage
 And thirst of *Empire* in fierce wars engage,
 Whil'st each lays claim to th' *Garden* as his owne,
 And seeks t'usurp the bord'ring flowers alone,)
 Their well-arm'd Troops, drawn boldly forth to fight,
 In th'Aires wide plain dispute their doubtful right.
 If by sad chance of battel either *King*
 Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,
 His Armies hopes and courage with him dye ;
 They sheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly.
 On th'other sides at once with like success
 Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* press,
 From *Jon'thans* part a wild mixt noise they hear,
 And whatsoever it mean long to be there ;
 At the same Instant from glad *Jabes* Town,
 The hasty Troops march lowd and chearful down.
 Some few at first with vain resistance fall,
 The rest is *Slaughter*, and *vast Conquest* all.
 The Fate by which our *Host* thus far had gon,
 Our *Host* with noble heat drove farther on.
 Victorious arms through *Ammons* land it bore ;
Ruin behind, and *Terror* marcht before.
 Where ere from *Rabba's* Towers they cast their sight,
Smook clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the *Night*.
 This bright success did *Sauls* first Action bring,
 The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* less crown'd him King.
 The *Happy* all men judge for *Empire* sit,
 And none withstands where *Fortune* does submit.
 Those who before did *Gods* fair choice withstand,
 Th'*excessive Vulgar* now to death demand.
 But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty doom ;
Conquest abroad with *Mercy* crown'd at home.
 Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that days *Pride*,
 Which foreign blood in nobler *purple* dy'd.

1 Sam. 11.
12.

Ver. 13.

Ver. 15.

1 Sam. 12.
1.

Again the Crown th'assembled people give,
 With greater joy than *Saul* could it receive.
 Again, th'old *Judge* resigns his sacred place,
 God *Glorifi'd* with wonders his disgrace.
 With decent pride, such as did well besit
 The *Name* he kept, and that which he did quit,
 The long-past row of happy years he shew'd,
 Which to his heav'nly Government they ow'd.
 How the torn state his just and prudent Reign
 Restor'd to *Order, Plenty, Power* again.
 In War what conqu'ring *Miracles* he wrought;
 God, then their *King*, was *Gen'ral* when they fought.
 Whom they depos'd with him. And that (said he,)
 You may see God concern'd in't more than *Me*,
 Behold how storms his angry presence shrowd.
 Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud.
 'Twas now the ripen'd *Summers* highest rage,
 Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage.
 Th'*Earth* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for *Rain*,
 Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
 Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'*Sun*;
 When, Lo, ere scarce the *Active* speech was done,
 A vi'lent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*,
 And *Troops* of frighted *Clouds* before it drave.
 Whilst with rude haste the confus'd *Tempest* crouds,
 Swift dreadful flames shot through th'encountring clouds,
 From whole torn womb th'imprison'd *Thunder* broke,
 And in dire sounds the *Prophets* sense it spoke.
 Such an impet'ous shower it downwards sent,
 As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
 Were all let loose; *Horror* and fearful noise
 Fill'd the black *Scene*; till the great *Prophets* voice,
 Swift as the wings of *Morn*, reduc'd the *Day*;
Wind, Thunder, Rain and *Clouds* fled all at once away.
 Fear not (said he,) *God* his fierce wrath removes,
 And tho' this *State* my service disapproves,
 My *Prayers* shall serve it constantly: No more
 I hope a pardon for past sins t'implore,
 But just rewards from gracious heav'n to bring
 On the good deeds of you and of our *King*.
 Behold him there! and as you see, rejoyce
 In the kind care of *Gods* impartial choice.
 Behoid his *Beauty, Courage, Strength* and *Wit*!
 The *Honour*, heav'n has cloath'd him with, sits fit
 And comely on him; since you needs must be
 Rul'd by a *King*, you're happy that 'tis *He*.
 Obey him gladly, and let him too know
 You were not made for *Him*, but he for *You*,
 And both for *God*.

1 Sam. 12.
20.

Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
 In vain shall *he* command, and *you* obey.
 To foreign *Tyrants* both shall *slaves* become,
 Instead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.

Ib. v. 25.

The *Crown* thus several ways confirm'd to *Saul*,
 One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;
 And that was *Force*, which only can maintain
 The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *Worth* does gain.
 Three thousand *Guards* of big, bold men he took;
 Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'n with their *Look*;
 His sacred person two and throne defend,
 The third on matchless *Jonathan* attend.

1 Sam. 13
2.

O're whose full thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,
 Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great.

Ib. 3.

On *Geba* first, where a *Philistian* band
 Lies and around torments the *fetter'd land*,
 He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
 Mixt with *Design* his Nation to engage
 In that just *War*, which from them long in vain
Honour and *Freedom's* voice had strove t'obtain.

Ib. v. 5.

Th'accurst *Philistian* rows'd with this bold blow,
 All the proud marks of *enrag'd Power* doe shew,
 Raifes a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,
 If human strength might authorize a boast,
 Their threats had reason here; for ne're did we
 Ourselves so weak, or Foe so potent see.
 Here we vast bodies of their *Foot* espy,
 The *Rear* out-reaches far th'*extended Eye*.

Like fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons stand;
 As thick and numberless they hide the land.

Here with sharp neighs the warlike *Horses* sound;

38 And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.

39 Here with worse noise three thousand *Chariots* pass

With plates of Iron bound, or lowder Brass.

About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,

Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.

Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,

And with lopt panting limbs the field bestrows.

Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* dy;

Neither can *they resist*, nor can *these fly*.

In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they;

Saul in much different state at *Gilgal* lay.

His forces seem'd no *Army*, but a *Crowd*,

Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and lowd.

The quick *Contagion Fear* ran swift through all,

And into trembling *Fits* th'infect'd fall.

Saul, and his *Son* (for no such faint *Disease*

Could on their strong-complexion'd *Valour* seize,)

In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduſt* shew'd,

And on deaf *Terror* gen'rous words bestow'd.

Ib. v. 5.
Ver. 7.

Thousands from thence fly scattered ev'ry day;
 Thick as the Leaves that shake and drop away;
 When they th' approach of stormy *Winter* find
 The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to th' *Wind*.
 Some to sad *Jordan* fly, and swim'r for hast,
 And from his farther Bank look back at last.
 Some into woods and caves their cattle drive,
 There with their *Brasts* on equal terms they live,
 Nor deserve better; some in Rocks on high,
 The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* lye:
 And were they wing'd like them, scarce would they dare
 To stay, or trust their frightened safety there.
 As th' Host with fear, so *Saul* disturb'd with care,
 T' avert these ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,
 And *Gods* blest Will t'enquire, for *Samuel* sends;
 Whom he six days with troubled hast attends.
 But ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
 By *Samuel* set for this great work;) was past,
Saul (alarum'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
 Impatient ere *Gods* time *Gods* mind to know,
 'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his Troops decay,
 Jealous of an affront in *Samuels* stay,
 Scorning that any's presence should appear
 Needful besides, when *He himself* was there;
 And with a Pride too nat'ural, thinking Heaven
 Had gived him *All*, because *much Power* t'had giv'n,)
 Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Offerings* made,
 40 Himself did th' high *selected charge* invade,
 Himself inquir'd of *God*; who then spake nought;
 But *Samuel* straight his dreadful answer brought.
 For straight he came, and with a *Virtue* bold,
 As was *Sauls sin*, the fatal Message told.
 His foul *Ingratitude* to heav'n he chid,
 To pluck that *Fruit*, which was alone *forbid*
 To Kingly power in all that plenteous land,
 Where all things else submit to his command.
 And as fair *Edens* violated. *Tree*
 T'*Immortal Man* brought in *Mortalitie*:
 So shall that *Crown*, which *God* eternal meant,
 From thee (said he) and thy great house be rent,
 Thy crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honours* send,
 And give th'*Immortal Royalty* an *End*.
 Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind heav'n (we hope)
 (Whose threats and anger know no other scope
 But *Mans Amendment*,) does long since relent,
 And with *Repentant Saul* it self *Repent*.
 Howere (tho' none more pray for this than we
 Whose wrongs and sufferings might some colour be
 To do it *less*,) this speech we sadly find
 Still extant, and still active in his Mind.

1 Sam. 13.
 14.

But

But then a worse effect of it appear'd ;
 Our *Arms* which be'ore *manfully* fear'd,
 Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,
 Disbanded now, and fled in Troops away.
 Base *Fear* so bold and impudent does grow,
 When an excuse and colour it can shew.
 Six hundred only (scarce a *Princ* by train)
 Of all his Host with distress *Saul* remain,
 Of his whole Host six hundred, and ev'n those
 41 (So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose,
 Nor would, that useles *Multitudes* should shate
 In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare)
 Arm'd not like *Souldiers* marching in a War,
 But Country-*Hinds* alarum'd from afar
 By *Wolves* lowd hunger, when the well-known sound
 Rais'd th' affrighted Villages around.
 Some Goads, Flails, Plow-shares, Forks, or Axes bore,
 Made for *Lifes* use and better ends before ;
 Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
 42 P'th' fire, the first rude Arts that *Malice* try'd,
 E're Man the sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
 And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.
 Such were the *Numbers*, such the *Arms*, which we
 Had by Fate left us for a *Victorie*
 O're well-arm'd *Millions* ; nor will this appear
 Useful itself, when *Jonathan* was there.
 'Twas just the time, when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
 Did the moist world unvail to human sight.
 The *Prince*, who all that night the Field had beat
 With a small Party, and no en'my met,
 (So proud and so secure the en'my lay,
 And drencht in sleep th' excesses of the day,)
 With joy this good occasion did embrace,
 With better leisure, and at nearer space,
 The strength and order of their Camp to view ;
Abdon alone his gen'rous purpose knew ;
Abdon a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,
 Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
 And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whose love t'his *Master* did exceed
 What *Natures Law*, or *Passions Power* could breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend,
 His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*.
 They went, but sacred fury, as they went,
 Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his Intent.
 What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth,) I find,
 God or some powerful *Spirit* invades my mind.
 From ought but *Heaven* can never sure be brought
 So high, so glorious, and so vast a Thought.

1 Sam. 13.
15.Ib. v. 19.
20, 21.1 Sam. 14.
1.

Nor would *ill Fate*, that meant me to surprife,
 Come cloath'd in fo unlikely a *Disguife*.
 Yon *Host*, which its proud *Rifles* freads fo wide,
 O're the whole Land, like fome fwoln *Rivers Tyde*,
 Which terrible and numberlefs appears,
 43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,
 Which lies fo ftrongly 'ncamp't, that one would fay
 The *Hill* might be remov'd as foon as *they*,
 We two alone muft *fight* with and *defeate*;
 Thou'rt ftrouk, and starteft at a *found* fo great,
 Yet we muft do't; God our weak hands has chofe
 T'afhame the boafte'd numbers of our Foes,
 Which to his ftrength no more proportion'd be,
 Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternitie*.
 If when their carelefs *Guards* eſpy us here,
 With ſportful ſcorn they call t' us to come neer,
 W'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;
 Not *They*, but *Israels Angel* gives the call.
 1 Sam. 14.
 9. He ſpoke, and as he ſpoke, a *Light* divine
 44 Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* ſhine,
 Lowder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;
 Leſs ſeem'd the num'rous *Army* to be fear'd.
 This ſaw, and heard with joy the brave *Eſquire*,
 As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Masters fire*.
 1 Sam. 14.
 7. Forbid it Heav'n (ſaid he,) I ſhould decline,
 Or wiſh (Sir,) not to make *your danger mine*.
 The great *Example* which I daily ſee
 Of your high *Worth* is not fo loſt on me;
 If wonder-ftrook I at your words appear,
 My wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear*.
 Th' *Honour* which does your Princely breaſt *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joyns there with *Duties Name*.
 If in this *Act ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
 May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.
 But ſure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
 So high thoughts from a leſs exalted *Spring*.
 Bright ſigns through all your *Words* and *Looks* are ſpread,
 A riſing *Viſſery* dawns around your *Head*.
 With ſuch diſcourſe blowing their ſacred flame,
 I.o to the fatal place and work they came.
 Strongly encamp't on a ſteep *Hills* large head,
 Like ſome vaſt wood the mighty *Host* was ſpread.
 Th' only acceſs on neighb'ring *Gabaa's* ſide,
 An hard and narrow way, which did divide
 Two clifſy *Rocks*, *Bofes* and *Senes* nam'd,
 Much for themſelves, and their big *ſtrangneſs* fam'd,
 More for their *Fortune*, and this *ſtranger* day;
 On both their points *Philiftian* out-guards lay:
 From whence the two bold *Spies* they firſt eſpy'd;
 And, lo! the *Hebrews!* proud *Elcanor* cry'd;

From *Senes* top; Lo, from their hungry Caves
 A quicker Fate here sends them to their Graves.
 Come up (aloud he crys to them below,)
 Y' *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
 The rebel lives long since t' our *Justice* due;
 Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
 When th'inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*
God, and his *God-like Virtues* high Command.
 It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
 With *pain* and *labour*, *hast* and *joy* they went.
Eleanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
 His mighty words th'affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
 Did new *Affronts* to the great *Hebrew Name*,
 (The barbarous !) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
 Short was his sport; for swift as *Thunders* stroke
 Rives the frail *Trunk* of some heav'n-threatening *Oak*,
 The *Princes Sword* did his proud *Head* divide;
 The parted *Scull* hung down on either side.
 Just as he fell, his vengeful *Steel* he drew
 Half way; no more the trembling *Joynts* could do,
 Which *Abdon* snatcht, and dy'd it in the blood
 Of an *amazed Wretch* that next him stood.
 Some close to earth shaking and groveling lye,
 Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* spy.
 Some wonder-strook stand fixt; some fly, some arm
 Wildly, at th'*unintelligible Alar'm*.
 45 Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*,
 In vain by *Dikes* and broken *Works* withstood:
 So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th'opposing hill,
 Does all around with noise and ruin fill.
 Like some large *Arm* of which another way
Abdon or'eflows; him too no *bank* can stay.
 With cryes th'affrighted *Country* flies before,
 Behind the following *waters* lowdly roar,
 Twenty at least slain on this *Out-guard* lye,
 To th'adjoyn'd *Camp* the rest distract'd fly,
 And *ill mixt wonders* tell, and into't bear
Blind terrour, *deaf disorder*, *helpless fear*.
 The *Conqueror's* too prefs boldly in behind,
 Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
Hamgar at first, the Prince of *Ashdod Town*,
 46 Chief'mongst the *Five* in riches and renown,
 And *General* then by course oppos'd their way,
 Till drown'd in *Death* at *Jonathans* feet he lay,
 And curst the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the ground;
 47 His *Life* for ever spilt stain'd all the grass around.
 His *Brother* too, who vertuous *haft* did make
 His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
 Falls grov'ling o're his *Trunk*, on mother *Earth*;
 Death mixt no less their *Bloods* than did their *Birth*.

1 Sam. 14.
14.

1 Sam. 6.4.

Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdons* restless Sword
 Dispatcht the following Train t'attend their Lord.
 On still o're panting Corps great *Jonathan* led;
Hundreds before him fell, and *Thousands* fled.
Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous Shew;
 Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Success!* thy *Fate*, or *Thou!*
 Who durst alone that dreadful Host assail,
 With purpose not to *Dye* but to *Prevail!*
 Infinite Numbers thee no more affright
 Than *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite*.
 If Heav'n to men such mighty Thoughts would give,
 What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive
 The vast *Infusion?* or what *Soul* but *Thine*
 Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine?*
 Thou follow'dst Heaven in the *Design*, and we
 Find in the *Act* 'twas *Heav'n* that follow'd *Thee*.
 Thou led'st on *Angels*, and that sacred Band
 (The *De'tics* great *Lieut'nant*,) didst command.
 'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that day.
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,
 And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.
 48 Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *sweats of Death*,)
 The voice of *storms* and winged *whirl-winds* breath:
 The flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
 The smoakes that from scorcht *Feavers* *Ovens* rise,
 The reddest fires with which sad *Comets* glow;
 And *Sodoms* neighb'ring *Lake* did spir'ts bestow
 Of finest *Sulphur*; amongst which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horror*, and all mingled shut
 Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t'enflame it more,
 And make th'enraged *Prisoner* lowder roar.
 Th'assembled *Clouds*, burst o're their *Armies* head;
 Noise, *Darkness*, dismal *Lightnings* round them spread.
 Another *Spir't* with a more potent *Wand*
 Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* hand,
 And went the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* strook;
 The *Mountain* felt it, the vast *Mountain* shook.
 Through the wide *Air* another *Angel* flew
 About their Host, and thick amongst them threw
 Discord, *Despair*, *Confusion*, *Fear*, *Mistake*;
 And all th' *Ingredients* that swift ruin make.
 The fertile *Glebe* requires no time to breed;
 It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*.
 One would have thought, this dismal day t'have seen,
 That *Natures* self in her *Death-pangs* had been,
 Such will the face of that great *Hour* appear;
 Such the distracted *Sinners* conscions fear.
 In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay;
 In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;

Unheard,

Unheard, unheaded, trodden down they lye,
 Beneath the wretched feet of crouds that fly.
 O're their own *Foot* trampled the v'ilent Horse.
 The guidless *Chariots* with impet'ous course
 Cut wide through both; and all their bloody way
Horses, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.
 Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong,
 The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and strong.
 To almost certain present *death* they fly
 From a remote and causeless fear to *dy*.

Much disse'rrnt Error did som Troops possess;
 And *Madness* that lookt better, tho' no less.
 Their fellow Troops for th' entered Foe they take;
 And *Isra'ls* War with mutual slaughter make.

1 Sam. 14:
20.

Mean while the King from *Gabaas* hill did view,
 And hear the thickning *Tumult* as it grew
 Still great and loud; and tho' he knows not why
 They fled, no more than they themselves that fly;
 Yet by the storms and terrors of the aire,
 Guessees some vengeful *Spirits* working there;
 Obeys the loud occasions sacred call,

Ib. v. 16.

And fiercely on the trembling Host does fall.
 At the same time their *Slaves* and *Prisoners* rise;
 Nor does their much-wisht *Liberty* suffice
 Without *Revenge*; the scatter'd Arms they seize,
 And their proud vengeance with the *memory* please
 Of who so lately bore them; All about

Ib. 21.

From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* issue out
 At the glad noise; joy'd that their Foes had shewn
 A Fear that drowns the scandal of *their own*.
 Still did the Prince 'midst all this storm appear,
 Still scatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
 Still did he break, still blunt his wearied Swords;
 Still slaughter new supplies to his hand affords.
 Where Troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
 And till at last all fled, scorn'd to *persue*.

Ib. v. 22.

All fled at last, but many in vain; for still
 Th' infatiate *Conqu'ror* was more swift to kill
 Than they to savetheir Lives. Till, lo! at last,
Nature, whose power he had so long surpast,
 Would yield no more, but to him stronger Foes,
 Drought, Faintness, and fierce Hunger did oppose.
 Reeking all o're in dust, and blood, and sweat,
 Burnt with the *Suns* and *violent Actions* heat,
 'Gainst an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he staid,
 For some short ease; *Fate* in th' old *Oak* had laid
 Provisions up for his relief; and Lo!

1 Sam. 14,
27.

The hollow Trunk did with bright *Honey* flow.
 With timely food his decay'd *Spirits* recruit;
 Strong he returns, and fresh to the pursuit,

His strength and spirits the Honey did restore;
 But, oh, the *bitter-sweet* strange *poison* bore!
 Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'rous fate*,
 That does so close on humane glories wait!
 Behold the strong, and yet *fantastick Net*
 T' ensnare triumphant *Virtue* darkly set!
 Could it before (scarce can it since,) be thought,
 The *Prince* who had alone that morning fought
 A *Duel* with an *Host*, had th' *Host* overthrow'n,
 And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with *One*;
 Washt off his Countrys shame, and doubly dy'd
 In *Blood* and *Blushes* the *Philistan* pride,
 Had sav'd and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ring *Crown*,
 And the bright *Gold* new *burnisht* with renown,
 Should be e're night by's *King* and *Fathers* breath,
 Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
 Destin'd the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
 Of *Thanks Himself* for his own *Victorie*?
 Alone with various fate like to become,
Fighting, an *Host*, *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
 Yet such, Sir, was his case.

1 Sam.14.
 24.

For *Saul*, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
 (In the abandon'd *Camp* expos'd to fight,)
 His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade;
 A rash, but solemn, vow to *Heav'n* had made.
 Curst be the wretch, thrice curst let him be,
 Who shall touch food this busie day (said he,)
 Whil'st the blest *Sun* does with his favo'ring light
 Assist our vengeful *Swords* against their flight.
 Be he thrice curst; and if his *Life* we spare,
 On *us* those *Curses* fall that *he* should bear.
 Such was the *Kings* rash vow; who little thought
 How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.
 The *two-edgd Oath* wounds deep, perform'd or broke;
 Ev'n *Perjury* its least and bluntest stroke.
 'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'd,
 His own *Victorious Son* that he devov'd;
 On whose bright head the baleful *Curses* light;
 But *Providence*; his *Helmet* in the fight,
 Forbids their entrance or their settling there;
 They with *brute* sound dissolv'd into the *Air*.
 49 Him what *Religion*, or what *Vow* could bind,
 Unknown, unheard of, till he' his *Life* did find
 Entangled in't? whil'st *Wonders* he did do
 Must he dye now for not be'ng *Prophet* too?
 To all but him this *Oath* was meant and said;
 He afar off, the *ends* for which 'twas made
 Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
 He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death*.

What could his Crime in this condition be,
 Excus'd by *Ign'rance* and *Necessitie*?
 Yet the remorseless *King*, who did disdain
 That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
 Tho' 'gainst *himself*; or *fate* a way should see
 By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be:
 Who thought *Compassion*, female *weakness* here,
 And *Equity Injustice* would appear
 In his own *Cause*; who falsely fear'd beside
 The solemn *Curse* on *Jon'than* did abide,
 And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
 Would like a *Gangrene* o're all *Isra'l* stray;
 Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
 And his *rash* vow more *rashly* to fulfil.
 What tongue can th' horror and amazement tell
 Which on all *Israel* that sad moment fell?
 Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
 Had the *Philistian* fate that day been theirs.
 Not *Saul's* proud heart could master his swoln Eye;
 The *Prince* alone stood mild and patient by,
 So bright his sufferings, so triumphant, shew'd,
 Less to the *best* than *worst* of fates he ow'd.
 A victory now he o're *himself* might boast;
 He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'ror* of an *Host*.
 It charm'd *through tears* the sad Spectators sight,
 Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite
 And pious rage, with which inspir'd they now
 Oppose to *Saul's* a better publick *Vow*.
 They all consent all *Israel* ought to be
 Accurst and kill'd themselves rather than *He*.
 Thus with kind force they the glad King withstood,
 And sav'd their wondrous *Saviour's* sacred blood.

1 Sam. 14.
45.

Ib. v. 47.

1 Sam. 15.
3.

Ib. 23.

Thus *David* spoke; and much did yet remain
 Behind th' attentive *Prince* to entertain,
Edom and *Zoba's* war, for what befel
 In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.
 The boundless quarrel with curst *Amalec's* land;
 Where *Heav'n* it self did *Cruelty* command
 And practis'd on *Saul's Mercy*, nor did e're
 More punish *Innocent Blood*, than *Pity* there.
 But, Lo! they arriv'd now at th'appointed place;
 Well-chosen and wellfurnish'd for the *Chase*.



NOTES

UPON THE

FOURTH BOOK.

THat is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun* itself (which Worship is most notorious to have been used all over the East,) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* standing upon the *Hill Phegor*. For I have before declared, that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal-Peor* a surname, from a particular place of his worship. To which I meet with the opposition of a great person, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal-Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris. Syst. j. c. 5.*) building it upon the authority of the 105. (according to our English Translation the 106.) *Psal. v. 20. They joyned themselves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he understands to be *Iusta*, or *Inferias*, Offerings in memory of the *Dead*, *Novendiales ferias*. But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? the Sacrifices of *Idols*? it being usual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach & contempt to the *Heathen Gods*, as this very *Baal-Peor* they called *Chemos*, *Jer. 48. 7.* and *13. &c.* that is, *Blindness*, in contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who called him the *Eye of the World*? or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of men to him; for *Baal* is the same *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had sometimes, tho' not so constantly, humane *Sacrifices*. However these verses will agree as well with *Mr. Seldens* interpretation; for then the sense of them will be, that he bow'd first to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another *Deity* of that *Country*.

² *Zerith*, a place in *Moab* near the *River Arnon*.

³ *White Horses* were most in esteem among the *Ancients*; such were those consecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them $\Delta\iota\delta\iota\varsigma\ \iota\pi\pi\omega\iota\varsigma$, *Jupiters Horses*, which is the same. This was the reason, that *Camillus* contracted so much *Envy* for riding in *Triumph* with *white Horses*, as a thing *Insolent* and *Prophane*, *Maximè conspicuus ipse est, currus equis albis juncto urbem invehens, parumq; id non civile modo sed humanum etiam visum, Jovis Solisq; equis equiparatum Dictato-*

rem in Religionem etiam trahebant. Liv. Horace,

Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ovid. de Art. Am.

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

Virg. 12. Jungit equos, gaudetq; tuens ante ora frementes

Qui candore Nives anteirent cursibus auras.

In which he imitates Homer.

Ἀνώγει ἄνω, ἄνω δ' ἀνώγει ἄνω.

- 4 Their side. Scal. l. 5. Poet. says, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their Shoulders; others, by their Sides, which he collects out of some places in *Virg. 1. Æn. of Diana,*

---Illa pharetram

Fert humero, gradiensq; Deas supereminet omnes.

Æn. 4. of *Apollo,*

Tela sonant humeris.

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin, Succinctam pharetrâ----*

Yet I am afraid the observation is not solid; for *Æn. 5.* speaking of the Troop of *Ascanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars leves humero pharetras.

However *Side* is a safe word.

- 5 Θεοειδής, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful person.

- 6 *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the Land of *Moab*; but not only that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was called so too, *Jer. 48. 1. Deut. 32. 49.*

- 7 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul answered and said, Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the Tribes of Israel; and my family the least of all the families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then speakest thou so to me?*

- 8 *Josh. 4. 14. From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the Land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, shall be your coast.* This was fulfill'd all ways but Eastward, for their Dominion never reacht to *Euphrates*; and it was but just fulfilled to the Letter, Westward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Western Main*. Their own sins were the cause, which made God preserve for thorns in their sides those Nations which he had conditionally promis'd to root out. It is true, they went Eastward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odd Number in accounts (as presently, where I say but *Thirty Kings*) may be left out. *Jordan* is the most noble and notorious Boundary.

- 9 For all the wickednesses and disorders that we read of, during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a King. *And in those days there was no King in Israel.*

- 10 For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almost extirpated, from whence *Saul* the first King descended. *David* says, *Kings*, as seeming to suppose that *Sauls Sons* were to succeed him.

- 11 In *Eli*, who descended from *Ithamar*, the youngest Son of *Aaron*, till which time the High-Priesthood had continued in *Eleazar* the elder Brothers Race. This was the succession, *Aaron, Eleazar, Phineas, Abisua, Bukki, Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger house came in. In which it continued till *Solomons* time. The

- 12 The Scepter is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magistrates*, as in the famous Propheſie, *Gen. 49. 10. The Scepter ſhall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his feet, till the Shilo come.*
- 13 There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more ſeveral opinions than the time of *Saul* & *Samuels* reign. This I will take in the firſt place for granted, that the 40 years aſſigned by *S. Paul* (*Act. 13. 20.*) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuels* *Judicature*; for elſe there would be found more than 480 years from the departure out of *Egypt*, to the building of *Solomons Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young man when he was elected; beſides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is ſaid to ſlay *Goliath*. We are therefore to ſeek how to divide thoſe 40 years between *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Joſephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *Samuel* and 20 after his death. Moſt *Chronologers* (ſays *Sulpit. Severus*) 30. *Ruffin.* and divers others 20, to wit, 18 with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Kiriath-jearim* before *Sauls* reign, and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jeruſalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* 18 years, *Calviſius* 15, *Petavius* 12. ſome 11, *Bucolcer* 10. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two years, and theſe conſiderable Authors, as *Arias Montan.* *Mercator*, *Adricom*, &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, *1 Sam. 13. 1. Filius unius anni erat Saul, cum regnare cepiſſet, & duobus annis regnavit ſuper Iſrael;* which others underſtand to be three years, to wit, two after the firſt. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum ſpacio tenuit imperium*; which opinion ſeems to me extremely improbable. 1. Becauſe we cannot well crowd all *Sauls* actions into ſo ſmall a time. 2. Becauſe *David* muſt then have been about 29 years old when he ſlew *Goliath*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at 30. 3. Becauſe it is hard, if that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode at *Kiriath-jearim*. 4. The Text, whereon this is built, doth not import it, for it ſignifies no more, than that he had reigned one year before his confirmation, at *Gilgal*, and two when he choſe himſelf *Guards*. Our Tranſlation hath, *Saul reigned one year; and when he had reigned two years over Iſrael, he choſe him 3000 men, &c.* To determine punctually how long he reigned, it is impoſſible; but I ſhould gueſs about 10 years, which his actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old, (a fit age) when he defeated the *Gyant*, and the 20 years of the Arks abiding at *Kiriath-jearim* will be handſomly made up, to wit, three years before *Sauls* anointing, and 10 during his Government, and ſeven whilſt *David* was *King* at *Hebron*. So that of the 40 aſſigned by the *Apoſtle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*.
- 14 For firſt, The *Iſraelites* knew they were to be governed at laſt by *Kings*. And ſecondly, they deſired it by reaſon of the great diſorders and afflictions which they ſuffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the firſt time that they thought of this Remedy; for they would have choſen *Gideon* *King*, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually chuſe *Abimelech*.

- 15 See *Moses* his Propheſie of it, *Dent.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham* God himſelf ſays, *Gen.* 17. 6. *And Kings ſhall come out of thee.*
- 16 It is a vile opinion of thoſe men and might be puniſhed without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *right of Kings* is ſet down by *Samuel* in this Place. Neither did the people of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the aſſumption of ſuch a power, as appears by the ſtory of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exerciſe it, but that is no more a proof of the *Right*, than their *Practiſe* was of the *Lawfulneſs* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his *Siſter*, he adviſed with the *Magi*, Whether the *Laws* did allow it; who answered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Persia* to do what he would. If this had been the caſe with the Kings of *Israel*, to what purpoſe were they enjoyned ſo ſtrictly the perpetual reading, peruſing, and obſerving of the *Law* (*Dent.* 17.) if they had another particular *Law* that exempted them from being bound to it.
- 17 The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in ſuch Reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*; the reaſon of the peculiar *ſanctity* of this *Name*, is, becauſe other Names of God were appliable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it,) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore God ſays, *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to all generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *But by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Joſephus* call this *Tetragrammaton*, τὰ ἱερὰ τετραγράμματα, *The Sacred Letters*; and, Περὸς ὁσίων ἄλλῃ ἢ τοῦ ὀνόματος αὐτοῦ, *A name of which it is not Lawful for me to ſpeak*; and again, τὸ φοβερὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, *The Dreadful Name of God.* Stat.

Triplicis mundi ſummum, quem ſcire Neſciunt eſt.

Whoſe Name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* uſed him and his fellow *Ambassadors* from the Jews. You (ſaid *Caligula* to them,) are *Enemies* to the Gods, and will not acknowledge me to be *One*, who am received for ſuch by all the reſt of the World: But by the God that you dare not name (τὸ ἀνεκφώνητον ὄνομα,) and then liſting up his hands to Heaven, he ſpoke out the *Word*, which it is not lawful ſo much as to hear, &c. And the *Heathens* had ſomething like this Cuſtom; for the *Romans* kept ſecret the name of the *Tutelar God* of their City; leſt the enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by charms draw him away. And in their ſolemn *Evocation* of Gods from the Cities which they beſieged, for fear leſt they ſhould miſtake the *Deities* proper name, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

- 18 The *Tabernacle*, *Exod.* 39. 9. *And thou ſhalt take the Anointing Oyl, and Anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein; and ſhalt hallow it, and the veſſels therein; and it ſhall be holy.*

- 19 The Bells upon the High-Priests Garments, *Exodus* 38.
25.
- 20 There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain, that *Samuel* was High-Priest as well as Judge; as *S. Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur*. And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob*. But there is a manifest Error, for he was not so much as a Priest, but only a Levite; of the Race of *Isahar*, the younger Brother of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all the succession of Priests, *1 Chronic.* 6. It will be therefore askt, Why I make him here perform the Office of the High-Priest, and dress him in the Pontifical Habits? For the first, it is plain by the story, that he did often do the duty of the High-Priest, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the Sacrifice, &c. For the later, I know not why he might not as well wear the Habit, as exercise the Function; nay I believe, the Function could not be well exercised without the Habit. I say therefore with *Petavius*, *L. 10. de Dctr. Tempor.* That he was constituted of God, High-Priest Extraordinary, and lookt upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible marks of Sanctity, Prophecy, and Miracles, without which singular Testimonies from God we know that in later times there were often two at once, who did execute the High-Priests Office, as *Annas* and *Caiphas*.
- 21 Well-cut Diadem: *i.* The Plate of pure Gold tyed upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, Holiness to the Lord, *Exod.* 28. 36. and *Exod.* 39.
- 22 This Breast-plate is called by the Septuagint, τὸ λεῖψιον ἢ κείσιον. The Oracle of Judgments, because whensoever the High-Priest consulted God, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the Stones in it, see *Exod.* 28. 15. These Stones so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Uram* and *Thummin* mentioned Verse 30. the *Deſcri-na* & *Veritas*, as the Latine; the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις. Light and Perfection, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθεια καὶ δέησις, Truth and Demonstration, as the Septuagint: All which signifie no more than Truth and Manifestation, or the Manifestation of Truth by those Stones; which some say, was by the shining of those particular Letters in the Names of the Tribes, that made up some Words or Word to answer the Question propounded. Others, that when the Stones shone very brightly, it implied an Affirmative to the Question; and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a Negative. But when the Demands required a prolix, or various Answer, that was either given by Illumination of the High-Priests understanding, making him speak as Gods Organ or Oracle, (as the Devil is believed to have inspired Sybils and Pythian Priests,) or by an audible voice from within the Sanctum Sanctorum; which later way I take here, as most proper for Poetry.
- 23 The Tabernacle is called a Temple, *1 Sam.* 19. *2 Sam.* 22. 7. *Psal.*

Pſalm 18. 3. *Joſephus* terms it *vabv ulzazzeidvov*, *A Moveable Temple*—*The Temples bright third Heaven*—The *Tabernacle* being Gods ſeat upon earth, was made to *Figure* out the *Heavens*, which is more properly his *Habitation*; and was therefore divided into three parts, to ſignifie the ſame diſiſion of the *Heavens* in *Scripture-phaſe*. The firſt was the *Court of the Tabernacle*, where the *Sacrifices* were ſlain and conſumed by fire, to repreſent the whole ſpace from the *Earth* up to the *Moon*, (which is called very frequently *Heaven* in the *Bible*,) where all things are ſubject to *Corruption*. The ſecond was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein ſtood the *Altar of Incenſe*, to repreſent all that ſpace above, which is poſſeſt by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holieſt Place*, to repreſent the third *Heaven*, (ſpoken of by *S. Paul*,) which is the *Dwelling-place of God*, and his *Cheerubins* or *Angels*. Neither did the colours of the *Curtains* allude to any thing, but this ſimilitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heaven*.

- 24 In all Times and Countrys it hath been counted a certain ſign of the diſpleaſure of the Deity to whom they ſacrificed, if the Fire upon the *Altar* burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca* in *Thyeſt*.

*Et ipſe fumus triſtis ac nebulâ gravis
Non reſtus exit, ſeq; in excelsum levans
Ipſos Penates nube deformi obſidet.*

And a little after,
Vix lucet ignis, &c.

- 25 According to the old ſenſeleſs opinion, that the *Heavens* were divided into ſeveral *Orbes* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intel- ligence* or *Angel* was aſſigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horſe*, as *Scaliger* ſays,) to all eternity.

- 26 How came it to paſs, that *Samuel* would make a ſolemn *Sacrifice* in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? which is forbid, *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* answers, firſt, that by reaſon of the ſeveral *Removes* of the *Tabernacles* in thoſe times, men were allowed to ſacrifice in ſeveral places. Secondly, that the *Authority* of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not ſaid in the *Text*, that it was *Samuels Birth-day*; but that is an innocent *Addition*, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the *Town* of *Samuels* uſual *Reſidence*.

- 27 A choice part of the *Meat*, (for we hear nothing of ſeveral *Courſes*,) namely the *Shoulder*. The *left Shoulder*, (*Grotius* obſerves) for the *right* belonged to the *Prieſt*, *Levit.* 7. 32. This *Joſephus* terms *ueidv Bamvov*, The *Princely Portion*. The men over-ſubtil in *Alluſions* think this part was choſen to ſignifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his ſhoulders. So *Menchius*, as *Philo* ſays, that *Joſeph* ſent a part of the *Breaſt* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his hearty affection. Theſe are pitiful little things,

A a a

things, but the Ancients did not despise sometimes as odd *Allusions*.

In old time, even at Feasts men did not eat of Dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart; which *Plut.* calls, *ᾠμερικὴ δειπνα*, and *ᾠμερικῆς δειπνας*, *Homeric Feasts*; because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, with whom the better men had always the most Commons. *Ajax*, *ῥαυτοῖσι δινυρίων γεγαυθῷ*, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetui tergum bovis*. And *Diomedes* hath both more Meat and more Cups of drink set before him; of which see *Athen. l. 1. c. 11.* who says likewise, that *Δαῖς* a Feast, comes ἀ *Δαίμων*, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it so often, *δαῖτα ἴσων*.

28 See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oyl* mixt with any other liquor still gets upermost, is perhaps one of the chiefest *Significancies* in the Ceremony of *Anointing Priests*.

29 *The Kingly-day.* The day for election of a *King*, which causes a new *Ara*, or *Beginning of Chronological Accounts*. As before they were wont to reckon, From the *Going out of Egypt*, or from the *Beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, From the *Entrance of their Kings*. Almost all great Changes in the World are used as *Marks* for separation of Times.

30 In many Countries it was the Custom to chuse their *Kings* for the Comeliness and Majesty of their *Persons*; as *Aristotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was chosen *Emperor* by the Roman Souldiers at first sight of him, for his extraordinary Beauty. *Eurip.* says finely, *Ἔϊδ' ἄξιον νεγευρίδ' ὄ*, a Countenance that deserved a Kingdom.

31 *Aristotle* says, *l. 6. Pol.* That it was a popular Institution to chuse Governours by *Lots*. But *Lots* left purely in the hand of Fortune would be sure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings*. Here *God* appointed it, and therefore it was to be supposed would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who used this custom did it with reliance upon the care of their *Gods*. *Priests* were likewise so chosen. *Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos.*

32 This, *Seneca* in *Th.* says, was the case of *Ithaca*.

*Et putat mergi sua posse pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.*

33 *Jaboc*, a River, or *Torrent* in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon*.

34 *Arabia the Stony*, *Arabia the Desert*, and *Arabia the Happy*.

35 For some conceive, that the reason of this extravagant demand of *Nabas* was, to disable them from shooting.

36 It was *Themistius* his saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling-place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the *Womb* to any thing so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the *Seed*; this was *Aristotle's* opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex*, *The Seed is a skilful Artificer*. And though we have no *Authorities* of this nature beyond the *Grecian* time;

yet

yet it is to be supposed, that wise men, in and before *David's* days, had the same kind of Opinions and Discourses in all points of *Philosophy*.

- 37 In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and Air let in. We read not (I think,) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we may well enough believe (or at least say so in verse,) that it came from the *Eastern-parts*, where there was so infinite expence and curiosity bestowed upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Naas* was slain in this battle, I have *Josephus* his authority; that *Jonathan* slew him, is a *stroke of Poetry*.

- 38 In emulation of the *Virgilian Verse*,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

- 39 The Text says, *Thirty thousand Chariots*; which is too many for six thousand *Horse*. I have not the confidence to say, *Thirty thousand* in Verse. *Grotius* believes it should be read Three Thousand. Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the reverence we owe to Scripture.

- 40 I confess I incline to believe, that it was not so much *Saul's* invasion of the *Priestly* office, by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some cases (and the case here was very extraordinary,) it is probable he might have done that,) as his disobedience to Gods command by *Samuel*, that he should stay *seven days*, which was the sin so severely punished in him. Yet I follow here the more common Opinion, as more proper for my purpose.

- 41 1 Sam. 13. 10. 27. So it came to pass in the day of battel, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hands of any of the people that were with *Saul* and *Jonathan*; but with *Saul* and *Jonathan's* Son there were found, &c. And before, There was no Smith throughout the Land of *Israel*. But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the people could be without Arms, after their late great victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*; but that these six hundred by Gods appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifestation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by so small and so ill-provided a Party; as in the story of *Gideon*, God so disposed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thousand lapped the water out of their hands, because (says he,) the people are yet too many.

- 42 At first men had no other weapons but their *Hands*, &c.

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentesq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs,

Stipitibus duris agitur sudibusq; præstis.

And at last, Iron,

Tum ferri rigor, &c.

Tum variæ venere artes, &c.

Hic torre armatus adusto,

Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuiq; repertum

Rimanti, telum ira facit.

- 43 The *Mediterranean*, upon the Coast of which the whole Country of the *Philistines* lies, and contains but very few miles in breadth.

44 Hom. 6. Odyff.

Τὸν μὲν Ἀθηναίη θῆκεν Διὸς ἐκχρηαῦτα
 Μειζόνα τ' εἰσδέξιν καὶ πρόσωνα, καὶ δὲ κέρησι
 *Ουλας ἴκε κέραι· ὑακινθίω ἀνθὶ ὁμοίως.

Virg. *Lumeng; juventa*
Purpureum, & letos oculis afflatur honores.

45 Hom. 5. Il.

Οὔνε γάρ ἀμπεδῖον ποταμῷ πηιδόνη ἐοικώς
 Χειμάρα, ὅς τ' ὄνα ρέων ἐκέδωσε γαφύρας.
 Τὸν δ' ἔτ' ἀρετὴ γαφύρασι ἐερέβηαι ἰχανύσων
 *Οὐτ' ἀρα ἔρεκα ἰχθὺ ἀλωάων ἐειδήλων
 *Ἐλδόντ' ἕξαπίνης ὄτ' ἐπὶ βελση διὸς ὄμβροσε,
 Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτῆ ἔργα κρητεία καλ' αἰζηῶν.

And in the 13 *Il.* there is an excellent comparison of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 1 *t.* so that it seems he pleased himself much with the similitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exiit, &c.

And in several other places.

46 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the number of the Lords of the Philistines.*

47 *His Blood.* *Moses* says often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that reason for the Precept not to eat *Blood.* Virg.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

48 See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49 *Brute.* That signified nothing. So *Thunders*, from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognostications, were called *Brute Thunders*; From *Brute Beasts*, whose sounds are inarticulate.

F I N I S.



DAVIDEIDOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

Authore A. COWLEY.

Bella cano, fatigue vices, *Regemque* potentem
Murato qui *Sceptra* pedo *Solymania* gessit
Rex olim & *Vates*; duo maxima munera celi;
Multa prius tulit immotâ discrimina mentē

Et *sauli* & *satana* furiis imbellibus actus.

Multa quoque & regno; tam longa exercuit irâ

Victorem *Fortuna* suum; nec *pulsa* quievit.

Ast illam *Virtus* tandem indefessa domavit,

Et populos latè fudit, gentèsque rebelles

Nequicquam numeris & magno milite sævas.

Hi *Bello*, hic ipso *Bellorum Numine* fretus.

At Tu, *Jessai* qui sanguinis *Author* & *Heres*,

Bethlemie intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,

Qui *Ligno*, *Clavis*, *Hastâ*, omnipotentibus armis,

Ipsam (sic visum est) potuisti *occidere Mortem*,

Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*,

Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre

Æternum amissos divinæ *Lucis* honores:

Qui nunc ipse sedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,

Ad dextram *Patris*, & *gaudentia Sidera* calcas,

Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito suffusa rubore

Spina ferox, carus de quâ cruor undiq; fluxit,

Ut pretiosa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*.)

Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus *fidere flammæ*:

Tu, precor, ô! sanctum dimitte in corda furorē,

Da mihi *Jessiden Jessida* carmine magno,

Et

Et cantu celebrare pari ; tua *Flamma Ministra*,
Ifacitum longis ductrix erroribus olim,
 Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite gressus,
 Producatque sacræ non trita per avia *Jama*.
 En sanctos manibus puris ut lumeret *Ignes*
Vestalem se *Musa* facit ; benè libera curis,
 Libera deliciisque jocisque & amore profano
 Confœcrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.
 Ecce opus hoc sôlidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis*,
Templum ingens statuo, varium & multâ arte politum.
 Ingredere, ô *Numen*, quò te plaudentibus alis
Musa vocat, sanctos *Cheruborum* imitata recessus.
 Si facias, cedent illi *Solomoniam* *Templa*,
Regis Idumæi cedent, sat tempore longo
 Quæ finxère sibi coluère *Idola Camæne*:
 Sed *Tu* me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocâsti,
 Et novus insolito percussus lumine *Paulus*,
 Prodeo *Musarum* immensos convertere *Mundos*,
 Et *Cæli* seris ignotum aperire *Pœtis*.
 Ut juvat, ô, purgare suis sacra flumina monstribus !
 Ut vili purgare algâ, cænoque profundo,
 Et liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri* !

Jam penè obductum est *Saulo* sub pectore vulnus ;
 Integra *Jessidæ* per tot certamina virtus
 Lassatam magnis frangit successibus iram :
 Assuetis superare timet concurrere *Fatis*,
 Et *samam* tantæ sine viribus *invidet* illi
Invidiæ ; vidit pressam sub pondere *palمام*,
 Et jam penè suæ redeuntem in viscera terræ
 Mox lætum cœlo caput ostentare propinquo
 Ipso *onere elatam*, & sua brachia ferre sub auras.
 Vidit racatis *Jordanem* currere lymphis,
 Dum Jovet amplexu ripas, atque oscula libat,
 At siquis motos posito premit objice fluctus
 Et notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras
 Ore tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice sylvas,
 Tum sonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,
 Longus ponè ruit furiosæ *Exercitus* undæ :
 Cum pecore ac natis montem petit inscius, amens
Pastor, & attonito *decrepant* arva Colono.

Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,
 Et vultum induitur placidum, similemque *Davidi* ;
 Dat dextram, testemq; *Deum*, amplexusq; patronos ;
 Nec violaturum se sensit pignora tanta ;
 Nequicquam ; nam quid potuit, nescivit & ipse,
 Ac *Dominos* intus gestavit victus acerbos.
 Excipiunt plausu *Abramidæ* nova fœdera læti,
 Tanta in *Jessidæ* pietas indigna ferentem
 Multa diu, & sævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni*.
 Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli

Sidera, fletere. eq; animæ; dulcissima Pacis
Nomina fessidæ; illis; at turba Barathri
 Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* nostra *Tumultus*
 Progenerat, magnôsq; *quies* humana *labores.*

Subter ubi in *matris* secreta cubilia *Terræ*
 Descendit *Solis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti,*
 Fatalisq; *Auri* videt incunabula flava.
 (*Auri* quod superis simul ac caput extulit oris,
 Perstringit mundum, nec *vi,* nec *luce* minori.)
 Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,
 Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus.*
 Subter ubi æternâ longè sub mole repôsti
Theſauri ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum,*
 (*Oceanus Maris* ipsius, quo *Fluminis* instar
 Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas.)
 Nulla ubi sopitos fluctus exuscitat aura,
 Nec *Dominæ* irritat placidos vis improba *Lunæ.*
 Est *locus* immensum in spatium, immensûmq; profundum
 Porrectus, quem nox, genuinûsq; obruit horror.
 Illum indefessum nullo obice meta coërcet,
 Nec *Lycæ* se minus extendunt quam *Tempora pœnæ.*
 Non illum recreat dulcis tenuissima cœli
Rima, nec *Bois* scintilla excussa quadrigis
 Perstringit, *solidasve* valet terebrare tenebras.
 Non hic gemmatis stillantia sidera guttis
 Impugnant sævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis,*
Lucifer hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum
 Inter *vincla minax,* inter *tormenta superbus,*
 Ipso, quem patitur, crudelior *Ignæ Tyrannus.*
Dux quondam ætheræ præfulgentissimus aula,
 Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Hesperus* aureo
Militiam æternam *stellarûmq; agmina* ducit.
Fulmine sed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* instar
 Ipse ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem,
 Ut primum sensit medios absorptus in ignes.
 At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ
 (*Ingens* turba) cadunt. Aër crepat undiq; adustus,
 Et densâ *vi flammæ* prætextitur æther.
 Ex illo æternæ solamina tristia pœnæ,
 Æternæ socios mortales reddere pœnæ.
Torti & *Carnifices!* *Hominem* tentamine primo
 In se armant ipsum; magna & cœlo *aqua voluptas!*
 Quos cauta et fœlix virtus si evaserit hamos,
 Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,
 Et malè tentatis succedunt *Arma Venenis.*
 Hæc *vi fessiden* (neq; enim corrumpere sperat,)
 Oppugnat furvus *barathri noctisq; Tyrannus,*
 Exacustq; animos *Sault* invidiamq; potentem,
 Viderat egregio generosam in corpore formam,

Virgineoq; maritatam cum flore virilem
 Majestatem oris; miracula viderat alti
 Nobiliora animi, vastamq; in pectore mentem;
 Viderat augustam perfusam aspergine frontem,
 Divinaeque; novos spirantem lucis honores.
 Condideratque; alto sub corde *Oracula* sacra
 Imperium *Judae* quae concessere perenne,
 Venturusque; *Shilo* stimulos subjecerat acres.
 Et nimium *vigiles Erebi* sufflaverat ignes.
 Scit miser incassum tantis se opponere rebus,
 Nec validum fati perumpere posse catenam,
 Vincula sed morsu tentat, dentesque; fatigat,
 Et *vinci certus* gaudet tamen esse *rebellis*.
 Sed jam conversa in melius violentia *Sauli*
 Consiliumque; dolosque; & spes turbavit inanes.
 Nam multum *Saulo*, quem longo noverat usu
 Fidit, & erubuit *falli fraudum* ipse *Magister*.
 Quid faciat? quod se rerum hoc in cardine verset?
 Ferrati frendet ter concusso ordine dentis,
 Te quatit irratae rugosa volumina frontis,
 Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculosque; cruento
 Commixtum ardenti jaculatur sanguine lumen.
 Ferrea lux terret *noctem*, *Manes*que; perustos
 Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis*.
 Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergo possumus? inquit,
 Me, me *ipsum* infelix *puer*, & mea regna triumpho
 Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh!) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Cerastra*?
 Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *nostro*
 Quod timeat *Deus*, & quod vel stupeam *Ipse*, paratis?
 Quae nova *Formido*, aut pejor formidine *Virtus*
 Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortissima corda?
 Perdidi ob hoc *Caelum*?
 Pectora tum longae percellit verbere caudae,
 Iratus tantae quod non suffecerit irae.
 Deinde sedet, vultumque; horrendum caetera profert.
 Stant *Furiae* juxta, & se lumine circumspectant,
 Dum late loca vasta silent, *sevia*que; *quiete*
 Tristis nativi duplicata horroris imago est.
 Ipsi flammantes insano sulphure rivi
 Jam tacitis serpunt per littora conscia lymphis,
 Vincula nulla sonant, non Angues sibila mittunt,
 Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiscere *Sontes*.
 Tandem prorepat dirae foedissima turbae
Invidia; impexis crinem serpentibus atrum
 It crispata; cutis multum laxata pependit,
 Ossa; liquit iners, ossa aspera longo luctu.
 Diphas (monstrum atrox) latitat sub pectore anhelu,
 Nocte dieque; bibens nigrum insaturata *cruorem*,
 Et ne tam crebro fontem consumeret haustu

Nocte dièque suo compenfat damna *v. veno*.
 Sanguine deformatam hominum, taboq; fluentem
 Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flag illum*.
 Immanem lavâ crateræ sustinet orbem
 Spumantem felle atque absynthia tetra vomentem.
 Quo bibit assiduè, & sese ebria facta flagellat.
 Hoc jam torva modo, se pro medio agmine sistit
Invidia; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto
Invidia! ô nunquam, nisi cum *se punit*, amanda!
 Summe *Pater*, clamat *stygii Barathri*, & mihi *Namen*,
 Se puer imbellis nostros meruisse timores
 Jactabit, magnôque *Erebum* miscere tumultu
 His *Colubris*, *Mêque* & *Te*, nostro *Principe*, salvis?
 Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
 Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita suarum,
 Te minitante dabunt rapidæ responsa procellæ,
 Et timidum horrendo resonabit fulmine cœlum.
 Tunc & inauratos temerè *sol* contrahet ignes,
 Exiliétque diémq; abducat limite noto.
 Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, supera ardua tangens,
 Vicinâq; *undæ Flammærum* elementa pavefcant,
 Ipse *Polus* fixam sedem & loca jussa relinquet,
Sphærarumq; hilarum cessabit lubricus orbis,
 Diffugient nitidi hùc illùc *pièta agmina cœli*,
 Ipse etiam *Dens* illorum.

Nâmque olim *timuit* certe cum sumpsimus arma
 Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum*!
 O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria nostri!
 O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
 Ipse licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat
 Et pejora istis, possint si talia fingi.
 His par concurret *pastor rudis* & *puer armis*?
 Quid possint *tortæ stridentia verbera fundæ*?
 Quem torvus longâque fame stimulatus & irâ
 Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliab*,
 Hunc mea *vox* perdet sola, & sub *tartara* mittet
 Multa priùs passum, & nequicquam *Numine* fisum.
 Quod si *Jessiden* tantâ pietate foveret
 (Sed satis est longo notus mihi tempore) *saulus*,
 Quanto nos odio premimus, quantôque furore
 Ante bis exactos superis ex ordine soles,
 Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipsa, & vos cari, fidissima turba, *Colubri*.
 Me suadente, nefas, fraterno sanguine fecit
Cainus, & atatum dedit *Omnia læta sequentum*.
 Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore saxum
 Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta sepulti*.
 Quis potuit risus (equidem nisi ipsa) tenere
 Cum sua sic *primus* nutriret rura *Col-nus*?
 Post eadem à tergo spirans furiale venenum,

Divisum pepuli ad marmor *Pharaona* superbum,
 Currusque, clypeosque, virum, ardentisque; caballos,
 Me gelidam mortem suadente & *frigida fata*,
 Hauserunt avidi pestis, mentem ipse manumque
Dathano armavi, cum tela rebellia sumplit,
 Cum *Magicum* (cujus nomen detestor & *Ipsum*)
 Deseruit pulchra pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
 Huc (vidistis enim) cava per penetralia longe
 Desiluit, vastas terrarum exhaustus hiatu,
 Proque *Rogo*, nostros descendit *vivus in Ignes*.
 Me suadente, moras quid cesso abrumpere inanes?
 Quid *nova* non agito, dum *gesta antiqua* recordor?
 Jam tibi, *Jessides* (viden?) hic tibi sibilat *anguis!*
 Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipse juvabit
 Cui frustra infervis, *Deus*; o, si, te juvet, orbis
 Latè omnis, longà compostus pace senescat,
 Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum nascantur *iniqua*,
 Ipsa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
 Contempta evadam in terris, miserandaque *Virtus*.

Dixerat, at simul ora premunt, & lumina versant,
 Mox tremitus currunt obscuraque; murmura circum,
Gaudentiumque & mirantium; nihil illa movetur,
 Sed fremit, & tantas sibi laudes invidet ipsi.
 Exilit ardenti folio *Rex Ditis* acerbi
 Amplexusque petit; subito cum mota furore
 Ter submissa genu rapidà fugit ocyor aurà.
 Murmura dant *Furie*, dant sibila læta *Colubri*.

Nox erat, humanos & vasta silentia sensus
 Spargebantque *brevi Lethe*, plumboque ligabant.
 Ipsum etiam regni molem sub corde ferentem
 Jactantemque graves curas sopor altus habebat
Cissiden, sopor *Invidiam* sed nullus habebat.
 Illa per *Isacidum* magnas it favior urbes,
 Utque videt structas ingenti marmore turres,
 Atque ebur, & fulvi discrimina clara metalli,
 Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*
 Hæc ego tacta dabo, & *solâ lucentia flammâ*.
 Substitit in cursu medio, ac sua fræna remisit
 Pallida *Luna*, novis sudavit floridus *Hermon*
 Roribus, ipse *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
Jordines, latebram in ripâ quæsit utraq;que
 Territus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
 Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiscit,
 Ipsaque fundamenta tremunt, tremit excita tellus;
 Hic veneranda senis sese convertit in ora
Benjamini, oculosque graves, vultumque severum,
 Brachiaque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra
 Assimilat, pendetque ingens pro pectore barba;
 Qualis ubi steterat super atria cella palati,
 (Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus

Ad portam magni lætus vigilare nepotis:
 Hæc adstans Saulo notæ sub imagine formæ,
 Formæ verba sacra non *respondentia* fundit.

Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; sic nempe sepultus
Omen alis fati? *Somnus tibi ferreus* instat
 Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
 Si nondum tua *Sceptra* gerit *Pastorculus* ille.
 Nondum? unquamne geret? *vigila, & totum indue Saulum.*
 Nec tu, magne *Deus*, iusti siqua est tibi cura,
 (Quod dubito, meliùsq; irent mortalia vellem)
 Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mihi* patiaris inultum,
Abramidisq; tuis, sacraeq; in secula genti.
 O *Cananea famæ!* quid non me absumpseris ante
 Quàm femur in genus exhaustissem fertile tantum?
 Heu genus infœlix nullâq; in sorte beatum,
 Donatum magno in *pœnam* atq; *opprobria Sceptro!*
 Coctile quid fugistis opus, *Memphitica* iussa,
 Invito *Pharaone* truci, *auspiciisq;* *sinistris?*
 Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipsum,
 Denfatumq; *vias nova per divortia* duxit?
 Quin, si me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,
 Per nemorum errores, immanisq; in via silvæ,
Argillam Ægypti, lateresq; requirite vestros.
 Dedecus hoc quanto minus est *Pastore Tyranno?*
 Tûne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo?*
 Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyre?* jam *sceptra* supersunt
 Sola tibi, tituliq; & regni *nomen* inane.
 Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
 Illum omnis *Judæa* colit, meministin' ovantem
 (Si quicquam in te, *saule*, viri est, meminisse necesse est)
 Cum cantu rediisse domum, festisq; choreis?
 Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; esto;
 Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
 Plusquam *Agmen Puer?* & vivit tamen ille, tuisq;
Perfructur damnis; illi tua regia servit;
 Quam non illa diù *Tua?* jam diadema capeffit,
 Conscenditq; tuos thalamos, *sauliq;* potentis
Jesside dabit *heredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor.*
 Hoc struit, hoc sperat *Samuel*; talem tibi pestem
 Molitur, cum dicta *Dei* crudelia spargit
 Per populos passim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*
 Quæque optat, fingit; *Deus* est, *Deus* illa minatus?
 Sic te tractâsset *Rex divûm Hominûmq;* *Baalus?*
 Aut tam averfa *suis Astarte* magna fuisset?
 Quid queritur? sacra te vi rapuisse coronam?
 At magnæ processerunt jussu ordine *sortes*;
 Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipsè* jubere;
 Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deëve* fatebor
 Quàm meritis debere *invis*. Quid tempore ab illo
 Ipse *Deus*, populisq; *Dei* tibi debeat, ulli

Haud reor obscurum ; tantâ tu laude coronam
 (O mi chare *nepos*, ô magnæ maxime gentis)
 Divinum tanto cumulâsti *munere manus*,
 Nequicquam ; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis ?
 Te *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & *omnia* vorfant,
 Contrâ Te *sanguis tuus* & *Natura* rebellat,
 Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,
 (O furor, ô scelus infandum !) *Sceptroq;* *Patriq;*
 Cui causæ indormis ? quæ *Manes* fuscitat *ipsos* ;
 Fixa *sepulchrorum* atq; *oculorum* claustra resignat ;
 Nec *cineres* puer ille finit dormire *sepultos*
 Sed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis* :
 Quid facis ; aut talem quid non interficis hostem,
 Qui turbat *vitamq;* *tuam mortemq;* *tuorum* ?
 Aude, age, nil illo restat tibi triste remoto,
 Solus hic objectus (seu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra,
 Aufa laboranti quæ *solem* avertere *Lunæ*)
 Ad te ventura & tibi debita munera cœli
 Occupat, ac sacri radios *intercipit* ignis,
Difictum post hunc superant tibi *candida fata*,
 Formosique dies, & vitæ lucidus ordo,
 Natales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regaliq;* *astra*
 Conscriptamq; notis *Fortunam* vidimus aureis.
 Nondum, ô nondumne ardescit tibi pectus honesto
 (Ardescit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore ?
 Magnum aliquid pariat. Memor esto *Tuiq;* *Meiq;*
 Jamq; vale, feror ad cœlum sedesque tuorum,
 Et luce, & nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.
 Dixit, & ora viri flatu percussit iniquo ;
 Intrat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas ;
 Olli vanescit dubii nubecula somni,
 Hùc illùc fert circum oculos ; tremit inde repente
 Dum simulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,
 Quæ confuta malè in vacuo timor æere pingit.
 Stant crines, sudor perfundit frigidus artus,
 Et toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.
 Jam pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens
 Incipit ; Et verum est ; oravit vera, fuique
Israëlitis adhuc ; pietas me stulta fefellit,
 Me *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & *omnia* vorfant.
Sacrilega, heu facta est *patientia* nostra, *sepultos*
 Heu *violat cineres*, tumultosq; recludit avitos.
Occingentorum minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda
 Annorum, quàm quo torpet mea *Vita veterno*.
 Indigno, tu sancte *parens*, ignosce *Nepoti*,
 Quem propter placidas voluisti linqere sedes,
 Mortalesque ægros, miserumq; revifere mundum.
 Sancte *parens*, tua iusta libens mandata capeflam,
 Et te vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* nosces.
 Nec frustra hunc tantum capies, *Magna Umbra*, laborem.

Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,
Non *Deus* eripiet.

Interea in placidas, Tu *Dive*, relabere sedes,
Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem
Sub terras, ubi *Jessiden* mox affore tristem
Lætus, & effuso pallentem sanguine cernes.
Post lucem hanc nostros iterum si lædat ocellos,
A Te, magne *Pater*, perumpere discat oportet
Naturæ leges, & ferrea *claustra Sepulchri*.

His dictis nutrit flammam stimulatq; furores.
Jessides securus abest; illum *sopor* udus
Non jam rore levi, sed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,
Dormiat, & *solidum* accipiat per membra soporem,
Qualem animus castus, qualem mens integra donat,
Quis metus est, *vigilante Deo*, dormire *Davidem*?

Palantes nubes suprâ implicitôsq; labores
Ætheris, atq; *volumen inextricabile* Cœli,
Gaudia sphærarum suprâ & modulamina certa
Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne
Exiguus splendet *Gemmis numrumq;* requirit,
Est *Locus* immensâ qui *exhaustus* luce fatiscit;
Hic *Polus* excurrit longè, & *se pone relinquit*,
Nec *proprias* lassus valet ipse attingere *Metas*.
Igne *tumet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,
Gloria nec tanto in spatio *immoderata* tenetur.
Non hîc *obscuri* tremebunda *crepuscula Solis*
Nativum jubar inficiunt *castumq;* *Serenum*.
Non hîc *Luna* suis *vestitur* pallida furtis,
Nec face languenti spargit per inane *Tenebras*,
Non hîc præcipiti *Tempus* super orbe rotatur,
Nec vaga partitur repetitis *saecula* gyris
Vertigo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam,
Sed constans, immotumq; æternumq; *sedet Nunc*,
Hæc domus, hoc magni sanctum penetrabile *Tonantis*;
Hic *Labor* augusti, dulcis *Labor infiniti*,
Occupat atq; *implet* Cœlum, sed limite cœli
Contentus nullo; Solus se *continet* Ipse.
Quondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia*, dixit;
Ille simul dixit, parent simul omnia *Verbo*,
Nam *Verbum* fuit *Ipse* suum, *Turgescere* cœpit
Fœcundum Nihil, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.
Quis vos, O *Deus*, aut quis vestra palatia pandet
Tres une!

Hic te perfrueris *toto*, atq; has maximus arces
Æternum colis, interea non deseris orbem,
Quem fecisti olim nostrum, sed pondera vasta
Exagitas nutu informans *molemq;* *sequacem*.
Quod si vim tacitam auferres dextrâmq; potentem
Extemplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,
Ipse die rector, fufis nullo ordine habenis,

Retrò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti
 Cum sonitu rueret, laxis discurrere *stellis*,
 Et sine lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.
 Ipsa etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet
 In *Nihilum* properare suum; nam *Spiritus* aptum
 Tornatùmq; *exercet* opus, seq; addit ubiq;
 Ni faciat, subito torperent cuncta, malòq;
 Tota laborarent somno, aternòq; veterno.
 Omnia *nobiscum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit, orsis
 Non dedignatus locium se adungere nostris.
 Stant circùm aurati, turma officiosa, *Ministri*,
 Atq; *Dei* iussa expectant, gaudéntq; juberi.
 Hinc *Domini* in vultu immenso sine fine bibentes
 Immortalem oculis lucem fixo ore tenentur.
 Unum ex his nutu vocat ipse; silentia servat
 Regia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiscit.

Ergone tam subito excidimus? (sic inquit ab alto)
Sceptra videt, nec *Nos* simul? imperiòq; potitus
 Ignorat per quem steterat? creditne procellas
 Irrita per pontum rapuisse ferocia verba
 Injustaq; minas? *Surdine* effecimus *Aures*?
 Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule*,
 Atq; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.
 Quæ mala *Jessidæ* intentas meliora merenti
 Cuncta tui in caput unius conversa ferentur.
 Diximus: an didis nostris *Gens Terra* repugnet?
 Ah imbelles *lutum*! non hoc tua *Lingua* referret,
 Injusta in medio subsisteret ista palato,
 Si tibi nota dies fieret, quâ tu ipse jacebis
Gilboacos multo deformans sanguine campos,
 Ipse in ser, *natiq; tui*, & capita illa superba
 Vendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame profanis,
 Stultorum jocus, & ludibria sæva *Deorum*.
 Dextera *Jessidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur
 Justa aderit vindex, & te, te occiderit ipsum,
 Quocum nunc iras atq; implacabile bellum
 Nequicquam geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,
 Dilectòq; nimis cinget diademate frontem,
 Et quod tu *Solum* fecisti intame, *piabit*.

Ergo age, *Jessidæ* insani fer dicta *Tyranni*;
 Ipse nihil; sed enim timeat, properantior ipsam
 Arcessitus eat (nam *Rex* arcesset) ad aulam,
 Non ullum metuet, benè si nos noverit, hostem.
 Incolumem (dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam.

Sic ait, inflectit sese polus ipse decenter,
 Nec non turba poli famulatrix; ocyùs omnes
 Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina *Sphæra*,
Angelicæq; simul renovant *sacra orgia Turmæ*.
 At non qui missus *Jessidæ* *Nuncius* ibat;
 Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,

Nubila plus solito jam candescencia tranat,
 Quâq; volat niveus signat vestigia limes.
 Aligerum cœli sic vulnerat aera fulgur,
 Plurima sic primæ currit *structura* dici,
 (Sic aut *tarda* magis) cum vixdum *Sole relicto*
 Ecce simul terram ferit, atque refurgit in altum.
 Vix ipsum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*
 Percipit attonitum, & mensuram non habet ullam
 Tam *curtam*, excelsa sic præpes ab æthere lapsus
Nuncius astabat *Jessida*, ac talia fatur.

Surge, bone, insanique exaudi dicta *Tyranni*
 Aspera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit ;
 Ipse nihil sed enim timeas ; properantior ipsam
 Arcessitus eas (nam *Rex* arcesset) ad aulam.
 Tutum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet.

Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina versat
 Nequicquam ; nox undiq; & undiq; funditur aer.
 Spêsq; Metûsq; adsunt dubii, vicibusq; recurfant.
 Quos vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec
 Albescunt primo montana cacumina Sole,
 Cum *Rex Jessiden* arcessit sævus, ut agram
 (Incautum specie si fallere posset honestâ)
 Soletur fidibus mentem, curâsq; soporet.

Dic mihi, *Musa*, sacri quæ tanta potentia *Versus* ?
 (Nam tibi *scire* datum, & *versu* memorare *potenti*,
 Cuncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere
 In regno, *Regina*, tuo) vim *Diva* reclusam
Carminis, & latè penetralia ditia pande,
Thesaurosque & opes, & inenarrabile *Sceptrum*.
 Quæ sprevere homines, tandè ut mirentur amentq;
*Divis*que accedat reverentia justa *Poetis*.

Ut sacri primùm sæcundo in pectore *Vatis*
 Indigesta operis surgunt *Elementa* futuri,
Materies donec paulatim sumere *formas*
 Incipiat, justòque incedant ordine verba,
 Ac benè dispositus leni fluat agmine *versus* :
 Talis erat *Naturæ* olim *nascentis Imago*,
 Sic magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poema*
 Prodiit, *artificisque* informis massa supremam
 Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore,
 Indociles nondùm subierunt *federe Partes*
Fraterno commune jugum ; bellumque sine arte
 Gesserunt discurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.
 Æterni *Ratio* quos tandè *Musica* verbi
 Discrevitque locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*
 Imposuit ; *Numerosque* pios, facilemque tenorem
 Elicuit ; *Medios Aer* atque *Unda Sonores*
 Concertu referunt *muto* ; levis *Ignis acutos*,
Terra graves, rapido *Lunam* diverberat ictu,
 At lentam *Saturni* operoso pollice *Chordam*.

Sic *celer* Motus cum *tardis* intertexti,
 Jam festum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longiq;* *Brevi*sq;
 Exercent *Ludum*, & docto discrimine plaudunt,
 Ut peccent magnæ vestigia nulla *Choreæ*.
 Hæc est quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,
 Ornatu cernendam alio sese exhibet *Auri*,
 Dives opum, varióq; superba *Scientia* cultu,
 Hæc habitat vatum libris, hæc *carmine* in isto
Harmonia est; non *Cantoris*, non illa *Legentis*
 Indiget, in charta multum *facunda* *silenti*.
 Hæc agilis *Migni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*,
 Hæc *Parvi* toto se miscet corpore *Mundi*.
Totus Homo *Harmonia* est; omnes *Symmetria* census
 Congerit hic, omnis *Naturæ* *Archiva* tenentur.
 Ipse *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & est *Deus* ipse *Choragus*.
 Hinc in nos nata est *Numerorum* sancta potestas,
 Nam simul ac portas humani corporis intrant
 Inveniunt *Fratrésq;* suos, charósq; *Sodales*
 Et pariles numeros, & respondentia metris
 Metra suis; jungunt dextras, redduntq; salutem.
 Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóq; subactos,
 Stant *Cives* intus dilecti à partibus *Hostis*.
 Et sese dedunt sine *Proditione* *volentes*,
 Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte
 Effusus *Sanguis* distantia vulnera quærit
 Ignotum per iter, quámq; accipit ipse salutem
 Absenti gaudet *gratis* transmittere *Fonti*.
 Haud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*
Fraterno hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motu.
Illa suo, hæc *solo Naturæ* *vivida* *pulsu*.
 Sic *Lyra* *Jessida*, tum dulci callida furto
 Ægra subintravit miseri præcordia *Regis*,
 Placavitq; æstus animi, lævóq; tumultus.

Psalmus 114.

CUM sacra lævis *Isacidum* manus
 Exiret oris, terribilem procul
 Audivit, aspexitq; gentem,
 Et restum trepidavit æquor.
 Ut qui sequentes antevolans fugâ
 Evasit hostes, stat procul arduo
 De monte respectans, & omnes
 Aure serenos bibit inquietâ.
 Erexit undas sic *Mare* turbidum
 Ut figua vidit prætereuntia,
*Fluctû*q; pendentes utrimq;
 Ut *Scopuli* steterunt acuti.

Chrystallini non mœnia limpida
Mundi figurâ plus stabili manent
 Ex elaborato nitentùm
 Murmure consolidata aquarum.
 Non audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi,
 Fontem revisit mentis inops suum.
Nato latebrosos recessus
 Fons aperit, gremiùmq; victo.
Circùm tremiscunt culmina *Montium,*
Multûsq; Collis Montibus adflit,
 Ut matris abscondunt sub alis
 Se teneri trepidantq; Pulli
 Gaudere viso fluctivagum mare,
 Gaudere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit
 Fugisse post *Montes fugaces*
 Mobilibus pudor ullus Undis.
 Nobis nocebit nil fuga *Montium,*
 Versi nocebit nil fuga *Fluminis,*
 I *Flumen, i formidolosum,*
 Et pavidî procûl ite Montes.
Æquare summis ima valet *Deus.*
 Discent in altum plana tumescere,
Vallesq; turgescunt, ferentq;
 Attonito capita alta cœlo :
Fontemq; Flumen si repetis tuum,
Fontem refundet dura *silix* novum;
 Nec saxa cessabunt, nec ipsæ
 Flumina suppeditare rupes.

Sic cecinit sanctus *Vates,* digitòsq; volantes
 Innumeris per fila modis trepidantia movit,
 Intimâq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.
 Audivère sonum, & victi cessère furores.
 At non *Invidia Sauli* de pectore cessit
 Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihil ille salubrem,
Incantatoris nihil irrita carmina curat.
 Fingit adhuc morbum, & spumas agit ore *Tyrannis,*
 Et verum falso scelus excusare furore
 (Heu nimium ingratus tantæ oblitûsq; salutis!)
 Sperat, adhuc miser, & nequicquam mente receptâ.
 Jamq; inopinatam sustollens fervidus *hastam*
 (Quam caram sibi pro *Sceptro* gestare solebat,)
 Dentibus infrendens, oculisq; immane minatus,
 Pectora *fessida* crudeli destinat ictu,
 Dulcia dum sacræ renovat medicamina vocis,
 Nil meritis metuensve mali; volat illa per auras,
 Stridens, oppositoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.
 Namq; polo lapsus *Miles cœlestis* ab alto
 Detorsitq; manu, *justoq; errore* sefellit.

O cæcas hominum vires, frustraïque superbas!
 Arma sui dextram *Domini* mandatâque fallunt,
 Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmumq; impellat acumen.
 Vulneris ille tui jam *fatalissimus error*,
 Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deludèris in arvis!
 Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fatalia* sceptra
Jessides, manèsq; tuos ea fama (sub imo
 Siquid res hominum merfos *Acheronte* movebunt,)
 Semper morte novâ & *fecundo vulnere* rodet.
 Hinc *Deus* ipse tuas dedit illi evadere fauces
 Incolumem, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legentes
 Instaurare opus, & telam producere jussit.

Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapsus ab hoste
 Sentit adhuc; sed & arma sequi, sed & agmina credit
 A tergo; creditque hastam exaudire volantem.
 Nec frustrâ; tantos causa urget honesta timores,
 Ipsâque *Formido* illius *divina futuri est*.
 Nam superaccensa est fato violentia *Regis*,
 Et quæ *Jessiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*
 Vulnerat hæc ipsum; salvo jam nescit *honore*
 Exuere insanam mentem, nec judicat esse
Regis, inxpletum *crudumq;* relinquere crimen.
 Ergo manum lectam juvenum, quos ipse furentes
 Impulerat monitis, scelerumq; incoxerat usu,
 Vi, ferro, jubet incautum superare *Davidem*,
 Errorémque suum successu abolere *nefasto*.
 Sic animo *Saulus*, contra *Deus* omnia volvit.

Intereâ *Michale Jessides* multa timenti,
 Multâque ploranti *curisque decentibus ægræ*,
 (Námque oculis plus illa suis, plus lumine cœli
 Dilexit, non *ipsa* minùs dilecta, *Maritum*)
 Facta refert, & parva sui discrimina lethi.
 Forte super *Michales* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*
Æthereus mirâ florebat *pensilis arte*,
 Parvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus,
 Quámque dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis
 Reddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stelle*;
 Lenti incedebant manibúsq; oculisq; plicatis,
 Plurimâque alloquio lenibant tristia dulci.
 Cum *Michale*, (visus nam plusquam *aquilinus* amantùm est)
 Hæu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,
Carnifices; equitum video agmen, equósq; frementes
 Audio, clarescunt mediis in frondibus arma,
 Sævâque per densam transmittunt fulgura sylvam.
 Tolle gradum citus, & propera, fuge quolibet, inquit,
 Ne rorere, O *Conjux*; fuge dictis ocyus; adsunt;
 Quid nos, quid vinco junxit pater ipse jugali,
 Voce vocans in sacra *Dum*, populúmque libentem?
 Bis centum meruisse nihil præputia credit?
 Ingratus! Sudor, sanguis, bellique labores

Dos tibi noster erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte
 Discurrit, vocisq; vicem pia lacryma servat.
 Mox iterum; Nihil efficiet; per aperta fenestræ
 Hinc te demittam incolumeni; tu quæ via cæca,
 Arripe iter; fuge mi *Conjux*; non hæc tibi dico
 More meo, *invisa* est tua jam *præsentia* primùm.

Ille refert contra; O cunctis præstantior una
 Conjugibus! — *Michale* dicturum plurima molli
 Occupat amplexu, & raptim multa oscula turbat.
 Dum lacrymas *Luctus*, ac gaudia miscet *Amoris*.
 Parce, ait, incassum pretiosa effundere verba,
 Aspice quanta tuæ tristes *vicinia mortis*.
 Ergò alacer paret dictis; hæc callida lecto
Fessidæ Statuam, mirâ factam arte reponit;
 Jamq; manus juvenum sese in penetralia fundit
 Deditata moram sceleris, jamq; ensibus ipsum
 Illum ipsum exposcunt, & verba hæud mollia jactant.
 At *Michale* laudanda parat mendacia contra,
 Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives muliebribus armis,
 Flet scinditq; comas, & luctifono ululatu
 Tecta replet; tum sic bene ficto pectore fatur.

Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere*, duri,
 Huic ipsam misero *mortem*, & *sua fata* negatis?
 Quæritis exitum *Fessidæ*? parcite *Vobis*;
 Nil opus est *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi
 Jamdudum infervit Patri, & vos esse nocentes
 Non finit; ecce illum jamdudum *Lingua Oculiq;*
 Deficiunt; tantam frustra quid *perditis* iram?
 Nec *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec vestros sentiet *Enses*.
 Si vos innocui sitis urget tanta cruoris;
 (Me miseram!) facite ut lubet, & satiate furorem.
 Non faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo
 Restabo infœlix; Tum lumina jussa decoro
 Imbre madent; miròsq; oculis dolor afflat honores.
 O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Formæ*
 Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia discit
 Credere jamprimùm & *miserescere*; linquere mœstam
Tristis & ipsa domum properat; Statua ipsa recumbit
 Fasciolisq; voluta caput, fratòq; Sepulta
 Purpureo, atq; refert *morientis mortua* vultum.
 Lugentes famuli circum tacitq; ministrant,
 Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ,
Triste Ornamentum mensæ; dat & arte locata
 Horrorem obscurum non clara lucerna cubili;
 Scilicet ista *favent fraudi*; at supra omnia, *Numen*
 Suffudit spectantum oculos caligine *sacrâ*.
 O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine cessa
 Virtutem imbelli frustra tentare duello,
 O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculisq; tuorum!*
saulus, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?

Illum igitur bis quinq; virtum qui millia fudit,
 Illum animam fegni tandèm deponere letho?
 Nimirum Deus hunc fertur defendere fontem;
 Sonsve infonsve fua, defendat; fit precor illi
 Talis membrorum modus & concordia iusta,
 Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus ante
 Quam Scelus, aut sceleris Morbi dignissima merces,
 Robora fregissent subito nativa veneno;
 Nostrum immane odium est, totumq; explere *David*
Integer haud poterit; quid se laudem addit in istam
Adjutrix *Fortuna* mihi? memorabile nil est
Partita in pœnâ. Pereuntem extinguere lucem
 Quid iuvat? exhaustæ quid faciem emittere vitæ,
 Et pæne attritum feriendo abrumpere filum?
 Usq; adœone humilem mea vera & nobilis ira
 Se dabit? Ah melius! *solanis* *viçtima* nobis
Jessidæ vita est, & non nisi *opima*, litabit.
 Nondum vindictæ maturus, crescat in iram
 Pinguescatq; meam; tunc ipse libidine quantâ
 Singultantem animâ multum luctante videbo,
 Pugnântemq; diu & *proavula* morte cadentem?
 Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo seram
Cunctator?

Forsitan & pietas stulta & clementia segnis
 Juratûsq; meo *Samuel* malus hostis honori,
 Quæ mihi nunc fixa est, mutabunt deniq; mentem.
 Adde quod & nostræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ
 Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla est;
 Hasta impunè erret, jam sæpè terire licebit,
 Et geminare ictus, totumq; haurire cruorem.
 Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte necesse est;
 At videam extremos trepidanti pectore sensus
 Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere pascam.
 Ergo agite hûc, juvenes, *Jessiden* sistite nobis,
 Expirantem animam licet, & suprema gementem.

Jam pulchræ apparent latè vestigia fraudis;
 At *Michale* irati iussa incusare *Mariti*.
 Crudelesq; minas, & vim prætere facito.
saul ut hæc; vix immodicâ se sustinet irâ,
 Volentésq; premit luctanti pectore curas,
 Amens, & rubris suffectus lumina flammis,
 Sic olim *Hyrçane* metuenda *potentia* *sylvæ*
Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa
 Addiderant, siquem incautum procul ire Iuencum
 Aspicit, ille jubam quassat, dapibusq; futuris
 Accingit sese lætus, tum cæca viarum
 Speratam si fortè tegunt erroribus escam,
 Deluduntq; famem, torquet flammantia circum
 Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,
 Horrendumq; fremens *sylvas* rimatur *opertas*.

Nil opus est *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes,
Speluncifq; feras timor *abdit* & *urget* in *ipsis*.
Mœstus ubiq; horror, nemorúmq; silentia vasta,
Non audet turbata rugitum imitarier *Eccho*.

In medio *sylvæ* immensæ quæ proxima *Ramam*
Obtegit, *illustrátque* verendi nominis *umbrâ*,
Inclÿta sanctorum sita sunt *Collegia Vatum*,
Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magistris*,
Ad sacros effusa pedes didicere silentes,
Cordáq; cœlesti stiparunt cerea melle.

Succrescunt palmo veluti radicibus alta
Germina, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repasta,
Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minores.
Non tam *mole* suâ quam *fundatore* superbit
Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor
Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.
Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicósq; & honestos
Suffecit reditus, paupertatémq; *decoram*.

Nec sese tantum *dextræ* tamen illa benignæ
Quam *Lingua* debere putat, quæ prodiga sacros
Explicuit census, magnítq; æraria cœli.

Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctósq; *Prophetas*
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta
Quod *docuère* alios, quàm quod *didicère* sub illo.

Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;
Nam non illa *Artis* fabricavit inepta libido,
Sed *Naturæ* usus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo*,
Intus quadratæ viridis stat porticus *umbræ*,
Et densæ *Solis* propellunt spicula *Laurus*,
Securæ cœli, rapidósq; ob fulguris ictus
Impavidæ; in medióq; argentea vena salubris
Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo
Marmoris, aut tristi plangentis vincla fufurro,
Sed lætæ topho viridi, argutíq; lapillis.

Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare
Apta sitim, aut sacros accedere *pauper* ad usus.
Hic sua cuiq; data est *cella*, & sua cuiq; *supellex*,
(*Lautities* veterum *sanctorum* & copia *dives*.)

Sponda brevis, scamnum, necnon ex abiete eadem
Mensâ tripes; portam clausissent plura volenti
Inferre antiqui *pomeria* *justa* *Necessi*
Servantes, pulchréq; *ausi* *contemnere* *Vana*. (dunt,
Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima red-
Sed forma, ac generi benè respondentia vitæ.

Impedit, atq; *onerat* dominum *numerosa* *Supellex*
In *parva* congesta *domo*. Ponè altera surgit
Altior, atq; usu, cultúq; augustior ædes.
Ad latus híc lævum se pandunt *Anla*, *Scholæq;*
Bibliotheca tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga* precantum
Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima *fagina* mensâ

Ornamentum

Ornamentum Aulæ; non invidiosa, nec impar
 Pellibus instratis, quibus est circumdata, *Lectis*.
 Accumbunt primi capitîsq; comæq; verendæ
Doctores, Socii in gremiis jacuere recepti.
 At *Juvenes* infra bene læti rebus egenis
 Graminibus super aggestis, ulvâq; palustri
 Decumbunt; *Lectos, Mensâsq; Dayesq;* ministrat
 Terra ferax, & *Sole Coquo* convivia gaudent.
Bibliotheca fuit paucis decorata libellis,
 Non onerata malis; nondum infatiata libido
 Scribendi (pestis jucunda) invaserat orbem,
 Nec *Medicina Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ
 In *morbum* fuerant ipsæ scabiêmq; pudendam
 Conversæ, quæ nunc latè *contagia* serpunt.
 Scilicet hos importunos exclusit *Amantes*
Virgo Musa, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ
 Spectari pavidæ, & vultum velata modestum.
 Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,
 Garrula, vana, procax, *cultu mendica superbo*,
 Et *populo* compressa (nefas!) parit horrida *Monstra*.
 Quis furor hic tanto frustra sudare labore
Desidiâ, miserôq; insanæ more *Sibyllæ*
 Scribere, quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis*?
 Diversas illic artésq; modôsq; videres,
 Queis brevis atq; fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*
 Exiit *aeriam*, & firmum sibi vendicat ævum.
Tisserulis quædam leviter commissa caducis;
 Ast alia in solido deposta fideliter ære,
Palmarum hæc foliis vano mandata labore
 Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum.
 Hic longa arboreis scribuntur carmina *libris*,
 Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex;
 Illic *Pictoris* signata *elementa* videres,
 Hic *Textoris* acu, doctæq; volumina vestis.
 Illic *ceratâsq;* stylo perarante tabellas,
 Ast hic membranas tenues, *biblônq;* palustrem,
 Tunc *rudia*, atq; artis nova tentamenta *futuræ*;
 Nec non & paries perfungitur ipse *Scholarum*
Munere librorum; totus describitur orbis,
Æquoreæq; viæ, *sparsæq;* per æquora terræ,
Ætheriæq; Plagæ, *palantésq;* æthere *Stellæ*.
 Adduntur *sententiola*, *monitúsq;* verendi,
Historiæq; breves; pars clara & aperta legenti,
 At pars *Niliacis* animantum obscura *figuris*.
 Hic sociatorum *sacra Constellatio Vatum*
 (Quos scælix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*
Luxuriæ supra, *Tempestatésq;* *Laborum*)
 Disperfit latè radios, *tenebrâsq;* fugavit,
 Doctrinæ effundens *Lucem Influxumq;* benignum.
 Astrorum *Nathanus* virésq; viasq; latentes,

Aureâq; explicuit superi penetralia mundi.
Haud magico cœlis deducens Sydera versu,
Sol ut utrosque polos conversâ luce salutat
 Gaudentes ; sequiturque volubilis *Annus* euntem.
 Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* supernè
 Procedit, quantâque coercita *lege* vagatur
 Ipsè quidem *Vates*, sed enim nil debuit *Astris* ;
 Contemnens *Rivos*, & *Fonte* repletus ab ipso
Materiam ingenti *Mahol* insectatur amore,
 Per gyros, per *Mæandros*, per cæca viarum
Venator, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem,
 Orâque vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.
 At solidas signare notas in *pulvere docto*
Gaddus & *aternas* gaudet *turbare figuras*.
 Necnon & longe *Numeros* sine fine vagantes
 Producit *patiens Comes* ; exuperabile nunquam
 Tentat adire jugum, *punctoque* ascendit ab *Uno*.
Pynamidem inversam, & crescentem semper acervum
 Defunctis victura struit monumenta *seraias*,
 Condit aromaticâ prohibetque putrescere laude.
 Et quos præteriti vastum *Mare Temporis* annos
 Aborspsit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.
 Quam celer *occasus*, tardumque sit *incrementum*
 Imperiis ; & quæ fabricat solertia *Fatum*
 Edocet ; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus
 Explicat interpres ; nec cæcos more ferarum
 Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atque scientes.
 Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,
Temporis ingreditur penetralia celsâ futuri,
Implumesque videt *nidis* cælestibus annos.
 Hæ reliquæque Artes hic excipiuntur amico
 Hospitiò tantum ; poterat sed sancta *Poesis*
 Hoc nata atque educta loco, & regnare videri.
 Non magis assiduo resonat domus aurea cantu
 Angelici cœli ; nullo non spirat ab ore
 Carmen ; dulcisonumq; chorum moderantur *Asaphus*
Hemanusque, ambo genio excellente *Poeta*,
 Voce pares liquidâ, digitisque *loquacibus* ambo.
 Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu
 Splendebat, (nam sunt illic *dispendia frugi*,)
 Perstringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo
 Spectantium ; sed quos recreant aulæ vicissim
 Cœruleo *sacroque* colore ; illic prece forti
 Tèrque die soliti *vim cælo inferre volenti*,
 Tèrque die sanctum *Mosses* versare volumen,
 Tèrque piis, totisque *Deum* resonantibus *Hymnis*,
 Exercent lætam stadio *septemplace* vocem.
 Talis erat quondam, tam celsò *Musa* volatu
 Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *superba decenter*.
 Carmen erat, *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ voce *loquutus* ;

Namq;

Nám; prius tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,
 Immentúmque; *Nihil, Vacuúq;* informis hiatus.
 Plenus utiq; sui, propria ipse *Palatia* ledit
 Omnipotens, sese contentus & *Omnia solus.*
 Ille autem totus *Bonitas, Sapientia* totus,
 Totus *Amor,* voluit *gratis* producere cuncta ;
 Cuncta *Voluntati,* nondum *producta* gerebant
Artificis morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.
 Antè alia imperio citius sese extulit ingens
 Immane, indigestum *Aliquid ;* sine lumine formæ,
 Et sine honore jacens ; (*Monogramina Exordia mundi !*)
Festinaſſe illud ſciſes, dum ſancta capescit
 Juſſa libens, rebúſq; aliis præcurrere gaudet :
 Hoc tamen in gremio, & *nil promittente* reſſu,
 Ditia cunſtarum glomerantur ſemina rerum.
 Emicat hinc ſubito lucenti vortice *Flamma,*
 Aſcenditq; *Polum,* & multo ſeſe implicat orbe ;
 Olli ſe jungit comitem & veſtigia tentat :
 Fuſus circum *Aer ; Tellus* oneroſa graviſq ;
 Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere ſe dat
 Merſa mari ; ſed mox denſæ penetralia terræ
 Vaſta aperit *Pater,* & magnum deſcendere *Pontum,*
 Voce jubet, penitúſq; cavis habitare latebris.
 At timidi contra non audent hiſcere fluctus,
 Inq; uterum terræ ſine murmure delabuntur.
 Convexa accendit cæli meliore metallo,
 Jámq; nova arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,
 Atq; implet *Solem* exundans ; hinc flumine vivo
 Lucis inexhauſtæ mundum ſe ſpargit in omnem
 Magnum, quo facta eſt, *Numen* ſtudioſa referre.
 Inde rudem *Lunæ* maſſam, ſimpléxq; polivit
Voce opus, & radios aurato *pectine* compſit.
 Surge, ait, & mœſtæ regnum vigil accipe noctis ;
 Surrexit, traxitq; ſacræ vaga *Syrmata* lucis.
 Attollunt ſamulas hinc atq; hinc *ſidera* tædas,
 Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam,* & comitantur euntem.
 Turget humus fœcunda, & pubeſcentibus herbis
 Miratur riſúmque; ſuum, inſolitóq; colores.
 Jáq; iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,
 Exultantque alacres paſſim formidine nullá,
 Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata eſt,
 Nondum lethalis modulamina rupit arundo.
 Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*
 Securæ fraudum ; *Numen* námque omnia laudant,
 Fluctivagi *Piſces,* nutum *genus ;* illius ipſi
 Munus erant, *Montéſque* maris, volentia *Cete,*
 Quique ſuas parvo ſuperant vix corpore arenas.
 Inde ſeræ immiſſæ ſylvis, cœleſtia juſſa ;
 Quindam ultra potuit ; *Cæli Terraque cæteram,*
 Ipſum *Hominem* potuit ; quo miſcuit omnia in uno :

Admirandum

Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi.*
 Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris
 Carmen erat, *raraq; ira*, fulménque *coactum*,
 Impia cum *sacras* damnassent crimina terras,
 Unda ruens victrix magno sonitúq; ruináq;
 Omnia vasta dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum
 Implicuère hilares frustra, *nova retia*, pisces.
Naufragium passa est *Natura*; os *Phæbus* ab alto
 Extulit, & solos percussit lumine fluctus.
 Non tamen hæc homines memori sub pectore condunt
 Infani, fervétq; iterum furiosa libido;
 Cum subito ardescunt nubes, incendia cælo
 Tetra micant, totúsq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympus*.
 Mox *Sodomas* tabescentes, liquefactáq; tecta
 Corripuit rapidus flammanti sulphure nimbus,
 Senferunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem
 Qui nunc æternum miseros post funera torret.
 Longè alia implicuit pestis *Pharaona* superbum:
 Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus
 Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne profundi
 Miratur, *Regúmq;* sedent in curribus aureis
Regum corporibus fatiati; in gurgite toto
 Apparent semesi artus, natat unda cruore,
 Nec *Mare* jam *vano* censetur nomine *Rubrum*.
 Plurimus ipsi etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,
 Cujus *iter* genti mansurum in sæcula nomen
Hebrææ dedit, & *Moses*, *Nunnig;* propago
 Bellipotens; quantósq; illi fregere Tyrannos,
Sihonem, membrisq; superbum ingentibus *Oggum*,
Zipporidemq; *Hobaniúmq;* trucem, fortémq; *Debirum*,
 Quos dextrá *Isacidum* divina potentia stravit.
 Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempora prendunt,
 Pacatúsq; animis cælum *labuntur* in ipsum.
 Non illos aurum perstringit fulgure sacro
 Dulce malum, ignotum sæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen*.
 Cujus nunc ergo sudore ad tartara multo
 Heu non à miseris tantum *effessoribus* itur.
 Quantum ó stultorum turbam superabat avaram
 Dives opum contemptus, & ingens *copia mentis!*
 Non illos *Bombyx* pretioso sedulus ornat
Funere, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuco,
Gloria, nunc animis æternóq; empta dolore,
 Aurá illic visa est levis, & sine pondere nomea.
 Accipit ingenuum fessos durúmq; cubile,
 Quódq; benè extremi jubeat meminisse *sepulchri*.
 In medium facilis per silvam quæritur esca,
 Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut aera, ventre,
 Nec crudo hesternas accusant pectore cœnas.
 Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,

Hæc bona *mundities* animi est; *rubigine* nullâ
 Inficitur vitii, nitidum sic sordibus ævum
 Deterget miseris, purôq; incecit amictu.
 Hinc Deus intrat agens sacro præcordia motu,
 Nec propriam cœli præsentior incolit ædem.
 Hinc alacres iusto funguntur munere *Sensus*,
 Nec titubant, revocantve gradum, *Ratione* magistrâ.
 Hinc simulacra animo depingit mystica *Somnus*
 Molliter in victos simulac defluxit ocellos.
 Transilit admisso præsentia *Tempora* saltu,
*Ætati*q; inter *silvas*, & amœna vireta
 Ambulat, atq; annos jam nunc exire parantes,
*Frænâ*q; mordentes cernit; micat undiq; fati
Ordo ingens, valvæq; patent, longiq; recessus.
 O fortunatos nimium, & bona qui sua norunt!
 O quàm præcelso despectant culmine mundum!
 Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum*!

Hæc domus hospitio *Jessiden* læta recepit
 Solantem curas, & densa pericula cantu,
 At manus huc juvenum (quod non penetraverit *ira*
*Invidiæ*q; oculus?) *Regis*q; *suoq;* furore
 Sæva venit; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.
 Segnis erit qui non pestem *juraverat* amens
Jessidæ, membrumq; aliquod *promiserat* ensi.
 Sic *absens* totum partita est *Ira* cadaver.
 Jamq; adfunt, subitôq; afflantur corda sereno,
 Ignotum insinuat sese per pectora cœlum.
 Lascivit paulatim horror, vultusq; recedit
 Fulgur atrox; & jam pacato sidere vernat.
 Venarum casto gaudentes flumine rivi
 Lenè micant; signat divinus tempora candor.
 Mira *dies* frontis, sacro quæ fusa *pudore*
Prima rubet; ponit belli cædisq; cupido,
 Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt
Pacis opus; bis jamq; alios, bis lufus eisdem
 Miserat exemplis, ipsum jam plena *Tyrannum*
 Ire lubet rabies læsamq; ulciscier iram.
 Cum melior subitò furor implet mentem animumq;
 Pérq; omnes sensus, pérq; intima pertinet ossa.
 Tum chlamidem illufam gemmis, aurôq; rigentem
 Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.
 Ah puduit regni decus atq; insignia ferre
 Turpe jugum vitii, & fervilia jura ferentem;
 Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat; *lux una* beata
 Instar habet vitæ, & longum præponderat ævum.
 Miratur populus, dictumq; emanat ubiq;
 Ipsum etiam Vatum turbæ se adjungere *Saulum*.
Balamus sic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,
 Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem,
 Et pretio infælix *fatadia* venderet ora,

Sic secum; at didicit tandem (mirabile dictu,)
 Ipso *Asino* sapere, ac *fari* meliora *magistro*.
 O magnum *Isacidum* decus! ô pulcherrima castra!
 O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos!
 Non sic herbarum vario subridet amictu
 Planities pictæ vallis, montisve supini
 Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* versibus altus.
 Non sic æstivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,
 Frondésq; fructûsq; ferens, formosa secundum
 Flumina, mollis ubi viridîsq; supernatat umbra.
 Quid video? *Mortem Isacidum* super arma sedentem!
 Læta sedet, prædâmq; expectat avara futuram.
 Plures *Isacidae* gladios, plura arma parate;
 Scilicet hæc crebro *Victoria* conteret usu,
 Cum *Leo* se attollit *Judæ*, torvumq; tuetur,
 Omnia diffugient pressis animalia longè
 Auribus; & medio si fortè recumbit in antro,
 Murmura tum ponent silvæ, metuendâq; *Tigris*
 Prætereuns ipso vel *dormitante* tremiscet.
 Quæ mala, quis *Judæ* vel prospera fata precatur,
 Omnia in ipsius caput ingeminata ferentur.

F I N I S.

CHRIST'S PASSION

Taken out of a Greek ODE, written by Mr. Masters of
New-College in Oxford.

1.
ENOUGH, my Muse, of Earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting strings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournful stories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.

Mountainous heap of wonders! which does rise.
Till Earth thou joynest with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal Eye.
How shall I grasp this boundless thing!
What shall I play? what shall I sing?
I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed Spirits above,
With all their Comments, can explain;
How all the whole World's Life to die did not disdain.

2.
I'll sing the searchless depths of the Compassion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By Reason's Plummet, and the Line of Wit;
Too light the Plummet, and too short the Line.
How the Eternal Father did bestow
His own Eternal Son as ransom for his Foe,
I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear
The Triumph of the buried Conqueror.
How Hell was by it's Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great Slayer, Death, slain by the Dead.

3.
Methinks I hear of Murthered Men the voice,
Mixt with the Murtherers confused noise,
Sound from the Top of Calvary;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the Midmost of the three;
Oh how unlike the others, He! (Tree!
Look how he bends his gentle Head with blessings from the
His Gracious Hands, ne'r stretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood;
And sinful Man does fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t' embrace all humane kind.

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see
 All this as patient, as he
 Since he thy Sins does bear,
 Make thou his sufferings thine own,
 And weep, and sigh, and groan,
 And beat thy Breast, and tear.
 Thy Garments and thy Hair,
 And let thy grief, and let thy love
 Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
 Do'st thou not see thy Prince in Purple clad all o're,
 Not Purple brought from the Sidonian shore,
 But made at home with richer gore?
 Do'st thou not see the Roses, which adorn
 Thy thorny Garland, by him worn?
 Do'st thou not see the livid traces
 Of the sharp scourges rude embraces?
 If yet thou feelest not the smart
 Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,
 If that be yet not Crucify'd,
 Look on his hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

5.
 Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine Eyes,
 And let 'em call
 Their stock of moisture forth where e're it lies,
 For this will ask it all.
 'Twould all (alas!) too little be
 Tho' thy salt Tears come from a Sea;
 Canst thou deny him this, when he
 Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
 Take heed; for by his sides mysterious Flood
 May well be understood,
 That he will still require some Waters to his Blood.

O D E.

On Orinda's Poems.

WE allow'd you Beauty, and we did submit
 To all the Tyrannies of it;
 Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?
 Orinda does in that too reign,
 Does Man behind her in proud Triumph draw,
 And cancel great Apollo's Salick Law.
 We our old Title plead in vain,
 Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
 Verbe was Loves Fire-Arms heretofore,

In Beauties Camp it was not known.
 Too many Arms besides that Conqu'ror bores
 'Twas the great Cannon we brought down,
 T'assault a stubborn Town;
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
 Our strongest Quarter take,
 And so successful prov'd, that she
 Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillerie.

Woman, as if the Body were their Whole,
 Did that, and not the Soul
 Transmit to their posteritie;
 If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
 Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.
 'Twere shame and pity, *Orinda*, if in thee
 A Spirit so rich, so noble, and so high
 Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
 But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
 The fair, and fruitful field;
 And 'tis a strange increase, that it does yield.
 As when the happy Gods above
 Meet all together at a Feast,
 A secret Joy unspeakable does move
 In their great Mother *Cybele's* contented breast:
 With no less pleasure thou methinks should see
 This thy no less immortal Progenie.
 And in their Birth thou no one touch do'st find
 Of th' ancient curse to Womankind,
 Thou bring'st not forth with pain,
 It neither Travail is, nor Labour of the brain,
 So easily they from thee come,
 And there is so much room
 In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd Womb,
 That like the *Holland* Countess thou may'st bear
 A child for every day of all the fertile year.

Thou do'st my wonder, would'st my envy raise,
 If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise
 Where e're I see an Excellence,
 I must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
 Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
 Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye.
 'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
 Or rather 'tis Angelical,
 For, as in Angels, we
 Do in thy Verses see
 Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet.
 They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
 Female *Chimera's*, that o're Poets reign,
 Ine'r could find that fancy true,
 But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in vain:
 They talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the shame!
 Ill manners foil the lustre of her Fame:
Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
 That like a Lanthorn's fair inclosed light,
 It through the Paper shines, where she does write.
 Honour and Friendship, and the gen'rous Scorn
 Of things for which we were not born,
 (Things that can only by a fond Disease,
 Like that of Girles, our vicious Stomachs please,)
 Are the instructive Subjects of her Pen,
 And as the *Roman* Victory
 Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne'r inspire
 A Female Brest with such a fire,
 The warlike *Amazonian* Train,
 Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful reign,
 And Wits mild Empire before Arms prefer,
 Hope 'twill be settled in their Sex by her.
Merlin, the Seer (and sure he would not ly
 In such a sacred Company,)
 Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* shew,
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago,
 Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost
 Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,
 And to her injured Daughters now does boast,
 That *Rome's* o'recome at last, by a Woman of her Race.

O D E.

*Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my
 Lord Broghills.*

BE gon, (said I) ingrateful Muse, and see
 What others thou canst fool as well as me.
 Since I grow Man, and Wiser ought to be,
 My business and my hopes I left for thee:
 For thee (which was more hardly given away,)
 I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
 But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,
 What for all this, What didst thou ever pay?

Thou'lt

Thou'lt say perhaps, that Riches are
 Not of the growth of Lands where thou do'st trade,
 And I, as well my Country might upbraid
 Because I have no Vineyard there.
 Well; but in Love thou dost pretend to Reign,
 There thine the Power and Lordship is,
 Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
 'Twas such a way as could not miss.
 I like a fool did thee obey,
 I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,
 For after all my'xpence of Wit and Pain,
 A rich, unwriting hand; carry'd the Prize away.

2.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
 That she had given me Fame.
 Bounty immense! and that too must be try'd,
 When I myself am nothing but a Name.
 Who now, what Reader does not strive
 T' invalidate the gift whilst w' are alive?
 For when a Poet now himself doth shew,
 As if he were a common Foe,
 All draw upon him, all around
 And every part of him they wound,
 Happy the Man that gives the deepest blow.
 And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe.
 Then in a rage I took
 And out at window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himself went with them too,
 Hardly escap'd the sacred *Mantuan* Book:
 I my own Off-spring, like *Agave*, tore,
 And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,
 That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
 Where only flowry Weeds instead of Corn did grow.

3.

When (see the subtil ways, which Fate does find
 Rebelious man to bind,
 Just to the worst for which he is assign'd,)
 The Muse came in more chearful than before,
 And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
 Lo thy reward, look here and see
 What have I made (said she,)
 My Lover, and belov'd, my *Brogbill* do for thee.
 Tho' thy own verse no lasting Fame can give,
 Thou shalt at least in his for ever live,
 What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
 Who Rant and Challenge all men that have writ,
 Will dare t'oppose thee when
Brogbill in thy defence has drawn his conquering Pen?

I rose and bow'd my head,
 And pardon ask'd for all that I had said,
 Well satisfi'd and proud
 I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
 That from her Service now I ne'r would part,
 So strongly large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

Nothing so soon the drooping Sp'rits can raise,
 As Praises from the Men, whom all men praise.
 'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
 Who have at home th' Ingredients can compose,
 A Cordial, that restores our fainting breath,
 And keeps up Life ev'n after Death.
 The only danger is, lest it should be
 Too strong a Remedie:
 Left, in removing cold, it should beget
 Too violent a heat;
 And into Madnes turn the Lethargie.
 Ah! Gracious God! that I might see
 A time when it were dangerous for me
 To be o're-heat with praise!
 But I within me bear (alas!) too great allayes.

'Tis said, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
 Did naked Women for his pattern view,
 And with his powerful fancy did refine
 Their human shapes into a form Divine;
 None who had fate could her own Picture see,
 Or say, One part was drawn for me:
 So, tho' this noble Painter, when he writ,
 Was pleas'd to think it fit
 That my Book should before him sit,
 Not as a Cause, but an Occasion to his wit;
 Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
 To my advantage out of it, since I,
 Instead of my own likeness, only find
 The bright *Idea* there of the great Writers mind?

O D E.

Mr. Cowley's Book presenting itself to the University
 Library of Oxford.

Hail Learning's *Pantheon*! Hail the sacred Ark,
 Where all the World of Science does embarque!
 Which ever shalt withstand, and hast so long withstood
 Infatiate times devouring Flood

Hail

Hail Tree of Knowledge, thy leaves Fruit! which well
 Do't in the midst of Paradise arise,
 Oxford the Muses Paradise,
 From which may never Sword the blest expel
 Hail Bank of all past Ages! where they lie
 T' enrich, with interest, Posterity!
 Hail Wits illustrious Galaxy!
 Where thousand Lights into one brightness spread;
 Hail living University of the dead!

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all Tongues, which e're
 The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty Traveller,
 That could speak, or This could hear,
 Majestick Monument and Pyramide,
 Where still the shapes of parted Souls abide,
 Embalm'd in verse, exalted Souls which now
 Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
 Which now all wonders plainly see,
 That have been, are, or are to be,
 In the mysterious Librarie,
 The Beatifick Bodley of the Deitie.

3.

Will you into your Sacred thron' admit
 The meanest British Wit?
 You Gen'ral-Council of the Priests of Fame,
 Will you not murmur and disdain,
 That I a place among you claim,
 The humblest Deacon of her Train?
 Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
 The chain of Ornament which here
 Your noble Pris'ners proudly wear?
 A Chain which will more pleasant seem to me
 Than all my own Pindarick Libertie?
 Will ye to bind me with those mighty Names submit,
 Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
 Whatever happy Book is chained here,
 No other Place or People need to fear;
 His Chain's a Passport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a seat in Heaven
 Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,
 Who casting round his wond'ring eye
 Does none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espie;
 Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
 And Saints, who Martyrs liv'd below,
 With trembling and amazement he begins,
 To recollect his frailties past, and sins,

He

He doubts almost his Station there,
 His soul says to itself, How came I here?
 It fares no otherwise with me
 When I myself with conscious wonder see,
 Amidst this purify'd elected Companie.
 With hardship they, and pain,
 Did to this happiness attain:
 No labour I nor merits can pretend,
 I think Predestination only was my friend.

5.

Ah, that my Author had been ty'd like me
 To such a place and such a Companie!
 Instead of sev'ral Countrys, several Men,
 And business which the Muses hate,
 He might have then improv'd that small Estate,
 Which nature sparingly did to him give,
 He might perhaps have thriven, then,
 And settled upon me, his Child, somewhat to live,
 'T had happier been for him as well as me,
 For when all (alas!) is done,
 We Books, I mean, You Books will prove to be
 The best and noblest conversation.
 For tho' some errors will get in,
 Like tinctures of Original sin,
 Yet sure we from our Father's wit
 Draw all the strength and spirit of it;
 Leaving the grosser parts of conversation,
 As the best blood of Man's employ'd in generation.

O D E.

*Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Reliques
 of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.*

C Hear up, my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,
 Clap on more Sail and never spare;
 Farewel all Lands, for now we are
 In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
 Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of Wine,
 And we shall cut the Burning-Line:
 Hey boys! she scuds away, and by my head I know,
 We round the World are sailing now.
 What dull men are those that tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly rove,
 And gain such experience, and spy too
 Such Countrys and Wonders, as I do?
 But prythee, good Pilot, take heed what you do,

And

And fail not to touch at *Peru* ;
 With Gold there the Veffel we will ftore,
 And never, and never be poor,
 No, never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean? what thoughts do me mifguide?
 As well upon a ftaff may Witches ride
 Their fancy'd journeys in the Air,
 As I fail round the Ocean in this Chair:
 'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you fee,
 For all it's quiet now, and gravity,
 Has wandred, and has travell'd more,
 Than ever Beaft, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
 In every Air, and every Sea 't has been,
 'T has compafs'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has feen.
 Let not the Pope's itfelf with this compare,
 This is the only Univerfal Chair.

3.

The pious Wandrer's Fleet, fav'd from the Flame,
 (Which ftill the Reliques did of *Troy perfue*,
 And took them for its due,)

A Squadron of immortal Nymphs became:
 Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
 And ftill make new and greater Voyages;
 Nor has the firft Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
 Tho' now a Star ſhe ſo triumphant ſhew,
 And guide her failing Succeffors below,
 Bright as her ancient freight the ſhining Fleece,
 Yet to this day a quiet Habor found,
 The Tide of Heaven ftill carries her around;
 Only *Drake's* ſacred Veffel which before
 Had done, and had ſeen more
 Than thoſe have done or ſeen,
 Ev'n ſince the Goddeſſes, and this a Star has been,
 As a reward for all her labour paſt,
 Is made the feat of Reſt at laſt;
 Let the caſe now quite alter'd be,
 And as thou went'ſt abroad the World to ſee,
 Let the World now come to ſee thee.

4.

The World will do't, for Curioſity
 Does no leſs than Devotion Pilgrims make;
 And I my ſelf, who now love quiet too,
 As much almoſt as any Chair can do,
 Would yet a Journey take
 An old Wheel of that Chariot to ſee,
 Which *Phaeton* ſo raſhly brake:

F f f

Yet

Yet what could that say more than these Remains of *Drake*?
 Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of ease,
 Hast still one way of making Voyages;
 The breath of Fame, like an auspicious Gale,
 (The great Trade-wind, which ne'r does fail,)
 Shall drive thee round the World and thou shalt run
 Along around it as the Sun.
 The freights of Time too narrow are for thee,
 Launch forth into an undiscovered Sea,
 And steer the endless course of vast Eternity,
 Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy Pilot Me.

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

1.

TIS Folly all that can be said
 By living Mortals of th'Immortal dead,
 And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain Tears we shed.
 'Tis, as if we, who stay behind
 In expectation of the wind,
 Should pity those who pass'd the streight before,
 And touch the univerfal shore.
 Ah happy Man, who art to fail no more!
 And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
 Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,
 Tho' ne'r so fair and calm it be;
 What would all sober Men believe
 If they should hear us sighing say,
Balcarres, who but th' other day
 Did all our love and our respect Command,
 At whose great Parts we all amaz'd did stand,
 Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?

2.

If you will say: Few persons upon Earth
 Did more than he deserve to have
 A Life exempt from Fortune and the Grave;
 Whether you look upon his Birth,
 And Ancestors, whose Fame's so widely spread.
 But Ancestors alas, who long ago are dead;
 Or whether you consider more
 The vast increase, as sure you ought,
 Of Honor by his Labour bought,
 And added to the former store,
 All I can answer is, that I allow
 The Priviledge you plead for; and avow
 That, as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

3.

Tho' God for Great and Righteous ends,
Which his unerring providence intends
Erroneous Mankind should not understand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* Hand,
That once with so much Industry and Art
Had clos'd the gaping Wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his distracted Nations cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage, 'twas t'endure;
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove
From all th'oppression and the woe
Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below
To his Souls true and peaceful Country 'bove:
So God, like Kings, for secret Causes known
Sometimes but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest Ministers Elect,
And send abroad to Treaties, which they' intend
Shall never take effect.
But, tho' the Treaty wants a happy end,
The happy Agent wants not the reward,
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
His just and righteous Master calls him home,
And gives him near himself some honourable room.

4.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his Country and restore his King;
And whil'st the manly half of him, which those
Who know not Love to be the whole suppose,
Perform'd all parts of Virtues life;
The beauteous half his lovely Wife
Did all his Labours and his Cares divide;
Nor was a lame, nor paralytick side,
In all the turns of human state;
In all th' unjust attacques of Fate.
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he,
Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His Virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accompany.

5.

With these companions, 'twas not strange
That nothing could his Temper change,
His own and Countrys union had not weight
Enough to crush his mighty Mind.
He saw around the Hurricanes of State,

Fixt as an Island 'gainst the Waves and Wind.
 Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
 All outward things are but the breach, or beach ;
 A Great Man's Soul it doth assault in vain ;
 There God himself the Ocean doth restrain
 With an imperceptible Chain,
 And bid it to go back again :
 His Wisdom, Justice, and his Piety,
 His Courage both to suffer and to dye,
 His Virtues and his Lady too
 Were things Celestial. And we see
 In spite of quarrelling Philosophie,
 How in this case 'tis certain found,
 That Heav'n stands still, and only Earth goes round.

O D E.

Upon Doctor Harvey.

I.

C O Y Nature, (which remain'd, tho' aged grown,
 A beauteous Virgin still, injoy'd by none,
 Nor seen unveil'd by any one,)
 When *Harvey's* violent passion she did see,
 Began to tremble and to flee,
 Took Sanctuary, like *Daphne*, in a Tree :
 There *Daphne's* Lover stopt, and thought it much
 The very Leaves of her to touch :
 But *Harvey*, our *Apollo*, stopt not so,
 Into the Bark and Root he after her did go :
 No smallest Fibres of a Plant,
 For which the Eye-beams point doth sharpness want,
 His passage after her withstood ;
 What should she do ? through all the moving Wood
 Of Lives endow'd with sense she took her flight,
Harvey persues, and keeps her still in fight.
 But as the Deer, long hunted, takes a Flood,
 She leap'd at last into the Winding-streams of Blood ;
 Of Mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
 Till at the Heart she stay'd,
 Where turning Head, and at a Bay,
 Thus by well-purged Ears she was o're-heard to say.

2.

Here sure shall I be safe (said she,)
 None will be able sure to see

This my Retreat, but only He
 Who made both it and me.
 The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
 A Wall impervious between
 Divides the very Parts within,
 And doth the very Heart of Man ev'n from itself conceal:
 She spoke, but e're she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
 And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,
 Till all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd,
 Which from his Wit th' attempt before to hide
 Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.
 He the young Practice of New Life did see,
 Whil'st, to conceal it's toilsome poverty,
 It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately.
 Before the Liver understood
 The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
 Before one drop was by it made,
 Or brought into it to set up the Trade ;
 Before the untaught Heart began to beat
 The tuneful March to vital heat,
 From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
 Whether imploy'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air;
 Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
 A strict account to him is hourly brought,
 How the great Fabrick does proceed,
 What Time, and what Materials it does need.
 He so exactly does the Work survey,
 As if he hir'd the Workers by the day.

4.
 Thus *Harvey* sought for Truth in Truth's own Book,
 The Creatures, which by God himself was writ ;
 And wisely thought 'twas fit,
 Not to read Comments only upon it,
 But on th' Original itself to look.
 Methinks in Arts great Circle others stand
 Lock'd up together hand in hand,
 Every one leads as he is led,
 The same bare Path they tread.
 A Dance like Fairies, a Fantastick round,
 But neither change their Motion, nor their Ground :
 Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his Wit,
 His noble Circle of the Blood had been untrodén yet :
 Great Doctor, th' art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
 We now thy Patient Physick see
 From all inveterate Diseases free,
 Purg'd of old Errors by thy Care,
 New Dieted, put forth to clearer Air,

It now will strong and healthful prove,
Itself before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

These useful Secrets to his Pen we owe,
And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow ;
Of which a barbarous War's unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age ;
Oh cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,
With so much cost and labour wrought,
And from afar by a great Heroe brought,
Had sunk even in the Ports of Greece.
Oh cursed War ! who can forgive thee this ?
Houses and Towns may rise again,
And ten times easier 'tis
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.
The mighty Task none but himself can do,
Nay, scarce himself too now,
For tho' his Wit the force of Age withstand,
His body Alas ! and Time it must command.
And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

O D E.

*Acme and Septimius out of Catullus. Acmen
Septimius suos amores Tenens in gremio, &c.*

W Hil't on *Septimius* panting Breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest,)
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said.

My dearest *Acme*, if I be
Once alive and love not thee
With a Passion far above
All that e're was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Desert may
I become some Lions Prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him fear
My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who stood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him,)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the Sound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augury.

Acme

Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
 Rear'd her gentle-bending head,
 And her Purple Mouth with joy
 Stretching to the delicious Boy
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice,)
 She kiss his drunken rowling Eyes.

My little Life, my All, (said she,)
 So may we ever Servants be
 To this best God, and ne'r retain
 Our hated Liberty again:
 So may thy passion last for me,
 As I a passion have for thee,
 Greater and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by thee a man.
 Into my Marrow it is gone,
 Fixt and settled in the bone,
 It reigns not only in my heart,
 But runs like Life through ev'ry part.

She spoke; the God of Love aloud
 Sneez'd again, and all the croud
 Of little Loves, that waited by,
 Bow'd and blest the Augury.

This good Omen thus from Heaven
 Like a happy signal given,
 Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
 And hand in hand run all the Race.
 To poor *Septimius* (who did now
 Nothing else but *Acme* grow,)
Acme's Bosom was alone
 The whole World's Imperial Throne,
 And to faithful *Acme's* Mind
Septimius was all Human kind.

If the Gods would please to be
 But advis'd for once by me,
 I'd advise 'em when they spy
 Any illustrious Piety,
 To reward Her, if it be She;
 To reward Him, if it be He;
 With such a Husband, such a Wife,
 With *Acme's* and *Septimin's* his life.

O D E

Upon His Majesties Restauration and Return.

Virgil. — *Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet,volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*

1.

NOW Blessings on you all, ye peaceful Stars,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense
Your universal gentle Influence,
To calm the stormy World, and still the rage of Wars.
Nor whil'st around the Continent
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain
In their large *Treaty* to contain
The World apart, o're which do Reign
Your seven fair Brethren of Great Charles his Wane ;
No Star amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which, thirty years ago
At * Charles his Birth, did in despite
Of the proud Sun's Meridian Light,
His future Glories, and this Tear foreshew ;
No less effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful Ray,
Which could out-face the Sun, and overcome the Day.

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the Kings Birth, just as the King his Father was riding to St. Pauls to give Thanks to God for that Blessing,

2.

Auspicious Star again arise,
And take thy Noon-tide Station in the Skies,
Again all Heaven prodigiously adorn ;
For lo ! thy Charles again is born,
He then was born with, and to Pain ;
Wish, and to Joy he's born again.
And wisely for this Second Birth,
By which thou certain wert to bless
The Land with full and flourishing Happiness,
Thou mad'st of that fair Month thy choice,
In which Heaven, Air, and Sea, and Earth,
And all that's in them, all does smile, and does rejoice :
'Twas a right Season, and the very Ground
Ought with a face of Par'dise to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and Innocence again.

Shall

3.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that *Blessed Pair* behold,
 Which the abused *People* fondly fold
 For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden-Tree*,
 By seeking all like *Goats* to be?
 Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Nest* venture to build
 Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
 And trust that *Sea*, where she can hardly say,
 Sh'has known these twenty years one *Calmy day*?
 Ah! mild and galle's *Dove*,
 Which do'st the *pure* and *candid Dwellings* love,
 Canst thou in *Albion* still delight?
 Still canst thou think it *white*?
 Will ever fair *Religion* appear
 In these deformed *Ruines*? will she clear
 The *Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
 Will *Justice* hazard to be seen
 Where a *High Court* of *Justice* e're has been;
 Will not the *Tragick Scene*,
 And *Bradshaw's* bloody *Ghost* affright her there,
 Her, who shall never fear?
 Then may *Whitehall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fir,
 If *Justice* shall endure at *Westminster* to sit.

4.

Of all, methinks, we least should see
 The chearful looks again of *Libertie*.
 That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still
 The *Courfes* of so many sufferers fill,
 Is still enough to make her stay,
 And jealous for a while remain,
 Left as a *Tempest* carried him away,
 Some *Hurrican* should bring him back again.
 Or she might justlier be afraid
 Left that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
 (And in his poys'nous folds whole *Nations Prisoners made*,)
 Should a third time perhaps prevail
 To joyn again, and with worse sting arise,
 As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
 Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
 And dread your perish'd *Enemies* no more,
 Your *Fears* are causeless all, and vain
 Whil'st you return in *Charles* his *Train*,
 For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* restore:
 Nor shall the *World* him only call
Defender of the *Faith*, but of ye *All*.

5.

Along with you *Plenty*, and *Riches* go,
 With a full Tide to ev'ry Port they flow,
 With a warm fruit to *wind* o're all the Country blow.

Honor does as ye march her *Trumpet* sound,

The *Arts* encompass you around

And against all *Alarms* of *Fear*,

safety itself brings up the *Rear*.

And in the head of this *Angelick* Band,

Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand

(*O righteous God!*) on his *own happy Land*.

'Tis *Happy* now, which could with so much ease

Recover from so desperate a *Disease*,

A various complicated *Ill*,

Whose every *Symptom* was enough to *kill*,

In which one part of three *Frenzy* possest,

And *Lethargy* the rest.

'Tis *Happy*, when no *Bleeding* does endure

A *Surfeit* of such *Blood* to cure.

'Tis *Happy* which beholds the *Flame*

In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,

Or that which if from *Heaven* it came

It did but well deserve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

6.

We fear'd, (and almost toucht the black degree

Of instant *Expectation*.)

That the three dreadful *Angels* we

Of *Famine*, *Sword*, and *Plague*, should here establisht see,

(*Gods* great *Triumvirate* of *Desolation*.)

To scourge and to destroy this sinful *Nation*.

Justly might *Heaven* *Protectors* such as those,

And such *Committees* for their *Safety* impose,

Upon a *Land* which scarcely *Better* chose.

We fear'd, that the *Fanatick* *War*,

Which Men against *God's* houses did declare,

Would from th' *Almighty* *Enemy* bring down

A sure *Destruction* to our *Own*.

We read th' *Instructive* *Histories*, which tell

Of all those endless *Mischiefs* that befell

The *Sacred* *Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,

After that *fatal* *Curse* had once been said,

His *Blood* be upon *ours*, and our *Childrens* head.

We knew, tho' there a *greater* *Blood* was spilt

'Twas scarcely done with *greater* *Guilt*.

We know those *Miseries* did befall,

Whil'st they rebell'd against that *Prince*, whom all

The rest of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7.

Already was the *shaken Nation*
 Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought,
 And it was hastening on (we thought,)
 Even to the last of *Ills, Annihilation.*
 When in the midst of this confus'd Night
 Lo! the blest *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light.*
 For in the glorious *General's* previous Ray
 We saw a new created *Day.*
 We by it saw, tho' yet in *Mists* it shone,
 The *beauteous Work of Order* moving on.
 Where are the Men who bragg'd that God did bless,
 And with the marks of good *Success*
Sign his allowance of their *Wickedness*?
 Vain Men! who thought the Divine power to find
 In the fierce *Thunder*, and the violent *Wind*:
 God came not till the Storm was past,
 In the *still voice of Peace* he came at last.
 The cruel business of *Destruction*
 May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
 Here, here we see th' *Almighty's hand* indeed,
 Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we see't, and by the *Speed.*

8.

He who had seen the noble *British Heir*,
 Even in that ill disadvantageous *Light*,
 With which misfortune strives t' abuse our Sight;
 He who had seen Him in this *Cloud* so bright:
 He who had seen the double *Pair*
 Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *sisters* heavenly fair:
 Might have perceiv'd (methinks,) with ease,
 (But *wicked Men* see only what they please,)
 That God had no intent t' extinguish quite
 The *pious King's* eclipsed *Right.*
 He who had seen, how by the pow'r Divine
 All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
 Did in their *Fire* without *consuming shine*,
 How through a *rough red Sea* they had been led,
 By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed;
 How many years of trouble and distress
 They'd wand'ring in their fatal *Wilderness*,
 And yet did never *murmure* or *repine*;
 Might (methinks,) plainly understand,
 That after all these conquer'd *Trials* past,
 Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at last
 Conduct them with a strong unerring hand
 To their own *promis'd Land.*
 For all the glories of the *Earth*
 Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*;

And all *Heav'n's* blessings to come down
 Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given
 The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
 Who crown'd the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown*.

9.

The *Martyr's Blood* was said of old to be
 The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow;
 The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow
 Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royaltie*.

'Twas in *dishonor sown*,
 We find it now in *glory grown*.

The *grave* could but the *dross* of it devour;
 'Twas *sown* in *weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.
 We now the *Question* well decided see,
 Which *Eastern Wits* did once contest
 At the *Great Monarch's Feast*,
 Of *all on Earth* what things the *strongest* be?
 And some for *Women*, some for *Wine*, did plead;

That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
 Two things which we have known indeed
 Strong in this later *Age*;
 But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
 The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength*,
 When they their sacred *Force* unite,
 And twine into one *Right*.

No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
 No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
 No *Nets* of human *Policies*;
 No stores of *Arms* or *Gold*, (tho' you could joyn
 Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*,)
 No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by *Sea*, or *Troops* by *Land*,
 No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,
 Or any small resistance bring
 Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarm'd King*.

10.

The *foolish Lights*, which *Travellers* beguile,
 End the same night when they begin;
 No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win
 As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
 Where's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e're while
 Mis-led our *wandering Isle*?
 Where's the *Impostor Cromwell* gone?
 Where's now that *Falling-Star* his *Son*?
 Where's the *large Comet* now, whose raging-flame
 So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
 Which o're our heads in such proud horror stood,
 Insatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood*?

The *fiery Tail* did to vast length extend ;
 And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
 And twice renew'd the dismal *Fire* ;
 Tho' long the *Tail*, we saw at last its end.
 The flames of one triumphant day,
 Which like an *Anti-Comet* here
 Did fatally to that appear,
 For ever frighted it away ;
 Then did th' allotted hour of *dawning Right*
 First strike our ravish'd sight ;
 Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could stay,
 Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
 To the *Resuscitation* of the *Day*,
 Or *Resurrection* of the *Spring*.
 We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
 Bless the preceding *Winter*, and the *Night*.

II.

Man ought his *future happiness* to fear,
 If he be always *happy here* ;
 He wants the *bleeding Marks of Grace*,
 The *Circumcision of the chosen Race*.
 If no one *Part* of him supplies
 The duty of a *sacrifice*,
 He is (we doubt,) reserv'd *intire*
 As a whole *Victim* for the *Fire*.
 Besides even in this *World* below,
 To those who never did *ill-fortune* know,
 The *good* does *nauseous* or *insipid* grow.
 Consider man's *whole life*, and you'll confess
 The sharp *Ingredient* of some *bad success*
 Is that which gives the taste to all his *Happiness*.
 But the true *Method of Felicitie*
 Is when the worst
 Of human *Life* is plac'd the first,
 And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
 The cause of *perfecting the Man* :
 Let our *weak Days* lead up the *Van* ;
 Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian-Band*
 Firm against all impression stand ;
 The first we may *defeated* see ;
 The *Virtue* and the force of these are sure of *Victorie*.

12.

Such are the *years* (*Great Charles*;) which now we see
 Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee* :
 Long may their *March to Heaven*, and still *triumphant* be :
 Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-fortune never shall *o're-take* Thee more.
 To see't again, and pleasure in it find,
 Cast a disdainful look *behind*,
 Things

Things which offend, when present, and affright,
In Memory, well painted, move delight.

Enjoy then all th' Afflictions now ;
Thy Royal Father's came at last :
Thy Martyrdom's already past.
And different Crowns to both ye owe.

No Gold did e're the Kingly Temples bind
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd,
As a choice Medal, for Heaven's Treasure,
God did stamp first upon one side of Thee
The Image of his suffering Humanitie :
On th' other side, turn'd now to fight, does shine
The glorious Image of his Power Divine.

13.

So when the wisest Poets seek
In all their liveliest Colours to set forth
A Picture of Heroick worth,
(The Pious Trojan, or the Prudent Greek,)
They chose some comely Prince of heavenly Birth,
(No proud Gigantick Son of Earth,
Who strives t' usurp the Gods forbidden Seat,)
They feed him not with Nectar, and the Meat
That cannot without Joy be eat,
But in the cold of want, and storms of adverse chance,
They harden his young Virtue by degrees,
The beauteous Drop first into Ice does freeze,
And into solid Crystal next advance.
His murdered Friends and Kindred he does see,
And from his flaming Country flee.
Much is he tost at Sea, and much at Land,
Does long the force of angry Gods withstand.
He does long Troubles, and long Wars sustain,
E'r he his fatal Birth-right gain.
With no less time or labor can
Destiny build up such a Man,
Who's with sufficient vertue fill'd
His ruin'd Country to rebuild.

14.

Nor without cause are Arms from Heaven
To such a Hero by the Poets given.
No human Metal is of force t' oppose
So many and so violent blows.
Such was the Helmet, Breast-plate, Shield,
Which Charles in all Attaques did yield :
And all the Weapons malice e're could try,
Of all the several makes of wicked Policy,
Against this Armor struck, but at the stroke,
Like Swords of Lee, in thousand pieces broke,

To *Angels*, and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
 No fhew on Earth can fure fo pleafant prove,
 As when they *great miffortunes* fee
 With *Courage* born, and *Decencie*.
 So were they born, when *Worc'fter's* difmal Day
 Did all the terrors of *black Fate* difplay.
 So were they born when no *Disguifes* cloud
 His *invard Royalty* could fhroud,
 And one of th' *Angels*, whom juft *God* did fend
 To guard him in his noble flight,
 (A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend,)
 Affur'd me in a *Vifion* th' other night,
 That *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)
 Did then more *Greatnefs* in him fee,
 More *Lufre* and more *Majefty*,
 Than all His *Coronation Pomp* can fhew to *Human Eye*.

15.

Him and His *Royal Brothers* when I faw
 New marks of *honor* and of *glory*
 From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,
 And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*;
 Methought I faw the *three Indian Youths*
 (The *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Nobleft Truths*,)
 In the *Chaldean Furnace* walk;
 How cheerfully, and unconcern'd they talk!
 No *hair* is fing'd, no *smalleft beauty* blafted;
 Like *painted Lamps* they *shine unwafted*.
 The greedy *Fire* itfelf dares not be fed
 With the beft *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head*.
 The honorable *Flame*
 (Which rather *Light* we ought to name,)
 Does like a *Glory* compafs them around,
 And their *whole Body's* crown'd.
 Who are thofe *Two bright Creatures* which we fee
 Walk with the *Royal Three*
 In the fame *Ordeal fire*,
 And *mutual Joys* infpire?
 Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are.
 Who whil'ft they feek to bear a fhare
 Will fuffer no *affliction* to be there.
 Lefs favor to thofe *Three* of old was fhewn,
 To folace with their company
 The *fiery Tryals* of *Adverfity*;
Two Angels joyn with *theſe*, the others had but *One*.

16.

Come forth, Come forth, ye men of *God* below'd,
 And let the *power* now of that *flame*,
 Which againft you fo *impotent* became,
 On all your *Enemies* be prov'd;
Come,

Come Mighty *Charles*, *Desire of Nations* come!
 Come you triumphant *Exile*, home!
 He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
 Of a whole *Land* which does at once rejoyce,
 I hear th' united *People's sacred voyce*.
 The *Sea* which circles us around,
 Ne're sent to *Land* so loud a sound;
 The mighty *Shout* sends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
 And swells up every *Sail*;
 The *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all;
 The *Artificial Joy's* drown'd by the *Natural*.
 All *England* but one *Bonfire* seems to be,
 One *Aetna* shooting flames into the *Sea*.
 The *Starry Worlds*, which shine to us afar,
 Take ours at this time for a *Star*.
 With *Wine* all *Rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow;
 And *We*, the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage,
 Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
 The *Rivers* too should not do so.
 There is no *stoick* sure who would not now
 Even some *excess* allow;
 And grant that one *wild fit* of *cheerful folly*
 Should end our twenty years of *dismal Melancholy*.

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
 To take her mighty *share*
 In this so ravishing fight,
 And with the part she takes to add to the *Delight*?
 Ah! Why art *Thou* not here.
 Thou always *best*, and now the *happiest Queen*,
 To see our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be seen?
 God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
 To shew that *Woman-kind* may be
 Above that *Sex*, which her Superior seems,
 In wisely managing the wide *Extreams*
 Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicities*.
 How well those different *Virtues* *Thee* become,
Daughter of Triumphs, *Wife of Martyrdom*!
 Thy Princely *Mind* with so much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
 With so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicities*,
 That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*;
 'Tis come, and seen to day in all its *Braverie*.

18.

Who's that *Heroick Person* leads it on,
 And gives it like a glorious *Bride*
 (Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial-Pride*,)
 Into the hands now of thy *Son*?

'Tis the good *General*, the *Man of Praise*,
 Whom *God* at last in gracious pity
 Did to th' *enthrall'd Nation* raise,
 Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
 To loose the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
 And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
 For ever blest may *He* and *His* remain,
 Who, with a *vast*, tho' less-appearing gain,
 Preferr'd the *Solid Great*, above the *Vain*;
 And to the *World* this *Princely Truth* has shewn;
 That more 'tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp a Crown*.
 Thou worthiest *Person* of the *British Story*,
 (Tho' 'tis not *small*, the *British Glory*,)
 Did I not know my *humble Verse* must be
 But ill-proportion'd to the *height* of *Thee*,
Thou and the *World* should see,
 How much my *Muse*, the *Foe* of *Flatterie*,
 Does make *true Praise* her *Labour* and *Design*;
 An *Iliad*, or an *Aeneid* should be *Thine*.

19.

And ill should *We* deserve this happy day,
 If no acknowledgments we pay
 To you, *Great Patriots*, of the *Two*
 Most *truly other Houses* now;
 Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *shame*
 A *Parliaments* once *venerable Name*;
 And now the *Title* of a *House* restore
 To that which was but *Slaughter-house* before.
 If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,
 Within those reverend places,
 Which now your *living Presence* graces,
 Your *Marble Statues* always should remain,
 To keep alive your useful *Memory*
 And to your *Successors* th' *Example* be
 Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reason*, *Loyalty*.
 For tho' a firmly settled *Peace*
 May shortly make your publick labours cease,
 The grateful *Nation* will with joy consent,
 That in *this sense* you should be said,
 (Tho' yet the *Name* sounds with some dread,)
 To be the *Long*, the *Endless Parliament*.

On the Queens Repairing Somerset-House.

When God (the Cause to Me and Men unknown,)
 Forfook the Royal Houses, and his own,
 And both abandon'd to the Common Foe ;
 How near to Ruine did my Glories go ?
 Nothing remain'd t'adorn this Princely Place
 Which Covetous Hands could Take, or Rude Deface.
 In all my Rooms and Galleries I found
 The richest Figures torn, and all around
 Dismembred Statues of great Heroes lay ;
 Such *Naseby's* Field seem'd on the fatal day.
 And me, when nought for Robbery was left,
 They starv'd to death, the gasping Walls were cleft,
 The Pillars sunk, the Roofs above me wept,
 No sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,
 Nothing was seen which could content the Eye,
 Till dead the impious Tyrant here did lye.

See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
 Since my true Mistres, and now Foundres, came.

It does not fill her Bounty to restore
 Me as I was (nor was I small,) before.
 She imitates the kindness to her shewn ;
 She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected Throne
 At once restores, fixes, and higher rears,)
 Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what she Repairs.
 And now I dare, (tho' proud I must not be,
 Whil'st my great Mistres I so humble see
 In all her various Glories,) now I dare
 Ev'n with the proudest Palaces compare ;
 My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm sure,)
 So just a Boast with Modesty endure.
 And all must to me yield, when I shall tell,
 How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.

Before my Gate a Street's broad Chanel goes,
 Which still with waves of crouding People flows,
 And every day there passes by my side,
 Up to it's *Western* Reach, the *London* Tide,
 The Spring-Tides of the Term ; my Front looks down
 On all the Pride and Business of the Town.

My other Front (for as in Kings we see
 The liveliest Image of the Deity.
 We in their Houses should Heav'n's likeness find,
 Where nothing can be said to be behind,)
 My other Fair and more Majestick Face
 (Who can the Fair to more advantage place ?)
 For ever gazes on itself below ;
 In the best Mirror that the World can shew.

And here, Behold, in a long bending row,
 How two joynt Cities make one Glorious Bow;
 The Mid'st, the noblest place, possess'd by me;
 Best to be seen by all, and all o'resee.
 Which way so'e're I turn my joyful Eye,
 Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I spy;
 On either side dwells Safety and Delight;
 Wealth on the Left, and Pow'r upon the Right.
 T'assure yet my Defence on either hand,
 Like mighty Forts, in equal distance stand
 Two of the best and stateliest Piles which e're
 Man's liberal Piety of old did rear,
 Where the two Princes of th' Apostles Band,
 My Neighbours and my Guards, Watch and Command.

My Warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,
 Might be my object too, were not the Eye
 Stept by the Houses of that wondrous Street
 Which rides o're the broad River like a Fleet.
 The Stream's Eternal Siege they fixt abide,
 And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
 Tho' both their Ruine with joynt Pow'r conspire,
 Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.
 And here my *Thames*, tho' it more gentle be
 Than any Flood, so strength'ned by the Sea,
 Finding by Art his Natural Forces broke,
 And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
 Does roar, and foam, and rage at the disgrace,
 But recomposes straight, and calms his Face,
 Is into Reverence and Submission strook,
 As soon as from afar he does but look
 Tow'rd's the White Palace where that King does Reign
 Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.

Amid'st these louder Honors of my Seat,
 And two vast Cities troublesomely great,
 In a large various Plain the Country too
 Opens her gentler Blessings to my view,
 In me the Active and the Quiet Mind
 By different ways equal content may find.
 If any prouder Virtuoso's Sense
 At that part of my Prospect take offence,
 By which the meaner Cabanes are descry'd,
 Of my Imperial River's humble side,
 If they call that a Blemish, let them know,
 God and my God-like Mistress think not so;
 For the distrest and the afflicted lye
 Most in their Care, and always in their Eye.

And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to Me
 Just Homage, in thy passage to the Sea,
 Take here this one Instruction as thou go'st;
 When thy mixt Waves shall visit every Coast,

When round the World their Voyage they shall make,
 And back to thee some secret Chanelstake,
 Ask them, what nobler fight they e're did meet
 Except thy mighty Masters Sovereign Fleet,
 Which now Triumphant o're the Main does ride,
 The terror of all Lands, the Oceans Pride?

From hence his Kingdom's happy now at last,
 (Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past,)
 From hence may Omens take of that success
 Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:
 The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
 With her Son's Fabricks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

The Complaint.

I.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual Scene
 Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade
 Of the black Yew's unlucky Green,
 Mixt with the Morning Willows careful Gray,
 Where reverend *Cham* cuts out his famous way,
 The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:
 And lo! a Muse appear'd to's closed sight,
 (The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play,)
 Bodied, arrayed, and seen by an internal Light:
 A Golden Harp with silver strings she bore,
 A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
 In which all Colours, and all Figures were,
 That Nature, or that Fancy can create,
 That Art can never imitate;
 And with loose Pride it Wanton'd in the Air.
 In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
 She us'd of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
 A Crown was on her Head, and Wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground;
 The shaken strings melodiously resound.

Art thou return'd at last, said she,
 To this forsaken place and me?
 Thou Prodigal, who did'st so loosely waste
 Of all thy youthful years the good Estate;
 Art thou return'd here to repent too late?
 And gather husks of Learning up at last,
 Now the rich Harvest-time of Life is past,
 And *Winter* marches on so fast?

But

But when I meant t'adopt thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
 Had to their dearest Children done;
When I resolv'd t'exalt thy anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of Peaceful Fame;
Thou Changeling, thou, bewitch'd with noise and show
Would'st into Courts and Cities from me go;
Would'st see the World abroad, and have a share
In all the Follies, and the Tumults there.
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a State,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st create:
 Business! the frivolous pretence
Of Human Lusts to shake off Innocence:
 Business! the grave impertinence:
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,
 And see to what amount
 Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostasie.
Thou thoughtst if once the publick Storm were past,
All thy remaining Life should Sun-shine be:
Behold the publick Storm is spent at last,
The Sovereign is tost at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Company,
 Art got at last to shore.
But whil'st thy fellow Voyagers I see
All march'd up to possess the Promis'd Land,
Thou still alone (alas!) dost gaping stand
Upon the naked Beach, upon the barren Sand.

4.

As a fair Morning of the blessed Spring,
 After a tedious stormy Night;
Such was the Glorious Entry of our King,
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him Light.
 But then (alas!) to thee alone
One of old *Gideon's* miracles was shewn,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
 With Pearly Dew was Crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muses Fleece was drye.

It did all others Threats surpass,
 When God to his own People said,
 (The Men whom through long wanderings he had led,)
 That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Brass :
 They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
 That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain
 Upon the most unjust to Shine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven years and more
 Thou did'st with Faith and Labour serve,
 And did'st (if Faith and Labour can) deserve,
 Tho' she contracted was to thee,
 Giv'n to another who had store
 Of fairer, and of richer Wives before,
 And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.
 Go on, twice seven years more thy Fortune try,
 Twice seven years more God in his Bounty may
 Give thee, to fling away
 Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
 But think how likely 'tis that thou,
 With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,
 Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,
 Should even able be to live ;
 Thou, to whose share so little Bread did fall,
 In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

6.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful Head,
 The Melancholy *Cowley* said:
 Ah ! wanton foe dost thou upbraid
 The Ills which thou thy self hast made ?
 When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,
 Thou, wicked Spirit, stolest me away,
 And my abused Soul didst bear
 Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,
 Thy Golden *Indies* in the Air ;
 And ever since I strive in vain
 My ravish'd freedom to regain ;
 Still I Rebel, still thou dost Reign,
 Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.
 There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
 Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds ;
 No wholesome Herb can near them thrive,
 No useful Plant can keep alive :
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
 Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now ;
 Where once such Fairies Dance, no Grass doth ever grow.

7. When

7.

When my new Mind had no infusion known,
 Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
 That ever since I vainly try
 To wash away th'inherent Dye:
 Long work perhaps may spoile thy Colours quite,
 But never will reduce the Native white:
 To all the Ports of Honor and of Gain,
 I often steer my course in vain,
 Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
 Thou slack'nest all my Nerves of Industry,
 By making them so oft to be
 The tinkling Strings of thy loose Minstrelsie:
 Whoever this World's happiness would see
 Must as intirely cast off thee,
 As they, who only Heaven desire,
 Do from the World retire.
 This was my Error, This my gross Mistake,
 My self a demy-Votary to make.
 Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husbands Fate,
 (A fault which I like them am taught too late,)
 For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
 And perish for the part which I retain.

8.

Teach me not then, Oh thou fallacious Muse,
 The Court, and better King t' accuse;
 The Heaven under which I live is fair;
 The fertile soil will a full Harvest bear;
 Thine, thine is all the Barrenness; if thou
 Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.
 When I but think, how many a tedious year
 Our patient Sov'reign did attend
 His long misfortunes fatal end;
 How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
 On the Great Sovereign's Will he did depend,
 I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
 To wait on His, Oh thou fallacious Muse!
 Kings have long Hands (they say,) and though I be
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 However, of all Princes thou
 Should'st not reproach Rewards for being small or slow;
 Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,
 And that too after death.

The Adventures of Five hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main,)
 Take in just War a rich Plate-Fleet of *Spain*;
 The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce
 Into a form of Beauty and of Use,
 On which the Conqu'rors Image now does shine,
 Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine:
 So in the mild Contentions of the Muse,
 (The War which Peace itself loves and pursues,)
 So have you home to us in Triumph brought
 This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treasures fraught;
 You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
 Nor by translation borrow'd all it's wealth,
 But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own,
 Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown.
 'Tis currant now, by your adorning it
 With the fair stamp of your victorious Wit.

But thò we praise this voyage of your Mind,
 And thò ourselves enricht by it we find;
 W'are not contented yet, because we know
 What greater stores at home within it grow;
 W'ave seen how well you foreign Ores refine,
 Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.
 The World shall then our Native plenty view,
 And fetch Materials for their Wit from you.
 They all shall watch the travails of your Pen,
 And *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then.

On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Philips.

CRUEL Disease! Ah, could not it suffice
 Thy old and constant spight to exercise
 Against the gentlest and the fairest Sex,
 Which still thy Depredations most do vex?
 Where still thy Malice most of all
 (Thy Malice or thy Lust,) does on the fairest fall?
 And in them most assault the fairest place,
 The Throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the Face?
 There was enough of that here to asswage
 (One would have thought,) either thy Lust or Rage.
 Was't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease,
 Did'st on this Glorious Temple seize?
 Was't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there
 All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,

Deface the innocent pride of beautiful Images ?
 Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
 But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile ?
 And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
 On th' inward Holiest Holy of her Wit ?
 Cruel disease ! There thou mistook'st thy pow'r :
 No Mine of Death can that devour,
 On her embalmed Name it will abide
 An everlasting Pyramide,
 As high as Heav'n the top, as Earth, the basis wide.

2.

All Ages past record, all Countrys now,
 In various kinds such equal Beauties shew,
 That even Judge *Paris* would not know
 On whom the Golden Apple to bestow,
 Tho' Goddesses t' his Sentence did submit,
 Women and Lovers would appeal from it :
 Nor durst he say, Of all the Female race,
 This is the Sovereign Face.
 And some (tho' these be of a kind that's rare,
 That's much, ah, much less frequent than the Frir,)
 So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
 That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
 When the best Woman for her guide she chose.
 But if *Apollo* should design
 A Woman *Laureat* to make,
 Without dispute he would *Orinda* take,
 Tho' *Sappho* and the famous Nine
 Stood by, and did repine.
 To be a Princess or a Queen
 Is Great ; but 'tis a Greatness always seen.
 The World did never but two Women know,
 Who, one by Fraud, th' other by Wit did rise
 To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,
 One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets, who had Names of old,
 Nothing is shewn, but only told,
 And all we hear of them perhaps may be
 Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetrie.
 Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning wast
 The Thunder of their Voice did longer last,
 But that too soon was past,
 The certain proofs of our *Orinda's* Wit,
 In her own lasting Characters are writ,
 And they will long my praise of them survive,
 Tho' long perhaps too that may live.

The Trade of Glory manag'd by the Pen,
 Tho' great it be, and every where is found,
 Does bring in but small profit to us Men ;
 'Tis by the number of the Sharers drown'd.
Orinda on the Female coasts of Fame
 Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetick Name.

She does no Partner with her fee,
 Does all the business there alone, which we
 Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Companie.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine ;
 Unless to Virtues prop it joyn,

Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound ;
 Tho' it with beauteous Leaves, and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
 It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

Now Shame and Blushes on us all
 Who our own Sex Superior call !

Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
 Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too,
 She does above our best Examples rise,
 In hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.
 Never did Spirit of the manly make,
 And dipt all o're in Learnings sacred Lake,
 A Temper more invulnerable take.
 No violent Passion could an entrance find
 Into the tender goodness of her Mind,
 Through walls of Stone, those furious Bullets may
 Force their impetuous way ;
 When her soft Breast they hit, pow'rless and dead they lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told
 Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
 Till hoarse and weary with the Tale she grew,

Rejoyces now t' have got a new,
 A new, and more surprizing Story,

Of fair *Leucasia's* and *Orinda's* Glory.

As when a prudent Man does once perceive
 That in some foreign Country he must live,
 The Language and the Manners he does strive
 To understand and practise here,

That he may come no stranger there :

So well *Orinda* did herself prepare
 In this much different Clime for her remove
 To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

Hymn to the Light.

1.
First-born of *Chaos*, who so fair did'st come
 From the old *Negro's* darksome womb!
 Which when it saw the lovely Child,
 The melancholy Ma's put on kind looks and smil'd.

2.
 Thou Tide of Glory which no rest dost know,
 But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
 Thou Golden shower of a true *Jove!*
 Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

3.
 Hail, active Natures watchful Life and Health!
 Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
 Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!
 Thou the Worlds beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom He!

4.
 Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky
 Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
 Swiftnes and Power by Birth are thine:
 From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine.

5.
 'Tis I believe, this Archery to shew,
 That so much cost in Colours thou,
 And skill in Painting do'st bestow,
 Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

6.
 Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carreer run,
 Thy Race is finisht when begun,
 Let a Post-Angel start with Thee,
 And thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as He.

7.
 Thou, in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
 Do'st thy bright wood of Stars survey;
 And all the year do'st with thee bring
 Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

8.
 Thou *Scythian*-like do'st round thy Lands above
 The Suns gilt Tent for ever move;
 And still as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining Pageants of the World attend thy show.

9.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble Glow-worms to adorn,
 And with those living spangles gild
 (O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.

10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
 Asham'd and fearful to appear,
 They skreen their horrid shapes with the black Hemisphere.

11.

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes th' Alarm
 Of painted Dreams, a busie swarm.
 At the first opening of thine Eye,
 The various Clusters break, the antick Atoms fly.

12.

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts
 Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:
 Nature to thee does reverence pay,
 Ill Omens, and ill Sight remove out of thy way.

13.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
 To shake his Wings, and rowse his Head:
 And cloudy care has often took
 A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

14.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
 Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold.
 Encourag'd at the sight of Thee,
 To the Cheek colour comes, and firmness to the Knee.

15.

Ev'n Lust, the Master of a hardned Face,
 Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
 To darkness Curtains he retires,
 In sympathizing Night he rowles his smoaky fires.

16.

When, Goddess, thou list'ft up thy wak'ned head
 Out of the Mornings Purple Bed,
 Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
 And all thy joyful World salutes the rising day.

17.

The Ghosts, and Monster-Spirits, that did presume,
A Bodies Priv'ledge to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And Bodies gain agen their visibility.

18.

All the Worlds brav'ry that delights our Eyes
Is but thy sev'ral Liveries:
Thou the rich Dy on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'st.

19.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st ;
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st.
The Virgin Lillies in their White
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.

20.

The Violet, Springs little Infant, stands
Girt in the purple Swadling-bands :
On the fair Tulip thou dost dore ,
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

21.

With Flame condens'd thou do'st thy Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix :
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less lib'ral to Gold ;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care (alas!) might'st thou poor man relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah ! wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Through the soft ways of Heav'n and Air, and Sea,
Which open all their Pores to Thee ;
Like a clear River thou do'st glide,
And with thy living Streams through the close Channels slide.

25. But

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free courfe oppofe,
Gently thy fource the Land o'rflows ;
Takes there poffeffion, and does make,
Of colours mingled, Light, a thick and ftanding Lake.

26.

But the vaft Ocean of unbounded Day
In th' Emphyrean Heav'n does ftay.
Thy Rivers, Lakes and Springs below
From thence took firft their rife, thither at laft muft flow.

To the Royal Society.

1.

Philofophy, the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,
Tho' full of years He do appear,
(Philofophy, I fay and call it, He,
For whatfoe'r the Painters fancy be,
It a Male virtue feems to me,)
Has ftill been kept in Nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaft Eftate :
Three or four thoufand years one would have thought,
To ripenefs and perfection might have brought
A Science fo well bred and nurft,
And of fuch hopeful parts too at the firft.
But, ho, the Guardians and the Tutors then
(Some negligent, and fome ambitious, Men,)
Would ne'r confent to fet him free,
Or his own Natural Powers to let him fee,
Left that fhould put an end to their Authoritie.

2.

That his own bus'nefs he might quite forget,
They amus'd him with the Sports of wanton Wit,
With the Diferts of Poetry they fed him,
Inftead of folid Meats t' increafe his force ;
Inftead of vigorous exercife, they led him
Into the pleafant Labyrinths of ever fresh Difcourfe :
Inftead of carrying him to fee
The Riches which do hoorded for him lye
In Natures endless Treafury,
They chofe his Eye to entertain
(His cur'ous, but not cov'tous Eye,)
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.

Some

Some few exalted Spirits this later Age has shewn,
 That labour'd to assert the Liberty
 (From Guardians who were now Usurpers grown,)
 Of this old *Minor* still, captiv'd Philofophy ;
 But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight
 For such a long oppress'd Right.
Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,
 Whom a wise King and Nature chose
 Lord Chancellor of both their Laws,
 And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils Cause.

3.

Authority, which did a Body boast,
 Tho' 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
 Like some old Giant's more Gigantick Ghost,
 To terrifie the Learned Rout,
 With the plain Magick of true Reas'ns light
 He chaf'd out of our fight,
 Nor suffer'd living *Men* to be misled
 By the vain Shadows of the Dead :
 To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome fled.
 He broke that monstrous God which stood
 In mid'st of th' Orchard, and the Whole did claim,
 Which with an useles's Sithe of Wood,
 And something else not worth a Name
 (Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
 Or to Defend, or to Beget ;
 Ridiculous and senseless Terrors !) made
 Children and superstitious Men afraid :
 The Orchard's open now, and free ;
Bacon has broke the Scare-crow Deitie :
 Come, enter, all that will,
 Behold the ripen'd Fruit, come gather now your fill.
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the Forbidden-Tree ;
 We would be like the Deitie,
 When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we,
 Without the Senses aid, within ourselves would see ;
 For 'tis God only who can find
 All Nature in his Mind.

4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
 (Tho' we our Thoughts from them perversely drew,)
 To Things, the Minds right object, he it brought :
 Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew ;
 He sought and gather'd for our use the True :
 And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,
 He prest them wisely the Mechanick way ;

Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,
 Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,
 The thirsty Souls refreshing Wine.
 Who to the Life an exact Piece would make
 Must not from others Work a Copy take;
 No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
 Much less content himself to make it like
 Th' Ideas, and the Images which lye
 In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
 No, he before his sight must place
 The Natural and Living Face:
 The real Object must command
 Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

5.

From these, and all long Errors of the way,
 In which our wandring Predecessors went,
 And like th' old *Hebrews*, many years did stray
 In Deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,
 The barren Wildernes he past,
 Did on the very Border stand
 Of the blest promis'd Land,
 And from the Mountains top of his exalted Wit
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
 But Life did never to one Man allow
 Time to discover Worlds, and Conquer too;
 Nor can so short a Line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast Depths of Natures Sea:
 The Work he did we ought t' admire,
 And were unjust, if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Excess
 Of low Affliction, and high Happiness.
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That's always in a Triumph or a Fight?

6.

From you great Champions, we expect to get
 These spacious Countrys but discover'd yet;
 Countrys, where yet instead of Nature, we
 Her Images and Idols worshp'd see:
 These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
 Tho' Learning has whole Armies at command,
 Quarter'd about in ev'ry Land,
 A better Troop she ne're together drew,
 Methinks like *Gideon's* little Band,
 God with design has pickt out you,
 To do those noble Wonders by a few.
 When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he,
 Too many to o'rcome for Me;

And

And now he chooses out his Men,
 Much in the way that he did then ;
 Not those many whom he found
 Idly extended on the ground,
 To drink with their dejected head
 The Stream just so as by their mouths it fled :
 No, but those few who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious hands the Cup.

7.

Thus you prepar'd ; and in the glorious Fight
 Their wondrous pattern too you take :
 Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up their Light,
 Io ! Sound too the Trumpets here !
 Already your victorious Lights appear ;
 New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,
 And crowds of golden Worlds on high ;
 Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea
 Could never yet discover'd be
 By Sailors or *Chaldeans* watchful Eye.
 Natures great Works no distance can obscure,
 No smallness her near Objects can secure ;
 Y' have taught the curious Sight to press
 Into the privatest recess
 Of her imperceptible Littleness.
 Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
 And well begun her deepest Sense to understand.

8.

Mischief and true Dishonor fall on those
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
 So virtuous, and so Noble a Design,
 So Human for its Use, for knowledge so Divine.
 The things which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small.
 Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
 Rather than all their greatest Actions do.
 Whoever would depose Truth advance
 Into the Throne usurp'd from it,
 Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
 And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.
 So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance,
 In many thousand years
 A Star, so long unknown, appears,
 Tho' Heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,
 It troubles and alarms the World below,
 Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor shew.

9.

With Courage and Success you the bold Work begin ;
 Your Cradle has not idle bin :
 None e're but *Hercules* and you would be
 At five years Age worthy a Historie.
 And ne're did Fortune better yet
 Th' Historian to the Story fit :
 As you from all Old Errors free
 And purge the Body of Philosophie ;
 So from all Modern Follies He
 Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
 His candid Style like a clean Stream does slide,
 And his bright Fancy all the way
 Does like the Sun-shine in it play ;
 It does, like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide,
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,
 But gently pour the Chrystal Urn,
 And with iudicious hand does the whole Current guide !
 'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely Dress without the paint of Art.

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes Ship,
 presented to the University Library of Oxford,
 by John Davis of Deptford Esquire.*

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has run,
 And matcht in race the Chariot of the Sun,
 This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim
 Without presumption so deserv'd a Name,
 By knowledge once, and transformation now,)
 In her new shapes this sacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wish'd from fate
 A more blest Station, or more blest Estate.
 For (!o!) a Seat of endless rest is given,
 To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heav'n.

A Proposition

For the Advancement of

Experimental Philosophy.

THE COLLEGE.

That the *Philosophical College* be scituated within one, two or (at farthest,) three Miles of *London*, and if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this College amount to four thousand a year.

That the Company received into it be, as follows.

1. Twenty Philosophers or Professors. 2. Sixteen young Scholars; Servants to the Professors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. A Bailly for the Revenue. 5. A Manciple or Purveyor for the Provisions of the House. 6. Two Gardners. 7. A Master-Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under-Butler. 11. A Chirurgeon. 12. Two Lungs, or Chymical-servants. 13. A Library-keeper, who is likewise to be Apothecary, Druggist, and keeper of Instruments, Engines, &c. 14. An Officer to feed and take care of all Beasts, Fowl, &c. kept by the College. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Messenger to send up and down for all uses of the College. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the House clean, and such like services.

That the annual allowance for this Company be, as follows.

1. To every Professor, and to the Chaplain, One hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen Scholars, Twenty pounds a piece, Ten pounds for their Diet, and Ten pounds for their Entertainment. 3. To the Bailly, Thirty pounds besides allowance for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyor or Manciple, Thirty pounds. 5. To each of the Gardners, Twenty pounds. 6. To the Master-Cook, Twenty pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, Four pounds. 8. To the Butler, Ten pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler, Four pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, Thirty pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, Thirty pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs, Twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the Beasts, Six pounds. 14. To the Groom, Five pounds. 15. To the Messenger, Twelve pounds. 16. To the Four necessary Women, Ten pounds. For the Manciple's Table, at which all the Ser-

vants of the House are to eat, except the Scholars, One hundred sixty pounds. For three Horses for the service of the College, Thirty pounds.

All which amounts to Three thousand two hundred eighty five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the House and Gardens, and Operatories, and Instruments, and Animals, and Experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, Seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable Sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the Industry of the College will in a short time so enrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work, when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular mens liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that publick benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewise will arise from Leases and other Casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the Professors, or any other use besides that of the search of Nature, and by it the general good of the World; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the Institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the Company, it is proposed,

That some person of eminent Quality, a lover of solid Learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen Chancellor or President of the College; and that eight Governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joyned with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed Visitors of the College, and receive an exact account of all expences even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their publick Treasure; under the Hands and Oaths of the Professors Resident.

That the Choice of the Professors in any vacancy belong to the Chancellor and the Governors, but that the Professors (who are likeliest to know what Men of the Nation are most proper for the duties of their Society,) direct their choice by recommending two or three persons to them at every Election. And that if any Learned Person, within His Majesties Dominions, discover or eminently improve any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground for his reward, and the encouragement of others, be prefer'd, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the Governors have power to turn out any Professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the Society.

That the College be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large Grounds inclosed with good Walls behind them. That the first Court be built with a fair Cloyster, and the Professors Lodgings or rather little Houses, four on each side at some distance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, just after the manner of the *Chartreux* beyond Sea. That the inside of the Cloyster be lined with a Gravel-walk, and that Walk with a row of

Trees,

Trees, and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the second Quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts. 1. A Chapel. 2. A Hall with two long Tables on each side for the Scholars and Officers of the House to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the end for the publick Lectures. 3. A large and pleasant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Professors to eat in, and to hold their Assemblies and Conferences. 4. A publick School-house. 5. A Library. 6. A Gallery to walk in, adorned with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventors of any thing useful to Human Life; as Printing, Guns, *America*, &c. and of late in Anatomy, the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and such like discoveries in any Art, with short Elogies under the Portraits: As likewise the Figures of all sorts of Creatures, and the stuffed Skins of as many strange Animals as can be gotten. 7. An Anatomy-Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for Dissection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Drugs and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furnished with all sorts of Mathematical Instruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-keeper and Purveyor, near the Chapel, Anatomy-Chamber, Library and Hall.

That the third Court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the Kitchen, Butteries, Brew-house, Bake-house, Dairy, Lardry, Stables, &c. and especially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-servants.

That behind the second Court be placed the Garden, containing all sorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the end a little House of pleasure, a Lodge for the Gardner, and a Grove of Trees cut into Walks.

That the second enclosed Ground be a Garden, destined only to the Trial of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conservation, Composition, Transmutation, Coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by Art, either for use or curiosity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardner.

That the third Ground be employed in convenient Receptacles for all sorts of Creatures, which the Professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of Animals, and the improvement of their Uses to us.

That there be likewise built in some place of the College, where it may serve most for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for observation of Celestial Bodies, adorned with all sorts of Dials, and such like Curiosities; and that there be very deep Vaults, made under ground, for Experiments most proper to such places which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this Age to extend to ; and we do not design this after the Model of *Solomon's* House in my Lord *Bacon*, (which is a Project for Experiments that can never be Experimented,) but propose it within such bounds of Expence, as have often been exceeded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers.

That of the twenty Professors four be always travelling beyond Seas, and sixteen always Resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions ; and every one, so absent, leaving a Deputy behind him to supply his Duties.

That the four Professors itinerate be assigned to the four parts of the World, *Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, there to reside three years at least, and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the Learning, and especially Natural Experimental Philosophy, of those parts.

That the expence of all Dispatches, and all Books, Simples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, &c. and all Curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the College, shall be defrayed out of the Treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l.*) made to them, as soon as the Colleges Revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad, they shall take a solemn Oath never to write any thing to the College, but what after very diligent Examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an Error.

That the sixteen Professors Resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of Natural Experimental Philosophy, to consist of the Mathematicks, Mechanicks, Medicine, Anatomy, Chymistry, the History of Animals, Plants, Minerals, Elements, &c. Agriculture, Architecture, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening ; the mysteries of all Trades, and improvement of them ; the Façture of all Merchandises, all Natural Magick, or Divination ; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue of Natural Histories annexed to my Lord *Bacon's Organon*.

That once a day from *Easter* till *Michaelmas*, and twice a week from *Michaelmas* to *Easter*, in the hours in the Afternoon most convenient for Auditors from *London*, according to the time of the year, there shall be a Lecture read in the Hall, upon such parts of Natural Experimental Philosophy, as the Professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honorably.

That two of the Professors by Daily, Weekly, or Monthly turns

turns shall teach the publick Schools according to the Rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the Professors shall be equal in all respects, (except precedence, choice of Lodging, and such like priviledges, which shall belong to Seniority in the College,) and that all shall be Masters and Treasurers by annual turns, which two Officers for the time being, shall take place of all the rest, and shall be *Arbitri duarum Mensarum*.

That the Master shall command all the Officers of the College, appoint Assemblies or Conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice, and in his absence the Treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all Moneys by the Masters order in writing, (if it be an extraordinary,) after consent of the other Professors.

That all the Professors shall sup together in the Parlor within the Hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit *Sundays* and *Thursdays*;) at two round Tables for the convenience of Discourse, which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their Studies and Professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable Talk, shall be the duty of the two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the Servant-Scholars to read them what they shall think fit, whilst they are at Table: That it shall belong likewise to the said *Arbitri Mensarum* only to invite Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of Learning or great Parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one Table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the College Twenty pounds a year for their Diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an Assembly or Conference concerning the Affairs of the College, and the Progress of their Experimental Philosophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the Assembly to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That if any one be Author of an Invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and besides, if the thing be very considerable, his Statue or Picture, with an Elogy under it, shall be placed in the Gallery, and made a Denison of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Professors shall be always assigned to some particular Inquisition, (besides the ordinary course of their Studies,) of which they shall give an account to the Assembly, so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the Arts, as Chymistry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the College shall furnish for the charge of the Operation.

That

That there shall be kept a Register under Lock and Key, and not to be seen but by the Professors, of all the Experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the tryal.

That the popular and received Errors in Experimental Philosophy, (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden, it is now almost all overgrown,) shall be evinced by Trial, and taken notice of in the publick Lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the Foundation,) the College shall give an account in Print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial Industry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to wait upon him in his Chamber, and at Table, whom he shall be obliged to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the Assembly, from whose Election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his Education, and the just and civil usage of him.

That the Scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the service, and that he shall not remain in it above Seven years.

That his Lodging shall be with the Professor whom he serves.

That no Professor shall be a Married man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in practice, only Physick he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that Art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary Practice.

That the Professors shall in the College wear the habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the Universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another, and that the Assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a Quarrel as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punish'd by the Governors with expulsion.

That the Chaplain shall eat at the Masters Table, (paying his Twenty pounds a year as the others do,) and that he shall read Prayers once a day at least, a little before Supper-time; that he shall Preach in the Chappel every Sunday-morning, and Catechize in the Afternoon the Scholars and the School-boys, that he shall every Month Administer the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his Auditors with the Controversies of Divinity, but only teach God in his just Commandments, and in his wonderful Works.

The School.

That the School may be built so as to contain about an hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven; because we suppose that the Children, sent hither to be initiated in Things as well as Words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the Age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the *Latin Grammar*, and some Authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their Teaching; and that if any Professor shall be convicted to have taken any Money in consideration of his pains in the School, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the Governors; but if any Persons of great Estate and Quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, than Boys of the same age commonly are at other Schools, shall not think fit to receive an Obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they please, (for nothing is to be demanded,) bestow some little Rarity or Curiosity upon the Society in recompence of their Trouble.

And because it is deplorable to consider the loss which Children make of their Time at most Schools, employing, or rather casting away six or seven years in the learning of Words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a Method be here established for the infusing Knowledge and Language at the same time into them; and that this may be their Apprenticeship in Natural Philosophy. This we conceive may be done by breeding them in Authors, or pieces of Authors, who Treat of some parts of Nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; Such are in *Latin*, *Varro*, *Cato*, *Columella*, *Pliny*; part of *Celsus*, and of *Seneca*, *Cicero de Divinatione*, *de Natura Deorum*, and several scattered Pieces, *Virgils Georgicks*; *Grotius*, *Nemetianus*, *Manilius*; and because the truth is, we want good Poets (I mean we have but few,) who have purposely treated of Solid and Learned, that is, Natural Matters, (the most part indulging to the weakness of the World, and feeding it either with the follies of Love, or with the Fables of Gods and Heroes,) we conceive, that one Book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient Poets that might serve for the advancement of Natural Sciences, and which would make no small and unusual or unpleasant Volume. To this we would have added the *Morals* and *Rhetoricks* of *Cicero*, and the *Institutions* of *Quintilian*; and for the *Comedians*, from whom almost all that necessary part of common Discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys

may be made Masters of them, as a part of their Recreation, and not of their Task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of *Terence's* Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced,) some of *Plautus's* ; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoyned, and most innocent Pleasures they can be allowed. As for the *Greek* Authors, they may study *Nicanor Oppianus*, (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil*,) *Aristotle's* History of *Animals*, and other parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of *Plants*, and a Collection made out of several, both Poets, and other *Grecian* Writers. For the *Moral* and *Rhetorick*, *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the later. With the History of *Animals* they should be shewed *Anatomy* as a *Divertisement*, and made to know the *Figures* and *Natures* of those *Creatures*, which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those *Errors* which are universally admitted concerning many. The same Method should be used to make them acquainted with all *Plants* : And to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern *Geography*, the understanding of the *Globes*, and the Principles of *Geometry* and *Astronomy*. They should likewise use to declaim in *Latin* and *English*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latin* ; and in all this travel be rather led on by *Familiarity*, *Encouragement*, and *Emulation*, than driven by *Severity*, *Punishment*, and *Terror*. Upon *Festivals* and *Play-times* they should exercise themselves in the *Fields* by *Riding*, *Leaping*, *Fencing*, *Mustering* and *Training* after the manner of *Soldiers*, &c. And to prevent all *Dangers*, and all *Disorder* there should always be two of the *Scholars* with them, to be as *Witnesses* and *Directors* of their *Actions*. In foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to *Dance*, that is, to learn just so much, (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse,) as may give them a graceful comportment of their *Bodies*.

Upon *Sundays*, and all days of *Devotion*, they are to be a part of the *Chaplains* Province.

That for all these ends the *College* so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant *Houses* thereabouts, kept by *Religious*, *Discreet*, and *Careful* persons, for the *Lodging* and *Boarding* of young *Scholars*, that they have a constant *Eye* over them, to see that they be bred up there *Piously*, *Cleanly*, and *Plentifully*, according to the *Proportion* of their *Parents* Expences.

And that the *College*, when it shall please *God*, either by their own *Industry* and *Success*, or by the *Benevolence* of *Patrons*, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall at their own charges erect and maintain some *House* or *Houses*, for the *Entertainment* of such poor *Mens* Sons, whose good *Natural* Parts may promise either *Use* or *Ornament* to the *Commonwealth*, during the time of their *Abode* at *School*, and shall take care

care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich Mens Children, (though they maintain the fewer for that cause,) there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and Hospital-like Education.

Conclusion.

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own Conceptions, (that *σφρα* of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for,) there was never any Project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few Adversaries as this; For who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well selected Persons in such a condition of Life, that their whole business and sole Profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other Professions, from that of the highest General even to the lowest Artisan? Who shall be obliged to employ their whole Time, Wit, Learning, and Industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends? First, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former ages, to detect, explode, and strike a censure through all false Moneys with which the World has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say,) to set the Mark of the College upon all true Coins that they may pass hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the lost Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And Lastly, to discover others, which we yet have not. And who shall besides all this (as a Benefit by the by,) give the best Education in the World (purely *Gratis*,) to as many mens Children as shall think fit to make use of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in Opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good Institutions have done,) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this Proposition will encounter with no Enemies; the only Question is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Discourse and Design to Reality and Effect; the necessary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards,) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible in order to so vast a work,) that it may seem hopeless to raise such a Sum out of those few dead Reliques of Human Charity and Publick Generosity which are yet remaining in the World.

A DISCOURSE,

By way of

VISION,

Concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwel.

IT was the Funeral day of the late Man who made himself to be called *Protector*. And though I bore but little Affection, either to the Memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my Company to go long with them, and be a Spectator of that Solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular *Virtuosos*,) as far as from the Mount in *Cornwal*, and from the *Orcaæes*. I found there had been much more cost bestowed, than either the dead Man, or indeed Death itself could deserve. There was a mighty Train of black Assistents, among which two divers Princes in the persons of their Ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their Brother,) were pleased to attend; the Herse was magnificent, the Idol Crowned, and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practised at Royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here,) the vast multitude of Spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the Spectacle itself. But yet I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methoughts, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much Noise, much Tumult, much Expence, much Magnificence, much Vain-glory; briefly, a great Show, and yet after all this, but an ill Sight. At last, (for it seemed long to me, and like his short Reign too, very tedious,) the whole Scene past by, and I retired back to my Chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect upon the whole Life of this Prodigious Man, and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his Actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his Courage, Conduct, and Success; till by these different motions and agitations of Mind, rocked as it were asleep, I fell at last into this Vision, or if you please to call it but a Dream, I shall not take it ill, because the Father of Poets tell us, even Dreams too are from God.

But sure it was no Dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off, (whether in the Body or out of the Body, like *St. Paul*, I know not,) and found myself on the top of that famous Hill in the Island *Mona*, which has the prospect of three Great, and not long since most Happy, Kingdoms. As soon as ever I look'd on them,

them, they not long since struck upon my Memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the Sins, and all the Miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours, and when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more, and as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of Speech and Reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*,) into this complaint.

1.
 Ah, happy Isle, how art thou chang'd and curst,
 Since I was born, and knew thee first!
 When Peace which had forsok the World around,
 (Frighted with Noise, and the shrill Trumpets sound,)
 Thee for a private place of rest,
 And a secure retirement chose
 Wherein to build her Halcyon Nest;
 No Wind durst stir abroad the Air to discompose.

2.
 When all the Riches of the Globe beside
 Flow'd in to Thee with every Tide;
 When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,
 The growth was of thy fruitful Industry,
 When all the proud and dreadful Sea,
 And all his Tributary-Streams,
 A constant Tribute paid to Thee,
 When all the liquid World was one extended *Thames*:

3.
 When Plenty in each Village did appear,
 And Bounty was it's Steward there;
 When Gold walk'd free about in open view,
 E're it on conqu'ring parties prisoner grew;
 When the Religion of our State
 Had Face and Substance with her Voice,
 E're she by'er her foolish Loves of late
 Like Eccho, (once a Nymph,) turn'd only into Noise.

4.
 When Men to Men respect and friendship bore,
 And God with reverence did adore;
 When upon Earth no Kingdom could have shewn
 A happier Monarch to us than our own,
 And yet his Subjects by him were
 (Which is a Truth will hardly be
 Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
 A Secret known to few,) made happ'er even than He.

5. Thou

5.

Thou do'st a *Chaos* and *Confusion* now,
 A *Babel* and a *Bedlam* grow,
 And like a frantick person thou do'st tear
 The *Ornaments* and *Cloaths* which thou should'st wear,
 And cut thy *Limbs*, and if we see
 (Just as thy barbarous *Britons* did,)
 Thy *Body* with *Hypocrisie*
 Painted all o're thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.

6.

The *Nations* which envied Thee e're while,
 Now laugh, (too little 'tis to smile,)
 They laugh, and would have pity'd Thee, (alas!)
 But that thy *Faults* all pity do surpass.
 Art thou the *Country* which didst hate,
 And mock the *French* *Inconstancie*?
 And have we, have we seen of late
 Less change of *Habits* there, than *Governments* in Thee?

7.

Unhappy *Isle*! No *Ship* of thine at *Sea*,
 Was ever tost and torn like Thee.
 Thy naked *Hulk* loose on the *Waves* does beat,
 The *Rocks* and *Banks* around her *ruine* threat:
 What did thy foolish *Pilots* ail,
 To lay the *Compass* quite aside?
 Without a *Law* or *Rule* to *Sail*,
 And rather take the *Winds* than *Heaven* to be their *Guide*?

8.

Yet mighty *God*, yet, yet we humble crave,
 This floating *Isle* from *Shipwreck* save;
 And thô to wash that *Blood* which does it stain,
 It well deserves to sink into the *Main*;
 Yet for the *Royal Martyr's* his *Prayer*
 (The *Royal Martyr* prays we know,)
 This guilty perishing *Vessel* spare;
 Hear but his *Soul* above, and not his *Blood* below.

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to Me (arising out of the Earth, as I conceived,) the Figure of a Man taller than a Gyant, or indeed, than the Shadow of any Gyant in the Evening. His Body was naked, but that Nakedness adorn'd, or rather deform'd all over, with several Figures, after the manner of the ancient *Britons*, painted upon it: And I perceived, that most of them were the representation of the Battels in our Civil Wars, and (if I be not much mistaken,) it was the Battel of *Nasby* that

was

was drawn upon his Breast. His Eyes were like burning Brass, and there were three Crowns of the same Metal (as I gueſt,) and that look'd as red-hot too upon his Head. He held in his right Hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the Motto of it was, *Pax queritur bello*; and in his left Hand a thick Book, upon the back of which was written in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c. Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful Object might have quelled a greater Courage than mine, yet so it pleased God, (for there is nothing bolder than a Man in a Vision,) that I was not at all daunted, but ask'd him resolutely and briefly, What art thou? and he said, I am called, The *North-West* Principality, His Highness the Protector of the Common-wealth of *England, Scotland, and Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of those three Kingdoms which thou seest from this place. And I answered and said, If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past, your Highness has been absent from your Charge: For not only if any Angel, but if any wise and honest Man had since that time been our Governor, we should not have wandred thus long in these laborious and endless Labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entred at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but instead of your Highness, we have had since such a Protector as was his Predecessor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he presently slew the Common-wealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: A little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this Man did but murder a Murderer. Such a Protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an Enemy, and rather receive a constant *Turk*, than this every Months Apostate; such a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know, What the Wolf, which he protects them from, could do more? Such a Protector — and as I was proceeding, methought his Highness began to put on a displeas'd and threatening countenance, as Men use to do when their dearest Friends happen to be traduced in their company, which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that *Cromwel*, among all his foreign Correspondences, had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not hard'n'd enough to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in *Whitehal*,) I desired him that his Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his Highness I had not the honor to know. At which he told me, that he had no other concernment for his late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest Man that ever was of the *English* Nation, if not, (said he) of the whole World, which gives me a just

Title to the defence of his Reputation, since I now account myself as it were a naturalized *English* Angel by having had so long the management of the Affairs of that Country. And pray, Countryman, (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly,) for I would not have you fall into the general Error of the World, that detests and despises so extraordinary a Virtue; What can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean Birth, no Fortune, no eminent qualities of Body, which have sometimes, or of Mind which have often, raised Men to the highest Dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a Design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and most solidly founded Monarchies upon the Earth? That he should have the power or boldness to put his Prince and Master to an open and infamous death? To banish that numerous and strongly-allied Family? To do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament? To trample upon Them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them? To raise up a new and unheard of Monster out of their Ashes? To stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called Sovereign in *England*? To oppress all his Enemies by Arms, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice? To serve all Parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last? To over-run each corner of the three Nations, and overcome, with equal felicity, both the Riches of the South, and the Poverty of the North? To be feared and courted by all foreign Princes, and adopted a Brother to the Gods of the Earth? To call together Parliaments with a word of his Pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his Mouth? To be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two Millions a year, to be Master of those who had hired him before to be their Servant? To have the Estates and Lives of Three Kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little Inheritance of his Father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them? And lastly, (for there is no end of all the particulars of his Glory,) to bequeath all this with one word to his Posterity? To die with Peace at home, and Triumph abroad? To be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal Solemnity? And to leave a Name behind him not to be extinguish'd, but with the whole World, which as it is now too little for his Praises, so might have been too for his Conquests, if the short line of this human Life could have been stretcht out to the Extent of his immortal Designs?

By this Speech I began to understand perfectly well, what kind of Angel his pretended Highness was, and having fortified myself privately with a short mental Prayer, and with the Sign of the Cross, (not out of any Superstition to the Sign, but as a recognition of my Baptism in Christ,) I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner; I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late Great and (I confess,) extraordinary Person, but that I remember, Christ forbids us to give assent to any other Doctrine, but what himself has taught

us, even thò it should be delivered by an Angel; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: For sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by Irony. There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but to sum up a part of it briefly; What can be more extraordinarily, wicked than for a person, such as your self, qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take Arms against Taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two Millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four Ears, and strike off three or four hundred Heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what two thousand Guards to be fetcht for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all Sects and Heresies? to set up Councils of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? to fight against the King under a Commission for him? to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had Conquer'd him? to draw him into his Net, with protestations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him with as little shame as conscience, or humanity, in the open face of the whole World? to receive a Commission for King and Parliament, to murder (as I said.) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it, when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously, and supplant ingratly his own General first, and afterwards most of those Officers, who with the loss of their Honour, and hazard of their Souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all Enemies, and with all Friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn Perjuries than the looser sort of People do of customary Oaths? to usurp three Kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an Idol, (which we know, as St. *Paxl* says, in itself is nothing,) and make the very Streets of *London* like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the bowels of men as a Sacrifice to his *Moloch-ship*? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his Posterity, and with it an endless War upon the Nation? and lastly by the severest Judgement of Almighty God, to Dye HARDNED, and MAD, and UN-REPENTANT, with the CURSES of the present Age, and the DETESTATION of all to Succeed?

Tho' I had much more to say, (for the life of Man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a Tyrant,) yet because I had a mind to hear how my strange Adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the Devil (as they say,) his right and fair play in Disputation, I stopt here, and expected, (not without the frailty of a little fear,) that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his Favourite; but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the Dove-like innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to sting, thus reply'd to me:

It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of, (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of my Oratory,) as for your own sake (honest Countryman,) whom I conceive to err rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the most ancient of the Heathen Divines, that you men are acquainted withal.

Ὅυχ' ὄσον κταμένοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδρασι εὐχεπαῖδες,

'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the intention of the reproof there is no less proper for this Subject; for it was spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead Men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived. Your Highness may please (said I,) to add the Verse that follows, as no less proper for this Subject.

Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to be the rule in the case, that when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the Dead, but out of love and charity to the Living, that the Curses which only remain in mens thoughts, and dare not come forth against Tyrants, (because they are Tyrants) whilst they are so; may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their Memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness, which else in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other mens Tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtil a Tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarn'd of the evil consequences, much less if he find not only the concurrence of the present, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of Tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue, it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign

too, and if a *Lambert* must be invited to follow the steps of a *Cromwel*, as well by the voice of Honour, as by the sight of Power and Riches. Tho' it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely, done of the *Syracusans*, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn and destroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants; if it were possible to cut them out of all History, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a Scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting Ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And that your Highness may perceive, that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of that late *Protector*, I assure you upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any friend of mine the least injury; and with that transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture,

1.

Curst be the Man, (What do I wish? as tho'
The wretch already were not so;
But curst on let him be,) who thinks it brave
And great his Country to enslave;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The Balance of a Nation;
Against the whole but naked State
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the weight:

2.

Who of his Nation loves to be the first,
Tho' at the rate of being worst.
Who would be rather a great Monster, than
A well-proportion'd Man.
The Son of Earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain stands,
Till Thunder strikes him from the Skie;
The Son of Earth again in his Earths womb does lie.

3.

What Blood, Confusion, Ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable Reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous Serpent rise?
But ev'n his forked Tongue strikes dead,
When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head;
He murders with his mortal frown,
A *Basilisk* he grows, if once he gets a Crown:

4.

But no Guards can oppose assaulting Ears,
 Or undermining Tears.
 No more than Doors, or close-drawn Curtains keep
 The swarming Dreams out when we sleep.
 That bloody Conscience too of his
 (For, ho! a Rebel Red-coat 'tis,)
 Does here his early Hell begin,
 He sees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thine hand
 Lift up this Rod against our Land.
 A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
 And brings worse Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
 What Rivers stain'd with blood have been?
 What Storm and Hail-shot have we seen?
 What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?
 What Darkness to be felt has buried us of late?

6.

How has it snatcht our Flocks and Herds away?
 And made ev'n our Sons a prey?
 What croaking Sects and Vermin has it sent,
 The restless Nation to torment?
 What greedy Troops, what armed Power
 Of Flies and Locusts to devour
 The Land, which every where they fill?
 Nor fly they, Lord, away; no, they devour it still.

7.

Come, the eleventh Plague, rather than this should be;
 Come sink us rather in the Sea.
 Come rather Pestilence and reap us down;
 Come Gods sword rather than our own.
 Let rather *Roman* come again,
 Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*,
 In all the bonds we ever bore,
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

8.

If by our sins the Divine Justice be
 Call'd to this last extremity;
 Let some denouncing *Jonas* first be sent,
 To try if *England* can repent.
 Methinks at least some Prodigy,
 Some dreadful Comet from on high,
 Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
 As of good Princes Deaths, so of a Tyrants Birth.

Here

Here the spirit of a Verse beginning a little to fail, I stopt, and his Highness smiling, said, I was glad to see you engaged in the Enclosures of *Metre*; for if you had staid in the open Plain of declaiming against the word Tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, Country-man, to avoid this Sciomachy, or imaginary Combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the name of Tyrant, for I remember, that among your ancient Authors, not only all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himself (your *Juwans Pater*,) is so termed, and perhaps as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it upon better consideration to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind, at least it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the Person, who is now the subject of our Discourse.

I call him (said I,) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the Government of his fellow-Citizens without any legal Authority over them, or, who having a just Title to the Government of a people, abuses it to the destruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants are at the same time Usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part of that Power which they assume to themselves; and no less are they to be accounted Rebels, since no man can usurp Authority over others, but by Rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those Laws which were his Superiors; and in all these senses no History can afford us a more evident example of Tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse, or palliation, than that of the Person whom you are pleased to defend; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his Superiors, or his usurpation of the Supreme power to himself, or his Tyranny in the exercise of it; and if lawful Princes have been esteemed Tyrants by not containing themselves within the bounds of those Laws, which have been left them as the sphere of their Authority by their Forefathers, what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this Nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious of our Princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of Sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescribed and observed before,) was pleased (out of great modesty,) to set to himself? not abstaining from Rebellion and Usurpation even against his own Laws as well as those of the Nation?

Hold, friend, said his Highness, pulling me by my Arm, (for I see your zeal is transporting you again,) whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see anon, it is requisite to examine first, whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only He, but no man else ever was, or can be so; And that for these reasons, First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but his Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their

lives,

lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his indisputable good pleasure,) he bestows as it were Leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixt in that Patent of their Destiny, which is not legible to you Men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Olivier* to succeed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the Lord *Strafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him, whom they see actually invested with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all Power is attained either by the Election and Consent of the People, and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion; or else by a Conquest of them, and that gives such a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the Usurpation of a Tyrant; so that either this Title is right, and then there are no Usurpers; or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but Usurpers, if you examine the Original pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his Highness,) the Government of *England* was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguisht by the confusions of a Civil War, so that his Highness could not be accused to have possess't himself violently of the ancient building of the Common-wealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former; and he, who after a deplorable shipwreck can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it; and with no less wonderful Art and Felicity so rejoy'n them, as to make a new Vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her, (even as his Highness had by the desire of the Seamen and Passengers themselves.) And do but consider lastly, (for I omit a multitude of weighty things, that might be spoken upon this noble argument,) do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before,) and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the intire Conquest of *Ireland* and *Scotland*, (which the whole force of the World joyned with the *Roman* virtue could never attain to,) and to Crown all this with Illustrious and Heroical undertakings and success upon all our foreign Enemies, do but (I say again,) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the Blood of an hundred Royal progenitors; and will rather lament that, he lived not to overcome more Nations,

than

than envy him the Conquest and Dominion of these. Whoever you are (said I, my indignation making me somewhat bolder,) your discourse (methinks,) becomes as little the person of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwels* actions did that of a Protector. It is upon these Principles, that all the great Crimes of the World have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own Country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human Society, retire into the Woods, and equally there stand upon our Guards against our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the Wild Beasts. For if there can be no Usurpation upon the Rights of a whole Nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and if the Robbers of Countries be Gods Vicegerents, there is no doubt but the Thieves and Bandito's, and Murderers are his under-Officers. It is true which you say, that God is the Source and Fountain of all Power, and it is no less true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends even in the malice of his own Creatures: What Power he suffers the Devil to exercise in this World, is too apparent by our daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you infer from thence, that the power of the Devil is a just and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him; God is the fountain of all Powers; but some flow from the right hand (as it were,) of his Goodness, and others from the left hand of his Justice; and the World, like an Island between these two Rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes over-run and ruin'd by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory,) we are never over-whelm'd by the later, till either by our malice or negligence we have stop't and damm'd up the former. But to come up a little closer to your argument, or rather the Image of an argument, your similitude; If *Cromwel* had come to Command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Strafford*, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the Guards which he brought with him, but for the Commission which he should first have shewed me from our common Sovereign which sent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in *England*; but that he was so far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but Commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your second Argument is, that he had the same right for his Authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of Conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquer'd by the person, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with Arms, only to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them,) and keep them for ever sheath'd in the bowels of his Friends? Did we fight for Liberty against our Prince, that we might become Slaves to our Servant?

This

This is such an impudent pretence, as neither He nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Tho' it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves. The right certainly of Conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the War is declared, and the Victory obtained. So that no whole Nation can be said to be conquered but by foreign force. In all Civil Wars men are so far from stating the quarrel against their Country, that they do it only against a person or party which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the Body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. 'Tis our Country that raises men in the quarrel, our Country that arms, our Country that pays them, our Country that authorises the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from Rapine and Murder: Lastly, 'tis our Country that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to say in Civil Wars, that the prevailing party conquers their Country, is to say, the Country conquers itself. And if the General only of that party be the Conqueror, the Army, by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the Army which is beaten, and have as little reason to Triumph in that Victory, by which they lose both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwel* conquer'd any party, it was only that against which he was sent, and what that was, must appear by his Commission. It was (says That,) against a company of evil Counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the King from a good Intelligence and Conjunction with his People. It was not then against the People; it is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the Conquest did not belong to *Cromwel*, but to the Parliament which employed him in their service, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament; for whose service (if there had been any faith in mens Vows and Protestations,) the Wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable Conquest remain then in his Majesty, and did'st thou suffer him to be destroyed with more barbarity than if he had been Conquer'd even by Savages and Cannibals? Was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them just as with the Army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwel* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and a Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Usurper upon those of the People. I do not here deny Conquest to be sometimes (tho' it be very rarely,) a true Title, but I deny this to be a true Conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our Princes came not in by such a one. One Nation may conquer another sometimes justly, and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true Conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them,) and not as particular Rebels to their Country, which is, and ought always to be, their Superior, and their Lords.

If perhaps we find Usurpation instead of Conquest in the Original Titles of some Royal Families abroad, (as no doubt there have been many Usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner,) all I can say for them is, That their Title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one. Your third Defence of his Highness (as your Highness pleases to call him,) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of Conquest, for then a Man may say any thing. The Government was broken; Who broke it? It was dissolved; Who dissolved it? It was extinguish'd; Who was it but *Cromwel*, who not only put out the Light, but cast away even the very Snuff of it? As if a Man should murder a whole Family, and then possess himself the House, because 'tis better that he, than that only Rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I,) and at that Word I perceived my pretended Angel to give a start, and trembled, but I took no notice of it, (and went on,) this were a wicked pretension even though the whole Family were destroyed, but the Heirs (blessed be God!) are yet surviving, and likely to outlive all Heirs of their dispossessors, besides their Infamy. *Rode Capere vitem*, &c. There will be yet Wine enough left for the Sacrifice for those wild Beasts that have made so much spoil in the Vineyard. But did *Cromwel* think, like *Nero*, to set the City on Fire, only that he might have the honor of being Founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of Virtue in his Wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely, and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then, that he should ever have been able to make himself Master of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to see the publick Vessel (the Sovereign of the Seas,) in as desperate a condition as his own little Canow, and thought only with some scattered planks of that great Shipwrack to make a better Fisher-boat for himself. But when he saw, that by the drowning of the Master, (whom he himself treacherously knockt on the head, as he was swimming for his life,) by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure, with the old Hulk, and new misshapen, and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up with much ado that Piratical Vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by its perpetual leaking. First then, (much more wicked than those foolish Daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again,) this Man endeavoured to destroy the Building, before he could imagine in what Manner, with what Materials, by what Workmen, or what Architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that Body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant Mountebank; And Thirdly, (which concerns us nearest,) that very new

thing which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the Original, either for Beauty, Use, or Duration, than an artificial Plant, raised by the Fire of a Chymist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the Ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making. Your last Argument is such, (when reduced to Syllogism,) that the Major Proposition of it would make strange work in the World, if it were received for Truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a Nation, has the Right of being King over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same Family, What would become of us, when every Man in *England* should lay his claim to the Government? And truly if *Cromwel* should have commenced his Plea when he seems to have begun his Ambition, there were few persons besides that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his Deserts I suppose you will date from the same term that I do his great Demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late Calamities, (for, as for his private Faults before, I can only wish, (and that with as much charity to him as to the publick,) that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his later days,) and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky *Ara* of our own misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of *Pompey* the Great, *Nostra miseria Magnus es*. But because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this; That all Men who are the effectors of extraordinary Mutations in the World, must needs have extraordinary forces of Nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a Wheel, I shall speak first a few words upon this universal Proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminencies of that Person which is in question.

I have often observed, (with all submission and resignation of Spirit to the inscrutable Mysteries of Eternal Providence,) that when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confusions and changes in the World, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human Force or Policy, but of the Divine Justice and Predestination; And though we see a Man like that which we call *Jack of the Clock-house*, striking as it were the hour of that fulness of time, yet our Reason must needs be convinced, that his Hand is moved by some secret, and, to us that stand without, invisible direction; and the Stream of the Current is then so violent, that the strongest Men in the world cannot draw up against it, and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the Spring-Tides of publick affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes.

— Omnia fluminis
 Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
 Cum pace delabentis Hetruscum
 In mare, nunc lapides adesos
 Stirpesque raptas, & pecus & domos
 Volventis una, non sine montium
 Clamore, vicinaque sylva ;
 Cum fera Diluvies quietos
 Irritat amnes, —

and one Man then, by maliciously opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the sole Author of all this, (though he may be as guilty, as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so,) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of so general a Deluge, and all the Art then and Industry of Mankind is not sufficient to raise up Dikes and Ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the Wisdom and Power of the *Roman Senate*, nor the Wit and Eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus*, was able to defend their Country or themselves against the unexperienced rashness of a Beardless Boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous Mad-man. The valour and prudent Counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardise on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one General saves his life, and gains the whole World, by a very dream ; and the other loses both at once by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that in the Translation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent Men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio*, and his Contemporaries, for his chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work, (the end of this being not only to destroy or punish one Nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons,) yet when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant *Cyrus*, (as he himself is pleased to call him,) or an *Alexander*, (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm,) but he makes the *Massenelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden* the instruments of his Vengeance, that the Power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the Serpents and the Monsters of *Africk* to correct the Pride of the *Egyptians*, but called for his Armies of Locusts out of *Ethiopia*, and formed new ones of Vermin out of the very dust ; and because you see a whole Country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of the Foxes, and the courage of Lions ? It is easie to apply this general observation to the particular case of our Troubles in *England*, and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and

not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a Judgment of the Will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered Mortars can hold out against the next blast of Wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that, which these foolish Builders have refused, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indisposed and long-tormented Commonwealth hath wearied and spent itself almost to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several Mountebanks, it is to be supposed it will have the wit at last to send for a true Physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration,) most evidently, (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since,) that no Usurpation (under what name or pretext soever,) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great, even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull, (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their understanding,) as not to find out this no extraordinary Mystery, that it is madness in a Nation to pay Three Millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes. This, I say, will not always lie hid, even to the slowest capacities: And the next truth they will discover afterwards is, That a whole People can never have the Will, without having at the same time the Power to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks,) as if God had forsaken the Family of that Man, from whom he had raised up five Children, of as eminent Virtue, and all other commendable Qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for so many together, and so young,) in any other Family in the whole World; especially, if we add hereto this consideration, That by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were past with safety, either by Prince or private person, he hath given them already (as we may reasonably hope to be meant,) a promise and earnest of his future Favours. And lastly, (to return closely to the Discourse from which I have a little digress'd,) because I see nothing of those excellent parts of Nature, and mixture of Merit with their Vices, in the late Disturbers of our Peace and Happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new Empires. And I confess I find nothing of that kind, no nor any shadow, (taking away the false light of some prosperity,) in the Man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly all Virtues being rightly divided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by mens Actions, or of the later than by their Writings or Speeches. As for these later, (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of Mischiefe, where the other are wanting,) I think

you

you can hardly pick out the Name of a Man who ever was called *Great*, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty Apothegm, even amongst his domestick Servants or greatest Flatterers. That little in print which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a Satyr against him would not have made say, for fear of transgressing too much the Rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his Parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his Intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too, when I am to speak of his Morals. The truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wisdom, and Dissimulation Wit, (assisted both and improved with Hypocrisies and Perjuries,) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of Godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a Player by putting on a Gown, should think he represented excellently a Woman, though his Beard at the same time were seen by all the Spectators. If you ask me, why they did not hiss and explode him off the Stage? I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the Actors and the Door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess, that by these Arts, (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying, and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries, even diabolical,) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune,) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them; which made them who had to do with him believe, that he was rather a well-meaning and deluding Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impostor; that these Arts were helpt by an Indefatigable industry, (as you term it,) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence as the worst of his Crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his Son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tells us, *Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood*, Isa. 59. 7. *He travels with iniquity*, Psal. 7. 14. *He deviseth mischief upon his bed*, Psal. 34. 4. *They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search*, Psal. 64. 6. And in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a Wolf for his Watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the Country, whilst the Sheep, and perhaps the Shepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all asleep?

The

The *Chartreux* wants the warning of a Bell
 To call him to the duties of his Cell ;
 There needs no noise at all t'awaken sin,
 Th' Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the Diligence of wicked Persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphasis and Exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable Name, I am sure *Faux* and his fellow Gunpowder-Fiends will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of Honour ; neither can I doubt, but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unquestionably, for a Man in defiance of all Human and Divine Laws, (and with so little probability of a long impunity,) so publickly and so outrageously to murder his Master ; It was bold, with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief Partners of his guilt, and Creators of his power ; It was bold, to violate so openly and so scornfully all Acts and Constitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making ; It was bold to assume the authority of Calling, and bolder yet of Breaking, so many Parliaments ; It was bold to trample upon the patience of his, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countrys ; It was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to Usurp the Tyranny to himself, and impudent above all impudences to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this Boldness is so far from being a sign of manly Courage, which dares not transgress the rules of any other Virtue, that it is only a Demonstration of Brutish Madnes or Diabolical possession. In both which last cases, there use frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force, as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of *Cromwel* ; neither is it stranger to believe, that a whole Nation should not be able to govern Him and a Mad Army, than that five or six Men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted Girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater ; 'Twas boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire ; 'twas boldly done to set the Metropolis of the whole World on fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp, whilst he saw it burning ; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that Great person, (for, Why should not He too be called so ?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage, which could hardly have failed any Woman in the like necessity. It would look (I must confess,) like Envy, or too much partiality, if I should say, that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of ; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no Man ever bore the honour of so many Victories,

at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body, and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an Army; it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a Title to the Command of three Nations. What then shall we say, that he did all this by Witchcraft? He did so indeed in a great measure by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Dissimulation; and believe, he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for Ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his Labyrinths,) to the Supreme Usurpt Authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his Foreign and Domestic Actions. The first of his Foreign, was a Peace with our Brethren of *Holland*, (who were the first of our neighbours, that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home,) Who would not imagine at first glimpse, that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole Life could have made any parade of? But no man can look upon all the Circumstances, without perceiving that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this Country could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Interests of his Covetousness and Ambition, and the security of his new and unsetled Usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus pacificus* is kindling a fire in the Northern World, a carrying a War two thousand miles off Westwards. Two Millions a year (besides all the Vails of his Protectorship,) is as little capable to suffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two Hundred pounds were that he was born too. He must have his prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To satisfy our *Anti-Solomon*, (who has made Silver almost as rare as Gold, and Gold as precious Stones in his *New Jerusalem*,) we must go, ten thousand of his Slaves to fetch him Riches from his fantastical *Ophir*. And because his Flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate Prince, (the *Faustus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings,) I desire them to consider, how since the *English* Name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow, as under the imprudent Conduct of this unlucky *Faustus*; and herein let me admire the Justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their Country, (though a great Army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling,) should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty Slaves. It was very ridiculous to see, how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the Conquest of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army should

have

have the impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, because though they had fled out of the field of Battel, yet they quartered that night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a necessary consequence of this Folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the *Custom-house* and *Exchange* inform you; and if he please to boast of the taking a part of the Silver Fleet, (which indeed no body else but he, who was the sole gainer, hath cause to do,) at least, let him give leave to the rest of the Nation (which is the only loser,) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her Ships. But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his Successes nearer home have extinguish'd the disgrace of so remote Miscarriages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remembred for his Glory, than *S. Domingo* for his Disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honor of the *English* Courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving, at least, indirectly against their Master,) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike Ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sat still at home, and expos'd them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that for less Money than he, in the short time of his Reign, exacted from his fellow-Subjects, some of our former Princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons,) have added to the Dominion of *England*, not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his Enterprises abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Justice and good Government at home. And first, he found the Commonwealth (as then they called it,) in ready stock of about 800000 *l.* he left the Commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it,) some two millions and a half in debt. He found our Trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the Golden times of our late Princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it; and yet not only no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise Moneys. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even he,) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was Decimation; which was the most impudent breach of all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the Nations General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe,) in all History, from any of the most barbarous Generals of the most barbarous People. Which because it hath been most excellently and most largely laid open, by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and be pleas'd to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the Iniquity. The other design of raising a present sum of Money, which he violently persued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the *Jews* at *London*; from which he was rebuked by the universal out-cry of the Divines, and even of the

the Citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable number, at least among themselves, were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*, and for this design they saw he invented (Oh Antichrist! Πόνησον and Πόνησον) to sell *S. Pauls* to them for a Synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reacht to the purchase. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation, which had given the first noble example of crucifying their King, it might have had some appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for love to their Mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more *S. Peters* (even at his own *Westminster*) to the *Turks* for a *Mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that Heathenish way of the Common-Prayer-Book. But, what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting Money? when every penny that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery, as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not so? or, Can any man think that *Cromwel*, with the assistance of his Forces and Mobs-Troopers, had more right to the command of all mens purses, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too strong for upon a Road? And yet when this came, in the case of *Mr. Coney*, to be disputed by a legal Tryal, he (which was the highest act of Tyranny that ever was seen in *England*) not only discouraged and threatned, but violently imprisoned, the Council of the Plaintiff; that is, he shut up the Law itself close Prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those Men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed the Kings regular and formal way of proceeding in the Tryal of a little Ship-money. But tho' we lost the benefit of our old Courts of Justice, it cannot be denyed that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous Prince before would, so no ill one durst erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of Justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offend against it, and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, Because those things are now made Crimes, which were never esteemed so in former Ages; and there must needs be a new Court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming, (as you call it,) against these wickednesses, (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the Peroration,) that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me, (for tho' I pretend not to much reading, I will defie him, in all History) let any man shew me (I say,) an Example of any Nation in the World, (tho' much greater than ours,) where there have in the space of four years been made so

many Prisoners only out of the endless jealousies of one Tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the cursed Triumvirate after them, put more People to death, but the reason I think partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a *Roman* to take away his life, than to take away his Liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other Countries. Our Judges and our Courts of Justice have not been idle; And to omit the whole Reign of our late King, (till the beginning of the War,) in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longest time of our worst Princes scarce saw many more Executions than the short one of our blest Reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open Streets, (as I mark to you at first,) the broyling of human bowels as a burnt-Offering of a sweet Savour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (tho' after the subtlest invention of his Predecessors of *Sicilie*,) is more Human and more Supportable, than his felling of Christians, Englishmen, Gentlemen; his felling of them, (oh monstrous! oh incredible!) to be slaves in *America*. If his whole life could be reproacht with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of Crimes in any one of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (tho' a just,) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you. These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have indured; for so it is, that the scorn and mockery and insultings of an Enemy are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This Man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry,) with our sufferings; He loved to say and do senceless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill besit mine, or any civil Mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our *English* Laws, the Petition of right, and *Magna Charta*. To day you should see him ranting so wildly, that no body durst come near him, the morrow flinging of cushions, and playing at Snow-balls with his Servants. This month he assembles a Parliament, and professes himself with HUMBLE TEARS to be only their Servant and their Minister; the next Month he swears by the *LIVING GOD*, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his Princely way of threatening, bidding them, Turn the buckles of their Girdles behind them. The Representative of a whole, nay of three whole Nations was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? Boldness, or Brutishness?

Brutishness? Rashness, or Phrensie? there is no name can come up to it, and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a Parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by Major Generals, now by One House, now by another House, now by no House; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy Peers of the Land at one clap (*Ex tempore and stans pede in uno;*) and to manifest the absolute power of the Potter, he chooses not only the worst Clay he could find, but picks up even the Dirt and Mire, to form out of it his Vessels of Honour. It was anciently said of Fortune, that when she had a mind to be merry and divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest Dignities. This Son of Fortune, *Cromwel* (who was himself one of the prime of her Jest,) found out the true haut-gust of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable Sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? and, What have we suffered? What do all these actions signifie? What do they say aloud to the whole Nation, but this, (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by Heralds through the Streets of *London*,) You are Slaves and Fools, and so I'll use you? These are briefly a part of those merits, which you lament to have wanted the reward of more Kingdoms, and suppose that if he had lived longer he might have had them; Which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to him than all the victories and prosperities of his Life. For he seemed evidently (methinks,) to be near the end of his deceitful Glories; his own Army grew at last as weary of him, as the rest of the People; and I never pass'd of late before his Palace, (His, do I call it? I ask God and the King pardon,) but I never pass'd of late before *Whitehal* without reading upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*. But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary Courts of men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court of Justice, which being more merciful than Ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; tho' the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small Materials for the work of Charity, especially if he designed even then to Entail his own injustice upon his Children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at last an end of him; And where's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity which his ambition has cost the World? Where is it? Why, his Son (you'll say,) has the whole Crop; I doubt he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the Gentleman, or any living of his Family; on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his Masters inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his Father, is that, which I would have thought (tho' Decency perhaps might have hindred me from saying it,) even against mine own,

if I had been so unhappy, as that Mine by the same ways should have left me three Kingdoms.

Here I stopt; and my pretended Protector, who I expected should have been very angry, fell a laughing, it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of Virtue and Conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from the vast prospect of three Kingdoms, you can shew me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a Justice of Peace in your own Country: For this I perceive which you call *Virtue*, is nothing else, but either the frowardness of a Cynick, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me, at least, Artful Dissimulation, and unwearied Diligence in my *Heroe*; and I assure you, That he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be misled out of the way of Greatness. But I see you are a Pedant, and Platonical Statesman, a Theoretical Commonwealths-man, an Utopian Dreamer. Were ever Riches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? or the Supreme place attained to by Virtues that must stir out of the middle? Do you study *Aristotle's* Politicks, and write, if you please, Comments upon them, and let another but practise *Machiavel*, and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferments. If the desire of Rule and Superiority be a Virtue (as, sure I am, it is more imprinted in Human Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and what is the Virtue of any Creature, but the exercise of those Powers and Inclinations which God hath infused into it?) If that (I say,) be Virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing Vice, which is the most proper, if not the only means of attaining of it.

It is a Truth so certain and so clear,
That to the first-born Man it did appear;
Did not the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
By the fresh Laws of Nature taught, disdain
That (tho' a Brother,) any one should be
A greater Favourite to God than He?
He struck him down; and so, (said He,) so fell
The Sheep which thou did'st Sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest Sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the Offering,
Left God should my next Victim too despise,
The acceptable Priest I'll Sacrifice.
Hence Coward Fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a Reward, He the first City built.
I was a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a Grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he staid;
One step of Glory more he should have made,

And

And to the utmost bounds of Greatness gone ;
 Had *Adam* too been kill'd, he might have Reign'd alone.
 One Brothers death, what do I mean to name ?
 A small Oblation to Revenge and Fame :
 The mighty-soul'd *Abimelech*, to shew
 What for high place a higher Spirit can do, }
 A Hecatomb almost of Brethren slew, }
 And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
 (To make it hold) his Royal Purple-pride.
 Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man ?
 The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman can,
 When to a Crown she cuts her sacred way,
 All that oppose with Manlike Courage slay.
 So *Athaliah*, when she saw her Son,
 And with his Life her dearer Greatness gone,
 With a Majestick fury slaughter'd all
 Whom high birth might to high pretences call.
 Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
 Resolv'd to Reign alone ; Resolv'd and Reign'd.
 In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withstood,
 In vain the sacred plea of *David's* Blood,
 A noble, and a bold contention, she,
 (One Woman,) undertook with destinie,
 She to pluck down, Destinie to uphold,
 (Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old,)
 The great *Jessean* Race on *Judah's* Throne ; }
 Till 'twas at last an equal Wager grown, }
 Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by One. }
 Tell me not, she herself at last was slain ?
 Did she not first seven years (a Life time,) reign ?
 Seven-Royal years to a publick spirit will seem
 More than the private Life of a *Methuselem*.
 'Tis God-like to be Great ; and as they say,
 A thousand years to God are but a day :
 So to a Man when once a Crown he wears,
 The Coronation day's more than a thousand years.

He would have gone on I perceived in his blasphemies, but that
 by Gods Grace I became so bold as thus to interrupt him. I
 understand now perfectly, (which I guess at long before,) what
 kind of Angel and Protector you are ; and tho' your style in
 Verse be very much mended since you were wont to deliver O-
 racles, yet your Doctrine is much worse than ever you had for-
 merly (that I heard of,) the face to publish ; whether your long
 practice with mankind has increas'd and improv'd your malice, or,
 whether you think Us in this Age to be grown so impudently
 wicked, that there needs no more Art or Disguises to draw us
 to your party. My Dominion (said he hastily, and with a
 dreadful furious look,) is so great in this World, and I am so
 powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you
 should

should know me ; and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate Malignant ; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next Garison of Ours ; from whence you shall go to the *Tower*, and from thence to the Court of Justice, and from thence you know whither. I was almost in the very pounces of the great Bird of prey,

When, lo, e're the last words were fully spoke,
From a Fair Cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
A flash of Light rather than Lightning came,
So swift and yet so gentle was the Flame.

Upon it rode, and in his full Career
Seem'd to my Eyes no sooner There than Here,
The comliest Youth of all th' Angelick Race ;
Lovely his shape, ineffable his Face.

The Frowns, with which he struck the trembling Fiend,
All smiles of Human Beauty did transcend.

His Beams of Locks fell part dishevell'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,
Such as the *British* Monarchs us'd to wear,
If Gold may be compar'd with Angels Hair.

His Coat and flowing Mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven Silver Light :

Across his Breast an azure Ribon went,
At which a Medal hung that did present,
In wondrous living Figures to the sight;

The mystick Champions and old Dragon's fight,
And from his Mantles side there shone afar

A fixt, and I believe, a real Star.

In his fair hand (what need was there of more ?)

No Arms but th' *English* bloody Cross he bore,
Which when he towards th'affrighted Tyrant bent,
And some few words pronounc'd, (but what they meant,

Or were, could not, alas, by me be known,

Only I well perceiv'd *Jesus* was one,)

He trembled and he roar'd, and fled away ;

Mad to quit this his more than hop'd-for prey.

Such Rage inflames the Wolves wild Heart and Eyes,
(Robb'd as he thinks unjustly of his prize,)

Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws

The bleating Lamb from out his ravenous jaws:

The Shepherd fain himself would he assail,

But Fear above his Hunger does prevail :

He knows his Foe too strong, and must be gone ;

He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

Several Discourses by way of Essays, in
Verse and Prose.

I. *Of Liberty.*

THE Liberty of a people consists in being governed by Laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private man in being Master of his own Time and Actions, as far as may consist with the Laws of God and of his Country. Of this later only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions is such a Fundamental Priviledge of human Nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the same God, to whom we are but Tenents-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him as a small Quit-Rent in acknowledgment of his Title. It is man only, that has the impudence to demand our whole time, tho' he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This Birth-right of mankind above all other Creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like *Esau*, for Bread and Broth; but the greatest part of men make such a Bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, instead of a Kid, the necessary Provisions of human life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great dealers in this World may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous, and that all these Men sell themselves to be slaves, tho' to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of Argumentation. Let us first consider the Ambitious, and those both in their progress to Greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Salust* says, *Dominationis in alios servitium suum Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay so great a price as their own Servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time, they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst they are in the race of Glory, no not like to *Atalanta* for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would, when he's in this Career. *Fertur equis Auriga, neque audit Currus habenas.*

Pray

Pray let us but consider a little, what mean fervile things men do for this imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief Men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest *Romans* submit themselves for the obtaining of a Prætorship, or the Consular dignity; they put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the Tribes to beg voices, they flattered the poorest Artisans, and carried a *Nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their ear every mans name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand, and kiss'd the cheek, of every popular Tradesman: They stood all day at every Market in the publick places to shew and ingratiate themselves to the Rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them; they kept open Tables in every street, they distributed Wine and Bread and Money, even to the vilest of the people. *En Romanos rerum dominos! Behold the Masters of the World begging from door to door.* This particular humble way to greatness is now out of fashion, but yet every Ambitious person is still in some sort a *Roman Candidate*. He must feast and bribe, and attend, and flatter, and adore many Beasts, tho' not the Beast with many heads. *Catiline*, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than *Sylla's*, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants, to be a publick Bawd, to provide Whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And since I happen here to propose *Catiline* for my instance, (tho' there be thousands of examples for the same thing,) give me leave to transcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which *Machiavel* perhaps would say ought to be the Rule of their life and Actions. This man (says he, as most of you may well remember,) had many artificial touches and strokes that look'd like the beauty of great Virtues, his intimate conversation was with the worst of Men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best; he was furnished with all the Nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any Monster in Nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most Honourable persons? Who more a favourite to the most Infamous? Who sometimes appear'd a braver Champion, who at other times, a bolder enemy to his Country? Who more dissolute in his pleasures? Who more patient in his toils? Who more rapacious in robbing? Who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, The Arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, watch and serve all the occasions of their Fortune, both with his money and his interest, and his industry; and if need were

were not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature, and lavec with every Wind, to live severely with the Melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: With this variety and multiplicity of his Nature, as he had made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless of all Nations, so, by the artificial simulation of some Virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity; neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many Vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.

I see, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all things to all Men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cæsar* was a little after him. And the ways of *Cæsar* to compass the same ends (I mean too the Civil War, which was but another manner of setting his Country on Fire,) were not unlike these, thò he used afterward his unjust Dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. *Salust* therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like Gentlemen of his time, says, That it is the nature of Ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit, &c.* to make men Lyars and Cheaters, to hide the truth in their Breast, and shew like Juglers another thing in their Mouths, to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own Interest, and to make a good Countenance without the help of good Will. And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? What is it but a kind of Rack, that forces men to say what they have no mind to? I have wondred at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of *Zopyrus*, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, thò he was one of the seven Grandees of *Persia*, and the Son of *Megabifus*, who had freed before his Country from an ignoble Servitude, slit his own Nose and Lips, cut off his own Ears, scourged and wounded his whole Body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by *Darius*, be received into *Babylon* (then besieged by the *Persians*,) and get into the command of it, by the recommendation of so cruel a sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falshood, that they might have cut off his Hands too, and whipt him back again. But the Design succeeded, he betrayed the City, and was made Governor of it. What brutish Master ever punished his offending Slave with so little mercy, as Ambition did this *Zopyrus*? And yet how many are there in all Nations, who imitate him in some degree for a less reward? Who, thò they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment, of some Honour (as they call it,) yet stick not to com-

mit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized? But you may say, Thò these be the most ordinary and open ways to Greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little trodden paths too, through which some Men find a passage by virtuous Industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then that Industry must be such, as cannot consist with Liberty, thò it may with Honesty.

Thou'rt Careful, Frugal, Painful; we commend a Servant so, but not a Friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this Ascent, but we are Epicures and Lords when once we are gotten up into the High Places. This is but a short Apprenticeship, after which, we are made free of a Royal Company. If we fall in love with any beauteous Women, we must be content that they should be our Mistresses whilst we woo them, as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall be the Masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of Greatness; we enter into the Bonds of it like those of Matrimony; we are bewitch'd with the outward and printed Beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know it's true nature and interior Inconveniences. A great Fortune (says *Seneca*,) is a great servitude. But many are of that opinion which *Brutus* imputes (I hope untruly,) even to that Patron of Liberty, his Friend *Cicero*. We fear (says he to *Atticus*,) Death, and Banishment, and Poverty, a great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils, and if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable, in so base and contumelious a condition. This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest Commonwealth: But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great Riches and Honors, and with the service of many Inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false Medium. For if a Groom serve a Gentleman in his Chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; the Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much Servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one getting only his Bread and Wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous Estate, is no more intrinsecal to this matter than the difference between a plain, a rich and gaudy Livery. I do not say, That he who sells his whole Time, and his own Will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser Merchant than he who does it for one hundred, pounds, but I will swear they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that Estate to which he was born. But this Dependence upon Superiours is but one chain of the Lovers of Power, *Armatorum Trecenta Perithoam cohibent catena*. Let's begin with him by Break of day: For by that time he's besieged by

by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Antichambers, (all the Outworks,) possess'd by the Enemy, as soon as his Chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the Guards for Entrance. This is so essential a part of Greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen Favourite, like a Person disgraced, and condemn'd to what he please all the Morning. There are some who rather than want this, are contented to have their Rooms fill'd up every day with murmuring and cursing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know, which is the worst Duty, That of any one particular Person, who waits to speak with the Great Man, or the Great Man's, who waits every day to speak with all the Company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput & circumfaliunt latus*, A hundred Businesses of other Men (many unjust, and most impertinent,) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and strike him in the Face like Doors. Let's contemplate him a little at another special Scene of Glory, and that is, his Table. Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature: The Earth affords him her best Metals for his Dishes, her best Vegetables and Animals for his Food; the Air and Sea supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes: And a great many Men, who look like Masters, attend upon him, and yet when all this is done, even all this is but Tabl'd Host, 'tis crowded with People for whom he cares not, with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdenson sort of Guests, the Endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect, every body commends his Meat, that is, his Money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his Clark of the Kitchen, or his Cook, every body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know, why the honest Inn-keeper, who provides a publick Table for his Profit, should be but of a mean Profession; and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince? You'll say, because one sells and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speaks,) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom? There is always, and every where, some restraint upon him. He's guarded with Crowds, and shackled with Formalities. The half Hat, the whole Hat; the half Smile, the whole Smile, the Nod, the Embrace, the Positive parting with a little Bow, the Comparative at the middle of the Room, the Superlative at the Door; and if the Person be *Pan hyper sebastus*, there's a *Hyper-superlative* Ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the Stairs, or to the very Gate: As if there were such Rules set to these *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hac inter miseris Lux*, Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and and sometimes answer both too as impertinently? He never sets his

Foot beyond his Threshold, unless, like a Funeral, he have a Train to follow him, as if, like the dead Corps, he would not stir, till the Bearers were all ready. My Life, (says *Horace*) speaking to one of the *Magnifico's*, is a great deal more easie and commodious than thine; in that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wondred at; and take my Horse and ride as far as *Tarentum*, without being mist. 'Tis an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight, and observation, and censure of others; as there may be vanity in it, so, methinks, there should be vexation too of Spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred Men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at Dinner, and take notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems Greater, and more Lordly, than the multitude of Domesticque Servants; but even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them, (as many Men are,) the trouble and care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the Profession of a Schoolmaster to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most Honorable in a Commonwealth, yet certainly all his Faces, and Tyrannical Authority over so many Boys, take away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these Particulars of the Slavery of Greatness: I shake but a few of their outward Chains, their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Et cætera* of their Passions, which are the secret, but constant, Tyrants and Tortures of their Life, I omit here, because though they be Symptoms most frequent and violent in this Disease, yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life itself. But the ambitious Man, though he be so many ways a Slave, (*O toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely, and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himself a real Prince in his Masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his Spectators: He's a Slave in *saturnalibus*. The covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a Draught-Horse with Bells or Feathers; *ad Metalla damnatus*, a Man condemned to work in Mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of Servitude; and to encrease his misery, a Worker there for he knows not whom. He heapeth up Riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them. 'Tis only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy Slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths and Bord-wages; *Uncitum vix demens* *de suo suum defraudans Genium comparcit miser*; He defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius: He cheats himself for Money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it as evident to every Man's sight, as well as judgement. It seems a more difficult work to prove, that the voluptuous Man too is but a Servant: What can be more the Life of a Freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own Pleasures? Why I'll tell you who

Phorm.
Act. 1.
Scen. 2.

who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman: Not he who blindly follows all his Pleasures, (the very Name of Followers is servile,) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward Impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horse. The voluptuous Men (whom we are fallen upon,) may be divided, I think, into the Lustful and Luxurious, who are both Servants of the Belly; the other whom we spoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were καὶ θηρία, Evil wild Beasts, these are, Γαστέρες ἄρραι, slow Bellies, as our Translation renders it; but the word ἄρραι (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite Significations,) will bear as well the Translation of quick or diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be applyed to these Men. Metrodorus said, That he had learnt πλεὺν Ἀλλήως γαστρί χαρίζεσθαι, To give his Belly just thanks for all his Pleasures. This, by the Calumniators of Epicurus his Philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their Sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous Sense, which is, That he thanked his own Belly for that moderation in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happiness in this World. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great *Triumviri* of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean Villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*; and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quisnam igitur Liber? Sapiens sibi qui Imperiosus*: Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck, but the Man

Hor. L. 2.
Serm.
Sat. 4.

Who governs his own Course with steady Hand,
 Who does himself with Sovereign Pow'r Command;
 Whom neither Death nor Poverty does fright,
 Who stands not aukwardly in his own light
 Against the Truth? Who can, when Pleasures knock
 Loud at his door, keep from the Bolt and Lock?
 Who can, though Honor at his Gate should stay
 In all her Masking Cloths send her away
 And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play?

This I confess is a Freeman: But it may be said, That many Persons are so shackled by their Fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that Manumission which they have obtained from Virtue. I do both understand, and, in part, feel the weight of this objection: All I can answer to it, is, That we must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and when all that is done, be contented with the length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me, what condition of Life I think most allow'd? I should pitch upon that

fort

fort of People, whom King *James* was wont to call, the Happiest of our Nation, the Men placed in the Country by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate Plenty, without any just Argument for the desire of increasling it by the care of many Relations, and with so much knowledg, and love of Piety and Philosophy, (that is, of the study of God's Laws, and of his Creatures,) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without Business, and never to be melancholy, though without Sin and Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of Latine *Verses*, of which I remember no other part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche,*) with some other *Verses* upon the same Subject.

*Magne deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatè que, nec ultra
Solicitas effundo preces: Siquid datur ultra,
Accipiam gratus; sin non, contentus abibo.*

For the few hours of Life allotted me,
Give me (Great God,) but Bread and Libertie,
I'll beg no more, if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this, no more be freely sent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

Martial Lib. 2.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The Prayers and Hopes of your Poetick Friend;
He does not Palaces nor Mannors crave,
Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have:
The Ground he holds, if he his own can call;
He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsom Greanefs others please,
He loves of homely Littlenefs the Ease.
Can any Man in Guilded Rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble Visits spend;
When in the fresh and beauteous Fields he may
With various healthful Pleasures fill the day?
If there be Man (ye Gods,) I ought to hate,
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.
Still let him busie be, and in a crowd,
And very much a Slave, and very Proud:

Thus

Thus he perhaps Pow'rful and Rich may grow ;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow,
But let him Peace and Freedom never see ;
Let him not love this Life, who loves not Me.

Martial L.

Vis fieri Liber ? &c.

Would you be free ? 'tis your chief wish, you say,
Come on ; I'll shew thee, Friend, the certain way :
If to no Feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whil'st bount'ous God does Bread at home bestow ;
If thou the goodness of thy Cloaths do'st prize
By thine own Use, and not by others Eyes ;
If (only safe from weathers,) thou canst dwell,
In a small House, but a convenient Shell ;
If thou without a Sigh, or Golden wish,
Canst look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Dish :
If in thy Mind such Power and Greatness be,
The *Persian* King's a Slave compar'd with Thee.

Quod te nomine ? &c.

Mart. L. 2.

THat I do you with humble Bowes no more,
And danger of my naked Head adore ;
That I, who Lord and Master cry'd e'r while,
Salute you in a new and diff'rent Style,
By your own Name, a scandal to you now,
Think not that I forget myself and you,
By loss of all things by all others sought
This Freedom, and the Freemans Hat is bought.
A Lord and Master no man wants but He
Who o'r Himself has no Authority.
Who does for Honours and for Riches strive,
And Follies, without which Lords cannot live.
If thou from Fortune do'st no Servant crave,
Believe it, thou no Master need'st to have.

ODE.

O D E.

Upon Liberty.

1.

Freedom with Virtue takes her Seat,
 Her proper place, her only Scene,
 Is in the Golden Mean,
 She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great,
 The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
 And they'r in *Fortunes Bridewel* whipt
 To the laborious task of Bread;
 These are by various Tyrants captive led.
 Now wild Ambition with imperious force
 Rides, Reins, and Spurs them like th'unruly Horse.
 And servile Avarice yokes them now
 Like toilsom Oxen to the Plow.
 And somtimes Lust, like the misguided Light,
 Draws them through all the Labyrinths of night.
 If any few among the Great there be
 From these insulting Passions free,
 Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see
 By Custom, Business, Crowds, and formal Decencie.
 And wherefoe'r they stay, and wherefoe'r they go,
 Impertinencies round them flow:
 These are the small uneasie things
 Which about Greatness still are found,
 And rather it Molest than Wound:
 Like Gnats, which too much heat of Summer brings;
 But Cares do swarm there too, and those have stings;
 As when the Honey does too open lie,
 A thousand Wasps about it flie:
 Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit;
 The Master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

2.

'Tis Morning; well, I fain would yet sleep on;
 You cannot now; you must be gone
 To Court, or to the noisie Hall:
 Besides, the Rooms are crowded all;
 The stream of Business does begin,
 And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.
 Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Prisoner keep!
 Will they not suffer him to sleep?
 Make an Escape out at the Postern fleet,
 And get some blessed Hours of Liberty.

With

With a few Friends, and a few Dishes Dine,
 And much of Mirth, and moderate Wine.
 To t'hy bent mind some relaxation give,
 And steal one day out of thy Life to live.
 Oh happy man! (he cries,) to whom kind Heaven
 Has such a Freedom always given!
 Why, Mighty Madam, What should hinder thee
 From being every day as free?

3.

In all the free-born Nations of the Air,
 Never did Bird a spirit so mean and fordid bear,
 As to exchange a Native Liberty
 Of soaring boldly up into the Sky,
 His liberty to Sing, to Perch, or Fly,
 When and wherever he thought good,
 And all the innocent pleasures of the Wood,
 For a more plentiful or constant Food.
 Nor ever did ambitious Rage
 Make him into a painted Cage,
 Or the false Forest of a well-hung Room
 For Honour and Preferment come.
 Now, Blessings on you all, ye' Heroick Race,
 Who keep their Primitive Powers and Rights so well
 Tho' Men and Angels fell.
 Of all material Lives the highest place
 To you is justly given,
 And Ways and Walks the nearest Heaven.
 Whil't wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
 To boast that we look up to it:
 Ev'n to the universal Tyrant, Love,
 You Homage pay but once a year:
 None so degenerate and unbirdly prove,
 As his perpetual yoke to bear,
 None but a few unhappy Houshold Fowl,
 Whom human Lordship does controul,
 Who from the birth corrupted were
 By Bondage and by Mans Example here.

4.

He's no small Prince, who every day
 Thus to himself can say,
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk.
 Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk,
 This I will do, here I will stay,
 Or if my Fancy calleth me away,
 My Man and I will presently go ride
 (For we before have nothing to provide,
 Nor after are to render an account,)
 To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish Mount.

If thou but a short journey take,
 As if thy last thou wert to make,
 Business must be dispatch'd e're thou canst part,
 Nor canst thou stir unless there be
 A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,
 And many a Mule, and many a Cart ;
 What an unwieldy Man thou art ?
 The *Rhodian Colossus* so
 A Journey too might go.

5.

Where Honour, or where Conscience does not bind,
 No other Law shall shackle me,
 Slave to my self I will not be;
 Nor shall my future Actions be confin'd
 By my own present Mind.
 Who by Resolves and Vows engag'd does stand
 For days that yet belong to Fate;
 Does like an unthrift mortgage his Estate,
 Before it falls into his Hand.
 The Bondman of the Cloister so
 All that he does receive does always owe.
 And still as Time comes in, it goes away
 Not to Enjoy but Debts to pay.
 Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell !
 Which his hours work as well as hours does tell !
 Unhappy till the last, the kind, releasing Knell.

6.

If Life should a well order'd Poem be,
 (In which he only hits the White
 Who joyns true Profit with the best Delight,)
 The more Heroick strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindarick way I'll make.
 The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free,
 It shall not keep one settled pace of Time,
 In the same Tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each day just to his neighbour Rhime ;
 A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,
 And yet shall manage all without offence,
 Or to the sweetness of the Sound, or greatness of the Sense;
 Nor shall it ever from one Subject start,
 Nor seek Transitions to depart,
 Nor its set way o'r Stiles and Bridges make,
 Nor through Lanes a Compass take,
 As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
 When the wide Air's a Road for it.
 So the Imperial Eagle does not stay
 Till the whole Carcass he devour,
 That's fallen into its power.

As if his generous Hunger understood
 That he can never want plenty of Food,
 He only sucks the tastful Blood,
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away;
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled prey.

Of Solitude.

N*Unquam mirus solus, quàm cum solus*, is now become a very vulgar Saying. Every Man, and almost every Boy for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without question a most Eloquent and Witty Person, as well as the most Wise, most Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all Mankind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it by Solitude than by Company. And to shew, that he spoke not this loosely, or out of vanity, after he had made *Rome* Mistress of almost the whole World, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and, at a private House in the middle of a Wood near *Linternum*, passed the remainder of his Glorious Life no less gloriously. This House *Seneca* *Epist. 86.* went to see so long after with great veneration, and among other things, describes his Baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the People would despise them, and cry out, Poor *Scipio* understood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the Credit of Retreat? And happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could have taught him as much Wisdom, as was learnt by *Scipio* from the highest Prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly, as it is colourably, and wittily, said by *Montaigne*, That Ambition itself might teach us to love Solitude, there's nothing that does so much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have it's Elbows free; it detests to have a Company on either side, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, I, and *Ushers* too before it. But the greatest part of Men are so far from the opinion of that Noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without Company, they're like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the Wind of other Mens Breath, and have no Oars of their own to steer withall. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human Nature, that Men should love themselves above all the rest of the World, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in Love with a Mistress, all other Persons are importunate and burdensom to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and die with her alone.

*Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
 Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede.
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
 Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.*

Q q q 2

With

With thee for ever I in Woods could rest,
 Where human Foot no ground has prest:
 Thou from all Shades the Darknes can'st exclude,
 And from a Defart banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisom to us, that we can scarcely support it's conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind as *Catullus* expresses towards one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unfociable humor.

*Odi & Amo, quamam id faciam ratione, requiris?
 Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.*

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
 How can that be? I know not how;
 Only that so it is I know,
 And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a Man sometimes to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the World, is a fit Man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the World, though he have never so much understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few Persons. They must have enough knowledge of the World, to see the Vanity of it, and enough Virtue, to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possess'd with any Lust or Passions, a Man had better be in a Fair, than in a Wood alone. They may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our Pockets in the mid'st of Company, but, like Robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be sew'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first work therefore that a Man must do to make himself capable of the good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections are tyed to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art, and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no less than Well-speaking, depends upon much Practice, and Cogitation is the thing, which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now, because the Soul of Man is not by it's own Nature, or Observation, furnish'd with sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to Learning, and Books, for fresh Supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoughtfully engaged in the Love of Letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole Life.

O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!
O Life long to the Fool, short to the Wife!

The first Minister of State has not so much Business in publick, as a wife Man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in Company; the one has but part of the Affairs of one Nation, the other, all the Works of God and Nature under his consideration. There is no Saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often: That a Man does not know how to pass his Time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by *Methusalem*, in the Nine hundred sixty ninth year of his Life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any Science, to have cause to complain, that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you'll say, is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the Employments, or Divertisements, that arrive from Letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a Man totally illiterate. But if any Man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions, (except the very meanest of the People, who have Business enough in the necessary Provisions for Life,) it is truly a great shame, both to his Parents and Himself, for a very small Portion of any ingenious Art will stop up all those gaps of our time, either Musick, or Painting, or Designing, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardening; or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his Affections upon Poetry, (which I do not advise him to immoderately,) that will overdo it, no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of Company or Business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

— *O, quis me gelidis sub montibus Æmi*
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?

Virg.
Georg.

I.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye *Plebeian* under-wood!
Where the Poetick Birds rejoyce,
And for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

2.

Hail, the poor *Muses* richest Mannor Seat!
Ye Country Houses and Retreat,
Which all the happy Gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their Bright and Great
Metropolis above.

3. Here

3.
 Here Nature does a House for me erect,
 Nature the wisest Architect,
 Who those fond Artists does despise
 That can the fair and living Trees neglect;
 Yet the dead Timber prize.

4.
 Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft Winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton Boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful Birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself too Mute.

5.
 A Silver Stream shall roul his Waters near,
 Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
 On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

6.
 Ah wretched and too Solitary He,
 Who loves not his own Companie!
 He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
 Unless he call in Sin or Vanitie
 To help to bear't away.

7.
 Oh Solitude, first state of Human-kind!
 Which blest remain'd till Man did find
 Even his own Helpers Companie.
 As soon as two (Alas!) together join'd,
 The Serpent made up Three.

8.
 Though God himself, through countless Ages Thee
 His sole Companion chose to be,
 Thee, Sacred Solitude alone,
 Before the branchy Head of Numbers Tree
 Sprung from the Trunk of one.

9.
 Thou (though Men think thine an unactive part,)
 Do'st break and tame th' unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move, well manag'd by the Art,
 With Swiftnes and with Grace.

10.

Thou the faint beams of Reason's scatter'd Light
 Do'st like a Burning-glass unite,
 Do'st Multiply the feeble Heat,
 And fortifie the strength till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

11.

Whil'st this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I see
 The Monster *London* laugh at me;
 I should at thee too, foolish City,
 If it were fit to laugh at Misery,
 But thy Estate I pity.

12.

Let but thy wicked Men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou who do'st thy Millions boast,
 A Village less than *Islington* wilt grow,
 A Solitude almost.

3. Of Obscurity.

N*Am neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
 Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit.*

*Hor. Ep.
 l. 1. 18.*

*God made not pleasures only for the Rich,
 Nor have those Men without their share too liv'd,
 Who both in Life and Death the World deceiv'd.*

This seems a strange Sentence thus literally Translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the Men of business, (for who else can deceive the World?) whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely that the World takes no notice of them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the World, and in another place uses the same phrase.

Secretum iter & Fallentis semita vita.
 The secret Tracks of the deceiving Life.

Ep. 18.

It is very elegant in *Latine*, but our *English* word will hardly bear up to that sense, and therefore *Mr. Broom* Translates it very well.

Or from a Life, led as it were by stealth.

Yet we say in our Language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes

passes before us unperceived, and we may say well enough out of the same Author.

*Sometimes with Sleep, sometimes with Wine we strive
The cares of Life and Troubles to deceive.*

But that is not to deceive the World, but deceive ourselves, as *Declam. de Ap. b.* *Quintilian* says, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our Life till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for it. The Meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a Truth, the World (I'll swear,) is sufficiently deceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is, *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all Contentions, from all Envy or being Envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is in my mind a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together in places where they are by no body known, nor know any Body. It was the case of *Aeneas* and his *Achates*, when they walkt invisibly about the fields and streets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her self

Virg. 1. Æn.

*A veil of thickned Air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them as they past.*

The common story of *Demosthenes's* confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a Tanker-woman say as he past, This is *That Demosthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, (if it were any,) but I am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get as it were out of sight-shot. *Democritus* relates, and in such manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens*, no body there did so much as take notice of him; and *Epicurus* lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend *Metrodorus*; after whose death, making in one of his Letters a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talk'd of and talking Country in the World, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterwards, there were no two Names of Men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the Invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a *Quotidian Aque* of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that

that lies in that : Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank has it more than the best Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief-Justice of a City. Every Creature has it both of Nature and Art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Inciatus*, when they were led prancing through the streets, as This is that *Alexander*, or, This is that *Domitian*; and truly for the later, I take *Inciatus* to have been a much more Honourable Beast than his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it hath the shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and, like that of *S. Peter*, cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives : What it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not *Philosophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no Man, who has made the Experiment, has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, and little commerce in the World besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in, (for I would not have him so much as cry in the *Exit*.) This innocent Deceiver of the World, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta Persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, than the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with show and noise; nay, even than *Augustus* himself, who askt with his last breath, whether he had not played his *Farce* very well.

Seneca, ex Thyeste,
Act. 2. Chor.

Stet quicumque volet, potens
Aula culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the slippery tops of human State,
The guilded Pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly stand, and, for a while
The giddy Danger to beguile,
With Joy and with Disdain look down on all,
Till their Heads turn, and so they fall.
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near
That I no fall to Earth may fear;
And, O ye Gods, at a good distance seat
From the long Ruins of the Great,
Here wrapt in th' Arms of Quiet let me lie;
Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.

Here let my Life with as much silence slide,
 As Time that measures it does glide.
 Nor let the breath of Infamy or Fame,
 From Town to Town eccho about my Name.
 Nor let my homely Death embroidered be
 With Scutcheon or with Elogie.
 An old *Plebeian* let me die,
 Alas, all then are such as well as I.
 To him, alas, to him, I fear,
 The face of Death will terrible appear,
 Who in his life flattering his senseless pride,
 By being known to all the World beside,
 Does not himself, when he is Dying know,
 Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

4. Of Agriculture.

THE first wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses,) was, to be a good Philosopher; the second, a good Husbandman; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better, than most of the most learned Heathens,) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon*; because he prayed for Wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and the best Husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best Poet. He made him besides all this, a Rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer. *O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit*: To be an Husbandman, is but a retreat from the City; to be a Philosopher, from the World, or rather a retreat from the World, as it is Mans; into the World, as it is Gods. But, since Nature denies to most Men the Capacity or Appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to Philosophy, the best mixture of human Affairs that we can make, are the employments of a Country life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiae*, The nearest Neighbour, or rather next in Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* says, the Principles of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Principles of all Nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of Philosophy than any one Profession, Art, or Science, in the World besides: And therefore *Cicero* says, the pleasures of a Husbandman *Mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere*, come very nigh to those of a Philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a Panegyrist: The Utility of it to a mans self: The Usefulness or rather Necessity of it to all the rest of Mankind: The Innocence, the Pleasure, the Antiquity, the Dignity. The Utility

Lib. 1.
c. 1.

De Sen-
nent.

Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it,) is not so great now in our Nation as ariseth from Merchandise and the Trading of the City, from whence many of the best Estates and chief Honours of the Kingdom are derived: We have no men now fetcht from the Plow to be made Lords, as they were in *Rome* to be made Consuls and Dictators; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil Custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a Law, which is, That no men put their Children to be bred up Apprentices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but such who are so poor, that when they come to be Men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground, the Rent of which devours all but the bare Subsistence of the Tenent: Whilest they who are Proprietors of the Land, are either too proud, or for want of that kind of Education, too ignorant to improve their Estates, though the means of doing it be as easie and certain in this as in any other track of Commerce: If there were always two or three thousand Youths, for seven or eight years bound to this Profession, that they might learn the whole Art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be Masters in it, by a moderate stock: I cannot doubt, but that we should see as many Aldermens Estates made in the Country, as now we do out of all kind of Merchandizing in the City. There are as many ways to be Rich, and which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse, nor pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little Family, and the superfluities of Life (which are now in some cases by Custom made almost necessary,) must be supplied out of the superabundance of Art and Industry, or contemned by as great a Degree of Philosophy. As for the Necessity of this Art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of Men cannot be preserved; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many Nations have lived, and some do still, without any Art but this; not so Elegantly, I confess, but still they live, and almost all the other Arts which are here practised, are beholding to this for most of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no Men are so free from the temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Industry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by Craft from Men. They live upon an Estate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Estate cheated from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine by the allowances of Nature, and others like Wolves and Foxes by the Acquisitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm, (without any offence to the Great,) that Sheep and Kine are very useful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious creatures. They are without dispute, of all Men the most quiet and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the Common-wealth: Their manner of Life inclines them,

and Interest binds them to love peace : In our late mad and miserable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole Troops, and raised up some great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the Mischiefs they had done ; But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruine of his Country, as to deserve the Curses of his Country-men : And if great delights be joyn'd with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of Men not to take them here where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesom and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and Noble Scenes of Nature ; we are there among the pitiful shifts of Policy : We walk here in the light and open ways of the Divine Bounty ; we grope there in the dark and confus'd Labyrinths of human Malice : Our Senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their Objects ; which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks (me thinks,) like a beautiful, constant, and modest Wife ; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmless and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expencelul Luxury.

I shall only instance in one Delight more, the most natural and best natur'd of all others, a perpetual companion of the Husbandman, and that is the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own Art and Diligence, to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding ; to see all his Fields and Gardens covered with beauteous Creatures of his own Industry ; and to see, like God, that all his Works are good.

— *Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades, ipsi
Agricole tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.*

On his Heart-string a secret Joy does strike ;

The antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first Men in the World, were a Gardner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier ; and if any man object, That the second of these was a Murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turn'd Builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that *Ecclesiasticus* forbids us to hate Husbandry ; *Because* (says he,) *the Most High has created it.* We were all born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nourish our Bodies by the same Earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all these great Persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the Ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of Lilies, and Lions Rampant, and spread Eagles in Fields of Or, or of Argent ;

gent, but if Heraldry were guided by Reason, a Plough in a Field Arable would be the most Noble and Antient Arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of *Columella*. How it should come to pass, that all Arts or Sciences, (for the dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the curiosity of us Husbandmen,) *Metaphysick, Physick, Morality, Mathematicks, Logick, Rhetorick, &c.* which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties, (except only *Metaphysick*, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no,) but even *Vaulting, Fencing, Dancing, Attiring, Cookery, Carving*, and such like Vanities, should all have publick Schools and Masters, and yet that we should never see or hear of any Man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary an Art.

A man would think, when he's in a serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great company of Men and Women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and only practis'd antiently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madnes; the later being the chief glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine inspiration: This, I say, a severe Man would think, though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now of good breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing-Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk? But did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a Superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wish, (but cannot in these times much hope to see it,) that one College in each University were erected and appropriated to this Study, as well as there are to Medicine and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a body of Scholars and Fellows, with certain Endowments, as in other Colleges; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one Master or Principal, as they call him there,) to teach these four parts of it. First, *Aratation*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods*. Fourthly, all parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c.* and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the sports of the Field, (which ought to be looked upon not only as Pleasures, but as Parts of House-keeping,) and the Domestic conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practis'd in other Arts, only to read Pompous and Superficial Lectures out of *Virgil's Georgicks, Pliny, Varro, or Columella*, but to instruct their Pupils in the whole Method

and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of Scholars upon a moderate taxation for their Diet, Lodging and Learning, would be a sufficient constant Revenue for maintenance of the House and the Professors, who should be Men not chosen for the Ostentation of Critical Literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach, such Men; so industrious and publick-spirited, as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be, if the Gentleman be yet alive; But it is needless to speak farther of my thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have farther to say of the Country-life, shall be borrowed from the Poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the Shepherds.

*Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas
Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.*

The Muses still love their own Native place,
'T has secret Charms which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their Work; one might as well undertake to dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow,
In vain the thankless Glebe we Plow and Sow,
Against th'unnatural Soil in vain we strive;
'Tis not a Ground in which these Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thorns of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth; And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the bounty of Great Men, that is, without what they could get by Flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World, (*Pariter vitisque jocisque Altius humanis exeruere caput,*) into the innocent happiness of a retired Life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living Poems. *Hesiod* was the first or second Poet in the World, that remains yet extant, (if *Homer*, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemporaries,) and he is the first Writer too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed (*says Columella,*) not a little to our Profession; I suppose he means not a little Honour, for the matter of his Instructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is visible through the Gravity and Simplicity of his Style. The most Acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity

obscurity of an Oracle. Πλέον ἡμῶν πᾶσι. The half is more than the whole. The occasion of this Speech is this; His Brother *Perfes* had by corrupting some great Men (*Βασιλῆας Δαρσάρους*, Great Bribe-eaters he calls them,) gotten from him the half of his Estate. It is no matter, (says he,) they have not done me so much prejudice, as they imagine.

Νήποι, ἔδ' ἴσασιν ἔσθ' Πλέον ἡμῶν Παντός,
 Ὅσα δ' ὄσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλω μῶν ἑνείσθ',
 Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσιν Θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώπων.

Unhappy they, to whom God ha'n't reveal'd,
 By a strong Light which must their Sense controul,
 That half a great Estate 's more than the whole:
 Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
 Of Roots and Herbs the wholesom Luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest *Hesiod's* meaning. From *Homer* we must not expect much concerning our Affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the Country, nor enjoy the Pleasures of it, his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine Tales of the Wars, and Adventures of their Ancestors; his Subject removed him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his Good-will a little. For though he could do us no Honour in the person of his Hero *Ulysses*, (much less of *Achilles*,) because his whole time was consumed in Wars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gardner all that while, and seeking his Consolation for the absence of his Son in the pleasure of Planting and even Dugging his own grounds. Yet see, he did not contemn us Peasants, nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles *Eumæus*, who kept the Hogs, with wonderful respect, *Δῖον ὑφορδόν*, The Divine Swine-herd: He could ha' done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And *Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe, for he wrote nothing but Pastorals,) gave the same Epithete to an Husbandman, *ἡμέτερο δῖο ἀγρότης*, The Divine Husbandman replied to *Hercules*, who was but δῖο Himself. These were Civil *Greeks*! and who understood the Dignity of our Calling! Among the *Romans*, we have in the first place our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the favour of *Mæcenas* and *Augustus*, he might have been one of the chief Men of *Rome*, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the Exercise, and much of his immortal Wit in the Praise and Instructions of a Rustique Life; who, though he had written before whole Books of Pastorals and *Georgics*, could not abstain in his great and Imperial Poem from describing *Evander*, one of his best Princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary Country-man. He seats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bears skin,

skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court-yard, the Birds under the Eaves of his Window call him up in the morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his guard: At last when he brings *Aneas* into his Royal Cottage, he makes him say this memorable Complement, greater than ever yet was spoken at the *Escorial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehal*.

— *Hæc (inquit) limina victor
Alcides subiit, hæc illum Regia cepit,
Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quæque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.*

This humble Roof, this rustick Court (said he,)
Receiv'd *Alcides*, crown'd with *Victorie*.
Scorn not (*Great Guest*,) the Steps where he has trod,
But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man, whom we are much obliged to both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best Poet in the World to *Virgil*, his dear friend *Horace*, who when *Augustus* had desired *Mecænas* to persuade him to come and live domestically, and at the same Table with him, and to be the Secretary of State of the whole World under him, or rather joyntly with him, for he says, *Ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Mannor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an Example as this in the World, that he should have so much Moderation and Courage as to refuse an offer of such Greatness, and the Emperor so much Generosity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the Passages of this excellent Author upon the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I must be obliged to translate half his Works; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of *Homer*, *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non Plenius & melius Chryssippo, & Crantore dicit*. I shall content myself upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*, and shall forbear to collect the Suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their Writings, and especially in *Martials*. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful Pencil upon the beauties of a Face, that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latin* verses, (though of another kind,) and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say, that I love the Matter, and that ought to cov-r many Faults; and that I run not to contend with thole before me, but follow to applaud them.

Virg. Georg.

O fortunatos nimium, &c.

A Translation out of Virgil.

OH happy (if his happiness he knows,) (stows
 The Country Swain ! on whom kind Heav'n be-
 At home all Riches that wise Nature needs ;
 Whom the just Earth with ease plenty feeds.
 'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
 And fills the painted Chancels of his rooms,
 Adoring the rich Figures as they pass,
 In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living Brass ;
 Nor is his Wooll superfluously Dy'd
 With the dear poison of *Assyrian* pride :
 Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil
 The Native Use, and sweetness of his Oil.
 Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
 Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
 Does with substantial blessedness abound,
 And the soft wings of Peace cover him round :
 Through artless Grotts the murmur'ing waters glide ;
 Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
 From whence the Birds salute him ; and his ground
 With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep, does sound ;
 And all the Rivers, and the Forests nigh,
 Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.
 Here a well hardned active youth we see,
 Taught the great Art of chearful Povertie.
 Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
 Some streaks of Love both Human and Divine :
 From hence *Astræa* took her flight, and here
 Still her last Footsteps upon Earth appear.
 'Tis true, the first desire, which does controul
 All the inferiour wheels that move thy Soul,
 Is, that the Muse me her High-Priest would make ;
 Into her Holy Scenes of Myst'ry take,
 And open there to my minds purged Eye
 Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny ;
 How in the Moon such change of shapes is found :
 The Moon, the changing Worlds eternal bound.
 What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease
 Dares trouble the fair Centre's antient ease ;
 What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance :
Varieties too regular for chance.
 What drives the Chariot on of Winter's light,
 And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.
 But if my dull and frozen Blood deny
 To send forth th' Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high ;

In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
 My quiet, though unglorious, destinie.
 In Lives cool vale let my low Scene be laid ;
 Cover me, Gods, with *Tempe's* thickest shade.
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he,
 Who can through gross Effects their Causes see :
 Whose courage from the Deeps of knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things ;
 But does his walk of Virtue calmly go,
 Through all th' Alarms of Death and Hell below.
 Happy ! but next such Conqu'rors happy they,
 Whose humble Life lies not in Fortune's way.
 They unconcern'd from their safe distant seat
 Behold the Rods and Scepters of the Great.
 The Quarrels of the Mighty without fear,
 And the descent of foreign Troops they hear.
 Nor can ev'n *Rome* their steady course misguide,
 With all the lustre of her per'shing pride.
 Them never yet did strife or av'rice draw
 Into the noisy Markets of the Law,
 The Camps of Gowned War, nor do they live
 By rules or forms that many mad-men give.
 Duty for Nature's Bounty they repay,
 And her sole Laws religiously obey.

Some with bold Labour plough the faithless Main,
 Some rougher storms in Princes Courts sustain.
 Some swell up their slight Sails with pop'lar Fame,
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a Name.
 Some their vain Wealth to Earth again commit ;
 With endless cares, some brooding o're it sit.
 Country and Friends are by some wretches sold,
 To lie on *Tyrian* Beds, and drink in Gold ;
 No price too high for profit can be shewn ;
 Not Brother's Blood, nor hazards of their own.
 Around the World in search of it they roam,
 It makes ev'n their *Antipodes* their home.
 Mean while the prudent Husbandman is found,
 In mutual Duties driving with his ground,
 And half the year he care of that does take,
 That half the year grateful returns does make.
 Each fertile Month does some new gifts present,
 And with new work his industry content.
 This, the young Lamb, that the soft Fleece doth yield,
 This loads with Hay, and that, with Corn, the Field :
 All sorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumn's* pride :
 And on a swelling Hill's warm stony side,
 The pow'rful Princely Purple of the Vine,
 Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
 In th' Evening to a fair ensuing day,
 With joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play ;

And

And loaded Kine about his Cottage stand,
 Inviting with known sound the Milkers hand ;
 And when from wholsome labour he doth come,
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,
 His chaste Wives welcome, and dear Childrens kisses.
 When any Rural Holy-days invite
 His Genius forth to innocent delight,
 On Earths fair Bed beneath some Sacred shade,
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
 He sings thee, *Bacchus*, Patron of the Vine,
 The Beechen Bowl foams with a flood of Wine,
 Not to the loss of Reason or of Srength :
 To active Games and manly Sport at length
 Their Mirth ascends, and with fill'd Veins they see,
 Who can the best at better Tryals be.
 Such was the Life the prudent *Sabins* chose,
 From such the old *Hetrurian* Virtue rose.
 Such, *Remus* and the god his Brother led,
 From such firm footing *Rome* grew th' Worlds head.
 Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raise
 The honour of poor *Saturns* Golden days :
 Before Men born of Earth and buried there
 Let in the Sea their mortal fate to share.
 Before new ways of perishing were fought,
 Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
 Before those Beasts, which human Life sustain,
 By Men, unless to the Gods use, were slain.

Horat. Epodon.

Beatus ille, qui procul, &c.

Happy the Man, whom bount'ous Gods allow
 With his own hands Paternal Grounds to Plough ?
 Like the first golden Mortals happy he
 From Bus'ness, and the cares of Money free !
 No human storms break off at Land his sleep,
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the deep.
 From all the cheats of Law he lives secure,
 Nor does th' affronts of Palaces endure.
 Sometimes the beaut'ous Marriageable Vine
 He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does joyn ;
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
 And grafts new Life into the fruitful wound ;
 Sometimes he shears his Flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.
 He sees the lowing Herds walk o're the Plain,
 Whil'st neighb'ring Hills low back to them again ;

And when the Season, Rich as well as Gay,
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th' increasing Use to see
 Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree?
 Of which large shares on the glad sacred Days
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
 With how much joy does he beneath some shade,
 By aged Trees rev'rend embraces made,
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear, or with Design?
 By him a River constantly complains,
 The Birds above rejoyce with various strains,
 And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep,
 Like Dreams mixt with the Gravity of Sleep,
 Sleep which does always there for entrance wait,
 And nought within against it shuts the Gate.

Nor does the roughest season of the Sky,
 Or fullen *Jove*, all sports to him deny.
 Here runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad concert rends the Air;
 Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
 He drives into a Toil the foaming Bore.
 Here flies the Hawk t' assault, and there the Net
 To intercept the trav'ling Fowl is set.
 And all his Malice, all his Craft is shewn
 In innocent Wars, on Beasts and Birds alone.
 This is the life from all misfortunes free,
 From thee the Great one, Tyrant Love, from Thee:
 And if a chaste, and clean, thò homely, Wife
 Be added to the Blessings of this Life,
 Such as the antient Sun-burnt *Sabins* were,
 Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,
 Who makes her Children and the House her care,
 And joyfully the work of Life does share,
 Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
 To pin the Sheepfold, or to milk the Kine;
 Who waits at door against her Husband come
 From rural Duties, late, and wearied home,
 Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
 A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face;
 And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
 And with domestick Plenty loads the Board:
 Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,
 Drest by the wanton hand of Luxury,
 Nor *Ortalans*, nor *Godwits*, nor the rest
 Of costly names that glorifie a Feast,
 Are at the Princely Tables better cheer,
 Than Lamb and Kid, Lettice and Olives here.

The Country-Mouse.

A Paraphrase upon Horace 2 Book, Satyr. 6.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow Tree,
 Close to plow'd ground, seated commodiously,
 His antient and Hereditary House,
 There dwelt a good substantial Country-Mouse :
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the Main,
 Yet one, who once did nobly entertain
 A City-Mouse well coated, sleek and gay,
 A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
 Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
 And arriv'd early, and belighted there,
 For a days Lodging ; the good hearty Host
 (The antient plenty of his Hall to boast,)
 Did all the store produce, that might excite,
 With various tastes, the Courtiers appetite.
 Fitches, and Beans, Peasens, Oats and Wheat,
 And a large Chesnut, the delicious Meat
 Which *Jove* himself, were he a Mouse, would eat. S
 And for a *Hautgoust* there was mixt with these
 The Swerd of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheese,
 The precious Reliques, which, at Harveft, he
 Had gathered from the Reapers Luxurie.
 Freely (said he,) fall on and never spare,
 The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
 And thus at ease on beds of Straw they lay,
 And to their Genius they sacrific'd the Day.
 Yet the nice Guest's Epicurean mind
 (Tho' breeding made him civil seem, and kind,)
 Despis'd this Country Feast, and still his thought
 Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
 Your Bounty and Civility, (said he,)
 Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude parts to see,
 Shews that the Gods have given you a mind
 Too noble for the Fate which here you find.
 Why should a Soul, so virt'ous, and so great,
 Lose itself thus in an obscure Retreat ?
 Let savage Beasts lodge in a Country Den,
 You should see Towns, and Manners know, and Men :
 And taste the gen'rous Luxury of the Court,
 Where all the Mice of Quality resort ;
 Where thousand beaut'ous She's about you move,
 And by high Fate, are plyant made to Love.
 We all e're long must render up our Breath,
 No cave or hole can shelter us from Death.

Since

Since Life is so uncertain and so short,
 Let's spend it all in Feasting and in Sport.
 Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake
 All the great things that Mortals happy make:
 Alas, what virtue hath sufficient Arms,
 T' oppose bright Honour, and soft Pleasur's charms?
 What Wisdom can their Magick force repel?
 It draws this rev'rend Hermit from his Cell.
 It was the time when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus into Thetis Bosome fell:
She blusht at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.
 Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was set,
 When to the Town our wearied Trav'lers get,
 To a Lord's House as Lordly as can be
 Made for the use of Pride and Luxurie,
 They come; the gentle Courtier at the door
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
 But 'Tis, Sir, your Command, and being so,
 I'm sworn t'obedience, and so in they go,
 Behind a Hanging in a spacious room,
 (The richest Work of Mortals noble Loom,)
 They wait a while their wearied Limbs to rest,
 Till silence should invite them to their Feast.
About the hour that Cynthia's silver Light
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the Night;
 At last the various Supper being done,
 It hapned that the Company was gone
 Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
 To please their noble Fancies with a Ball.
 Our Host leads forth his Stranger, and does find
 All fitted to the bounties of his Mind.
 Still on the Table half-fill'd dishes stood,
 And with delicious bits the floor was strow'd.
 The court'ous Mouse presents him with the best,
 And both with fat Varieties are blest.
 Th' industrious Peasant every where does range,
 And thanks the gods for his Life's happy change.
 Lo, in the midst of a well-fraighted Pye,
 They both at last glutted and wanton lie.
 When see the sad Reverse of prosp'rous Fate,
 And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait,
 With hid'ous noise down the rude Servants come,
 Six Dogs before run barking into th' room;
 The wretched Gluttons fly with wild affright,
 And hate the fulness which retards their flight.
 Our trembling Peasant wishes now in vain,
 That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
 Oh, how the change of his poor Life he curst;
 This, of all lives (said he,) is sure the worst.

Give me again, *ye Gods*, my Cave and Wood ;
With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my food.

*A Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the
First Book of Horace.*

Horace to Fuscus Aristius.

HEalth from the lover of the Country, me,
Health to the lover of the City, thee,
A difference in our Souls this only proves,
In all things else we agree like married Doves.
But the warm Nest, and crowded Dove-house thou
Do'st like ; I loosely fly from bough to bough,
And Rivers drink and all the shining day,
Upon fair Trees, or mossy Rocks, I play ;
In fine, I live and reign when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one at last from the Priest's Service fled,
Loathing the Hony'd-Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I an House for Happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the Architect.
She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtless in the Country chuse her Seat:
Is there a place doth better helps supply,
Against the wounds of Winter's cruelty ?
Is there an Air, that gentler does assuage
The mad Celestial Dogs, or Lyons Rage ?
Is it not there that sleep, (and only there,)
Nor noise without, nor cares within, doors fear ?
Does Art through Pipes a purer Water bring,
Than that which Nature strains into a Spring ?
Can all your Tap'stries, or your Pictures shew
More Beauties than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow ?
Fountains and Trees our wearied Pride do please,
Ev'n in the midst of gilded Palaces.
And in your Towns that Prospect gives delight,
Which opens round the Country to our sight.
Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
Return at last, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
Which Nature did to Mankind recommend.
The Man who changes Gold for burnisht Brass,
Or small right Gems for larger ones of Glafs :
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,

Than

Than he, who sells a solid good to buy
 The painted goods of Pride and Vanity.
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
 Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet grief to lose.
 For, when we place, ev'n trifles, in the heart,
 With trifles too, unwillingly we part,
 An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
 More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
 Than all the tumult of vain Greatness brings
 To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.
 The horned Deer, by Nature arm'd so well,
 Did with the Horse in common pasture dwell ;
 And when they fought, the Field it always wan,
 Till the ambitious Horse begg'd help of Man,
 And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
 Bravely alone, as Lord of all the Plain :
 But never after could the Rider get
 From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.
 So they, who Poverty too much do fear,
 T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear ;
 That they might Pow'r above their Equals have,
 To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.
 For Gold, their Liberty exchange'd we see,
 That fairest Flower which crowns Humanitie.
 And all this Mischiefe does upon them light,
 Only, because they know not how aright
 That great, but secret, Happiness to prize,
 That's laid up in a little for the Wise :
 That is the best, and easiest Estate,
 Which to a man fits close, but not too strait ;
 'Tis like a Shoo, it pinches, and it burns
 Too narrow, and too large it overturns.
 My dearest Friend, stop thy Desires at last,
 And cheerfully enjoy the Wealth thou hast.
 And, if me still seeking for more you see,
 Chide, and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
 Money was made not to command our Will,
 But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
 Shame and Woe to us, if we our Wealth obey,
 The Horse doth with Horseman run away.

The Country Life.

Lib. 4 *Plantarum.*

Bleft be the Man, (and blest heis,) whom e're
 (Plac'd out of the Roads of Hope or Fear,)
 A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
 The Field gives all that frugal Nature needs,
 The wealthy Garden lib'rally bestows
 All she can ask, when she luxurious grows:
 The specious Inconveniencies that wait
 Upon a Life of Business, and of State,
 He sees (nor does the Sight disturb his rest,)
 By Fools desir'd, by wicked Men possess.
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great *Virgil's* Praise,)
 The old *Corycian* Yeoman past his days,
 Thus his wife Life *Abdolonymus* spent:
 Th' Ambassadors which the great Emperor sent
 To offer him a Crown, with wonder found
 The rev'rend Gard'ner Howing of his Ground,
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
 From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went;
 And oft he stopt in his triumphant way,
 And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
 Not without Sighs, Alas, I there forsake
 A happier Kingdom than I go to take.
 Thus *Aglau*s (a Man unknown to Men,
 But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then,)
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,
*Aglau*s now consign'd t' eternal Fame.
 For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,
 Presum'd at wife *Apollo's* *Delphick* Seat,
 Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
 See'st thou a Man, that happier is than I?
 The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
*Aglau*s happier is. But *Gyges* cry'd,
 In a proud Rage, who can that *Aglau*s be?
 W' have heard as yet of no such King as he.
 And true it was, through the whole Earth around
 No King of such a Name was to be found.
 Is some old *Hero* of that Name alive,
 Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?
 Is it some mighty Gen'ral that has done
 Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honors won?
 Is it some Man of endless Wealth, said he?
 None, none of these; who can this *Aglau*s be?

T t t

After

After long search, and vain inquiries past,
 In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last;
 Th' *Arcadian* Life has always shady been,
 Near *Sopho's* Town (which he but once had seen,)
 This *Aglaus*, who Monarchs envy drew,
 Whose Happiness the Gods stood witness to,
 This mighty *Aglaus* was labouring found,
 With his own Hands in his own little ground.

So, Gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
 Among those foolish Gods to mention Thee,)
 So let me act on such a private Stage
 The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
 After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
 This quiet Port let my tost Vessel gain,
 Of Heavenly rest this Earnest to me lend,
 Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

The Garden.

To J. Evelyn Esquire.

I Never had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be Master at last of a small House and large Garden, with very moderate Conveniencies joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my Life only to the culture of them, and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my Wall,) whole and entire to lye,
 In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, Shorter and Better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish, that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own,) but several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that Felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all Ambitions and Hopes in this World, and by retiring from the noise of all Business, and almost Company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish; and without that pleasantest Work of human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arrived at my little *Zoar*. O let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my Soul shall live. I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for *Prose*) what I mean

mean by all this Preface ; It is to let you know, That though I have mist, like a Chymist, my great End, yet I account my affections and endeavors well rewarded by something that I have met with by the By ; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem ; and thereby the honor of having my Name so advantageously recommended to Posterity, by the *Epistle* you are pleas'd to prefix to the most useful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as Months and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the most predominant : That you choose this for your Wife, though you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines ; though you know them, and beget Sons upon them all, (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies,) yet the Issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the Estate ; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestow'd most Charges upon it's Education : And I doubt not to see that Book, which you are pleas'd to promise to the World, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your Calendar, as accomplish'd, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences and a long Experience. I know no body that possesses more private Happiness than you do in your Garden ; and yet no man who makes his Happiness more publick, by a free Communication of the Art and knowledg of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to Mankind the search of that Felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

1.

Happy art thou, whom God does Bless
 With the full choice of thine own Happiness;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With Prudence how to choose the best :
 In Books and Gardens thou hast plac't aright
 (Things well which thou do'st understand,
 And both do'st make with thy laborious hand,)
 Thy noble innocent Delight :
 And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again do'st meet
 Both Pleasures more refin'd and sweet :
 The fairest Garden in her looks,
 And in her Mind, the wisest Books.
 Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid, Joys
 For empty Shows and senseless noise ;
 And all which rank Ambition breeds,
 Which seem such beauteous Flowers, and are such poisonous
 (Weeds ?

2.

When God did Man to his own likeness make,
 As much as Clay, though of the purest kind,

By the great Potters are refin'd :
 Could the Divine Impression take,
 He thought it fit to place him, where
 A kind of Heav'n too did appear,
 As far as Earth could such a likeness bear,
 That Man no Happiness might want,
 Which Earth to her first Master could afford ;
 He did a Garden for him plant
 By the quick hand of his Omnipotent Word.
 As the chief Help and Joy of Human Life,
 He gave him the first Gift ; first, ev'n before a Wife.

3.

For God, the universal Architect,
 'T had been as easie to erect
 A Louvre, or Escorial, or a Tower,
 That might with Heaven Communication hold,
 As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old :
 He wanted not the Skill or Power,
 In the Worlds Fabrick those were shewn,
 And the Materials were all his own.
 But well he knew what place would best agree
 With Innocence, and with Felicity :
 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
 If any part of either yet remain ;
 If any part of either we expect,
 This may our Judgement in the search direct ;
 God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain*.

4.

Oh blessed Shades ! oh gentle cool retreat
 From all th'immoderate Heat,
 In which the frantick World does burn and sweat !
 This does the Lyon-Star, Ambitious rage ;
 This Avarice, the Dog-Stars Thirst allwage :
 Every where else their fatal Power we see,
 They make and rule Man's wretched Destiny :
 They neither set, nor disappear,
 But tyrannize o'r all the year ;
 Whil'st we ne'er feel their Flame or Influence here.
 The Birds that dance from bough to bough,
 And Sing above in every Tree,
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free.
 Than we who lie or walk below,
 And should, by right, be Singers too.
 What Princes Quire of Musick can excel
 That which within this Shade does dwell ?
 To which we nothing Pay or Give,
 They like all other Poets live,
 Without reward, or thanks for their obliging Pains ;

'Tis well if they become not Prey:
 The whistling Winds add their less artful strains,
 And a grave Base the murmuring Fountains play:
 Nature does all this Harmony bestow,
 But to our Plants, Arts Musick too,
 The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitar we owe;
 The Lute itself, which once was Green and Mute,
 When *Orpheus* struck th'inspired Lute,
 The Trees danç't round, and understood,
 By Sympathy, the voice of wood.

5.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,
 And nothing does within resistance make,
 Which yet we moderately take;
 Who would not choose to be awake,
 While he's incompass'd round with such delight,
 To th'Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Taste, and Sight?
 When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep
 A Pris'ner in the Downy Bands of Sleep,
 She Od'rous Herbs and Flowers beneath him spread
 As the most soft and sweetest Bed;
 Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.
 Who, that has Reason, and his Smell,
 Would not among Roses and Jasmin dwell,
 Rather than all his Spirits choak
 With exhalations of Dirt and Smoak?
 And all th'uncleanness which does drown
 In Pestilential Clouds a populous Town;
 The Earth itself breaths better Perfumes here,
 Than all the Female Men or Women there,
 Not without cause about them bear.

6.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,
 That Pleasure was the chiefest good,
 (And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly understood,)
 His Life he to his Doctrine brought,
 And in a Garden's shade that Sovereign Pleasure sought.
 Whoever a true Epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous Luxurie.
Vitellius his Table, which did hold
 As many Creatures as the Ark of old:
 That Fiscal Table, to which every day
 All Countries did a constant Tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford,
 Than Natures Liberality,
 Helpt with a little Art and Industry,
 Allows the meanest Gard'ners board,

The wanton Taste no Fish or Fowl can choofe,
 For which the Grape or Melon ſhe would loſe,
 Though all th' Inhabitants of Sea and Air
 Be liſted in the Gluttons Bill of Fare ;
 Yet ſtill the Fruits of Earth we ſee
 Plac'd the third Story high in all her Luxurie.

7.

But with all Senſe the Garden does comply ;
 None courts or flatters, as it does, the Eye :
 When the great *Hebrew* King did almoſt ſtrain
 The wondrous Treasures of his Wealth and Brain,
 His Royal Southern Guest to entertain ;
 Though ſhe on Silver Floors did tread,
 With bright *Aſſyrian* Carpets on them ſpread,
 To hide the Metals Poverty.
 Though ſhe look'd up to Roofs of Gold,
 And nought around her could behold
 But Silk and rich Embroidery,
 And *Babylonian* Tapeſtry,
 And wealthy *Hirams* Princely Dy :
 Though *Ophir's* Starry Stones met every where her Eye ;
 Though ſhe herſelf, and her gay Hoſt were dreſt
 With all the ſhining Glories of the Eaſt ;
 When lavish Art her coſtly Work had done,
 The honor and the prize of Bravery
 Was by the Garden from the Palace won ;
 And every Roſe and Lilly there did ſtand
 Better attir'd by Natures hand :
 The Caſe thus judg'd againſt the King we ſee,
 By one that would not be ſo rich, though wiſer far than he.

8.

Nor does this happy place only diſpenſe
 Such various Pleaſures to the Senſe,
 Here Health itſelf does live,
 That Salt of Life which does to all a reliſh give
 It's ſtanding Pleaſure, and Intrinſick Wealth,
 The Bodies Virtue, and the Souls good Fortune, Health.
 The Tree of Life, when it in *Eden* ſtood,
 Did it's immortal head to Heaven rear ;
 It laſted a tall Cedar till the Flood ;
 Now a ſmall thorny ſhrub it does appear ;
 Nor will it thrive too every where :
 It always here is freſheſt ſeen ;
 'Tis only here an Ever-green.
 If through the ſtrong and beauteous Fence
 Of Temperance and Innocence,
 And whoſome Labours, and a quiet Mind,
 And Diſeaſes paſſage find,

They

They must not think here to assail
 A Land unarmed, or without a Guard;
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
 Before they can prevail:
 Scarce any Plant is growing here
 Which against Death some Weapon does not bear.
 Let Cities boast, that they provide
 For Life, the Ornaments of Pride;
 But 'tis the Country and the Field,
 That furnish it with Staff and Shield.

9.

Where does the Wisdom and the Power Divine
 In a more bright and sweet Reflection shine?
 Where do we finer Stroakes and Colours see
 Of the Creator's real Poetrie,
 Than when we with attention look
 Upon the third days Volume of the Book?
 If we could open and intend our Eye,
 We all like *Moses* should espy
 Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deity.
 But we despise these his Inferior ways,
 (Though no less full of Miracle and Praise,)
 Upon the Flowers of Heaven we gaze;
 The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raise,
 Though these perhaps do, more than they,
 The Life of Mankind sway.
 Although no part of mighty Nature be
 More stor'd with Beauty, Power, and Myserie;
 Yet to encourage human Industry,
 God has so ordered, that no other part
 Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

10.

We no where Art do so triumphant see.
 As when it Grafts or Buds the Tree;
 In other things we count it to excel,
 If it a Docile Schollar can appear
 To Nature, and but imitate her well;
 It over-rules, and is her Master here.
 It imitates her Maker's Power Divine,
 And changes her somtimes, and somtimes does refine:
 It does, like Grace, the fallen Tree restore
 To it's blest State of Paradise before:
 Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
 O'r all the vegetable World command?
 And the wild Giants of the Wood receive
 What Law he's pleas'd to give?
 He bids th' ill natur'd Crab produce
 The gentle Apples Winey Juice;

The golden Fruit that worthy is
 Of *Galatea's* purple Kifs ;
 He does the Savage Hawthorn teach
 To bear the Medlar and the Pear,
 He bids the rustick Plum to rear
 A noble Trunk, and be a Peach,
 Ev'n *Daphne's* Coyness he does mock,
 And weds the Cherry to her stock,
 Though she refus'd *Apollo's* Suit ;
 Ev'n she, that chaste and Virgin-Tree,
 Now wonders at herself, to see
 That she's a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.

II.

Methinks, I see great *Dioclesian* walk
 In the *Salonian* Garden's noble shade,
 Which by his own Imperial hands was made :
 I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
 With the Ambassadors who came in vain,
 T' entice him to a Throne again,
 If I, my Friends (said he,) should to you shew
 All the delights, which in these Gardens grow ;
 'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
 Than 'tis that you should carry me away :
 And trust me not, my Friends, if every day,
 I walk not here with more delight,
 Than ever after the most happy Fight,
 In Triumph to the Capitol I rod,
 To thank the Gods, and to be thought myself almost a God.

6. Of Greatness.

Since we cannot attain to Greatness, (says the *Sieur de Montagne*,) let's have our revenge by Railing at it: This he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honorable a Fortune in a most excellent Country, as allowed him all the real conveniencies of it, separated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any Crime, to be sequestred from it, and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader may think that what I now say, is of small Authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the Tryal: I can therefore only make my Protestation,

If ever I more Riches did desire
 Than Cleanliness and Quiet da require ;

If e're Ambition did my Fancy cheat
 With any wish so mean as to be great,
 Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
 The Humble Blessings of that Life I love.

I know very many Men will despise, and some pity me for this Humour, as a poor spirited fellow ; but I'm content, and like *Horace*, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quoque pusilli Finxerunt animi.* I confess I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again, (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope I have done with it,) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune, should be a *Bona Roba*, nor as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the stateliness and largeness of her Person, but as *Lucretius* says,

Parvula, pumilio, xaelmova ula, tota merum sal.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Seneca's* mind, whose ridiculous affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Seneca* was a man of a turbid and confused Wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty Words and Sentences, till this Humour grew at last into so notorious a Habit, or rather a Disease, as became the sport of the whole Town ; He would have no servants, but huge massy fellows, no Plate or Householdstuff, but thrice as big as the fashion : You may believe me, for I speak it without Railery, his Extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of Shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet : He would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horse-plums and Pound-pears : He kept a Concubine that was a very Giantess, and made her walk too always in *Chiopins*, till at last he got the Surname of *Seneca Grandio*, which, *Messala* said, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum* : When he declaimed for the three hundred *Lacedemonians*, who alone opposed *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his Arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice ; I rejoyce, I rejoyce— We wondered, I remember, what new great Fortune had befallen his Eminence, *Xerxes*, (says he,) is All mine own. He took away the sight of the Sea with Canvas Vails of so many Ships—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the Edition, or the Orators own burley way of Nonsense.

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolical* Fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio's*. Is any thing more common, than to see our Ladies of quality wear such high Shoes, as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them ?

and a Gown as long as again their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next Room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the ostentation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no use in the World, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestick pleasures, (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them,) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible diversifements, and meanest recreations of the Vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the World, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperors of the whole World? If ever any Men had the free and full enjoyment of all human Greatness, (nay that would not suffice, for they would be gods too,) they certainly possess it; and yet, one of them who stiled himself Lord and God of the Earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors, *Nero*, (who never put any bounds nor met with any stop to his Appetite,) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the Women, and affront the Men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: This was one of his Imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the habit of a Minstrel, upon the publick Stage: He was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine voice (as they called it then,) in those kind of prizes, than all his Forefathers were of their Triumphs over Nations: He did not at his death complain, that so mighty an Emperor and the last of all the *Cæsarian* Race of *Deities*, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cried out, Alas, what pity 'tis, that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his time at playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Sovereignty. I omit the madness of *Caligula's* delights, and the execrable fordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding Stones, with little *Syrian* and *Moorish* Boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Rome's* best Blood he spilt,
With so much Fallshood, so much guilt?

Was it for this that his Ambition strove,
 To equal *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove*?
 Greatness is barren sure of solid Joys;
 Her Merchandize (I fear,) is all in toys,
 She could not else sure so uncivil be,
 To treat his universal Majestie,
 His new-created Deitie,
 With Nuts, and Bounding-stones, and Boys.

But we must excuse her for his meager entertainment, she has not really wherewithal to make such Feasts as we imagine; her Guests must be contented somtimes but with slender Cates, and with the same cold Meats served over and over again, even till they become Nauseous. When you have pared away all the Vanity, what solid and natural Contentment does there remain which may not be had with Five hundred pounds a year? Not so many Servants or Horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: Not so many choice Dishes at every meal, but at several meals, all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: Not so Rich garments, nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, though not for the Tailor, or *Valet de Chambre*: Not such a stately Palace, nor gilt Rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient Brick-house, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest-work Hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions,) not whole Woods cut in Walks, nor vast Parks, nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but Herb, and Flower, and Fruit-Gardens which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquillity, Security, and Innocence; and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a Truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous *Paradox*, that a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a more beautiful Object:

*Sed quantum vertice ad auras
 Æthereas, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.*

As far as up tow'ards Heaven the Branches grow,
 So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to Greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: What a wonderful thing is this? Unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness:

It falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most fordid ways of Borrowing, Couſenage, and Robbery, *Mancipis locuples eget aris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great Men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with Slaves, but are indigent of Money. The ancient *Roman* Emperors, who had the Riches of the whole World for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought,) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme Poverty: But yet with most of them it was much otherwise, they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their Friends and Servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This fashion of Imperial Grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their Estates, two other thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the necessary Provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those Debts, but out of the succors and supplies of Rapine. As Riches encrease, (says *Solomon*,) so do the Mouths that devour them. The Masters Mouth has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Oneus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay, and an Ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these Inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: Still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of *Tenariff*, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of Tranquillity above the Moon. The first ambitious Men in the World, the old Giants, are said to have made an Heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the Gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*: Two or three Mountains more they thought would have done their Business, but the Thunder spoil'd all their work, when they were come up to the third story.

*And what a noble Plot was crost,
And what a brave Design was lost!*

A famous Person of their Off-spring, the late Giant of our Nation, when from the condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant General of an Army of little *Titans*, which was his first Mountain, and afterward General, which was the second, and after that, absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believed to have dyed with Grief and Discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a King, and the old formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a Wicked Usurpation. If he could have compass'd that,

he

he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperor, or a God. The reason of this is, that Greatness has not reality in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists only in Relation and Comparison : It is indeed an Idol ; but *S. Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no Rising or Meridian of the Sun, but only in respect to several places : There is no Right or Left, no upper-hand in Nature ; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversly compared. There may be perhaps some Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a Great Man ; and in that case I should be like *Cæsar*, (you would wonder how *Cæsar* and I should be like one another in any thing,) and choose rather to be the First man of the Village, than second at *Rome*. Our Country is called *Great Britany*, in regard only of a Lesser of the same name, it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That, too, is but a pitiful Rood of Ground in comparison of the whole Earth besides : And this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body, is but one Point or Atom in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite Space of the Sky which we behold. The other many inconveniences of Grandeur I have spoken of diversly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

Horace Lib. 3. Ode. 1.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

1.
Hence, ye Prophane ; I hate ye all ;
 Both the Great, Vulgar, and the Small.
 To Virgin-Minds, which yet their Native whiteness hold,
 Not yet discolour'd with the love of Gold,
 (That Jaundice of the Soul,
 Which makes it look so Gilded and so Foul,)
 To you, ye very few, these truths I tell,
 The Muse inspires my Song, hark, and observe it well.

2.
 We look on Men, and wonder at such odds
 Twixt things that were the same by Birth :
 We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,
 These Giants are but Pigmeyes to the Gods.
 The humblest and the proudest Oak
 Are but of equal proof against the Thunder-stroak.

Beauty,

Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth and Power
 Have their short flourishing Hour ;
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their Preeminence awhile ;
 Even so in the same Land,
 Poor Weeds, Rich Corn, gay Flowers, together stand ;
 Alas ! Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.

3.

And all you Men, whom Greatness does so please,
 Ye feast (I fear,) like *Damocles* :
 If you your Eyes could upwards move,
 (But you (I fear,) think nothing is above,)
 You would perceive by what a little Thread
 The Sword stills hangs over your head ;
 No Title of Wine would drown your Cares ;
 No Mirth or Musick over-noise your Fears.
 The fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
 As not t'admit the Image of it, Sleep.

4.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
 And yet so humble too as not to scorn
 The meanest Country Cottages ;
 His Poppy grows among the Corn.
 The Halcyon sleep will never build his Nest
 In any stormy breast.
 'Tis not enough that he does find
 Clouds and Darknes in their Mind ;
 Darknes but half his work will do :
 'Tis not enough ; he must find Quiet too.

5.

The man, who, in all wishes he does make,
 Does only Natures Counsel take ;
 That wise and happy Man will never fear
 The evil Aspects of the Year ;
 Nor tremble, tho' two Comets should appear :
 He does not look in Almanacks to see,
 Whether he Fortunate shall be ;
 Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in the Heavens conjoyn,
 And what they please against the World design,
 So *Jupiter* within him shine.

6.

If of your Pleasures and Desires no end be found,
 God to your Cares and Fears will set no bound.
 What would content you ? Who can tell ?
 Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,
 As if you lik'd it well.
 Ye strive for more, as if you lik'd it not.

Go,

Go, level Hill's, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your Fancy please,
But trust Me when you've done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

7. Of Avarice.

There are two sorts of *Avarice*, the one is but of a Bastard-kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of Gain; not for his own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the Channells of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and un-
satiated desire of Riches, not for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy *Ostrich*, which devours any Metal, but 'tis with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excern it: The second is like the foolish *Chough*, which loves to steal Money only to hide it. The first does much harm to Mankind, and a little good to some few: The second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his Actions: The second can give no reason or colour, not to the Devil himself, for what he does; He is a slave to Mammon without wages: The first makes a shift to be beloved; I, and envied too by some people: The second is the universal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especial by the Poets, who have pursued it with Stories, and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions; and moved, as we say, every Stone to sling at it; Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovids*.

Defunt Luxuriæ multa, Avaritiæ omnia.
Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which Saying, I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus.

Poverty wants Some, Luxury Many, Avarice
All Things.

Some body says of a Virtuous and Wise Man, That having Nothing, he has All: This is just his Antipode, Who, having All things, yet has Nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Audivi eos Amatores esse maximos, sed nil potisse.* They're the fondest Lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And

And, oh, What Mans Condition can be worse
Than his, whom Plenty starves, and Blessings curse!
The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any Law made against him : Against him, do I say ? I mean, for him ; as there are publick Provisions made for all other Mad-men ; It is very reasonable that the King should appoint some persons (and I think the Courtiers would not be against this proposition,) to manage his Estate during his Life, (for his Heirs commonly need not that care,) and out of it to make it their business to see that he should not want Alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggars, but have no care at all of these really Poor Men, who are (methinks,) to be respectfully treated in regard of their Quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choakt with the super-abundance of the Matter ; Too much Plenty impoverishes me as it does them. I will conclude this odious Subject with part of *Horace's* first *Satyre*, which take in his own familiar Style.

I admire, *Mecenas*, how it comes to pass,
That no Man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that State,
In which his own choice plants him or his Fate :
Happy the Merchant, the old Souldier cries ;
The Merchant beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the Souldier, one half hour to thee
Gives speedy Death, or Glorious Victorie.
The Lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
By restless Clients, calls the Peasant blest ;
The Peasant, when his Labours ill succeed,
Envieth the Mouth which only Talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll say,) that I want store
Of Instances, if here I add no more ;
They are enough to reach at least a Mile
Beyond long *Orator Fabius* his Style.
But, hold, you whom no Fortune e're endears,
Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,
Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,
Behold, *Jove's* now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou Souldier be a Merchant ; Merchant, Thou
A Souldier be ; and, Lawyer, to the Plow.
Change all your Stations straight, Why do they stay ?
The Devil a man will change, now when he may.
Were I in Gen'ral *Jove's* abused case,
By *Jove* I'de cudgel this rebellious Race :
But he's too good ; be all then as you were,
However make the best of what you are,

And

And in that state be chearful and rejoyce,
 Which either was your Fate, or was your Choice.
 No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
 And very miserable be awhile ;
 But 'tis with a Design only to gain
 What may their Age with plenteous ease maintain.
 The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach,
 And Industry to lazy Mankind preach.
 The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,
 Nor does he straight devour all he can get ;
 But in his Temperate Mouth carries it home,
 A stock for Winter, which he knows must come.
 And when the rowling World to Creatures here
 Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the Year,
 And shuts them in, with storms, and cold and wet,
 He chearfully does his past labour eat :
 O, does he so? Your wife example th' Ant
 Does not at all times Rest and Plenty want ;
 But weighing justly a mortal Ant's condition
 Divides his Life 'twixt Labour, and Fruition :
 Thee neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
 From thy unnatural diligence can withhold,
 To th' Indies thou would'st run rather than see
 Another, though a Friend, richer than Thee.
 Fond Man! what good or beauty can be found
 In heaps of Treasure buried under ground?
 Which rather than diminish't e're to see
 Thou would'st thyself too buried with them be :
 And what's the diff'rence, is't not quite as bad ,
 Never to Use, as never to have Had ?
 In thy vast Barns, millions of Quarters store,
 Thy Belly for all that will hold no more
 Than mine does ; every Baker makes much Bread,
 What then? He's with no more than others fed.
 Do you within the bounds of Nature live,
 And to augment your own, you need not strive.
 One hundred Acres will no less for you
 Your Life's whole business than ten thousand do.
 But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store ;
 What Man? Though you're resolv'd to take no more
 Than I can from a small one? If you will
 Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,
 To some great River for it must you go,
 When a clear Spring just at your Feet does flow ?
 Give me the Spring which does to human use
 Safe, easie, and untroubled Stores produce,
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,
 Must run the danger of the Crocodile,
 And of the rapid Stream itself, which may
 At unawares bear him perhaps away.

In a full Flood *Tantalus* stands, his Skin
 Washt o'er in vain, for ever dry within;
 He catches at the Stream with greedy Lips:
 From his toucht Mouth the wanton Torrent slips.
 You laugh now, and expand your careful Brow:
 'Tis finely said, but, what's all this to you?
 Change but the Name, this Fable is thy Story,
 Thou in a Flood of useles Wealth do'st Glory,
 Which thou can'st only touch but never taste;
 Th' abundance still, and still the want does last.
 The Treasures of the Gods thou would'st not spare,
 But when they're made thine own, they Sacred are,
 And must be kept with reverence, as if thou
 No other use of precious Gold did'st know,
 But that of curious Pictures to delight
 With the fair stamp thy *Virtuoso* sight.
 The only true, and genuine use is this,
 To buy the things which Nature cannot miss
 Without discomfort, Oyl, and vital Bread,
 And Wine, by which the Life of Life is fed.
 And all those few things else by which we live,
 All that remains is Given for thee to Give;
 If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief, and Fear,
 The bitter Fruits be, which fair Riches bear;
 If a new Poverty grow out of store;
 The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's Third Book, beginning thus, Inclusam Danaen turris aenea.

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,
 And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron-Bars,
 And Guards as strict as in the heat of Wars,
 Might have preserv'd one innocent Maidenhead.
 The jealous Father thought he well might spare
 All further jealous Care,
 And as he walkt, t' himself alone he smil'd,
 To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
 And when he slept his rest was deep,
 But *Venus* laught to see and hear him sleep.
 She taught the amorous *Jove*
 A Magical Receipt in Love,
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
 Than all his Thunder did, and his Almighty-ship before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixir, by which Art
 His Godhead into Gold he did convert,

No Guards did then his passage stay,
 He pass'd with ease, Gold was the Word ;
 Subtle as Lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce.
 Gold through Doors and Walls did pierce,
 And as that works somtimes upon the Sword,
 Melted the Maidenhead away,
 Even in the secret Scabbard where it lay.
 The prudent *Macedonian* King,
 To blow up Towns a Golden Mine did spring.
 He broke through Gates with this *Petar*.
 'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War ;
 And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,
 The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seamens Star.

3.

Let all the World slave to this Tyrant be,
 Creature to this disguised Deitie,
 Yet it shall never conquer me.
 A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
 And Wisdom is a Tower of stronger Brass.
 The Muses Lawrel, round my Temples spread,
 Does from this Lightnings force secure my head :
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent Meteors do lye.
 Wealth for it's Pow'r do we honor and adore ?
 The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
 The vast *Xerxean* Army I retreat,
 And to the small *Laconick* Forces fly,
 Which hold the streights of Poverty.
 Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill
 With all the bounteous Summers store,
 If the Mind thirst and hunger still
 The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
 Slaves to things we too much prize,
 We Masters grow of all that we despise.

5.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood,
 Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.
 The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows
 All which that grateful Earth can bear,
 Deceives himself if he suppose
 That more than this falls to his share.
 Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
 Is not a Rent paid to the Lord ;
 But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
 Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.

Much will always wanting be,
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy He,
 To whom the wise Indulgency of Heaven,
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company.

IF twenty Thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the Assaults of but Twenty well-armed *Spaniards*; I see little possibility for one Honest Man to defend himself against twenty Thousand Knaves, who are all furnish'd *Cap-a-pe*, with the defensive Arms of worldly Prudence, and the offensive too of Craft and Malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human Affairs. The only Advice therefore that I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his Person any longer in the open Campagne, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all Bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a Man in much Business, must either make himself a Knave, or else the World will make him a Fool; and if the Injury went no farther than the being laugh'd at, a wise Man would content himself with the revenge of Retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken Stranger, but at last devour him. A sober Man cannot get too soon out of Drunken Company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a virtuous Man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten Thousand; neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other Creature, as it is to be alone in the mid'st of wild Beasts. Man is to Man all kind of Beasts, a fawning Dog, a roaring Lyon, a thieving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vultur. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some moderation and good nature in the *Toupinambaltians*, who eat no Men but their Enemies, whil'st we, learned and polite and Christian *Europeans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the greatest boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated Men dispers'd, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the Walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered People into one Body: 'Tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another: They found them Hun-

ters and Fishers of wild Creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an Art of War: They have framed, I must confess, wholesome Laws for the restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they Conjure and cannot Bind; though there were before no Punishments for Wickedness, yet there were less committed, because there were no Rewards for it. But the Men, who praise Philosophy from this Topick, are much deceived; let Oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm: It never was the work of Philosophy to assemble Multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the best of a Evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of Towns, and Founders of Empires; They said, *Go to, let us build us a City, and a Tower, whose Top may reach unto Heaven, and let us make us a Name, lest we be scattered* Gen. 21. *abroad upon the face of the Earth.* What was the beginning of ⁴ Rome, the Metropolis of all the World? What was it, but a course of Thieves, and Sanctuary of Criminals? It was justly named by the *Augury* of no less than twelve Vultures, and the Founder cemented his Walls with the Blood of his Brother; not unlike to this, was the beginning even of the first Town too in the World; and such is the Original Sin of most Cities: Their Actual encrease daily with their Age and Growth; the more People, the more wicked, all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected. We ought in the choice of a Situation, to regard above all things the Healthfulness of the place, and the Healthfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose, (which is hardly to be supposed,) we had Antidote enough against this Poison; nay, suppose farther, we were always and at all pieces armed, and provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable Life to be ever in Alarms, though we were compass'd round with Fire, to defend ourselves from wild Beasts, the Lodgings would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that Fire, and to fear no less the defects of our Guard, than the diligences of our Enemy. The sum of this is, That a virtuous Man is in danger to be trod upon, and destroyed in the Crowd of his Contraries; nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these Inconveniences without so much caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of his Life. Ye see then, what he may lose; but I pray, What can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.* What should a Man of Truth and Honesty do at Rome? He can neither understand nor speak the Language of the place; a naked Man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch

Fish

Mat. 13. Fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly Advice, which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arrived at *Rome*.

Honest and Poor, faithful in Word and Thought;
 What hast thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?
 Thou neither the Buffoon, nor Bawd can'st play,
 Nor with false Whispers th' Innocent betray:
 Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get
 A Living by thy Industry and Sweat;
 Nor with vain Promises and Projects cheat;
 Nor Bribe nor Flatter any of the Great.
 But you're a Man of Learning, prudent, just;
 A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for Trust.
 Why you may stay, and live unenvied here;
 But (faith,) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of Uncleanness is loathsome to the Cleanly; the sight of Folly, and Impiety, vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

Lucr. 1. 2. *Lucretius*, by his Favour, though a good Poet, was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he said, *It was delightful to see other Men in a great Storm*. And no less ill-natur'd should I think *Democritus*, who laughs at all the World, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great Pleasure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by Company to go to *Bedlam*, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical Extravagancy of so many various Madneses, which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only Melancholy, but even Sick with the Sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Mad-men abroad, without any perturbation; though to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact Judge of human Blessings, of Riches, Honors, Beauty, even of Wit itself, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise Man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy, (for he will find nothing to deserve that,) that he had better strike into some private Path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*; that he might not so much as hear of the Actions of the Sons of *Adam*: But, whither shall we fly then? Into the Deserts, like the ancient Hermits?

Meton.
1.

*Qua terra patet, fera regnat Erynnis,
 In facinus jurasse putes.*

One would think, that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks,) *sold themselves to Sin*; the difference only is, that some are little a more Crafty (and but a little, God knows,) in making of the Bargain. I thought, when I went first to dwell in the Country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitants there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sidney* in *Arcadia*, or of Monsieur *a'Urse* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity, the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Cherisea*: But to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact Fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the *Court*, or the *Exchange*, or *Westminster-Hall*. I ask again then, Whither shall we fly? or, What shall we do? The World may so come in a Man's way, that he cannot choose but Salute it, he must take heed tho', not to go a Whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or just necessity, Men happen to be married to it, I can only give them *St Paul's Advice*. *Brethren, the time is short, it remains that they that have Wives, be as though they had none. But I would that all Men were even as myself.*

In all cases they must be sure, that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not only quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town, of their Country.

Claudian's Old Man of Verona.

Happy the Man, who his whole time doth bound
 Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
 Happy the Man, whom the same humble place
 (Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race,)
 From his first rising Infancy has known,
 And by degrees sees gently bending down
 With natural propension to that Earth,
 Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him Birth.
 Him no false distant lights by Fortune set
 Could ever into foolish wandrings get.
 He never Dangers either saw or fear'd:
 The dreadful Storms at Sea he never heard.

He

He never heard the shrill Alarums of War,
 Or the worse Noises of the Lawyers Bar.
 No change of Consuls marks to him the year,
 The change of Seasons is his Calendar.
 The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer shews,
 Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
 He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found
 For the whole day, the Dial of his ground.
 A neighbouring Wood born with himself he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary Trees.
 H'as only heard of near *Verona's* Name,
 And knows it like the *Indies*, but by Fame.
 Does with the like concernment notice take
 Of the *Red Sea*, and of *Benacus* Lake.
 Thus Health and Strength he t'a third Age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of Boys.
 About the spacious World let others Roam,
 The Voyage-Life is longest made at home.

9. *The shortness of Life and uncertainty of Riches.*

IF you should see a Man, that were to cross from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busie and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before, in making Provisions for his Voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet Person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent Coxcomb? A Man, who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all Conveniencies and even Superfluities, is to Angels and wise Men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his Passage, that he might proportion his Cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a fraight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be called the *Pas de vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*. We are all *'Ephuseoi* (as *Pindar* calls us,) Creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were probable, that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a time. The Sun ought not to set upon our Covetousness no more than upon our Anger; but as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so in direct opposition, one day to the Covetous Man is a thousand years; *tam brevi fortis jaculatur ovo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of the opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hoped for so long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almost such a Life, made, we are sure, less Stores for the maintaining of it; they who lived Nine hundred

dred years scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for Nine hundred years; What a strange alteration is this of Human Life and Manners? And yet we see an imitation of it in every mans particular Experience, for we begin not the cares of Life till it be half spent, and still encrease them as that decreases. What is there amongst the actions of Beasts so Illogical and repugnant to Reason? When they do any thing which seems to proceed from that which we call Reason, we disdain to allow them that Perfection, and attribute it only to a Natural Instinct; and are not we Fools too by the same kind of Instinct? If we could but learn to number our days, (as we are taught to pray that we might,) we should adjust much better our other accounts; but whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. *Horace* advises very wisely, and in excellent good words, *spatio brevi spem longam reseces*, From a short life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like Suckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing Fruit. And in another place to the same sense, *Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam*, which *Seneca* does not mend when he says, *Oh quanta dementia est spes longa inchoantium!* but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named *Senecio*, who from a very mean beginning by great industry in turning about of Money through all ways of Gain, had attained to extraordinary Riches, but died on a sudden after, having supped merrily, *In ipso actu bene cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortunæ impetu*, In the full course of his good Fortune, when she had a high Tide and a stiff Gale, and all her Sails on; upon which occasion he cries out of *Virgil*,

Infere nunc, Melibæe, pyros, pone ordine vites.

Go, *Melibæus* now,
Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant;
Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, *In ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of Avarice, but the poor rich Man in *St. Luke* (whose case was not like this,) I could pity methinks, if the Scripture would permit me; for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years, he bids his Soul take its ease, and yet for all that, God says to him; *Thou fool, this night thy Soul shall be required of thee*, and the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to? Where shall we find the Causes of this bitter Reproach and terrible Judgment? We may find, I think, Two, and God perhaps saw More; First, that he did not intend true Rest to his Soul, but only to change the employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his Design is to eat and to drink and

to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; the fulness of his old Barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meted out to him in the same measure: Since he would have more Riches than his life could contain, God destroy'd his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the Man from his Riches, and no less frequently Riches from the Man; what hope can there be of such a Marriage, where both Parties are so fickle and uncertain? By what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

1.

Why do'st thou heap up Wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why do'st thou load thyself, when thou'rt to flie,
Oh Man, ordain'd to die?

2.

Why do'st thou build up stately Rooms on high,
Thou who art under Ground to lie?
Thou Sow'st and Plantest, but no Fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is sowing Thee.

3.

Suppose, thou Fortune could to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou could'st on Fate so far prevail
As not to cut off thy Entail:

4.

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh,
Death will that foolish Gardner mock,
Who does a slight and annual Plant engraft
Upon a lasting stock.

5.

Thou do'st thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty Husband thou would'st seem;
Fond Man! like a bought Slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

6.

Officious Fool! that needs must meddling be
In bus'ness that concerns not thee!
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other mens affairs.

7. Even

7.

Even aged Men, as if they truly were
Children again, for Age prepare,
Provisions for long travail they design,
In the last point of their short Line.

8.

Wifely the Ant against poor Winter hoards
The Stock which Summers wealth affords:
In Grasshoppers that must at Autumn dye,
How vain were such an Industry?

9.

Of Power and Honor the deceitful Light
Might half excuse our cheated fight,
If it of Life the whole small time should stay,
And be our Sunshine all the day.

10.

Like Lightning, that begot but in a Cloud
(Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud,)
Whil'st it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

11.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which do'st Fair appear,
Only to Men that stand not near!
Proud Poverty, that Tinsel brav'ry wears!
And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears!

12.

Be prudent, and the Shore in prospect keep,
In a weak Boat trust not the Deep:
Plac'd beneath Envy above envying rise;
Pity Great Men, Great Things despise.

13.

The wise example of the Heavenly Lark,
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley* mark,
Above the Clouds, let thy proud Musick sound,
Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.

10. *The danger of Procrastination.*

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

Horat.

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my design, of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the World; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which Nature had so Motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune like a Step-mother has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say,) which *But* is *Arugo mera*, a Rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon. But, (you say,) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that Person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man,) *Cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to *Joshua*, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life, when it is once turn'd beyond forty. The seeking for a Fortune then is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one, if a man sling two Sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of Fortune; for if a Man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneus*, who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems,) a bountiful person, to recommend to Him, who had made so many Rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a Rich man too: But I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most Gentleman manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his Desires. The sum of this is, That for the certain hopes of some conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially, when the use of those things, which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered: Nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the Light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandele*, The Play is not worth the expence of the Candle: After having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus*. A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band,

Band, and adjust his Periwig : He would escape like a person of Quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony and Gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a Man who is flying from the World, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred Gentleman, who was so cautious, as not to fly undecently from his Enemies; and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours.

— *Sapere aude, Incipe* —

Begin, the Getting out of doors is the greatest part of the Journey. *Varro* teacheth us that *Latin* Proverb, *Portam Itinere longissimam esse* : But to return to *Horace*,

*Libr. 1.
Agric.*

— *Sapere aude,*

*Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum labitur Annis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise ;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a Rivers-bank expecting stay,
Till the whole Stream, which stopt him should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of Expedition above all others,) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever in a journey he was to cross any River, he never went one foot out of his way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over ; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to Happiness. Stay till the Waters are low, stay till some Boats come by to transport you, stay till a Bridge be built for you : You had even as good stay till the River be quite past. *Persius* (who you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore (I say,) I know to be not a good Poet,) has an odd expression of these Procrastinators, which methinks is full of Fancy.

*Jam Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras
Egerit hos annos.*

*Pers. Sa-
tur. 5.*

Our Yesterday To morrow now is gone,
And still a new To morrow does come on,
We by To morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you for your *Otium cum dignitate* and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your New *Latine* Sentences : If I should draw upon you all
my

my forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as *Triarii* for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so, *Vale*.

Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.

To morrow you will live, you always cry ;
 In what fair Country do's this Morrow lye,
 That 'tis so mighty long e're it arrive ?
 Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live ?
 'Tis so far fetcht, this Morrow, that I fear
 'T will be both very Old and very Dear.
 To morrow I will live, the Fool does say ;
 To Day itself's too late, the Wife liv'd Yesterday.

Mart. Lib. 2. Ep. 90.

Wonder not, Sir, (you, who instruct the Town
 In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown,)
 That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
 Patiently out, till I grow Rich and Old.
 Life for Delays, and Doubts no time does give,
 None ever yet made haste enough to live.
 Let him defer it, whose proposterous care
 Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir.
 Who does his Fathers bounded stores despise,
 And whom his own too never can suffice :
 My humble Thoughts no glittering Roofs require,
 Or Rooms that shine with ought but constant Fire.
 I will content the Avarice of my sight
 With the fair gildings of reflected Light :
 Pleasures abroad, the sport of Nature yields
 Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields.
 And then at home, What pleasure is't to see
 A little cleanly chearful Familie !
 Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in Her
 Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.
 Too Noble, nor too Wise, she should not be,
 No, nor too Rich, too Fair, too Fond of Me.
 Thus let my Life slide silently away,
 With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

6. Of Myself.

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to write of himself, it grates his own Heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the Readers Ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any Materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent Discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the World, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my Soul gave a secret bent of averfion from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to mans understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holydays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too so much an Enemy to constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions, or encouragements, to learn without Book the common Rules of Grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now, (which I confess, I wonder at myself,) may appear at the later end of an *Ode*, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other Verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected,) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9.

This only grant me, that my Means may lie
 Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.
 Some Honor I would have
 Not from Great deeds, but Good alone;
 Th' unknown are better than ill known.
 Rumor can op'e the Grave:
 Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
 Not on the Number, but the Choice, of Friends.

10.

Books should, not Business, entertain the Light,
 And Sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.

My House a Cottage, more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my Use, no Luxurie.

My Garden painted o're
With Natures hand, not Arts; and Pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

II.

Thus would I double my Lifes fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought Sports, that happy State,
I would not fear nor wish my Fate,

But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my Sun his Beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets; (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engraved, the Characters in me: They were like Letters cut in the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this Love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard Question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that fill'd my Head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: For I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my Mothers Parlor, (I know not by what Accident, for she herself never in her life read any Book but of Devotion;) but there was wont to lie *Spencers Works*; this I hapned to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Gyants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Tho' my understanding had little to do with al this,) and by degrees, with the tinkling of the Rhyme, and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as immediately as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these Affections of Mind, and my Heart wholly fet upon Letters, I went to the University; But was soon torn from thence by that publick violent storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars, to Me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good Fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses of the World. Now tho' I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the Original design of my life, that is, into much Company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant, (for that was the state then of the *English* and the *French* Courts,)

Courts, yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it only added the confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a storm, though I saw many Ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A Storm would not agree with my Stomach if it did with my Courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in business of great and honourable Trust, though I eat at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveniencies for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-boys Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busie World and I shall ne're agree, &c.

And I never then propos'd to myself any other advantage from his Majesties happy Restauration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compass'd, as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretences have arriv'd to extraordinary Fortunes: But I had before written a shrew'd Prophesie against myself, and I think *Apollo* inspired me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it:

Thou neither great at Court, nor in the War,
Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling Bar;
Content thyself with the small barren praise,
Which neglected Verse does raise, &c.

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolv'd on, I cast myself into it *A Corpus perdi*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at Man, who says to his Soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not only with many little Incumbrances and Impediments, but with so much sickness, (a new misfortune to me,) as would have spoil'd the Happiness of an Emperor as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum*: Nothing shall separate me from a Mistress, which I have lov'd so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor liv'd yet so quietly with me as I hop'd from Her.

— *Nec vos dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e're shall you,
You of all Names the sweetest and the best,
You Muses, Books, and Liberty and Rest ;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forsaken be,
As long as Life itself forsakes not Me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation ; because I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verses, I will maintain the Humor to the last.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

Since, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true Receipt of Happiness from Me ;
These are the chief Ingredients, if not all,
Take an Estate neither too great nor small,
Which *Quantum sufficit* the Doctors call,
Let this Estate from Parents care descend ;
The getting it too much of Life does spend.
Take such a Ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for Industry.
Let constant Fires the Winters fury tame ;
And let thy Kitchens be a Vestal Flame.
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law,
And rarely, very rarely, Business draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbed Peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous Health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain,
In the same weight Prudence and Innocence take,
Anæ of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Instead of Art and Luxury in food,
Let Mirth and Freedom make thy Table good.
If any cares into the Day-time creep,
At night, without Wines Opium, let them sleep.
Let Rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not Lust, recommend to thee thy Bed.

Be fatis'd, and pleas'd with what thou art ;
 Act chearfully and well th' allotted part,
 Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the Past,
 And neither fear, nor wish th' approaches of the last.

Martial Book 10. Epigram 96.

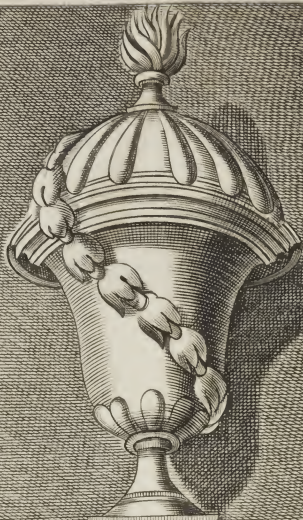
ME, who have liv'd so long among the Great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat :
 And a Retreat so distant as may shew
 No thoughts of a return when once I go.
 Give me a Country how remote so e're ;
 Where Happiness a moderate rate does bear ;
 Where Poverty itself in Plenty flows,
 And all the solid use of Riches knows.
 The Ground about the House maintains it there,
 The House maintains the Ground about it here.
 Here even Hunger's dear, and a full Board
 Devours the vital substance of the Lord.
 The Land itself does there the Feast bestow,
 The Land itself must here to Market go.
 Three or four Suits one Winter here does wast,
 One Suit does there three or four Winters last.
 Here every frugal Man must oft be cold,
 And little Luke-warm-fires are to you sold.
 There Fire's an Element as cheap and free
 Almost as any other of the Three.
 Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
 Attend their Sports, and at their Table eat.
 When all the bounties here of Men you score ;
 The Places bounty there shall give me more.

Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

Hic, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo,
 Couleius Hic est Conditus, Hic Jacet
 Defunctus humani Laboris
 Sorte, supervacuaque vita ;
 Non indecora pauperie nitens,
 Et non inerti nobilis otio,
 Vanoque dilectis popello
 Divitiis animosus hostis,

*Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit ?
Exempta sit Curis, viator,
Terra sit illa Levis, precare.
Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rosas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbisque Odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem calentem.*

FINIS.



ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS

Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus Maro
Desiderii Decus Deliderium *Ævi sui.*
Hic juxta litus est.

Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem
Et Famâ æternum vivis Divine Poeta
Hic placidâ jaceas requie Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides vigilantq; perenni lampade Musæ
Sit sacer iste locus. Nec quis temerarius aulit
Sacriligâ turbare manu Venerabile Bulhum
Intacti mæcant. mancant per secula Dulcis
COULEII cineres serventq; immobile saxum
sic Voveit.

Votumq; solum apud Posteros lætæratum esse vo
ant. Qui viro incomparabili poluit sepulcræ marior

GEORGIUS DUXBUCKINGAMÆ

Excessit è vita Anno *Æ. 1749* et honorifica pompa
elatus ex *Æ. d. i. b. u. s.* Buckinghamianis viris illustri
bus omnium Ordinum exlequias celebranti
bus sepultus est Die 3^o Augusti An. *D. 1667*

THE
Second and Third Parts
OF THE
WORKS
OF
M^r Abraham Cowley,

The SECOND containing
What was Written and Published by himself in
his younger Years : Now Reprinted together.

The Sixth Edition.

The THIRD containing
His Six Books of Plants,

Never before Published in English :

{ The *First* and *Second* of HERBS.
Viz. { The *Third* and *Fourth* of FLOWERS.
 { The *Fifth* and *Sixth* of TREES.

Now Made English by several Hands.

With necessary TABLES to both Parts, and divers POEMS
in Praise of the Author.

Licensed and Entered.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce over
against S. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1689.

THE

Second and Third Editions

OF THE

WORKS

OF

M^r Abraham Cowley.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

Printers Office, in Pall Mall, 1717.

Printed by J. Sturges,

at the

Printers Office, in Pall Mall, 1717.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Printers Office, in Pall Mall, 1717.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Printers Office, in Pall Mall, 1717.

Printed by J. Sturges,

at the

Printers Office, in Pall Mall, 1717.

The Second Part
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. Abraham Cowley.

*Being what was Written and Published by himself in his
YOUNGER YEARS.*

And now Reprinted together.

The Sixth Edition.



LONDON:

Printed by Mary Clark, for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce
in Fleet-street. MDCLXXXIX.

The Second Part
 OF THE
 WORKS
 OF
 Mr. Abraham Cowley.

And now corrected together.
 The Fifth Edition.



LONDON:

Printed by W. B. ... in the Strand ...

To the Memory of the Incomparable
M^r COWLEY.

I.

W^{IT}H artless Hand, and much disorder'd Mind
(Pardon illustrious Man) I come,
To try, if worthy Thee I ought can find
That groveling I might offer at thy Tomb;
For yet, nor yet thou never hadst thy due,
Tho' courted by the understanding few,
And they sometimes officious too:
Much more is owing to thy mighty Name,
Than was perform'd by noble *Buckingham*;
He chose a place thy sacred Bones to keep
Near that, where Poets, and where Monarchs sleep:
Well did thy kind *Mecenas* mean
To thee, and to himself, and may that Tomb
Convey your mutual Praise to Ages yet to come:
But Monuments may betray their trust,
And like their Founders crumble into dust.
Were I to advise Posterity
That should at all times acceptable be,
Quickly to comprehend their great concern, (learn.
COWLEY should be the first word all their Sons should

II.

That charming Name would every Grace inspire,
Enflame their Souls with supernatural Fire,
And make them nothing, but what's truly good, admire;
Early their tender Minds would be possess'd
With glorious Images, and every Breast
Imbibe an Happiness not to be express'd:
Of these (blest Shade!) when thou wert here
An unregarded Sojourner,
Thou hadst so large a part,
That thou dost hardly more appear
Accomplish'd where thou art,

To the Memory of

But that thy radiant Brow,
Encircled with an everlasting Wreath,
Shews thee triumphant now
O'er Disappointments, and o'er Death.
When with Astonishment we cast an eye
On thine amazing Infancy,
We envy Nature's Prodigality
To Thee, and only Thee,
In whom (as in old *Eden*) still were seen
All things florid, fresh, and green,
Blossoms and Fruit at once on one immortal Tree.

III.

Herculean Vigor hadst Thou when but young,
In riper years more than *Alcides* strong.

Then who shall sing thy wondrous Song?
For he that worthily would mention Thee
Should be devested of Mortality,
No meaner Offerings should he bring,
Than what a Saint might pen, an Angel sing,
Such as with chearfulness thy self hadst done,
If in thy life-time thou hadst known
So bright a Theme to write upon:
Tho thou hast sung of Heroes, and of Kings
In mighty numbers mighty things.
Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)
Of all thy pleasant Toil the sweet reward,
And ever venerable be,
Till the unthinking World shall once more lye
Immerst in her first Chaös of Barbarity.
A Curse now to be dreaded, for with Thee
Dy'd all the lovely Decencies of Poetry.

Tho. Flatman.

To the Memory of the Author.

TO fertile Wits and Plants of fruitful kind
Impartial Nature the same Laws assign'd;
Both have their Spring before they reach their Prime,
A Time to blossom, and a bearing Time:
An early Bloom to both has fatal been,
Those soonest fade, whose Verdure first was seen.
Alone exempted from the common Fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting Date:
For Envy's Blast and powerful Time too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long.
In whom the double Miracle was seen;
Ripe in his Spring, and in his Autumn green:
With us he left his gen'rous Fruit behind,
The Feast of Wit and Banquet of the Mind;
While the fair Tree transplanted to the Skies,
In Verdure with th' *Elysian* Garden vies;
The Pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.
Thus faint our strongest Metaphors must be,
Thus unproportion'd to thy Muse and Thee.
Those Flowers that did in thy rich Garden smile,
Wither, transplanted to another Soil.
Thus *Orpheus* Harp that did wild Beasts command
Had lost its Force in any other Hand.
Saul's Frantick Rage harmonious sounds obey'd,
His Rage was charm'd, but 'twas when *David* play'd.
The Artless since have touch'd thy sacred Lyre,
We have thy Numbers, but we want thy Fire.
Horace and *Virgil* where they brightest shin'd,
Prov'd but thy Oar and were by thee refin'd:
The Conqueror that from the general Flame,
Sav'd *Pindar's* Roof, deserv'd a lasting Name,
A greater Thou that didst preserve his Fame.
A dark and huddled Chaos long he lay,
Till thy diviner Genius powerful Ray
Dispers'd the Mists of Night, and gave him Day.
No Mists of Time can make thy Verse less bright,
Thou shin'st like *Phæbus* with unborrowed Light.
Henceforth no *Phæbus* well invoke but thee,
Auspicious to thy poor Survivors be!

On Mr. COWLEY'S

* Written just
when King
Charles was
dead.

Who unrewarded plow the Muses Soil,
Our Labour all the Harvest of our Toil;
And in excuse of Fancies flag'd and tir'd,
Can only say; **Augustus* is expir'd.

On Mr. COWLEY'S *Juvenile POEMS*, and the
Translation of his Plantarum.

A PINDARIQUE.

I.

WHEN young *Alcides* in his Cradle lay,
And graspt in both his Infant Hands,
Broke from the Nurses feeble Bands,
The bloody gasping Prey;
Aloft he those first Trophies bore,
And squeezes out their pois'nous Gore:
The Women shreekt with wild Amaze,
The Men as much affrighted gaze.
But had the wise *Tiresias* come
Into the crowded Room,
With deep Prophetick Joy;
H'had heard the Conquests of the God-like Boy,
And sung in sacred Rage
What Monsters he must afterwards destroy,
What ravenous Men and Beasts engage:
Hence he'd propitious Omens take,
And from the Triumphs of his Infancy
Portend his future Victory
O'er the foul Serpent weltring wide in *Lerna's* dreadful Lake.

II.

Alcides Pindar, *Pindar* COWLEY sings,
And while they strike their vocal strings,
To either both new Honour brings.
But who shall now the mighty Task sustain?
And now our *Hercules* is there,
What *Atlas* can *Olympus* bear?
What Mortal undergo th' unequal Pain?
But 'tis a glorious Fate
To fall with such a Weight:
Tho' with unhallowed Fingers, I
Will touch the Ark, altho' I dy.

Forgive

Forgive me, O thou shining Shade,
 Forgive a Fault which Love has made.
 Thus I my faulty kindness mourn,
 Which yet I can't repent,
 Before thy sacred Monument
 And moisten with my Tears thy wondrous Urn.

III.

Begin, begin, my Muse, thy noble Choir,
 And aim at something worthy Pindar's Lyre,
 Within thy Breast excite the kindling Fire,
 And fan it with thy Voice!

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
 Jove and COWLEY claim my Song.
 These fair first Fruits of Wit young Cowley bore,
 Which promis'd if the happy Tree
 Should ever reach Maturity,
 To bless the World with better, and with more.
 Thus in the Kernel of the largest Fruit,
 Is all the Tree in little drawn,
 The Trunk, the Branches, and the Root;
 Thus a fair Day is pictur'd in a lovely Dawn.

IV.

Tasso, a Poet in his Infancy,
 Did hardly earlier rise than thee:
 Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright,
 Or in his dawning Beams or noon-day Light.
 The Muses did young COWLEY raise,
 They stole thee from thy Nurser's Arms,
 Fed thee with sacred Love of Praise,
 And taught thee all their Charms.
 As if Apollo's self had been thy Sire,
 They daily rockt thee on his Lyre.
 Hence Seeds of Numbers in thy Soul were fixt,
 Deep as the very Reason there,
 No Force from thence could Numbers tear,
 Even with thy being mixt.
 And there they lurk'd, till Spencer's sacred Flame
 Leapt up and kindled thine,
 Thy Thoughts as regular and fine,
 Thy Soul the same,
 Like his, to Honor, and to Love inclin'd,
 As soft thy Soul, as great thy Mind.

On Mr. COWLEY'S POEMS.

V.
Whatever COWLEY writes must please.
Sure, like the Gods he speaks all Languages.
Whatever Theme by COWLEY'S Muse is drest,
Whatever he'll essay;
Or in the softer, or the nobler way,
He still writes best.

If he ever stretch his Strings
To mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
So did *Virgil's* Heroes fight,
Such Glories wore, though not so bright.
If he'll paint his noble Fire,
Ah what Thoughts his Songs inspire,
Vigorous Love and gay Desire.
Who would not, *Cowley!* ruin'd be?
Who would not love, that reads, that thinks of thee?
Whether thou in th' old *Roman* dost delight,
Or *English*, full as strong, to write.
Thy Master-strokes in both are shown,
COWLEY in both excells alone,
Virgil of theirs, and *Waller* of our own.

VI.

But why should the soft Sex be robb'd of thee?
Why should not *England* know,
How much she does to COWLEY owe?
How much fair *Boscobel's* for ever sacred Tree?
The Hills, the Groves, the Plains, the Woods,
The Fields, the Meadows and the Floods,
The Flowry World, where Gods and Poets use,
To Court a Mortal or a Muse?
It shall be done. But who? ah who shall dare,
So vast a Toil to undergo,
And all the Worlds just censure bear,
Thy Strength, and their own Weakness show?

Mrs. A. Benn. Soft *Afra* who had led our Shepherds long,
Who long the Nymphs and Swains did guide,
Our Envy, her own Sexes Pride,
When all her Force on this great Theme she'd try'd,
She strain'd awhile to reach th' inimitable Song,
She strain'd awhile, and wisely dy'd.
Those who survive unhappier be,
Yet thus, great God of Poetrie,
With Joy they sacrifice their Fame to thee.

The Book-sellers to the Reader.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very scarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, tho it hath been five times Printed) we thought this sixth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was, because the propriety of this Copy belonged not to the same Person that published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several Impressions through which they had pass'd. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity. We presume the *Authors Judgment* of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small Character. His words are in the 6th. Page of his Preface before his former published Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his *several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose*, in the 11th. Discourse treating of himself, pag. 143. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his mind, so that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that so deservedly Eminent Man from almost his *Childhood* to his *Latest Years*, The bud and bloom of his *Spring*, The warmth of his *Summer*, The richness and perfection of his *Autumn*. But for the Readers further curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, Published by himself. And to contribute all we can to our Readers satisfaction, we have endeavoured to make these Poems something more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Authors Monument.

Your Humble Servants.

A

T O

TO THE
Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God,

J O H N T
Lord Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of *Westminster*.

MY LORD,
I Might well fear, lest these my rude
and unpolish'd Lines should offend
your Honourable Survey; but that I
hope your Nobleness will rather smile
at the Faults committed by a Child,
than censure them. Howsoever I de-
sire your Lordships Pardon, for pre-
senting things so unworthy to your
View, and to accept the good will of
him, who in all Duty is bound to be

Your Lordships

most humble Servant,

Abraham Cowley.

TO

To the Reader.

R Eader (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their Envy) at my Poetical Boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak Faith, or strong Malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when tis blown in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum*: to the first I answer, that it is an envious Frost which nips the Blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worst Homicide who strives to murder anothers Fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous Folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this Wind. For the itch of Poesie by being angered increaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Fourth Edition. What tho it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been employed by Cooks and Grocers. If in all mens Judgments it suffer Shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one Argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it my self, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My *Constantinus* and *Philetus* confesseth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and perhaps do not bely the time of their Birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their Fate lies in your hands; it is only you, can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my labor in composing them. Farewel.

A. Cowley.

To the Reader.

I.

I Call'd the Buskin'd Muse MELPOMINE,
And told her what sad Story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a Tragedy,
Tho' wont in Mournful Ditties to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know
My Muse with tears, not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as she my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the Paper fall,
If then unequal numbers be espied,
Oh Reader! do not that my error call,
But think her Tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muses grief, and not my missing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

C O N.

The Contents.

P A R T II.

C onstantia and Philetus	from pag. 1. to p. 19
Pyramus and Thisbe	from p. 25. to p. 32
An Elegy on the Death of the Right Honorable Dudley, Lord Carleton, Viscount Dorchester, late Principal Secretary of State.	P. 35
An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Richard Clark, late of Lincolns-Inn, Gent.	P. 36
A Dream of Elyfium	P. 37
On his Majesty, King Charles the First his Return out of Scotland	P. 39
A Song on the same, Hence clouded Looks	P. 41
A Voie, Left the misguiding World	ibid.
A Poetical Revenge	P. 44
To the Dutcheffs of Buckingham	P. 45
To his very much honored Godfather, Mr. A. B.	ibid.
An Elegy on the Death of John Littleton, Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir Tho. Littleton, who was drown'd, leaping into the Water to save his younger Brother	P. 46
A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin, written in Latin by the Right Worshipful D. A.	P. 48
ODE I. On the Praise of Poetry	P. 49
II. That a pleasant Poverty is to be preferr'd before discontented Riches	P. 50
III. To his Mistres	P. 52
IV. On the uncertainty of Fortune, A Translation	P. 53
V. In Commendation of the time we live under the Reign of our Gracious King Charles	ibid.
VI. On the Shortness of Man's Life	P. 55
VII. An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge	ibid.
Loves Riddle; a Pastoral Comedy	P. 61
Naufragium Joculare	P. 129

P A R T III.

BOOK I. and II. Of Herbs, Englished by J. O.	P. 1, 33
III. Of Flowers	by C. Cleve. P. 60
IV. Of Flowers	by N. Tate. 83
V. Of Trees	by the same. 105
VI. Of Trees	by Mrs. A. Behn. 131



CONSTANTIA
AND
PHILETUS.

I.

I Sing two constant Lovers various fate
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their Loves: Their Rivals envy, Parents hate,
I sing their woful life, and tragick end.
Aid me, ye gods, this story to rehearse
This mournful tale, and favour every Verse.

2.

In *Florence*, for her stately Buildings fam'd,
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Skie;
There dwelt a lovely maid, *Constantia* nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all *Italy*.
Her, lavish nature did at first adorn,
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea's* Form.

3.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her Wit in study, that they might
Keep earth from *Chaos* and eternal night;
But envious death destroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, since she did part;
For in her Nature wasted all her Art.

4.
 Her Hair was brighter than the beams which are
 A Crown to *Phœbus*, and her breath so sweet,
 It did transcend *Arabian* Odours far,
 Or (smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
 Approaching Summer, teeth like falling Snow
 For white, were placed in a double row.

5.
 Her wit excelling praise, even all admire,
 Her speech was so attractive it might be
 A cause to raise the mighty *Pallas* ire,
 And stir up envy from that Deity.
 The Maiden Lillies at her sight
 Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white,

6.
 She was in Birth and Parentage as high
 As in her fortune great, or beauty rare,
 And to her vertuous minds nobility
 The gifts of Fate and nature doubled were ;
 That in her spotless soul, and lovely Face
 You might have seen each Deity and Grace.

7.
 The scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her
 Would *Venus* still despise, yet her desire,
 Each who but saw, was a Competitor
 And Rival, scorch'd alike with *Cupid's* fire.
 The glorious beams of her fair Eyes did move,
 And light beholders on their way to Love.

8.
 Among her many Suitors a young Knight
 'Bove others wounded with the Majesty
 Of her fair presence, presteth most in fight ;
 Yet seldom his desire can satisfie
 With that blest object, or her rareness see ;
 For *Beauties* guard is watchful jealousy.

9.
 Oft times that he might see his *Dearest* fair,
 Upon his stately Jennet he in th' way
 Rides by her house, who neighs, as if he were
 Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia*.
 But his poor Master though to see her move
 His joy, dares shew no look betraying love.

10.

Soon as the morning left her roſie bed,
 And all Heavens ſmaller lights were driv'n away :
 She by her friends and near acquaintance led
 Like other Maids would walk at break of day :
Aurora bluſht to ſee a ſight unknown,
 To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.

Th' obſequious Lover follows ſtill her train
 And where they go, that way his Journey feigns.
 Should they turn back, he would turn back again ;
 For with his Love, his buſineſs does remain :
 Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loth to part
 From her, whoſe eyes had ſtole away his heart.

12.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a race
 Of Noble Anceſtors ; but greedy *Time*
 And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
 The glory which in his great Stock did ſhine ;
 Small his eſtate, unfitting her degree,
 But blinded Love could no ſuch difference ſee.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit this heart aright,
 And dipt his Arrow in *Conſtantia's* eyes,
 Blowing a fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
 Unleſs ſuch flames within her heart ſhou'd riſe.
 But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
 Tho he have ſhot him right, her heart he'll miſs.

14.

Unto Loves Altar therefore he repairs,
 And Offers up a pleaſing Sacrifice ;
 Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,
 To look upon, and eaſe his miſeries :
 Where having wept, recovering breath again,
 Thus to immortal Love he did complain :

15.

Oh mighty *Cupid* ! Whoſe unbounded ſway,
 Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
 Whom all Cæleſtial Deities obey,
 Whom men and gods both reverence and fear !
 Oh force *Conſtantia's* heart to yeild to Love,
 Of all thy Works the Maſter-piece 'twill prove.

16.

And let me not Affection vainly spend,
 But kindle flames in her like those in me;
 Tet if that gift my Fortune doth transcend,
 Grant that her charming Beauty I may see.
 For ever view those Eyes, whose charming light,
 More than the World besides does please my sight.

17.

Those who contemn thy sacred Deity,
 Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know,
 If faultless am, what honour can it be,
 Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe.
 Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,
 In language far more moving than his own.

18.

Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,
 Just like a Ship while every mounting wave,
 Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
 Threatens the Mariner with a gaping grave;
 Such did his case, such did his state appear,
 Alike distracted between hope and fear.

19.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,
 One Morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain
 Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,
 And thus fond *Eccho* answers him again.
 It mov'd *Aurora*, and she wept to hear,
 Dewing the verdant Grass with many a tear.

The E C C H O.

I.

OH! what hath caus'd my killing miseries?
 EYES, *Eccho* said. What hath detain'd my ease?
 EASE, straight the reasonable Nymph replies;
 That nothing can my troubled mind appease;
 PEACE, *Eccho* answers. What, is any nigh?
 Philetus said; She quickly utters, I.

II.

Is't Echo answers? tell me then thy will:
IWILL, *she said; What shall I get (says he)*
 By loving still? To which she answers, **I**LL.
ILL? *shall I void of wis'd for pleasures die?*
 I Shall not I who toil in ceaseless pain,
 Some pleasure know? **N**O, *she replies again.*

III.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou lye'st (said he)
THOU LYEST, *she said; and I deserv'd her hate,*
 If I should thee believe; **B**ELIEVE, *(saith she)*
 For why thy words are of no weight.
WEIGHT, *(she answers) therefore I'll depart.*
 To which, *resounding Echo answers; P*ART.

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded heart he goes,
 Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind:
 He quarrels with himself because his woes
 Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find:
 He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
 But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

21.

No morning banish'd darkness, nor black night
 By her alternate course expell'd the day,
 In which *Philetus* by a constant rite
 At *Cupid's* Altars did not weep and pray;
 And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain
 But Care and Sorrow was his only gain.

22.

But now at last the pitying god, o'come
 By constant votes and tears, fixt in her heart
 A golden shaft, and she is now become
 A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart
 He'd wound *Philetus*, does with tears implore
 Aid from that power she so much scorn'd before.

23.

Little she thinks she kept *Philetus* heart
 In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave
 To him. Since either suffers equal smart,
 And a like measure in their torments have:
 His soul, his griefs, his fires, now hers are grown:
 Her heart, her mind, her love is his alone.

24.

Whilst thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mutiny,
 She took a Lute (being far from any ears)
 And tun'd this Song, posing that harmony
 Which Poets attribute to heavenly Spheres.

Thus had she sung when her dear Love was slain,
 She'd surely call'd him back from *Styx* again.

The S O N G,

I.

TO whom shall I my sorrows show?
 Not to Love, for he is blind:
 And my Philetus doth not know
 The inward torment of my mind.
 And all the senseless walls which are
 Now round about me cannot hear.

II.

For if they could, they sure would weep,
 And with my griefs, relent:
 Unless their willing tears they keep,
 Till I from Earth am sent.
 Then I believe they'll all deplore
 My fate, since I taught them before,

III.

I willingly would weep my store,
 If th' flood would land thy Love,
 My dear PHILETUS on the shore
 Of my heart; but shouldst thou prove
 Afraid of flames, know the fires are
 But Bonfires for thy coming there.

25.
 Then Tears in Envy of her speech did flow
 From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
 Her burning flame had melted Hills of Snow,
 And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;
 Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
 And quickly caus'd new serpent griefs to grow,

26.

Here stay, my *Muse*, for if I should recite
 Her mournful Language, I should make you weep
 Like her, a flood, and so not see to write,
 Such Lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
 Me from stern death, or with victorious rhyme,
 Revenge their Masters Death, and conquer time:

27.

By thistime, chance and his own industry
 Had helpt *Philetus* forward, that he grew
 Acquainted with her Brother, so that he
 Might, by this means, his bright *Constantia* view:
 And as time serv'd, shew her his misery:
 This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

28.

Thus to himself sooth'd by his flattering state,
 He said; *How shall I thank thee for this gain,*
O Cupid, or reward my helping Fate,
Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain?
What Husbandman would any pains refuse,
To reap at last such fruit, his labors use?

29.

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,
 Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain
 To following woes, he wou'd when 'twas too late
 Quench his hot flames, and idle Love disdain.
 But *Cupid*, when his heart was set on fire,
 Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

30.

The wounded Youth, and kind *Philocrates*
 (So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
 So true, and constant, in their Amities,
 And in that League, so strictly joyned were;
 That Death it self could not their friendship sever,
 But as they liv'd in Love, they dy'd together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
 If one be sick, the other's surely ill;
 And if *Philetus* any sorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it still:
Pylades soul and mad *Orestes* was
 In these, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there
 Exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind :
 With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
 And with sad sighs instructs the angry *Wind*
 To sigh; and did even upon that prevail,
 It groaned to hear *Philetus* mournful tale.

33.

The Crystal Brooks which gently run between
 The shadowing Trees, and as they through them pass
 Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
 Giving a colour to the verdant grass :
 Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful state,
 In shew of grief run murmuring at his Fate.

34.

Philomel answers him again and shews
 In her best Language, her sad History,
 And in a mournful sweetnes tells her woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in misery :
Constantia he, she *Tereus*, *Tereus* cries,
 With him both grief, and grief's expression vies.

35.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
 Willing in ills, as well as joys to share,
 Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
 Who in light sport, not sorrow partners are.
 Who leaves to guide the Ship when Storms arise,
 Is guilty both of sin, and Cowardise.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to Tyrant Passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his Malady,
 He watches him in hope to cure his sore
 By counsel, and recal the poisonous Dart,
 When it, alas, was fixed in his heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places best fit for care,
 He to himself did his past griefs recite,
 Th' obsequious freind straight follows him, and there
 Doth hide himself from sad *Philetus* sight.
 Who thus exclaims; for a swoln heart would break,
 If it for vent of sorrow might not speak.

38.

Oh! I am lost, not in this Desert Wood,
 But in loves pathless Labyrinth, there I
 My health, each Joy and pleasure counted good
 Have lost, and which is more, my liberty,
 And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
 My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

39.

Long have I staid, but yet have no relief,
 Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown,
 Because she knows not of my killing grief,
 And I have fear'd, to make my sorrows known.
 For why alas, if she should once but dart
 Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

40.

But how should she, ere I impart my Love;
 Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
 But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
 Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire;
 Why, he who hath all sorrows born before,
 Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more.

40.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
 Runs to his friend, and sighing, Oh! (said he)
 My dear Philetus be thy self, and swear
 To rule that Passion which now masters thee,
 And all thy reason; but if it can't be,
 Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see.

42.

Amazement strikes him dumb, what shall he do?
 Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove
 A hind'rance; and should he deny to show,
 It might perhaps his dear friends anger move
 These doubts like Scylla and Charybdis stand,
 While Cupid a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At last resolv'd; how shall I seek; said he,
 To excuse my self, dearest Philocrates;
 That I from thee have hid this secrecie?
 Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease
 My case with words, my grief you should have known
 Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

44.

*I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright Suns which do all light disclose;
First kindling in my breast the flame desire,
But like the rare Arabian Bird, there rose
From my hearts ashes never quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my Soul doth move.*

45.

*Oh! let not then my Passion cause your hate,
Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
Your ancient Friendship; 'tis alas too late
To call my firm affection back again:
No Physick can recure my weak'ned state,
The wound is grown too great, too desperate.*

46.

*But Counsel, said his Friend, a remedy
Which never fails the Patient, may at least
If not quite heal your minds infirmity,
Allwage your torment and procure some rest.
But there is no Physician can apply
A Med'cine ere he know the Malady.*

47.

*Then hear me, said Philetus; but why? Stay,
I will not toil thee with my History,
For to remember Sorrows past away,
Is to renew an old Calamity.
He who acquainteth others with his mone,
Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own.*

48.

*But said Philocrates, 'tis best in woe,
To have a faithful partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you of Inconstancy.*

49.

*What shall he do? or with what Language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his clofe thoughts, and inward flame,
With that, as prologue to his Tragedy,
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments ire,
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.*

50.

When years first styl'd me twenty, I began
 To sport with catching snare that love had set,
 Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'ne,
 Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachnes* net :
 Even so I sported with her Beauties light,
 Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

51.

First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought,
 'Twas easie to repel it ; but as fire,
 Tho but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
 So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher ;
 Which so have scorch'd my Love-struck Soul, that I
 Still live in torment, yet each minute die.

52.

Who is it, said *Philocrates*, can move
 With charming eyes such deep affection ?
 I may perhaps assilt you in your love ;
 Two can effect more than your self alone.
 My Counsel this thy Error may reclaim,
 Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame.

53.

Nay, said *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow
 Like *Nilus*, when it scorns th' oppos'd shore :
 Yet all the watry plenty I bestow,
 Is to my flame an Oyl that feeds it more.
 So Fame reports of the *Dodonean* Spring,
 That lightens all those which are put therein.

54.

But being you desire to know her, she
 Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower
 As if they fain would drown the memory
 Of his life-keepers name) *Constantia* ; more
 Grief would not let him utter ; *Tears the best*
Expressers of true Sorrow, spoke the rest.

55

To which his noble friend did thus reply :
 And was this all ! What e'r your grief would ease
 Tho a far greater task, believ't for thee
 It should be soon done by *Philocrates* ;
 Think all you wish perform'd, but see, the day
 Tyr'd with its heat is hasting now away.

56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them go,
 But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,
 What in the day he fears of future woe,
 At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
 Why do'st thou vex him, Love? cou'dst thou but see,
 Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

Philocrates pitying his doleful mone,
 And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend,
 Brings him to fair *Constantia*; where alone
 He might impart his love, and either end
 His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
 Or by her liking, his wisht Joys attain.

58.

Fairest (said he) whom the bright Heavens do cover,
 Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise,
 These heaving sighs of a submissive Lover,
 Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazling eyes.
 And do not you contemn that ardent flame,
 Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

59.

Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now
 Am forc'd to shew't, such is my inward smart,
 And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know
 To heal the wound of my consuming heart.
 Then since it only in your power doth lie
 To kill, or save, Oh help! or else I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;
 I for your pain am griev'd, and would do
 Without impeachment of my Chastity
 And honour, any thing might pleasure you.
 But if beyond those limits you demand,
 I must not answer (Sir) nor understand.

61.

Believe me virtuous Maiden, my desire
 Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
 No flash of Lust, 'tis no dishonest fire
 Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought:
 But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
 Eclipsed by disdain, and cruelty.

62.

Oh! How shall I reply (the cry'd) thou'lt won
 My soul, and therefore take thy Victory:
 Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'come,
 And if I should deny thee love, then I
 Should be a Tyrant to my self; that fire
 Which is kept close, burns with the greatest ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightness now,
 Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
 Thy pleasing Carriage won me long ago,
 And pleading beauty did my liking move,
 Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might
 The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am wrapt above the reach, said he,
 Of thought, my Soul already feels the bliss
 Of Heaven, when (Sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee
 With any crime, may I lose all happiness
 Is wisht for: both your favour here, and dead,
 May the just gods pour Vengeance on my head.

65.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their Fate)
Constantia's Father entred in the room,
 When glad *Philetus* ignorant of his state,
 Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting Sun:
 Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of water,
 To see ascending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty Prisoner fearful stands
 Reading his fatal *Tbeta* in the brows
 Of him, who both his life and death commands,
 Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows.
 Such was his state to see her Father come,
 Nor with'd for, nor expected in the room.

67.

Th' intrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
 Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
 At any time with his lov'd Daughter there
 Till he had given him such authority:
 But to depart, since she her love did shew him
 Was living death, with ling'ring torments to him.

68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,
 He hears his friend, bidding him banish fear,
 And by some Letter his griev'd mind appease,
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
 Declares to her the absent Lovers will.

The LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

I Trust (dear Soul) my absence cannot move
 You to forget, or doubt my ardent Love;
 For were there any means to see you, I
 Would run through Death, and all the misery
 Fate could inflict, that so the World might say,
 In Life and Death I lov'd Constantia.
 Then let not (dearest sweet) our absence part
 Our loves, but each breast keep the others heart;
 Give warmth to one another, till there rise
 From all our labours, and our industries
 The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)
 There's no man whom the Summer pleasures greet
 Before he taste the Winter, none can say,
 Ere Night was gone, he saw the rising Day.
 So when we once have wasted Sorrows night,
 The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.

Philetus.

This when *Constantia* read, she thought her state
 Most happy by *Philetus* Constancy,
 And perfect Love: she thanks her flattering Fate,
 Kisses the Paper, till with kissing she
 The welcome Characters doth dull and stain,
 Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

CON-

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

YOur absence (Sir) tho it be long, yet I
 Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy.
 Nor need you fear, that I should yield unto
 Another, what to your true Love is due.
 My heart is yours, it is not in my claim,
 Nor have I power to take it back again.
 There's nought but death can part our Souls, no time
 Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline:
 But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,
 Unless Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

Constantia:

70.

Oh! how this Letter seem'd to raise his pride!
 Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*,
 When he did *Phœbus* flaming Chariot guide,
 Unknowing of the danger was to come.
 Prouder than *Jason*, when from *Colchos* he
 Returned with the *Fleeces* Victory.

71.

But ere the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,
 Had paid the sweating Plowman's greediest prayer;
 And by the Fall disrob'd the gaudy ground
 Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear,
 Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,
 Where they this means t'enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.

Sweet fair one, said *Philetus*, since the time
 Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
 T' enjoy our loves, Oh let us not resign
 This long'd for favor, nor our selves bereave
 Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,
 That may too soon the wings of Love out-fly.

73.

For when your Father, as his Custom is,
 For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous Hare,
 If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
 To be in those Woods ready for you, where
 We may depart in safety, and no more
 With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore.

74. To

74

To this the happy Lovers soon agree ;
 But ere they part, *Philetus* begs to hear
 From her enchanting voices melody,
 One Song to satisfy his longing ear :
 She yields ; and singing, added to desire ;
 The list'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire.

The SONG.

I.

Time stie with greater speed away,
 Add feathers to thy wings,
 Till thy haste in flying brings
 That wist for, and expected Day.

II.

Comforts Sun, we then shall see,
 Tho at first it darkened be,
 With dangers, yet those Clouds but gone
 Our Day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then tho Deaths sad night appear,
 And we in lonely silence rest,
 Our ravish'd Souls no more shall fear,
 But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
 Nor no new death extend its power ;
 Thus there's nothing can dis sever,
 Hearts which Love hath joy'd together.

75.

Fear of being seen, *Philetus* homeward drove,
 But ere they part she willingly doth give
 (As faithful pledges of her constant love)
 Many a soft Kiss, then they each other leave,
 Wrapt up with secret joy that they have found
 A way to heal the torment of their wound.

76.

But ere the Sun through many days had run,
Constantia's charming Beauty had o'come
Guisardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won,
 Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
 Shot through his wounded heart such hot desire,
 As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

77.

In Roofs which Gold and *Parian* stone adorn
 (Proud as the owners mind) he did abound,
 In Fields so fertile for their yearly Corn,
 As might contend with scorch'd *Calabria's* ground ;
 But in his Soul that should contain the store
 Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

78.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually
 By her friends to love, sometimes they did intreat
 With gentle Speeches, and mild courtesie,
 Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.
 But Love too deep was seated in her heart,
 To be worn out with thought of any smart.

79.

Soon did her father to the Woods repair,
 To seek for sport and hunt the started game ;
Guisardo and *Philocrates* were there,
 With many friends too tedious here to name.
 With them *Constantia* went, but not to find
 The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathless Woods, while they
 Pursue their game, *Philetus* who was late
 Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
 His Love, and hastens his own hally fate,
 That came too soon upon him, and his Sun
 Was quite Eclips'd before it fully shone.

81.

Constantia mis'd, the Hunters in a maze,
 Take each a several course, and by curst fate
Guisardo runs, with a Love-carried pace
 Towards them, who little knew their woful state:
 Philetus like bold *Icarus* soaring high
 To honours, found the depth of Misery.

82.

For when *Guifardo* sees his Rival there,
 Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
 And with his Sword a way to's heart does find.
 But ere his spirits were possest of Death,
 In these few words he spent his latest breath.

83.

O see *Constantia*, my short race is run,
 See how my blood the thirsty ground doth die,
 But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,
 And when I'm dead, think sometime upon me.
 More my short time permits me not to tell,
 For now death seizeth me, My dear farewel.

84.

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
 From his pierc'd body, whilst *Constantia*, she
 Kisses his cheeks that lose their lively red,
 And become pale, and wan, and now each eye
 Which was so bright, is like, when life was done
 A Star that's falln, or an eclipsed Sun.

85.

Thither *Philocrates* was driven by fate,
 And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
 Near his pale Corps his weeping Sister fate,
 Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.
Philocrates when he saw this did cry,
 Friend I'll revenge or bear thee company.

86.

Just *Jove* hath sent me to revenge this fate,
 Nay, stay *Guifardo*, think not Heaven in jest,
 'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state;
 Then thrust his Sword into the Villains breast.
 Here, said *Philocrates*, thy life I send
 A Sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd friend.

87.

But as he fell, take this reward, said he,
 For thy new victory: with that he flung
 His darted Rapier at his enemy,
 Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
 With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
 Farewel *Constantia*, that word said, he dies.

88.

What shall she do ? she to her brother runs,
 His cold, and lifeless body does embrace ;
 She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
 And with her Kisses warms his clammy face.
My dear Philocrates, she weeping, cries,
Speak to thy Sister, but no voice replies.

89.

Then running to her Love with many a tear,
 Thus her minds fervent Passion she express't,
 O stay (blest Soul) stay but a little here,
 And take me with you to a lasting rest.
 Then to *Elisiums* Mansions both shall flie
 Be married there, and never more to die:

90.

But seeing 'em both dead ; she cry'd, Ah me ;
 Ah my *Philetus*, for thy sake will I
 Make up a full and perfect tragedy,
 Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didst dye ;
 I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore,
 These eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

91.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
 And thy *Constantia* live when thou wast slain :
 No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,
 That will reflect upon my valued fame.
 Then piercing her sad breast, *I come, she cries,*
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal rest,
 Her Father comes, and seeing this he falls
 To th' Earth, with grief too great to be express't :
 whose doleful words my tired Muse me calls
 T' or'pans, which I most gladly do, for fear
 That I should toil too much, the *Readers ear.*

F I N I S.

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,

Mr. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

Chief School-Master of *Westminster* School.

SIR,

M*Y childish Muse is in her Spring; and yet
Can only shew some budding of her Wit.
One frown upon her Work (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like some unkind storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring to withering Autumnstime,
And make her Blossoms perish, ere their Prime.
But if you smile, if in your gracious Eye
She an auspicious Alpha can descry:
How soon will they grow Fruit? How fresh appear,
That had such beams their Infancy to cheer:
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest off'ring of her grateful Pen.*

Your most dutiful Scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

THE

To the Hon^{ble} Secy of the Navy
Washington
1864

MY DEAR SIR,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. in relation to the proposed purchase of the schooner "Albatross" for the service of the Navy. I have the pleasure to inform you that the same has been approved by the Board of Navy Commissioners, and that the purchase is authorized. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, etc.

John D. Long
Secretary of the Navy



The Tragical History

O F

PIRAMUS

A N D

THISBE.

Lane Cyron

I.
When *Babylons* high Walls erected were
 By mighty *Ninus* Wife; two houses joyn'd.
 One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Pyrampus* the fair
 In th' other: Earth ne'r boasted such a pair.
 The very senseless Walls themselves combin'd,
 And grew in one just like their Masters mind.

2.
Thisbe all other Women did excell,
 The Queen of Love, less lovely was than she:
 And *Pyrampus* more sweet then tongue can tell,
 Nature grew proud in framing them so well.
 But *Venus* envying they so fair should be,
 Bids her Son *Cupid* shew his cruelty.

E

3: The

3.
 The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,
 Whets and prepares his most remorseless Dart,
 Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,
 And so was Love the cause of Beauties end.
 But could he see, he had not wrought their smart :
 For pity sure would have o'come his heart.

4.
 Like as a Bird which in a Net is ta'ne,
 By struggling more entangles in the gin ;
 So they who in Loves Labyrinth remain,
 With striving never can a freedom gain.
 The way to enter's broad ; but being in,
 No art, no labor can an *exit* win.

5.
 These Lovers, tho their Parents did reprove
 Their fires, and watch'd their deed with jealousy,
 Tho in these storms no comfort could remove
 The various doubts, and fears that cool hot Love :
 Tho he not hers, nor she his face could see,
 Yet this can not abolish Loves Decree.

6.
 For age had crackt the Wall which did them part,
 This the unanimate couple soon did spy,
 And here their inward sorrows did impart,
 Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.
 Tho Love be blind, this shews he can descry
 A way to lessen his own misery.

7.
 Oft to the friendly Cranny they resort,
 And feed themselves with the Celestial Air
 Of odoriferous breath ; no other sport
 They could enjoy, yet think the time but short :
 And Wish that it again renewed were,
 To suck each others breath for ever there.

8.
 Sometimes they did exclaim against their Fate,
 And sometimes they accus'd imperial *Jove* ;
 Sometimes repent their flames : but all too late ;
 The Arrow could not be recall'd : their state
 Was first ordain'd by *Jupiter* above,
 And *Cupid* had appointed they should love.

9.

They curst the wall that did their kisses part,
 And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
 As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
 And by their tears could understand their smart:
 But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
 Nor with their sighs (alas) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said; *Curs'd Wall, O why*
Wilt thou our Bodies sever, whose true love
Breaks through all thy flinty cruelty:
For both our Souls so closely joyned lie,
That nought but angry Death can them remove,
And tho' he part them, yet they'll meet above.

11.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,
 And damm'd the lovely splendor of their sight,
 Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud
 O'r spreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud.
 Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquered light,
 And forceth them (tho' loth) to bid *Good night*.

12.

But ere *Aurora* usher to the Day,
 Began with welcome lustre to appear,
 The Lovers rise, and at that cranny they
 Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay,
 With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,
 Whose grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear:

13.

Dear Love (said *Piramus*) how long shall we
 Like fairest Flowers, not gathered in their prime,
 Wast precious Youth, and let advantage flee,
 Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty
 Upon our selves, for beauty though it shine
 Like day, will quickly find an evening time.

14.

Therefore (sweet *Thisbe*) let us meet this night
 At *Ninus Tomb*, without the *City Wall*,
 Under the *Mulberry-Tree*, with *Berries white*
 Abounding, there i' enjoy our wisht delight.
 For mounting Love stopt in its course, doth fall,
 And long'd for, yet untasted joy, kills all.

15.

What though our cruel parents angry be?
 What though our friends (alas) are too unkind?
 Time that now offers quickly may deny,
 And soon hold back fit opportunity.

*Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.
 Occasion once past by, is bald behind.*

16.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
 For little wooing needs, where both consent;
 What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:
 Which *Venus* seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd,
 And many a charming accent to her sent,
 That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus Beauty is by Beauties means undone,
 Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;
 Just like the Moon, which seeks t'eclipse the Sun,
 Whence all her splendor, all her beams do come:
 So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,
 Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

18.

Unto the *Mulberry-tree* fair *Thisbe* came;
 Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
 Against her *Piramus* for to exclaim,
 Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain:
 And imitating thus the *Silver Swan*,
 A little while before her Death she sang.

The S O N G.

I.

Come Love, why stayest thou? The night
 Will vanish ere we taste delight:
 The Moon obscures her self from sight,
 Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
 Or we by Morn shall be o'rtane,
 Loves Joy's thine own, as well as mine,
 Spend not therefore the time in vain.

19.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant *Song*,
 And for her Lovers stay sent many a sigh,
 Her *Piramus* she thought did tarry long,
 And that his absence did her too much wrong.
 Then betwixt longing hope, and jealousy,
 She fears, yet's loth, to tax his Loyalty.

20.

Sometimes she thinks, that he hath her forsaken;
 Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him;
 She fears that he another Love hath taken;
 Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken
 Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did fling
 Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

21.

While she thus musing fate, ran from the Wood
 An angry Lion to the crystal Springs
 Near to that place; who coming from his food,
 His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
 Swifter than thought, sweet *Thisbe* straight begins
 To fly from him, fear gave her Swallows wings.

22.

As she avoids the Lion, her desire
 Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,
 And be devour'd by the stern Lions ire,
 So she for ever burn in unquencht fire:
 But fear expells all reasons, she doth run
 Into a darksome cave, ne'r seen by Sun.

23.

With haste she let her looser Mantle fall:
 Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,
 With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,
 While *Thisbe* ran and lookt not back at all.
 For could the senseless Beast her face descry,
 It had not done her such an injury.

24.

The night half wasted, *Piramus* did come;
 Who seeing printed in the yielding sand
 The Lion's paw, and by the Fountain some
 Of *Thisbe's* garment, sorrow struck him dumb:
 Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,
 Cut by some skilful Gravers artful hand.

25.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
 Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed :
 I may, said he, my self for her death blame,
 Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame :
*Since she is dead whose Beauty doth exceed
 All that frail man can either hear or read.*

26.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said ;
*Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due debt
 Unto thy Constant Love to which 'tis paid :*
*I straight will meet thee in the pleasant shade
 Of cool Elysium ; where we being met,
 Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.*

27.

Then through his Brest thrusting his Sword, Life hies
 From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair.
 And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
 His blood had dropt upon the *Mulberries* :
 With which th' unspotted Berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

28.

At last fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear
 Of disappointing *Piramus*, since she
 Was bound by promise, for to meet him there :
 But when she saw the Berries changed were
 From white to black, she knew not certainly
 It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what delight through the dark Cave she came,
 Thinking to tell how she escap'd the Beast ;
 But when she saw her *Piramus* lie slain,
 Ah ! how perplext did her sad Soul remain :
 She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her Breast,
 And every sign of raging grief exprest.

30.

She blames all-powerful *Jove*, and strives to take
 His bleeding body from the moistned ground.
 She Kisses his pale face till she doth make
 It red with kissing and then seeks to wake
 His parting Soul with mournful words, his wound
 Washes with tears, that her sweet speech confound.

31.

But afterwards recovering breath, said she,
 (*Alas*) *what chance hath parted thee and I?*
O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
That of thy Death I may a partner be:
 Tell *Thisbe*, what hath caus'd this Tragedy.
 He hearing *Thisbe's* name, lifts up his eye.

32.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head:
 Where striving long for breath, at last, said he;
O Thisbe, I am hast'ning to the dead,
And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred:
Farewel, sweet Thisbe, we must parted be,
For angry Death will force me soon from Thee.

33.

Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,
 Leaving his *Love* to languish here in woe.
 What shall she do? How shall she cease her heart?
 Or with what language speak her inward smart?
 Usurping passion reason doth o'rfrow,
 She vows that with her *Piramus* she'll go.

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her *Love* was slain,
 With *Piramus* his crimson Blood warm still;
 And said, *O stay (blest Soul) a while refrain,*
That we may go together, and remain
In endless Joys, and never fear the ill
Of grudging Friends.—Then she her self did kill:

35.

To tell what grief their Parents did sustain,
 Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,
 Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For weeping calls not back the Dead again.
 Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done:
 And these few words were writ upon the Tomb.

E P I T A P H.

I.

UNderneath this Marble Stone,
Lie two Beauties joyn'd in one.

II.

Two whose Loves Death could not sever,
For both liv'd, both di'd together.

III.

Two whose Souls, being too divine
For Earth, in their own Sphere now shine.

IV.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,
And their Earth to Earth again.

F I N I S.

S Y L V A :

O R,

DIVERS COPIES

O F

V E R S E S,

Made upon fundry Occasions.

By *A. Cowley.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. Clark*, for *C. Harper*,
MDCLXXXVII.

A N
E L E G Y

O N

The DEATH of the Right Honourable *Dud-*
ley Lord Carleton, Viscount *Dorchester*,
late Principal Secretary of State.

THE *Infernal Sisters* did a Council call
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall ;
The dire Tartarean Monsters, hating light,
Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night ;
Wheree'r dispers'd abroad, hearing the Fame
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.
Revenge, whose greedy mind no Blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfi'd with ill.
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
Resorted, with Deaths neighbour, envious Age :
These to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent.
The Council thus dissolv'd, an angry Feaver,
Whose quenchless thirst, by Blood was sated never :
Envyng the Riches, Honour, Greatness, Love,
And Vertue (Load-stone, that all these did move)
Of Noble CARELTON ; him she took away,
And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her Prey :
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loss deserves his Countries Tears :
The Muses lost a Patron by his Fate,
Vertue a Husband, and a Prop the State ;
Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herse
Calliope would sing a Tragick Verse.

*And had there been before no Spring of theirs ;
They would have made a Hellicon with tears,*

A B R. C O W L E Y.

A N
E L E G Y

O N

The DEATH of my loving Friend and Cou-
sin, Mr. *Richard Clarke*, late of *Lincolns-Imm.*
Gent.

IT was decreed by stedfast Destiny,
(The World from Chaos turn'd) that all should die.
He who durst fearless pass black Acheron
And dangers of the Infernal Region,
Leading Hells tripple Porter captivate,
Was overcome himself, by Conquering Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleasing Eloquence,
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sence
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm unremorseless Death,
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
Himself with all his Wisdom, from the Grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his Funeral Flame,
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning those lofty Lines which now shall be
Times Conquerers, and out-last Eternity.
Even so lov'd Clark from Death no scape could find,
Tho arm'd with great Alcides valiant mind.
He was adorn'd in years though far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a fireeeter Tongue.
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His Youth a Solon's Wisdom did presage,
Had Envious Time but given him Solon's age,
Who would not therefore now, if Learnings friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,
As not to weep when so much Vertue dies?
The God of Poets doth in darknes strowd
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.
The doleful Mutes thinking now to write
Sad Elegies, their tears confound their sight:
But him to Elysiums lasting Joys they bring,
Where winged Angels his sad Requiems sing.

A. C.

S Y L.



S Y L V A :

O R,

DIVERS COPIES

O F

V E R S E S.

A Dream of Elysium.

P*Hæbus* expell'd by the approaching Night
 Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,
 While I with leaden *Morphæus* overcome,
 The *Muse* whom I adore, enter'd the Room:
 Her Hair with looser curiosity,
 Did on her comely back dishevel'd lie:
 Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
 As might have wak'd sleeping *Endymion*.
 She bid me rise, and promis'd I should see
 Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,
 We Mortals so admire at: Speaking thus,
 She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*,
 On whom I rid; knowing where ever she
 Did go, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.
 No sooner was my flying Courser come
 To the best dwellings of *Elysium*:

When

When ſtraight a thouſand unknown joys reſort,
 And hemm'd me round : Chaſt loves innocuous ſport.
 A thouſand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,
 Joys, not like ours, ſhort, but perpetual.
 How many objects charm my Wand'ring eye,
 And bid my Soul graze there eternally ?
 Here in full ſtreams, *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows,
 Nor knows to ebb : here *Joves* broad Tree beſtows
 Diſtilling Honey, here doth *Nectar* paſs
 With copious current through the verdant Graſs.
 Here *Hyacinth* his fate writ in his looks,
 And thou *Narciffus* loving ſtill the Brooks,
 Once lovely boys ; and *Acis* now a Flower,
 Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whoſe power
 Created thee, Wars potent God, here grows
 The ſpotleſs Lilly, and the bluſhing Roſe.
 And all thoſe divers ornaments abound,
 That variously may paint the gawdy ground.
 No Willow, Sorrows Garland, there hath room,
 Nor Cypreſs, ſad attendant of a Tomb.
 None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th' Ivy Twine
 Embracing the ſtout Oak, the fruitful Vine,
 And Trees wirh golden Apples loaded down,
 On whoſe fair tops ſweet *Philomel* alone,
 Unmindful of her former miſery,
 Tunes with her voice a raviſhing Harmony.
 Whiſt all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,
 Make up a burthen to her pleaſing Song.
 No *Scritch Owl*, ſad companion of the Night,
 No hideous Raven with prodigious flight
 Preſaging future Ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
 Yet spotted with young *Itis* Tragedy,
 Thoſe Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
 That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
 Turning my greedy ſight another way,
 Under a row of ſtorm-contemning Bay,
 I ſaw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
 Teach the deaf ſtones to hear him, and admire.
 Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compaſs'd round,
 All whom the Oak, all whom the Lawrel crown'd.
 There, baniſh'd *Ovid* had a laſting home,
 Better than thou could'ſt give ungrateful *Rome* ;
 And *Lucan* (ſpight of *Nero*) in each vein
 Had every drop of his ſpilt Blood again :
Homer, *Sol's* firſt-born, was not poor or blind,
 But ſaw as well in Body as in mind.
Tully, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the reſt
 Of *Greece's* admir'd Wiſe-men, here poſſeſt
 A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gain
 A life, as everlaſting as their Fame.

By these the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
All who stern Death and perils did embrace
For *Vertues* cause ; great *Alexander* there
Laughs at the Earths small Empire, and did wear
A nobler Crown, than the whole World could give.
There did *Horatius*, *Cocles*, *Sceva* live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely cease
From War, and purchase an Eternal Peace.

Next them beneath a Myrtle Bower, where Doves,
And gall-less Pigeons build their nests, all Loves
True faithful Servants with an amorous kiss,
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
Leander with his beauteous *Heroe* plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
Porcia enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding, as before:
Thisbe her *Piramus* kiss'd, his *Thisbe* he
Embrac'd, each blest'd with t'others company.
And every couple always dancing, sing
Eternal pleasures to *Elysiuims* King.

But see how soon these pleasures fade away,
How near to evening is delights short day ?
The watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light,
Straight crowd : and all these vanisht from my sight.
My very *Muse* her self forfook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd : What should I do ?
Oh ! let me follow thee (said I) and go
From life, that I may dream for ever so.
With that my flying *Muse* I thought to clasp
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.

*Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
And all our greatest pleasure's but a Dream.*

A. C.

On His Majesties return out of Scotland.

Great *Charles* : there stop you Trumpeters of Fame,
(For he who speaks his Titles, his great Name
Must have a breathing time) *Our King* : stay there,
Speak by degrees, let the inquisitive ear
Be held in doubt, and ere you say, *Is come*,
Let every heart prepare a spacious Room
For ample joys : then *Io* sing as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves
 The ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves
 Great *Neptunes* Court, let every Sparrow bear
 From the three Sisters weeping bark a tear.
 Let spotted Lynces their sharp tallons fill
 With Crystal fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.
 Let *Cytherea's* Birds fresh wreaths compose,
 Knitting the pale-fac'd Lilly with the Rose.
 Let the self-gotten Phoenix rob his nest,
 Spoil his own Funeral pile, and all his best
 Of Myrrhe, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,
 To strew the way for our returned King.

Let every post a *Panegyrick* wear,
 Each wall, each Pillar gratulations bear:
 And yet let no man invoke a Muse;
 The very matter will it self infuse
 A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells
 (For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
 Ring without help of *Sexton*, and presage
 A new-made holy-day for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
 A golden Temple to propitious fate,
 At the return of any Noble-men,
 Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then
 Raise up a double *Trophee*, for their fame
 Was but the shadow of our *CHARLES* his name.
 Who is there where all Vertues mingled flow?
 Where no defects or imperfections grow?
 Whose head is always crown'd with Victory,
 Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand; him luxury
 In Peace debilitates, whose tongue can win
Tully's own Garland, pride to him creeps in.
 On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders) the propt state
 (As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
 Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,
 His Tyranny the bridled subject proves.
 But all those vertues which they all possess
 Divided, are collected in thy brest,
 Great *Charles!* Let *Cesar* boast *Parthalia's* fight,
Honorius praise the *Parthians* unfeigned flight.
 Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* Peer,
 And place his Image near the Thunderer.
 Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns
 'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea*; and maintains
 A noble Peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
 Who is most near, most like the Deity.

A S O N G on the same.

Hence clouded looks, hence briny tears,
 Hence eye, that sorrows livery wears.
 What tho a while Apollo please
 To visit the Antipodes?
 Yet he returns, and with his light
 Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
 What tho the Spring vanish away,
 And with it the Earths Form decay?
 Yet his new birth will soon restore
 What its departure took before.
 What tho we mis'd our absent King
 A while? Great Charles is come agen,
 And, with his presence makes us know
 The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
 So doth a cruel storm impart
 And teach us Palinurus Art.
 So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
 A joyful Venus doth arise.

A V O T E.

^{1.}
Lest the mis-judging World should chance to say,
 I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
 To whisper in *Joves* ear,
 How much I wish that Funeral,
 Or gape at such a great ones fall,
 This let all Ages hear,
 And future times in my soul picture see
 What I abhor, what I desire to be.

^{2.}
 I would not be a Puritan, tho he
 Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be
 But half a quarter long,
 Tho from his old mechanick trade
 By Vision he's a Pastor made,
 His Faith was grown so strong.
 Nay tho he think to gain salvation,
 By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

3.

I would not be a School-maſter, tho he
 His Rods no leſs than *Faſces* deems to be,
 Tho he in many a place,
 Turns *Lilly* oftner than his gowns,
 Till at the laſt he make the Nowns
 Fight with the Verbs apace.
 Nay tho he can in a Poetick heat,
 Figures, born ſince, out of poor *Virgil* beat.

4.

I would not be Juſtice of Peace, tho he
 Can with equality divide the Fee,
 And ſtaks with his Clerk draw :
 Nay tho he fit upon the place
 Of Judgment with a learned face
 Intricate as the Law.
 And whiſt he mulſts enormities demurely,
 Breaks *Prifcians* head with ſentences ſecurely.

5.

I would not be a Courtier, tho he
 Makes his whole life the trueſt Comedy :
 Altho he be a man
 In whom the Taylors forming Art,
 And nimble Barber claim more part
 Than Nature her ſelf can.
 Tho, as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
 To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongues, tho they can ſpin with eaſe
 The ſhorteſt cauſe into a Paraphraſe,
 From Ufurers Conſcience
 (For ſwallowing up young Heirs ſo faſt
 Without all doubt they'll choak't at laſt)
 Make me all Innocence.
 Good Heaven; and from thy eyes, O Juſtice keep,
 For tho they be not blind they're oft aſleep.

7.

From Singing-mens Religion, who are
 Always at Church juſt like the Crows, 'cauſe there
 They build themſelves a neſt.
 From too much Poetry, which ſhines
 With Gold in nothing but its lines,
 Free, O you Powers, my breſt.
 And from Astronomy within the Skies
 Finds Fiſh, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize:

8. From

8.

From your Court-Madams Beauty, which doth carry
At morning *May*, at night a *January*.

From the grave *City* brow

(For though it want an *R*, it has
The Letter of *Pythagoras*)

Keep me *O* Fortune now,

And Chines of Beef innumerable fend me,
Or from the stomach of the Guard defend me.

9.

This only grant me : that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,

Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th' unknowers are better than ill known;

Rumor can ope the Grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not from the Number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a Cottage more

Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury :

My Garden painted o'er,

With Natures hand, not arts, that pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading space,
For he that runs it well, 'twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,

These unbought sports, and happy state,

I would not fear, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,

To morrow let my Sun his beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them ; *I have liv'd to day*.

A Poetical Revenge.

W*estminster-Hall* a friend and I agreed
 To meet in; he (some business 'twas did breed
 His absence) came not there; I up did go
 To the next Court, for tho I could not know
 Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
 (As most Spectators do at Theatre)
 Things very strange; Fortune did seem to grace
 My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
 But being newly settled at the sport,
 A semi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
 In a Satin Suit, redeem'd but yesterday;
 One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,
 Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
 Besides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil
 Besides a Sergeant, thrust me from my seat:
 At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
 Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take
 For Barrester) open'd his mouth and spake;
 Boy, get you gone, this is no School: Oh no;
 For if it were, all you Gown'd men would go
 Up for false Latin: they grew straight to be
 Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me
 An Action of Trespas, till th' young man
 Afore said, in the Satin Suit, began
 To strike me: doubtless there had been a fray,
 Had not I providently skipp'd away,
 Without replying; for to scold is ill,
 Where every tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
 And can out-sound *Homers Gradivus*; so
 Away got I; but ere I far did go,
 I flung (the Darts of wounding *Poetry*)
 These two or three sharp curses back: May he
 Be by his Father in his Study took
 At *Shakespears* Plays, instead of my Lord *Coke*.
 May he (though all his writings grow as soon
 As *Butters* out of estimation)
 Get him a Poets name, and so ne'er come
 Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.
 May he become some poor Physicians prey,
 Who keeps men in that Conscience in delay
 As he his Client doth, till his health be
 As far fetcht as a Greek Nouns pedigree.
 Nay, for all that, may the Disease be gone
 Never but in the long Vacation.
 May Neighbours use all Quarrels to decide;
 But if for Law any to London ride,

Of all those Clients not one be his,
Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.

Grant this ye gods that favor *Poetry*,
That all these never-ceasing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a thread-bare Black; but spare
Them who bare Scholars names, lest some one take
Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To the Dutchess of Buckingham.

IF I should say, that in your face were seen
Natures best Picture of the *Cyprian* Queen;
If I should swear under *Minerva's* Name,
Poets (who *Prophets* are) foretold your fame,
The future age would think it flattery,
But to the present which can witness be,
'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,
As you above the rest of Women are.

When *Mannors* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I see;
How do I reverence your Nobility!
But when the vertues of your Stock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them: for what Woman can
Besides your self (nay I might say what man)
But Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and Years excel
In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well?

Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the Worlds infancy,
When mans too much Religion, made the best
Or Deities, or Semi-gods at least?
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,
Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But what's more possible to enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured Godfather, Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or times Darts) my Name:
I love it more because 'twas given by you;
I love it most; because 'twas your name too.
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,
 (But ah me! Fate hath crost that willing Score)
 A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
 And I'm more glad, because it gave me you;
 Whom I may rightly think, and term to be
 Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
 (When Nature had not licenced my tongue
 Farther thancries) who should my office do;
 I thank her more, because she found out you,
 In whose each look, I may a sentence see;
 In whose each deed, a teaching Homily.

How shall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate
 Denies me *Indian Pearl* or *Persian Plate*.
 Which tho it did not, to requite you thus,
 Were to send Apples to *Alcinous*,
 And sell the cunningst way: No, when I can
 In every Leaf, in every Verse write Man,

When my Quill relisbeth a School no more,
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
 And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
 For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen:
 Till future Ages say; 'twas you did give
 A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton*,
 Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir *Thomas Little-*
ton, who was drowned leaping into the
 Water to save his younger Brother.

AND must these Waters smile again? and play
 About the Shoar, as they did yesterday?
 Will the Sun court them still? and shall they show
 No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
 That to the thirsty Traveller may say,
 I am accurst, go turn some other way?

It is unjust; black flood, thy guilt is more,
 Sprung from his loss, than all thy watry store
 Can give thee tears to mourn for: Birds shall be
 And Beasts henceforth afraid to drink with thee.

What have I said! my pious rage hath been
 Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.

Thou'rt innocent I know, still clear, and bright,
 Fit whence so pure a Soul should take its flight.
 How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
 Must quarrel with his Love and Piety,
 That would revenge his death. Oh I shall sin
 And wish anon he had less vertuous been.
 For when his Brother (tears for him I'd spill,
 But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
 Strugled for life with the rude waves, he too
 Leapt in, and when hope no saint beam could show,
 His Charity shone most; thou stalt, said he,
 Live with me, Brother, or I'll die with thee;
 And so he did: Had he been thine, O Rome,
 Thou wouldst have call'd his Death a Martyrdom,
 And Sainted him; my conscience give me leave,
 I'll do so to: if fate will us bereave
 Of him we honour'd living, there must be
 A kind of Reverence to his memory,
 After his death: and where more just than here,
 Where life and end were both so singular?
 He that had only talk'd with him, might find
 A little Academy in his mind;
 Where Wildom, Master was, and Fellows all
 Which we can good, which we can vertuous call.
 Reason, and Holy Fear the Proctors were,
 To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err.
 His learning had outrun the rest of Heirs,
 Stolen beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.
 And as the Sun, though in full glory bright,
 Shines upon all men with impartial light,
 And a good morrow to the Beggar brings
 With as full Rays as to the mightiest Kings:
 So he, although his worth just state might claim,
 And give to pride an honourable name,
 With courtesie to all, cloath'd vertue so,
 That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
 In's Body too, no Critique eye could find
 The smallest blemish; to belie his mind;
 He was all pureness, and his outward part
 But represents the picture of his heart.
 When Waters swallowed Mankind, and did cheat
 The hungry Worm of its expected meat;
 When gems, pluckt from the shoar by ruder hands,
 Return'd again unto their native sands;
 'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey,
 Could equal what this Brook hath stoln away.
 Weep then sad Flood; and tho thou'rt innocent,
 Weep because Fate made thee her instrument:
 And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
 Come to our eyes, and we will end thee more.

*A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin,
Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.*

Ave Maria.

ONce thou rejoicedst, and rejoyce for ever,
Whose time of joy shall be expired never :
Who in her Womb the *Hive* of *Comfort* bears,
Let her drink *Comforts Honey* with her ears.
You brought the word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us *An Hail* return.
From you *God save* into the World there came ;
Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty name.

Gratia plena.

How loaded *Hives* are with their *Honey* fill'd,
From divers *Flowers* by *Chimick Bees* distill'd :
How full the *Collet* with his *Jewels*,
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kifs :
How full the *Moon* is with her *Brothers Ray*,
When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day,
How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances are,
So full doth *Mary* of *Gods* light appear.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she
Be full, who was full with the *Deity*.

Dominus tecum.

The fall of Mankind under Deaths extent
The Choir of blessed *Angels* did lament,
And wish'd a reparation to see
By him, who Man-hood joyn'd with *Deity*.
How grateful should mans safety then appear
T'himself, whose safety can the *Angels* chear ?

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and *Troops* of sad *Diseases* led
To th' earth, by *Womans Hand* solicited :
Life came to too, and *Troops* of *Graces* led
To th' earth by *Womans Faith* solicited.
As our lives spring came from thy blessed Womb,
So from our Mouths springs of thy praise shall come:
Who did lifes blessing give, 'tis fit that she
Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

Et Benedictus fructus ventris tui.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,
He a good word sent from his stored brest ;

'Twas *Christ* : which *Mary* without carnal thought
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought,
 The word of blessing a just cause affords,
 To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.

As when soft West Winds strook the Garden Rose,
 A shower of sweeter Air salutes the Nose.
 The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
 Unlocks the Virgin bosom of the Flower.
 So th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Mary* blow'd,
 And from her sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.
 Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,
 Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie.
 Believe *Christ* born from an unbruised Womb,
 So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

God his great Son begot ere time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
 Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
 God without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.
 Great is the Birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,
 That *She* no *Man*, that *God* no *Wife* should need.
 A Shade delighted the Child bearing Maid,
 And *God* himself became to her a Shade.
 O strange descent ! who is lights Author, he
 Will to his creature thus a shadow be.
 As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
 So did seen Light from *Virgin Mary* grow.
 When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,
 The Fathers shade, was *Christ* the *Deity*.
 Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our sight
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

O D E I.

On the praise of Poetry.

'TIS not a *Pyramide* of Marble stone,
 Though high as our ambition ;
 'Tis not a *Tomb* cut out in brass, which can
 Give Life to th' ashes of a man,
 But verses only ; they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are men to read, or hear,

H

When

When Time shall make the lasting Brass decay,
 And eat the *Pyramide* away,
 Turning that Monument wherein men trust
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust:
 Then shall the *Építaph* remain, and be
 New graven in Eternity,
Poets by Death are conquered, but the *wit*
 Of *Poets* triumph over it.
 What cannot Verse? When *Thracian Orpheus* took
 His Lyre, and gently on it strook,
 The learned stones came dancing all along,
 And kept time to the charming Song.
 With artificial pace the Warlike *Pine*,
 Th' *Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy twine*.
 With all the better trees, which erst had stood
 Unmov'd, forlook their native Wood.
 The *Lawrel* to the *Poets* hand did bow,
 Craving the honor of his Brow:
 And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The Beasts too strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny.
 The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,
 And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*.
Nightingales, harmless *Syrens* of the air,
 And *Muses* of the place, were there.
 Who when their little wind-pipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'come by art and grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conquering Lyre.
 Happy, O happy they, whose Tomb might be,
Mansolus, envied by thee!

O D E II.

*That a pleasant Poverty is to be preferred before
 discontented Riches.*

I.
WH Y O doth gaudy *Tagus* ravish thee,
 Though *Neptune's* Treasure-house it be?
 Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,
 Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2. Their

2.
 Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all
 Like other Floods, *Poetical*,
 They have no dance, no wanton sport,
 No gentle murmur, the lov'd Shoar to court.

3.
 No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,
 Nor can it feed the Neighbouring Wood,
 No Flower or Herb is near it found,
 But a perpetual Winter starves the ground.

4.
 Give me a River which doth scorn to shew
 An added beauty, whose clear brow
 May be my looking-glass, to see
 What my face is, and what my mind should be.

5.
 Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
 And prattle to the smiling bank :
 Here sad *King-fishers* tell their tales,
 And Fish enrich the Brook with silver scales.

6.
Daisies the first-born of the teeming Spring,
 On each side their imbroidery bring,
 Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,
 And *Daffadills* to see themselves delight.

7.
 Here a fresh Arbour gives her amorous shade,
 Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made.
 Here I would sit, and sing rude lays,
 Such as the *Nymphs*, and *me my self* should please.

8.
 Thus I would waste, thus end my careless days,
 And *Robin-red-breasts* whom men praise
 For pious Birds, should when I dye,
 Make both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

O D E III.

To his *Mistress*.

1.

T *Trian* dye why do you wear,
 You whose cheeks best *Scarlet* are?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure *Linnen* o'r your *Skin*,
 (Your skin that's whiter far)
 Casting a dusky *Cloud* before a *Star*?

2.

Why bears your neck a golden *Chain*?
 Did nature make your hair in vain?
 Of *Gold* most pure and fine,
 With gemms why do you shine?
 They, neighbours to your eyes,
 Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Mistress* parts,
 Owe more to *Nature* than to *Arts*,
 I would not woe the dress,
 Or one whose nights give less
 Contentment, than the day.
 She's fair, whose *Beauty* only makes her gay.

4.

For 'tis not *Buildings* make a *Court*,
 Or *pomp*, but 'tis the *Kings* resort:
 If *Jupiter* down pour
 Himself, and in a shower
 Hide such bright *Majesty*,
 Less than a *golden one* it cannot be.

O D E IV.

On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.

1.
L Eave off unfit complaints, and clear
 From sighs your breast, and from black Clouds your brow,
 When the Sun shines not with his wonted cheer,
 And Fortune throws an adverse cast for you.
 That Sea which vext with *Notus* is,
 The merry *East winds* will to morrow kiss.

2.
 The Sun to day rides drougfly,
 To morrow 'twill put on a look more fair,
 Laughter and groaning do alternately
 Return, and tears sports nearest neighbours are.
 'Tis by the Gods appointed so
 That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

3.
 Who drave his Oxen yester day,
 Doth now over the noblest *Romans* reign,
 And on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay
 The yoke which from his *Oxen* he had ta'ne.
 Whom *Hesperus* saw poor and low,
 The mornings eye beholds him greatest now.

4.
 If Fortune knit amongst her play
 But seriousness; he shall again go home
 To his old Country Farm of yesterday,
 To scoffing people no mean jest become:
 And with the *crowned Ax*, which he
 Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree.
 Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
 With his own *Fasces* he shall make him *fires*.

O D E V.

*In Commendation of the time we live under the Reign
 of our Gracious King Charles.*

C Urst be that wretch (Deaths Factor sure) who brought
 Dire Swords into the peaceful World, and taught
Smiths,

Smiths, who before could only make
 The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake;
 Arts, in most cruel wife
 Mans Life t' epitomize.

2.

Then men (fond men alas) ride post to th' grave,
 And cut those threds, which yet the *Fates* would save.
 Then *Charon* sweated at his trade,
 And had a larger *Ferry* made,
 Then, then the silver hair,
 Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
 Begat black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.
 Then limits to each field were strain'd,
 And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
 To men before was found,
 Besides the Sea, no bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been
 Wars story, writ in blood (sad story) seen?
 This truth too well our *England* knows,
 'Twas civil slaughter dy'd her *Rose*:
 Nay then her *Lilly* too,
 With bloods loss paler grew.

5.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,
 Did not just *Charles* silence the rage of steel;
 He to our Land blest Peace doth bring,
 All Neighbour Countries envying.
 Happy who did remain
 Unborn till *Charles* his Reign!

6.

Where dreaming *Chymicks* is your pain and cost?
 How is your oil, how is your labor lost?
 Our *Charles*, best *Alchymist* (tho strange,
 Believe it future times) did change
 The *Iron* age of old,
 Into an age of *Gold*.

O D E VI.

Upon the shortness of Mans Life.

Mark that swift Arrow how it cuts the air,
 How it out-runs thy following eye,
 Use all persuasions now and try
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there,
 That way it went, but thou shalt find
 No Tract is left behind.

Fool, 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer* thou,
 Of all the time thou'lt shot away
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.

Besides repentance, what canst find
 That it hath left behind?

Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
 A doubtful *Cloud* our substance bears,
 And is the *Horse* of all our years.

Each day doth on a winged *Whirl-wind* ride.
 We and our *Glass* run out, and must
 Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see,
 Who never thinks his end too near,
 But says to *Fame*, thou art mine *Heir*.

That man extends lifes natural brevity ;
 This is, this is the only way
 T'out-live *Nestor* in a day.

An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge,

N*ichols*, my better self, forbear,
 For if thou tell'st what *Cambridge* pleasures are,
 The *School boys* sin will light on me,
 I shall in mind at least a *Truant* be.

Tell me not how you feed your mind
 With dainties of *Philosophy*,
 In *Ovid's Nut* I shall not find,
 The taste once pleased me.

O tell me not of *Logicks* diverse *Chear*,
 I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2.

Tell me not how the waves appear
 Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,
 I shall contemn the troubled *Thames*,
 On her chief *Holiday*, even when her streams
 Are with rich folly gilded, when
 The *Quondam Dung-boat* is made gay,
 Just like the bravery of the men,
 And graces with fresh paint that day.
 When th' *City* shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,
 And *Satin Doublets* seen not twice a year.

3.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
 Thee there, but *Plummets* hang upon my feet:
 'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
 But not till I deserve thy company:
 Till then we'll scorn to let that toy,
 Some forty miles, divide our hearts:
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy,
Friendship, and *Wit*, thy better parts.
 Tho' envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,
 We'll easily see each other, *Love hath wings*.

Loves

LOVES RIDDLE.

A

Pastoral Comedy;

WRITTEN

At the time of his being Kings Scholar in
WESTMINSTER-School,

By *A. Cowley.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. Clark,* for *C. Harper,*
MDCLXXXVII.

To the truly Worthy and Noble,
 Sir *KENELM DIGBY*, Knight.

THis latter Age, the Lees of Time, hath known
 Few that have made both Pallas arts their own:
 But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are
 Victorious in Peace, as well as War.
 Learning by right of Conquest is your own,
 And every liberal Art your Captive grown.
 As if neglected Science (for it now
 Wants some defenders) sted for help to you
 Whom I must follow, and let this for me
 An earnest of my future Service be;
 Which I should fear to send you, did I know
 Your Judgment only, not your Candor too.
 For 'twas a Work, stoln (though you'll justly call
 This play, as fond as those) from Cat, or Ball.
 Had it been written since, I should, I fear,
 Scarce have abstain'd from a Philosopher.
 Which by Tradition here is thought to be
 A necessary part in Comedy.
 Nor need I tell you this; each line of it
 Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,
 And I could wish, that I might safely say,
 Reader, this Play was made but th' other day:
 Yet 'tis not stuff'd with names of Gods, hard words,
 Such as the *Metamorphosis* affords.
 Nor has't a part for *Robinson*, whom they,
 At School, account essential to a Play.
 The stile is low, such as you'll easily take
 For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make.
 Take it, as early fruits, which rare appear,
 Tho not half ripe, but worst of all the year.
 And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
 The Birch which crown'd her then, is grown a Bay.

Yours in all observance,

A. Cowley.

The Scene Sicily.

The Actors Names.

Demophil, } two old folks of a Noble Family.
Spodaka, }
Florellus, } their Children.
Callidora, }
Philistus, } two Gentlemen both in love with
Aphron, } *Callidora.*
Clariana, Sister to *Philistus.*
Melarnus, } A crabbed old Shepherd.
Truga, } His Wife.
Hylace, } Their Daughter.
Ægon, ----an ancient Country-man.
Bellula ----his supposed daughter.
Palæmon, --a young Swain in Love with *Hylace.*
Alupis, ----a merry Shepherd.
Clariana's Maid.

Loves



Loves Riddle.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Callidora disguised in mans apparel.

MA D feet, ye have been traitors to your Master:
 Where have you led me? sure my truant mind
 Hath taught my body thus to wander too;
 Faintness and fear surprize me: Ye just gods,
 If ye have brought me to this place to scourge
 The folly of my Love, (I might say madness)
 Dispatch me quickly; send some pitying man
 Or cruel Beast to find me? let me be
 Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.
 Why are these trees so brave? why do they wear
 Such green and fresh apparel? how they smile!
 How their proud tops play with the courting wind!
 Can they behold me pine and languish here,
 And yet not sympathize at all in mourning?
 Do they upbraid my sorrows? can it be
 That these thick branches never seen before
 But by the Sun, should learn so much of man?
 The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conscious
 Of their guilt, masters stateliness and pride,
 Themselves would pity me; yet these——Who's there?

Enter Alupis singing.

I.

*Rise up thou mournful Swain,
 For 'tis but a folly
 To be Melancholy
 And get thee thy pipe again.*

2. *Come*

24

*Come sing away the day
For 'tis but a folly
To be Melancholy,
Let's live here whilst we may.*

Cal. I Marry Sir, this fellow hath some fire in him,
Methinks a sad and drowfie Shepherd is
A prodigy in nature, for the Woods
Should be as far from Sorrow, as they are
From sorrows causes, riches and the like.
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman
Driven here by ignorance of the way, and would
Confess my self bound to you for a Courtesie,
If you would please to help me to some lodging
Where I may rest my self.

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Cal. Well ; if the rest be like this fellow here,
Then I have travell'd fairly now ; for certainly
This is a land of Fools ; some Colony
Of elder Brothers have been planted here,
And begot this fair Generation.
Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwelft ?

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Cal. Why art thou mad ?

Alu. What if I be ?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me Sir ;
For in this age who is not ? I'll prove it to you :
Your Citizen he's mad to trust the Gentleman
Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier
He's mad to spend his time in studying postures,
Cringes, and fashions, and new complements ;
Your Lawyer he's mad to sell away
His tongue for Money, and his Clients madder
To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use
But to undo men, and the Latin tongue :
Your Scholars they are mad to break their brains,
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,
That so when all the Arts call him their Master,
He may perhaps get some small Vicarage,
Or be the Usher of a School ; but there's
A thing in black call'd Poet, who is ten
Degrees in madness above these ; his means
Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him
By the Death or Marriage of some mighty Lord,
Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

Cal. This fellows wit amazeth me ; but friend,
What do you think of Lovers ?

Alu. Worst of all ;

Is't not a pretty folly to stand thus,
 And sigh, and fold the Arms, and cry my *Cælia*,
 My foul, my life, my *Cælia*, then to wring
 Ones state for Presents, and ones brain for Sonnets?
 Oh! 'tis beyond the name of Phrenzy.

Cal. What so Satyrick Shepherd? I believe
 You did not learn these flashes in the Woods;
 How is it possible that you should get
 Such near acquaintance with the City manners,
 And yet live here in such a silent place,
 Where one would think the very name of City
 Could hardly enter.

Alu. Why I'll tell you Sir;
 My Father died, (you force me to remember
 A grief that deserves tears) and left me young,
 And if a Shepherd may be said so) rich,
 I in an itching wantonness to see
 What other Swains so wond'ring at, the City,
 Straight sold my Rural Portion (for the Wealth
 Of Shepherds is their Flocks) and thither went,
 Where whilst my Money lasted I was welcome,
 And liv'd in Credit, but when that was gone,
 And the last piece sigh'd in my empty Pocket,
 I was contemn'd, then I began to feel
 How dearly I had bought experience,
 And without any thing besides Repentance
 To load me, return'd back, and here I live
 To laugh at all those follies which I saw.

S O N G.

*The merry Waves dance up and down, and play,
 Sport is granted to the Sea.*

*Birds are Quacrifiers of th' empty Air,
 Sport is never wanting there.*

*The ground doth smile at the Springs flowry birth,
 Sport is granted to the Earth.*

*The Fire its chearing flame on high doth rear,
 Sport is never wanting there.*

*If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,
 Air, and Fire, so merry be;*

*Why is mans mirth so seldom, and so small,
 Who is compounded of them all?*

Cal. You may rejoycee; but sighs besit me better.

Alu. Now on my Conscience thou hast lost a Mistress:
 If it be so, thank God, and love no more;
 Or else perhaps she has burnt your whining Letter,
 Or kiss'd another Gentleman in your sight,
 Or else denied you her glove, or laugh'd at you,
 Causes indeed which deserve special mourning,

And

And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*
 In private here, and call the Woods to witness,
 And all the streams which murmur when they hear
 The injuries they suffer; I am sorry
 I have been a hind'rance to your meditations.
 Farewel Sir.

Cal. Nay good shepherd, you mistake me.

Alu. Faith, I am very chary of my health,
 I would be loth to be infected, Sir.

Cal. Thou needst not fear; I have no disease at
 Besides a troubled mind.

Alu. Why that's the worst, the worst of all.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge
 Your pity the more, you should the rather
 Strive to be my Physician.

Alu. the good Gods forbid it; I turn Physician!
 My Parents brought me up more piously,
 Than that I should play booty with a sickness,
 Turn a Consumption to mens purses, and
 Purge them worse than their bodies, and set up
 An Apothecaries shop in private Chambers,
 Live by revenue of Close-stools and Urinals,
 Defer off sick mens health from day to day,
 As if they went to law with their Disease.
 No, I was born for better ends, than to send away
 His Majesties Subjects to Hell so fast,
 As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon*.

Cal. Your wit errs much:

For as the soul is nobler than the body,
 So its Corruption asks a better Medicine
 Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs, or Agues,
 And that is, Counsel.

Alu. So then: I should be
 Your Souls Physician; why, I could talk out
 An hour or so, but then I want a Cushion
 To thump my precept into; but tell me 'pray
 What name bears your Disease?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but so far above
 An outward one, that the vicissitudes
 Of that may seem but warmth, and coolness only;
 This, flame, and frost.

Alu. So; I understand you,
 You are a Lover, which is by translation
 A fool, or Beast, for I'll define you; you're
 Partly *Chameleon*, partly *Salamander*,
 You're fed by the air, and live i'th' fire.

Cal. Why did you never love? have you no softness,
 Nought of your Mother in you? if that Sun
 Which scorched me, should cast one beam upon you,
 'Twould quickly melt the ice about your heart,

And

And lend your eyes fresh streams:
Alm. 'Faith, I think not;
 I have seen all your Beauties of the Court,
 And yet was never ravish'd, never made
 A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,
 Either to warm her heart, or else cool mine;
 And no face yet could ever wound me so,
 But that I quickly found a remedy.

Cal. That were an art worth learning, and you need not
 Be niggard of your knowledge; See the Sun
 Though it hath given this many thousand years
 Light to the World, yet is as big and bright
 As e'er it was, and hath not lost one beam
 Of his first glory; then let charity
 Perfwade you to instruct me, I shall be
 A very thankful Scholar.

Alm. I shall: for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd,
 Come sing away the day, &c.
 Mirth is the only Phylick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much desired
 To cheat my sorrow with; and for that purpose
 Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural sports
 Wear my lifes remnant out; I would forget
 All things, my very name if it were possible.

Alm. Pray let me learn it first.

Cal. 'Tis *Calidorus*.

Alm. Thank you; if you your self chance to forget it
 Come but to me i'll do you the same courtesie,
 In the mean while make me your Sérvant Sir,
 I will instruct you in things necessary
 For the creation of a Shepherd, and
 We two will laugh at all the World securely,
 And sling jests 'gainst the busineses of State
 Without endangering our ears.

Come, come away,

For 'tis but a folly,

To live Melancholy,

Let's live here whilst we may. [Exeunt.

Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Bellula, Hylace:

Pal. I see I am undone.

Mel. Come no matter for that; you love my Daughter?

By Pan; but come, no matter for that; you love my *Hylace*?

Tru. Nay good Duck, do not vex your self; what tho he
 loves her? you know she will not have him.

Mel. Come no matter for that; I will vex my self, and vex
 him too, shall such an idle fellow as he strive to entice away honest
 mens Children? let him go feed his flocks; but alas! he has none
 to trouble him; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my Daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting man,

And one who cannot boast of any thing
 But that she calls thee Father, though I cannot
 Number so large a flock of Sheep as thou,
 Nor send so many Cheeses to the City,
 Yet in my mind I am an Emperor
 If but compar'd with thee.

Tru. Of what place I pray
 'Tis some of new discover'd Country, is't not?

Pal. Prithee good *Winter* if thou wilt be talking,
 Keep thy breath in a little, for it smells
 Worse than a Goat; yet you must talk,
 For thou hast nothing left thee of a Woman
 But Lust, and Tongue.

Hyl. Shepherd, here's none so taken with your wit
 But you might spare it; if you be so lavish,
 You'll have none left another time to make
 The Song of the forsaken Lover with.

Pal. I'm dumb, my lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever;
 May my rash tongue forget to be interpreter,
 And organ of my senses, if you say
 It hath offended you.

Hyl. Troth if you make
 But that condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

Mel. By *Pan* well said Girl; what a fool was I
 To suspect thee of loving him? but come
 'Tis no matter for that; when e'er thou art married
 I'll add ten sheep more to thy portion
 For putting this one jest upon him.

Æg. Nay, now I must needs tell you that your anger
 Is grounded with no reason to maintain it,
 If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,
 Say so, but play not with his Passion,
 For 'tis inhumane wit which jeers the wretched.

Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;
 I shall not need your Counsel.

Tru. I hope my Husband and I have enough Wisdom
 To govern our own Child; if we want any
 'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,
 To come to borrow some of you.

Æg. 'Tis very likely pretty Mistris *Maukin*,
 You with a Face look like a Winter Apple
 When 'tis shrunk up together and half rotten,
 I'd see you hang'd up for a thing to skare
 The Crows away before I'll spend my breath
 To teach you any.

Hyl. Alas good Shepherd!
 What do you imagine that I should love you for?

Pal. For all my services, the virtuous zeal
 And constancy with which I ever woed you,
 Though I were blacker than a starless night,

Or consciences where guilt and horror dwell,
Although splay-leg'd, crooked, deformed in all parts ;
And but the Chaos only of a man ;

Yet if I love and honour you, humanity
Would teach you not to hate, or laugh at me.

Hyl. Pray spare your fine perswasions, and set speeches,
And rather tell them to those stones and trees,
'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when
You spend them upon me.

Pal. Give me my final answer, that I may
Be either blest for ever, or die quickly ;
Delay's a cruel rack, and kills by piece-meals.

Hyl. Then here 'tis, you're an ass,
(Take that for your incivility to my Mother)
And I will never love you.

Pal. You're a Woman ;
A cruel and fond woman, and my Passion
Shall trouble you no more ; but when I'm dead
My angry ghost shall vex you worse than now
Your Pride doth me, farewell.

Enter Aphron mad, meeting Palæmon going out.

Aphr. Nay stay Sir, have you found her ?

Pal. How now ? what's the matter ?

Aphr. For I will have her out of you, or else
I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the Wind
Play with the shreds of thy torn Body. Look her
Or I will do't.

Pal. Whom ; or where ?

Aphr. I'll tell thee honest fellow ; thou shalt go
From me as an Embassador to the Sun,
For men call him the Eye of Heaven, (from which
Nothing lies hid) and tell him--- do you mark me--- tell him
From me--- that if he send not word where she is gone,
--- I will --- nay by the gods I will.

Æg. Alas poor Gentleman !

Sure he hath lost some Mistress ; beauteous women
Are the chief plagues to men.

Tru. Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I Plague any ?

Æg. How far is he beyond the name of slave,
That makes his Love his Mistress ?

Aphr. Mistress ! who's that ? her ghost ? 'tis she ;
It was her voice ; were all the Floods, the Rivers,
And Seas that with their crooked Arms embrace
The Earth, betwixt us, I'd wade through and meet her ;
Were all the Alps heap't on each other's head,
Were *Pelion* joyn'd to *Ossa*, and they both
Thrown on *Olympus* top, they should not make
So high a wall, but I would scale't and find her.

Bel. Unhappy man.

Aph. 'Tis empty air : I was too rude, too saucy

And she hath left me ; if she be alive
 What darknes shall be thick enough to hide her ?
 If dead, I'll seek the place which Poets call *Elyzium*
 Where all the souls of good and virtuous mortals
 Enjoy deserved pleasures after death.
 What should I fear : if there be an *Erynnis*
 'Tis in this Brest, if a *Tisiphone*
 'Tis here, here in this brain are all her serpents ;
 My grief and fury arms me.

Pal. By your leave Sir.

Aph. Now by the Gods, that man that stops my journey
 Had better have provok'd a hungry Lions
 Robb'd of her Whelps, or set her naked brest
 Against the Thunder.

[Exit Aphron.]

Tru. 'Tis well he's gone,
 I never could endure to see these madmen.

Mel. Come, no matter for that
 For now he's gone here comes another
 But 'tis no matter for that neither.

[Enter Alupis and
 Callidorus.]

How now ! who has he brought with him ?

Alu. Hail to ye Shepherds and ye beauteous Nymphs,
 I must present this stranger to your knowledge,
 When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't,

Cal. Blest Masters of these Woods, hail to you all,
 'Tis my desire to be your neighbour here,
 And feed my Flocks (such as they are) near yours.
 This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle nature
 Will be most willing to accept my friendship ;
 Which if you do, may all the Sylvian Deities
 Be still propitious to you, may your flocks
 Yearly encrease above your hopes or wishes ;
 May none of your young Lambs become a prey
 To the rude Wolf, but play about securely ;
 May dearths be ever exil'd from these Woods :
 May your Fruits prosper, and your Mountain Strawberries
 Grow in abundance ; may no Lovers be
 Despis'd, and pine away their years of Spring :
 But the young men and maids be stricken both
 With equal sympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time ; the Gods forbid
 Mortals to be so happy.

Ægon. I thank you ; and we wish no less to you :
 You are most welcome hither.

Tru. 'Tis a handsom Man,
 I'll be acquainted with him ; we most heartily
 Accept your company.

Mel. Come no matter for that ; we have enough
 Already, who can bear us company ;
 But no matter for that neither ; we shall have
 Shortly no room left us to feed our flocks

By one another.

Alu. What always grumbling?

Your Father and your Mother scolded sure
Whilft you were getting; well, if I begin
I'll fo abuse thee, and that publickly.

Mel. A rot upon you; you must still be humor'd,
But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.

Alu. What, Beauties, are you silent?

Take notice of him, (pray) your speaking is
Worth more than all the rest.

Bell. You're very welcome.

[*Salutes her.*]

Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.

Bell. I never saw Beauty and Affability
So well conjoyn'd before; if I stay long
I shall be quite undone.

Alu. Nay come, put on too.

Hyl. You are most kindly welcome.

Cal. You blefs me too much;
The honour of your lip is entertainment
Princes might wish for.

Hyl. Blefs me, how he looks!

And how he talks! his kifs was honey too,
His Lips as red and sweet as early Cherries,
Softer than Bevers skins.

Bel. Blefs me, how I envy her!

Would I had that kifs too!

Hyl. How his eye shines! what a bright flame it shoots!

Bel. How red his cheeks are! so our Garden Apples
Look on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

Hyl. How well his hairs become him!

Just like thar Star which ushers on the day.

Bel. How fair he is! fairer than whitest blossoms.

Trug. They two have got a kifs;
Why should I lose it for want of speaking?
Your'e welcome Shepherd.

Alu. Come on: For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Tru. do you hear? you are welcome.

Alu. Here's another must have a kifs.

Tru. Go you're a paultry knave, I, that you are,
To wrong an honest woman thus.

Alu. Why he shall kifs thee never fear it, alas!

I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,
Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee
I'll speak to him.

Trug. You're a slandering Knave,
And you shall know't, that you shall.

Alu. Nay, if you scold so loud
Others shall know it too; he must stop your mouth,
Or you'll talk on this three hours; *Callidorns*
If you can patiently endure a stink,

Or have frequented ere the City Bear-garden,
 Prithee salute this fourscore years, and free me,
 She says you're welcome too.

Cal. I cry you mercy, Shepherdess,
 By *Pan* I did not see you.

Tru. If my Husband and *Alupis* were not here
 I'd rather pay him back his kifs again
 Than be beholden to him.

Alu. What, thou hast don't !
 Well if thou do'st not die upon't, hereafter
 Thy Body will agree even with the worst
 And stinkingst air in *Europe*.

Cal. Nay, be not angry Shepherdess, you know
 He doth but jest as 'tis his custom.

Tru. I know it is his custom ; he was always
 Wont to abuse me, like a knave as he is,
 But I'll endure't no more.

Alu. Prithee, good *Callidorus*, if her breath
 Be not too bad, go stop her mouth again.
 She'll scold till Night else.

Tru. Yes marry will I, that I will, you rascal you,
 I'll teach you to lay your frumps upon me ;
 You delight in it, do you ?

Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me
 And I will never jeer thee any more,
 We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

Tru. Well upon that condition.

Alu. So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now Lads ?
 What have you lost your tongues ? I'll have them cry'd,
Palemon, *Ægon*, *Callidorus*, what ?
 Are you all dumb ? I pray continue so,
 And I'll be merry with my self.

S O N G.

'Tis better to dance than sing,
 The cause is if you will know it,
 That I to my self shall bring

A Poverty

Voluntary

If once I grow but a Poet.

Ægon. And yet methinks you sing.

Alu. O yes, because here's none to dance,
 And both are better far than to be sad.

Ægon. Come then let's have a round.

Alu. A match ; *Palemon* whither go you ?

Pal. The Gods forbid that I should mock my self,
 Cheat my own mind, I dance and weep at once ?
 You may. Farewel.

Alu. 'Tis such a whining Fool ; come, come, *Melarnus*.

[Exit.

Mel. I

Mel. I have no mind to dance ; but come, no matter for that, rather than break the squares.—

Cal. By your leave, fair one.

Hyl. Would I were in her place.

Alu. Come *Hylace*, thee and I wench, I warant thee,

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

[Dance.

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half aweary.

Mel. Come no matter for that,
I have not danc'd so much this year.

Alu. So farewell, you'll come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewell gentle Swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Your best wishes follow you.

Hyl. *Pan* always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away.

The end of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Demophil*, *Spodaia*, *Philistus*, *Clariana*.

Dem. NAY, She is lost for ever, and her name
Which us'd to be so comfortable, now

Is poison to our thoughts, and to augment
Our misery paints forth our former happiness,

O *Callidora*, O my *Callidora*!

I shall ne'er see thee more.

Spo. If cursed *Aphron*

Hath carried her away, and triumphs now

In the destruction of our hoary age

'Twere better she were dead.

Dem. 'Twere better we were all dead ; the enjoying
Of tedious life is a worse punishment

Than losing of my Daughter ; Oh ! my friends,

Why have I lived so long ?

Cl. Good Sir be comforted : Brother speak to them.

Spo. Would I had died, when first I brought thee forth,
My girl, my best girl, then I should have slept

In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a Statue,

Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be

My own sad Monument.

Cl. Alas ! you do but hurt your selves with weeping ;
Consider pray, it may be she'll come back.

Dem. Oh ! never, never, 'tis impossible

As to call back sixteen, and with vain Rhetorick
 Perswade my Lifes fresh *April* to return,
 She's dead, or else far worse, kept up by *Aphron*,
 Whom if I could see, methinks new blood
 Would creep into my veins, and my faint sinews
 Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find
 Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.

Spo. Would I were with thee, girl, where e'er thou art.

Cl. For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort them,
 Methinks you should say something.

Phi. Do you think

My grief so light? or was the interest
 So small which I had in her? I a comforter!
 Alas, she was my Wife, for we were married
 In our affections, in our Vows; and nothing
 Stopt the enjoying of each other, but
 The thin partition of some Ceremonies:
 I lost my hopes my expectations,
 My joys, nay more, I lost my self with her;
 You have a Son, yet left behind, whose memory
 May sweeten all this gall.

Spo. I, we had one,

But fate's so cruel to us, and such dangers
 Attend a travelling man, that 'twere presumption
 To say we have him; we have sent for him
 To blot out the remembrance of his Sister:
 But whether we shall ever see him here,
 The Gods can only tell, we barely hope:

Dem. This news, alas!

Will be but a sad welcome to him.

Phi. Why do I play thus with my misery?
 'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,
 I'll seek her where e'er she is; patience in this
 Would be a vice, and men might justly say
 My love was but a flash of winged Lightning,
 And not a Vestal flame; which always shines;
 His woing is a complement not passion,
 Who can if Fortune snatch away his Mistress,
 Spend some few tears, then take another choice,
 Mine is not so; Oh *Callidora*!

Cl. Fie Brother, you're a man,
 And should not be shaken with every wind;
 If it were possible to call her back
 With mourning, mourning were a piety,
 But since you cannot, you must give me leave
 To call it folly.

Phi. So it is;

And I will therefore shape some other course,
 This doleful place shall never see me more,
 Unless it see her too in my embraces,

You Sister may retire unto my Farm,
 Adjoyning to the Woods ;
 And my Estate I leave for you to manage ;
 If I find her, expect me there, if not
 Do you live happier than your Brother hath.

Cl. Alas ! how can I if you leave me ? but
 I hope your resolutions will be altered.

Phil. Never, farewell : good *Demophil.*
 Farewel *Spodaiia*, temper your laments ;
 If I return we shall again be happy.

Spo. You shall not want my Prayers.

Dem. The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be any)
 attend npon you.

Cl. Will you needs go ?

Phil. I knit delays ; 'twere time I were now ready,
 And I shall sin If I seem dull or slow
 In any thing which touches *Callidora.*

Dem. Oh ! that name wounds me ; we'll bear you company
 A little way, and *Clariana* look
 To see us often at your Country Farm
 We'll sigh, and grieve together,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Alupis and Palæmon.

Alu : Come, come away, &c.

Now where are all your Sonnets ? your rare fancies ?
 Could the fine morning Musick which you wak'd
 Your Mistress with, prevail no more than this ?
 Why in the City now your very Fidlers
 Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,
 Hath she denied thee quite ?

Pal. She hath undone me ; I have plow'd the Sea,
 And begot storming billows.

Alu. Can no persuasions move her ?

Pal. No more than thy least breath can stir an Oak,
 Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce Wars
 Of all the Winds.

Alu. 'Tis a good hearing ; then
 She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,
 Nor Garlands knit with amorous conceits,
 I do perceive some rags of the Court fashions
 Visibly creeping now into the Woods ;
 The more he shews his Love, the more she flights him,
 Yet will take any gift of him, as willingly
 As Country Justices the Hens and Geese
 Of their offending Neighbours ; this is right :
 Now if I lov'd this wench, I would so handle her,
 I'd teach her what the difference were betwixt
 One who had seen the Court and City tricks,
 And a meer Shepherd.

Pal. Lions are tam'd, and become slaves to men,
 And Tygres oft forget their cruelty

L

They

They suck'd from their fierce Mothers; but, a Woman!
Ah me! a Woman!—

Alu. Yet if I saw such wonders in her Face
As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

Pal. How 'pray? if gifts would do it, she hath had
The daintiest Lambs, the hope of all my Flock,
I let my Apples hang for her to gather,
The painful Bee did never load my hives,
With honey which she tasted not.

Alu. You mistake me friend; I mean not so.

Pal. How then? if Poetry would do't, what shade
Hath not been auditor of my amorous pipe?
What Banks are not acquainted with her praises?
Which I have sung in verses, and the Shepherds
Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,
Although I am not easie to believe them.

Alu. No, no, no; that's not the way.

Pal. Why how?

If shew of grief had Rhetorick enough
To move her, I dare swear she had been mine
Long before this; what day did e'er peep forth
In which I wept not dulier than the morning?
Which of the Winds hath not my Sighs increas'd
At sundry times; how often have I cried
Hylace, Hylace, till the docile Woods
Have answered *Hylace*; and every Valley
As if it were my Rival, sounded *Hylace*.

Alu. I, and you were a most rare fool for doing so.

Why 'twas that poisoned all; had I a Mistris
I'd almost beat her, by this Light I would,
For they are much about your Spaniels nature,
But whilst you cry dear *Hylace, O Hylace!*
Pity the tortures of my burning heart,
She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,
At the first asking; though her tickled blood
Leaps at the very mention; therefore now
Leave of your whining tricks, and take my counsel,
First then be merry; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Pal. 'Tis a hard lesson for my mind to learn,
But I would force my self; if that would help me.

Alu. Why thou shalt see it will; next I would have thee
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully;
Study for jeers against next time you see her,
I'll go along with you, and help to abuse her,
Till we have made her cry, worse than ere you did;
When we have us'd her thus a little while,
She'll be as tame and gentle—

Pal. But alas!

This will provoke her more.

Alu. I'll warrant thee: besides, what if it should?

She hath refus'd you utterly already,
And cannot hurt you worfe; come, come, be rul'd;
And follow me, we'll put it t'rait in practice.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Pal. A match; I'll try all ways; she can but scorn me,
There is this good in depth of misery
That men may attempt any thing, they know
The worst before-hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Callidorus.

How happy is that man, who in these Woods
With secure silence wears away his time!
Who is acquainted better with himself
Than others; who so great a stranger is
To City follies, that he knows them not.
He sits all day upon some mossie hill
His rural Throne, arm'd with his crook, his scepter,
A flowry Garland is his Country Crown;
The gentle Lambs and Sheep his Loyal Subjects,
Which every year pay him their fleecy tribute;
Thus in an humble stateliness and Majesty
He Tunes his Pipe, the Woods best melody,
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish
To spend the rest of my unprofitable,
And needless days in their innocuous sports;
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother
Recurse unto my thoughts, and t'rait pluck down
The resolution I had built before;
Love names *Philistus* to me, and o'th' sudden
The Woods seem base, and all their harmless pleasures
The daughters of necessity, not virtue.
Thus with my self I wage a War, and am
To my own rest a Traitor; I would fain
Go home, but still the thought of *Aphron* frights me.
How now? who's here? O'tis fair *Hylace*
The grumbling Shepherd's daughter.

Enter Hylace.

Brightest of all those Stars that paint the Woods,
And grace these shady habitations,
You're welcome, how shall I requite the benefit
Which you bestow upon so poor a stranger
With your fair presence?

Hyl. If it be any courtesie, 'tis one
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought
A rural present, some of our own Apples.
My Father and my Mother are so hard,
They watch'd the Tree, or else they had been more,
Such as they are, if they can please your tast,
My wish is crown'd.

Cal. O you're too kind,

And teach that duty to me which I ought
To have perform'd ; I would I could return
The half of your deserts ; but I am poor
In every thing but thanks.

Hyl. Your acceptation only is reward
Too great for me.

Cal. How they blush ?

A man may well imagine they were yours,
They bear so great a shew of modesty.

Hyl. O you mock my boldness
To thrust into your company, but truly
I meant no hurt in't ; my intents were virtuous.

Cal. The Gods forbid that I should nurse a thought
So wicked, thou art innocent I know,
And pure as *Venus* Doves, or Mountain Snow
Which no foot hath defil'd, thy Soul is whiter
(If there be any possibility of it)

Than that clear skin which cloaths thy dainty body.

Hyl. Nay my good will deserves not to be jeer'd,
You know I am a rude and Country Wench.

Cal. Far be it from my thoughts, I swear I honour
And love those maiden virtues which adorn you.

Hyl. I would you did, as well as I do you,
But the just Gods intend not me so happy,
And I must be contented.—I'm undone.

[Enter *Bellula*.

Here's *Bellula* ; what is she grown my rival ?

Bel. Bless me ! whom see I ? *Hylace* ? some Cloud
Or friendly mist involve me.

Hyl. Nay *Bellula*, I see you well enough.

Cal. Why doth the day start back ? are you so cruel
To shew us first the light, and having struck
Wonder into us, snatch it from our sight ?
If Spring crown'd with the glories of the Earth
Appear upon the heavenly Ram, and straight
Creep back again into a gray-hair'd frost,
Men will accuse its forwardness.

Hyl. Pray Heaven

He be not taken with her ; she's somewhat fair ;
He did not speak so long a speech to me
I'm sure of't, though I brought him Apples.

Bel. I did mistake my way ; pray pardon me.

Hyl. I would you had else.

Cal. I must thank fortune then which led you hither,
But you can stay a little while and bless us ?

Bel. Yes, (and Love knows how willingly) alas !
I shall quite spoil my garland ere I give it him,
With hiding it from *Hylace*, 'pray *Pan*
She hath not stoln his heart already from him,
And cheated my intentions.

Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I should leave her ;

It may be I shall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know she loveth him,
And hath perhaps a better tongue than I,
Although I could be loth to yield to her
In beauty or complexion.

Bell. Let me speak

In private with you ; I am bold to bring
A Garland to you, 'tis of the best flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All yesterday.

Cal. How you oblige me to you!

I thank you sweetest, how they flourish still!
Sure they grow better, since your hand has nipt them.

Bel. They will do, when your brow hath honour'd them ;
Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.

Cal. What perfumes dwell in them!

They owe these odors to your breath.

Hyl. Defend me ye good Gods, I think he kisses her,
How long they have been talking! now perhaps
She's wooing him ; perhaps he forgets me
And will consent, I'll put him in remembrance.
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,
And they were good ones truly.

Cal. I will do presently, best *Hylace*.

Hyl. That's something yet, would he would speak so always.

Cal. I would not change them for those glorious apples
Which give such fame to the *Hesperian* gardens.

Bel. She hath outgone me in her Present now,
But I have got a Beechen cup at home,
Curiously graven with the spreading leaves,
And gladfom burthen of a fruitful Vine,
Which *Damon*, the best Artist of these Woods
Made and bestowed upon me. I'll bring that to morrow
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her
She will not go beyond me.

Hyl. What have you got a chaplet? Oh!
This is I see of *Bellula's* composing.

Bell. Why *Hylace*? you cannot make a better,
What Flowers' pray doth it want?

Cal. Poor souls! I pity them, and the more,
Because I have not been my self a stranger
To these Love Passions, but I wonder
What they can find in me worth their affection ;
Truly I would fain satisfy them both,
But can do neither ; 'tis Fates crime, not mine.

Bell. Whither go you, Shepherd?

Hyl. You will not leave us, will you?

Cal. Indeed I ought not,
You have me both bought with your courtesies,
And should divide me.

Hyl. She came last to you.

Bell. She hath another Love,
And kills *Palæmon* with her cruelty,
How can she expect mercy from another ?
Into what a labyrinth doth Love draw mortals,
And then blindfolds them ! what a mist it throws
Upon their senses ! if he be a God,
As sure he is (his power could not be so great else)
He knows the impossibility which nature
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
And laughs to see us struggle. *Cal.* D' ye both love me ?

Bell. I do I'm sure.

Hyl. And I as much as she.

Cal. I pity both of you, for you have sow'd
Upon unthankful sand, whose dry'd up Womb
Nature denies to bless with fruitfulness,
You are both fair, and more than common graces
Inhabit in you both, *Bellula's* eyes
Shine like the Lamp of Heaven, and so do *Hylaces*.
Hylaces cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet
Than the chaste mornings blushes, so are *Bellula's*
And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot,
Yet must not enjoy either.

Bell. You speak riddles.

Cal. Which times commentary
Must only explain to you ; and till then
Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*,
I thank you both.

Hyl. Alas ! my hopes are strangled.

Bell. I will not yet despair : He may grow milder,
He bad me farewel first ; and lookt upon me
With a more stedfast eye, than upon her,
When he departed hence : 'twas a good sign ;
At least I will imagine it to be so,
Hope is the truest friend, and seldom leaves one.

Enter Truga.

I doubt not but this will move him,
For they're good Apples, but my teeth are gone,
I cannot bite them ; but for all that though
I'll warrant you I can love a young fellow
As well as any of them all : I that I can,
And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh ! here's the mad-man.

Enter Aphron.

Hercules, Hercules, ho *Hercules*, where are you ?
Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I ha' done,
I'll fling them to thee again, why *Hercules* !
Pox on you, are you drunk ? can you not answer ?
I'll travel then without them, and do wonders.

Tru. I quake all over, worse than any fit
Of the Palfie which I have had this forty years,

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Could make me do.

Aph. So, I ha' found the Plot out,
First I'll climb up on Porter *Atlas* shoulders,
And crawl into Heaven, and I'm sure
I cannot chuse but find her there.

Tru. What would become of me if he should see me?
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,
If he were not mad, I would not be so 'fraid of him.

Aph. What have I caught thee, fairest of all Women?
Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron* &
Aphron who hath been dead till this blest minute?

Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?

Aph. Thy skin is whiter than the snowy feathers.
Of *Leda's* Swans.

Tru. Law you there now,-----

I thought I was not so unhandson, as they'd make me.

Aph. Thy hairs are brighter than the Moons,
Than when she spreads her beams and fills her Orb.

Trug. Beshrew their hearts that call this Gentleman mad,
He hath his senses I'll warrant him, about him,
As well as any fellow of them all.

Aph. Thy teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,
Of purest Ivory.

Tru. I for those few I have,
I think they'r white enough.

Aph. Thou art as fresh as *May* is, and thy look
Is picture of the Spring.

Tru. Nay, I am but some fourscore years and ten,
And bear my Age well; yet *Alupis* says
I look like *January*, but I'll teach the knave
Another tune I'll warrant him.

Aph. Thy lips are Cherries, let me taste them sweet,

Tru. You have beg'd so handsonly.

Aph. Ha! ye good gods defend me! 'tis a witch, a Hag.

Tru. What am I?

Aph. A Witch, one that did take the shape
Of my best Mistris, but thou could'st not long
Bely her pureness.

Tru. Now he's stark mad again upon the sudden;
He had some sense even now.

Aph. Thou look'st as if thou wert some wicked Woman
Frighted out of the grave; defend me, how
Her eyes do sink into their ugly holes,
As if they were afraid to see the light.

Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not,
My hair was bright even now, and my looks fresh.
Am I so quickly chang'd?

Tru. Her breath infects the Air, and sows a Pestilence
Where e'er it comes; what hath she there?
I! these are Apples made up with the stings

Of Scorpions, and the blood of Basilisks ;
Which being swallow'd up, a thousand pains
Eat on the heart, and gnaw the entrails out.

Tru. thou lyest ; I, thou do'lt,
For these are honest Apples that they are ;
I'm sure I gather'd them my self.

Aph. From the Stygian tree ; give them me quickly, or I will---

Tru. What will you do ? 'pray take them.

Aph. Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee ;
Thou art *Tisiphone*.

Tru. 'Tis false ; for I know no such woman.
I am glad I'm got from him, would I had
My Apples too, but 'tis no matter tho,
I'll have a better gift for *Callidorus*
To morrow.

Aph. The Fiend is vanish'd from me,
And hath left these behind for me to tast of,
But I will be too cunning : Thus I'll scatter them,
Now I have spoil'd her Plot ; unhappy he
Who finds them.

The end of the second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Florellus.

THE Sun five times had gone his Qearly progress,
Since last I saw my Sister, and returning
Big with desire to view my native *Sicily*,
I found my aged Parents sadly mourning
The Funeral (for to them it seems no less)
Of their departed Daughter ; what a welcome
This was to me, all in whose hearts a vein
Of Marble grows not, may easily conceive
Without the dumb persuasions of my tears.
Yet as if that were nothing, and it were
A kind of happiness in misery,
It's come without an Army to attend it,
As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a Woman
Whom her attire call'd Shepherdess, but face,
Some disguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess ;
It struck such adoration (for I durst not
Harbour the Love of so divine a beauty)
That ever since I could not teach my thoughts
Another object ; In this happy place,
(Happy her presence made it) she appear'd,

And

And breath'd fresh honors on the smiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the Musky kisses of the West wind.
Ha! sure 'tis she; thus doth the Sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious Cloud.

Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace:

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Hyl. We did not fend for you; pray leave us.

Alu. No, by this light, not till I see you cry;
When you have shed some penitential tears
For wronging of *Palæmon*, there may be
A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Bell. This is uncivil,
To thrust into our company; do you think
That we admire your wit? pray go to them
That do, we would be private.

Alu. To what purpose?
You'd ask how many Shepherds he hath strooken?
Which is the properest man? which kisses sweetest?
Which brings her the best Presents? and then tell
What a fine man woos you, how red his lips are?
How bright his eyes are? and what dainty sonnets
He hath compos'd in honour of your Beauty?
And then at last, with what rare tricks you fool him?
These are your learn'd discourses; but were all
Men of my temperance, and wisdom too,
You should woo us, I, and woo hardly too,
Before you got us.

Flo. O prophaneness!
Can he so rudely speak to that blest Virgin,
And not be stricken dumb?

Alu. Nay, you have both a mind to me; I know it,
But I will marry neither; I come hither
Not to gaze on you, or extol your beauty;
I come to vex you.

Flo. Ruder yet? I cannot,
I will not suffer this; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods;
To fling thy wild, and saucy laughter at,
But her? whom thy great Deity even *Pan*
Himself would honour, do not dare to utter
The smallest accent if not cloath'd with reverence,
Nay, do not look upon her but with eyes
As humble and submissive as thou wouldst
Upon the brow of Majesty, when it frowns:
I speak but that which Duty binds us all to.
Thou shalt not think upon her, no not think,
Without as much respect and honor to her
As holy men in superstitious zeal
Give to the Images they worship.

M

Bell. Oh!

Bell. Oh! this is the Gentleman, courted meth' other day.

Alu. Why? have you got a Patent to restrain me?
Or do you think your glorious sute can fright me?
'Twould do you much more credit at the Theatre,
To rise betwixt the Acts, and look about
The Boxes, and then cry, God save you Madam;
Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
And make your Oaths become you; have you shown
Your gay apparel every where in town,
That you can afford us the sight of't, or
Hath that grand Devil whose eclipsed sergeant,
Frighted you out of the City?

Flo. Your loose jests
When they are shot at me, I scorn to take
Any revenge upon them, but neglect,
For then 'tis rashness only, but as soon
As you begin to violate her name,
Nature and conscience too bids me be angry,
For then 'tis wickedness.

Alu. Well, if it be so,
I hope you can forgive the sin that's past
Without the doleful sight of trickling tears,
For I have eyes of Pumice; I'm content
To let her rest in quiet, but you have given me
Free leave t' abuse you, on the condition
You will revenge it only with neglect,
For then 'tis rashness only.

Flo. What are you biting?
Where did you pick these fragments up of wit?

Alu. Where I paid dear enough a conscience for them,
They should be more than fragments by their price,
I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,
I scorn'd to deal with your poor City Pedlers, that sell
By retail: but let that pass, *For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

Flo. Then you have seen the City.

Alu. I and 'felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm sure
It suckt up in three years the whole estate
My Father left, tho he were counted rich:
A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,
Whom you mistake for Soldiers, only by
Their founding Oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and
Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat,
Of Battels fought in *Persia, or Polonia,*
Where they themselves were of the conquering side,
Although God knows one of the City Captains,
Arm'd with bread Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet breeches,
When he instructs the Youth on Holy-days,
And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns,
Would pose them in the art Military; these
Were my first Leeches.

Flo. So,

Flo. So, no wonder then you spent so fast.

Alu. Pish, these were nothing :

I grew to keep your Poets company,
Those are the foakers, they refin'd me first
Of those gross humors that are bred by money,
And made me streight a wit, as now you see,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. But hast thou none to fling thy salt upon
But these bright Virgins ?

Alu. Yes, now you are here,
You are as good a Theme as I could wish.

Hyl. 'Tis best for me to go, while they are talking,
For if I steal not from *Alupis* sight,
He'll follow me all day to vex me.

[Exit.

Alu. What are you vanishing, coy *Miltris Hylace* ?
Nay, I'll be with you streight, but first I'll fetch
Palæmon, now if he can play his part
And leave off whining, we'll have princely sport,
Well, I may live in time to have the Women
Scratch out my eyes, or else scold me to death,
I shall deserve it richly : Farwel Sir,
I have employment with the *Damsel* gone,
And cannot now intend you.

[Exit.

Flo. They're both gone,
Direct me now good Love, and teach my tongue
Th' Inchantments that thou woo'dst thy *Psyche* with.

Bell. Farewel Sir.

Flo. Oh! be not so cruel,
Let me enjoy my self a little while,
Which without you I cannot.

Bell. Pray let me go,
To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,
And if my Father miss me, he'll so chide.

Flo. Alas! thou needst not fear, for th' Wolf himself,
Tho hunger whet the fury of its nature,
Would learn to spare thy pretty Flocks, and be
As careful as the Shepherds dog to guard them,
Nay if he should not, *Pan* would present be,
And keep thy tender Lambs in safety for thee,
For tho he be a God he would not blush
To be thy Servant.

Bell. Oh! You're courtly Sir :
But your fine words will not defend my Sheep,
Or stop them if they wander ; let me go.

Flo. Are you so fearful of you Cattles loss?
Yet so neglectful of my perishing,
(For without you how can I choose but perish?)
Tho I my self were most contemptible,
Yet for this reason only, that I love
And honour you, I deserve more than they do.

Bell. What would you do that thus you urge my stay?

Flo. Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,
 Nothing which can call up the maiden blood,
 To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste
 And virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers,
 I do confess I love you, but the fire
 In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistress,
 Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,
 Is not so pure as mine is; I would only
 Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes
 Sometimes with those bright Tresses, which the wind
 Far happier than I, plays up and down in,
 And sometimes with thy cheeks, those rosie twins;
 Thengently touch thy hand, and often kiss it,
 Till thou thy self shouldst check my modesty,
 And yield thy lips, but further, tho thou should'st
 Like other maids with weak resistance ask it,
 (Which I'm sure thou wilt not) I'd not offer
 Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give
 A licence unto my desires.

Bell. Which I
 Need not bestow much language to oppose,
 Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
 When they made me a rude and homely wench,
 You (if your cloaths and carriage be not lyars)
 By state and birth a Gentleman.

Flo. I hope
 I may without suspicion of a boaster
 Say that I am so, else my love were impudence;
 For do you think wise nature did intend
 You for a Shepherdess, when she bestow'd
 Such pains in your creation? would she fetch
 The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath?
 Or ransack *Pestum* of her choicest Roses
 T' adorn your cheeks? would she bereave the Rock
 Of Coral for your lips? and catch two Stars
 As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of?
 Would she herself turn work-woman and spin
 Threads of the finest Gold to be your Tresses?
 Or rob the Great to make one Microcosm?
 And having finish'd quite the beauteous wonder,
 Hide it from publick view and admiration?
 No; she would set it on some Pyramid,
 To be the spectacle of many eyes:
 And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune
 Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,
 Not that I am ambitious of such honors
 But that through them I might be made more worthy
 To enjoy you.

Bell. You are for ought I see

Too great already ; I will either live
 An undefiled Virgin as I am,
 Or if I marry, not bely my birth,
 But joyn my self to some plain vertuous Shepherd
 (For *Callidorus* is so) and I will be either his or no bodies. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Pray hear me.

Bell. Alas ! I have Sir, and do therefore now
 Prepare to answer, if this Passion
 Be love, my Fortune bids me deny you ;
 If Lust, my honesty commands to scorn you,
 Farewel.

Flo. O stay a little ! but two words : she's gone,
 Gone, like the glorious Sun, which being set,
 Night creeps behind and covers all ; some way
 I must seek out to win her, or what's easier
 (And the blind man himself without a guide
 May find) some way to die ; would I had been
 Born a poor Shepherd in these shady woods.
 Nature is cruel in her benefits,
 And when she gives us honey, mingles gall.
 She said that if she married, the Woods
 Should find a husband for her. I will wooe her
 In Silvan habit, then perhaps she'll love me——
 But yet I will not, that's in vain ; I will too,
 It cannot hurt to try.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Alupis, Palæmon, after them Hylace.

Alu. Nay come, she's just behind us, are you ready ?
 When she scolds, be you loudest, if she cry
 Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her
 Into a good conceit of you.

Pal. I'll warrant you ; you have instructed me enough,
 She comes.

Hyl. Is't possible that *Bellula*——

Pal. Fair creature——

Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who sent for thee ?

Pal. Whom, all the Nymphs (tho Women use to be
 As you know, envious of anothers beauty)
 Confess the pride and glory of these Woods.

Hyl. When did you make this speech ? 'tis a most neat one :
 Go, get you gone, look to your rotten Cattle,
 You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able
 To keep your Sheep.

Alu. Good ! she abuses him,
 Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.

Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are
 Out-shone by thee on earth.

Hyl. Pray get you gone,
 Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever
 Thou sayest, I will not hear a syllable,
 Much less answer thee.

Pal. No ;

Pal. No I'll try that strait,
I have a present here—
Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume
To dedicate to your Service.

Hyl. You're so cunning,
And have such pretty ways to entice me with;
Come let me see it.

Pal. Oh! have you found a tongue?
I thought I had not been worth an answer.

Hyl. How now; what tricks are these?
Give it me quickly, or—

Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue;
For whatsoever thou sayest I will not hear
A syllable, much less answer thee.

Alu. Good boy 'faith: now let me come.

Hyl. This is some Plot I see, would I were gone,
I had as lieve see the Wolf as this *Alupis*.

Alu. Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,
Do your teeth water at it Damsel? ha?
Why, we will sell our Sheep and Oxen, girl,
Hang them scurvy Beasts, to buy your pretty knacks;
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,
And jeer us too, as far as our wit reaches,
Bid us be gone, and when we have talk'd two hours,
Deny to answer us; nay you must stay [*She offers to be gone.*]
And hear a little more.

Hyl. Must I? are you
The Master of my business? I will not.

Alu. Faith but you shall; hear therefore and be patient.
I'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'lt got a chain about thy neck,
And comely bobs to dandle in thine ears:
When thou'lt perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath
Should be corrupted, it might scape unknown,
And then bestow'd two hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy breast hither, thine Arms hither,
And had thy *Fucus* curiously laid on;
Thou'd't be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee
Thou would'lt outdo them all. So, now go thee to her,
And let me breath a little; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Hyl. Oh! is't your turn to speak again? no doubt
But we shall have a good Oration then,
For they call you the learned Shepherd; well!
This is your love I see.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
What should I love a stone? or woo a picture?
Alas! I must be gone, for whatsoever
I say, you will not hear a syllable,
Much less answer; go, you think you are
So singularly handsome, when alas,

Galla, *Menalca's* Daughter, *Bellula*,
Or *Amaryllis* overcome you quite.

Hyl. This is a scurvy fellow; I'll fit him fort,
No doubt they are; I wonder that your wisdom
Will trouble me so long with your vain suit,
Why do you not woo them?

Pal. Perhaps I do;
I'll not tell you, because you'll envy them,
And always be dispraising of their beauties.

Hyl. It shall appear I will not, for I'll sooner
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, base man.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha.
Alupis, do'st thou hear her; she'll cry presently,
Do not despair yet girl, by your good carriage
You may recall me still; some few entreaties
Mingled with tears may get a kiss perhaps.

Hyl. I would not kiss thee for the wealth of *Sicily*,
Thou wicked perjurd fellow.

Pal. *Alupis*, Oh!
We have incens'd her too much! how she looks?
Prithee *Alupis* help me to intreat,
You know he did but jest, dear *Hylace*,
Alupis, prithee speak, best, beautiful *Hylace*,
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,
Upon my knees I beg it.

Alu. Here's a precious fool.
Hyl. Do'st thou still mock me? hast thou found more ways?
Thou need'st not vex my wit to move my hate,
Sooner the Sun and Stars shall shine together,
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,
Than I with thee; thou'rt a Disease to me,
And wound'st my eyes. [Exit.]

Pal. Eternal night involve me! if there be
A punishment (but sure there is not any)
Greater than what her Anger hath inflicted,
May that fall on me too! how have I fool'd
Away my hopes? how have I been my self
To my own self a thief?

Alu. I told you this,
That if she should but frown, you must needs fall
To your old tricks again.

Pal. Is this your art?
A Lovers Curse upon it; Oh! *Alupis*
Thou hast done worse than murdered me: for which
May all thy Flocks pine and decay like me,
May thy curst wit hurt all, but most thy Master;
May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be, like me, contemn'd.
Thou'st all the darts my tongue can sling at thee,
But I will be reveng'd some other way.

Before I die, which cannot now be long.

Alu. Poor Shepherd, I begin to pity him.
I'll see if I can comfort him; *Palemon*,—

Pal. Nay, do not follow me, grief, passion,
And troubled thoughts are my companions,
Those I had rather entertain than thee,
If you choose this way let me go the other,
And in both parts distracted error, thee
May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me.

[*Exit.*

Alu. Well, I say *Pan* defend me from a Lover,
Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst,
I would not meet with two such creatures more
For any good, they without doubt would put me,
If it be possible, into a fit of sadness,
Though it *Be but a Folly*, &c.

Well; I must find some plot yet to save this,
Because I have engaged my wit in the business,
And 'twould be a greater Scandal to the City,
If I who have spent my means there, should not be
Able to cheat these Shepherds. How now, how now,
Have we more distressed Lovers here?

[*Enter Aphron.*

Aph. No, I'm a mad-man.

Alu. I gave a shrewd guess at it at first sight,
I thought thee little better.

Aph. Better, why?

Can there be any better than a mad-man?
I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,
Nay, do not dissuade me from't, I would be
A very mad-man.

Alu. A good resolution!
'Tis as gentle a course as you can take,
I have known great ones have not been ashamed of't:
But what cause pray drove you into this humor?

Aph. Why a Mistress,
And such a beauteous one—dost thou see no body?
She sits upon a Throne amongst the Stars
And out-shines them, look up and be amazed,
Such was her beauty here,—sure there do lie
A thousand vapors in thy sleepy eyes,
Dost thou not see her yet? nor yet? nor yet?

Alu. No in good troth.

Aph. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,
Not skill'd at all in deep Astrology.
Let me instruct thee.

Alu. Prithee do, for thou
Art in an admirable case to teach now.

Aph. I'll shew thee first all the celestial signs,
And to begin, look on that horned head.

Alu. Whose is't? *Jupiters*?

Aph. No, 'tis the Ram;

Next

Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

Alu. The Bull? 'tis well, the fellows of the Guard
Intend not to come thither; if they did
The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

Aph. And then,
Yonder's the sign of *Gemini*, do'st see it?

Alu. Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters
Mingled in friendship with a holy Brother
To beget Reformatations.

Aph. And there sits *Capricorn*.

Alu. A Welchman, is't not?

Aph. There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,
As if his feet were sleepy, there, do you mark it?

Alu. I, I, Alderman-like awalking after Dinner,
His paunch o'ercharged with Capon and with White-broth.

Aph. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,
Hadst thou as many eyes as the black night,
They would be all too little, see'st thou *Virgo*?

Alu. No by my troth, there are so few on Earth
I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven,
Than only one.

Aph. That was my Mistress once, but is of late
Translated to the height of deserv'd Glory,
And adds new Ornaments to the wondring Heavens.
Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing
Without her presence to give life and being?

If there be any hill whose lofty top
Nature hath made contiguous with Heaven,
Tho it be steep, rugged as *Neptunes* brow,
Tho arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,
And all the other Souldiers of Misery,
Yet I would climb it up, that I might come
Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.

Alu. I prithee do, for amongst all the beasts
That help to make up the celestial Signs,
There's a Calf wanting yet.

Aph. But stay——

Alu. Nay, I have learn'd enough Astrology.

Aph. Hunger and faintness have already seiz'd me,
'Tis a long journey thither, I shall want
Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd?
And when I am come thither I will snatch
The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling't down
To thee for a reward.

Alu. No doubt you will;
But you shall need no victuals, when you have ended
Your toilsom journey, kill the Ram you talk of,
And feed your self with most celestial Mutton.

Aph. Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that,
I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole,

And drown it in those waters it avoids,
 And dares not touch; I'll tug the *Hyades*
 And make them to sink down in spite of nature;
 I'll meet with *Charles* his Wayn and overturn it
 And break the wheels of't, till *Böotes* start
 For fear, and grow more slow than e'er he was.

Alu. by this good light he'll snuff the Moon anon,
 Here's words indeed would fright a Conjuror,
 'Tis pity that these huge Gigantick speeches
 Are not upon the Stage, they would do rarely,
 For none would understand them, I could wish
 Some Poet here now, with his Table-Book.

Aph. I'll cuff with *Pollux*, and outride thee, *Castor*,
 When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his heart out,
 And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,
 Take his sting out and fling him to the earth.

Alu. To me good Sir,
 It may perhaps raise me a great Estate
 With shewing it up and down for Pence a piece.

Aph. *Alcides* freed the earth from Savage monsters,
 And I will free the heavens and be called
Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.

Alu. A brave Castilian name.

Aph. 'Tis a hard task,
 But if that fellow did so much by strength,
 I may well do't arm'd both with Love and fury.

Alu. Of which thou hast enough.

Aph. Farewel thou rat.
 The Cedar bids the Shrub adjeu.

Alu. Farewel
Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.
 If thou scar'lt any, 'twill be by that name.
 This is a wonderful rare fellow, and
 I like his humor mightily——who's here?

Enter Truga.

The Chronicle of a hundred years ago!
 How many crows hath she outliv'd? sure death
 Hath quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*
 I must invent some trick to help *Palemon*.

Tru. I am going again to *Callidorus*,
 But I have got a better present now,
 My own Ring made of good Ebony,
 Which a young handfom Shepherd bestowed on me
 Some fourscore years ago, then they all lov'd me,
 I was a handfom Lads, I was in those days.

Alu. I, so thou wert I'll warrant; here's good sign of't,
 Now I'll begin the work, Reverend *Truga*,
 Whose very Autumn shews how glorious
 The spring time of your youth was——

Tru. Are you come

To put your mocks upon me?

Alu. I do confess indeed my former speeches
Have been too rude and saucy; I have flung
Mad jests too wildly at you; but considering
The reverence which is due to age, and vertue,
I have repented, will you see my tears?
And believe them: Oh for an Onion now!
Or I shall laugh aloud, ha, ha, ha!)

[*Aside.*

Tru. Alas good soul! I do forgive you truly;
I would not have you weep for me, indeed
I ever thought you would repent at last.

Alu. You might well,
But the right valuing of your worth and vertue
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorn
Into a wiser reverence, pardon me
If I say love.

Tru. I, I, with all my heart,
But do you speak sincerely?

Alu. Oh! it grieves me
That you should doubt it, what I spake before
Were lies, the off-spring of a foolish rashness,
I see some sparks still of your former beauty,
Which in spite of time still flourish.

Tru. Why I am not
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But fourscore years. Am I a *January* now?
How do you think? I always did believe
You'd be of another opinion one day;
I know you did but jest.

Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes) [*Aside.*
How you bely your age.—for—let me see—
A man would take you—let me see—for—
Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred) [*Aside.*
Not a jot more I swear.

Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look something fresh indeed this morning.
I should please *Callidorus* mightily,
But I'll not go perhaps; this fellow is
As handsom quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not
Have him grow mad, which I may chance to do
If I should scorn him.

[*Aside.*

Alu. I have something here
Which I would fain reveal to you, but dare not
Without your licence.

Tru. Do in *Pans* name, do; now, now.

Alu. The comely gravity which adorns your age,
And makes you still seem lovely, hath so stricken me——

Tru. Alas good soul! I must seem coy at first,
But not too long, for fear I should quite lose him.

Alu. That I shall perish utterly, unless
Your gentle nature help me.

Tru. Alas good Shepherd!
And in troth I fain would help you,
But I am past those vanities of Love.

Alu. Oh no!
Wife nature which preserv'd your life till now
Doth it because you should enjoy these pleasures
Which do belong to life, if you deny me,
I am undone.

Tru. Well you should not win me
But that I am loth to be held the cause
of any young mans ruin, do not think it
My want of chastity, but my good nature
Which would see no one hurt.

Alu. Ah pretty soul!
How supple 'tis, like Wax before the Sun!
Now cannot I chuse but kiss her, there's the plague of't,
Let's then joyn our hearts, and seal them with a kiss.

[Aside.

Tru. Well, let us then:
'Twere incivility to be your debtor,
I'll give you back again your kiss, sweet-heart,
And come in th' Afternoon, I'll see you;
My Husband will be gone to sell some Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the Sheep, till then:
Farewel good Duck.

But do you hear, because you shall remember
To come, I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring,
But do not wear it, lest my Husband chance
To see't: Farewel Duck.

[Offers to go.
[Turns back.

Alu. Lest her Husband chance
To see't: she cannot deny this, here's enough;
My Scene of Love is done then; is she gone?
I'll call her back; ho *Truga*; *Truga* ho:

Tru. Why do you call me Duck?

Alu. Only to ask one foolish question of thee:
Ha'n't you a Husband?

Tru. Yes, you know I have.

Alu. And do you love him?

Tru. Why do you ask? I do.

Alu. Yet you can be content to make him a Cuckold,
Tru. Rather than to see you perish in your flames.

Alu. Why, art thou now two hundred years of age,
Yet hast no more discretion but to think
That I could love thee? ha, ha, were't mine
I'd sell thee to some Gardener, thou wouldst serve
To scare away the thieves as well as crows.

Tru. Oh, you're disposed to jest I see, Farewel.

Alu. Nay, I'm in very earnest; I love you!
Why thy face is a vizard.

Tru. Leave

Tru. Leave of these' tricks, I shall be angry else,
And take away the favours I bestow'd.

Alu. Tis known that thou hast eyes by the holes only,
Which are crept farther in, than thy nose out,
And that's almost a yard; thy quarrelling teeth
Of such a colour are, that they themselves
Scare one another, and do stand at distance;
Thy skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones
(For flesh thou hast not) and is grown so black,
That a wild Centaure would not meddle with thee.
To conclude, Nature made thee when she was
Only dispos'd to jest, and length of time
Hath made thee more ridiculous.

Tru. Base villian, is this your love?
Give me my Ring again?

Alu. No, no; foft there:
I intend to bestow it on your Husband;
He'll keep it better far than you have done.

Tru. What Shall I do? *Alupis*, good *Alupis*,
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me.

Alu. No, I'll come to you in the Afternoon,
Your Husband will be selling of some Kine,
And *Hylace* tending the sheep.

Tru. Pray hear me, command me any thing
And be but silent of this, good *Alupis*;
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

Alu. Yes, yes, yes, I will be silent,
I'll only blow a Trumpet on yon hill,
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me,
Then shew the Ring, and tell the passages
'Twixt you and me.

Tru. Alas! I am undone.

Alu. Well now'tis ripe; I have had sport enough!
Since I behold your penitential tears
I'll propose this to you, if you can get
Your Daughter to be married to *Palamon*
This day, for I'll allow no longer time;
To-morrow I'll restore your Ring, and swear
Never to mention what is past betwixt us,
If not—you know what follows——take your choice.

Tru. I'll do my best endeavour.

Alu. Go make hast then,
You know your time's bur short, and use it well:
Now if this fail the Devil's in all wit.

[Exit *Truga*.]

I'll go and thrust it forward, if it take,

*I'll sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholly,
Let's live here whilst we may.*

The end of the third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Callidorus, Bellula, Florellus.*

Cal. **P**RAY follow me no more, methinks that modesty
Which is so lively painted in your face,
Should prompt your maiden heart with fears and blushes
To trust your self in so much privateness
With one you know not.

Bell. I should love those fears
And call them hopes, could I persuade my self,
There were so much heat in you as to cause them;
Prithee leave me; If thou dost hope success
To thine own love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

Flo. If Love cause you
To follow him, how can you angry be?
Because Love forces me without resistance
To do the same to you?

Bell. Love should not grow
So subtil as to play with arguments.

Flo. Love should not be an enemy to Reason.

Cal. To Love is of it self a kind of folly,
But to love one who cannot render back
Equal desire, is nothing else but madness.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he should learn.

Flo. Not to love is of it self a kind of hardness,
But not to love him who hath always woo'd you
With chaste desires, is nothing less than Tyranny.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he should learn.

Cal. Why do you follow him that flies from you?

Flo. Why do you flie from him that follows you?

Bell. Why do you follow? Why do you flie from me?

Cal. The Fates command me that I must not love you.

Flo. The Fates command me that I needs must love you.

Bell. The Fates impose the like command on me,
That you I must, that you I cannot love.

Flo. Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with words, and court her with persuasions,
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her Brow
Of the least wrinkle which fate there before;
So when the waters with an amorous noise
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond embraces,
And darts them back; till they with terror scattered,
Drop down again in tears.

Bell. Unhappy Woman!
When I begin to shew him all my passion,
He flies from me, and will not clear his Brow

Of any Cloud which covered it before;
 So when the ravishing Nightingale hath tun'd
 Her mournful notes, and silenc'd all the Birds,
 Yet the deaf wind flirts by, and in disdain
 With a rude whistle leaves her.

Cl. We are all three

Unhappy; born to be the proud example
 Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodness,
 Let us not call upon our selves those miseries
 Which love hath not, and those it hath, bear bravely,
 Our desires yet are like some hidden text,
 Where one word seems to contradict another,
 They are Loves non-sence, wrap't up in thick clouds,
 Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
 Which doubtless 'twill; till then let us endure,
 And sound a parlee to our Passions:

Bell. We may joyn hands tho, may we not?

Flo. We may, and lips too, may we not?

Bell. We may, come let's sit down and talk.

Cal. And look upon each other.

Flo. Then kifs again.

Bell. Then look.

Cal. Then talk again,

What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature
 Would be quite pos'd to make our smile.

Flo. We are the Trigon in Loves Hemisphere,

Bell. We are three strings on *Venus* dainty'st Lute,

Where all three hinder one anothers musick,
 Yet all three joyn and make one Harmony.

Cal. We are three flowers of *Venus* dainty Garden,

Where all three hinder one anothers odor,
 Yet all three joyn, and make one nosegay up.

Flo. Come let us kifs again.

Bell. And look.

Cal. And talk.

Flo. Nay rather sing, your Lips are Natures Organs,
 And made for nought less sweet than harmony.

Cal. Pray do.

Bell. Tho I forfeit

My little skill in singing to your wit;
 Yet I will do't, since you command.

S O N G:

*It is a punishment to love,
 And not to love a punishment doth prove;
 But of all pains there's no such pain,
 As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again.*

Till sixteen, Parents we obey,
 After sixteen, men steal our hearts away:
 How wretched are we women grown,
 Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are ne'er our own!

Cal. Thank you.

Flo. For ever be the tales of Orpheus silent,
 Had the same age seen thee, that very Poet,
 Who drew all to him by his harmony,
 Thou would'st have drawn to thee.

Cal. Come, shall we rise?

Bell. If it please you, I will.

Cal. I cannot chuse

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken
 Much with the serious trifles of their passion.
 Let's go and see, if we can break this net
 In which we all are caught; if any man
 Ask who we are, we'll say we are *Loves Riddle*. [Exeunt.

Enter Ægon, Palamon, Alupis.

Pal. Thou art my better Genius, honest Ægon,

Alu. And what am I?

Pal. My self, my soul, my friend;

Let me hug thee Alupis, and thee Ægon,
 Thee for inventing it, thee for putting it
 In Act; But do you think the Plot will hold?

Alu. Hold! why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,
 Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock fast,
 Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you
 If't will, if that will not neither, I can tell you
 What will I'm sure, a Halter.

Then sing, &c.—

Æg. Come, shall we knock?

Alu. I do; For 'tis, &c.—

Æg. Ho Truga; who's within there?

Alu. You, Winter, Ho, you that the grave expected
 Some hundred years ago, you that intend
 To live till you turn Skeleton, and make
 All men weary of you but Physicians
 Pox on you, will you come?

Enter Truga.

Tru. I come, I come, who's there? who's there?

Alu. Oh, in good time,

Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready
 To give your Daughter up? the time makes haste,
 Look here, do you know this Ring?

Tru. Hark aside I pray,
 You have not told these, have you?

Alu. No good Duck,
 Only told them that your mind was altered,
 And that you lik'd Palemon, so we three

Brought in to be my guest.

Ma. Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he is,

Cl. Thou shalt know all;

The freshness of the morning did invite me
To walk abroad, there I began to think
How I had lost my Brother, that one thought
Like circles in the Water begat many,
Those and the pleasant verdure of the Fields
Made me forget the way, and did entice me
Farther than either fear or modesty
Else would have suffered me, beneath an Oak
Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about,
And was it self alone almost a Wood,
I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,
Crying aloud for either food or sleep,
And knocking his white hands against the ground,
Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,
Pity, and fear, both proper to us Women,
Drive my feet back far swifter than they went.
When I came home, I took two Servants with me
And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,
And with such cheer as then the House afforded,
Replenish'd him, he was much mended suddenly,
Is now asleep, and when he wakes, I hope,
Will find his senses perfect.

Ma. You did shew

In this, what never was a stranger to you,
Much piety; but wander from your subject :
You have not yet discovered, who it is
Deserves your Love.

Cl. Fie, fie, how dull thou art,
Thou dost not use in other things to be so ;
Why I love him ; his name I cannot tell thee ;
For 'tis my great unhappiness to be
Still ignorant of that my self. He comes,
Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canst choose.

Ma. You need not fear't forsooth. [Enter Aphron.

Cl. Leave me alone with him ; withdraw.

Ma. I do.

[Exit Maid.

Aph. Where am I now ? under the Northern Pole
Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground
And glazeth up the floods ? or where the Sun
With neighbouring rays breaks the divided earth,
And drinks the Rivers up ? or do I sleep ?
Is't not some foolish dream deludes my fancy ?
Who am I ? I begin to question that.
Was not my County *Sicily* ? my name
Call'd *Aphron*, wretched *Aphron* ?

Cl. Ye good Gods

Forbid ; is this that man who was the cause

Of all the grief for *Callidora's* loss?
 Is this the man that I so oft have curst?
 Now I could almost hate him, and methinks
 He is not quite so handsome as he was;
 And yet alas he is, tho by his means
 My Brother is gone from me, and Heaven knows
 If I shall see him more, Fool as I am,
 I cannot chuse but love him.

Aph. Cheat me not good eyes,
 What Woman, or what Angel do I see?
 Oh stay, and let me worship ere thou goest;
 Whether thou beest a Goddess which thy beauty
 Commands me to believe, or else some mortal
 Which I the rather am induc'd to think,
 Because I know the Gods all hate me so,
 They would not look upon me.

Cl. Spare these titles,
 I am a wretched Woman, who for pity
 (Alas that I should pity! 't had been better
 That I had been remorseless) brought you hither, [Aside.
 Where with some food and rest, thanks to the Gods
 Your senses are recovered.

Aph. My good Angel!
 I do remember now that I was mad
 For want of meat and sleep, thrice did the Sun
 Clear all the World but me, thrice did the night
 With silent and bewitching darkness give
 A resting time to every thing but *Aphron*.
 The Fish, the Beasts, the Birds, the smallest creatures
 And the most despicable snor'd securely.
 The aguish head of every tree by *Æolus*
 Was rock'd asleep, and shook as if it nodded.
 The crooked Mountains seem'd to bow and slumber,
 The very Rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,
 Nothing did watch, but the pale, Moon and I,
 Paler than she; grief wedded to this toil,
 What else could it beget but frantickness?
 But now methinks, I am my own, my brain
 Swims not as it was wont; Oh brightest Virgin
 Shew me some way by which I may be grateful,
 And if I do't not, let an eternal Phrenzy
 Immediately seize on me.

Cl. Alas! 'twas only
 My love, and if you will reward me for't,
 Pay that I lent you, I'll require no interest,
 The Principal's enough.

Aph. You speak in mists.

Cl. You're loth perhaps to understand.

Aph. If you intend that I should love and honour you,
 I do by all the Gods.

Cl. But

Cl. But I am covetous in my demands,
I am not satisfied with wind-like promises
Which only touch the lips; I ask your heart,
Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,
Which so I gave to you.

Aph. Ha! you amaze me,
Oh! You have spoken something worse than Lightning,
That blasts the inward parts, leaves the outward whole,
My gratitude commands me to obey you,
But I am born a man, and have those Passions
Fighting within me, which I must obey.
Whilst *Callidora* lives, although she be
As cruel, as thy breast is soft and gentle;
'Tis sin for me to think of any other.

Cl. You cannot love me then?

Aph. I do, I swear,
Above my self I do: my self! what said I?
Alas! that's nothing; above any thing
But Heaven and *Callidora*.

Cl. Fare you well then,
I would not do that wrong to one I love,
To urge him farther than his power and will;
Farewel, remember me when you are gone,
And happy in the love of *Callidora*.

[Exit.]

Aph. When I do not, may I forget my self,
Would I were mad again; then I might rave
With privilege, I should not know the griefs
That hurried me about, 'twere better far
To lose the Senses, Than be tortur'd by them.
Where is she gone? I did not ask her name,
Fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman!
Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods
Is't not enough that I my self am miserable?
Must I make others so too? I'll go in
And comfort her; alas! how can I tho?
I'll grieve with her, that is in ills a comfort.

[Exit.]

Enter *Alupis*, *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Palæmon*, *Ægon*.

Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me,
'Twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but since good Fate,
Or rather *Ægon*, better far than Fate,
Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,
I see not with what countenance you can
Coin any second argument against me.

Mel. Come, no matter for that:
Yes, I could wish you were less eloquent,
You have a vice called Poesie which much
Displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.

Alu. Alas! he'll leave that streight
When he has got but money; he that swims
In *Tagus*, never will go back to *Helicon*.

Besides,

Besides, when he hath married *Hylace*,
Whom should he woo, to praise her comely Feature,
Her skin like falling Snow, her eyes like Stars,
Her cheeks like Roses (which are common places
Of all your Lovers praises) Oh! those Vanities,
Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistris,
Are by a Mistris first begot, and left
When they leave her.

Pal. Why do you think that Poesie
An art which even the Gods——

Alu. Pox on your arts,
Let him think what he will; what's that to us?

Æg. Well, I would gladly have an answer of you,
Since I have made *Palemon* here my son,
If you conceive your daughter is so good,
We will not press you, but seek out some other
Who may perhaps please me and him as well.

Pal. Which is impossible——

Alu. Rot on your possibles——
Thy mouth like a crackt Fiddle never sounds
But out of Tune; come, put on *Truga*,
You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring.

Tru. Yes, yes, I do, I do; do you hear sweet heart?
Are you mad to fling away a Fortune
That's thrust upon you, you know *Ægon's* rich.

Mel. Come, no matter for that,
That's thrust upon me! I would fain see any man
Thrust ought upon me; But's no matter for that,
I will do that which I intend to do,
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me!

Pal. Come, what say you *Melarnus*?

Mel. What say I? 'tis no matter what I say,
I'll speak to *Ægon*, if I speak to any,
And not to you; but no matter for that;
Hark you, will you leave all the means you have
To this *Palemon*?

Tru. I Duck, he says he will.

Mel. Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him say so.

Æg. I will, and here do openly protest,
That since my *Bellula* (mine that was once)
Thinks her self wiser than her father is,
And will be governed rather by her Passions
Than by the Square that I prescribe to her,
That I will never count her as my Daughter.

Alu. Well acted by God *Pan*, see but What 'tis
To have me for a Tutor in these Rogueries.

Mel. But tell me now, good neighbor, what estate
Do you intend to give him?

Æg. That estate
Which Fortune and my Care hath given to me,

The money which I have, and that's not much,
The Sheep, and Goats.

Mel. And not the Oxen too?

Æg. Yes, every thing.

Mel. The Horses to?

Æg. I tell you, every thing.

Alu. By *Pan* he'll make him promise him particularly
Each thing above the value of a Beans-straw :
You'll leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,
And Harnes for the Horses, will you not?

Mel. I, I, what else; but 'tis no matter for that,
I know *Palemon*'s an ingenious man,
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither.

Æg. Well, since we are both agreed, why do we stay here?
I know *Palemon* longs t' embrace his *Hylace*.

Mel. I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you so,
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be,
But's no matter for that: Farewel all:

Come *Truga*.

[*Exeunt Melarnus and Truga*]

Æg. Come on then, let's not stay too long in trifling,

Palemon go, and prepare your self against the time.

I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,
Lest this unwelcome news should too much grieve her,
Before she know my meaning.

Alu. Do, do; and I'll go study
Some new-found way to vex the fool *Melarnus*.

For 'tis but a folly,

To be melancholy, &c.

Enter *Florellus*.

Whilst *Callidorns* lives, I cannot love thee.
These were her parting words; I'll kill him then;
Why do I doubt it fool? such wounds as these
Require no gentler medicine; methinks Love
Frowns at me now, and says I am too dull,
Too slow in his command; and yet I will not,
These hands are Virgins yet, unstain'd with Villany;
Shall I begin to teach them?—methinks Piety
Frowns at me now, and says, I am too weak
Against my Passions: Piety!—
'Twas fear begot that Bugbear; for thee *Bellula*
I durst be wicked, tho' I saw *Joves* hand
Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt: Farewel,
(If thou beest any thing, and not a shadow
To fright Boys and old-women) farewel Conscience,
Go and be strong in other petty things,
To Lovers come, when Lovers make use of thee,
Not else: and yet,—what shall I do or say?
I see the better way, and know 'tis better,
Yet still this devious error draws me backward.

So when contrary winds rush out and meet,
 And wrestle on the Sea with equal fury,
 The waves swell into Mountains, and are driven
 Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two
 Which Captain to obey.

Enter Alupis.

Alu. Ha, ha, I'll have such excellent sport,
 For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

Flo. Why here's a fellow now makes sport of every thing,
 See one mans fate how it excels another,
 He can sit, and pass away the day in jollity,
 My musick is my sighs, whilst tears keep time.

Alu. Who's here? a most rare posture!
 How the good soul folds in his arms! he dreams
 Sure that he hugs his Mistress now, for that
 Is his disease without all doubt; so, good!
 With what judicious garb he plucks his hat
 Over his eyes; so, so, good! better yet;
 He cries; by this good light, he cries, the man
 Is careful, and intends to water his sheep
 With his own tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Do'st thou see any thing that deserves thy laughter,
 Fond Swain?

Alu. I see nothing in good troth but you.

Flo. To jeer those who are Fates may-game
 Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both sin,
 And folly too; our life is so uncertain
 Thou canst not promise that thy mirth shall last
 To morrow, and not meet with any rub,
 Then thou may'st act that part, to day thou laugh'st at.

Alu. I act a part? it must be in a Comedy then,
 I abhor Tragedies; besides, I never
 Practis'd this posture: Hey ho! woe, alas!
 Why do I live? my musick is my sighs
 Whilst tears keep time.

Flo. You take too great a licence to your wit;
 Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so:
 And it deserves my pity, more than anger.
 Else you should find, that blows are heavier far
 Than the most studied jests you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith it will be but labour lost to beat me,
 All will not teach me how to act this part;
 Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull rogue, and so
 Shall never learn it.

Flo. You're unmannerly
 To talk thus saucily with one you know not,
 Nay, hardly ever saw before, be gone
 And leave me as you found me, my worst thoughts
 Are better company than thou.

Alu. Enjoy them then,

Here's nobody desires to rob you of them.
 I would have left your company without bidding,
 'Tis not so pleasant, I remember well,
 When I had spent all my money, I stood thus,
 And therefore hate the posture ever since.
 D'ye hear? I'm going to a wedding now;
 If you've a mind to dance, come along with me,
 Bring your hard-hearted Mistress with you too,
 Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her
 Your Musick sighs, and that your tears keep time.
 Will you not go? Farewel then good Tragical Actor.
 Now have at thee *Melarnus*; For 'tis but a folly, &c.

[Exit.

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard
 As Rocks which suffer the continual sieg
 Of Sea and Wind against them; but I will
 Win her or lose (which I should gladly do)
 My self: my self? why so I have already:
 Ho! who hath found *Florellus*? he is lost,
 Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,
 (Who having mis'd me, do by this time search
 Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florellus*,
 Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched,
 Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Alupis*, *Palamon*, *Ægon*.

Pal. THE gods convert these omens into good,
 And mock my fears; thrice in the very threshold,
 Without its Masters leave my foot stood still,
 Thrice in the way it stumbled.

Alu. Thrice, and thrice

You were a fool then for observing it.
 Why these are follies that the young years of *Truga*
 Did hardly know; are they not vanish'd yet?

Pal. Blame not my fear: that's *Cupid's* usher always;
 Tho' *Hylace* were now in my embraces,
 I should half doubt it.

Alu. If you chanc'd to stumble.

Æg. Let him enjoy his madness, the same liberty
 He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Alu. I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one
 I should not be dismay'd because the threshold—

Pal. Alas! That was not all, as I came by

The Oak to *Faunus* sacred, where the Shepherds
 Exercise rural sports on Festivals,
 On that Trees top an inauspicious Crow
 Foretold some ill to happen.

Æg. And because Crows
 Foretel wet weather, you interpret it
 The rain of your own eyes; but leave these tricks
 And let me advise you.

Melarnus speaking to Hylace within his door.

Mel. Well come; no matter for that; I do believe thee, girl,
 And would they have such sport with vexing me!
 But's no matter for that; I'll vex them for't,
 I know your fiery Lover will be here strait,
 But I shall cool him; but come, no matter for that:
 Go get you in, for I do see them coming.

Æg. Here comes *Melarnus*.

Pal. He looks chearfully, I hope all's well.

Æg. *Melarnus*, opportunely: we are coming
 Just now unto you.

Mel. Yes, very likely; would you have spoken with me?

Æg. Spoken with you?

Why, are you mad? have you forgot your promise?

Mel. My promise? oh! 'tis true, I said indeed
 I would go with you to day to sell some Kine;
 Stay but a little, I'll be ready straight.

Pal. I am amaz'd; good *Ægon* speak to him.

Alu. By this good light,
 I see no likelihood of any marriage,
 Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither;
 A rot upon your Beasts; is *Hylace* ready?

Mel. It's no matter for that; who's there? *Alupis*?
 Give me thy hand, 'faith thou'rt a merry fellow,
 I have not seen thee here these many days,
 But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.

Alu. Thy memory's fled away sure with thy wit.
 Was not I here less than an hour ago
 With *Ægon*, when you made the match?

Mel. Oh! then you'll go along with us,
 Faith do; for you will make us very merry.

Alu. I shall, if you thus make a fool of me.

Mel. Oh no! you'll make you sport with vexing me.
 But mum; no matter for that neither: there
 I bob'd him privately, I think.

Æg. Come, what's the business?

Alu. The business? why he's mad, beyond the cure
 Of all the Herbs that grow in *Anticyra*.

Æg. You see we have not fail'd our word *Melarnus*,
 I and my Son are come.

Mel. Your Son! good lack!
 I thought, I swear, you had no other child

[*Aside.*

Besides

Besides your Daughter *Bellula*.

Æg. Nay, then

I see you are dispos'd to make us fools, —
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Son and Heir ?

Alu. Did not you examine

Whether he would leave him all, lest that he should
Adopt some other heir to the Cheese-presses,
The milking pails, the Cream-bowls? did you not ?

Mel. In troth 'tis well ; but where is *Bellula* ?

Æg. Nay, prithee leave these tricks, and tell me
What you intend, is *Hylace* ready ?

Mel. Ready? what else? she's to be married presently
To a young Shepherd ; but's no matter for that.

Pal. That's I, hence fears ;

Attend upon the infancy of Love,
She's now mine own.

Alu. Why I ; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel you this ?

Mel. *Hylace*, *Hylace*, come forth,

Here are some come to dance at your Wedding,
And they're welcome.

[*Enter Hylace.*

Pal. The light appears, just like the rising Sun,
When o'er yon hill it peeps, and with a draught
Of morning dew salutes the day, how fast
The night of all my sorrows flies away.

Quite banish'd with her sight !

Hyl. Did you call for me ?

Mel. Is *Dametas* come ? fie, how slow he is
At such a time? but it's no matter for that ;
Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him.

Pal. Will you be gone so quickly? oh ! bright *Hylace*,
That blessed hour by me so often begg'd,
By you so oft deny'd, is now approaching.

Mel. What, how now ? what do you kiss her ? [Exit *Hyl.*
If *Dametas* were here, he would grow jealous,
But 'tis a parting kiss, and so in manners
She cannot deny it you ; but it's no matter for that.

Alu. How ?

Mel. What do you wonder at?
Why do you think, as soon as they are married,
Dametas such a fool, to let his Wife
Be kiss'd by every body ?

Pal. How now *Dametas* ?
Why what hath he to do with her ?

Mel. Ha, ha !

What hath the Husband then to do with's Wife ?
Good : 'tis no matter for that tho ; he knows what.

Æg. You mean *Palæmon* sure, ha, do you not ?

Mel. 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.
Well, rest ye merry Gentlemen, I must in

And see my Daughters Wedding, if you please,
 To dance with us; *Dametas* sure will thank ye;
 Pray bring your Son and heir *Palæmon* with you,
Bellula's cast away, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 And the poor fool *Melarnus* must be cheated,
 But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?
 I thought you would have had most excellent sport
 With abusing poor *Melarnus*, that same coxcomb,
 For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,
Ægon hath cheated him, *Palæmon* is
 Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*
 Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
 But it's no matter for that; farewell genteles,
 Or if ye'll come and dance, ye shall be welcome,
 Will you *Palæmon*? 'tis your Misstris Wedding.
 I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every side,
 No matter for that tho; what I have done, I have done:
 Ha, ha, ha!

Æg. How no? what are you both dumb? both thunder-struck? [Exit.
 This was your plot *Alupis*.

Alu. I'll begin.

May his Sheep rot, and he for want of food
 Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man
 Abuse him, and yet he not have the wit
 To abuse any man; may he never speak
 More sense than he did now; and may he never
 Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son-
 In-law be a more famous Cuckold made
 Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun shall lose his course,
 And brightness too, ere *Hylace* her Chastity.
 Oh no! ye Gods, may she be happy always,
 Happy in the embraces of *Dametas*;
 And that shall be some comfort to my ghost
 When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.

Alu. May a disease seize upon all his Cattle,
 And a far worse on him, till he at last
 Be carried to some Hospital i'th' City,
 And there kill'd by a Chirurgion for experience.
 And when he's gone, I'll wish this good thing for him,
 May the earth lye gently on him—that the dogs
 May tear him up the easier.

Æg. A curse upon thee!

And upon me for trusting thy fond counsels!
 Was this your cunning trick? why thou hast wounded
 My Conscience, and my Reputation too:
 With what face can I look on the other Swains?
 Or who will ever trust me, who have broke
 My Faith thus openly?

Pal. A curse upon thee,

This is the second time that thy persuasions
 Made me not only fool, but wicked too ;
 I should have died in quiet else, and known
 No other wound, but that of her denial ;
 Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd *Palæmon* ;
 But yet methinks you might have chose some other
 For Subject of your mirth, not me.

Æg. Nor me.

Alu. And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder
 Who it should be, betray'd us, since we three
 And *Truga* only knew it, whom, if she
 Betray'd us, I—) if this, I say, had prospered,
 You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,
 And him for putting it in Act ; foolish men
 That do not mark the thing but the event !
 Your judgments hang on Fortune, not on Reason.

Æg. Do'st thou upbraid us too ?

Pal. First make us wretched,
 And then laugh at us ? believe, *Alupis*,
 Thou shalt not long have cause to boast thy Villany.

Alu. My Villany ? do what ye can : you're fools,
 And there's an end ; I'll talk with you no more,
 I had as good speak reason to the wind
 As you, that can but hiss at it.

Æg. We will do more ; *Palæmon*, come away,
 He hath wrong'd both, and both shall satisfie.

Alu. Which he will never do ; nay, go and plod,
 Your two wise brains will invent certainly
 Politick gins to catch me in.

[*Exeunt.*

And now have at thee *Truga*, if I find
 That thou art guilty ; mum—I have a Ring——

Palæmon, Ægon, Hylace, Melarnus.

Are all against me ? no great matter : hang care,

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bellula.

This way my *Callidorus* went, what chance
 Hath snatch'd him from my sight ? how shall I find him ?
 How shall I find my self, now I have lost him ?
 With ye my feet and eyes I will not make
 The smallest truce, till ye have sought him out.

[*Exit.*

Enter Callidorus and Florellus.

Cal. Come, now your business.

Flo. 'Tis a fatal one,

Which will almost as much shame me to speak,
 Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

Cal. Fright me ! it must be then some wickedness,
 I am accusom'd to to misery,
 That cannot do't.

Flo. Oh ! 'tis a sin, young man,
 A sin which every one shall wonder at,

None not condemn, if ever it be known :
 Methinks my blood shrinks back into my veins,
 And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to bristles.
 Do not my eyes creep back into their cells ;
 As if they seem'd to wish for thicker darknes,
 Than either night or death to cover them ?
 Doth not my face look black and horrid too ?
 As black and horrid as my thoughts ? ha ! tell me.

Cal. I am a novice in all villanies,
 If your intents be such, dismiss me, pray,
 My nature is more easie to discover
 Than help you ; so farewell.

Flo. Yet stay a little longer ; you must stay ;
 You are an actor in this Tragedy.

Cal. What would you do ?

Flo. Alas ! I would do nothing ; but I must——

Cal. What must you do ?

Flo. I must—Love thou hast got the Victory——
 Kill thee.

Cal. Who me ? you do but jest,
 I should believe you, if I could tell how
 To frame a cause, or think on any injury
 Worth such a large revenge, which I have done you.

Flo. Oh no ! there's all the wickedness, they may seem
 To find excuse for their abhorred fact ;
 That kill when wrongs, and anger urgeth them ;
 Because thou art so good, so affable,
 So full of graces, both of mind and body,
 Therefore I kill thee, wilt thou know it plainly,
 Because whilst thou art living, *Bellula*
 Protested she would never be another,
 Therefore I kill thee.

Cal. Had I been your Rival
 You might have had some cause ; cause did I say ?
 You might have had pretence for such a villany :
 He who unjustly kills is twice a Murderer.

Flo. He whom Love bids to kill is not a murderer.

Cal. Call not that Love that's ill ; 'tis only fury.

Flo. Fury in ills is half excusable :
 Therefore prepare thy self ; if any sin
 (Tho I believe thy hot and flourishing youth
 As innocent as other mens nativities)
 Hath slung a spot upon thy purer Conscience,
 Wash it in some few tears.

Cal. Are you resolv'd to be so cruel ?

Flo. I must, or be as cruel to my self.

Cal. As sick men do their beds, so have I yet
 Enjoy'd my self, with little rest, much trouble :
 I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,
 And am almost worn out with often playing ;

And therefore I would entertain my death
As some good friend whose coming I expected;
Were it not that my Parents——

Flo. Here; see, I do not come [Draws two Swords
Like a foul Murderer to entrap you falsely, from under his
Take your own choice, and then defend your self. garment and of-
Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and since it must be so, fers one to *Cal.*
Altho my strength and courage call me Woman,
I will not die like Sheep without resistance;
If Innocence be guard sufficient,
I'm sure he cannot hurt me.

Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon spreading tree
Hath sounded out your dying knell already.

Cal. I am.

Flo. 'Tis well, and I could wish thy hand
Were strong enough; 'tis thou deserv'st the Victory,
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven
In all my thoughts, I would my self play booty
Against my self; but *Bellula*——come on. [Fight.

Enter Philistus.

This is the Wood adjoining to the Farm,
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*
My Sister, to remain till my return;
Here 'tis in vain to seek her, yet who knows?
Tho it be in vain I'll seek; to him that doth
Propose no Journeys end, no path's amifs.
Why how now? what do you mean? for shame part Shepherds,
I thought you honest Shepherds, had not had [Sees them
So much of Court and City Follies in you. fighting.

Flo. 'Tis *Philistus*; I hope he will not know me,
Now I begin to see how black and horrid
My attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*:
Thanks to the juster Deities for declining
From both the danger, and from me the sin.

Phil. 'T would be a wrong to charity to dismiss ye
Before I see you friends, give me your weapons.

Cal. 'Tis he: why do I doubt? most willingly,
And my self too, best man; now kill me Shepherd——

Phil. What do you mean? [Swoons.

Rise, prithee rise; sure you have wounded him.

Enter Bellula.

Deceive me not good eyes; what do I see?
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impossible!
Who is it that lies slain there? are you dumb?
Who is't I pray?

Flo. Fair Mistress——

Bell. Pish, Fair Mistress,——

I ask who 'tis; if it be *Callidorus*——

Phil. Was his name *Callidorus*? it is strange.

Bel. You are a Villain, and you too a Villain,

Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*
That calls thee, awake, it is thy *Bellula*;
Why Gentlemen! why Shepherd! fie for shame,
Have you no charity? Oh my *Callidorus*!
Speak but one word——

Cal. 'Tis not well done to trouble me,
Why do you envy me this little rest?

Bell. No; I will follow thee.

[Swoons.

Flo. O help, help quickly,
What do you mean? your *Callidorus* lives.

Bell. *Callidorus*!

Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage,
Look up a little: wretched as I am,
I am the cause of all this ill.

Phil. What shall we do? I have a Sister dwells
Close by this place, let's haste to bring them thither.
But let's be sudden.

Flo. As wing'd lightning is.
Come *Bellula* in spight of Fortune now
I do embrace thee.

Phil. I did protest without my *Callidora*
Ne'er to return, but pity hath o'ercome.

Bell. Where am I?

Flo. Where I could always wish thee: in those arms
Which would infold thee with more subtle knots,
Than amorous Ivy, whilst it hugs the Oak.

Cal. Where do ye bear me? is *Philistus* well?

Phil. How should he know my name, 'tis to me a riddle,
Nay Shepherd, find another time to court in,
Make haste now with your Burthen.

[Exeunt.

Flo. With what ease should I go always were I burthened thus?

Enter *Aphron*.

She told me she was Sister to *Philistus*,
Who having mis'd the Beauteous *Callidora*,
Hath undertook a long and hopeless Journey
To find her out; then *Callidora's* fled,
Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows
When she'll return, or if she do, what then?
Lambs will make Peace, and joyn themselves with Wolves
Ere she with me, worse than a Wolf to her:
Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?
How dare I look upon her after this?
Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,
And *Clariana* shall henceforth——but yet
How fair she was! what then! so's *Clariana*;
What graces did she dart on all beholders!
She did; but so do's *Clariana* too,
She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,
What then? she was as hard too; *Clariana*
Is pure and white as *Ericina's* Doves,

And

And is as soft, as gallefs too as they,
 Her pity sav'd my life, and did restore
 My wandring Senfes, if I should not love her,
 I were far madder now, than when she found me,
 I will go in and render up my self,
 For her most faithful servant.

Wonderful!

[Exit. Enter again.

She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her Prisoner:
 In these two Chambers; what can she intend?

No matter, she intends no hurt I'm sure,

I'll patiently expect her coming to me.

[Exit.

Enter *Demophil*, *Spodasia*, *Clariana*, *Florellus*, *Callidora*,
Bellula, *Philistus*.

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd!

Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.

My Daughter and my Son meet here together!

Philistus with them too! that we should come

To grieve with *Clariana*, and find her here.

Nay, when we thought we'd lost *Florellus* too,

To find them both, methinks it makes me young again.

Spo. I thought I never should have seen thee more

My *Callidora*; come wench; now let's hear

The story of your flight and life in th' Woods.

Phi. Do happy Mistris, for the recordation

Of fore-past ills, makes us the sweetlier relish

Our present good.

Cal. Of *Aphron's* love to me, and my antipathy

Towards him, there's none here ignorant, you know too.

How guarded with his love, or rather fury,

And some few men he broke into our House

With resolution to make me the prey

Of his wild lust.

Spo. I, there's a villain now; oh! that I had him here.

Cla. Oh! say not so:

The crimes which Lovers for their Mistris act,

Bear both the weight and stamp of Piety.

Dem. Come girl; go on, go on. His wild lust—

Cla. What sudden fear shook me, you may imagine,

What should I do? you both were out of Town,

And most of th' servants at that time gone with you.

I on the sudden found a Corner out,

And hid my self, till they, wearied with searching,

Quitted the House, but fearing lest they should

Attempt the same again ere your return,

I took with me money and other necessaries;

And in a Sute my Brother left behind

Disguis'd my self: thus to the Woods I went,

Where meeting with an honest merry Swain,

I by his help was furnith'd, and made Shepherd.

Spo. Nay, I must needs say for her, she was always

A witty wench.

Dem. Pish, pish: and made a Shepherd——

Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdess
(I can attribute it to nought in me
Deserv'd so much) began to love me.

Phil. Why so did all besides I'll warrant you,
Nor can I blame them, tho they were my Rivals.

Cal. Another Shepherd with as much desire
Woo'd her in vain, as She in vain woo'd me,
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,
Whilst I enjoy'd this life, t'enjoy his *Bellula*,
(For by that name shee's known) fought to take me
Out of the way as a partition
Betwixt his Love and him, whilst in the fields
We two were strugling, (him his strength defending
And me my innocence.)

Flo. I am asham'd to look upon their faces.
What shall I say? my guilt's above excuse.

Cal. *Philistus*; as if the Gods had all agreed
To make him mine, just at the nick came in
And parted us; with sudden joy I swooned,
Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then
She came to seek me) sudden grief did force
The same effect from her, which joy from me.
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,
Where being straight recovered to our selves,
I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.

Spo. The Gods be thank'd.

Dem. Go on.

Cal. Nay, you have all, Sir.

Dem. Where's that Shepherd?

Flo. Here.

Dem. here, where?

Flo. Here, your unhappy Son's the man; for her
I put on Sylvan weeds, for her sake
I would have stain'd my innocent hands in blood,
Forgive me all, 'twas not a sin of malice,
'Twas not begot by Lust, but sacred Love;
The cause must be the excuse for the effect.

Dem. You should have used some other means, *Florellus*.

Cal. Alas! 'twas the Gods will Sir, without that
I had been undiscovered yet; *Philistus*
Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd,
You groaning for our loss, upon this wheel
All our felicity is turn'd.

Spo. Alas you have forgot the power of love, sweet-heart:

Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your desire,
You shall not want a Wife that will perhaps
Pleafe you as well, I'm sure besit you better.

Flo. They marry not, but sell themselves t'a Wife,

Whom

Whom the large dowry tempt, and take more pleasure
 To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them.
 Let them whom nature bestows nothing on,
 Seek to patch up their wants by Parents plenty;
 The beautiful, the chaste, the virtuous.
 Her self alone is portion to her self.

Enter Ægon.

By your leave; I come to seek a Daughter.
 Oh! are you there? 'tis well.

Flo. This is her Father,
 I do conjure you Father, by the love
 Which Parents bear their Children, to make up
 The match betwixt us now, or if you will not
 Send for your friends, prepare a Coffin for me,
 And let a Grave be digged, I will be happy,
 Or else not know my misery to morrow.

Spa. You do not think what ill may happen, Husband,
 Come, let him have her, you have means enough
 For him, the wench is fair, and if her face
 Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,
 Altho not stock.

Æg. I do not like this stragling, come along,
 By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will
 Pardon my bold intrusion.

Cl. You're very welcome.
 What are you going *Bellula*? pray stay,
 Tho nature contradicts our love, I hope
 That I may have your Friendship.

Flo. *Bellula!*

Bell. My Father calls; farewell; your name, and memory
 In spite of Fate, I'll love, farewell.

Flo. Would you be gone, and not bestow one word
 Upon your faithful servant? do not all
 My griefs and troubles for your sake sustain'd,
 Deserve, farewell *Florellus*?

Bell. Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unless you stay,
 Or I go with you? you were pleas'd ere while
 To say you honour'd me with the next place
 To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now
 I should be first: do you repent your sentence?
 Or can that tongue sound less than Oracle?

Bell. Perhaps I am of that opinion still,
 But must obey my Father.

Æg. Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her Sir?

Flo. Yes, I would have her self; if constancy
 And love be meritorious, I deserve her.
 Why Father, Mother, Sister, Gentlemen,
 Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since it must be so, I'll bear it patiently,

Shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken
 With your fair Daughter, therefore if you think
 Him fitting for her Husband speak, and let it
 Be made a match immediately, we shall
 Expect no other dowry than her Virtue.

Æg. Which only I can promise; for her Fortune
 Is beneath you so far, that I could almost
 Suspect your words, but that you seem more noble.
 How now, what say you girl?

Bell. I only do depend upon your Will.

Æg. and I'll not be an Enemy to thy good Fortune.
 Take her Sir, and the Gods bless you.

Flo. With greater joy than I would take a Crown.

Alu. The Gods bless you.

Flo. They have don't already.

Æg. Left you should think when time, and oft enjoying
 Hath dull'd the point, and edg of your affection,
 That you have wrong'd your self and Family,
 By marrying one whose very name, a Shepherdess,
 Might fling some spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,
 She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

Flo. How! you speak mistick wonders.

Æg. I speak truths Sir,

Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,
 I found a Nurse wounded, and groaning out
 Her latest spirit, and by her a fair Child,
 And, which her very dressing might declare,
 Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,
 I asked her who had used her so inhumanly:
 She answered me, Turkish Pyrats; and withal
 Desired me to look unto the Child,
 For 'tis, said she, a Nobleman's of *Sicily*,
 His name she would have spoke, but death permitted not.
 Her as I could, I caus'd to be buried,
 But brought home the little girl with me,
 Where by my Wives persuasions we agreed,
 Because the Gods had bless'd us with no issue,
 To nourish as our own, and call it *Bellula*,
 Whom now you see, your Wife, your Daughter.

Spo. Is't possible?

Flo. Her manners shew'd her noble.

Æg. I call the Gods to witness, this is true.
 And for the farther testimony of it,
 I have yet kept at home the furniture,
 And the rich Mantle which she then was wrapt in,
 Which now perhaps may serve for some good use
 Thereby to know her Parents.

Dem. Sure this is *Aphron's* Sister then, for just
 About the time he mentions, I remember,
 The Governor of *Pachinus*, then his Father,

Told me that certain Pyrats of *Argier*
 Had broke into his house, and stoin from thence
 With other things his Daughter, and her Nurse,
 Who being after taken, and executed,
 Their last confession was, that they indeed
 Wounded the Nurse, but she fled with the Child,
 Whilst they were busie searching for more prey;
 Whom since, her Father neither saw nor heard of.

Cl. Then now I'm sure Sir, you would gladly pardon
 The rash attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter;
 Since Fortune hath joyn'd both of you by Kindred.

Dem. Most willingly.

Spo. I, I, alas! 'twas Love.

Flo. Where should we find him out?

Cl. 'Ill save that labour.

[*Exit* *Clariana*.]

Cal. Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd? and the rest
 Of my good *Sylvan* friends? methinks I would
 Fain take my leave of them.

Æg. I'll fetch them hither.

They're not far off, and if you please to help
 The Match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palamon*,
 'Twould be a good deed, I'll go fetch them.

[*Exit*.]

Enter *Aphron*, *Clariana*.

Aph. Ha! whither have you led me *Clariana*?
 Some steepy Mountain bury me alive,
 Or Rock intomb me in its stony entrails:
 Whom do I see?

Cl. Why do you stare, my *Aphron*?
 They have forgiven all.

Dem. Come *Aphron*, welcome,
 We have forgot the Wrong you did my Daughter,
 The name of Love hath cover'd all; this is
 A joyful day, and sacred to great *Hymen*.
 'Twere sin not to be friends with all men now.

Spo. Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the Rascal. [*Aside*.]

Aph. I know not what to say; do you all pardon me?
 I have done wrong to you all, yea, to all those
 That have a share in Virtue. Can ye pardon me?

All. Most willingly.

Aph. Do you say so, fair Virgin?
 You I have injur'd most: with love,
 With faucy love, which I henceforth recall,
 And will look on you with an adoration,
 Not with desire hereafter; tell me, pray,
 Doth any man yet call you his?

Cal. Yes; *Philistus*.

Aph. I congratulate it, Sir.
 The Gods make ye both happy: fool, as I am,
 You are at the height already of felicity,
 To which there's nothing can be added now,

But

But perpetuity ; you shall not find me
Your Rival any more, though I confess
I honor her, and will for ever do so.

Clariana, I am so much unworthy
Of thy Love. That——

Cl. Go no farther, Sir, 'tis I should say so
Of my own self.

Phil. How Sister ? are you two so near upon a match ?

Aph. In our hearts Sir,
We are already joyn'd ; it may be tho
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,
Stile you his Brother ?

Phil. No Sir, if you both
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.
Why here's a day indeed ; sure *Hymen* now
Means to spend all his Torches.

Dem. 'Tis my Son, Sir,
Now come from Travel, and your Brother now.

Aph. I understand not.

Dem. Had you not a Sister ?

Aph. I had Sir ; but where now she is none knows,
Besides the Gods.

Dem. Is't not about some fifteen years ago
Since that the Nurse scap'd with her from the hands
Of Turkish Pyrats that beset the House ?

Aph. It is Sir.

Dem. Your Sister lives then, and is married
Now to *Florellus* ; this is she, you shall be
Informed of all the circumstances anon.

Aph. 'tis impossible.

I shall be made too happy on the sudden.

My Sister found, and *Clariana* mine !

Come not too thick, good joys, you will oppress me.

Enter *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Palemon*.

Cal. Shepherds, you're welcome all ; tho I have lost
Your good Society, I hope I shall not
Your Friendship and best wishes.

Æg. Nay, here's wonders ;
Now *Callidorus* is found out, a Woman,
Bellula not my Daughter, and is married
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend
To do in earnest what before I jested,
To adopt *Palemon* for my Heir.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha !

Come it's no matter for that ; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks ?

No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha !

Alas ! She's married to *Dametas*.

Æg. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*,
I met with him, and he denies it to me.

Hyl. Hence-

Hyl. Henceforth I must not love, but honour you—to *Callidora*.

Æg. By all the Gods I will.

Tru. He will, he will; Duck.

Mel. Of every thing?

Æg. Of every thing; I call

These Gentlemen to witness here, that since
I have no child to care for; I will make

Palemon heir to those small means the Gods

Have blest'd me with, if he do marry *Hylace* :

Mel. Come it's no matter for that, I scarce believe you.

Dem. We'll be his Sureties.

Mel. *Hylace*,

What think you of *Palemon*? can you love him?

Has our consents, but it's no matter for that,

If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.

Hyl. Why do I doubt fond Girl? she's now a woman.

Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.

Hyl. My duty binds me not to be averse

To what likes you.—

Mel. Why take her then *Palemon*, she's yours for ever.

Pal. With far more joy

Than I would do the wealth of both the *Indies* :

Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægon*.

We are freed from misery with sense of joy,

We are not born to; oh! my *Hylace*,

It is my comfort now that thou wert hard,

And cruel till this day, delights are sweetest

When poisoned with the trouble to attain them.

Enter Alupis.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

By your leave, I come to seek a Woman,

That hath out-liv'd the memory of her youth,

With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any,

With a face would fright the Constable and his Watch

Out of their wits (and that's easily done you'll say) if they should

Meet her at midnight.

Oh! are you there? I thought I smelt you somewhere;

Come hither, my she Nestor, pretty *Truga*,

Come hither, my sweet Duck.

Tru. Why? are you not ashamed to abuse me thus,

Before this company?

Alu. I have something more;

I come to shew the Ring before them all;

How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus*?

Tru. 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you;

She told me so; but they are married now.

Alu. What do you think to flamm me? why ho! here's news.

Pal. *Alupis*, art thou there? forgive my anger,

I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis*,

Hylace is mine, here are more wonders too.

Thou

Thou shalt know all anon.

Tru. Alupis, give me.

Alu. Well rather than be troubled.

Æg. *Alupis* welcome, now w'are friends I hope ;
Give me your hand.

Mel. And me.

Alu. With all my heart,

I'm glad to see ye have learn'd more wit at last.

Cal. This is the Shepherd, Father, to whose care
I owe for many favours in the Woods.

You're welcome heartily ; here's every body
Pair'd of a sudden ; when shall's see you married ?

Alu. Me ? when there are no ropes to hang my self,

No rocks to break my neck down ; I abhor

To live in a perpetual Belfery ;

I never could abide to have a Master,

Much less a Mistress, and I will not marry,

Because, I'll sing away the day,

For 'tis but a folly to be melancholly,

I'll be merry whilst I may.

Phi. You're welcome all, and I desire you all

To be my Guests to day ; a Wedding Dinner,

Such as the sudden can afford, we'll have.

Come will ye walk in, Gentlemen ?

Dem. Yes, yes.

What crosses have ye born before ye joyn'd !

What Seas pass'd through before ye touch'd the Port !

Thus Lovers do, ere they are Crown'd by Fates

With Palm, the Tree their Patience imitates.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *A L U P I S*.

THE Author bid me tell you--'faith, I have
Forgot what 'twas ; and I'm a very slave
If I know what to say ; but only this,
Be merry, that my Counsel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his Brow, and say
'Tis foolish : why ? 'twas a Boy made the Play,
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.
Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve,
Be merry ; give me your hands, and I'll believe.
Or if you will not I'll go in, and see,
If I can turn the Author's mind with me
 To sing away the day,
 For 'tis but a folly
 To be melancholly,
 Since that can't mend the play.

NAUFRAGIUM
JOCULARE:
Comœdia,

Publice coram ACADEMICIS Acta, in
Collegio S S. & individux Trinitatis.

4^o. Nonas Feb. Ann. Dom. 1638.

Authore *Abrahamo Cowley.*

Mart. — *Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat, Lector, qui placuisse tibi:*



L O N D I N I:

Typis *M. Clark.* veneunt apud *C. Harper.*
MDCLXXXVII.

NAUFRAGIUM

TOCULARE

Comedia

Prologus
Actus I
Actus II
Actus III
Actus IV
Actus V

Antoine de la Roche-Beaucourt

Paris chez la Citoyenne Lesclapart
M. D. C. C. L. X. V. II.



1795

Paris chez la Citoyenne Lesclapart
M. D. C. C. L. X. V. II.

Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

Domino D. COMBER,

Decano *Carleolensi* colendissimo, & Collegii SS.
& individuae *Trinitatis* Magistro vigilantissimo.

Siste gradum: quonam temeraria pagina tendis,

Auratâ nimum facta superba togâ?

Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;

Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.

I, pete, sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,

Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.

Post Ca, vel Hip. Qualis? ne, vel, af. un. Quanta? par. in. sin:

Destruit E dictum, destruit Ique modum:

Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore sonabis;

Setonus, dicent, quid velit iste sibi?

I, pete Caustidicos: poteris sic culta videri,

Et bene Romanis fundere verba modis.

Fallor: post ignoramum gens cautiôr ille est;

Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.

I, pete Lectorem nullum; sic salva latebis;

Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.

Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profanâ.

Diffimile hic Domini nil decet esse suo.

Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,

Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.

Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pænè timendâ,

Et Flavum attollit sic veneranda caput.

At scio, quid dices: Nostros Academia lusus

Spectavit; nugæ tùm placere meæ.

Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus;

Vel Grantæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.

Sed si authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:

(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)

Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ

Tristis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,

Viventi auspiciam quod sibi vellet idem.

Non peto, ut ista probes; tantùm, Puerilia, dicas;

Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.

Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris;

Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

Vestri favoris studiosissimus,

A Cowley.

Ad Lectorem.

NON sum nescius quanto cum periculo, emanare in vulgus hanc fabulam passus sum; tantum interest Spectator, an Lector sis Comediae, quamvis amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis ex se deforme est, pulchritudinem suam amittere necesse sit, quam illi Lucernæ, Vestes, Actor, nobilissima Frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune, illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eisque, qui, nescio quo fato, maximè placuerunt, ne intelligi quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Gelasimi partibus, præcipuè verò cum aperitur Schola, ità ut huic libro accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in civitate suâ ubique ignorantur, ità nascuntur Calendarii similes in usum unius tantùm regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo; & effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas, & veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor!) penè ab infantia nugatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingrati crimen subeam, si tibi negem lusum meos; Immemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentiæ ventum est ut hornus adhuc Academicus, Comœdiam doceat? Quod nunquam quisquam eâ ætate aggressus est, idne sibi arrogat insolens puer? Egone tale quid in me admisi? Quod si crimen quidem sit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam Tibi, Amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, Ego vel iterum tui causâ tam insolens ferem.

Vale.

Scena

Scena *Dunkerka.*

Dramatis Personæ.

GNomicus.
Gelafimus.
Morion.
Dinon.

Tutor Gel. & Mor.
Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.
Supposititius filius Polypori.
Illorum servus.

Bombardomachides.
Eucomiffa.
Ægle.
Pfecas.
Æmylio.

Miles.
Filia Bombardom.
Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis foror.
Ancilla Eucomiffæ.
Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.

Calliphanes, p.
Calliphanes, F.

Senex.
Ejus filius, Ægles amafius.

Polyporus.
Academicus 1.
Academicus 2.
Mulier.
Bajuli 2.

Mercator Anglus.

Personæ mutæ.
Lorarii 2.
Bajulus.
Exorcista.

PROLOGUS.

EXi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic Comœdiam?
Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc?
Ego nihil possum, præter quod ceteri solent,
Salvete cives attici, & corona florentissima.
Sed cedo mihi pileum, si necesse est istud agere.
Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc spectaculo
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Phero.
Tragœdia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.
Diciturus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam
Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
Illius ergo causâ, finite exorator siem
Ut nequis Poëtæ vitio vortat novitio,
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
Nisi fari inceptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquens.
Qui modo pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
Aliquandò balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
Neque annos novem pascite; non est, Spectatores optimi,
Adultæ res, sed puerilis, Ludere.
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum?
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
Favete & huic Flori, Ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
Repentè exortus, repentino occidat.

ACTUS

Naufragium Joculare

COMOEDIA.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Scena Prima.

Dion.

[*Celestus intus.*]

Si me actutum Sequimini: Ego vobis prospiciam; nimium hi nauæ atrectant picem manibus: Mirum herclè est quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funibus Qui suum quotidie fatum quasi accuratè complicant. Ut clamarunt modo! Sufurrare præ his *Tempestatem* diceres. Gratias habeo quod abs sese, & his suis nos amisit mare. Utrumque est æque turbulentum, & ad adspectum utriusq; vomeres. Itaque incolumem hic te videre, serid lætor, *Dion*: *Polyporus* huc me misit *Herus*, cum Filio simul Eiusque sodali, ut euntibus fervirem peregrè, Quorum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultra queritat, Alter & industriam addidit, uti insaniret strenuè. Hos ducit quasi Tutor eorum *Gnomicus*, ita homo, Qui, rectè si saperent stultos cis annum redderet, Nil extra carmina, atque sententias loquitur carnifex: Vix soleas, nisi ex *Virgilio* poscet, ita poeta abutitur. Hem *Dion*, vin tu homini stulto auscultare mihi? Succenturi jam nunc gnaviter in corde Sycophantias: Nam si bolus iste tantus eripiatur ex faucibus, Numquam iterum occasio dabitur, fortunatus ut lies. Ignota regio; heri stolidi, ac divites: tum ego, *Dion*. Plenus fallaciæ servus, & pecuniæ indigens. Næ Oves commisit lupo, hos mihi qui concedidit. Atq; eccos ipsos de navi; eecum autem *Gnomicum*; Ut magnifice infert sese! gradiri *Fambum* crederes, Concedam istuc: hem *Bajuli*, an dormitis super sarcinas?

Scena Secunda.

Gnomicus, Morion, Gelasimus, Dion.

Gno. Quod felix faustumque sit (quâ formulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ. Ne à *Virgilio* nostro poetarum omnium facile principe, Quem ego honoris causâ nomino, transversum digitum, aut unguem latum exceedamus, ut pulchre in proverbio.

Mor. Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum meum.

Gn. Dixisses potius tuum, Nam hoc esset more Aulico.

Mor. Imò utrumque, mi Tutor *Gnomice*,

[*Dion, Bajuli.*]

Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; sed quænam est hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis nota est de facie, quam si esset Terra incognita.

Din. Adsunt *Bajuli* cûna sarcinulis.

Ba. Quo portamus Domine?

Din. Ad tabernam proximam diversoriam, ego ostendam locum.

Gno. Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod Simo senex in Comœdiâ, Vos isthæc intrò auferte; abite; *Dion*, sequere. Non, paucis te volo.

Mor. *Dion*, st! ego paucis te volo. Memento de vino bono.

Din. Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi potius est, quâ in hæc re animo tuo obsequi.

Mor. St! *Bajuli*! quin dico, sistite vos mihi *Bajuli*.

Baj. Quid est quod nos velis?

Mor. Cavete de sarcinulis, Ne quæ sint vehementer aut jactæ in terrâ fortiter.

Baj. Numnam insunt vitra?

S

Mor.

Mor. Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, Et læsæ Majestatis reus fiam; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

Exeunt Dinon Bajuli.

Gn. Pish, verbum sapienti sat est: norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' lætitiæ nauatarum! ferit aurea sydera clamor.

Gelasima intus.

Mo. O musicos homines! utinam ego effren' navita! Vix me abstineo, quin clamem.

Gelasime, quid tu tristis es?

Gn. Quid frontem, ut dicam Metaphoricè, caperas *Gelasime*?

Gel. Egon' tristis? non; Meditabar tantum de naturâ maris. Cui Dii Deæque malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo postea. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum est ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jocum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulâ*. At antequam conscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi effluere, Donicum omnes dicerent, fatis, fatis, fatis est.

Gn. *Gelasime*, ut arridet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam de mari?

Gel. Amara res est oh! bene est, quod micipsum colligo: Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus. Est tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo. Adeste æquo animo, & meliores audietis postea.

Mor. Hei, ho! ohime!

Gno. Quid est *Morion*? cur imo gemitum de pectore ducis? Secundum Poetam.

Mo. Totus contremisco cum de rebelante meo stomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabulatis totum evomui! O ova! ô vinum! ô fumen! hac omnia infelix perdi. Obsonavi piscibus largiter.

Gn. Quis talia fando Marmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssi (euphoniæ gratia) Temperet à lacrymis? video certè rectè dici à veteribus.

Πῆρ, ὕδωρ, ζῆλον, τείλα κενά.

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transfuli. Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

Mo. Præterea, Tutor aliquid aliud certe, me nimis male habuit. Nam cum, ex alto terram præcual prospeximus: Continuo ut nos propius accessimus, illa aufugit longè! Idque ita ego observavi ipse.

Gno. Vidēs ergo, quod Post nubem Phœbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara: Multa diuque tuli: Difficilia quæ pulchra! Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum Tendimus in Latium. Plurimæque alia Commodè à veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

Gel. Omittis, *Morion*, tempestatem remissici.

Mor. Rectè mones: Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cælum irem ingratis.

Gno. Jam-jam tactures fidera summa putes, sed ego tu, adeo non vero metuis?

Mor. Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum: Satis durus?

Gel. Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui sanguinis, Præ timore, ne sub Ponti Marmore sepultura nobis fieret. Intelligis tutor? ambiguum id verbum est: ludo in tibi Marmore. Numquam auditis hoc? stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

Mo. Dii te perdant, adeo in omni sermone facetus es.

Gel. Ain' vero? tune maledicis ingenio meo?

Mo. Quidni? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati sumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas? Vitium, *Gelasime*, vitium est.

Gno. Quid est adolescentes? revocate animos, mœstumque timorem Mittite, nam jam in vado sumus, cum Proverbio.

Mo. Obsecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revertamur domum. Nam oppidò mihi aridet hujus loci facies.

Gno. Potin' igitur Ut sustineas animum si nunquam patrem sis visurus denuo?

Mo. Hercle vero satin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoria? Per quã molesta res est Pater, sed nisi fallor nō semper vivunt senes.

Gel. Video me frustra esse: necesse est ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

Mor. Nimis diu hercle est, ex quo ego ebrius fui, Atq; adeo annus videtur, donicum in hæc regione probe madeam.

Gel. Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nunc: petimusne de verforium? Ibi que omnem hanc ex animo eximimus lassitudinè?

Mor. Imò illic bibamus strenue.

Gel. Rectè, & post illa faciã carmina.

Mor. Atque ego dormiam.

Gno. Faciesne adolescens carmina? At non constabunt tibi Pedes posteaquam strenuè biberis, intellexin' *Gelasime*, quod velim per Pedes annon?

Gel. Ha, ha, he, Eugepa! ob istuc te dictum amo plurimum. At nisi eripuisses ex ore mihi, equidem prævortissem te, Et certè magnus jocus est: donabo hunc pugillariibus, Carmina—tibi pedes—biberis—Ha, ha, ha, he [scribit.]

Mor. Na istos omnes jocos dii perdant: nam ante hoc temporis Madere potuissim, nisi quod diem malè amisimus.

Gn. Eamus igitur; nam scriptum in poetâ invenimus, Ennius ipse Pater nunquam nisi

nisi potus ad arma profiluit dicenda; Ubi Pater, quia erat primus; Arma, Metaphorice & alio loco, Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poetam?

Gela. Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

Mor. Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitiffarem postea. Poetam! vah! sumne ego Filius Polipori natu maximus?

Gno. Bene habet: jam vos instituum optimis secundum hunc locum atq; atatem moribus, Docebo peregrinandi artem, atq; edicam Formulas. Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æque ac me. Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præstabimus Implea veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.

Mor. Longè hercle melius. [Exeunt.]

Scena Tertia.

Amylio:

Am. Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus, Meque ipse dum contemplor magis, continuò in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis suspensorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ: Næ illi vestitu solent esse ad istam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen: quanquam si eveniat, hoc volupe est mihi Quod hisce ego vestibus commodare non possim carnisfici. Nolo ille homo per me discescat: sed intereà temporis Dii vestram fidem! quid mihi faciendum est misero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denuo? Qui possim, nisi fortè Cynicus, adedò oblatrat stomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus? At malum herclè omen est auspiciari id studium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicet aliquis, bono ingenio es: adjuuge animum Poetica: Quamobrem vero? adeone parùm inops sum, ut fiam magis? Nam hæc recta via est ad egestatem: præterea frustra hoc sperat animus Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, sat scio, Unam de me ipso nisi si Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere instituiam? nam agendum esse aliquid id venter admonet: Et Plurimum præstat manu meâ, quam Laborare in hunc modum fame: Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid est, opera quod conficiat mea? Nisi si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collocem. Quod præstare optime poteram cum ornatu hoc formidolosissimo. At non est, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris, Nam velim nolim, sat citò ad Corvos eundem est mihi, Lubet me-

hercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliquî intendenda est in aliquem fallacia: hoc fixum maneat.

Scena Quarta.

Amylio, Dinon.

Am. Sed quis hic homo est, qui sermonem nostrum arbitratur Ex adversâ plateâ? Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quo ego Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

Din. Herus meus *Morion* cum *Tutore Gnomico*, Eiusdem farinae homine & *Gelafimo* æquali suo Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optime Hos ego nisi emungam aliquî pecuniâ, Sumne ipse stultus istorum multò maximus? Nam heri *Poliporus* pater adprimè dives est, Nescit, quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam scio.

Am. Ædepol servum graphicum! ex amissim sententiam meam Locutus est adeò: Nunc mihi notum esse oportuit, Nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propinquâ parte amicitia.

Din. Age *Dinon*.

Am. Oh, idne tibi nomen est?

Din. Nunc specimen spectatur *Dinon* irigenii tui, Nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico, Quin omnes te uno ore prædicent servum minimi pretii.

Am. A me non impetro herclè, ut abstineam diutiùs, Ita hominem amo perditè. *Dinon*, salve, gaudeo sanè, quandoquidem huc salvus veneris, Valuisti usque?

Din. Quanam hæc larva est? Quantum de veste conjecto hic stipem petit; Oh! scio quid dicturus: Miles sum, potitus hostium, Occisus jam bis in bello, confossus millies &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do; benè vale.

Am. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, *Dinon*. Ubi est Herus tuus? pulchrè os sublinemus homini.

Din. Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum nostri meum?

Am. Tanquam te. *Din.* Ita sentio.

Am. Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem, stipitem, afinum, ovem? Quem tondebimus auro hodiè usq; ad vivam cutem.

Din. Hic pol herum meum (quicquid id est) suo appellat nomine. Jurares novisse hominem, ità depinxit probè. Quoniam verò tam familiaris es; facito ut sciam, Quod nomen tibi sit amico atq; necessario meo.

Am. Quasi verò oblivisci pons sis, factus es, *Dinon*. [Amplectitur.]

Dim. Non non, quæso move te abs me longius, nam licet te amem, Memini me semper odisse servulos tuos, nihili bestias.

Am. Quos servulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui domi.

Dim. Nempe à tergo sunt, funguntur officio suo, Nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuos tecum portas.

Am. Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuisti prius. A puero te novi, semper mordebas aliquem.

Dim. Egon mordebam verò? id servuli faciunt tui.

Am. Non est ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear, Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie. Cogitabam domi me mansurum, sed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non est uti laborem de vestitu.

Dim. Fallum: ego te non novi, Diis gratias, Sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, Nam virtute formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas, deceat. Sed si tenebris fortè surgeres, diligentia opus est. Ne induas subligacula in diploidis loco, Adeò difficile est utrumque in te distinguere.

Am. Estive rectus sum de industria; fidor me enecat.

Dim. Consilium dabo, amice, si me audias, per bonum, In rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum poteris; Nam tunc te, *Ædiles* forsitan ad sepulturam duint, Et, quod anno non fecisti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

Am. Nolo obsonare vermes.

Dim. Quàm pediculos satius est. Obsecro Amice, quo avolvit collare, & subucula? Ne tantillum quidem usquequaq; gerit lintee Quod digitum tegat, si eum casu vulneret.

Am. Lotrix habet, quid tua?

Dim. Ilte galerus jam cribrum est. Revereri me necesse est; operire non potes caput.

Am. Admitti solem volo: quæso an id invides?

Dim. Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare sterquilinum.

Am. Nunquid dignum habes familiarum ludo ludere? Si serio faceres —

Dim. Quid tum?

Am. Acciperem joco.

Dim. *Ædipol* hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotiosum me decet esse aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocarem in memoriam qui sis, revortar tibi.

Am. Obsecro, num amicum deseris? quid faciam? *Dim.* Te ipsum penfilem.

Am. Da igitur drachnam, non placet

itâ prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid est quod te velim. In *Morionum* herum tuum tragulam injicere Animum induxisti, ne nega; induxti, scio. Hanc si devolvas mihi met provinciam, Ita argento illum circumvortam confutis dolis, Ut reverà me dicas postea necessarium tum. Miles hanc domum nostræ commisit fidei Servandam in reditum suum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunos iste locus est, tum autem ego (*Dimidiium* mearum *Laudū* prætereo præ modestiâ,) Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemq; præhendero, ut oppidò se tactos credant modo si conspexerim.

Dim. Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertunsa sit, mihi valde cautio est. Nimio fuit familiaris.

Am. Idem à te caveo *Dinon*, Nam prope adstitisti: salva res, nihil nactus es.

Dim. Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido. Nam cum isthoc comite vel ipsi *Mercurio* verba darent, Itâ omnes articulos callet *Sycophantia*. Quod nomen tibi dicam esse? *Am.* *Æmylion*.

Dim. Tum bene *Æmylio* da mihi manum, conditionem accipio. Dabin' verò jusjurandum te fidelem fore?

Am. Do deos testes tibi: quæso cui mortalium præstanda est, fidem si inter nosmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui sint homines, Unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quasi atatem nossem. It dies, & nondum pecuniam incipio unguas.

Dim. In viâ tibi dicam omnia: sed cum istoccine Ornatu, mi *Æmylio*?

Am. Pish, potin' tu quiescas? Annon vestitus tibi videor satis basilice?

Dim. Ut voles, esto: fatin' ex improviso tandem Amicitia tanta icta est?

Am. Meus bonus Genius!

Dim. Meus alter idem! *Am.* Meus Pilades!

Dim. Orestes meus!

Am. Meus — *ὁδὸς ἀπὸ μνηστῆρος!*

Dim. Mitte tricas, I præ sequar.

Am. Quasi essem tam malè moratus, mi *Pilades*? Peregrino semper —

Dim. Vis audeo te à tergo relinquere. Tibi herclè locum cedo, tu nebulo major es.

Am. Eamus ergò simul, mea commoditas,

Dim. Mea opportunitas, eamus. [*Exeunt*]

Scena Quinta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Puer.

Gn Uti in primo Actu *Menæchmi*, Scenâ secundâ dicitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hunc

hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, *Sed*
τὸ μάδος dictus: sic Horatius Diem conde-
re, & *ὁ μούσις* Latii per excellentiam, Jamq;
diem clauso componit vesper Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortua est? ha, ha, ha, ha,
an inquam dies mortua est Tutor?

Mor. Moriatur sanè, aut suspendat se, si
volt. *Puer*, cedo vinum. Hum — nullum-
ne magi vetus?

Pu. Illicò, Illicò. [*bibit.*]

Nullus est in totà urbe qui tibi melius præ-
beat, Si ejus frater esses.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? Non sum ego
Polyporo unicus? sed periculum faciam,

[*bibit.*]

Pu. Et scintillulat, quasi —

Mor. Scintillulat? videam Fortassis hoc
præstat—certè scintillat probè. [*bibit.*]

Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos?

Egon. Egon' Domine?

Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nun-
quam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus sum me-
lius—da Tutori, *Puer*. [*bibit.*]

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non possum
esse hic & illic simul.

Gel. Obstufefaciam jam ego puerum in-
genio meo. Adi sis

Pu. Maxime.

Gel. Adesdum verò Minime. Ut ver-
bum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

Pu. Vides.

Gel. Ita nimio exiguus fueras, ut vix
hercle poteram.

Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam,
vinum ocius in Coronam.

Gel. Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi
hominem. Ita omnes quibuscum loquor
semper mactò infortunio. Hominem terti-
jocis quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo
Rosæ. [*Scribit.*]

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum *Gelasime*.
Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenuiq; pudoris.
Adi sis propius: quid oculos defigis adeo?
attollas caput, Nescis derivari *ἀνδραπομόν τὸν τῶ
ἀνὰ ἀπέειν?* Pronaq; cum spectent animalia
cætera terram, Os homini sublime dedit,
cælumq; tueri Jussit, & erectos ad sidera
tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit respondere: ita joco in-
terfeci modo. Euge *Gelasime*, nunquam
commutatus elues.

Mor. Puer pete ocyùs vinum: quid ho-
ras bonas perdimus?

Gno. Audin'? sic Coum, Massicum, vel
Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cæcu-
bum, atq; audin'? ne sit Aut Vaticanum,
aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave,
Namq; hæc in aliam partem accepta apud
Autores legimus.

Pu. Factum puta: Vinum ocyus in K. Latii.

Mor. Puer revertere sis: Fac poculum
teipso majus uti simul afferas. Nam pro vi-
tello ovi ebibere te ex cyathò poteram.

Scena Sexta.

Emylio, iisdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi fi-
dicinem: Abi cum cantiunculis novis.

Em. Ain' Nanule, Ramentum! Tri-
ental hominis! Natura avaritia! Non li-
cet amicos alloqui?

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popinà cæcà quar-
rites: vinum non bibunt, Nisi fortè in
Principis natali cum ex canalibus funditur.

Em. Quin abi in malam rem furcife-
rule. —

Pu. Illico; illico. [*Exit.*]

Em. Salvere vos plurimum jubet ami-
cus voster vetus: Et vivos valenteq; huc
advenisse id volupe est mihi. Facit hoc for-
tasse vestis insolentia Ut fugiat vos memo-
ria qui sim.

Gel. Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigisti, nam sic melius
dictum reor.

Em. At vestrum ego & meminì, &
semper faciam ut meminero. Nam Mori-
onis patri *Polyporo* jam olim summus fui,
Postquam peregrè advenientem hospitio
me exceperat.

Gno. Næ bonà memorià es: didicisse
artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cice-
rone) invenisse dicitur *Simonides*.

Em. *Gelasime* salve (Dii faciant ne fal-
sus sim) salve *Moricin*.

Mor. Ego non magis te novi quam Ho-
minem in Lunà. Sed si vis, salve.

Gel. Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam.
Nunquid vestes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, ha,) abi-
erunt peregrè?

Em. Modò admodum ex bello redii,
commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audivi
advenisse properavi visere.

Gel. Ædèpol vestes malas! an ex bello
aufugerunt? An ostenderunt terga? tua
terga hic intelligo.

Em. Oh; benè herclè gaudeo quod
significaras mihi, Nam illic jocus est, *Ge-
lasime*, antiquum obtines.

Gel. Novit me iste proculdubio, non
urgeo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An ostende-
runt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino,
post scribam tamen.

Em. Hanc mihi quam videtis, stragem
effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite,
ecceam tormentorum operam, Annon odos
Pyrii pulveris objectu it naribus?

Gel. O bellum quasi minimè bonum ! Ibi ego iterum ; nunquam cessabo hodie.

Gno. Bella per Æmathios plusquam cide vilia campos, Satin' hic homo excidit mihi memorià ? Pudet oblivisci familiaris tam malè, Ne superbum dicat, assimulabo quasi sciam. Incertus sum quis fiet, sed hoc nil refert, Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

Æm. Ut valet uxor *Polypori* ? ut senectutem fert ?

Gel. Quasi injuriam Malè ; Si centam peregrini adsint Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. [*Scribit.*]

Gno. Ohe ! jam fatis est, nunc salve, amice optime, Dissimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non nossem prius.

Gel. Nostin' verò, Tutor, seriò ? dic nomen obsecro.

Gn. Nomen ? quasi — vorfatur mihi in labris primoribus.

Æm. Perii : nomen amisi : oh ! Peripolemarchus est.

Gno. Dii boni ! ita est profectò : sæpè obliviscimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbium facetissimè, tanquam digitos.

Gel. Certè quoq; cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

Mor. Tum ego memini quoq;. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem ! Peripo — Periplome — Non multum refert, nosti quid velim, tibi præbibo.

Gno. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est Methodus. Sic melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum *Gelasime*.

Gel. Non parebit mihi Tutor, ità diristi modò.

Gno. Heus puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

Pu. [*Subi.*] Statim venio, Illico.

Gno. At citius quam coquantur asparagi, En, age sègnes Rumpè moras.

Æm. Pradam habeo : Salvus sum : tres hosce A sinos Duæ res statim pessundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego. Eho tu ! dum vos hic largiter siccamus cyathos, Jube cytharistria intus nos oblectet cantiunculâ. Circumfer tu merum ; da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipe.

Gno. Peripolemarche, pulchrè admones. Juvat insanire.

Mor. Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St ! Pax ! oh harmoniam ! ut vibrissat ! [*Cantio.*]

Gno. Hem *Morion* clauduntur lumina somno ?

Mor. Non, non, non. Sine me esse nihili.

Gel. Mædæ pol *Morion*.

Mor. Mædæon *Gelasime* ? An ego mædæo, Tutor ? cedo gladium Peripomarchides.

Gel. Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum ? Planè ebrius es *Gelasime*, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

Gno. Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus — hic illius arma Hic currus fuit — circumfer merum, carnufex. Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto Vi superum, sævæ memorem — porrige mihi poculum. Amicè, benè me, benè te, benè noster Virgilius. Arma virumq; cano — [*Bibit.*]

Mor. Benè habet : ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrium.

Dm. Horunce hic ego facta & sermones legam. Quam strenue Genio indulgent ! faxo, si vivus vivam, Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodiè. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum : hilarum Sumemus diem, atq; amœnum : Ebrietatem sitio.

Æm. Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, herclè me evertent cyathis, Ita properant intèrire : Dii me beatum volent.

Mo. Ego non sum ebrius *Gelasime*.

Gel. Neque ego.

Mo. Neque ego.

Gel. Benè igitur ; salutem tibi.

Mo. Enim verò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

Gel. At ego multò magis.

Mo. Tun' magis ?

Gel. Inquam, Magis.

Mo. Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus. hem ! propino tibi.

Gel. Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ità te amo *Morion*.

Mo. O *Gelasime*!

Gel. O *Morion*!

Gno. Move manus ocyús ; [*Puer Exit.*]

[*Dimon intus sonitum facit & celeusma.*]
Quid stas ? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

Mo. Dii vestram fidem ! tempestatem magnam ! camus oratum Tutor.

Gel. Tempestatem verò ! certo certius turbo exortus est, ità vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam stare.

Gno. Ecce autem, clamorq; virum, stridorq; rudentum ! Satin' in navis esse oblitus fui ? hem ! curate navice, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitàn in Scopulum, Tempestatas increbrescit.

Dm. Pol mortales graphicos ! Periimus, navis periit, ad extrema se parat quisque. Nesciunt jam vocem meam ; ego, pulchrè delusos dabo.

Æm. Dinonis illa vox est ; Eugepæ ! factum est optimè.

Gno. Apparent adhuc sidera : hic Polux, illic Castor est. [*ad lucernas.*]

Æm.

Am. Hem! nauclere, nauclere inquam! quamdiu vivimus?

Mo. Vix horæ dimidium; perimus!

Mo. Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo postea.

Am. Adesdum, adesdum inquam, *Gnomice*, Viden' fluctum illum decimum?

Gno. Decima venit impetus undæ; Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

Gel. O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non jocari hoc ipso in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

Mo. Non possum pati me mori.

[*genu fleſcit.*]

O quoties peccavi ego! [*bibit.*] Madui quoties! [*bibit.*] Quoties scortatus sum! [*bibit.*] nunquam videbo patrem, Nunquam post hæc bibam, [*bibit.*] abi sis uter miser.

[*frangit.*]

Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illicò.

Gno. Maximè:

O terque quaterque beati, Queis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ sub manibus Contigit oppetere. (bus altis.

Pu. Ecquid nos vocastis?

Am. Dii te perdant, ita inopportunè huc te conjicis. Abi sis furcifer. [*extrudit.*]

Gno. Quod fit?

Am. Rogas? Vidistin' ut ad proram modò Deus aliquis marinus adstitit?

Gel. Non, erat piscis magnus.

Am. Piscis?

Gel. Piscis meherculè, Mehercule, inquam, piscis, ex voce id satis colligo.

Din. Funes rupti sunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera est. Actum de nobis, Socii.

Mo. O mortem — quid faciam?

Oblecro atq; oro vos pisces mihi parcite.

Ego filius sum Polypori natu maximus.

Din. Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Perimus, ho! loci, perimus, absorbet nos mare, [*desicit*]

Jam, jam absorbet, perimus.

Gn. O nos miseros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus, Ut pessime Comicus. O Peripolemarche, quæso duc me in inferiora navis.

Gel. Et me, me, me, me etiam obsecro.

[*Detruit in cellam Bombard*]

Mo. Valetè; ego jam moriâ. [*Cadit.*]

Din. Ha, ha, ha! dii vobstram fidem rem venustam, & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam eventit hæc fabrica.

Am. St! st! *Dionon*, st! descende, altum dormiunt; [*Dionon descendit.*]

Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

Puer ingreditur.

Pu. Non, non, non; representabam prius Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus, antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis loculos spoliât, & dat puero pecun.*]

Am. Pecuniam? lubentissimè, lubentissimè accipe sis.

Pu. Jam habe tibi hunc asinum; illicò, illicò. [*Exit.*]

Am. O Jovem, ceterosque cœlites!

[*Tollunt Morionem.*]

Necesse est risu spectatores emoririer, Si rem transferret istam in Comediam quispiam. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Scena Prima.

Dionon, Æmylio habitu Mor.

Din. **Æ**mylio, ecquid stas animo? quin iterum, inquam, *Æmylio*: Hæredis illæ vestes sunt; vereor ne cerebro incommode.

Am. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator postea, Quamquam insolens fecero, si sermonem seram cum servulo, Fortunas hæc meas sublatas animus decet. Siquidem fidelem re præstitisti, hæm manum ad oscula.

Din. Faxo pol osculeris meam, siquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

Am. Siquidem herclè ingeras, faxo mi-

hi os esse senseris. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias; Scio quid dicturus, miles sum, potius hostium, Occisus bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: bene vale.

Din. Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas *Æmylio*.

Am. Ego Comes *Æmylio* vocor, ne nomen nescias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi *Æmylio*, respondeas velim.

Am. Rogandi copiam tibi facio, aucter loquere.

Din.

Dim. Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos rogo : Nunc te, scripististi literas ad *Polyporum* ?

Am. Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis Majoribus impediti, sæpe non advertimus quæ dicta sunt.

Dim. Exemplar, litterarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim, Jamne audis ?

Am. Hum! Litterarum? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.

Dim. Potest fieri ut diminuas tibi caput, nisi mittas has tricas.

Am. Obloqueris mihi sic ornato? lege has inquam, ocyus.

Dim. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & seorsim, meo Domino atq; Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerci greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tum, Duosque amicos; servo nunc vincetos domi, Victore me superbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale. *Dixit Bombardomachides.*

Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit

Bombardomachides ?

Am. Sic loquitur quotidie : linguam cothurnatam gerit.

Dim. Avi sinistra hæc res procedit, atq; ex sententia. Quid agimus nunc jam?

Am. Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*. Tu custodem; barbam induas, atque ornamenta cætera. [*Induit.*]

Hem istuc ocyus : jam Custos purus putus es. Abi, atque educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti sint vi, armis: hic vos operabor, abi. [*Exit Dim.*]

Poteram ego nunc universos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipsum pæne metuo: ne personatus *Bombardo-* [*ornat se*]

machides Verum *Amylionem* fallat. Adeon' pervorsa es, *Chlamis*? Efficiam uti rectius, sedeas: Hei! isthæc tiara' st, *Pyramis*. Exadificabo cum hæc caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim gesto, Hem. Ego sum *Bombardomachidissimus*.

Gn. Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem. [*Intus.*]

Gel. Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnam quemadmodum, *Hycana Tigris*, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

Dim. Strenuissimè omnium.

Gel. Certè : nisi multum me fallit memoria.

Mo. Ego etiam aliquid feci.

Gel. Vincuntur sæpè fortissimi;

Tutor, bono animo es.

Gn. Maxime: nam dictum est verissime, In re malâ animo si bono utare, juvat.

Dim. Sequimini : [*Exit.*]

Am. Adiunt; ego nondum comparebo.

Scena Secunda.

Dinon, Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion
(habitu *Amyli.*)

Mo. Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non sum *Morion*.

Gn. Quid ais?

Mo. Per Deos Immortales non sum, ego novi *Morionem* sat benè.

Gn. De caelo descendit *γῆρας οὐρανοῦ*. Nofcis te ipsum.

Mo. Non, non, non novi mehercule.

Gn. Quis igitur es?

Mo. Quomodo ego scire possim?

Gel. Phy, phy, idem es.

Mo. Stümne? bene habet: sed undè hæ vestes, *Gelasime*?

Gel. Sane nescio.

Mo. Nescis *Gelasime*? an hoc sufficit? quid ego respondeam patri?

Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

Gn. Non equidem invideo, miror magis —

Mo. Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes per isthæc foramina.

Gel. Quasi fenestras habet.

Mo. Fenestras! imo fores: habet fores *Gelasime*, hei mihi.

Gel. Omnes ingeniosi sunt infelices prope modum. Utinam cavissem isthoc crimine: parentes prædixerunt mihi.

Mor. Et mihi, sed ego morem gessi, & tamen vestes perdidit.

Gn. Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcocis ingenii, inquit, Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ita comptè loquor in miseris? Jani licet tibi verè dicere *Gelasime*. Ingenio perii Nalo Poeta meo.

Dim. Nisi aliter vobis visum est accersam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

Gn. Imò; pro libitu tuo: Siquid me velit, Poeta respondere docuit, Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum, Trojus *Aeneas*.

Mor. Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? dic, qui sim, Tutor.

Dim. Expectant te; cave si, titubes; atque audin' etiam? Fac risum teneas, nam periculum id est.

Am. Pish: vultum in manu habeo.

Amylio.

Gel. Basilicè se infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui spectatorum omnium oculos fertur perstringere.

Gn. Ora humeròsque Deo similis!

Mor. Totus horreo tremòque; ego statim vomam.

Am.

Am. Tonitru cum hostes vicimus ferros bellico, Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens nostra frangi nescit, at flecti potest.

Gn. O quem te memorem, Miles, namq; haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certe!

Am. Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur potestas Jovis, Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis possim, estis vos experti satis, Dabimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

Mor. Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decidit, Anima exire nostra per posticum cupit.

Gel. Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem jocis ludere.

Am. Ob hoc Polyporo celerem misi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos salvos ducat.

Gn. Mecenas atavis edite Regibus, O & praesidium, & dulce decus meum!

Mor. Ego iterum reviviscam nam aqua vitæ loquitur.

Gel. Ut jam mitescit ferox! haud multum aliter Hyana (mirum) ex mare in foeminam migrat, Boni ingenii est similitudines rerum fingere, Et concinnam ego comparisonem aliquando jocis praefero.

Am. Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longum file.

Mo. Ego? servus tuus—

Am. Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

Mo. Favoris tui studiosissimus.

Am. Ambages mittito.

Mor. Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

Am. Nomen rogo.

Mor. Utinam esset dignum quod exaudias.

Am. Frustrà sum: tuum?

Gel. Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris *Bombardomachides*, Eodem planè modo delector ego nomine *Gelasimi*.

Facetè meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi assentari possum magis. [*Scribit.*] Insinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quanto nonas *Feb.*

Am. Tuum.

Gn. Sed si tantus amor nomen cognoscere nostrum Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuq; refugit Incipiam—*Gnomicus* (si tibi visum fuerit) seu *Gnomico* nomen est mihi.

Am. Fac serve officium: rursus revertar intrò. [*Exit.*]

Gel. Certo certius abiens mihi toto anuebat capite, Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captus est.

Mor. Non respondebam illi rusticè *Gel.*

lasime. Euge *Morion*; nolo me indoctum praedicent, Licet indigeam vestium.

Di. Placerne hinc vos? *Ge.* Quo?

Di. Unde edueti.

Ge. In cellam illam angustam ac tenebricosam obsecro? Quam ego Orci januam per jocum nominavi modo.

Di. Scilicet; donec vos Polyporus.

Mor. Eamus igitur; placent tenebrae, Nam si diutiùs hos pannos conspiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

Gn. Plautus Comœdiam scripsit, cui Captivi titulus. Vates ó Plaute fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum est. Nos jam Captivi.

Διός δ' ἐτελεύειο βουλῆ.

Mor. Tutor, Tutor, revertere sis ocyùs Tutor.

Gno. Quid est?

Mor. Nihil jam; sed aliquis momordit me de tergo: eamus sodes. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Amylis, Dinon.

Am. Abstumptus sum planissimè: *Gnomici* me expetant pedicæ.

Neque unquam ex illius sententiis habeo, quâ me consolet miserum.

Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus factus continuo ut vapulet.

Incertum est quid agam, ita isthæc res subitaria est.

Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyùs; inquam *Dinon*, [*Intrat Dinon.*]

Dim. Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

Am. Qui possim? modò in viâ—

Dim. *Bombardomachidem*?

Am. Dixti. Nullus sum.

Dim. Quam mox adierit obsecro?

Am. Quin adest: vix punctum temporis ad consilium datur.

Jacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

Dim. Imò pistrinum, fustes, vincula:

isthæc ne loquatur plus metuo.

Nullamne expurgationem habes?

Am. Hum! nimium hoc calidum est: imò sic erit—

Dinon, ita facito.

Dim. Quid?

Am. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

Dim. Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

Am. Ad summam domum ascendas ocyùs, & continuo ubi ille In ædes se penetrârit, fac sonitum horrendum facias. Quasi (intellextin?) quasi esses *Dæmon* aliquis.

Dim. Quamobrem?

Am. Pish, id mora est dicere, abi.

Dim. Abeo: sed vidistin' ipse Militem?

Am. Duobus his, inquam, oculis: molestus es.

Dim. Abeo: verum dices Dæmonem.

[*Exit.*]

Am. Ecce autem adest! morari certum est aliqui hominem.

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Amylio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?

Ubi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine Glacialis ursæ? numquid Hesperii maris Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum! O salve Domus, vosque Penates Dæi. Videon' te Patria? ludit an oculos meos Imago fallax, non ludit: video satis.

Am. Non opus est; mane dum, & ego te ludam satis: Hum—plenum id periculi est—hanc prius insistam viam.

Bom. Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsabo pede, Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quarit sibi?

[*Am. pulsât.*]

Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ Deceptus umbrâ? verum est? quid velis sciam.

Am. Expergiscere ensis: teque ad officium para: Nam factum ex milite faciam, & comedam postea.

Bom. O Scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,

Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo, Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi, Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos? Abibo, atque isti cedam furori locum, Pati nam mortem possum, at exedi pudet, Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est.

Am. Quis istic? hem! revertere, si malo caveas.

Bom. Nihil formido, sed tamen totus tremo, Ego miles juvenis, non sum, credo, falleris.

Am. Proh deos, dealque omnes! men' falli dicis?

Bom. Non dico; at magni sæpè falluntur viri. Iratus ne sis; ira nam resest mala.

Am. Tun' nosti ubi sit gentium *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Non novi.

Am. At nisi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Per cælum, & cæli faces, non notum est mihi. Linguâ juro, mentem injuratam gero.

Am. Sed nosti probè hominem.

Bom. Novi aliquo modo.

Imò fortè novi, & non novi forsitan, Videtur ille fortis, necnon vir bonus.

Am. Itane coram in os inimicum laudas meum?

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi? non est vir bonus.

Am. Rectè animum tuum advertis ad animum meum.

Si has in ædes intrâ mensẽ se conjiciat, Ità inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas, Ut istum perpetuo locuni pæjus angue, oderit.

Bom. Ego rus revertar: periculum sapiens fugit.

Am. Ha, ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata quid facit?

Bom. Quæ verba fundit? — faciem vidi prius—

Quin redeas, inquam, reverti aliquandò bonum est.

Ipsus est; dominum servus deludis tuum? Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet, Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas Eripiat oculis?

Am. Occisa res est, perii.

Advenisse salvum gaudeo; valuistin' usq; athleticè?

Per jocum hoc feci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas? timendum est; aliquis hic errat dolus.

Am. Nunc homini subpalsabor: experiri volui, Utrum istoc sub ornatu satis delitescerem, Tu nosti usque in initio quanquam dissimulasti sedulo, Operam profectò ludet, tibi verba qui daturus est.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum jovem, Sed in jocantes rursus jocari placet.

Am. Scio, sed ubi est Eucommisa, & soror mea?

Bom. Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari virgines?

Am. Quid hic sermones cædimus: ibo illis obviam, Et dicam ut revertantur domum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Am. Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt gentium? *Bom.* Domi.

Am. Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

Bom. Desine: jocari nolo.

Am. Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Sactin' oblitus fui; adeò mihi nunc jam res vetus est? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, malorum Geniorum isthæ habitatio est. Quotidie colloquantur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret, si, quæ monstra hic fiunt dicerem.

Bom. Loqueris rem miram: nulla quam credet

credet dies, Sed nec tacebit: bouân' hæc dicis fide?

Am. Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi capite non eram, Tantum hæc mihi res de improvîso incussit metum.

Bom. Metuistin? non oportuit: seruum meum Metuissè quicquam?

Am. Rectè, si esset similis tui.

Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, faxo uti omnia ipsus audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi? Credam plus isthoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

Am. Vellem meherculè te testem hujus rei: sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam; atque hæc ducam nisi aliud imperes.

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? bene est. Abeas — *Amylio* redi—nil timeo tamen.

Am. Id scio: obtundis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est: abi.

Am. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*]

Bom. Paver animus, horret, magna perniciè: adest. Incendor irâ, rapior, sed quo nescio, Sed rapior: Spectra in nostrâ triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phæbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioq; ruptum merferis cælo Diem.

Dim. [*Supra*] Oh, oh, oh.

Bom. Sero occidisti—nescio quid faciam miser; nam aliquid audio—Túque O Neptune—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—Redeunt tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

Scena Quinta.

Amylio, Eucomissa, Agle, Psecas,

Bom. Servus.

Am. Quid est, here, ecquid times?

Bom. Timeon' Ego? Proh Deos Deasq; omnes! æthereas prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Consistet æstus unda, & Ionio seges Matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' Ego?

Ag. Cacodæmones? O superos! audirè hoc nomen mihi febris est.

Eu. O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Agle* dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier. Psecas, quin Psecas inquam, surda est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmones, nonne?

Pf. Non, si placet, Sed novi aliquam quæ

novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

Eu. Quæ facie erant *Psecas*?

Pf. Unus erat caninâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æquè longâ ac—& clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

Ag. O mirum! tota trepido.

Eu. Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo—perge *Psecas*.

Pf. Nos omnes illico fugere.

Eu. Tun' ergo aderat?

Pf. Non si placet, Sed illa fuit quam novit familiaris mea *Philocomasium*.

Eu. O: jam intelligo *Psecas*, perge porro.

Pf. Alterum fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam Aqua aquæ similis est. Et erat nudum totum corpus.

Eu. Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio, videre istos *Cacodæmones*.

Pf. Imo si magis noveris, *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit—ha, ha, ha, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

Eu. Quid habuit *Psecas*?

Pf. Non intelligis? habuit —

Eu. Quid? eloquere.

Pf. Tam magnam rem — Nos omnes admirari illico.

Ag. Profectò hic ipse est *Cacodæmon*, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

Eu. Nulline *Cacodæmones* nocentiores istis *Psecas*?

Pf. Imo sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent Sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub *Vespertilionis*, aliorumque etiam animalium, Imo novi qui ambulant per noctem induci sindone. Atq; inde evenire solet tor quod insaniunt vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis. Demergunt se aliquando in ganeum, Atq; illic nocte totâ præ timore combibunt. Post cœnam, si placet, plura de re isthac disputabimus.

Eu. Nunc eamus visere Spectra.

Ag. Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Mallem Spectra: sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

Scena Sexta.

Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius, Amylio, Eucomissa, &c.

Ag. Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

Eu. Citiùs mecastor nubam *Cacodæmoni*, quem dixit *Psecas* Tam viri similem.

Ag. At ego ne Jovem præfero in seferentem precium sine quo Jupiter nihil est.

Cal. P. *Bombardomachides* salve; hue te salutatum advenimus.

Bom. Gratas : sed multus animo occur-
sat dolor, En alta muri decora, & conge-
stas trabes, Ut omnis latè splendet infelix
domus! Quicumque regno fidit, & magnâ
potens Dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit
Deos Me videat, & te Domus.

Cal. P. Quid ait *Æmylio*?

Æm. Nempe quia spectrorum plena est,
id dolet.

Cal. P. Spectrorum? ubi sunt? [*utitur spec.*]
Nulla hic video *Æmylio*.

Æm. At intus potes sine quatuor oculis.

Cal. F. Si ita est Pater, utantur nostrâ
domo : superest illic locus.

Cal. P. Nunquam vidi melius consilium
dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides*? Potes ibi
oportune filiam tuam huic nostro nuptum
dare.

Bom. Consilium bonum est, animoque
arridet meo.

Cal. F. Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquistin'
ruri?

Bom. Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod qua-
ras, adest.

Cal. F. Latere miror posse tam diu fide-
ra. [*Oscolatur.*]

Rediisse salvas gaudeo, & meum simul Hunc
esse reditum credo, nam vobiscum abfui:
Condonate Amore cæco, vos si conspexi
minus.

Eu. Si nunquam conspicias postea luben-
ter tamen condonabimus, Misericordes
omnes sumus naturâ mulieres.

Æg. Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes*? immo
oculis nimium vales, Quod nec est, nec fu-
turum est vides, cum nos appelles sidera.

C. F. Immo *Ægle* verum dixi! nam si
cæli facibus Formosum nondû nomen im-
poneretur siderum, Propter similitudinem
quandam vestrum id jam nancisci poterant.

Pfe. O Diana! toro corde amo has con-
fabulatiunculas.

Bom. *Calliphanes*, oculis nil tale objectum
est meis, Pedibus quamquam cuncta con-
culcavi loca Asiae, Europae, Americae atq;
Africa, Aliasque terræ partes quas taceo
sciens.

Cal. P. Memini idem accidere olim cum
essem puer, Anno abhinc—hum—Gram-
maticæ tum operam dedi. Anno—hum!
quingagesimo secundo—hum? non con-
venit numerus, O—quingagesimo ter-
tio— is profecto annus est.

Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras,
& malos Genios?

Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut
voles.

Eu. Aperi sis ostium *Æmylio*.

Æm. Perii in perpetuû modum, Nimio

nimis metuo ut sint isti probi *Caedemone*-
nes. Sane es? credin' illos aspectui tuo
objici perperam?

Eu. Num loquuntur?

Æm. Satis ad quidem: sed horrendum
in modum, Cave sis ne animam agas.

Eu. Disputabit cum illis *Pfecas*.

Pf. Parata sum satis *Æmylio*, ante hoc
temporis disputavi cum *Dæmone*.

Æm. Scio te bonâ esse voce: proculdu-
bio illum obrucus, Si tympana, bombardas,
tubas, & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

Pf. Itâne me accipis indignis modis?
nunquid cristas erigis De illis vestimentis?
amabo, unde habes mi *Æmylio*.

Æm. Pish, dicam tibi, cum sit ortium.

Quid ais *Calliphanes*?

Cal. F. Ubi clavis? cedo mihi sis.

Cal. P. Quid stas lapis? quin aperis?

Æm. Dii te silicernium—Unum pedem
in Charontis cymbâ habet (secum) Et al-
tero tamen ambulat.

Eu. Oh! non audis malos Genios?

Bom. Ha!

Cal. F. Nihil est: crepuerunt fores.

Æg. Crepuerunt? O sordidas fores.

[*Supra.*]
Dim. Oho; oho, oho, Urite, fundite,
tundite, vertite domum.

Bom. Oh, oh—valete: & timeatis nihil.

Eu. Quo abis Pater?

Bom. Videre non sustineo tot timidos
simul. [*Exit Bom.*]

Eu. O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox est
Pfecas.

Æg. Abeamus obsecro, *Calliphanes*. [*subt.*]
Gno. Flectere si nequeam superos, Ache-
ronta movebo.

Cal. F. O Poeticum *Dæmonem*!

Æg. Est furiosissimus omnium procul-
dubio.

Cal. P. Mira sunt: nunquam vidi tale quid,
nisi anno abhinc quingagesimo tertio.

Mor. O! profecto sum in Barathro.

[*Subter*]
Eu. O *Pfecas*, quid faciam?

Pf. Quid? faciam periculum in dispu-
tatione. Quodnam est tibi nomen *Dæmon*?

Æm. Itâne ineptè stulta es? cave ne te
rapiat in maximam malam crucem.

Pf. Mene? non audet: ego illi oculos
effodiam *Carnifici*.

Gn. Ζεὺ πάτερ, ἰδὸν δὲ μέδιον, κίβδη, κίβδη.
καὶ πρόταμος, ἔ γαῖα, ἔ οἱ ὑπὲρ δὲ ἔχουσί σο
ἴ μὲν ὑδρωπέϊ ἐστ.

Pf. Immo et si loquaris Hebraicè, Ego
bene intelligo.

Æm. Abi sis stulta: Græcum est hoc tibi.

Dim. Ohò meretrix!

Pf. O scelus! ego introibo: ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon' meretricis appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacademon, mentiris.

Am. Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacademon est.

Eg. O Venus! nihilne vides *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Maxime: ubi est?

Eg. Ingentem, nigrum ursum!

Eu. Proh Deos immortales! cum cauda Ignea.

Cal. F. Ubi est? ego nihil planè.

Am. Nihil? circumspice: ut scintillant oculi! *Pfecas* cave malum: nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

Pf. Oh!

Cal. P. Quid aiunt *Æmylio*?

Am. Ingentem belluam illic — vide modo.

Cal. P. Ubi sunt specularia mea? Oh nisi fallor *Leopardus* est. Quid hoc monstri? Gnate abeamus, precatum Deos.

Dim. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illico [*sonitus supra*]

Eu. O *Ægle*! cedo mantum, & fugiamus. [*Exeunt.*]

(*Infra sonant catena.*)

Am. Ha, ha, hæ, descende ut te exoculer bonè Cacademon. [*Exit.*]

Dim. Venio: urite, fundite, tundite, cadite, vertite, &c. [*Descendit.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Am. **A** Ge, incipe *Dinon*.

Dim. Non, non: exemplum à te capiam.

1.

Am. Purgate cerebrum, *Medici* O insani,
Nec sitis amplius *Mortis Publicani*,
Ob hominum peccata Orbi
Vos primum missi, postea morbi.
Doctrina cepit agrotare,
Et sese voluit expurgare:
Tum veserum quidam vomitu per ora
Existis, quidam per Posteriora:
Sic natos, via est inventa,
Ut vos nutrivent Excrementa.
Nos melius homines evacuamus
Et loculis *Chysterium* damus.

Am. O sacram rem! scientia talis
Dicenda est sola *Liberals*.

2.

Din. Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,
Jam vobis Longa facta sit Vacatio.
Vestri parentes liigarunt
Tunc cum vosmet generarunt.
O vos miseros si uxores
Similis vestri essent oris!
At suos multæ Clientes habuerunt
Tunc vestras causas alii egerant.
Rectè: nam nulli velint haberi
Causidicorum filii veri.

Jam vobis fallere Lege ne sit cura,
Sed fallite nobiscum fure.

Am. O sacram rem! &c.

3.

Am. Friget inter ignes ars tua, *Alchymista*,
Argentum, nisi viruum, non habet ista.
Cum qui sunt & qui fuerunt
Omnes Philosophi egerunt.
Quem fore reris dixit em
Per Philosophicum lapidem?
Huc adsis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis:
Quid aliud stultus, nisi Philosophi lapis?
Hunc sapiens coquet, distillabit,
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.
Quid ex syderibus quæris cursum Fati?
Prudentium gratia stulti nati.

Am. O sacram rem! &c.

4.

Din. Præteritorum, *Mathematici*, vates,
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis.
Quis cælum creditur magis notum,
Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum
Qui illud tam se putant scire
Illuc ut reculent ire.
Vos, à secretis syderum —

Am. Aufer te ocyùs *Mathematicè*, nam
adeest *Bombard*.

Din. Opportunè; Nam hærerè cœpit
carmen — *Scientia talis*

Dicenda est sola *liberalis*.

[*Exit.*]
Scena

Scena Secunda.

Bombardomachides.

Bom. *Amylio.**Am.* Hem!

Bom. Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas? *Amylio*, rursus voce non parca tono.

Am. Et ego rursus tono, Hem tibi.

Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca Nigri profundo Tartari emissus specu, Incertus utras oderit sedes magis.

Am. Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi hercle viatico usus est.

Bom. Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.

Am. Scilicet; & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.

Bom. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares,

Hic fulminantes stringere jambos decet. Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?

Am. Mehercule cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti pulchrè.

Bom. Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)

Quique evocavit nubibus siccis aquas, Egitque ad inum maria. Oceanus graves Interius undas æstibus victis dedit. Pariterque mundus lege confusa ætheris Et solem & Astra vidit.

Am. Orationem compendifacè; scio quid sequitur,

Et vetitum mare tetigistis urfa, Temporum flexæ vices, &c.

Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.

Bom. Hic monstra tanta voce terrebis suâ.

Am. Prohibessint Superi, cave ne committas tandem,

Ut malè dicatetur tibi in sermone publico, Si cum istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.

Am. At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere? Ubi is est?

Bom. Mox moxq, nobis aderit; hoc lentum est; Aedit:

Parum est & hoc, quia, Adfuit—Claves mihi.

Am. Quamobrem?

Bom. Illis icæu noster hic cardo strepet;

Ædesq, viset—Verba compescas miser, Peribis, at quid dixerim? infelix Peris.

Am. O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet denique!

Itæne tantum facinus tam insigniter in te admittere?

Ten' claves ferre? Ætherias prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Constat æstus unda, & Ionio sæges Matura pelago surget, uti modè pulcherrimè

Dixisti: I præ, sequor, subsequor te. [*Exit.*]

Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo, consilium placet.

Am. Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit! bona machina

Quam nequiter expetivit!

Scena Tertia.

Dinon.

O *Dinon* audistin' nos nullos esse?

Din. Auscultavi ab ostio omnia; Dii te infelicitent cum cantionibus.

Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriam Encomium canere.

Perdidisti nos planissimè. O sacram rem! scientia talis

Dicenda est sola Liberalis. Quando aderit ille

Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeo Cacodæmones?

Am. Modo.

Din. Modo?

Am. Modo: jam, & veniet hercle non ingratis meis.

Din. Sed enim quid de captivis?

Am. Manta modò: isthuc ibam;

Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numero mihi in mentem fuit.

Abi sane, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad proximum.

Din. Nempe in quem finem?

Am. Illic (nostin'!) scholam aliquam aperiant.

Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longè uberrimu'st.

Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam ingentem facient,

Ut brevi se captos redimant præsentis pecuniâ,

Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.

Din. Quid si literas?

Am. Pol istud nunc dierum inusitatum fatis.

Sed quis eas gratis discet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abest?

Din.

Dim. Cheiromantiam, Physiognomoni-
am, aut aliquid ejusmodi?

Am. Omnes jam illas technas despica-
tas habent ac nihili

Nisi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exqui-
situm eat,

Aut Ancilla, quot maritus ac quibus nupta
fit futura.

Dim. Quid tandem?

Am. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines
videri volunt

Faceti atque elegantuli; ad eam rem quo-
vis pacto affectant viam;

Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam
jocum malunt,

Ita risum, captant, & habent quod volunt,
nam meherclè sunt ridiculi;

Eâdem hâc scabie laborat *Gelasimus*, ut qui
maxime.

Dim. Vis Itaque illos profiteri Jocandi
Artem?

Am. Tenes.

Dim. At enim commovere risum neque-
unt, nisi deridendos se propinent.

Am. Rectè: hoc est jocari nunc die-
rum, præterea quis est qui nequit

In cognatione verborum, & simpatia
quâdam ludere?

Quot vocabula ad sutorem pertinent, quasi
destinata hujusmodi salibùs?

Ea habet in mundo omnia. Quot autem
ad Philosophum?

Ars Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Præ-
dicamentalis scala,

Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Bar-
bara, Cæsare.

Celarent, Ferio, Festino, sic tollo, Dictum
simpliciter,

Secundum quid, Disputo ad Hominem,
Reduplicativè, &c.

Nam ad Conclusionem venio, Terminor
hic usus optimus est.

Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, ju-
rabis non esse scriptos seriò.

Commoda sunt & Authorum quorundam
nomina Ramus, Scotus, Faber,

Tostatus, Suaresius, Nasò, Tranquillus,
Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.

Bom. Amylio. [*Intus.*]

Am. Me vocat, illicò. Quid dixi? oh!
est aliud genus falsi

Deridere omnes mortales, parata sint (nam
vacua pudet esse pugillaria)

Scommata in omne genus hominum; sed
hi joci consistunt plurimum

In ridendo clare, in contrahendo nasum,
& induendo jocularem faciem.

Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis est,
si attrahant benè,

Aliquando etiam jurent ornamentum gra-
tia, sed Dii boni!

(Pene excidit mihi) mercedè conducant
aliquos

Qui domi factitent, aliquos qui eant peti-
tum foras,

Ex conviviis, disputationibus, Comædiis,
Concionibus.

Aliquos etiam qui excubant, nam vena-
les habere debent

Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Ge-
nerosos jocòs.

Hæc & similia doce illos, abi sis; fac officii-
um; sed audin?

Adesto illis semper, ne liberati in pedes se
conjiciant. Quo ego jam faciam.

Dim. Effectum dabo; Jocandi artem?
ha, ha, hâ!

O miram rem! scientia talis dicenda est
sola liberalis. [*Exit.*]

Scena Quarta.

Calliphanes, p. Cal. f.

Cal. p. Itane obstinatè operam das face-
re me adversum omnia?

Ego istuc ætatis obsequens obediensque
eram imperio Patris.

In mare ibam, rem familiarem augebam
lucro.

Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxore
ducere,

Cui, tantum dotis dictum est?

Cal. f. At hodiè, Pater?

Cal. p. Eia! quam elegans! cras etiam
dicès, At hodiè Pater?

Cal. f. At vetant Mathematici infausta
hâc lucè adornari nuptias.

Cal. p. Perit, religiosus est; jamne pa-
trillas *Calliphanes*.

Pudet tui, pigetque.

Cal. f. At ægrotus sum, non valeo, pater.

Cal. f. Imò non ægrotas jam, sed male
habes *Calliphanes*.

Si animus ibi esset — & quid ni fit?

Cal. f. Præterea —

Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?

Cal. f. Nihil est parati; solitudo in ædi-
bus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?

Cal. p. Nempe id de industriâ: volu-
mus isthoc sine tumultu peragi.

Ut ne tanti fiant sumptus, tamq; in nullam
rem utiles.

Quid sibi volunt Hymæneum & cantian-
culæ? quasi tu nequeas

Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine
auxilio fidicinis.

Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi injussu no-
stro, tacitè agite.

Nisi fortè *Æmylione*, & *Ægle* arbitris.

Cal. f. *Ægle*? maxime.

Cal. p.

Cal. p. Abi modò, atque morem mihi gere.

Cal. f. Quid si nonvult pater?

Cal. p. Nequicquam nonvult; ità illum intùs admonuit pater.

Aggredere illum amatorio more; Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis—

Sequere me sis intrò; Audin' nisi quod imperavi facias

Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*.

Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Amylio, Psecas.

Pf. Quid ais *Amylio*? amabò audistin' adhuc

De novà scholà? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam:

Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periculum facere

Quid in jocis possint, sentient quæ mulier siem.

Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram: Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam modò cum *Dæmone*.

Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.

Am. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit

Aut concionatoris rustici, qui illum Leonem vocat.

Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam

(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia Tantùm loquendi illic manere dicitur.

Pf. Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ità lepidè loqueris.

Derideri me facile patiar, si isthoc fiat modo?

Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.

Am. Si me necesse est hercle, hoc pacto remunerarier,

Abhorrentem feceris brevi a facietis omnibus;

Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu' fortunata fieri?

Pf. Equidem cupio; etsi infelix non sum, Diis gratias.

Am. Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis splendèas,

Et filiam te esse simules *Bombardomachidis*.

Pf. Cupio id mecastor; sed erro quam insistas viam.

Am. Gelasimus hic in proximo vendit jocos

Hares ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solent, Merus stipes, huncce hominem admittilari pervelim.

Itaque hodiè inter te atq, illum nuptias cupio facere.

Pf. Nuptias? ha, ha, ha! mecastor facinus lepidum!

Am. Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,

Multoque tum liberius amare licet quem piam

Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris: Ille, Vir bonus,

Aut ignorabit prorsus, aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.

Pf. Scio; nam cum facta ero Heroïna nobilis

Equum esse oblectare memet illo more Aulico.

Amylio, Tum me vises aliquandò, tui immemor

Non committam ego ut siem.

Am. Sed properato opu' sit.

Para te oculus; ego te producam illuc.

Psecas, insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cautè.

Nam nisi sedulò singas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,

Nihil agis.

Pf. Pish! potin' ut molestus ne fies?

An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?

Ego vel te, *Amylio,* captare poteram: abi. Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.

Quiescas cætera.

Am. Immò non metuo, ut sis satis mala, Te magistram queram mihi, unquam si defecero.

Pf. Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum: Abi modò [*Exit Amylio.*]

Nubam sanè non gravate, sed nunquam filio.

Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius Illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me fiet,

Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque ingenio meo. [*Exit.*]

Scena Sexta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion.

(*Schola aperitur.*)

Gno. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium Coryphaeus (Quo verbo ipse usus est) De Orat. secundo libro,

Quem oculis mei plus amo, Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit;

Erravit; Ciceronem semper ego existima-
mavi hominem.

Gel. Pish! Cicero salem non habuit;
quisquamne de tot vocabulis

Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam
faceret jocum?

Poteram hercle ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc
quod est diei—

Al! Metaphora, bonum es verbum : & le-
pores hercle hujusmodi

Ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos
habemus plurimos.

O Dii boni! jocum pulcherrimum excrip-
simus in Tullium

Qui nudius quartus in Scholis publicis di-
ctus est proxima Academia.

Legam vobis — [*ascendit in cathed.*]

Gno. Sed ferox nimium ne sis in Cice-
ronem nostrum,

Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

Gel. Quid hoc? oh — Jocus magnus in
Prætoris oppidani cornua—novi—

[*querit paginam.*]

Jocus in militem male vestitum — An
ostenderunt terga? — oh —

Hic exemptus sit ex meis pugillaribus—&
certè magnus est—hum!

Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis
nono die Novembris unus jocus,

Sex demi-joci & tres egregia sententia.

Oh! memini — Joci sacri

Et pia Hilaria—nunquam hæc vendemus—

Oh — jam inveni — Jocus magnus in
Ciceronem.

Gn. Lege; arrectisque auribus asto.

Gel. (legit.) Ciceronis nomen vanum,

Abeat nunc in Tullianum, & potest converti
Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum—

Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.

Mor. Tutor hoc tuum est verbum.

Gel. Cæteri abeant in Tullianum.

Gn. Optimè! nam est locus in carcere,
quod Tullianum appellatur.

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ!

Gel. Quid rides?

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ: Abeat in Tullianum?

ha, ha.

Gel. Hoc dictum in utramque partem ac-
cipi potest, est jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego

Obiter facetus sum; audin' Tutor? *Mori-*
on scribe isthoc.

Mor. Maxime.

Gn. Hem! suntne in mundo omnia?

Gel. Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum:
Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.

Mor. Joc: jo — jocus — Estne *Ge-*
lasime cum, g, o, vel cum i, o?

Gel. cum i, o: Scripsistin'?

Mor. Ita credo.

Gel. Repete: *Mor.* Dexter est

Ambo — joci. *Gel.* O scelus! est jocus
ambidexter, cedo calamum.

Mor. Maxime: in idem redit. Scripti
valdè benè Tutor.

Gn. Immò: insanum benè, ut Comice
loquar: Ibi ego *Gelasime* —

Gel. At malè verèor ne hoc non de gra-
vitate meâ detrahat.

Non, non, ipsi Doctores jocantur in his re-
gionibus.

In condemnatos falsi sunt ipsi Judices,
Dormiant, capite annunt & ille Judicialis
jocus est.

Generosi joci solvunt Creditoribus.

Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.

Joco jurant, joco fallunt: rem agunt divi-
nam joco.

Panè dixi, vivunt joco: tantum jocantur serio.

Gn. Atque ego ita faciam: si canimus
sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

Gel. Morion, vidi ecqui licitatores propè
sint: an prospectus est sterilis?

Mor. Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci,
quis emit novos jocos?

Gn. Nullo: ne nundinatus es modò?
hic dies scelestus est

(*Ut* utar Comici phrase) divendendis jocis.

Gel. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos: ita
supercilium salit.

Non sum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodiè,
Nunquid cessavi hoc mane lucri facere?

Vendidi modò mulierî, nescio cui, duos
jocos.

In Papam *Johannam,* quos misuram aic-
bar sese

Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pasto-
rem in Angliâ,

Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus &
Coronâ triplici.

Gno. Quanti emit?

Gel. Unis drachmis in jocos singulos.

Sed corollarii loco voluit sibi unum dari.

Demi — jocum in *Bellarminum:* itaque
dedi, Mentiris *Bellarminæ.*

Gno. Benè habet: Capram cœlestem o-
rientem conspeximus

Id est, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roter-
damo in Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?

Gel. Præstinavit etiam Justiciarius qui-
dam quatuor jocos,

In honorem Legis; & sex ingeniosas sen-
tentias.

Quas in cenâ dicturus sit, cum vicinos quo-
tannis accipit

Clientum alicibus. Venit post illa Jesuita ali-
quis.

(Quantum conjecturam capio, nam orna-
tus erat basilicum in modum)

Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi facerem

Salsum & ingeniosum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Diabolum.

Omitto reliquos —

Mor. Pax? st! adest emptor: quid vis tibi Domine

Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

Scena Septima.

Juvenis Academicus.

Acad. Vellem mihi dari Archididascalum hujus scholæ.

Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, si vis emere tibi.

Ac. Quis est Archididascalus?

Mor. Ego sum *Morion*.

Ac. Sed illum conventum cupio.

Mor. Non me cupis?

Ego possum joculari aliquando.

Gel. *Morion*, exscribe sis

Hanc paginam.

Mor. Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam interimere.

Gno. Juvenis, eccum me præsto tibi. Coram, quem quæritis, adsum

Trojus Æneas.

Ac. Si Æneas tibi nomen sit, alium volo.

Gno. Non: sed loquor cum Poetâ: is sum, quid venisti loquere?

Ac. Muneris nostri est moderari inter disputantes in scholis publicis.

Gno. O? Agonotheta es, ἀγώνητος & ῥήτωρ: nam sic docti vocant.

Ac. Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo

Mercedem, quantam alii solent, eodem qui officio functi sunt.

Gel. Rectè: nam si argumenta non potes, solvenda est pecunia.

Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion* scribe hoc sis oeyùs.

Mor. Dii te perdant,

Credo te joculari solitum fuisse in utero Matris,

Atque ita semper facis, mihi ut faceffas in scribendo negotium.

Gel. Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo sis loco.

Ingeniosus esse non debes nimis.

Nullumne adhuc habes in parato joculum?

Ac. Nullum equidem præter, satisfecisti officio tuo.

Mor. A — r — ar — a — rgu — O jam habeo —

Ac. An bonam habetis copiam philosophicorum salium?

Gel. Videbis; *Morion* cedo libellum de

jocis Philosophicis.

Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

Scena Octava.

Mulier.

Mul. Quis intus est?

Mor. Quæ hæc mulier est? quid vis?

Mu. Tune es Magister Scholæ?

Mor. Ego sum: Ego: quid tua? Magister? maximè.

Mu. Recede quæso; est tibi quod in aurem dicam. Nupta sum, si placet, Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro, Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.

Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.

Mor. Nupta es imperito morum & impuri oris Viro, [clara voce.]

Qui te meretricem vocat: hæc in aurem dicis mihi?

Non, non: quid si dolus hîc latet?

Gno. *Mulier*, adi sis propiùs.

Ac. Ha, ha, hæ! non abstineo quin plaudam — accipe sis pecuniam.

[plaudit manib.]

Ob isthoc credo dictum me sustollent humeris.

Gn. Cujus generis facetias vis?

Mul. Omnium, si placet, generum.

Gn. *Morion*, cedo Pia hilaria, nunquam hæc vendemus aliter.

Mul. Non multa, si placet, pia.

Gno. Non, non, pauca pro Die Dominico. Vin' etiam jocos generosos?

Mu. Quoscumque tibi visum' sit.

Gn. At aliqui lascivi sunt.

Mul. Non refert, si sint tantum aliqui. Indica, fac pretium:

Gn. Non cari sunt sex minis, Tu verò quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior est virtus veniens è corpore pulchro,

Sex solidis feres.

Mu. Accipe; Dii vos sospitent.

Mor. Nunquam sic auferes; aliquid mihi dabis. [osculatur] Exit.

Ac. Profectò, si unquam te in Academia uspiam viderim, Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cervisiâ primariâ.

Sed necesse est, ut confutationem Orationis componas mihi.

Gel. Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facile effluit.

Morion, adestum, scribe, quæ loquor; paratus es?

Ac. Sed ita componas oro, ut eadem confutatione hæc, Respondeam aliis Orationibus. *Gel.*

Gel. Omnibus, si vis.
 Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vestibulo Orationis tuæ —
Mor. Quid? vest — vestibulum — delectaris credo vocabulis
 Quæ sunt scriptu difficilia.
Gel. Aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ingenuè fateor me
 Non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.
 Dixisti porro —
 Dixisti porro, aliquid de Mari Philosophico —
Ac. Quid si non dicit?
Gel. Pish, ne time: nunquam quisquam omittet Mare Philosophicum —
 Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres — ha!
 Quid ais Juvenis?
Ac. Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius pulchrè.
Gel. Dixisti etiam quod — & tum interponas illius verba.
Ac. Quæso tu id facias; non possum quicquam interponere.
Gel. Benè habet: non est opus; perge ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt, itaque sic — & tum Accingas te ad disputandum, scripististi?
Morion?
Mor. Ferè; Dilapsa sunt, itaque sic — & tum te accingas ad disputandum. [legit.]
Gel. Pish; non oportuit scriptum — & tum te accingas.
Mor. Non? significatum hoc oportuit mihi — sed delebo tamen.
Ac. Nihil suprà: O si repetere possim cum ingenioso tono.
Gel. Id facillimum est; audies Morionem, *Morion*, procede in medium.
 Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.
Mor. Tun' me docuisti? non; ego naturâ sic loquor.
 Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi
 Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vest — vestibulo Orationis.
 Tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ego ingenuè fateor,
 Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus, dixisti porro aliquid
 De mari Philosophico, pish ne time, nunquam quisquam.
Gel. Quid? scripististi id? dele, inquam ocyùs.
Mor. Quid? non est jocus? delebon' ego jocum optimum? benè, si vis — [delet.]
 Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena —

Gel. Quid? venena?
Mor. Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?
Gel. Pish! Veneres.
Mor. Veneres? benè in idem redit —
 Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt,
 Itaque sic —
Ac. Legit pol' facetissimè: qui datur, tanti indica.
Gel. Non cara'st auro contra; sed solido tibi destino.
Mor. Non, non: ponam ego precium illi, quia repetebam benè.
 Viden' has vestes, jocularès nimio nimis? Dabis mihi subligacula.
Ac. Hem tibi solidum — adest peregrinus —
 Valetè; confutabo nunc omnes homines, quibuscum loquor. [Exit.]

Scena Nona.

Bombardomachides:

Gn. Adest alius:
 Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?
Bom. Heus! ecquid istà venditis jocos schola?
 Effare & istud pande, quodcunque est mihi.
Gno. Dicis vera quidem, veri sed graviora fide.
 Ut Ovidius in Tristibus, quem librum composuit
 Postquam in exilium missus est ab *Augusto*.
 Sed sine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic nomen.
Bom. Meumne nescis nomen? O ingens scelus!
 Dum terra cælum media libratum feret,
 Nitidusque certas mundus evolvit vices,
 Numerusque arenis deerit, haud nomen meum
 Latebit ullos.
Gno. Hic homo (quantum video) nondum Virgilium legit.
 Nam eandem rem cum poeta quantò dixisset melius.
 In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbra
 Lustrabunt, convexa polus dum sidera pascet,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesq; manebunt.
Mor. Vix audio herclè; Hem! fortem me præstabo.
 Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emisse novos jocos?
Bom. Ain' carnufex?
Mor. Nihil, profecto nihil.

Mecum ipse loqui soleo; hic homo non jocatur.

Bom. In profligatas hostium turmas jocos Emperturus argentum fero, argentum bonum; Minaſq; quiſquis numerat, inveniet duas. [*oſtendit pecun.*]

Mor. Ha! ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum.

Ad hunc modum hostibus responde. Abite in Tullianum,

Et ad laudem eorum converti poteſt, ſi dicas modò

Ne abeatſ in Tullianum, ha, ha, he!

Gel. Ecquid peſtis te tenet? in Cicero-nem id oportet dictum.

Mor. Scio hoc, ſed aliis applicari facile poteſt; annon

Locus eſt in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur?

Poſſum ego joci ſatis in loco, diis gratias.

Cel. Hem tibi ſales militares!

Gno. Alexander, ſeu Pellæus juvenis

Numquam eſt locutus meliores, exempli gratiâ.

Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipſe dedit. Tum dicit aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam? Reſpondeſ facetiſſimè, Tergum vel Pœnaſ dedit.

Bom. Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede,

Efficiaſ jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. [*Exit.*]

Gel. Ædipol næ commodè proceſſimus, lepidè hoc officium fungimur.

Mor. Pulchrè nos inte nos congruimus, ingeniōſi omneſ ſumus.

Gno. Saviſ inter ſe convenit urſiſ, ut Vir omni literarum genere cultiſſimus.

Gel. Hei! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua eſtiſ multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum! ha! ha! redite poſt prandium,

Vos qui eſtiſ bellua multorum capitum. Tu-tor, eamus quaſo ad prandium.

Gno. Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poeta,

Ludit permiſtiſ ſobria Muſa jociſ.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

Cal. Filius, Eucomiſſa.

Cal. F. O Me hominem invenuſtum!

Eu. O infortunatam me pu-

ellulam!

Cal. F. Amare reſ liberrima eſt, Amare tamen cogor.

Eu. Odiſſe reſ eſt liberrima, Odiſſe tamen vetor.

Cal. Cur ſuperi, quam amemus eligunt, qua-cum vivamus Patreſ?

Eu. Cur Patreſ in corpora poteſtatem habent, in animoſ ſuperi?

Cal. Adeſt *Eucomiſſa*, aliquid ei dicerem, ſed quid dicam nescio.

Eucomiſſa —

Eu. Quid?

Cal. Ne valeam, ſi verbum de nuptiſ

O Eucomiſſa —

Eu. Quid? fac me ut ſciam, ſiquid viſ.

Cal. Egon? nihil.

Eu. Cur vocaſti autem?

Cal. Immo tantum eſt, Salva ſiſ!

Et — aliud certè volo ſi ad audiendum adeſt benignitaſ.

Eu. Adeſt, ſed in pauca conferaſ.

Cal. Siquid unquam ego —

Eu. Exordia *Calliphaeſ*? quaſi dociliſ reddenda ſim & benevola?

Ad rem veni.

Cal. Verbo expediam, Vale. [*Exit.*]

Eu. Enimverò ad hoc audiendum adeſt benignitaſ. Vale

Næ ego infelix puella, tam ſuavem qua-cum maſſium na-c-ta ſum!

Intemperia-c hominem tenent, at Patrem multò magiſ,

Qui huic me hodiè nuptum territo daret.

O *Amylio*, [*Callipha. redit.*]

Tecum vivendum eſt ſolo, ſi vivendum eſt mihi.

Te Pater, tu me cepiſti, injuriam fortuna-c uluſ eſ.

Cal. *Eucomiſſa*, ſalve, aliquid te roga-tum oportuit qua me propter huc ex-animatum reduxi tibi.

Eu. Satin' moleſtuſ tandem? quaſo te ut ſanuſ ſieſ.

Cal. Praeter juſ æquumque oraſ, nam a-mare, & ſimul ſapere,

Ne

Ne deos quidem penes est, sed Eucomissa;
hodie?

Eu. Ajunt.

Cal. Quid pater?

Eu. Jubet, instat, urget.

Cal. si hodie nuptura es mihi, cras me
efferes.

Eu. Falsus es; nam si nubam hodie, ho-
die moriar.

Cal. Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithala-
mii loco.

Eu. Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fun-
getur vice.

Cal. Ob lepidum isthoc dictum nunc de-
num places mihi.

Nunc illud est, cum te libentè penè in
uxorem acciperem.

Quam vox sonabit blandum cum promit-
tat tua,

Quæ tum, cum negat, suavis est!

Eu. Mecastor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem,
Cum te amari nolis ita amanter facis.

Cal. O amore omni dulcior contento!

Eu. O omni pace jurgium optabilius!

Cal. Sic sua Turtures molliores Venere,
Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur
invicem.

Sed questus inter, gemitum, & murmur,
amant.

Eu. Sic gratum nostris furtum cum fiat
auribus,

Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantem agit,
Concordant simul, simul & litigant soni.

Cal. Per Venerem, Eucomissa, liberalis
es; si daretur optio,

Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam.
At cætera, sponte facimus, amamus fato.

Eu. Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri
mos est.

Cal. Ne valeam, cum contempar faci-
em, si quicquam supra est,

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut ef-
fundat aciem.

Cincinnati vincendis animis nati tibi.
Modestus genarum color, & qualem alia

A verecundiâ mutuantur, genasque amu-
lantur labia,

Abeamus, nam si te conspexero diutius,
Periero, Venena mellea in medullas ser-
punt. Vin'te Eucomissa mihi in Uxorem
dari?

Cupio, per Deos cupio, Eucomissa, loquere.
Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.

Nisi dura, & difficilis maneas, me interficis.
Nam conceptis ego verbis jusjurandum
dedi,

Uxorem, nisi *Aglen* —

Eu. *Aglen Calliphanes?*

Cal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliam
volui dicere.

Eu. Afficiam te hodie *Calliphanes*, nuncio
latabili, Si *Aglen* deperis, mutuum
tecum facit.

Cal. Quid ais? ah noli in spem fluxam
me conicere. Men' *Agle?*

Eu. Oculis plus, inquam, tuis.

Cal. Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O
Eucomissa,

Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam ex-
osculer,

Ne vivam, nisi semper te feci meritò
maximam.

Eu. Accertas *Aglen*, rem tibi Autho-
rem dabo.

Consilium unà capiemus, intereà tempo-
ris, Vale.

Cal. Nunc illud est, cum me—

Eu. Pish, super sede istis verbis, abi.

Col. Abeo—sed *Eucomissa*—benè: abeo.
[Exit.]

Scena Secunda.

Amelio, Eucomissa.

Am. *Ædipol* nax hæc machina successit
lepidè sub manus.

Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem
utilia.

Accommodavit illis *Dimon* aliquid pecuniæ
præ manu

Unde utantur, & nunc, credo, aperuerunt
Scholam.

Eu. Ha! adest, amorem meum non est
uti celeri amplius. *Amelio*, adesdum,
paucis te volo.

Am. *Eucomissa*, salve.

Eu. *Amelio*, hodie nuptura sum.

Am. Dii vortant benè.

Eu. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti
nuptiis prodatur dies.

Estne hoc miserum?

Em. Enimverò nihil prolixius.

Nam eo citius virginem exues.

Eu. Sed fac *Amelio*,

Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligen-
ter adeò faceres?

De improvviso duceres?

Am. Utinam faceres periculum.

Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.

Eu. Mecastor, pone ita esse.

Ego amo te, sed adversum nos affirmat
Pater,

Quid enim ageres?

Am. Quid? si esset centies pater,

Glacomam ob oculos objicerem, uti ne
quod videt, videat.

Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodie mihi
nubere?

Eu. Volo.
Am. Lepidè partes tuas agis: sed da mihi firmatam fidem.
Eu. Do testem Venerem.
Am. Et Martem ego tibi
 Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus suavio,
 O festivum facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi seriò uxor es.
 Da suavius alterum.
Eu. Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!
Am. Osculandi pauſam faciam, si os non placet,
 Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames meritò.
Eu. Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyùs, nempe quod dixi joco
 Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens?
 Mecastor faxo ut ne impunè in me inluseris. Unde isthac confidentia est? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?
 Servitutem servire te memineris captum manu.
Am. At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familia.
Eu. Linguam comprime,
 Aut dicam Patri ut me in tricis conjicis.
Am. Iste herclè exitus rem lepidam pervortit malè.
 Vale igitur, si vis, ad novam scholam me conferam,
 Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem.
Eu. Quam ineptè stulta sum! timeo, ut severa fuerim.
 Quid si revocem? *Amylio* redi, quid præter morem ita
 Præterque ingenium tuum ea mali consulis Quæ jucundè dicta sunt? credin' me locutam seriò?
Am. Non, non, seriò? neque posse feminam arbitror.
Eu. Cape sis hunc anulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono.
 Si memoriâ nos excidimus hic facito ut subveniat tibi.
Am. Annalum? maxime, sed jamne locuta es seriò?
Eu. O *Amylio*, si nosceres—& quidni noscas tamen?
Am. Quidni? quia non sum Oedipus: præter anulum nil intelligo.
Eu. Adeone tardus es? facis haud consuetudine.
 Quin, vultum legas, legas & suspiria, Hanc ipsum legas anulum; sat loquor tacita.
Am. Legam herclè lubentissimus—
 oh—cum annulo

Quid est? *Eucomissa*, hoc verbum non vult legi.
 Oh efficiam ut velit—Cum annulo animus.
Eu. Ineptus es; res alias si sic agis, Vale.
 Quid dixi? immo Vale, sed ne abeastamen.
Am. Hum! sic est profectò: nam si memini benè
 Concinnâ facie sum; staturâ commodâ, & ætate integrâ.
 Experiar quid sit: *Eucomissa*, advorte animum.
 O *Eucomissa*, diu te amavi perditæ.
Eu. Ha!
Am. Usque adhuc ausus nihil, nisi oculos pascere.
 Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum Perspicere animum, ut sese habeat velim,
 In spe atque in timore attentus sum. *Eucomissa*, loquere.
Eu. Pudet confiteri; ô, quid faciam misera?
 Mene? simulatam non revereris Patris?
 Sed mitto Patrem—
Am. Missam hanc facito modestiam.
 Vin' me Maritum tibi? verbo expedias.
Eu. Maritum? ha! quid si id cupiam maxime?
 Cupiâ? non, nolo *Amylio*: habes brevissimè.
 Quid respondes?
Am. Me esse infelicem: Vale.
Eu. Non, non, manta sis modò? Volo, inquam, Volo.
 O *Amylio*, tua sum, tuæ me commendo fidei.
Am. Et ego *Eucomissa* tuus; præ lætitiâ, ita me dii ament,
 Apud me non sum; sed mittamus isthac, adsunt arbitri.

Scena Tertia.

Calliphanes, *Aegle*, *Eucomissa*, *Amylio*.
Cal. Beasti me; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.
 Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii aestimo.
Eucomissa—*Amylio*,—Divorum vitam adepti sumus.
Am. Quid soror? tune *Calliphanem* amas?
Aeg. Meipsam minus.
Eu. Frustrâ adhuc sumus; quid Patri respondebimus?
Cal. Ha! Patri? quantâ de lætitiâ quam subito decidit? Nullamne facere possumus in nuptiis fallaciam *Amylio*?
Am. Non minor mea hic res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere desine.
Eu. At siquid potes *Amylio*.

Am.

Am. An hodiè te uxorem commiffurus eft *Calliphani*?

Eu. Ità.

Am. Dic te velle.

Eu. Ah *Emylio*, tam fubito animum a nobis fègregas?

Am. Dii avortant omen.

Nemo te unquam nifi mors eripiet mihi. Nunc quam rem agam accipe: hic nuptiis dictus eft dies.

Veras effe credat Pater, at ne fint tamen. Nam *Agle* tuam vicem, cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.

Diurna ejus uxor fis ipfa in aliquod tempus. Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud fe nobis offeret.

Amolimini hinc vos properè, fi confilium placet.

Eu. Nullum vidi melius.

Cal. Abeamus *Agle*. [Exeunt.]

Scena Quarta.

Gnomicus, Gelafmus, Morion, Academicus fecundus.

Gn. Ad Cathedram, ad Cathedram occùs, nam adest peregrinus, Titubatque pede pes, denfufque Viro Vir.

Aca. Tune es Magifter Scholæ?

Mor. Hei! Magifter! nemo homo Me querit ufpiam; his veftribus nimium lateo.

Aca. Profeflor jocatorum *Academicus* proxima Hebdomade jocaturum ft publicè.

Itaque huc me mifit falutem ut vobis dicereim,

Opemque in hac re expetiffit, & confilium veftrum.

Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut confultatis obfecrat.

Gel. Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius: meus frater eft.

Ac. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres merit fuos.

Gno. Quanquam te Jocator Frater annum jam fales in hoc tempus colligentem, idque Academia, abundare oportet præceptis inftitutifq; hujus artis propter fummum & Doctòris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos, (ut videmur) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus, atque hoc veluti in tranfitu; fapiufculè excurro Oratoriè.

Gel. Præ reift hac rem pravortà nullam, Sed equos ipfe fecit fales?

Aca. Collegit aliquos; .

Sed fecit ipfe adhuc, quod fciam ego, pauciffimos.

Fortè an duos treffe demi—jocos.

Gel. Morion, porrige fchedulam

Illam mihi jocatorum Tripodalium; nam in Anglià patria noftrà,

Jocatorum Profeflori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!

Aca. An ifti concinnè, in quæftionem ejus cadent?

Gel. Equè herclè concinnè, in quæftionem ejus, atque in ullam aliam.

Hoc habeat propè in exordii loco, dein Quæftio autem

Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit fuos ipfe Terminos,

Atque fi recufent ingredi, invitos trahat fècum atque ingratis,

Uti non rarò factum vidimus. Hac itaq; eft falutatio

Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet

Medicina, Legifque Profeflores & Doctores omnes præcipuè,

Abfque hoc nunquam quifquam plaufum fibi repperit.

Sed (pænè oblitus fui dicere) nullane hic Comædia

Agitur circiter hoc temporis.

Aca. Immò verò hodiè.

Gel. Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,

Nam quifquis is eft, facietis meis proxima Hebdomade jugulabitur.

Accipe fis hanc fchedulam; fcriptum hic inveniet,

Quod fufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes poft hac Comædias.

Aca. Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.

Gel. St! audin' etiam?

Tribus verbis te volo; iftam Fabulam Ludos faciet.

Fabula (intellectin'?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale. [Exit *Aca.*]

Scena Quinta.

Emylio (alio ornatu) Pſecus, Gnom. Gel. Mor.

Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?

Ædipol virgo fortis eft, efficiam ut me depereat de ingenio.

Mor. Principio atque hanc video, manere non poſſum diutius,

Ita lauta eft; nimio nimi' modeftus ſum his veftribus.

Am. Jam pra te *Pſecus*; ſi pectus ſapit, duras illis dabis.

Pf. Pish, aliud cura, magnificè tractabo isthunc Asinum;
O Venus! hæccine est illa schola? lepidus mecastor locus est.

Semper ego facetias amavi multum, & nutrix mihi

Dicere solita est: Abi, abi, ut vitalis sis metuo,

Ita præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es nimium.

Et ego pol ridebam: rides? inquit illa, Dii boni!

Uti hujus nunquam non meminero!

Am. Pish, perge ad rem.

Pf. Quam sæpe res nihili quosè hæreat in memoria?

O Diana! quam mihi tunc dierum proci-
bo fuit jocarier?

Sæpè ad focum domi obsedimus; ego nar-
rare fabulas,

Festivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos
solvere,

Nulla (licet ipsa dicam) primarum arti-
um magi princeps extitit.

Sed ubi est Magister? videre vellem ni-
mò,

Nam communicabimus inter nosmet face-
tias invicem,

Opem meam, (satis scio) non habebit
despicatui.

Ubi est?

Gn. Coram, quem quaritis, adsum
Trojus *Aneas*, necesse habeo novam de
hâc re sententiam quarere.

Pf. O Musas! studuisti arti Musicæ:
illud ex Virgilio

Accepisti mutuum, immò ego poetas legi.
Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest

Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & feci sanè
Mediocrates.

Gn. Mediocribus esse poëtis.
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere
Columnæ.

Gel. Oh! ho! ho! incantavit me aliquis;
quod ego

Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum
concinnare adeo joculum.

Hum! ficcin? Oh! tandem ad meipsum
redeo.

O cujus generis rosæ invident, & pudore ru-
bescunt solo,

Et tum —

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! pulcherrimè! si or-
natus essem ex meis virtutibus

Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret istam
faciem.

Am. Tun? solus hic regnum possides?
ubi, si placet, ceteri?

Gn. St! *Gelasime*.

Gel. Maximè — Pallet Luna, & se-
ctum confitetur —

Statim vobis adero — nec sidera —
hum! isthoc non placet.

Ceciderunt plane sidera, Ceciderunt; ha,
ha, ut nescienti mihi

Effluxit istic jocus?

Gn. Hem *Morion*, ubi es?

Mor. St! ego non adsum.

Am. Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præ-
sentem negat?

Nisi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.

Mor. Per Deos non adsum,

Ut catè delusi homines! illi hic me esse
nesciunt, ha, ha, ha!

Gn. An *Morion* atrâ bili percitust? id
est, an delirat?

Cesson? illum educere ex insidiis, ut lepidè
loquar?

Morion, adesto.

[*Educit.*]

Am. Ha, ha! ut stat! reclamante Phi-
losophiâ

Negarem hunc esse rationalem, nisi quia
risibilem video.

Gn. Humanum est errare: erras pro-
fectò hospes,

Nam omnis homo est rationalis, ut acu-
tissime observat *Simplicius*.

Pf. Nolite, obsecro, deridere, per pos-
quam modestus est!

Mor. Me laudat.

Gel. Euge! jam habeo.

Mor. Herclè audaçter alloquar.

Salve tu, O cujus generis rosæ invident, &
pudore rubescunt solo.

Gel. O mastigiam! quæ mea est Ora-
tio, occupat præloqui,

Ut perdidit mihi sex jocos, & tres amato-
rias sententias!

Gn. Perge *Morion*.

Mor. Perge tu, si vis, ego dixi satis.

Gn. Adeldum *Gelasime*. Hic est joca-
tor ille, Cui meliøre luto finxit præ-
cordia Titan.

Pf. Mecastor liberalis est: salve mul-
tùm, te unum ex omnibus

Festivum fama magnificavit, itaque ad te
huc venimus visere.

Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etsi hanc
mihi Laudem non arrogem.

Gel. Sideri equidem cujus sub auspicio
natus sum, minorem gratiam habeo,

Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus, quæ me
perspexerunt modò.

Ha, ha! optimè loquor semper de impro-
vîso,

Quod signum est boni ingenii, proculdubio
hæc mea?st,

Obsecro, quænam est hæc virgo?

Am. Factione summâ, & divitiis pol-
lens.

Bombardomachidis filia' sit strenuissimi ducis.

Gel. Nimiò nimi' novi ego istum *Bom-
bardonmachidem.*

(Hic illum derideo) sed tamen tantò me-
liu' sit.

Am. Equis homo tantum stultitiæ in
se possedit uspiam?

Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet,
heus! auditis'?

Quoniam vosmet magnificatis ità de istis
artibus,

Dabo equidem sponsonem, me vos unum
singulos

Redacturum modò joci meis ad silentium.

Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem
quis plus possiet.

Pf. Vide quid agas priùs. Ego ab hujus
parte stabo.

Gel. A meâ: nescio unde hoc sit, multò
sum beator

Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vocem
audiunt,

Continuò me amant perditè. O Superi!
gratias ago,

Multum de me meruistis; Heus, audacule,
Quoniam ita vis vitâ interfici, ascende hanc
sellulam.

Opponam ego primus; sed miseret me tui.

Mor. Benè herclè facis; ego obsecunda-
bo tibi in loco,

Abi, audacule, abi in Tullianum.

Am. Esto tu moderator.

Gno. Agonotheta ero, ἀπο τοῦ ἀγών & τι-
μου: nam sic docti vocant. Tu oppones
Morion

Secundo in loco.

Mor. Rectè, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus medita-
bor mecum.

Gen. Antequam illam nosti?

Mor. Nosti? nemo non potest

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero singula-
ris ego.

Pf. Discrutior animi, quod mos non pa-
tatur,

Disputare scæminas publicè: vellem hos
Opponentes mihi.

Gn. Ascendat Jocator.

Proditum est memoriæ antiquos Philoso-
phos post multos labores sese recreare
solitos fuisse. Agite igitur, hilarem
hunc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimiù
intensus citò frangitur; habent sua
Ludicra Musæ; & Apollo Musarum
Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando pa-
tet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus
es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam

plus modestia tua, quam ingenium ap-
pareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam inge-
nium non ferent, & observa semper
cum Poetâ, Parcere personis, dicere
de vitis.

Am. Orationem tuam —

Gn. Nolo pati istam impudentiam, con-
feras te ad provinciam tuam.

Am. Sapienter quidem facis, quod ora-
tionem tuam non vis repeti.

Gn. Autoritate mihi ab Apolline com-
missâ, jubeo te acquiescere.

Pf. Ha, ha, ha! utinam ista mihi au-
thoritas committeretur ab Apolline.

Am. Non datur ars jocandi — Inci-
piam à postremo

Termino Jocandi, qui est Terminus Hil-
larii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita
facere.

Datur est verbum; nam nunc dierum Res
talis non est, quædam dicuntur dari
proprie & simpliciter, sed hinc sensus
verbi jam antiquatus est: alii verò im-
proprie & secundum quid, ut Gradus
in Academiâ, & in Collegiis —

Gn. Omitte illud verbum; scimus quid
velis.

Am. Sed, ne erretis in hac re, dicam
vobis, quid dandum sit, quid non,

primum omnium dabitur mihi — si
placeo — Manus vestras — sin mi-
nus — Veniam. Dabitur Aulico no-
va juramenta, nam fregit omnia ve-
tera. Ad Cælum enim ire ne cogitat
quidem, quia audit paucos illic esse
tonsores & futores vestiarios, itaque
nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum
aliquando dixit Deo, se ejus servum
esse ter humillimum. Et tamen odit
Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, eoque
similior illius Creditorū Civium. Se-
cundò dabitur Puritanis verba; jam
enim illis silentiū indicitur, siquando
autem privatim prædicent, dabitur au-
res vestras; nam suas amiserunt. Da-
bitur Academiis —

Gn. Nolo istud dici; ne quos ridere hic
oportuit.

Erubescant aliqui: satisfecisti officio tuo.

Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in
loco meo

Extrâ unum novi, qui respondit nugis hu-
jusce modi.

Ascendat Opponens primus; Disputatio-
nem in alium

Disseramus diem, nunc jam respondeas
tantum breviter.

Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc or-
na.

Gel. Faciam, sed numerata jocos meos, dum respondeam.

Gn. Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numerata hoc *Gelasime*,

Obsecro, auditores ut in adversam partem ne rapiatis,

Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquando jocos.

Am. Si in eam partem peccas, facile te profectò condonabimus.

Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, adhuc ab hac culpa liber es.

Gn. Doctissimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodiè.

Gel. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,

Est magnus jocos.

Am. Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.

Gel. Pish! annon ludo in reduplicatone ñ Dare?

Gn. Est certè dimidia pars joci.

Am. Oh! ille, fortassè credidit, Dimidium plus toro esse.

Gel. Dii, Deæque, Superi, Inferi, Pessimis me exemplis perdiunt, nisi dicturus id eram

Numerata *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum ex animo meo.

Am. Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut fias,

Si furaris, ego quæ dico.

Pf. Summi est ingeni,

Si facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio. Ibi ego etiam: pudet sanè me mutam stare Inter tot jocantes.

Gel. Sed repetamur à diverticulo:

Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macedonicus* —

Am. Quin pergis?

Gel. Quia jam te oportet dicere,

Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?

Am. Quid si nolim dicere?

Tun' me coges?

Gel. Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest jocarier?

Am. Benè, si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hac sceminâ nobili Ignominiosè taceas.

Gel. Et ego sic respondeo:

Pecuniam? non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.

Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc — Dixisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsum! nam ars jocandi est

Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur; nam Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Am. Caru' est hic jocos, nam tribus abhinc petitur milliaribus.

Concionatorem nunquam audivi, textum cum perdiderit,

(Ut sapè sit) per tot circulos illū quærere. Walli in hunc planè modum ad suam scandunt originem.

Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap

Credè mihi res est ingeniosa dare.

Gel. Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; sed nimium rusticè,

Iterùm *Gnomice*; ob rusticitatem illum derideo,

Est & elegans quædam antithesis inter Aulicos & rusticè.

Quæ addidisti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo,

Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,

Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire jussi, cætera

Ex memoriâ aufugerunt.

Pf. Nequeo quin plaudam manibus:

Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.

Gn. Satisfecisti officio tuo: ascendat *Morion*.

Mor. Ità facio; quæso ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*.

Am. Hei! cum istis vestibus disputaturus venis?

Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla est Consequentia

Inter earum partes.

Mor. An vestes meæ tibi nocent?

Am. Ità sanè me terrebat modò, cum hic ascenderas.

Mor. Ha, ha, hæ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui sim.

Qui cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc incipio.

In principio orationis tuæ habuisti aliquid de meis laudibus, sed

Ego ingenuè fateor, me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.

Am. Egon' de tuis laudibus?

Meritò pol me confutare possis, si habuissim tale quid.

Mor. Pish! ego hoc suppono — itaque nunc pergo, numerata *Gnomice*.

Dixisti porrò aliquid de mari Philosophico.

Am. Quid? de mari Philosophico?

At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.

Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum.

Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

Mor. Non? tum hæc tua culpa' est *Gelasime*.

Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quisquam
omitteret Mare Philosophicum?

Am. Ha, ha, hæ!

Mor. Ecquid me ridet?

Gn. Perge *Morion*.

Mor. Pergat qui vult, si ridetis: ego satisfeci officio meo.

Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt: Et sic desino. [*descendit.*]

Gn. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes dimitto laudibus,

Et Vitulâ tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.

Pf. Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos omnes processistis hodiè,

Ego vobiscum ipsâ disputabo vice proximâ. Doctissime Moderator vale, dii tibi dent

quæ expetis.

Gn. Et longum formosâ vale, vale inquit Iola.

Pf. Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum, nam de arte isthac est tibi

Quod sola soli dicam.

Gel. Beatus sum! libenter sequor.

Quantum diis magis debeo, quod me tam lepidum fecerint!

Pf. *Æmylio*, i præ, pish, omite istas ceremonias.

Mor. Ego illos comitabor, satis sum jocatus hodiè.

Gn. At ego intus me recipiam, bene hodie fecimus. [*Exeunt.*]

Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite Capella. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Am. PRO certon' habes advenisse
Polyporum?

Din. Siquidem quod vidi certum' est.

Nisi fallant oculi.

Am. Mirum est ni fallant aliquando, si sint tui,

Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi astutia es.

Sed ut placet, ubi vidisti? ecquid idoneus visus't,

Ex quo argentum eudimus? ha! numquid est tractabilis?

Utinam accepisset literas.

Din. Accepit jam in portu.

Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.

Am. Qui istud nosti?

Din. Ut vidi, suspensô gradu ibam, adstabam, comprimebam animam,

Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermonem hoc captavi modo.

Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut accipiamus hominem,

Hic esto; cum rogabit, ubi habet *Bombardomachides*?

Huc per posticum introducam illum tibi.

Am. At militi claves reddidi.

Din. Pish! sexcentæ sunt causa quam obrem illas possis repetere.

Abi modo: sed enim captivis quid faciemus? absunt perincommodè.

Am. Oh! dicam *Polyporo* tempus nunc non esse, ut illos videat,

Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin' polita sunt hæc consilia?

O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc mihi onerasti diem!

Abeamus mi charissime *Dinon*.

Din. O, mi suavissime *Æmylio* abeamus. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Secunda.

Gelesimus, Psecas, Morion.

Pf. Viden' ergo quam posthabui omnes res ingenio tuo?

Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt Principes,

Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris compotes.

Gel. Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi minu' gaudeam

De pollentiâ tuâ (nam & ipse in mea patriâ Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ nuptiæ

Magno futuræ sint totius orbis commodo. Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur semine

Suis se dictis immortalis afficiet gloria, Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maximus.

Pf. Cupio equidem Poetam parere.

Gel. Meâ fide paries.

Nam vagiebâ ego metricè, & in lactis loco

Heliconis aquam fluxi, tum autem in Par-
nasso bicipiti

Sæpiculè somniavi, sed, ut verum fatear
Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervâ
fluunt,

Quam Epigrammata, aut Satyri, nam fe-
stivissimè

(Ut nosti) deridere homines soleo.

Pf. O Musas omnes!

Quam undiquaque sententiis tuis intermis-
ces facetias!

Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertistin' ? at
peperci ego dicere,

De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eos
intelligeres.

Pf. Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimi-
citas caperem

Tui causâ, nisi intelligerem probè ingeni-
um tuum.

Mor. Colloquantur familiariter, metuo
ne præripiat mihi

Illius animum, namque amo illam plus vi-
no & saccaro.

Et nisi me amet mutuò, abeat sanè in lo-
cum

In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

Gel. Abeamus, mea Sappho,

Ut à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis ma-
trimonium.

Morion, abi tu domum.

Mor. Ne me contemptim conteras;

Tam ego disputabam hodiè, quam tu,
publicitûs,

Et confutavi hominem.

Pf. Exemplis pessimis

Ludificator istum fruticem nisi hinc pro-
perè avolet.

Oh superas! occidi, mortua sum! Pater
huc venit, nos quaeritans,

Et stricto gladio necem hic minatur omni-
bus.

Mor. Oh, oh, non possum aspicere *Bom-
bardomachidem.*

Nimiò nimis ferox est, jocari mecum no-
luit modò.

Gel. Tam mortui herclè sumus, quam
mare est mortuum.

Ibi iterùm, velim, nolim, non reprimò
me, quin jocer.

Nullumne hic latibulum est?

Mor. Oh! quæso ostendas aliquod,

In ipso foramine Acus nunc jam jacere
poteram,

Ecquem hic habes caseum? nam muris in-
star optimè

In illo delitescerem.

Gel. Non, non, falsuses, *Morion,*

Nam tunc excedere latebras tuas. Ut illum
derideo

Hoc tanto in periculo!

Pf. Hei mihi! est intus dolium—

Ut contollit gradium! ut oculi virent ira-
cundiâ! —

Illic si vis temet occultare.

Mor. Dolium? cedò sis, bona fœmina:
Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exem-
plum sumere.

Utinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi
quam citissimè.

Pf. Sequere me, tibi mox prospiciam *Ge-
lasime.* [*Exeunt Psecas, Morion.*]

Mor. Itâ, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium?
magnifica pol domus est.

Gel. Oh! oh! audire visû? sum strepi-
tum militis,

Tergum vel penas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex
Macedonicus.

Oh! jam venit, scio; jacebo hîc, quasi ef-
sem mortuus;

Nolo saltem cernere fatum meum.

[*recumbit*] [*Psecas intrat*]

Pf. Ha, ha, he!

Gel. Oh! adest!

Pf. *Gelasime,* surge, ne metuas malum.

Gel. Profectò, *Bombardomachides,* non
duxi tuam filiam,

Neque unquam volui.

Pf. Quid?

Gel. Non: quæso, ne me jugules,

Memineris, obsecro, jocorum *Militarium,*
quos feci tibi,

Quin effeci insuper, Iambi ut incedant pe-
de.

Pf. O Venus! ludos lepidos. Adspice
ad me *Gelasime,* Pater non adest.

Gel. O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus?
obsecro an venit?

Pf. Neque venturus est, ex composito
hoc feci adeo,

Ut nobis sine *Morione* arbitro fierent
nuptiæ.

Gel. Ha! scio hoc equidem, & ego eti-
am per industriam [*urgit*]

Dissimulavi quasi essem timidus — sed,
numnam in vado sumus? —

Annon dissimulabam lepide? — certè ali-
quid audio —

Non venit spero.

Pf. Ne time; sed festinato opus' est,

Ne tandè fortasse seriò nos pater oppri-
mat.

Gel. Vera dicis; properemus mea Musâ,
mea *Urania.*

Ut te amo mea *Polyhymnie,* mea *Melpo-
mène!* [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Æmylio, (ornatu militis) Dinon, Polyporus.

Æm. Intromittatur sino; fac pateat janua.

Pol. Tun' ille es Miles, arte tam insignis duellica?

Æm. Periphrasin veram nominis dicis mei.

Pol. Si is es, filium manu cepisti meum.

Æm. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

Pol. Huc itaque eâ gratiâ veni tibi, Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim, Oro igitur me absolvas, quam primum poteris,

Nec mora in te sit sita, quin pretium auferas.

Cupio videre ipsos; & complecti miseros, Tam Pater capto sum, quam dudum fui libero.

Æm. Nunc aliqui me expectant reges; cras redeas licet.

Pol. Cras illud, Patri filium quærenti annus est.

Bom. Oculifine claves obviam fiunt tuis? [Intus.]

Cal. P. Nisi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, [Intus.]

Ne mora Exorcistæ objecta sit, cum huc advenerit.

Bom. Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis,

Posthæc ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem. [Bombardom. frangit fores.]

Æm. Occisissimi sumus Dinon; Heus! quis est ad fores?

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Calliphanes P. Æmylio, Dinon, Poliporus, servi Bombard.

Bom. Oh! spectra cerno? ludit an oculos meos

Imago fallax? non possum pergere Iambicè,

Ita validè timeo.

Cal. P. Ha! quid est? quid tremis adeò?

Bom. Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.

Æm. Dinon, in te spes omnis vertitur, sis Dæmon iterum,

Reprentari salus nostra non aliter potest. *Din.* Ne desponde animum, pulchrè homines vorfabimus.

Cal. P. Nihil adhuc video - hum - Leopardus, rediit, ipse est Leopardus quem conspexi prius.

Din. Oh, ho, o, ho, urite, sandite, tundite, cardite, vertite, domum, ho, ho, fundite, tundite domum.

Pol. Quanam hæc deliramenta? suntne atrâ bile perciti?

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἀνάστα, κἀπάνστα, πάρα δ' ἄ τε, θύχμα δ' ἴλαθον.

Æm. Φεῖα δ' ἀεικονομένων ἐδαίξῃσθε φίλα κἀγόντων.

Pol. Quicquid sit, aut hi homines insaniunt valdè, Aut aliquid nostri subest, quâ fugere infistam viâ?

Bom. Oh! quæso bone Dæmon ne accedas adeò, oh!

Polip. Men' quæris? obsecro, Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! quæso.

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἀνάστα κἀπάνστα.

Æm. πάρα δ' ἄ τε, θύχμα δ' ἴλαθον.

Cal. P. Oh! metuo malè ne me persequantur Dæmones, Quia ad nuptias injustitiâ meâ coegi filium.

Bom. Mallem in mediâ acie, quam hic stare loci.

Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam essem jam nunc mortuus,

Sed mori non possum.

Pol. Proculdubio istud somnium est.

Itâ res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam.

Bom. Claudam herclè oculos, videre non sustineo.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tunda omnes illico.

Bom. Immò non time, video profectò nihil.

Cal. P. Nihil? cæcus est *Bombardomachides*? accipe sis specularia.

[Bombard. manus extendens fortè tiamam Æmylionis dejicit.]

Æm. Πολεμικὸν βόιο θαλάσσιον.

Bom. Oh!

Æm. O Dinon acta res est: emergere hinc non potest.

Bom. Servusne noster? facinus indignum & grave!

Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona: Jaculare flammam, lumen creptum polo Fulminibus exple — jam possum iterum Iambicè.

Cal. P. Proh Deos! ficcin' te servus pro delectamento usû est?

Arripiant aliqui sublimem, & extinguant illi animam.

Tun' (*scelus*) pro arbitrio nos terras fenes?

Bom. Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.

Cap. P. Non sum compos animi, ita incendor iracundiâ.

Itane istud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.

Bom. De fine pœnæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo.

Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens

Hos verfos inter? tota jam ante oculos meos

Imago cædis errat.

Dim. O! dii te perdant *Amylio*.

Am. Quin, quod ferendum est feramus a quo animo,

Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.

Pol. Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis nequeo.

Heus; estne miles hic, *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Men' ergo nescis? Ipse *Bombardomachides* sum (in versu sequenti)

Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere?

Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, sed nullum habeo.

Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem? hem Literas tuas

Quas in portu accepi modò.

Bom. Ha! Dux *Bombardomachides*?

Amylio scripsit istud: O ingens scelus! Incertus, atrox, mente non sanâ feror

Partes in omnes; unde me ulcisci queam?

[*Verbera Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.*]

Dim. Oh! obsecro te.

Pol. O Dii boni! quid ego video? Dinonem servum?

Hem! *Dimon*! quid hic agis? ubi filius meus est?

Dim. *Amylio*, quid faciam in his angustiis? confitebor omnia.

Am. Suspende te, si vis: Dii iratis natu' sum.

Cal. P. Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fabricam.

Articulatim te concidit hic servus tuus

Quantum adhuc video: faxo confiteantur omnia,

Heus Lorarii! quis intus est? Lorarii inquam!

Pol. Immò depositâ veste se verberibus impleant invicem.

Donec omnia exquisivimus, ut lubitum est nobis.

Bom. Locutus es, non malè, fiet modò.

Adeste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet.

[*Ingrad. Lorarii.*]

Am. Strenuum me præbebo hominem;

scapularum mihi Sat magna confidentia est. *Dimon*, bono animo es.

Dim. Quin Stoicus, inquam sum, dolorem nunquam sentio.

Moriemur, sat scio; si præter spem quid evenit

In lucro deputabo esse.

Bom. Audin' serve?

Flagella Fac sint nobis in promptu duo.

[*Exit servus, & redit cum flagellis.*]

Cal. P. Interea quod est temporis, tu deme illis deploides.

Ha! statua' verberæ, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio?

[*ponunt diploid*]

Am. Aliud cura, Carnufex; non possum ego hoc exuere! [*ad lorarium.*]

Vapulare herclè nolo in generosis meis vestibus,

Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

Dim. O miram rem! scientia talis, dicenda est sola liberalis. Satin' *Amylio* fortiter?

Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.

Cal. P. Hem! da flagella illis in manus ociûs.

Nisi pœnas de se strenuè sumant invicem.

Quasi incudem cædas illos; ac pugnis oneres.

Dim. Video necesse esse, ut exerceamus nosmet.

Age, incipiamus mea Commoditas.

Am. Mea opportunitas incipiamus.

Dim. Tu nebulo major es, tibi herclè locum cedo.

Cal. P. Ludunt herclè; heus Lorarii, facite ut pugni in malis hareant.

Ad mortem vos ambos darem, si essetis mei.

Am. Quin abi in malam rem; nil opera opus tuâ est.

[*ad lorarium.*]

Annon *Dimon* satis idoneus visus est, qui me verberet?

Dim. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!

Am. Meus bonus Genius!

[*Se vicibus flagellant.*]

Dim. Meus Pilades!

Am. Orestes meus!

Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi sat methodus placet,

Tam similis est bello.

Cal. P. Fecistis probè.

Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quidvis.

Pol. Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tutore ejus & *Gelasimo*?

Dim. Emunximus illos mucidos; & argentum effecimus.

Am.

Am. Et vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?
 Me multò decent magis.
Pol. O frontes hominum!
Din. Dicam omnia; animum advortite, nam fabula lepidissima est,
 Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.
Am. Dein vestes Morionis panis commutavi meis.
Din. Dein, quasi captivos, in vinclis hic habuimus.
Din. Dein Scriplimus Epistolam, te ut vorfarem in super.
Din. Dein spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterrefecimus.
Bom. Egone vana ut spectra timerem scelus!
 Adeffe vel jam dæmonum turbam velim.
Pol. O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis tantum merui?
Am. Ha, ha! homo suavis! nos ut parceremus tibi?
 Cum bardum genuisti, sapientium id fecisti gratiâ.
 Stultus est Commune Bonum.
Cal. P. Obstupesco! ita hæc res mira est.
Din. Immò nihil jam celabo, nolo, *Amylio*,
 Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi.
Eucomissa —
Am. *Dinon!* ô scelestum caput!
Bom. Mutiren' audes? pisce sis mutus magis. [flagellat.]
Din. *Amylioni* nupsit hodiè, & Dii vortant feliciter.
Bom. Quid tangit aurem: ferte me insanae procul,
 Illò procellæ ferte, quo ferter dies
 Hinc raptus, ô, quis filiam ostender mihi,
 Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, in via
 Emetiemur, nullus obstabit locus.
 [Exit *Bombard.*]
Am. Nunc demum perii solidè, hoc durum in corde est mihi,
 Quod mei gratiâ, *Eucomissæ* pejus erit,
 Præterquam, quod carendum est illâ, nil adhuc doleo.
Cal. P. Si esset mea, omnem de illâ animum
 Ejicerem Patris, & alienarum miseram à familiâ.
 Si filius meus ad hunc modum—sed non vult, aut si cuperet maximè,
 Captare consilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius.
Din. Immò Ille proculdubio his noxiis vacuus est.

Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, Tantum,
 Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam iussisti sedulo,
Aglen hodie duxit.
Cal. P. *Aglen?* non potest fieri.
 Non, non, non aude: quicquid sit, videbo tamen.
 Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatietur foras. [Exit.]
Am. Quicunque sis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi
 Orare ut sis, nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala,
 Sed ut pacem *Eucomissæ* conciliares ab ejus Patre
 Id oro, atque obsecro: age, etsi parum de te meruerim,
 Popularis tuus sum.
Pol. Meus?
Am. Siquidem es Anglus patriâ.
Pol. Qui istud factum est, hic ut servitutem servias?
Am. Fortunæ ædipol, vitio, nam prognatus patre
 Mercatore sum ditissimo, sed sic fors tulit
 Cum sorore simul parvulâ hic ut me caperet parvulum.
Pol. Hei mihi!
Am. Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis.
Pol. Quia miseras mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam redigis.
 Nam filiolam ego etiam cum fratre unâ perdi.
 Ubi capti estis?
Am. In navi, cum in Hispaniam transmisit Pater.
 Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei studens.
Pol. Quodnam erat navi signum?
Am. Castor & Pollux.
Pol. Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eò plus plusque convenit.
 Si est, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit, Omnium, qui sunt in terrâ, sum beatissimus.
 Quot annis abhinc?
Am. Mense proximo erunt octodecim.
Pol. Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volunt.
 Si isthæc vera sunt, non dubito quin sis meus.
 Cæterum adest Miles, ille me certiolem faciet.

Scena Quinta.

Bombard. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Agle.
Cal. P. Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore trivensicâ,
 Faxo, si vita mihi superet, istius obsaturabere.
Ag.

Ag. Obsecro prolixè senex, uti quod te habet malè,
In me totum evomas, cum illo modò in gratiam redeas.
Mea omnis culpa est; Ille abs te innocuus, Per Deos mea est.

Cal. F. Non, non, cave illi credas Pater, Tuam in me iram derivari multò acqui'lt. Blanditiis istam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.

Pol. Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas,
Nisi sit molestum.

Bom. Uruntur irà fibræ, & exardet jecur,
Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis tamen.

Eu. O *Amylio!* huncce in modum celebrantur nuptiæ?
Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta sum.

Am. Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas, vicem, nam Deos testor,
Si unà hâc nocte cubuissem in complexu tuo.

Cras illud esset, cum me vellem interfici,
Ne ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.

Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes fita est mea.

Pol. Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti pulchre.

Inseparate Fili, salve,
Cum hic te conspicio; quam superat mihi Atque abundat latititâ pectus! ubi soror tua est?

Am. Eccam ipsam, mi pater charissime! amœnitates quantas
Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea es.

Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, ha! lacrymo gaudium.

Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me felicior?

Age Miles, face te lubentem filiz nuptiis.

Bom. Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo senex,

Quoniamque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

Am. Audin' *Eucomissa?* iterum mihi natus videor.

Eu. Et ego iterum nupta; ô mi *Amylio.*
Cal. p. Quam suo mihi hic sermone arexit aures!

Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam miserè deperis,

Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.

Cal. f. Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

Dim. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

Amylio, volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tuâ.

Meministin' quo ornatu te primum invennerim,

Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.

Am. Fœneratò hanc mihi operam locasti, *Dimon,*

Nam mecum semper vives, suppeditabo ego tibi sumptibus.

Dim. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

Am. Meruisti herculè;

Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verberasti strenue!

Dim. Meruisti herculè. Ego vel iterum, mi *Amylio,*

Voluptatis tuæ causâ, defessus verberando fierem.

Am. Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morion,* meus frater est?

Pol. Nihil minus; nam cum vosinet infortunatus perdidit;

Ne prorsus viderer ortus, recens natum servi mei puerum

Pro meo sustuli; is hic est, quem vidistis, *Morion.*

Scena Sexta.

Gelasime, Psecas.

Sed quem ego video? *Gelasimum,* amicum *Morionis* mei?

Gelasime salve.

Gel. O *Polypore* salve: nescis quam beatus ego sum!

Ubi est *Bombardomachides?*

Pf. Illic; non vides?

Gel. Hic non est ille *Bombardomachides,* ad quem me insinuavi callidè.

Pf. Pish, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis fiet?

Gel. Non, non; filius tuus *Gelasimus,* hic flexo poplite

Ut sibi benedicas, obsecrat, atque ut nuptiis suis.

Bom. Ex ore quid venit tuo? Tun' filius meus?

Gel. Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere,

Quia joci semper soleo; sed profectò loquor seriò.

Detrahe velum, mea *Musa;* hem! nostin' filiam tuam?

Om. Ha, ha, hæ.

Pf. Immò ne admiremini.

Ego nupsi isti Afino, sed præceptis meis, Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat bene. *Eucômiffa* falve, jam sum ejusdem tecum ordinis,

Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & capiemus consilium,

Quid maritis faciendum sit, servire si no-
sint nobis.

Gel. Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse?

Om. Ha, ha, hæ.

Gel. Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum hic dixi jocum.

Am. *Gelafime*, da hoc etiam pugillari-
bus tuis.

Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non.
Feb.

Gel. Nolo sic me rideant; immò, qua
fit, fatis novi.

Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxore acciperem?
Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.
Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.

Mor. Oh! non possum recipere animam.
quæ bona scœnina. [*intus*]

Am. Ha! quid hoc?

Pf. Inter tot nuptias

Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio. [*Exit.*]

Cal. p. Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam
miras res.

Nullâ me vidissè unquam in Comœdiâ
memini.

Ha! quid fit tandem?

Scœna Septima.

Pfecas, Morion in dolio.

Pf. Hem! vobis vinum meum!

Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum.
[*in dol.*] [*Exit.*]

Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus
me recipiam. [*ingred. iterum.*]

Gel. Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, ô *Mor-
ion*, ut ego te derideo!

Mor. Videon' ego patrem meum? ô,
pater, tun' hic aderas?

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regioni-
bus.

Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthâc ne me
Patrem vocites.

Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio
fustuli.

Mor. O! tu me non nosti fortassis in
his vestibus.

Ego sum profectò *Morion*: roga *Gelafim-
mum*.

Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non
jam estis liberi.

Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem
tuum,

Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam trans-
missimus.

Scœna Octava.

Gnomicus.

Gel. O Tutor! mira hic profectò eve-
nerunt hodiè,

Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Mor-
ion*,

Mundū omnem jocularē colligite, nam
in Angliam mecum redibitis,

Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus
Scholam.

Emptores jocosum ibi habitant quamplu-
rimi.

Mor. Rectè: tum pater si nolis esse, ne
sis amplius mihi.

Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polypori* natu
Maximus.

Gn. Enim verò, ut ait Comicus, Dii nos
homines quasi pilas habent.

Cal. p. Intereâ ad me omnes introite ad
prandium,

Frugaliter vos accipiam.

Gn. Consilium placet.

Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores ad-
sient

Cum Poeta illis dicerem. Valetè, & plau-
dite.

Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata bibo-
runt,

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

EPILOGUS.

Habet ; peracta est fabula ; nil restat denique :
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam ; quod ut fiat multo
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor,
Naufragium sic non erit ; nam vobis, si placuimus,
Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,
Fam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

F I N I S.

The Third Part
OF THE
WORKS
OF
M^r Abraham Cowley,
BEING
His Six Books of Plants,

Never before Printed in English:

{ The *First* and *Second* of HERBS.
Viz. { The *Third* and *Fourth* of FLOWERS.
 { The *Fifth* and *Sixth* of TREES.

Now made English by several Hands.

With a Necessary INDEX.

Licensed and Entered.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce over
against S. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1689.

To his GRACE

CHARLES

Duke of

SOMERSET.

My LORD,



Dare appeal to that Learned University, that at present enjoys the Honor of being under Your Graces Patronage, to justifie me in presenting these Remains of their ever Celebrated COWLEY to your Graces Protection. I have long had the Ambition of Addressing some part of my Endeavours to your Grace, that might come recommended to a following Age, by being devoted to a Patron that was the Glory and Ornament of his own. But while I despair'd of performing what could merit Encouragement from a

A 2 Person

Person of your Graces Worth and Honor, I was obliged to Fortune for this Opportunity of gratifying my Wishes in a way that renders my Application a just Homage and Duty, that otherwise had been Presumption. The best Products of my Invention must have proved too mean an Offering for your Graces Acceptance: But coming embarqu'd in COWLEY's rich Bottom, laden with the Treasures of his Divine Fancy, I can with the more assurance approach your Altar. The Author sufficiently obliged the World with his Latin Original of this Work, and how he would have approved the Translation here attempted, I must leave others to determine; but am certain, that if he had lik'd the Undertaking, he would consequently have allowed me in ascribing this Version to the Illustrious Duke of SOMERSET. I dare not attempt your Graces Character which would have been a proportioned Task for the mighty Genius of COWLEY himself; I will only presume to say (and have all Mankind to abet me) that your Grace is accomplish'd with all those noble Qualifications which his elevated Muse would have chosen to celebrate. Virtue and Honor were the Themes he delighted in, and would have been transported to have seen in his own Age and Climate an Example that might compare with the most noble of the Ancient Romans. Besides the Advantages of Birth and Quality, your Grace is endow'd with such greatness of Soul, such Piety of Mind, such Generosity of Temper, with all those Charms of condescending Goodness and Courtesie,

tesie, as have even in your blooming Years procur'd you an universal Love and Admiration. It is upon these Accounts that the Muses claim a share in your Favour. It has in all times been the Province of the most worthy to patronize Wit and Learning.

Carmen amat quisquis carmine dignus.

It is from thence I am encouraged (at least, in behalf of my Fellow-Undertakers) to entitle your Grace to the Version of this Latin Volumn, which we hope is not so much dispirited by the Transfusion, but that a modest Censure may in a manner allow it to be COWLEY'S still. Could we have done him that Right which he performed to the best of the Latin Poets, it might confidently take Sanctuary under your Graces Name. However I may conclude my self safer in this Translation than in any Original which I was capable of designing. I propos'd in setting forward this Work, that every English Man, as far as was possible, should be master of their beloved COWLEY entire; and hope your Grace will approve my Zeal, if not the performance: At least, I will have recourse to that Indulgence you never fail of extending to your Petitioners, and beg the Honour of subscribing my self, with all sincerity,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most Devoted Humble Servant,

a

N. Tate.

TO THE
READER.

Being obliged before we speak of this Translation, to give some prefatory Account of the Original; it will be necessary to resume what has been delivered on that Subject by the incomparable *Dr. Spratt*, the present Bishop of *Rochester*, in the Account he has given us of the Life and Writings of *Mr. COWLEY*. Concerning these Six Books of Plants, he has thus express'd his Sentiments with that strength of Judgment and freedom of Ingenuity which was requisite.

“The occasion (says he) of his choosing the Subject of his Six Books of Plants, was this: When he returned into *England*, he was advised to dissemble the main intention of his coming over, under the disguise of applying himself to some settled Profession. And that of Physick was thought most proper. To this purpose, after many Anatomical Dissections, he proceeded to the consideration of Simples; and having furnish'd himself with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might shew him the real Figures of those Plants, of which he read. Thus he speedily master'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the Study of the Law, instead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he presently digested it into that form which we behold.

The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a Style resembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the sweetness and freedom of the Verse; but excelling them in the strength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Sence. The third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus*

and *Horace's* Numbers; for the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the stately and numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar easiness of his *Epistles* and *Speeches*. The two last speak of Trees, in the way of *Virgil's Georgicks*: Of these the sixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honor of his Country. For making the *British Oak* to preside in the Assembly of the Forest Trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the History of our late Troubles, the King's Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch Wars*; and manages all in a Style, that (to say all in a word) is equal to the Valor and Greatness of the *English Nation*.——

This was as much as could be expected in a transient and general Account, and what has left but little room for a more particular Essay. As the nature of the Subject has sometimes furnish'd our Author with great and beautiful occasions of Wit and Poetry, so it must be confess'd, that in the main he has but a barren Province to cultivate, where the Soil was to be enrich'd by the Improvements of Art and Fancy. He must so frequently descend to such minute Descriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which administer so feeble occasions for Thought, and unfurnished of Variety, that since the enumerations are nowhere tedious, but every thing made beautiful and entertaining, it must be wholly ascribed to the Faculty of the Artist, with a *Materiam superavit Opus*.

This wonderful Performance put me on a consideration, by what Artifices of Ingenuity he could possibly effect it: I was sensible that the smallest Subjects were capable of some Ornament in the hands of a good Poet,

*In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria, siquem
Numina leva sinant auditque vocatus Apollo.*

This was actually hinted by *Virgil* when he came to his Description of Bees, to raise the credit of his own Performance; whereas those Manners, Politicks, and Battels with which he has adorn'd his Poem, were for the most part true in Fact, and the rest lay obvious to Invention;

Invention ; but our Author was oblig'd to animate his silent Tribe of Plants, to inspire them with Motion and Discourse, in order to lighten his Descriptions with Story : But where he is confin'd to the descriptive part it self, where he is to register them standing mute in their Beds, divested of that imaginary Life which might beautifie the Work, *Hic labor, hoc opus*, it is there it seems worth our while to observe the sagacious Methods of his Fancy, in finding Topicks for his Wit, and Instances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat of in their own naked Nature, and simply consider'd, could afford but slender Matter ; yet that many things were greater in their Circumstances than they are in themselves : Accordingly he has most nicely fastened upon each minute Circumstance of the places where his Plants and Herbs delight to spring, the Seasons of their Flowering, Seeding, and Withering, their long or short Duration, their noxious or healthful Qualities, their Figures and Colouring ; all which he has managed with such dexterity of Fancy and unexhausted Conceit, that each Individual (as he has dress'd and set them out) appears with a different Aspect and peculiar Beauty : The very agreeableness or disagreeableness of their Names to those Dispositions where-with Nature has indued them, are frequently the surprizing and diverting occasion of his Wit.

Yet in all this Liberty, you find him no where diverted from his Point, Judgment, that is to say, a just regard to his Subject is every where conspicuous, being never carried too remote by the heat of his Imagination and quickness of his Apprehension. His Invention exerts its utmost Faculties, but so constantly over-rul'd by the Dictates of Sense, that even those Conceits which are so unexpectedly started, and had lain undiscover'd by a less piercing Wit, are no sooner brought to light, but they appear the result of a genuine Thought, and naturally arising from his Matter. Antiquity had been before-hand, in furnishing him with diverting Fables relating to several Plants, which he never suffers to escape his hands, of which he is not a cold and dull Reciter, but delivers them with so new a Grace, such an ingenious connexion and application

plication to his Design, that in every one, instead of a stale Tradition, we have the pleasure of a Story first told.

Having mention'd our Authors Design in this Work, we must speak something of the Oeconomy thereof, the most important part of a Poem, and from whence it properly takes its Character; for without that artificial cast and drift, it can never be able to support it self, the boldest Efforts of Wit and Fancy being otherwise but extravagant Excursions. This it is that has completed the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, where each Book is concluded with a surprising and natural Turn. Nor does our Author here fall short of him in Contrivance and artificial Periods. For having in his First and Second of these Books taken in the Species of Herbs, the First is a promiscuous Account (not without poetical Starts upon all Occasions.) The Second is an Assembly of such chiefly as come under the Female Province, and are serviceable in Generation or Birth: The Scene which he has chosen for calling this Council is the Physick Garden at *Oxford*, which having adjusted Matters for the benefit of the teeming Sex, they are not at last tumultuously dissolved, but artificially broke up by the approach of the Gardiner, whom our Author fancies to have entered that Morning more early than usual, to gather such Herbs as he knew would be of assistance to his Wife who was fallen in Labour. The Third and Fourth Books treat of Flowers; in the Third he ranges those that appear in the Spring, in the Fourth he multers up the Tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which together with the former, are assembled before *Flora*, to offer their respective Claims for the Precedency; the Goddess at last being doubtful how to determin amongst such noble Competitors, and to decline the Odium of a Decision, she puts them in mind of the Insolence of *Tarquin*, the dangerous Consequences of a single and arbitrary Principality; that she was a *Roman* Deity, and they themselves were Flowers of a *Roman* Breed; she therefore advises them to follow the Model of the *Roman* Government, and resolve themselves into a Common-Wealth of Plants, where the Preferments or Offices being annual and successive, there would be room left to gratifie their several Merits. Here we see the

the utmost force of Judgment and Invention in most happy Conjunction, what more beautiful Cast or Turn could the Poet have given to the Subject before him, or where can we see the Drama it self wind up with a more artificial close. In his Fifth Book, the Competition is between the Trees of the *American* World and ours. *Pomona* seated in one of the fortunate Islands between the two Worlds, the Convention from each is assembled before; the Author finding the Preference to be in truth due to the *Indian* Plants, yet unwilling to determine for the Savage Climate, prevents the Decision by a quarrel between *Omelichilus* the *Indian Bacchus*, and the *European*: The Powers of both Countries are thereupon drawn into Parties, and ready to engage. When *Apollo* disarms the barbarous Deity by the Charms of his Musick, which is so beautiful and artificial a Turn, that an ordinary Poet would have rested satisfied with the Discovery. Our Author pursues his Advantage, and besides the Conquest of his Harp, puts a Song into *Apollo's* Mouth, and fastens upon the most noble as well as agreeable Subject that the Nature could afford, of *Columbus* his Discovery of *America*. The drift of his last Book, which yet seems to top upon the rest, is described to our Hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial Reader may judge if *Virgil* himself has better designed for the Glory of *Rome* and *August*, than *Cowley* for his Country and the Monarch of his time.

As for the Translation we have here presented, I fear I shall be thought too much a Party to speak with any great Freedom: I will only presume to say, that if the Reader considers the difficulty of the Task, he will not think the Version altogether unworthy of the Original: He that takes the pains to compare them, will at least find a justness to the Authors Sense, and I hope that the performance of the rest that were engaged with me in the Attempt, will not only support their Parts of the Undertaking, but make amends for the Defects of mine. If in the main you meet with that Diversion I proposed, it is all that is expected by

Your Humble Servant,

N. TATE.

THE

Author's Preface

To his Two first BOOKS of

PLANTS,

Published before the rest.

Considering the incredible Veneration which the best Poets always had for Gardens, Fields, and Woods, insomuch that in all other Subjects they seem'd to be banished from the Muses Territories, I wondered what evil Planet was so malicious to the Breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired Tribe to celebrate their Beauty and admirable Virtues. Certainly a copious Field of Matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of Fruit; where each particular, besides its pleasant History (the extent whereof every body, or to speak more truly, no body, can sufficiently understand) which contains the whole Fabrick of humane Frame, and a compleat Body of Physick: From whence I am induc'd to believe, that those great Men did not so much think them improper Subjects of Poetry, as discouraged by the greatness and almost inexplicable Variety of the Matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a Work which they despaired of finishing. I therefore who am but a Pigmy in Learning, and scarce sufficient to express the Virtues of the vile Sea-Weed, attempt that Work which those Giants declaim'd: Yet wherefore should I not attempt? Forasmuch as they disdain'd to take up with less than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it Reputation enough for me to have my Name carved on the Barks of some Trees, or (what is reckon'd a Royal Prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. You must not therefore expect to find so many Herbs collected for this Fardle, as sometimes go to the compounding of one single Medicine. These Two little Books are therefore offer'd as small Pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of Stile; in the choice whereof I have not much

b labour'd

labour'd, but took them as they came to Hand, there being none amongst them which contain'd not plenty of Juice, if it were drawn out according to Art, none so insipid that would not afford Matter for a whole Book, if well extrai'd. The Method which I judg'd most genuine and proper for this Work, was not to press out their Liquor crude in a simple enumeration, but as it were in a Lymbeck, by the gentle Heat of Poetry, to distil and extract their Spirits. Nor have I chosen to put them together which had Affinity in Nature, that might create a disgust for want of Variety; I rather connect'd those of the most different Qualities, that their contrary Colours, being mixt, might the better set off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for ostentation of Learning (where of there is no occasion here offer'd; for what is more easie than to turn over one or two Herbalists?) but because that beside Physicians (whom I pretend not to instruct, but divert) there are few so well vers'd in the History of Plants, as to be acquainted with the Names of them all. It is a part of Philosophy that lies out of the common Road of Learning; to such Persons I was to supply the place of a Lexicon. But for the sake of the very Plants themselves, lest the treating of them in a Poetical way might derogate from their real Merit, and that should seem not to attribute to them those Faculties wherewith Nature has indued them, (who studies what is best to be done, not what is most capable of verbal Ornaments) but to have feign'd those Qualities which would afford the greatest Matter for Pomp and empty Pleasure. For, because Poets are sometimes allow'd to make Fictions, and some have too excessively abus'd that Liberty, Trust is so wholly denied to us, that we may not without hesitation be believed when we say,

O Laertiade quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.

Hor. Serm. 25.

I was therefore willing to cite proper Witnesses, that is, such as writ in loose and free Prose, which compar'd with Verse, bears the Authority of an Oath. I have yet contented my self with Two of those, (which is the Number required by Law) Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the first being an Author of unquestion'd Latin, and the latter amongst the Moderns of the truest Sentiments, and no ill Master of Expression. If any except against the former, as too credulous of the Greekish idle Tales, that he may not safely be credited, he will find nothing in this Subject mention'd by him, which is not represented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the Reader, because I have made my Plants to discourse, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's Grove) to expect Oracles, which, I fear, my Verses will only resemble in this, that they are as bad Metre as what the Gods of old delivered from their Temples to those who consult'd them.

Having given you this Account, if any shall light upon this Book who have read my former, published not long since by me in English, I fear they may take occasion from thence, of reprehending
some

some things, concerning which, it will not be impertinent briefly to clear my self before I proceed. In the first place, I foresee that I shall be accused by some of too much Delicacy and Levity, in that having undertaken great Subjects, and after a day or two's journey, I have stopt through Lazyness and Despondency, of reaching home, or possess'd with some new frenzy, have started into some other Road, insomuch, that not only the half (as they say) but the third part of the Task has been greater than my whole performance: Away (they cry) with this Desultory Writer. Yet with what Spirit, what Voice threatning mighty Matters; he begins

Of War and Turns of Fate I sing.

Thou sing of Wars, thou Dastard, who throwest away thy Arms so soon, or betakest thy self to the Enemy's Camp, a Renegade, before the first Charge is sounded? or if at any time thou adventurest to engage, it is like the Ancient Gauls, making the Onset with more than the Courage of a Man, and presently retreating with more than that of the Coward: Whereas, he that has once applyed himself to a Poem, as if he had married a Wife, should stick to it for better for worse, whether the Matter be grateful and easie, or harsh and almost intractable, ought neither to quit it for tiresomness, nor be diverted by new Loves, nor think of a Divorce, or at any time relinquish, till he has brought it to a conclusion, as Wedlock terminates with Life. This is imputed to me as a Fault; and since I cannot deny the Charge, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examine.

In the first place therefore, that which is most truly asserted of Human Life, is too applicable to my Poetry; that it is best never to have been born, or being born, forthwith to die: And if my Essays should be carried on to their Omega. (to which the Works of Homer by a peculiar Felicity were continu'd vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into Dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend Trifles, or make them tolerable is, that they give off seasonably, that is suddenly; for that Author goes very much too far, who leaves his Reader tired behind him. These Considerations, if I write ill, will excuse my brevity, though not so easily excuse the Undertaking; nor shall my Inconstancy in not finishing what I have begun, be so much blamed, as my Constancy in ceasing not continually to begin, and being like Fortune, constant in Levity. But if Reader (as it is my desire) we have furnished you with what is agreeable to your Appetite, you ought to take it in good part, that we have used such moderation, as neither to send you away hungry, nor cloy your Stomach with too much satiety: To this you must add, that our Attempts, such as they are, may excite the Industry of others who are enabled by a greater genius and strength to undertake the very same or more noble Subjects. As Agesilaus of old, who thought he made no great progress into Asia, yet being the first in that Adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire Conquest. Lastly (to confess

to thee as a friend, for such I will presume thee) I thus employed my self, not so much out of Counsel as the Fury of my Mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diversion of my Troubles; therefore through a wearisomness of humane Affairs to these more pleasing Solaces of Literature (made agreeable to me by Custom and Nature) my sick Mind betakes it self; and not long after from an irksomness of the self same things, it changes its course and turns off to some other Theme. But they press more dangerously upon, and as it were stab me with my own Weapon, who bring those things to my mind, which I have declaimed so vehemently against, the use of exolete and interpolated repetitions of old Fables in Poetry, when Truth it self in the sacred Books of God and awful Registers of the Church has laid open a new more rich and ample World of Poetry, for the Wits of Men to be exercised upon.

When thou thy self (say they) hast thus declared with the Approbation of all good Men, and given an Example in thy Davideis for others to imitate; dost thou, like an Apostate Jew loathing Manna, return to the Leeks and Garlick of Egypt? After the appearance of Christ himself in thy Verse, and imposing silence on the Oracles of Demons, shall we again hear the voice of Apollo from thy profane Tripod? After the Restauration of Sion, and the Purgation of it from Monsters, shall it be again possessed by the dreary Ghosts of antiquated Deities. And what the Prophet threatned as the extremity of Evils; Your Muse is in this no less an Object of Shame and Pity, than if Magdalen should backslide again to the Brothel. Behold how the just Punishment does not (as in other Offenders) follow your Crime, but even accompanies it: The very lowness of your Subject has retrenched your Wings. You are fastned to the ground with your Herbs, and cannot soar as formerly to the Clouds; nor can we more admire at your halting than at your fabulous Vulcan, when he had fallen from the Skies.

A heavy Charge indeed, and terrible at the first sight; but I esteem that which celebrates the wonderful Works of Providence, not to be far distant from a sacred Poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the Virtues of several Plants; therefore amongst other things of a more noble strain, the Divine Poet upon that account praises the Deity, VVho brings forth grass upon the mountains, and herbs for the use of man. Psal. cxli. 8. Nor do I think the Liberty immodest, where I introduce Plants speaking, to whom the Sacred Writ it self does speak, as to intelligent Beings: Bless the Lord, all ye green things upon the earth, praise and exalt him for ever. Dan. iii. 53. Apocr. Those Fictions are not to be accounted for Lies, which cannot be believed, nor desire to be so. But that the Names of Heathen Deities and fabulous Transformations are sometimes intermixt, the Matter it self compell'd me against my Will, being no other way capable of embellishment, and it is well if by that means they are so. No painted Garb is to be preferred to the native Dress and living Colours of Truth; yet in some Persons, and on some Occasions it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not misbecome a King

King to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his Coronation Robes. You are not therefore to expect in a Work of this nature the Majesty of an Heroick Style (which I never found any Plant to speak in) for, I propose not here to fly, but only to make some Walks in my Garden, partly for Health's sake, and partly for Recreation.

There remains a third Difficulty which will not perhaps so easily be solved. I had some time since been resolved in my self to write no more Verses, and made thereof such publick and solemn protestation, as almost amounts to an Oath :

Si quidem hercle possim nil prius, neque fortius.

Eunuch. Scen. 1.

When behold I have set in anew. Concerning which matter, because I remember my self to have formerly given an account in Metre : I am willing (and Martial affirms it to be a Poets Right) to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and most ingenious Friend who laboured under the very same Distemper, though not with the same dangerous Symptoms.

More Poetry? You'll cry, dost thou return,
Fond Man, to the Disease thou hast forsworn,
'Tas reach'd thy Marrow, seiz'd thy inmost Sense,
And Force nor Reason cannot draw it thence :
Think'st thou that Heaven thy Liberty allows,
And laughs at Poets, as at Lovers Vows;
Forbear my Friend to wound with sharp Discourse
A wretched Man that feels too much Remorse.
Fate drags me on against my Will, in vain
I struggle, fret, and try to break my Chain.
Thrice I took Hellebore, and must confess,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of my Disease.
But the Moons Power to which all Herbs must yield,
Bids me be mad again, and gains the Field.
At her Command for Pen and Ink I call,
And in one Morn three hundred Rhymes let fall ;
Which in the Transport of my Fréntick Fit,
I throw like Stones at the next Man I meet:
E'en thee my Friend, *Apollo*-like, I wound,
The Arrows fly, the String and Bow resound.
What Methods canst thou study to reclaim,
Whom, nor his own nor publick Grievs can tame,
Who in all Seasons keep my chirping Strein,
A Grasshopper that sings in Frost and Rain.
Like her whom Boys and Youths and Elders knew,
I see the Path my Judgment shou'd pursue,
But what can naked I, 'gainst armed Nature do ?
I'm no *Tydides* who a Power divine
Could overcome ; I must, I must resign,

E'en

E'en thou, my Friend, (unless I much mistake)
Whose thundring Sermons make the Pulpit shake,
Unfold the Secrets of the World to come,
And bid the trembling Earth expect its doom;
As if *Elias* were come down in Fire,
Yet thou at night dost to thy Glass retire,
Like one of us, and (after moderate Use
Of th' *Indian Fume* and *European Juice*,)
Sett'st into Rhyme and dost thy Muse carc's,
In learn'd Conceits, and harmless wantonness.
'Tis therefore just thou shouldst excuse thy Friend,
Whose none of those that trifle without end:
I can be serious too when Business calls,
My Frenzy still has lucid Intervals.

The Author's EPI TAPH upon himself,
yet alive, but withdrawn from the busie
World to a Country-Life; to be sup-
posed written on his House.

Here Passenger, beneath this Shed
Lies C O W L E Y, though entomb'd, not dead;
Yet freed from human Toil and Strife,
And all th' Impertinence of Life;
Who in his Poverty is neat,
And even in Retirement, Great.
With Gold, the Peoples Idol, he
Holds endless War and Enmity.
Can you not say he has resign'd
His breath, to this small Cell confin'd?
With this small Mansion let him have
The Rest and Silence of the Grave:
Strew Roses here as on his Hearse,
And reckon this his funeral Verse:
With Wreaths of fragrant Herbs adorn
The yet surviving Poet's Urn.

THE

The EPITAPH in the Frontispiece of
this Book transcrib'd from the Author's
Tomb in WESTMINSTER-ABBY,
attempted in English.

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

The Pindar, Horace, and the Virgil

Of the English Nation.

While through the World thy Labors shine
Bright as thy self, thou Bard divine;
Thou in thy Fame wilt live, and be
A Partner with Eternity.

Here in soft Peace for ever rest,
(Soft as the Love that fill'd thy Breast:)
Let hoary Faith around thy Urn,
And all the watchful Muses mourn.

For ever sacred be this Room,
May no rude Hand disturb thy Tomb;
Or sacrilegious Rage and Lust
Affront thy venerable Dust.

Sweet COWLEY's Dust let none profane;
Here may it undisturb'd remain:
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this Stone for ever live.

THE

THE TRANSLATION OF MR. COWLEY'S SIX
BOOKS OF PLANTS.

Book I. and II. Of Herbs, by J. O.	Pag. 1. 33.
III. Of Flowers, by C. Cleve.	60.
IV. Of Flowers, by N. Tate.	83.
V. Of Trees, by N. Tate.	105.
VI. Of Trees, by Mrs. A. Behn.	131.

ERRATA

In the Fourth and Fifth Books.

BOOK IV.

Page 83. line 11. read *Howing*. p. 85. l. 10. r. *Fennel-flower*. p. 87. l. 2. r. *gratiffe*. p. 97. l. 10. r. *followed*.
ibid. l. 25. r. *harm*.

BOOK V.

Page 106. line 12. read *walky*. p. 107. l. 14. r. *surely*. p. 109. l. 22. r. *head*. p. 114. l. 3. r. *good*. *ibid.* l. 4.
r. *wood*. p. 116. l. 50. r. *may*. p. 122. l. 24. r. *Apple*. *ibid.* l. 48. r. *where's*. p. 123. l. 4. r. *me*. p. 124. l. 39.
r. *while*. p. 125. l. 4. r. *wherewith*. p. 126. l. 24. r. *The gods*. p. 127. l. 17. r. *but laughs*. *ibid.* l. 44. r. *Thy self*.

O F

P L A N T S.

B O O K I.

Lives lowest, but far greatest Sphere, I sing,
 Of all things, that adorn the gawdy Spring :
 Such as in Deserts live, whom, unconfin'd,
 None but the simple Laws of Nature bind ;
 And those, who growing tame by human care,

The well-bred Citizens of Gardens are :

Those that aspire to *Sol*, their Sires bright Face,
 Or stoop into their Mother Earths embrace :
 Such, as drink Streams, or Wells, or those, dry fed,
 Who have *Jove* only for their *Ganymede* :
 And all, that *Solomon's* lost Work of old,
 (Ah fatal Loss !) so wisely did unfold.

Though I the Oaks vivacious Age shou'd live,
 I ne'r to all their Names in Verse could give.

Yet I the Rise of Groves will briefly show
 In Verses, like their Trees, rang'd all a-row.
 To which some one perhaps new Shades may joyn,
 Till mine, at last, become a Grove Divine.
 Assist me, *Phæbus* ! Wit of Heav'n, whose care
 So bounteously both Plants and Poets share.
 Where e'er thou com'st, hurl Light and Heat around,
 And with new Life enamel all the Ground ;
 As when the Spring feels thee, with Magick Light,
 Break through the Bonds of the dead Winters Night :
 When thee to * *Colchis* the gilt Ram conveys,
 And the warm'd North rejoyces in thy Rays.
 Where shall I first begin ? For, with delight
 Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.
 My self to slavish Method I'll not tye,
 But, like the Bee, where-e'er I please, will flie ;
 Where I the glorious hopes of Honey see,
 Or the free Wing of Fancy carries me.

* When the Sun enters *Arius*, i. e. in *March*. *Colchis* is a Northern Region near the Black Sea, whence the Ram with the Golden Fleece was said to have been translated into a Constellation.

Here no fine Garden Emblems shall reside,
 In well-made Beds to prostitute their Pride:
 But we rich Nature, who her Gifts bestows,
 Unlimited (nor the vast Treasure knows)
 And various plenty of the pathless Woods
 Will follow; Poor Men only count their Goods.
 Do thou, bright *Phœbus*! guide me luckily
 To the first Plant by some kind Augury.

The Omen's good; so, we may hope the best,
 The Gods mild Looks our grand Design have blest.
 For thou kind *Befny*! art the first we see,
 And opportunely com'st, dear Plant! for me;
 For me, because the Brain thou dost protect,
 See, if y'are wise, my Brain you don't neglect.
 For it concerns you, that in Health *that* be,
 I sing thy Sisters, *Betony*! and thee.
 But who, best Plant! can praise thee to thy merit,
 Or number the Perfections you inherit?
 The Trees, he, in th' *Hercynian* Woods as well,
 Or Roses, that in *Pæstum* grow, may tell.
 † *Musa* at large, they say, thy Praises writ,
 But, I suppose, did part of them omit.
Cæsar his Triumphs wou'd recount; do thou,
 Greater than he a Conquerer! do so now.

† *Antoninus Musa*, Physician to *Augustus*.

B E T O N Y.

TO know my Virtues briefly, you in vain
 Desire, all which this whole Book can't contain.
 O'er all the World of Man great I preside,
 Where-e'er red Streams through milky Meadows glide;
 O'er all you see throughout the Body spread,
 Between the distant Poles of Heel and Head.
 But in the * Head my chief Dominions are,
 The Soul commits her Palace to my Care.
 I all the Corners purge, refresh, secure,
 Nor let it be, for want of Light, obscure.
 That Soul, that came from Heav'n, which Stars adorn,
 Her God's great Daughter, by Creation born,
 Alas! to what a frail Apartment now,
 And ruined Cottage does she bow!
 Her very Mansion to Infection turns,
 And in the Place, wherein she lives, she burns.
 When Falling-Sickness thunder strikes the Brain,
 Oft Men, like Victims, fall, as Thunder-slain.
 Oft does the Head with a swift Whimsie reel,
 And the Soul's turn'd, as on *Ixion's* Wheel.
 Oft pains it's Head an Anvil seem to beat,
 And like a Forge, the Brain-pan burns with heat.

Betony is hot and dry in the second degree. Wine or Vinegar impregnated with it, is excellent for the Stomack and Sight. The Smell of it alone refreshes the Brain. This an Italian Proverb. He has as many Virtues as *Betony*, i. e. innumerable.

Some parts the Palfie oft of Sense deprives
 And Motion, (strange effect!) one fide furvives
 The other. This *Mezentius* fury quite
 Outdoes; in this Disease dead Limbs unite
 With live ones. Some with Lethargy opprest
 Under Deaths weight seem fatally to rest.
 Ah! Life, thou art Deaths Image, but that Thee
 In nought resembles, save thy Brevity.
 * Vain Phantoms oft the Mind distracted keep,
 And roving thoughts possess the place of Sleep.
 † Oft when the Nerves for want of Juice grow dry
 (That Heavenly Juice, unknown to th' outward Eye)
 Each feeble Limb as 'twere grows loose, and quakes,
 Yea, the whole Fabrick of the Body shakes.
 These, and all Evils which the Brain infest
 (For numerous, sawey Griefs that part molest)
 Me *Phæbus* bad, by constant War restrain;
 Saying, my Kingdom (Child!) see, you maintain.
 And straight he gave me Arms well forg'd from Heav'n,
 Like those t' *Æneas* or *Achilles* giv'n.
 One wondrous Leaf he wisely did create
 'Gainst all the Darts of Sickness and of Fate,
 And into that a Sovereign mystick Juice,
 With subtile heat from Heav'n he did infuse.
 'Tis not in vain, bright Sire! that you bestow
 Such Arms on me, nor shall they rusty grow.
 No; from that Crime not the just Head alone
 Acquits me, but th' inferior Limbs will own,
 I'm guiltless. || When the Lungs with Phlegm opprest
 Want Air, to fan the Heart, and cool the Brest,
 A fainty Cough strives to expel the Foe,
 But seeks the help of powerful Medicines too.
 It comes to me, I my assistance lend,
 Open th' obstructed Pores, and gently send
 Refreshment to the Heart. Cool Gales abate
 Th' internal Heat, and it grows temperate.
 The Quartan Ague its dry Holes forsakes,
 As Adders do; Dropsies like Water Snakes,
 With liquid Aliment no longer fed,
 By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry Bed.
 I los of Appetite repair, and heat
 The Stomach, to concoct the Food men eat.
 Torturing Gripes I in the Guts allay,
 And send out murmuring Blasts the backward way.
 I wash the Saffron Jaundice of the Skin,
 And ease the Kidneys of dire Stones within.
 Thick Blood that stands in Womens veins I soon
 Force to slow down, more powerful than the Moon.
 But then th' unnatural Floods of Whites arise;
 Ah me! that common Filth will not suffice.

Fernel.

Virg. & En.

* Betony is drunk as a Remedy against Madnes, *Plin. l. 26. 11.*

† This is according to Dr. *Gliffon's* Opinion, which see in *L. de Anatomia hepatis.* And *Plin. ut supra.*

|| Concerning these Diseases help'd by Betony, see *Pliny* and *Fernelius.*

See *Plin. l. 26.* I likewise stop the Current, when the Blood
 19. Through some new Channel seeks a purple Flood.
 I all the Tumults of the Womb appease,
 And to the Head, which that disturbs, give Ease.
Fernel. Womens Conceptions I corroborate,
 And let no Births their time anticipate.
 But in the sacred time of Labor I
 The careful Midwives Hands with help supply.
 * It is every where made use of against the Gout and Sciatica, † Betony is said to have so great a Virtue against Serpents, that if they are inclosed in a circle made thereof, they'll lash themselves to death. *Plin. l. 25. 8.*
 * The lazy Gout my Virtue swiftly shuns,
 Whilst from the Joynts with nimble heels it runs.
 All Poysons I expel, that men annoy,
 † And baneful Serpents by my Power destroy.
 My pointed Odor through its marrow flies,
 And of a secret Wound the Adder dies.
 So *Phæbus*, I suppose, the *Python* slew,
 And with my Juice his Arrows did imbrew.
 From every Limb all kinds of Ach and Pain
 I banish, never to return again.
 The wearied Clown I with new vigor bless,
 And Pains as pleasant make as Idleness.
 Nor do I only Lifes Fatigue relieve,
 But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give.
 I make the colour of the Blood more bright,
 || And cloath the Skin with a more graceful White.
 || *Spain* in her happy Woods first gave me Birth,
 Then kindly banish'd me o'er all the Earth;
 Nor gain'd she greater Honor when she bore
Trajan to rule the World, and to restore
Romes Joys. 'Tis true, he justly might compare
 With my Deserts; his Virtues equal were.
 But a good Prince is the short Grant of Fate,
 The World's soon robb'd of such a vast Estate.
 But of my Bounty Men for ever taste,
 And what he once was I am like to last.

MAIDEN-HAIR, or VENUS-HAIR.

† Capillary Plants.

* From the likeness of their Leaves,
 † Alluding to the Name.

I Being the chief of all the † Hairy State,
 Me they have chosen for their Advocate,
 To speak on their behalf: Now We, you know,
 Among the other Plants make no small show.
 And * *Fern* too, far and near which does preside
 O'er the wild Fields, is to our kind ally'd.
 Some † Hairy Comets also hence derive,
 And Marriages of Stars with Plants contrive.
 But we such Kindred do not care to own,
 Rather than rude Relations we'll have none.
 My Hair of Parentage far better came,
 'Tis not for nought, it has Loves gentle Name.

|| Beauty her self my Debtor is, she knows,
 And of my Threads Love does his Nets compose.
 Their Thanks to me the beauteous Women pay
 For wanton Curls, and shady Locks, that play
 Upon their Shoulders. Friend ! who'er thou art,
 (If thou'rt in Love) to me perform thy part.
 Keep thy Hair florid, and let dangling coils
 Around thy Head, make Ladies Hearts thy spoils.
 For when your Head is bald, or Hair grows thin,
 In vain you boast of Treasures lodg'd within.
 The Women won't believe you, nor will prize
 Such Wealth; all Lovers ought to please the Eyes.
 So I to *Venus* my assistance lend
 (I'm pleas'd to be my Heavenly † Name-sakes Friend)
 Though I am modest, and content to go
 In simple Weeds, that make no gawdy show;
 * For I am cloth'd, as when I first was born,
 No painted Flow'rs my rural Head adorn.
 But above all, I'm sober; I ne'er drink
 Sweet Streams, nor does my Thirst make Rivers sink.
 When *Jove* to Plants begins an Health in show'rs,
 And from the Sky large Bowls of Water pours,
 You see the Herbs quaff all the Liquor up,
 When they ought only modestly to sup :
 You'd think the *German* Drunkards near the *Rhine*,
 Were keeping Holy-day with them in Wine.
 Mean while I blush; shake from my trembling Leaves
 The Drops; and *Jove* my Thanks in drought receives.
 But I no Topers envy; for my meen
 Is always gay, and my complexion green.
 Winter it self does not exhaust the Juice,
 That makes me look so verdant and so spruce.
 Yet the Physicians steep me cruelly
 In hateful Water, which I drink and die.
 † But I ev'n dead, on Humors operate,
 Such force my Ashes have beyond my Fate.
 I through the Liver, Spleen, and Reins the Foe
 Pursue, whilst they with speed before me flow.
 Ten thousand Maladies down with 'em they
 Like Monsters sell, in brackly Waves convey.
 For this I might deserve, above the Air,
 An higher place than || *Berenices* Hair ;
 But if into the Sea the Stars turn round,
 Rather than Heav'n it self, I'd chuse dry ground.

|| The Name it bears, because it tinges the Hair, and is to this purpose boll'd in Wine with Parsley-seed, and plenty of Oil, which renders the Hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. *Plin.* l. 22. 21.

† Being called in Latin *capillus Veneris*.

* 'Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in Summer, but withers not in Winter. *Plin.*

† It forces Urine, is good against the Dropic, Strangury, &c. *Plin.*

|| The Wife of *Ptolomy Euergetes*, who having vowed, if

her Husband had success in his *Asian* Expedition, that she would cut off and dedicate her Hair: at his Return she did so; and on the morrow, it not being found in the Temple of *Venus*, where it was laid, *Ptolomy* was highly enraged, till one *Conon*, a Mathematician, made it out to him, that it was transferred to Heaven, and there made a Constellation of seven Stars near the *Lion's Tail*; which still bears this Name.

S A G E.

The Virtues of Sage are highly celebrated by all Authors; particularly the Writers of *Schola Salernitana*, who may be consulted.

It is hot in the first, and dry in the second degree; it is easily astringent, and stays Bleedings. It strengthens the Stomach and Brain; and rowzes a dull Appetite; but its peculiar Faculty is to corroborate the Nerves, and to oppose all Diseases incident unto them. Hence it hath the highest reputation among Medicaments for the Memory.

Sage! who by many Virtues gain'st renown,
Sage! whose Deserts all happy Mortals own.
Since thou, dear Sage! preserv'st the Memory,
I cannot sure forgetful prove of Thee.
Thee, who || *Mnemosyne* dost recreate
Her Daughter Muses ought to celebrate,
Nor shalt thou e'er complain, that they're ingrate.

|| The Memory.

High on a Mount the Souls firm Mansion stands,
And with a view the Limbs below commands.
Sure some great Archite&t this Pile design'd,
Where all the World is to a Span confin'd.
A mighty throng of Spirits here reside,
Which to the Soul are very near allid.
Here the gr and Council's held; hence to and fro
The Spirits scout to see what News below.
Bustle as Bees, through every part they run,
Thick as the Rays stream from the glitt'ring Sun.
Their subtle Limbs Silk, thin as Air, arrays,
And therefore nought their rapid Journey stays.
But with much toil they weary grow, at length
Perpetual Labor tires the greatest Strength.
Oft too, as they in pains bestow their hours,
The airy vagrants hostile Heat devours.
Oft in Venereal Raptures they expire,
Or burnt by Wine, and drown'd in liquid Fire.
Then Ladden Sleep does on the Senses seize,
And with dull drowziness the Vitals freeze.
Cold Floods of dire Distempers swiftly rowl,
For want of Dams and Fences, o'er the Soul.
Then are the Nerves dissolv'd, each member quakes,
And the whole ruined Fabrick shakes.
You'd think the Hands fear'd Poyson in the Cup,
They tremble so, and cannot lift it up.
Hence, Sage! 'tis manifest what thou canst do,
And glorious dangers beg relief from you.
The Foe, by cold, and humors so inclos'd,
From his chill Throne by thy strong heat's depos'd.
And to the Spirits thou bring'st fresh Recruits,
When they are wearied in such long Disputes.
To Life, whose Body was almost its Urn,
New Life, (if I may say it) does return.

The members by their Nerves are steady ty'd,
 A Pilot, not the Waves, the Vessel guide.
 You all things fix: Who this for truth wou'd take,
 That thy weak Fibres such strong Bonds shou'd make?
 Loose Teeth thou fasten'st; which, at thy command,
 Well riveted in their firm Sockets stand.
 May that fair, useful Bulwark ne'er decay,
 Nor the Mouth's Ivory Fences e'er give way!
 * Conceptions, Women by thy help retain,
 Nor does th' injected Seed flow back again.
 Ah! Death, don't Life it self anticipate,
 Let a Man live, before he meets his Fate.
 Thou'rt too severe, if, in the very Dock,
 Our Ship, before 'tis built, strikes on a Rock.
 Of thy Perfections this is but a taste,
 You bring to view things absent, and what's past
 Recal; such tracts i'th' mind of things you make,
 None can the well form'd Characters mistake.
 And lest the Colours there shou'd fade away,
 Your Oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

* *Agrippa* calls it the *holy Herb*, and says the *Lionesses* eat it when they are big. See *Hearnius* concerning its *Virues* this way.

B A U M.

Hence, Cares! my constant, troublesome Company,
 Be gone! * *Melissa's* come and smiles on me.
 Smiling she comes, and courteously my Head
 With Chaplets binds from every fragrant Bed:
 Bidding me sing of her, and for my strains,
 Her self will be the Guerdon of my pains.
 My Heart, methinks, is much more lightsome grown,
 And I thy influence, kind Plant! must own:
 Justly thy Leaves may represent the Heart,
 For that, among its Wealth, counts thee a part.
 As of Kings Heads Guinics th' impression bear,
 That Princely part you in Effigie wear.
 All Storms and Clouds you banish from the mind,
 But leave Serenity and Peace behind.
Bacchus himself no more revives our Blood,
 When he infuses his hot, purple flood:
 When in full Bowls he all our sorrow drowns,
 And flattering hopes with short-liv'd riches crowns.
 But those Enjoyments some disturbance bring,
 And such delights flow from a muddy Spring.
 For *Bacchus* does not kill, but wound the Foe,
 Whose rage and strength increases by the Blow.
 But without force or dregs thy pleasures flow,
 Thy Joys no after-claps of Torments know.
 Thy Hony, gentle Bawm! no pointed Stings,
 Like! † Bees, thy great admirers, with it brings.

* *Baum* is hot and dry in the first degree; it is excellent against Melancholy, and the Evils arising therefrom. It causes cheerfulness, a good digestion and a florid colour. The leaves are said, by those who mind Signatures, to resemble a Heart.

† It is very much loved by the Bees, and is a pleasant Remedy against the Stings of them and Wasps.

Oh! &c, *Plin.*

Oh! Heavenly Gift to sickly human kind,
 All Goddeſs, if from care thou freeſt the mind.
 All Plagues annoy, but Cares the whole Man ſeiſe:
 Whene'er we labor under this Diſeaſe.
 Theſe, though in proſp'rous affluence we live,
 To all our Joys a bitter Tincture give.
 Frail humane Nature its own Poylon breeds,
 And Life it ſelf thy healing Virtue needs.

SCURVY-GRASS.

There is no
 proper Greek
 word for the
Scurvy.

Description of
 the *Scurvy.*

A Malady there is, that runs through all
 The Northern World, which they the *Scurvy* call.
 Thrice happy *Greece*, that ſcorns the barbarous Word,
 Nor in its Tongue a neater does afford.
 Deſtructive Monſter! God ne'er laid a Curſe,
 On Man like this, nor could he ſend a worſe.
 A Thouſand horrid Shapes the Monſter wears,
 And in as many hands fierce Arms it bears.
 This Water-Serpent, in the Belly's bred,
 By muddy Fens, and ſulph'rous Moiſtures fed.
 Him either Sloth or too much Labour breeds,
 He both from Eaſe and Pain it ſelf proceeds.
 Oſt from a dying Fever he receives
 His Birth, and in the Aſhes of it lives.
 Of him juſt born you eaſily may diſpoſe,
 Then he's a Dwarf, but ſoon a Giant grows.
 That a ſmall Egg ſhould breed a Crocodile,
 Of ſuch vaſt bulk and ſtrength, the wondering *Nile*
 Thinks he as much amazed ought to ſtand,
 As men, when he o'rflows the drowned Land.
 With naſty Humors and dry Salts he's fed,
 By ſtinking Wind and Vapours nourished.
 Even in his Cradle he unlucky grows
 (Though he be Son of ſloth, no ſloth this ſhows)
 His Toils no ſooner *Hercules* began;
 Monſters now ape that Monſter-murdering Man.
 Ere he's well born the Limbs he does oppreſs,
 And they are tired with very Idleneſs.
 They languish and deliberating ſtand,
 Loth to obey the active Souls command.
 Nor does it to your wildred Senſe appear,
 Where their pain is, 'cauſe it is every where.
 When Men for want of breath can hardly blow,
 Nor Purple Streams in azure Channels flow,
 Then the bold Enemy ſhews he's too nigh,
 One ſo miſchievous cannot hidden lie.
 The Teeth drop out, and noiſome grows the Breath,
 The man not only ſmells, but looks like Death.

Qualms,

Qualms, Vomiting, and torturing Gripes within
 Besides unseemly spots upon the skin
 His other symptoms are; with clouds the mind
 He overcasts, and, fettering the Sense,
 To Life it self makes Living an Offence.

This Monster Nature gave me to subdue,
 (Such feats with herbs t'accomplish 'tis not new)
 So the fierce Bull and watchful Dragon too
 On *Colchis* shoar the valiant *Jason* slew,
 But whether those defeated Monsters fell
 By virtue of my Juice I cannot tell.
 But them he conquer'd and then back he row'd
 O'r the proud waves; nor was it only Gold
 He got; he brought away a Royal Maid
 Beside (may all Physicians^{so} be paid.)
 The hardness of my task my courage fir'd,
 A powerful Foe was that I most desir'd.
 I love to be commended, I must own,
 And that my Name in Physick books be shown.
 I envy them, whom *Galen* deigns to name,
 Or old *Hippocrates*, great Sons of Fame.
Achilles *Alexander* envy'd; why,
 If he complain'd so justly, may not I?
 When *Grecian* Names did other Plants adorn
 And were by them as marks of honour born,
 * I grew inglorious on the British coast,
 (For *Britain* then no reason had to boast)
 Hapless I on the *Gothick* shoar did lie,
 Nor was the Sea-weed less esteem'd than I.
 Now sure 'tis time, those losses were regain'd,
 Which in my youth and fame so long I have sustain'd.
 'Tis time, and so they are; Now I am known,
 Through all the Universe my fame has flown:
 Who my deserts denies, when by my hands
 That Tyrant falls, that plagues the *Northern* Lands?
 Sing *Io Pæan*; yea thrice *Io* sing,
 And let the *Gothick* shoar with Triumphs ring;
 That wild Disease which such disturbance gave,
 Is led before my Chariot like a Slave.

Scurvy-Grafs
 is reckoned
 among the
 Medicines pec-
 cular to this
 Disease. It
 opens, pene-
 trates, ren-
 ders volatile
 the crude and
 gross hu-
 mours, pur-
 ges by urine
 and sweat, and
 strengthens
 the entrails.

* Not but that
 'tis by some
 thought to be
 the *Britannica*
 of *Pliny*.

D O D D E R.

THou neither leaf nor stalk, nor root can'st show;
 How, in this pensile posture dost thou grow?
 Thou'rt perfect Magick; and I cannot now
 Those things you do, for Miracles allow;
 Those wonders, if compar'd to you, are none;
 Since you your self are a far greater one.

To make the strength of other Herbs thy prey,
 The Huntress thou thy self for Nets dost lay,
 Live Riddle! He that would thy mysteries
 Unfold, must with some *Oedipus* advise.
 No wonder in your Arms the Plants you hold,
 Thou being all Arms must them needs so infold.
 For thee large threads the fatal Sisters spin,
 But to your work nor woof nor web put in.
 Hence 'tis, that you so intricately twine
 About that plant * *Flax* which yields so long a line.
 Oh! Spouse most constant to a Plant most dear,
 Than whom no Couple e'r more loving were.
 No more let Love of wanton *Ivy* boast,
 Her kindness is th' effect of nought but Lust.
 Another she enjoys; but that her Love
 And She are * *Two*, many distinctions prove.
 Their strength and leaves are different, and her fruit
 Puts all the Difference beyond dispute.
 The likeness to the Parent does profess,
 That She in that is no Adulteress.
 Her root with different juices is supply'd,
 And She her Maiden name bears though a Bride.
 But *Dodder* on her Spouse depends alone,
 And nothing in her self can call her own.
 Fed with his juice she on his stalk is born,
 And thinks his Leaves her head full well adorn.
 Whoe'r he be, She loves to take his Name,
 And must with him be every way the same.
Alceste and *Evadne* thus inflam'd
 Are, with some others, for their passion fam'd.
 So, *Dodder!* for thy husband *Flax* thoud'st die
 I guess; but may'st thou speed more luckily.
 This is her living passion; but she grows
 Still more renown'd for kindness, which she shows
 To mortal Men, when she'as resign'd her breath;
 For She of them is mindful even in Death.
 † The Liver and the Spleen most faithfully
 Of all oppressions she does ease and free,
 Where has so small a Plant such strength and store
 Of Virtues, when her Husband's weak and poor?
 Who'd think the Liver shou'd assistance need,
 A noble part, from such a wretched Weed?
 Use therefore little things; nor take it ill
 That Men small things preserve; for less may kill.

* The *Ivy* is always call'd *Ivy*, whatsoever it cleaves to: but this Herb takes the name from the Plant on which it hangs, with whom also it partakes its Virtues, as *Epiclymum*, *Epininum*, *Epirrhiza*, &c.

† Concerning its manifold Virtues, consult *Hearnius* and *Fernelius*.

WORMWOOD.

Mong Children I a baneful Weed am thought,
 By none but Hags or Fiends desir'd or sought.
 They think a Doctor is in jest, or mad,
 If he agrees not, that my juice is bad.
 The Women also I offend, I know,
 Though to my bounteous hands so much they owe.
 Few Palates do my bitter tast approve,
 How few, alas! are well inform'd by *Jove!*
 Sweet things alone they love; but in the end
 They find what bitter gusts those sweets attend.
 Long nauseousness succeeds their short-liv'd joys,
 And that which so much pleas'd the Palate, cloyes.
 The Palate justly suffers for the wrong
 Sh'as done the Stomach, into which so long
 All tasteful food she cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,
 She loaths the Dainties she before admir'd,
 A grievous stench does from the stomach rise,
 And from the mouth *Lernean* Poison flies.
 Then they're content to drink my harsher juice,
 Which for its bitterness they n'er refuse.
 It does not idle in the stomach lie,
 But, like some God, give present remedy.
 (So the warm Sun my vigour does restore,
 When he returns and the cold Winter's o'r.)
 There I a Jakes out of a Stable throw,
 And *Hercules's* labour undergo.
 The Stomach eas'd its Office does repeat,
 And with new living fire concocts the meat.
 The purple Tincture soon it does devour,
 Nor does that Chyle the hungry veins o'rpower.
 The visage by degrees fresh Roses stain,
 And the perfumed breath grows sweet again.
 The good I do *Venus* herself will own,
 She, though all sweets, yet loves not sweets alone.
 She wisely mixes with my juice her joys,
 And her delights with bitter things alloys.
 We Herbs to different studies are inclin'd,
 And every faction does its Author find.
 Some *Epicurus's* sentiments defend,
 And follow pleasure as their only end.
 It is their pride and boast sweet fruits to bear,
 And on their heads they flowry Chaplets wear.
 Whilst others courting rigid *Zeno's* Sect,
 In Virtue fruitful, all things else neglect.
 They love not pomp, or what delights the sense,
 And think all's well, if they give no offence.

Pliny spends
 all Chap. 7.
 l. 27. in enu-
 merating the
 Virtues of
Wormwood,
 and *Fernelius*
 is large upon
 it; whom
 consult.

It strengthens
 the Stomach,
 and purges it
 of Cholera,
 Wind and
 Crudities.

And none a greater Stoick is, than I,
 The *Stoa's* Pillars on my Stalk rely.
 Let others please, to profit is my pleasure,
 The Love I slowly gain's a lasting treasure.
 In Towns debauch'd he's the best Officer,
 Who most censorious is and most severe;
 Such I am; and such you, dear *Cato*! were.
 But I no dire, revengeful passion show,
 Our Schools in Wisemen Anger don't allow.
 No fault I punish more than that which lies
 Within my Province; wherefore from my eyes
 Choler with hasty speed before me flies.
 As soon as Me it in the stomach spies,
 Preparing for a War in Martial guise,
 Not daring in its lurking holes to stay,
 It makes a swift escape the backward way.
 I follow him at th' heels, and by the scent
 Find out which way the noisom Enemy went.

It is good a-
 gainst the
 Dropfie.

Of Water too I drain the flesh and blood,
 When Winter threatens a devouring flood.
 The *Dutchmen* with less skill their Country drain,
 And turn the course of Waters back again.
 Sometimes th' obstructed Reins too narrow grow,
 And the salt floods back to their Fountains flow.
 Unhappy state! the neighbouring members quake,
 And all th' adjacent Country seems to shake.
 Then I begin the Waters thus to chide;
 Why, sluggish Waters, do you stop your Tide?
 Glide on with me, I'll break the Rampires down,
 That stop the Channel where you once have flown.
 I do so; straight the Currents wider grow,
 And in their usual banks the Waters flow.
 This all the members does rejoice and cheer,
 Who of a dismal Deluge stood in fear.

And Worms
 which occa-
 sion'd the
 Name, worm-
 wood.

Men-eating Worms I from the body scare,
 And conquering Arms against that Plague prepare.
 (Voracious Worm! thou wilt most certainly
 Heir of our bodies be, whene'r we die;
 Deferr a while the meal which in the Grave,
 Of humane Viands thou e'r long must have.)
 Those Vermine Infants bowels make their food,
 And love to suck their fill of tender blood.
 They cannot stay till Death serves up their feast,
 But greedily snatch up the meat undrest.
 Why shou'd I speak of fleas? such Foes I hate,
 So basely born, ev'n to enumerate,
 Such dust-born, skipping points of life; I say,
 Whose only virtue is, to run away.
 My Triumphs to such numbers do amount,
 That I the greater ones can hardly count.

To such a bulk the vast account does swell,
 That I some Trophies lose which I should tell.
 Oft wandring Death is scatter'd through the Skies,
 And through the Elements infection flies,
 The Earth below is sick, the Air above,
 Slow Rivers prove they're sickly, whilst they move.
 All things Deaths Arms in cold embraces catch,
 Life even the vital Air away doth snatch.
 To remedy such evils God took care,
 Nor me as least of Med'cines did prepare.
 Oft too, they say, I (though no Giant neither)
 Have born the shock of three strong Foes together.
 Not without reason therefore, or in vain
 Did conquering Rome my Honour so maintain:
 The Conqu'ror a Triumphal draught of Me
 Drank, as the Guerdon of his Victory.
 Holding the crowned Goblet in his hand
 He cry'd aloud, This Cup can health command.
 Nor does it, cause 'tis bitter, please me less,
 My toils were so, in which I met success.

And useful in
 time of Pestilence.

Concerning
 this custom
 see *Pliny*, *ne
 supra*.

WATER-LILY.

D'ye slight me, 'cause a bog my Belly feeds,
 And I am found among a crowd of Reeds
 I'm no green vulgar Daughter of the Earth,
 But to the noble Waters owe my birth.
 I was a Goddess of no mean degree;
 But Love alas! depos'd my Deity.
 He bad me love, and straight my kindled heart
 In *Hercules's* triumphs bore a part.
 I with his Fame, and actions fell in love,
 And Limbs, that might become his Father *Jove*.
 And by degrees Me a strong impulse hurl'd,
 That Man t' enjoy, who conquer'd all the World.
 To tell you true, that Night I most admir'd,
 When he got fifty Sons and was not tir'd.
 Now blushing, such deeds hate I, to profess;
 But 'twas a Night of noble wickedness.
 He (to be short) my honour stain'd, and he
 Had the first flow'r of my Virginity.
 But He by's Father *Jove's* example led
 Rambled and cou'd not brook a single bed.
 Fierce monstrous Beasts and Tyrants, worse than they,
 All o'r the World he ran to seek and slay.
 But He, the Tyrant, for his Guerdon still
 A Maid requires, if he a Monster kill.

Deianira's
 blood is said
 by *Catopine* to
 be turn'd into
 this Herb, af-
 ter she had
 kill'd her self
 with *Hercules*
 his Club, for
 grief that she
 had been the
 cause of his
 death.

All Womankind to me his Harlots are,
 Ev'n Goddesses in my suspicion share.
 Perish me; let the Sun this Water dry,
 And may I scorch'd in this burnt puddle die;
 If I of *Juno* were not jealous grown,
 And thought I shew'd her hatred in my own.
 (Perhaps, said I, my passion he derides,
 And I'm the scorn of all his virtuous Brides.
 Grief, anger, shame and fury vex my mind,
 But, maugre all, Loves darts those passions blind.)
 If I from tortures of eternal grief
 Did not design by Death to seek relief.
 But Goddesses in Love can never die,
 Hard Fate! our punishment's Eternity.
 Mean time I'm all in tears both night and day,
 And as they drop, my tedious hours decay.
 Into a Lake the standing showers grow,
 And o'r my feet th' united Waters flow:
 Then (as the dismal boast of misery)
 I triumph in my griefs fertility.
 Till *Jove* at length, in pity; from above,
 Said, I shou'd never from that Fen remove.
 His Word my body of its form bereft,
 And straight all vanish'd, that my grief had left.
 My knotty root under the Earth does sink,
 And makes me of a Club too often think.
 My thirsty leaves no liquor can suffice;
 My tears are now return'd into my eyes.
 My form its ancient Whiteness still retains,
 And pristine paleness in my Cheeks remains.
 Now in perpetual mirth my days I pass,
 We Plants, believe me, are an happy Race.
 We truly feel the Suns kind influence,
 Cool winds and warmer Air refresh our sense.
 Nectar in dew does from *Aurora* rise,
 And Earth *Ambrosia* untill'd supplies.
 I pity Man, whom thousand cares perplex,
 And cruel Love, that greatest plague, does vex;
 Whilst mindful of the ills I once endur'd
 His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are cur'd.
 I triumph, that my Victor I o'rthrow,
 Such changes Tyrants Thrones shou'd undergo.
 Don't wonder, Love, that Thee thy Slave shou'd beat,
Alcides Monsters taught me to defeat.
 And lest, unhappy Boy! thou shou'dst believe,
 All handsom folks thy cruel Yoke receive;
 I have a Wash that beautifies the Face,
 Yet chastly look in my own war'y Glass.
Diana's meine, and *Venus* face I lend,
 So to both Deities I prove a friend.

It is call'd by
some *Her-
cules's* Club.

There are
two sorts, a
white and a
yellow.

'Tis said to be
a great allayer
of Lechery.

It takes away
Morpheus
and Freckler.

But lest that God shou'd artfully his Flame
 Conceal, and burn me in anothers Name;
 All Heats in general I resist, nay I *
 To all that's Hot am a sworn Enemy.
 Whether distracting flames with fury flie,
 Through the burnt brain, like Comets through the skie,
 Or whether from the Belly they ascend,
 And fumes all o'r the Body swiftly send.
 Whether with sulphurous fire the veins within
 They kindle, or just singe the outward skin.
 What'er they are, my awful juice they fly;
 When glimmering through the pores they run and die.
 Why wink'st thou? why doest so with half an eye
 Look on me? Oh! my sleepy root's too nigh.
 Besides my tedious Discourse might make
 Any Man have but little mind to wake,
 Without that's help; Thus then our leaves we take. }

* It is cold in the second degree, its root and seed are drying; but the flower moistens, being applied to the forehead and nostrils it cures the Head-ach arising from Phlegm, and is very cooling. *Fernl.*

SPLEENWORT or *MILTWAST.*

ME cruel Nature, when she made me, gave
 Nor stalk, nor seed, nor flow'r, as others have.
 The Sun ne'r warms me, nor will she allow,
 I shou'd in cultivated Gardens grow.
 And to augment the torment of my years,
 No lovely colour in my leaves appears.
 You'd think me Heav'ns averfion, and the Earth
 Had brought me forth at some chance, spurious Birth.
 Vain outward gaudy shews mankind surprize,
 And they resign their Reason to their eyes.
 To Gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,
 For there, God wot, the painted Tulip reigns.
 But the wise Gods mind no such vanity,
Phæbus above all Tulips values me.
 So does that Coan, old *Hippocrates*,
 Who the next place to *Phæbus* challenges.
 For when the Members Nature did divide,
 And over such or such bad Herbs preside;
 I of the savage and unruly Spleen,
 A stubborn Province, was created Queen.
 I that restrain, though it resist my power,
 And bring its swelling, rebel humor lower.
 The passages with Rampires it in vain,
 Obstruets; I quickly break them down again.
 All Commerce I with speedy force restore,
 And the ways open all my Kingdom o'r.
 If I don't take that course, it furious grows,
 And into every part Contagion throws.

The Virtues of this Herb are told in its name.

With

With poisonous vapours it infects the blood,
 And Life it self drinks of a venomous flood.
 Foul Leprosie upon the skin appears,
 And the chang'd visage Deaths pale colours wears.
 Hence watchfulness, distracting cares, and tears,
 And pain proceeds; with hasty, killing fears.
 Hence Halts, cruel Love! our necks release
 From thy more fatal Yoke; and Daggers ease
 Our Souls of Life's incurable Disease:
 May no such monstrous evils good Men hurt,
Jove and my Virtue all such things avert!
 The Treasury *Trajan* rightly to the Spleen
 Compar'd; for, when that swells, the body's lean.
 Why do you laugh? Is it, because that I
 Pretend to know the *Roman* History.
 I a dull stock and not a Plant shou'd be,
 Having so long kept Doctors company,
 If their discourse shou'd not advantage me.
 It has; and I great wonders cou'd relate,
 But I'm a Plant, that ne'r was given to prate.
 But to return from whence I have digrest,
 I many Creatures ease by Spleen opprest.
 Creet, though so used to lye, you may believe,
 When for their Swine their thanks to me they give.
 The wretched As, whom constant labour tires,
 Sick of the Spleen my speedy aid desires.
 Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain)
 He cheerfully resumes his work again.
 Now, if you can, vain, painted Flow'rs admire,
 Delights, scarce sooner born, than they expire.
 They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful and they're green;
 But I, though sad, procure a gladson mein.

Virruvius says
 that in *Creet*,
 where this
 Herb abounds,
 the Swine
 have no
 Spleen.

L E T T U C E.

Augustus is
 said to have
 been preserv-
 ed in his Sick-
 nefs by Let-
 tuce. *Plin.*

Some think your commendation you deserve;
 'Cause you of old *Augustus* did preserve.
 Why did you still prolong that fatal breath,
 That banish'd *Ovid*, and was *Tully's* death?
 But I suppose that neither of 'em you,
 Nor Orator nor Poet ever knew;
 Wherefore I wonder not, you shou'd comply,
 And the Worlds Tyrant so far gratify.
 Thou truly to all Tyrants art of use,
 Their madness flies before thy pow'ful juice.
 Their heads with better wreaths, I pri'thee, crown,
 And let the World in them thy kindness own.
 At thy command forth from its scorched Heart,
 Of Tyrants Love the greatest does depart.

Falſe Love, I mean; for thou ne'r try'ſt t'expel
True Love, who, like a good King, governs well,
Juſtly that Dog ſtar, *Cupid*, thou do'ſt hate,
Whoſe fire kills Herbs, and Monſters does create.

Upon the ſame.

EAT me with Bread and Oil, you'll ne'r repine,
Or ſay, in Summer you want meat to dine.
The Worlds firſt golden Age ſuch Viands bleſt,
I was the chief ingredient at a Feaſt:
Large bodies for the Demigods my juice,
And blood proportionable, did produce.
Then neither fraud nor force, nor luſt was known,
Such ills their riſe from too much heat muſt own.
Let their vile Name religiously be curſt,
Who to baſe Glutt'ny gave dominion firſt.
For thence ſprang Vice, whoſe Train Diſtempers were,
And Death did in new, ghafly ſhapes appear.
Shun cruel Tables, that with blood are dy'd,
And Banquets by deſtructive Death ſuppl'd.
Sick, if not well, thou'lt Herbs deſire, and we
Shall prove, if not thy Meat, thy Remedy.

EYEBRIGHT.

ENTER, ſweet Stranger, to my Eyes reveal
Thy ſelf, and gratefully thy Poet heal.
If I of Plants have any thing deſerv'd,
Or in my Verſe their Honour be preserv'd.
'Thus, lying on the Graſs and ſad, pray'd I,
Whiſt nimbly *Eye-bright* came and ſtood juſt by.
I wonder'd that ſo noble an Herb ſo ſoon
Roſe by my ſide like a Champignon;
I ſaw her not before, nor did ſhe appear,
For any thing I knew, to be ſo near.
On a black ſtalk, nine inches long ſhe grew,
With leaves all notch'd, and of a greeniſh hue.
While pretty Flowers on her top ſhe bore,
With yellow mixt and purple ſtreaks all o'er.
I knew her ſtraight; her Name and Viſage ſute;
And my glad Eyes their Patron'eſs ſalute.
Strange News! To me ſhe bow'd with Flow'r and ſtalk,
And thus, in Language fit for her, did talk.
'Twas low; for Herbs that modeſt cuſtom love,
Hoarſe murmurs of the Trees they don't approve.
Thou only Bard, ſaid ſhe, o'th' verdant Race,
Who in thy Songs do'ſt all our Virtues trace.

All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,
 Though such respect to you, our Friend, we bear,
 We hate the custome, which with Men obtains,
 To slight a kind, ingenuous Poets pains.
 I wish my root cou'd heal you, and I'm sure,
 * Of Plants. Our * Nation all wou'd gladly see the Cure.
 But if by Natures self it be withstood,
 The pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good.
 Natures injunctions none of us withstands,
 We're Slaves to all her Ladyships commands.
 Let what She gives your Appetite suffice,
 Nor grumble, when she any thing denies,
 For she with sparing Hands large gifts supplies. }
 But if some Malady impair the Sight,
 Or Wine, or Love, that's blind, and hates the Light;
 Or Surfeits, watchful Cares, or putrid Air,
 Or numerous other things, that hurtful are;
 Then am I useful: If you wou'd engage
 To count my Conquests, or the Wars I wage,
 The Evening Star much sooner wou'd go down,
 And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown.
 Several Dis- Oft a salt Flood which from the head descends,
 eases of the With the Eyes fresher streams its current blends.
 Eye are recounted. That Pain, which causes many watery Eyes,
 Epiphora. From its own tears it self does here arise.
 Ophthalmia. Oft times the Channels of a paler Flood
 Are fill'd and swell with strange, unnatural blood;
 And by a Guest, who thither lately came,
 The House is set all on a raging flame.
 Take care, if your small worlds bright Sun appear
 Blood-red, or he'll soon leave your Hemisphere.
 suffuso. Oft fumes and wandering Flies obscure the Eye,
 And in those Clouds strange Monsters seem to fly.
 Fume, what does thy dull, sooty visage here?
 I see no fire, that thou shoud'st be so near.
 Or what (with a Mischief) means the troublesome Fly?
 I'd as soon have the God of Flies as nigh.
 Leucoma. Oft times the sight is dark'ned with false snow,
 And night it self in blanched Robes does go;
 Whilst shapes of distant things, that real were,
 In different colours, or in none, appear.
 Tumours, and Cankers, Pustles, Ulcers why
 Shou'd I recount, those torments of the Eye?
 Or thousands more which I'm affraid to name,
 Lest when I tell them they my Tongue inflame,
 Or that which from its hollow length Men call
 Fistula [Pipe], a name too Musical.
 All these I tame; the Air my vertue clears,
 Whilst the Clouds vanish and the day appears.

The joyful Face smiles with diffused Light;
 What comeliness is mix'd with that delight!
 You know, *Arnoldus* (if you've read him o'r)
 Did fight by me to Men stone-blind restore.
 'Tis true; and my known virtue ought to be
 The more esteem'd for that strange Prodigy.
 With my kind leaves he bids you tinge your Wines,
 And profit with your pleasure wisely joins.
 Those Light will truly give, and sacred bowls,
Bacchus will dwell in your enlarged Souls.
 Then call thy Boy, with a capacious Cup,
 And with that Wine be sure to fill it up,
 Till thou hast drunk, for all the amorous Dames,
 An Health to ev'ry Letter of their names.
 Then drink an Health to th' Eyes; they won't refuse
 (I'm confident) to pledge you in my juice.
 But we lose time; go; carefully rehearse
 What I have said in never-dying Verse.
 She spake, then vanishing away she flew;
 I (Reader) tell you nothing but what's true.

*Arnold. de
 Villa nova.
 Lib. de Vinis.*

WINTER-CHERRIES.

WHEN I stand musing (as I often do)
 I'm fill'd with shame and noble anger too;
 To think that all we Plants (except some few
 Whom *Phebus* with more vigour did endue)
 Cannot away with Winters nipping fare,
 But more effeminate, than Mankind, are.
 From Father Sun, and Mother Earth in vain
 We sprang; they both your figure still retain.
 To our Delights why don't the Seasons yield,
 And banish Winter from each verdant Field?
 Why in *Elysian* Gardens don't we grow,
 Where no chill blasts may on our beauties blow?
 We're *Halcyons* forsooth, and can't with ease
 Bring forth, unless the world be all at peace.
 Nor is this softness only to be found
 Among small Herbs, still creeping on the ground:
 Great Elms and Oaks themselves it does controul,
 In their hard bark they wear a tender Soul.
 These Huffs Effeminacy count no crime;
 You'd think in Summer they to Heav'n wou'd climb.
 But if the Year its back upon them turn,
 Each Giant creeps back into th' Earth his Urn.
 Here lies——you on his bulky trunk may write;
 For shame! There lie; let not the mold lie light.
 But I, who very hardly dare receive
 The name of *Shrub* (though *Pliny* gives me leave)

The dreadful Winter to the Combat dare;
 Though Heav'n it self shou'd fall, I'd take no care.
 The Winter comes; and I'm by storms alarm'd,
 She comes with Legions numberless, well arm'd.
 Then I my fruit produce, and having first
 Expos'd them to her, cry, Now do thy worst.
 Pour, pour upon them all the Rain i'th' Skie,
 It will not wast away their scarlet die.
 Pour Snow, their Purple thence will grow more bright,
 Some red in a white Vessel gives delight.
 So the red lip the Ivory teeth befriends,
 And a white Skin the rosy Cheeks commends.
 With such like rudiments do I inure
 My Virtue, and the force of it secure:
 I, who rebellious Sicknes must subdue,
 And every day fresh Victories pursue.
 Thus did I learn vast stones to break in twain,
 And Ice, at first, put me to little pain.
 For I not onely water do expel,
 (That other weaker Plants can do as well)
 But such hard Rocks of Adamant I break,
 As *Hannibal* to pass wou'd prove too weak.
 Unhappy He, who on this Rock is tost,
 And Shipwrack'd is in his own waters lost!
 Even *Sisyphus* might pity and bemoan
 The Wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred stone.
 How does he envy, ah, how much, the dead,
 Whose Corps with stones are only covered!
 Wou'd I not help him? might the Earth divide,
 And swallow me, if I my aid deni'd.
 Then I my self child of some Rock must own,
 And that my roots were veins of hardest stone.
 But truly I do pity such a Man,
 And the obdurate matter quickly can
 Dissolve; my piercing Liquor round it lies,
 And straight into a thousand parts it flies.
 The long obstructed streams then glide away,
 And fragments with them of the Stone convey.

It is excellent
 against the
 Stone and all
 diseases of the
 Bladder,
 thence in
 Latin call'd
Vesicaria.

Vulgarly
 call'd also *Rosa*
solis.

SUN-DEW or LUSTWORT.

TO say the truth Nature's too kind to Thee,
 For all thy days thou spend'st in luxury.
 Thy Flowers are Silver, and a purple Down
 Covers thy body, like a Silken Gown:
 Whilst, to increase thy pomp and pride, each vein
 Of thine a Golden humour does contain.
 Each leaf is hollow made, just like a Cup,
 Which Liquor always to the brim fills up.

The drunken Sun cannot exhaust thy bowl,
 Nor *Sirius* himself, that thirsty Soul.
 Full thou survey'st the parched Fields around,
 And enviously in thy own floods art drown'd.
 Drinking, the thirsty months thou laugh'st away,
 The *Hydra* of thy Spring's reviv'd each day.
 Thy *Nile* from secret sources moistens Thee,
 And bids Thee merry, though *Jove* angry, be.

Upon the same.

THY conquer'd Ivy, *Bacchus!* now throw down,
 And of this Herb make a far nobler Crown.
 This Herb, with Plenty's bounteous current feeds;
 Plenty which constantly it self succeeds.
 So thy extended Guts thy Godship swills,
 And its own self thy tilted Hoghead fills.
 So at *Joves* Table Gods the Goblet drain,
 But straight with Nectar it grows full again.
 Nor do the Cups the *Phrygian* Stripling need,
 To fill them; each is his own *Ganymede*.
 So in the Heart, that double lusty bowl
 (In which the Soul it self drinks Life and Soul)
 That Heav'nly bowl, made by an Heav'nly hand,
 With purple Nectar always crown'd does stand.
 Of what she spends Nature ne'r feels the lack,
 What one throws out, another brings it back.
 Blest Plant, brimful of moisture radical!
 No wonder thou the Spirits, lest they fall,
 Support'st, or that Consumptive bores you,
 And the firm Limbs bind with a lasting glue.
 Or that lifes Lamp, which ready is to die,
 With such vivacious Oil you can supply.
 No wonder to the Lungs thou grateful art,
 Thy constant waters feed that spongy part.
 You *Venus* also loves, for though you're wet,
 Your inside, like your outside's burnt with heat.
 These are Lusts Elements; of heat she makes
 A Soul, and moisture for her Body takes.

SOW-BREAD.

THE dropping, bloody Nose you gently bind,
 But loosen the close Hemorrhoids behind.
 And 'tis but natur'al, that who shuts the Fore
 Shou'd at the same time open the back-door.

Upon

Upon the same.

The Colewort
is said to kill
the Vine, and
it self kill'd
by this Herb.

SEE how with Pride the groveling Por-herb swells,
And sawcily the generous Vine repells:
Her, that great Emperours oft in Triumph drew,
A base, unworthy Colewort does subdue.
But though o'r that the wretch victorious be,
It cannot stand, puissant Plant! near Thee
For Meat to Medicines still must give the place,
That feeds Diseases, which away these chase.
You bravely Men and other Plants outvie,
Who no kind Office do, until they die;
Thy Virtues thou, yet living, do'st impart,
And ev'n to thy own Garden Physick art.

cyclaminus.

Though on me Greece bestow'd a graceful Name,
Which well the Figure of my leaves became;
Th' Apothecaries have a new one found,
(Dull Knaves! that hate the very Greek Words found)
And from a nasty Sow, (whose very name
Stinks on my tongue) have stigmatiz'd my Fame.
But I to them more than to Swine give bread,
They are the Hogs, by my large bounty fed.

Upon the same.

MY Virtue dries all ulcerous, running Sores,
And native softness to the skin restores.
My pow'r hard tumours cannot, if I list,
Either with water, or with fire resist.
Of scars by burning caus'd I clear the Face,
Nor let Small-pox the Countenance disgrace.
My conquering hand Pimpenets cannot shun,
Nor blackish, yellow spots the Face o'r-run;
Morphew departs, and out each Freckle flies,
Though from our god himself they had their rise.
Nor leave I ought upon the Cheeks of Lassés,
To make 'em ihic of looking in their Glasses.
Nor doubt I but that Sex much thanks will give,
For that the pangs of Childbirth I relieve.

Upon the same.

The Jaun-
dies, some-
times call'd in
Latin *Aurigo*,
from *Aurum*.

IN my Fire, that false Gold, the Jaundice, I
Consume, (true Gold scarce does more injury.)
Black blood, at my command, the back-way flows;
Nasty it self through nasty holes it goes.

Choler and Phlegm yellow and white I drain,
 They wear th' dear * Metals colours both in vain.
 All Meteors from the eyes I drive away,
 And whatso'er obscures the small Worlds day.
 I of the Gout remove the very seed,
 And all the humours which that torment breed.
 Thorns, splinters, nails I draw, who wondering stand
 How they could so come forth without an hand.
 This is the least: all Poisons I expel,
 And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.
 Infants that know not what it is to live,
 Before they're wretched, from the Womb I drive.
 Oh Heavens! says th' ignorant amazed world; What's
 Is't a Distemper to be born? Yes, 'tis. (this?)
 For if we make a true account, 'tis more
 Advantage life to hinder than restore.

* Silver and Gold.

DUCK S-MEAT.

A Lusty Frog, a Duck swears is such Meat
 (Fat'ned by me) as *Jove* himself may eat.
 And if the learn'd *Apicius* * knew that Dish,
 He'd hungry grow, though dead, and life wou'd wish.
 By this our value's in some measure shewn;
 But I'm not born to fatten Ducks alone,
 Nor o'r green Ponds did Nature Carpets strow,
 That She to slimy Frogs good-will might show.
 From me great benefits all the World must own,
 Though long time hid, they're, many, yet unknown.
 In a small Ring the Wits of learned Men
 Run, and the same, confin'd, trace o'r agen.
 The Plants which Nature through the Universe
 In various shapes and colours does disperse,
 Why shou'd I mention; this their ignorance shews,
 That ev'n of Me Mankind so little knows.
 Something they do; and more I wou'd reveal,
 Which *Phœbus* and the Fates bid me conceal.
 But this I'll tell you; dry, blew Cankers I,
 And cholerick Fire of hot *St. Anthony*,
 I soon extinguish; and all other flames,
 Whatever are their Natures or their Names.
 My native cold, and watery temper show,
 Who my chill Parent is and where I grow.
 Thus when the water in the joints inclos'd
 Bubbles, by pain and natural heat oppos'd,
 The boyling Caldron my strong virtue rules,
 And sprinkled with my dew the fury cools.

* An ancient Roman Author that wrote about good eating.

The Gout.

ROSEMARY.

Touching the bite of the † Tarantula.

† An Insect
of the Spider-
kind.

* A Nymph
turn'd into a
Spider.

D *Aunian* * *Arachne*! who spinn'st all the day,
Nor to *Minerva* will't ev'n yet give way;
Whilst thy own bowels thou to Lawn dost weave,
What pleasure canst thou from such pains receive?
Why thy sad hours in such base deeds dost spill,
Or do things so ridiculously ill?
Why dost thou take delight to stop our breath,
Or act the ferious sports of cruel Death.
Whom thou scarce touchest straight to rave he's found,
He raves although he hardly feels thy wound.
One Atome of thy Poison in the veins,
Dominion soon o'r all the body gains.
Within upon the Soul her self it preys,
Which it distracts a thousand cruel ways.
One's silent, whilst another roars aloud;
He's fearful, t' other fights with th'gazing crowd.
This cries, and this his sides with laughter shakes,
A thousand habits this same Fury takes.
But all with love of Dancing are possest,
All day and night they dance and never rest.
Assoon as Musick from struck strings rebounds,
Or the full Pipes breath forth their Magick sounds;
The stiff old Woman straight begins a Round,
And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the ground.
The poor lame Fellow, though he cannot prance
So nimbly as the rest, he hops a Dance.
The old Man, whom this merry Poison fires,
Satyrs themselves with dancing almost tires.
To such a sad, phrenetick Dance as this
A Siren, sure, the fittest Minstrel is.
Cruel Distemper! thy wild fury proves
Worst Master of the Revels which it loves:
When this sad * *Pyrrhick* measure they begin,
Ah! what a weight hangs on their hearts within.
Tell me, Physicians! which way shall I ease
Poor mortals of this strange, unknown disease?
For me may *Phæbus* never more protect
(Whose Godhead you and I so much respect).
If I know any more (to tell you true)
Whence this dire mischief springs, than one of you.
But to the heart (you know it) and the brain,
Those distant Provinces, in which I reign,
(To you, my friends, I no false stories feign.)
Auxiliary troops of Spirits I
Send, and the Camp with fresh Recruits supply.

* A heavy sort
of Dancing
in armor.

Many

Many kind Plants besides Me to the War
 Attend, nor blush that under me they Soldiers are.
 The merry Baum, and Rue which Serpents kills,
 Cent'ry, and Saffron from *Cilician Hills*.
 And thou, kind *Birthwort*, whose auspicious Name
 From thy good deeds to teeming Women came.
 The kind *Pomegranate* also does engage,
 With her bright Arms, and my dear Sister *Sage*.
Berries of Laurel, Myrtle, Tamarisk,
Ivy nor *Juniper* are very brisk.
Lavender, and sweet *Marjoram* march away,
Sothernwood and *Angelica* don't stay.
Plantain, the *Thistle* which they Blessed call,
 And useful *Wormwood* in their order fall,
 Then *Carrot*, *Anise*, and white *Cumin* seed,
 With *Gith*, that pretty, chaste, black Rogue, proceed.
 Next *Vipers-grass* a Plant but lately known,
 And *Tormentil* and *Roses* red, full blown;
 To which I *Garlick* may and *Onions* join;
 All these to fight I lead; go, give the sign.
 With indignation I am vex'd, and hate
 Soft Musick that great praise shou'd arrogate.
 Poets will say, 'tis true (they're given to lye)
 Willing their Mist'ris so to gratifie.
 But food I say it does, not Physick, prove
 To madmen (witness, all that are in Love!)
 She to a short-liv'd folly does supply
 Constant additions of new vanity;
 And here (to shew her Wit and Courage too)
 Flatters the Tyrant, whom she shou'd subdue.
 It is the greatest part of the Disease,
 That she does so immoderately please,
 'Tis part of the Disease, that so they throw
 And toss themselves, which does for Physick go;
 This Plague it self is plagu'd so night and day
 That tir'd with labour it flies quite away.
 I also lend an hand, to ease her grief,
 When from her own strength Nature seeks relief.
 'Tis something that I do; but truly I
 Think the Disease is its own Remedy.

M I N T.

TAke my advice, Men! and no Riddles use;
 Why wo'n't you rather to speak plainly choose?
 If you're affraid, your secrets shou'd be told,
 Your tongues you (that's the surest way) may hold.

Aristotle gave the World a Rule, *Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of war*; which being variously understood by his Followers; The said Herb does in this Speech make out, that it can with no sense be interpreted to its dishonour, by telling her Virtues in chearing the Spirits and exciting the Stomach.

D

Why

Sona Con

Why shou'd we Sense with barbarous cruelty
 Put to the Rack, to make it tell a lye?
 Of this just reason I have to complain;
 Old dubious Saws long since my fame do stain.
 How many ill conjectures grounded are
 On this, that I must ne'r be set in War.
 The Reader of a thing obscure will be
 Inclind to carp, and to take liberty.
 Hence one says, *Mint*, *Mars* does entirely hate,
 And *Mint* to *Venus* also is ingrate.
Mars loves as well to get as to destroy
 Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ.
Mint from the seed all feminal virtue takes,
 And of brisk Men dull frigid Eunuchs makes.
 And then (to make the spreading error creep
 Farther and farther still) they hear I keep
 Their Milk from thickning; but how this I do
 I'll tell you on these terms alone, That you
 Shall me before resolve how first you gain
 Notions of things, then, how you them retain.
 This I dare boldly say; The fire of Love
 With genial heat I gently do improve;
 Though constantly the noble, humane seed
 That sacred Lamp with vital Oil does feed:
 For what to *Venus* e'r will faithful seem,
 If Heat it self an Enemy you esteem?
 Whether I know * her *Proserpine* can tell,
 I by my punishment am clear'd too well.
 Besides, nought more the stomach rectifies,
 Or strengthens the digestive faculties.
 Such, such a Plant that feeds the amorous flame,
 If *Venus* love not, she is much to blame;
 And with ingratitude the seed I may
 Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.
 But other causes others have assign'd,
 Who make the reason, which they cannot find.
 They say, Wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,
 And I wound wounds themselves; 'tis very true.
 For I a dry, astringent Pow'r retain,
 By which all Ulcers of their gore I drain.
 I Bloody-fluxes stop, my Virtue's sure
 The Wounds that Natures self has made to cure.
 On bites of Serpents and mad Dogs I seize
 And them (Wars hurts are slight) I heal with ease.
 I scarce dare mention, that from Galling I,
 If in the hand I'm born, preserve the thigh.
 D'ye laugh? laugh on, so I with laughter may
 Require the scandals which on me you lay.
 Of which some I omit; and the true cause
 Of all will tell (and then she made a pause.)

* *Venus*.

Mint was
 a Nymph,
 one of *Pluto's*
 Harlots, whom
Proserpine
 therefore
 chang'd into
 this Herb.
Opp. Hal. 3.

Though I abhor my sorrows to recal
(And here the tears down her green cheeks did fall)

I did not always in your Gardens grow,
But once a comely Virgins face cou'd show.
Black though I was (*Cocytus* was my Sire)

Yet Beauty had to kindle am'rous fire.

Lest any one should think this is a lye,

Ovid will tell you so as well as I.

Ovid Met. l. c.

My Father had a pleasant, shady Grove,
Where he perpetually to walk did love.

There mournful Yew, and funeral Cypress grow, }
Whose melancholy Greens no Winter know, }
With other Trees whose looks their sorrow show. }

Here *Pluto*, (*Jove* of the infernal Throne)

Saw me, as I was walking all alone.

He saw me and was pleas'd; for his desire

At any face, or white or black, takes fire.

Ah! if you knew him but so well as I,

He's an unfatiable Deity.

He never stands a tender Maid to woe,

But cruelly by violence falls to.

He caught me, though I fled till out of breath

I was; I thought he wou'd ha' been my death.

What cou'd I do? his strength was far above

Mine; he, the strength has of his Brother *Jove*.

In short, Me to a secret Cave he lead,

And there the Ravisher got my Maidenhead;

But in the midst of all his wickedness,

(How it fell out the Poets don't express.

Nor can you think that I, poor Creature, well

The cause at such a time as that cou'd tell)

Lo! *Proserpine*, his Wife came in, and found

My wretched limbs all prostrate on the ground.

She no excuse wou'd hear, nor me again

Let rise; but said, There fix'd I shou'd remain.

She spake, and straight my body I perceiv'd,

(Each limb dissolv'd) of all its strength bereav'd:

My Veins are all straight rooted in the Earth

(From whence my ruddy stalk receives its birth)

A blushing crown of Flowers adorns my head,

My leaves are jagged, of a darkish red,

And so a lovely Bed of *Mint* I make

In the same posture, that she did me take.

But the infernal Ravisher my Fate

(Twou'd move a Devil) did commiserate;

And, his respect for what I was, to show,

Great Virtue on my leaves he did bestow.

Rich qualities to humble Me he gave,

Of which my fragrant Smell's the least I have.

All this the Antients understood was true,
 And thence their great Religious caution grew.
 They thought me sacred to th' infernal King,
 And that 'twas ominous for me to spring
 In times of death and danger, nor wou'd let
 Me in the midst of war and blood be set.
 But they mistaken were; for I take care
 That others be not caught in his strong snare,
 Nor pass the *Stygian* Lake without gray hair.

MISSELT OE.

* *Temates* and
Heses were the
 two greatest
 Gods of the
Gauls.

Concerning
 these Cere-
 monies, see
Plin. l. 16. 43.

W^Telcome, thrice welcome, sacred *Missetoe*!
 The greatest Gift, * *Teutates* does bestow.
 With more Religion, Druid Priests invoke
 Thee, than thy sacred, sturdy Sire, the Oak.
 Raise holy Altars from the verdant ground,
 And strow your various Flowers all around:
 Next let the Priest when to the Gods h'as paid
 All due Devotion, and his Or'sons made,
 Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be,
 With Hands and Necks rais'd to the sacred Tree.
 Where that he may more freely it receive,
 Let him first beg, the Shrubs indulgent leave.
 And when h'as cut it with a golden hook,
 Let the expecting crowd, that upward look,
 Array'd in White, the falling Treasure meet,
 And catch it in a pure, clean, snowy Sheet.
 Then let two spotless Bulls before him lie,
 And with their grateful blood the Altars die,
 Which when you've done, then feast, and dance, and sing,
 And let the Wood with their loud voices ring.
 Such honour had the *Missetoe*; which hate
 And envy to it did in Gods create.
 Th' *Egyptian* Temples do not louder sound,
 When there again th' adored Heifer's found.
 Nor did she seem less Majesty to wear
 (If any Tree there *Missetoe* did bear)
 When in *Dodonas* Grove upon an Oak
 She grew, that in its hollow Ora'cles spoke;
 For this one Plant the Antients, above all,
 Protectress of their Life did think and call:
 She onely from the Earth loaths to be born,
 And on the meaner ground to tread thinks scorn.
 Nor did she from prolifick matter come,
 But like the World from Nothings fruitful womb.
 Others are set and grow by humane care,
 Her leaves the product of mere Nature are.
 Hence Serpents She of their black stings disarms,
 And baffles (Mans worse Poison) Magick Charms;

It averts
 Charms being
 tied to the
 Neck. *Clus.*

Besides

Besides all other kinds of Maladies
 (How numberless; alas!) that on us seize.
 Nor wonder, that all other ills it beats,
 Since the *Herculean*-Sickness it defeats.
 Than which none more Chimæra-like appears,
 One part o'nt's dead, the other raves and tears.
 This Monster she subdues; hence 'twas believ'd
 (And truly though 'twas false, it was receiv'd
 On no bad grounds) that lesser Monsters She
 Cou'd make the Trophies of her Victory.
 The Antients thought so in the infancy
 O'th' World, they then knew nought of Fallacy.
 Nor was She then thought onely to defend
 And guard Lives Fort, but Life it self to lend,
 Ev'n the Wombs fruitful Soil t' improve and mend. }
 For what Soil barren to that Plant can be,
 Which without Seed has its Nativity?
 Or what to her close shut and lock'd can seem,
 That makes th' obdurate Oaks hard entrails teem?
 That from a Tree comes forth in pangs and pain,
 Like the *Athenian* Goddess from *Joves* brain.
 But if that's true, which Antient *Bards* have writ
 (For though they're Antient *Bards*, I question it)
 I wonder not, that *Missetoe's* so kind
 To us, since her the ties of Nature bind.
 For Men of old, (if you'll believe 'twas so)
 Born out of Oaks, were the first *Missetoe*.

The Falling-
Sickness.

*Virg. Juven.
Statius.*

CELANDINE.

SEE how the yellow Gall the delug'd Eyes,
 And *Saffron Jaundice* the whole Visage dies.
 That colour, which on Gold we think so fair;
 That hue which most adorns the tress'd hair,
 When, like a Tyrant, it unjustly gains
 Another's Throne, and there usurping reigns,
 It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks
 Than, with their Saddle-noses, dusky Blacks.
 So (I suppose) to the Gods Eyes, the Soul
 Oth' Miser looks; as yellow and as foul.
 For if with Gold alone the Soul's inflam'd,
 It has th' *Aurigo*, from that Metal nam'd.
 This the almighty Gods can onely cure,
 And Reason, more than Herbs, our minds secure.
 But th' outward Jaundice does Our help implore;
 When with Gall floods the body's dy'd all o're.
 I cannot tell what others do; but I
 Give to that Jaundice present remedy;

A Decoction
 hereof with
 White-wine
 and Annise-
 seeds, is said
 to be excel-
 lent against
 the Jaundies.
Matthiolus
 says it will
 cure the same,
 being applied
 to the soles of
 the feet.

The Signa-
ture.

Nor do I rashly undertake the cure,
I an Assistant have, that makes me sure.
Natures own Patent gives me my command,
See, here's her own sign manual, here's her hand.
Through leaves, and stalk and roots themselves it goes,
The yellow blood through my whole body flows.
Whoever me dissects, wou'd think, nay swear,
O'rflown with Gall I sick o'th' Jaundice were.
Mean time my skin all o'r is fresh and green,
And colour good, as in an Herb you've seen.

Upon the same.

The extraor-
dinary faculty
of this Herb
In healing the
eyes, is said to
have been
found out by
the Swallow,
who cures its
young there-
with.

TEN thousand blessings may the Gods bestow
Upon Thee, tuneful *Swallow!* and ne'r show,
They bear the least resentment of that Crime,
Which thou hast suffer'd for so long a time.
For that the use of a choice Plant thou'st taught,
Which ne'r before blind Man had seen or sought.
Of Thee large Rent now e'ry House receives
For th' Nests which they to Thee let under th' eaves.
The painted Springs whole train on thee attend,
Yet nought thou seest which thou canst more commend.
For this it is that makes thee all things see,
This Plant a special favour has for thee.
When thou com'st, th'others come; that w'on't suffice;
At thy return away This with thee flies.
Yet we to it must more engagements own;
'Tis a small thing to heal the Eyes alone;
Ten thousand torments of our Life it cures,
From which good Fortune you, blest Birds, secures.
The Gripes by its approach it mitigates,
And tortures of an aking tooth abates.
The golden Jaundice quickly it defeats,
And with gilt Arms at his own weapons bears:
Jaundice, which *Morbus Regius* they call
From a King; but falsly; 'tis Tyrannical.
Foul Ulcers too that from the body bud,
This dries and drains of all their putrid blood.
A gaping Wounds one Lip, like any Brother,
Approches nearer and salutes the other.
Nor do thy shankers now, foul Lust! remain,
But all thy shealing Scabs rub off again.
The burning Cancer and the Tetter fly,
Whilst all hot, angry, red biles sink and dry.
Diseases paint wears off, and places, where
The Sun once printed kisses, disappear.
Purg'd of all blemishes the smiling face
Is cleaner far, and smoother than its Glass.

Alluding to
the Fable of
Philomel
turn'd into a
Swallow.

Its other Vir-
tues.

Kind Friend to th'Eyes! who giv'st not onely sight,
 But with it also Objects that delight.
 She may be seen, as well as come to see,
 Whatever Woman's doubly blest by thee:
 The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,
 And blooming Beauties thy arrival own.

ROCKET.

YOU! who in sacred Wedlock coupled are,
 (Where all joys lawful, all joys seemly are)
 Ben't shie to eat of my leaves heartily,
 They do not hunger onely satisfie.
 They'll be a Banquet to you all the night,
 On them the body chews with fresh delight.
 But you, chaste Lads, and Girls, that lie alone,
 And none of Loves enjoyments yet have known,
 Take care and stand aloof, if you are wise;
 Touch not this Plant, *Venus* her Sacrifice;
 I bring a Poison for you Modesties.
 In my Grass, like a Snake, blind *Cupid* lies,
 And with my juice his deadly weapons dies.
 The God of Gardens no Herb values more,
 Or courts, presents, or does himself devour.
 This is the reason, hot *Piapus*! why
 (As I suppose) you itch so constantly,
 And that your Arms still ready are to do,
 The wicked business that you put 'em to.
 Let him who Love wou'd shun, from me remove,
 Says *Naso*, that *Hippocrates* in Love.
 Yet to his Table I was duly serv'd,
 Who my choice Dainty to himself reserv'd.
 Prove that from Love he ever wou'd be free,
 More chaste than Lettuce I'll consent to be.
 The praise of Chastity let others keep,
 And gratifie the widow'd Bed with sleep.
 Action's my Task, bold Lovers to engage,
 And to precipitate the sportive Rage.
 Frankly I own my Nature, I delight
 In Love unmix'd and restless Appetite.
 From curing Maladies I seek no Fame,
 (Though ev'n for that I might put in my Claim)
 Fuel I bring that Pleasure may not cease:
 Take that from Life, and Life is a Disease.
 If thus you like me, make me your Repast,
 I wou'd not gratifie a Stoicks tast.
 If Morals gross and crude be your delight,
 Marsh weeds can best oblige your Appetite.

Rocket is hot
 and dry in the
 third degree,
 of a contrary
 nature to *Lit-
 tuce*, a friend
 to *Venus* and
 her affairs.

*Ovid. de Rem.
 Amor. l. 2.*

Its Medicinal
 Virtues, see
Plin. l. 20. 13.

Go from my Book, foul Bawd of Pleasure, go,
 (For what have I, lewd Bawd, with thee to do?)
 From these chaste Herbs and their chaste Poet flee,
 Us thou offend'st and w'are asham'd of thee.
 With such a Prostitute to come in view,
 Chaste Matrons think a Sin and Scandal too.
 Blushes pale Water-Lilies checks o'r-spread,
 To be with thee in the same Volumn read.
 Who still the sad remembrance does retain,
 How, when a * Nymph, in thee she gorg'd her Bane.
 That very Night t' Alcides Arms betray'd
 Through thy deceitful force the yielding Maid.
 While I but mention thee (who wou'd believe?)
 And but thy Image in my thoughts conceive,
 Through all my Bones I felt thy lightning move,
 The sure fore-runner of approaching Love.
 With this of old he us'd t'attack my Sense,
 Before the dreadful Fight he did commence.
 But Love and Lust I now alike detest,
 My Muse and Mind with nobler Themes possess.
 Lascivious Plant, some other Poet find,
 For Ovid's or Catullus Verse design'd:
 For thou in mine shalt have no place at all,
 Or in the List of pois'nous Herbs shalt fall.
 The flames of Lust of fewel have no need,
 His Appetite without thy Sawce can feed.
 Love in our very Diet finds his way,
 And makes the Guards that should defend, betray.
 Our other Ills permit our Herbs to cure
 Venus, who plague enough in thee endure.
 Those Plants which Nature made of Sex devoid,
 Improperly are in thy work employ'd.
 Yet Venus too much skill'd in impious Arts,
 These forein aids to her own use converts.
 Who'd think green Plants with constant dew supply'd,
 (Life's Friends design'd) such mortal Flame shou'd hide?
 What wonder therefore if when Monarchs feast,
 Lust is of Luxury the constant Guest?
 When * He who with the Herd on Herbage fed
 Cou'd find her lurking in the verdant Bed.

* Pythagoras,

The End of the First Book.

O F

P L A N T S.

B O O K II.

CYBELES Holy Myſteries now begin ;
 Hence all you Males; for you it is a ſin
 One moment in this hallowed place to ſtay,
 You jibing Males, who no devotion pay.
 Into the Female Secrets do not pry,
 Or them at leaſt pretend you don't deſcry.
 'Tis rude that Sex t' inſpect too narrowly,
 Whoſe outside with ſuch Beauties treats the Eye.
 Auſpicious Glory of th' enlighten'd Skie,
 More ſacred than thy Brothers Deity,
 With thy whole Horns, kind *Luna!* favour me,
 And let thy crescent Face look luckily.
 Thee many Names and Offices adorn,
 By * thy kind aid poor, tender Babes are born :
 Thou caſeſt Women, when their Labour's hard,
 And the Wombs vital Gates you, *Jana,* guard.
 The menſtruous courſes you bring down, and them,
 Changing convert into a milky ſtream.
 Women, unconstant as the Sea, you bind
 To Rules; both ſlow according to thy mind.
 Oh! may the Rivolets of my fancy glide
 By the ſame ſecret force, which move the Tide.
 Be thou the Midwiſe to my teeming brain,
 And let it fruitful be as free from pain.

It was the time, when *April* decks the year,
 And the glad Fields in pompous garbs appear.
 That the recruited Plants now leave their beds,
 And at the Suns command dare ſhew their heads.
 How pleas'd they are the Heav'ns again to ſee!
 And that from Winters fetters they are free!
 The World around, and Sisters, whom they love,
 They view; ſuch Objects ure their ſmiles muſt move.

E

Straight

This Book treating only of female Plants, is dedicated to *Cybele*, at whoſe Myſteries no Man ought to be preſent.

* The Moon is call'd *Lucina*, the Goddess of Midwifry; and *Jana*, as the Sun, *Janus*; and *Mena*, as ſhe is the governneſs of Women's menſtruous courſes.

Straight their great work the diligent Nation ply,
 And bus'ness mind amidst their luxury.
 Each one contends with all her might and main
 Each day an higher, verdant Crown to gain.
 Each one does leaves with beauteous Flow'rs, produce,
 And hastens to be fit for humane use.
 Equipp'd they make no stay, but one and all,
 Intent upon th' Affair, a Council call.
 Each Tribe (for there are many) as of old
 Their custome was) a separate Council hold.
 They're near a thousand Tribes; their Minutes well
 An hundred Clerk-like tongues can scarcely tell.
 Nor cou'd I know them (for they don't reveal
 Their sacred Acts, but cautiously conceal)
 Had not my Laurel told me (whose Tribes name
The Female's stil'd) which summon'd thither came.
 The secrets of the House she open laid,
 Telling, how each Herb spoke and what it said.
 Ye gentle, *Florid* part of humane kind
 (To you and not to Men, I speak) pray' mind
 My words, and them most stedfastly believe,
 Which from the *Delphick* Laurel you receive.
 'Twas midnight, (whilst the Moon, at full, shone bright,
 And her Cheeks seem'd to swell with moisten'd light.)
 When on their loosen'd roots the Plants, that grow
 In th' *Oxford* Gardens, did to Council go;
 And such, I mean, as succour Womens pains;
Orpheus, you'd think, had mov'd them by his strains.
 They met upon a bed, neat, smooth and round,
 And softly fate in order on the ground.
Mugwort first took her place (at that time She
 The President of the Council chanc'd to be.)
Birthwort, her Predecessor in the Chair,
 Next fate, whose virtues breeding Women share.
 Then *Baum*, with smiles and pleasure in her face,
 Without regard to Dignity took place.
Tyme, *Sav'ry*, *Wormwood*, which looks ruggedly,
Sparagus, *Sothernwood* both He and † She,
 And * *Crocus* too, glad still soft Maids to chear,
 Once a sad Lover, merry does appear.
 And thou, † *Amaracus*, who a trifling Ill
 Didst mourn, when thou the fragrant Box didst spill
 Of Ointment, in this place now far more sweet
 Than the occasion of thy Death dost meet.
 There Lilies with red Peonies find a Room,
 And purple Violets the place perfume.
 Yea noisome * *Devils-turd*, because she knows
 Her worth, into that sweet Assembly goes.
 The milky *Lettuce* too does thither move,
 And *Water-Lily*, though a foe to Love.

Gynceilis.

† Lavender-
Cotton.* i. e. *Saffron*;
Crocus was a
Boy that died
for Love, and
was turn'd
into *Saffron*.† The name
of a Boy that
spilt a box of
sweet Oint-
ment, and
was turn'd
into sweet
Marjoram.* If a Dog tastes
it, he'll run
mad. *Pier.*

Sweet *Ladies glove* with stinking *Horehound* come,
 And kind *Germander* which relieves the Womb.
Poley and *Calamint*, which on Mountains dwell,
 But against Frost and Snow are guarded well.
 Next vital *Sage*, well join'd with wholesome *Rue*,
 And *Flower de-luce*, nam'd from its splendid hue.
 Then *Hart-wort* (much more grateful to the Deer
 Than *Dittany*) with *Wild Carrots*, enters there.
Confound and *Plantain*; frugal * herbs are they,
 Who all things keep safe under Lock and Key.
 And *Master-wort*, whose name Dominion wears,
 With her, who an Angelick Title bears.
Lavender, *Corn-rose*, *Pennyroyal* fate,
 And that which Cats esteem so delicate.
 After a while, slow-pac'd, with much ado,
Ground-pine with her short Legs crept thither too.
 Behind the rest *Camomile* cou'd not stay,
 Through stones and craggy Rocks she cut her way.
 From *Spanish Woods* the wholesome *Vett'ony* came,
 The only glory of the *Vettens* name.
Minerva's Plant did likewise thither hie,
 And was Companion to *Mercury*.
 There *Scarlet Madder* too a place did find,
 Drawing a train of its long root behind.
 Thither at last too *Dittany* did repair,
 Half-starv'd, and griev'd to leave the *Cretan* air.
 With her the bold, strong *Sow-bread* came along,
 And hundreds more (in short) to them did throng.
 Many besides from th' *Indies* cross'd the main,
 Plants, that of our chill Clime did much complain.
 But *Oxfords* Fame; through both the *Indies* told,
 Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold:
 The *Pigmy* and *Gigantick* Sons o'th' Wood
 Betwixt all these in equal spaces stood;
 Spreading their verdant glories round above,
 Which did delight and admiration move.
 The *scarlet Oak*, that Worms for fruit brings forth,
 Which the *Hesperian* fruit exceed in worth,
 Was there, good Womens *Maladies* to ease,
 And *Sprains*, which we as truly call, *Disease*.
 Her treacherously the *Ivy* does embrace,
 And kills the *Tree* with kindness in her face.
 Hardly, in nobler *Scarlet* clad, the *Rose*,
 The envy of those stately *Berries* grows.
 Near which the *Birch* her rigid Arms extends,
 And *Savine* which kind *Sinners* much befriends,
 Next them the *Beech* with limbs so strong and large,
 With the *Bush* purchas'd at so small a charge.
 Nor did the golden *Quince* her self conceal,
 Or * *Myrrh*, whose wounds distemper'd Mortals heal.

* They are binding.

Angelica.

Cat-Mint.

Betony, call'd *Vettonica* from a People of *Spain* that first found it out, and are memorable only upon that score.

* It is cut that the Gum may flow forth.

Lastly (ye Plants whom I forget to name
 Excuse me) *Juniper* too thither came,
 And *Laurel*, sacred to the Sons of Fame.
 Such reverend Heads did the green Senate fill;
 The Night was calm, all things were hush'd and still;
 Each Plant, with listning leaves stood mute to hear
 Their President speak; and these her Dictates were.

MUGWORT [the President, begins.]

After long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,
 (For th' good of ours (I hope) and human race)
 This sacred Garden, we whilst others sleep
 Blest *Aprils* sacred Nights come here to keep.
 Our thanks to Thee, great Father, Sun! we pay,
 And to thee, *Luna!* for thy nursing Ray;
 VVho the bright Witness art of what we say.
 But the short moments of our Liberty
 (VVho fetter'd at Day-break again must lie)
 Let us improve, and our affairs attend,
 Nor festal hours, like idle Mortals, spend.
 'Tis fit at this time we shou'd truly live,
 VVhen Winters colds of half our life deprive.
 Come then, from useful pains make no delay,
 Winter will give you too much time to play.
 How many Foes *Jove* has to you assign'd,
 And what a task you in the Conquest find.
 By numerous and great fatigues you've try'd,
 And to th' oppress'd kind aid have oft supply'd.
 You're generous, noble; female Plants, nor ought
 The glory of your Sex cheap to be bought.
 The self same Battels you must wage again,
 VVhich will as long as teeming Wombs remain.
 But that to War you may securer go
 'Tis fit the foes and your own strength you know.
 Call the bright Moon to witness what you say,
 Whilst each such tributes to their Countrey pay:
 Let each one willingly both teach and learn,
 Nor let that move their envy or their scorn.
 And first (I think) upon the menstruous source
 My constant task, 'tis fit we shou'd discourse.
 From what original Spring that *Nilus* goes,
 Or by what influx it so oft o'rflows.
 VVhat will restrain, and what drive on the tide,
 And what goods or what mischiefs in it glide.
 See you its secret Mysteries disclose,
 A thing so weighty 'tis no shame t' expose.
 She spake, the rest began, and hotly all
 (As Scholars use) upon the business fall.

PENNY-ROYAL.

First *Penny-royal*, to advance her Fame
 (And from her mouth a grateful Odour came)
 Tells 'em, they say, how many ills that source
 Threatens, whenever it stops its purple course.
 That foggy dulness in the Limbs attends,
 And under its own weight the body bends.
 Things ne'r so pleasant once, now will not please,
 And Life it self becomes a mere Disease.
 Ulcers and Inflammations too it breeds,
 And dreadful, bloody, vomiting succeeds.
 The Womb now labouring seems to strive for breath,
 And the Soul struggles with a short-liv'd Death.
 The Lungs oppress'd hard respiration make,
 And breathless Coughs soon all the fabrick shake.
 Yea the proud foes the Capitol, in time,
 And all the minds well-guarded Towers climb.
 Hence watchful Nights, but frightful Dreams proceed,
 And minds that suffer true, false evils breed.
 Dropsie at last the wearied Life o'rflows,
 Which floating from its shipwreck'd Vessel goes.
 How oft, alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids
 (Before Loves pow'r their kinder hearts invades)
 Does this sad Malady with Clouds o'rcast,
 Which all the longing Lovers passion blast?
 The Face looks green, the ruddy Lips grow pale,
 Like Roses tinctur'd by a sulphurous gale.
 To ashes, coals, and Lime their appetite
 (A loathsome treat) their stomach does invite.
 But 'tis a sin to say, the Ladies eat
 Such things; those are the vile distempers meat.
 Thus *Penny-royal* spake (more passionate
 In words, than humane voice can e'r relate)
 At which, they say, the whole Assembly mov'd
 Wept o'r the loss of Beauty, once belov'd.
 So that good Company, when Day returns,
 The setting of the Moon, their Mistress, mourns.
 She told the means too; by what secret aid
 That conquering Ill did all the limbs invade.
 Through the Wombs Arteries, said she, it goes,
 And unto all the noted passes flows.
 (Whether the Wombs magnetick pow'r's the cause,
 As the whole bodies floods the Kidney draws;
 Or that the Moon, the Queen of fluid things
 Directs and rules that, like the Oceans springs.)
 But if the Gates it finds so fortified,
 That the due current that way be deny'd;

It rages and it swells; the gross part stays,
 And in the neighbouring parts dire revels plays:
 Whilst the more liquid part does upward rise,
 And into veins of purer nature flies.
 It taints the rosie Channels, as it goes,
 And all the soil's corrupted, where it flows.
 * *Vena Cava*,
 a large place.
 The bane its journey through the * *Cava* takes,
 And fierce attacks upon the Liver makes,
 And Heart, whose right-side Avenue it commands,
 Whilst that for fear amaz'd and trembling stands.
 But the left Region so well-guarded seems,
 That in her walls safe she her self esteems.
 Nor stops it there, but on the Lungs does seize,
 Where drawing breath it self grows a Disease.
 Thence through a small *Propontis* carried down,
 It makes the Port and takes the left-side Town.
 What will suffice that covetous Disease,
 Which all the Hearts vast treasures cannot please?
 But Avarice still craves for more and more,
 And if it all things don't enjoy, is poor.
 Th' *Aorta* its wild Legions next engage,
 Bless me! how uncontroul'd in that they rage!
 The distant head and heel no safety knows,
 Through ev'ry part th' unbounded Victor flows.
 But as the blood through all the body's us'd
 To run, this Plague through all the blood's diffus'd.
 They all agreed; for none of them e'r doubt,
 How Life in Purple Circles wheels about.
 That Plant they'd hiss out of their company,
 Which *Harvey's* Circulation shou'd deny.

D I T T A N Y.

D*ittany*, though cold Winds her Lips did close,
 Put on her Winter-gown and up she rose.
 For what can hinder *Grecian* Plants to be
 Rhetorical, when they occasion see?
 For *Penny-royal*, painting that Disease,
 Her nice, and quainter fanfic did not please.
 She spake to what the other did omit,
 And pleas'd her self with her own prating wit.
 If this dire Poisons force their duller Eyes
 Can't see, whilst in the body warm it lies,
 Think with your selves how it offends the sense,
 When all alone (nay dead) if driven thence.
 Let Dogs or Men by chance but tast of it
 (But on Dogs rather let such mischiefs light.)
 Madness the tainted Soul invades within,
 And fordid Leprosie rough-casts the skin:

Whilst panting Dogs quite raving mad appear,
 And thirst for water, but the water fear.
 It stabs an half-Man by abortive birth,
 And from the Womb (oh! horrid) drags it forth.
 Now fancies Children born of such base blood,
 Which gives the Embryo Poison 'stead of food.
 Nor is this all; for Corn and Vines too know
 Its baneful force, by which Fields barren grow.
 A Tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies;
 If young it fades, and, if new-born, it dies.
 Witness the *Ives* ('tis no shame) to you
 What good does their medicinal virtue do?
 These also, *Rue!* who all things do'st o'come,
 From this strong venom must receive thy doom.
 Plants dry and yellow, as in *Autumn*, grow,
 And Herbs, as if they had the Jaundice, show.
 Offended Bees with one small touch it drives
 (Though murmuring to be exil'd) from their hives.
 The wretched Creatures leave their golden store,
 And sweet abodes, which they must see no more.
 Nor do strong Fats their Wines within defend,
 Which in their very youth draw to their end.
 But I name things of little eminence;
 The warlike Sword it self makes no defence;
 And Metals, which so oft have won the Field,
 To this effeminate distemper yield.
 For frequent bloodshed, blood now vengeance takes,
 And mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.
 Beauty, the thing, for which we Women love,
 Th' occasion of keen Swords does often prove;
 Let then the female-plague those Swords rebate,
 Yea even the mem'ry of what's so ingrate.
 Maids with proud thoughts, alas! themselves deceive,
 Whilst each herself a Goddess does believe;
 Like Tyrants they misuse the pow'r they have,
 And make their very Worshiper their Slave.
 But if they truly would consider things,
 And think what filth each month returning brings.
 If they their cheating Glasses then wou'd mind,
 (Which now they think so faithful and so kind)
 How beautiful they are they needs must find. }
 The smooth Corrupter of their looks they taint,
 Which long and certain signs at that time paint.
 Each Maid in that still suffers the disgrace
 Of being poisoner to her own face.
 What an unnatural Distemper's this,
 Which ev'n to their own shadows mortal is.

Lacertium,
 the Gum of
 which is cal-
 led *Asafetida*.

Thus she, and as much more she was about
 To say, the whole Assembly gave a shout.

Through

Through all the boughs and all the leaves around
 There went an angry, loud and murmur'ing sound.
 For they of Womens honour tender are,
 Though she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

PLANTAIN, or, WAY-BRED.

The many
 Virtues of
Plantain are
 to be read in
Pliny and *Fer-
 nelius*.
 The old Phy-
 sician *Toemison*
 wrote a whole
 Volume con-
 cerning them.

NEXT *Way bred* rose, propt by her seven nerves,
 Who th' honour of a noble House preserves:
 Her nature is astringent, which great hate
 Of her among Bloud-letters does create.
 But her no quarrels more than words engage,
 Nor does she ever like mad mortals rage.
 I envy not the praises, which to you,
 Ye num'rous race of Leechy kind, are due.
 The purple Tyrant wisely you expel,
 And banishing such murdering bloud, do well,
 Proudly he o'r the vital spirits reigns,
 And cruelly insults in all the veins.
 Arms he of deadly Poison bears about,
 And leads of Maladies a mighty Rout.
 But why shou'd you such vain additions make,
 And ills already great for greater take?
 Whilst you so tragically paint the Foe
 More dreadful, but less credible they grow.
 He lessens that wou'd raise an Heroes fame
 By Lyes; false praises cloud a glorious Name.
 One *Geryon* slew, (a mighty feat) and He
 Three bodies had, in this I can't agree.
 You any Monster easily subdue;
 But I scarce think such monstrous lyes are true.
 Greek Poets, *Ditt'ny*, you who oft have read,
 Keep up their Art of lying, though they're dead.
 But * what their Countrymen once said of you
 Pray' mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.
 Let that which † blasts the Corn a Goddess be,
 I cannot think her courses e'r cou'd be
 So hurtful to the grain. And then, I'm sure,
 A Fat of lusty Wine is more secure
 From danger, where a thousand Damsels sit,
 Than if one drunken Beldam come at it.
 None, cause a tast of that rank bloud they've had,
 But for the place, from whence it comes, run mad.
 Madnes of Dogs most certainly it cures,
 As thy own Author *Pliny* us assures.
 Whether by Womens touch the Bee's annoy'd
 I cannot tell; but Maids shou'd Bees avoid.

See *Dittany*.

* *Epimenides
 Cretensis* said,
 The *Cretans*
 were always
 Lyars.

† *Rubigo*.

Rue ought to let the fatal blood remain
 Within its Vessel and ne'r force a vein,
 If for her pains nought but her death she gain.
 Thou, *Ivy*, too more careful oughtst to be
 Both of thy self and thy great * Deity.
 But when she says, Swords edges it rebates,
 I cou'd rejoice methinks and bless the Fates,
 If that be all the mischief it creates.
 I only wish a Beauty might remain
 Perfect, till that the Lookingglass wou'd stain.
 But I wast time — By this sufficiently
 These *Greecian* wonders are o'rthrown, that I
 No Woman see of this dread Poison die.
 At which the *Bramble* rose (whose fluent tongue
 With thorny sharpness arm'd is neatly hung)
 And said, all Serpents have the gift, to be,
 As much as these from their own venom free;
 Nor wou'd the *Basilisk*, whose baneful Eye
 All others kills, by his own Image die.
 This mov'd 'em and they quaver'd with a smile,
 Some Wind you wou'd ha' thought, pass'd by the while.
 For by that *Cynick* Shrub great Freedom's shown,
 Which he by constant use has made his own.
Way bred at this took pet, displeas'd, that she
 By such an one shou'd interrupted be,
 And fate her down; when straight before 'em all
 These words the *Rose* from her fair lips let fall;
 Whilst modest blushes beautified her face,
 Like those in Spring, that blooming Flowers grace.

}
}

}
}

}
}

* *Bacchus*, to whom the *Ivy* is consecrated.

The R O S E.

YOU *Cretan Dittany*, who such Poisons mix
 (For on my Kinsman *Wild-rose* I'll not fix)
 With Womens blood; see what a sprightly grace
 And ardent Scarlet decks their lovely face.
 No Flower, no not *Flora's* self to fight
 Or touch than them appears more soft and white.
 But at the same time also take a view
 Of Mans rough, prickly limbs and rusty hue.
 You'll say with *Butchers-broom* sweet *Violets* grow,
 And mourn that *Lilies* shou'd with *Brambles* go.
 Then let their Eyes and Reason testifie,
 Whether pure veins their purer limbs supply.
 You cannot say that Dying Vat is bad,
 From whence a florid colour may be had.
 But this you'll say, committed some offence,
 Or the just *Moon* had never driv'n it thence.

No, you're mistaken; it has done no wrong,
 But all the fault lies in its copious throng:
 It therefore from the rest, by the great Law
 Of publick safety, order'd to withdraw.
 So if a Nation to such numbers rise,
 That them their native Countrey can't suffice;
 To seek new Lands some part of them are sent,
 And suffer, for their Countrey, banishment.
 But why does Woman-kind so much abound?
 Oh! think not Nature e'r was lavish found.
 Nor does she lay up Riches to the end
 (Like Prodigals) she more may have to spend.
 Whate'r she does is good; what then remains?
 No room for doubt; the thing it self explains.
 This bloody Vintage, see, lasts all the year,
 And the fresh Chyle duely does Life repair.
 The Presses still with juice swell to the brink,
 Of which their fill the hot, male bodies drink.
 But temperate Women seem to kiss the Cup,
 Nor does their heat suck all the liquor up.
 A vital treasure for great uses She
 Lays up, lest Nature shou'd a Bankrupt be.
 Lest both the Parents shares of mingled Love
 Too little to beget a Child shou'd prove,
 Unless the Mother some addition made
 To perfect the design they both had laid.
 One part on't's red, the other white as snow,
 And both from springs of the same colour flow.
 One wood, you'd think, and t'other stones did yield,
 Whilst out of both a living House they build.
 The former, of such poysoning Arts accus'd,
 In which you fancie, venom is infus'd,
 (Perhaps with this that fatal Robe was dy'd,
 Which *Hercules* had sent him from his Bride)
 The tender Embryos body does compose,
 And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.
 Nor is this all; but on the Mothers breast
 Again it meets the little Infant Guest.
 Then chang'd it comes both in its hue and course,
 Like *Aretbusa* through a secret Source.
 Then from the Paps it flows in double tides
 Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.
 The golden Age of old such Rivers drank,
 That sprang from Dugs of e'ry happy bank.
 The candor and simplicity of Men
 Deserv'd the milky food of the Infants then.
 How just and prudent is Dame Natures care
 Who for each age does proper food prepare!
 Before the Liver's form'd, the Mothers blood
 Supplies the Babe with necessary food.

And when to work the Novice Heat first goes
 In its new shop, and scarce its bus'ness knows,
 Its first employment is in Scarlet grain
 (A childish task for learners) Milk to stain.
 At last in e'ry kind its skill it tries,
 And spends it self in Curiosities.
 Now say, it venom in the members breeds,
 With which her Child the careful Mother feeds.
 Their bane to Infants cruel Stepdames give,
 Whilst Mothers suck from better springs derive.
 But how, you'll say, does that which Infants love
 So prejudicial to their Mothers prove?
 'Tis lively whilst i'th' native womb it lies,
 But by the veins flung out, decays and dies.
 Then shipwrack'd on the neighbouring shore it lies,
 And gasping wishes for its Obsequies.
 This being deni'd, new strength it does recover,
 And flies in vapours all the body over.
 But what first tast fruits from the tree receive,
 When rotten, they no natural sign can give.
 So in pure seed the Lifes white mansion stands,
 But surly Death corrupted seed commands.
 Of Life Death's no good witness; do not think
 A living Man can like a Carcass stink.
 But you a running stream (that duly flows,
 And no corruption by long-standing knows)
 To be as hurtful in their nature, hold,
 As if from some corrupted springs they roul'd.
 But now do you go on (for much you know,
 Part false, I think, part very true) and shew:
 If any hurtful seeds you can descry
 In humane bodies (where they often lie)
 How quickly Natures orders they obey,
 When to the bloud the Flood-gates once give way.
 The courses this perhaps may putrifie,
 'Tis dangerous to keep bad Company.
 Is this the blouds fault? I'm no witch, I hope,
 Though with my juice a Man shou'd Poison tope.
 She spake, and with Ambrosial Odours clos'd
 Her Speech, which many there, they say, oppos'd.
 At last the Laurels thoughts they all desir'd,
 Th' Oracular Laurels words they all admir'd.

L A U R E L.

THat fate which frequently attends on all
 Great Men, does Thee, egregious Bloud, besal.
 Some praise what others too much disapprove,
 Excessive in their Hatred as their Love.

This Man in prejudice, that in favour lies,
 Whilst to their Ears a various rumour flies.
 Hear *Dittany*; she says, each Womans known
 The Moon to bring each moneth with Poisons down.
 Nor need we mingle Herbs, or Charms, each one
Medea proves in her own blood alone.
 Yet the fair *Rose*, if all be true sh' as said,
 Each Woman has in that a Goddess made.
 From thence, she says, Life spins its Purple thread,
 And tells you how the half-form'd Embryo's fed.
 But if my dear *Apollo* ben't unkind,
 Nor I in vain his sacred Temples bind,
 Such blood nor form, nor nourishment supplies,
 And so that triumphs in false Victories.
 The many reasons, here I need not tell
 Which me induce; this one will serve as well:
 Woman's the onely Animal we know,
 Whose veins with such immoderate courses flow.
 Yet every Beast produces young, we see,
 And outdoes Mankind in fertility.
 How many do small Mice at one time breed!
 Scorning the product of the *Trojan* Steed.
 With what a bulk does yon vast El'phant come!
 She seems to have a Castle in her womb.
 Thy circuits, *Luna*, Conies almost tell
 By kindling, near like thee their Bellies swell.
 And yet their young no bank of blood maintains,
 Or nourishment that flows from gaping veins,
 For when i'th' amorous war a couple vies,
 A living spark from the Males body flies,
 Which the wombs thirsty jaws, when they begin
 To feel and tast, immediately suck in:
 Into recesses which so turn and wind,
 That them Dissecters Eyes can hardly find.
 In the same Chambers part o'th' female Life
 Keeps; a brisk Virgin, fit to make a Wife.
 Them *Venus* joins, and with connubial Love
 In mingled flames they both begin to move.
 There redness caus'd by motion you may see,
 And blood, the sign of lost Virginitie.
 Of their Invention, blood, they're mighty glad;
 And to Inventions easie 'tis to add.
 The smallest spark 'tis easie to augment
 If you can get it proper nutriment.
 You need not introduce new flames besides,
 Th' Elixir by this touch rich store provides.
 All fires, (provide them fuel) think it shame
 To yield to *Vesta's* never-dying flame.
 Thus the first generous drop of blood is bred,
 Which proudly scorns hereafter to be fed.

With the feeds native white at first 'tis fill'd,
 And takes delight with its own stock to build.
 But when that fails, then life grows burthenfom,
 And aid it wisely borrows from the womb.
 Herself the stuff she borrows purifies,
 And of a rose, scarlet colour dyes.
 From whom the wombs full paps with thirsty lips
 Into its veiny mouths it daily sips.
 Look, where a child's new born, how soon it goes
 And that food swallows, which of old it knows.
 Kindly it plays and smiles upon the breast,
 O'rjoy'd again to find its former feast.
 Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?
 No; that can't be their Elemental food.
 That sure wou'd make them savage, were it so,
 And all mankind fierce Cannibals wou'd grow.
 I *Nero's* acts cou'd hardly then dispraise,
 Nor wou'd *Orestes* fury wonder raise.
 If Mothers blood for wretched Infants first
 By Heav'n's design'd, to satisfie their thirst.
 Yet still that Fluxes cause we don't reveal,
 Which does so cautiously its spring conceal.
 A female brute whate'r her womb contains
 Cherishes; yet no Moon dissolves her veins.
 Some qual'ty then we for the cause must find
 Which is peculiar to the female kind.
 This is the onely thing, which I can tell,
 That Man in form and softness they excel.
 No Horse a Mare outdoes, nor Bull, a Cow;
 If through this *Io*, through that *Jove* may low.
 The Lions savage are both he and she,
 And in their aspect equally agree.
 The she's no neater lick'd than rough he-Bears,
 Nor fitter to adorn the starry spheres.
 She-Tygers han't than males more spotted charms,
 And Sows are clean as Boars, whom Thunder arms.
 No painted Bird for want of Feathers scorns
 Her Mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.
 The Swans (who are so downy, soft and white)
Leda can scarce distinguish by the sight.
 In Fishes you no difference can see,
 Both in the glittering of their Scales agree.
Venus in them, arm'd by their naked sex,
 The darts of Beauty needed not r' annex.
 In them no killing eyes the conquest gain,
 Their smell alone their Triumphs can maintain.
 But humane Race in flames more bright are try'd,
 By Reason and resplendent Heat supply'd.
 Nor is Fruition their Original,
 (A paltry, short-liv'd joy) Oh! may they All
 Perish, who that alone true Pleasure call.

}

Kind

Kind Nature Beauty has on Maids bestow'd,
 And with a thousand Charms all o'r endow'd.
 Men she with golden fetters chose to bind,
 And with sweet force their roving Souls confin'd.
 Nor Women made for bestial delight,
 But with chaste pleasure too to rape the sight.
 Hence all that bloud, which after pressings squeeze
 Out of the grosser Chyle, as dregs or lees,
 And that, which on the body and the chin
 With dusky clouds o'rcasts the hairy skin,
 From their fair bodies constantly she drains,
 And *Luna* her commission for't obtains.
 But if those slimy flouds, by chance suppress,
 Excessive heats to nutriment digest,
 Manlike in time the Womens cheeks become,
 And they, poor * *Iphis*, undergo thy doom.
 So † *Phaëthusa*, once so smooth and fair,
 Wonder'd to feel her face o'rgrown with hair.
 Her Hand she often blam'd, and for a Glass,
 She call'd, to look how 'twas; but there, alas!
 A bearded Chin and Lips she found, and then,
 Blaming the Glass, felt with her hands agen.
 Long-looking she her own strange visage fear'd,
 And started, when an unknown voice she heard.

* The Story
 of *Iphis*
 chang'd into
 a Boy on her
 Wedding-
 day, see, *Ovid.*
Met. 9.

† *Hippocrates*,
 lib. *Epidem.*

says that *Phaë-
 thusa*, Wife
 of *Pitheus* of
Abdera, ha-
 ving before been a fruitful Woman, upon the banishment of her Husband, and her Courses stopping, she
 became hairy and had a Beard, and her Voice grew strong and hoarse, like that of a Man; the same he
 writes of *Nemisa* the Wife of *Gorippus*.

Thus and much more (but who can all relate)
Apollo's Laurel did exspatiate.
 Hence to the Wonders of the teeming Bed
 The way it self their grave Discourses led.
 Then *Birth-wort*, *Juno's* plant, the Court commands
 To speak, who Women lends her Midwife hands.
 Willing enough to talk her stalk she rais'd,
 And her own Virtues very boldly prais'd:

B I R T H - W O R T .

Green Berries I, and Seed, and Flowers bear;
 And Patroness o'th' Womb's my Character.
 But deeper yet my great Perfection lies,
 For as my chiefest fruit my root I prize.
 This Nature did with the Wombs figure seal,
 Nor suffer'd me its Virtues to conceal.
 Thence am I call'd Earths Apple; such a one,
 As in th' *Hesperian* Gardens there are none.
 Had this (fair *Atalanta*!) then been thrown
 Before you, when you ran (I know you'll own

Now

Now you are married), 't has so sweet a face,
 You for this sooner wou'd ha' slack'd your pace,
 Than that, for which you lost your Maiden race.
 Hence in her own Embraces Mother Earth
 Retains and hugs it, where she gave it birth,
 Nor trusts dull Trees with things of so much worth.
 Easing all Births, 'tis I the wonder prove
 O'th' Earth our universal Parents love.
 That Poet was no fool, nor did he lye,
 Who said each Herb cou'd shew a Deity.
 Nor shou'd we *Egypt's* Piety despise,
 Which to green Gods paid daily Sacrifice.
Rome, why dost jeer? "They are in Gardens born,
 " And Vegetable Gods the Fields adorn.
 What's *Ceres* else, but Corn, and *Bacchus*, Vines?
 And every holy Plain with Godheads shines.
 And I * *Lucina* am; for I make way,
 And Lives streight folding-doors wide open lay.
 Oh! pardon, *Luna*! what I rashly spoke,
 That from my lips such impious words have broke.
 In me, in me, *Lucina*, you remain,
 And in disguise a Goddess I contain:
 For in my roots small circle you inclose
 Part of those Virtues, which your Wisdom knows.
 Triumphant Conquests over Death I make;
 Arms from my self, but Pow'r from thee I take.
 O'rseer o'th' ways the body's roads I clear,
 And streets, as I that Cities *Ædile* were.
 Straight passages I widen, stops remove,
 And every obstacle down headlong shove.
 The Soul and her attendants nothing stays,
 But they may freely come and go their ways.
 I also dry each sink and fenny flood,
 Lest the swift Messengers shou'd stick i'th' mud.
 But to my stricter charge committed is
 The pleasant, sacred Way that leads to bliss.
 When dawning Life *Cimmerian* night wou'd leave,
 And its relation Days bright rays perceive,
 I keep Death off the Wombs straight passages,
 That them the watchful Foe can ne'r possess.
 You'd wonder (for great Nature when she shows,
 Her greatest wonders, nothing greater does)
 Which way the narrow womb, so void of pain
 Such an unweildy weight cou'd e'r contain,
 How such a bulk, forc'd from its native place,
 Through such a narrow Avenue shou'd pass.
 When such cross motions teeming wombs attain
 First to dilate, then fold themselves again,
 What knots unties and solid bones divides,
 And what again unites the distant sides.

* *Luna* and
Lucina, both
 the same
 Goddess of
 Midwifry, &c.

But

But this I cannot do, nor all the Earth,
 Wherever pow'rful Plants receive their birth.
 'Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters, share
 In this great work, and humble Handmaids are.
 But God (you know) performs the chiefest part;
 This work is fit for the Almighty Art.
 He to the growing Embryo bids the womb
 Extend, and bids the Limbs for that make room.
 He parts the meeting Rocks, and with his hand
 They gently forth at open order stand.
 Meantime th' industrious Infant, loth to stay,
 Struggles and with his head wou'd make its way.
 Whilst the tormented, labouring Wretch wou'd fain
 Be cas'd both of her burthen and her pain.
 Them too my piercing heat both infligates,
 And the inclining quarters separates.
 Sometimes within his Mothers fatal Womb,
 Before he's born, the Infant finds his Tomb.
 Life from her native soil Deaths terrors chase,
 Who fertile is herself in such a place.
 Th' included carcass breaths forth dire perfumes,
 And its own Grave the buried Corps consumes.
 Strange! the preposterous Child's his Mothers death,
 And dead deprives his living Tomb of breath.
 From that sad fate, ye Gods, chaste Women guard;
 And let it be Adulteries reward.
 As far as in me lies, I save the tree
 And take the rotten away with me.
 The goods to drown, 'tis the best way I think,
 Lest in a storm the Ship and all shou'd sink.
 Rash Infants often make escapes; unbind
 Their cords and leave their luggage all behind.
 Their thicker coats and thinner shirts they leave,
 And that sweet Cake where they their food receive.
Lucina twice poor Women then implore
 Their throws return although the Birth be o'r.
 Here to the Womb again my aid I lend,
 And hard as well as noisom work attend.
 What I to cleanse the passage undergo,
 You wot not, but, let no man, pray you, know.
 For if he do, 'twill *Cupid's* power impair,
 Nor will he such an awe o'r mortals bear.
 But though in me a secret Virtue lie
 Of pulling Darts from deepest Wounds, yet I
 Thy pleasant Darts, kind *Cupid* never strove
 To draw; That me no friend to th' womb wou'd prove.
 In me one Virtue I my self admire
 (Ah! who can know themselves as they desire.)
 For 'tis a Riddle; wherefore I wou'd know
 How I so oft have done the thing I do.

It draws
 splinters,
 scales of
 bones, &c.
Firmit.

For though I life to humane Creatures give,
 Yet if he eats of me, no Fish can live.
 As soon as me they tast, away they fly
 Under the water and in silence die.
 What may the cause of this strange quarrel be?
 I know them not, nor have they injur'd me.
 No Animals, than these more fruitful prove,
 When yet I hate, though fruitfulness I love.
 Th' Effect is plain and easie to be found,
 But deep the Cause lies rooted under-ground.

The MASTICK-TREE.

Then *Chian Mastick* thus began; said she,
 This sutes not with this opportunity.
 To Fishes (Sister) do whate'r you please,
 Depopulate and poison all the Seas.
 This let that Herb beware, who back again
 Made *Glaucus* fishes bounce into the Main.
 Which with new forms the watery World supplies,
 And changes Men into Sea-Deities.
 But these are trifles; since cur'd *Savin* here
 Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear.
 She, who the Altars of the Womb prophanes,
 And deep in bloud that living Temple stains.
 Impatient to be wicked she destroys
 The naked hopes of thousand future Boys.
 'Tis one of Wars extream and greatest harms,
 To snatch an Infant from his Mothers Arms.
 But here the Womb (oh strange!) close shut and barr'd,
 The Mothers very bowels are no guard.
 Whilst Poisons onely in a civil rage,
 And lingring Ills the Step-dames hands engage.
 Oh! simple *Colchis*, rude and ignorant,
 Who the new Arts of wickednets dost want!
Medea, *Savin* knows a better way
 Than thy *Medea* Children to destroy.
 Thou, *Progne*! know'st not how revenge to take,
 Let *Ilys* live; thy stay amends will make.
 Lie with thy Husband, though against thy will,
 Let thy swell'd Womb with hopes fierce *Tereus* fill.
 When you are ripe for hate, let *Savin* come,
 And dress the fatal Banquet in your Womb.
 The reeking bits let thy curst Husband take,
 And meat of thine and his own bowels make.
 Abortion, caus'd for spite's a generous crime,
 Th' effect of pleasure at the present time.
 Officious *Savin* is at the Expence
 Of so much Wit and so much Diligence;

Concerning
Glaucus his
 Fishes, see
Ovid. Met.
 lib. 13. fab.
 261

To make the lewdest Whore most chaste appear,
 That of her crimes, no token she may wear.
 To make her lechery frugal, and provide
 That thy apartment, Lust, be't made too wide.
 The wrinkles from her belly to remove,
 Which with disgrace, may her a Mother prove.
 If Men shou'd all conspire with such a Plant,
 The whole World soon Inhabitants wou'd want.
 You then the Brutes alone in vain wou'd see,
 And no employment for your Art wou'd be.
 But you, who scatch the rapid, wheeling Days,
 And Fate beguile with Art and sweet delays;
 You, verdant Constellations here below,
 To whom their birth and fate all Mortals owe;
 Do you take care this tree-like Hag to burn,
 Who makes the Womb the Infants living Urn.
 Let Natures mortal Foe receive her doom,
 And with moist Laurel purge the tainted room.
 Or let her live in *Crete*, her native home,
 And with her Virtues purge *Pasiphæes* womb.
 There two miscarriages she might ha' made
 At once; Oh! prize, now never to be had!
 But I suppose she never wou'd ha' torn,
 Or kept that hopeful Monster from being born;
 For seven Boys, whose death to her was dear,
 That Half-man was to swallow e'ry year.
 Hast, *Savin!* home to *Crete*; we won't complain,
 Though *Dittiny* too with Thee return again.

The Mino-
 taur.

At this they were divided; and the sound
 Of various murmurs flew the Court around.
 Whilst sharp'ned leaves did *Savin's* anger show,
 As when a Lion bristles at his Foe.
 Those three degrees of heat which she before
 From Nature had, her anger now made four.

S A V I N.

THou, wretched Shrub (in passionate tones) said she,
 Dost thou pretend to be my Enemy?
 Dost thou a Plant, which through the world is known,
 Disparage? all mankind my Virtues own.
 Whilst thou for hollow Teeth a Med'cine art,
 And scarcely bear'st in Barbers shops a part.
 Go, hang thy Tables up, to shew thy Vows,
 And with thy Trophies load thy bending bows.
 Among the Monuments of thy Chivalry
 The greatest, some old, rotten Tooth will be.
 What? cause thy Tear stops weeping rheum, and lays
 A Damm, which currents of defluxions stay,

Mastick is
 good for the
 Tooth-ach,

Dost

Dost think thy force can keep the Womb so tight,
 As to restrain Conceptions liquid flight?
 No sure; but thou by Cheats a Name hast fought,
 And woud'st, though vile thou art, too dear be bought.
 By false pretences you on Fame impose,
 But I the truth of what I am disclose.
 Children, I own, I from the Belly wrest;
 Go now, of my confession make your best.
 I own, I say; nor canst thou for thy heart,
 (Though thou more tender than the Mother wert,) }
 Prevent me with thy tears or all thy Art.
 Thee let the pregnant Mother eat, and fence
 With thee her womb; with Pitch and Frankincense;
 A Loadstone too about her let her bear;
 (That I suppose, does thy great Virtues wear.)
 For that, we know, fix'd to their native place
 Retains the Iron-seeds of humane Race.
 Let Emeralds and Coral her adorn,
 And many Jaspers, on her Fingers worn;
 With Diamonds and Pearl, Child of a shell
 Whose fish herself and that secures so well.
 But above all let her the Eagles stone
 Carry, and two of them, not onely one.
 For nothing strengthens Nature more, than that;
 Nothing the Womb does more corroborate.
 Let her do all, yet all shall prove in vain,
 If once access to her my juices gain.
 I own it; nor will I ungrateful be
 To bounteous Nature, lest I anger thee, }
 Though thou hast done thy worst to anger me.
 'Tis Natures gift, whose wisdom I esteem
 Much more than thine, though thou a *Cato* seem.
 Into the Womb by stealth I never creep,
 Nor force my self on Women, whilst they sleep.
 Pd rather far, untouch'd, uncropt, be seen
 In Gardens always growing, fresh and green.
 I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow
 Must give, which I my self first undergo.
 You justly blame *Medea*, but, for shame,
 The guiltless knife, she cut with, do not blame.
 The listening Trees will think thee drunk with Wine,
 If thou of drunkenness accuse the Vine.
 Nor this bare Pow'r do I to Heaven owe,
 Which greater Virtues did on me bestow.
 For I the Courtes and the After-birth,
 With the dead Members dead weight bring forth.
 Poor Infants from their native Goal I free,
 And with astonish'd Eyes the Sun they see.
 But nothing can they find, worth so much pain;
 And woud return into the dark again.

Sennertus and
 other Physi-
 clans recom-
 mend these
 Stones to be
 held in the
 hand, or o-
 therwise ap-
 plied to those
 who fear
 Abortion.

They wish my fatal draught had come before,
 Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'r.
 That which you call a Crime, I own to be,
 But you must lay't on Men and not on me.
 Ah! what at first wou'd tender Infants give
 (When newly form'd they scarce begin to live)
 For this, if possibly they cou'd but know,
 Through what a passage they must after go ?
 Ah! why did Heav'n (with reverence let me say)
 Into this World make such a narrow way ?
 You'd think the Child by's pains to Heav'n shou'd go,
 Whilst he through pain's born to a world of woe.
 Through deadly strugglings he receives his breath,
 And pangs, i'th' birth resemble those of Death.
 Mothers, the name of Mothers dearly buy,
 And purchase pleasure at a rate too high.
 But thou, Child-bearing Woman, who no ease
 Canst find, (tormented with a dear Disease)
 Whose tortur'd bowels that sweet Viper gnaws,
 (That living burthen, of thy Rack the cause)
 Take but my leaves with speed, their Virtue try
 (In them, believe me, sovereign juices lie.)
 Thy barriers they by force soon open lay,
 And out o'th' world, 'tis scarce a wider way.
 The Infant, ripe, drops from the bows, and cries
 The whilst his half-dead Mother silent lies ;
 But hearing him she soon forgets her pain,
 And thinks to do that pleasant trick again.
 But thou, on whom the silver Moons moist rays
 (For the wombs night its Lady Moon obeys)
 No influence have, I charge thee, do not take
 My leaves, but hast, though loaded, from 'em make.
 Down from the Trees by my force shaken, all
 The fruits though ne'r so green and sour, fall.
 (This I foretel you, lest, when you're aggriev'd,
 You then shou'd say, by me you were deceiv'd.)
 For innocent Girls sin fore against their will,
 None ever wish'd her womb a Child might fill :
 Yet if I were not in the world, they wou'd
 Incline to do the fact, but never cou'd.
 But many other Plants the same can do,
 Wherefore if banishment you think my due,
 Companions in it I shall have, I know,
 And into *Creet* a troop of us shall go.
 Thou, Myrrh! for one shalt go, who heretofore
 For lewdness punish'd now deserv'st the more.
 But thou, though lewd didst not prevent the birth,
 Though 'twas a Crime to bring the Infant forth.
 And *All-heal* too, who Death affrights, must pack,
 With *Galbanum* and *Gum-Ammoniack*.

Plants that
 procure
 Abortion.

And *Benzoin* to *Cyrenians* never sold,
 Unless they brought the sweeter smell of Gold.
Ground-pine and *Saffron* too will Exiles prove,
Saffron, once *Crocus*, yellow dy'd by Love.
Madder, and *Colloquintida* with me,
 And *Dragon* too the *Cretan* shore must see.
 And *Sowbread* too, whose secret darts are found
 Child-bearing Women distantly to wound.
 And *Rue*, as noble a Plant as any's here,
 Physick to other things, is Poison there.
 What shou'd I name the rest? We make a throng;
 Thou *Birthe-wort* too with us must troop along.
 Nor must you, President, behind us stay,
 Rise then and into Exile come away.
 She ended, with great favour and applause;
 And there's no doubt but she obtain'd her cause.
 The *Mugwort* next began, whose awful Face
 Check'd all their stirs, and silence fill'd the place.

MUGWORT [the President.]

IF the green Nation, Sister, banish Thee,
 I'll go along and bear thee Company.
 If we for Womens faults must bear disgrace,
 We, the * *Ecbolicks*, are a wretched Race.
 On her head let it (if a Woman shall
 To her own bowels prove inhumane) fall ;
 Not part of Deaths sad penalties, but all.
 Why are we sent for at untimely hours?
 That Day, when lucky † *Juno* comes, is ours.
 She's wicked and deserves the worst of fates,
 Who to ill ends that time anticipates.
 For the admitted juice knows no delay,
 But torpid as it is will force its way.
 Nor is it hard a Fabrick to confound
 Ill-fix'd within it self or to the ground.
 A Ship, well tackled, which the winds may scorn,
 Ill rigg'd away by ev'ry gust is born.
 The Elements of Life what can't o'rtrow ?
 No wonder ; Life it self's an empty show.
 Sometimes it smells a Candles snuff and dies ;
 The weaker fume before the stronger flies.
 Let *Cesar* round the Globe with's Eagles fly,
 And grieve with *Jove* to share Equality.
 Yet what a trifle might ha' been his death,
 Preventing all his Triumphs with his breath.
 One farthing Candle by its dying flame
 Wou'd have depriv'd the world of his great Name ;

* *Ecbolicks*,
i.e. such Medi-
 cines as bring
 away dead
 Children, or
 cause abor-
 tion.
 † The God-
 dess of Child-
 bearing.

The smell of
 a Candles
 Snuff, 'tis
 said, will
 make Women
 miscarry.

Nor had we had such numerous supplies
 Of mighty Lords and new-found Deities.
 Thou, *Alexander*, too might'st so ha' dy'd,
 (How well the world that smell had gratifi'd.)
 Thou, who, a petty King o'th' Universe,
 Thought'st with thy self alone thou didst converse.
 Yea the same chance might have remov'd from us,
 Both Thee, *Jove's* Son, and thy *Bucephalus*.
 And if thy Groom his Candle out had slept,
Bucephala he from being built had kept.
 So slight a stink you'd scarce think this could do,
 Unless the niceness of the womb I knew.
 How stink it is of an ungrateful smell
 You, by its secret coyness, know full well.
 (But that's no prudence in it: since that place
 For pleasure no good situation has)
 But greedily sweet things it meets half way,
 And into its own bosom does convey.
 The secret cause of which effect to find
 Is hard; nor have the Learned it assign'd.
 Let's see if any thing farther we can say:
 The Night grows late, and now 'tis toward Day.
 Wherefore a thousand wonders that remain
 Concerning Childbirth, us may entertain
 I'th' next Assembly, when we meet again. }
 You, Myrrh! who from a Line of Monarchs came,
 The glory of their angry * Fathers name;
 Sacred and grateful to the Gods; again
 A Virgin, and shalt always so remain;
 You know the secrets of the female kind,
 And what you know, I hope, can call to mind.
 Then surely you the nature of a smell
 Among rich Odours born must clearly tell.
 Besides, when formerly their Reason strove
 Weak as it was, to cope with conquering Love;
 You in the middle of the fight wou'd fall,
 They say, and lie in * fits Hysterical.
 Come then, let's hear, what you at last can say?
 Speak, modest Myrrh! why do you so delay?
 Why do the tears run down thy bark so fast?
 Thou need'st not blush for faults so long time past.
 Ah! happy faults, that can such tears produce,
 Which to the World are of such Sovereign use.
 No Woman e'r deserv'd before this time
 So much for Virtue, as thou for a Crime.

The Stink of
 the Snuff of a
 Candle, is said
 also to cause
 Abortion in
 Mares.

* *Cynaras*,
 King of
Cyprus. See
 the Story of
 his Daughter
Myrrha, *Ovid*.
Met.

* i. e. Fits of
 the Mother.

MYRRH.

AT last when *Myrrh* had wip'd her od'rous tears,
 Putting aside her leaves, her Face and Head she rears.
 Then she began, but blush'd, and stopp'd anon,
 Nor cou'd she be entreated to go on.
 So a dry Pump at first will hardly go,
 From whence a River by and by will flow.
 'Tis known, the female Tribe, of all that live,
 Above the rest is far more talkative.
 And that a Plant, who was a Maid before,
 Speaks faster much than all the rest and more.
 Her story therefore gently she begins,
 And with her Art upon the Audience wins.
 Her Wars with unchast Love she reckon'd o'r;
 For fear of doing ill, what ills she bore:
 She told, how oft her breast her hands had try'd
 To stab, whilst chast fair *Myrrha* might ha' dy'd.
 How long and oft unequally with Love,
 Who even Goddeses subdu'd, she strove.
 And many things besides, which I'll not name,
 Since *Ovid* with more wit has said the same.
 Then of the Wombs intolerable pains
 (Sh'ad felt them) sadly she, 'tis said, complains.
 Had I an hundred fluent Womens Tongues,
 Or made of sturdy Oak, a pair of Lungs,
 The kinds and forms, and names of cruel fate,
 And monstrous shapes I hardly cou'd relate.
 What meant the Gods, 'Lifes native Seat to fill
 With such a numerous Host, so arm'd to kill?
 What is it, Pleasure! guards Man's happiness,
 If thy chief City, Pain, thy Foe, possess.
 But me my Laurel told; then most she rail'd,
 When the sad Fits o'th' Mother she bewail'd.
 Woe to the bodies wretched Town (said she)
 When the wombs Fort contains the Enemy!
 Thence baneful vapours ev'ry way they throw,
 Which rout the conquer'd Soul where'er they go.
 The troops of flying Spirits they destroy,
 As stench from * *Avernus* Birds annoy.
 If they the Stomach seize, the Appetite's gone,
 And tasks design'd for veins lie by half done.
 No Meats it now endures, much less requires,
 And the crude Kitchin cools for want of fires.
 If they the Heart invade, thar's walls they shake,
 And in the vital work confusion make;
 New waves they thither bring, but those the vein,
 Which *Vena Cava's* call'd, bears back again.

* A noisom
 Lake, over
 which if Birds
 flew, they
 were often
 choked with
 the stench
 of it.

The Arteries by weak pulsings notifie,
 Or else by none, the Soul's then passing by.
 By that black Cloud all joy's extinguish'd quite,
 And hopes, that make the mind look gay and bright.
 So when grim, *Stygian* shades, they say, appear,
 The Candles tremble and go out for fear.
 Grief, fear, and hatred of the light invade
 Their Heart, the Soul a Scene of trouble's made.
 Then straight the jaws themselves the torturing Ill
 With deadly, strangling vapours strives to fill.
 T' *Æthereal* Air it never shews desire,
 But *Salamander*-like lives all on fire:
 Sometimes these restless Plagues the Head too seize,
 And rife all the Souls rich Palaces.
 In barbarous triumph led, then Reason stands,
 Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands.
 For the poor wretch a merry madness takes,
 And her sad sides with doleful laughter shakes.
 Her Dreams (in vain awake) she tells, and those,
 If no body admire, amaz'd she shows.
 She fears, or threatens ev'ry thing she spies;
 A piteous, she, and dreadful Object, lies.
 One seems to rave, and from her sparkling Eyes
 Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries.
 Some Deaths exactest Image seizes, so
 That sleep compar'd to that like Life wou'd show.
 A solid dulness all the senses keeps
 Lock'd up; no Soul of Trees more soundly sleeps.
 Her breath, if any from her nostrils go,
 The Down from *Poppy* tops wou'd hardly blow.
 If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd say,
 Two dead ones there, or two Hysterick lay.
 But then ('tis strange, and yet we must believe
 What we from long experience receive)
 Under her Nose strong-smelling Odours lay,
 The other vapours these will chase away.
 Burn *Partridge* feathers, hair of Man or Beast,
 Horns, leather, warts, that *Horses* legs molest;
 All these are good; but what strange accident
 First found them out, or cou'd such Cures invent?
 Burn Oil, that Nature from hard Rocks distills,
 And Sulphur, which all things with Odours fills.
 To which the stinking *Assa* you may add,
 And Oil which from the *Beavers* stones is had.
 Through Pores, Nerves, Arteries, and all they go,
 And throng t' invade the labouring Womb below.
 But that each Avenue, which upward lies,
 With mounds and strong-built Rampires fortifies.
 Then being contracted to a narrower place
 (For force decays spread in too wide a space)

No humours foul or vapours there must stay,
 But out it purges them the lower way.
 On Forcin parts now no assaults she makes,
 But care of her domestick safety takes.
Carthage to *Hannibal* now sends no supply,
 To break the force of distant *Italy*,
 When from their walls with horror they descry
 The threatening *Roman* Darts and Eagles fly.
 This for the Nose; the Womb then you must please
 With such sweet Odours as the Gods appeafe.
 With *Cinnamon*, and *Goat-bread*, *Ladanum*,
 With healing Balsam and my oily Gum.
 Civet, and Musk, and Amber too apply,
 (Scarce yet well known to humane industry)
 With all that my rich, native Soil supplies,
 Such fumes as from the Phoenix Nest arise.
 Nor fear from Gods to take their Frankincense,
 In such a pious case, 'tis no offence.
 Then shalt thou see the limbs faint motions make,
 A certain sign, that now the Soul's awake.
 Then will the Guts with an unusual noise,
 The Enemy o'rthrown, seem to rejoice.
 Bloud will below the secret passage stain,
 And Arteries recruited beat again.
 Oft, glad to see the light, themselves the Eyes
 Lift up; the Face returning purple dies;
 One jaw from t' other with a groan retires,
 And the Disease it self, like Life, expires.

Tell me, sweet Odours; tell me, what have you
 With parts so distant from the Nose to do?
 Or what have you, ill smells, so near the Nose
 To do, since that and you are mortal Foes?
 And why dost thou, abominable stench!
 Upon remote Dominions so intrench?
 Say, by what secret force you sling your Darts,
 Whom from your Bow, the Nose, such distance parts.
 For some believe, that to the brain alone
 They fly, through ways, which in the head are known;
 And that the Brain to the related Womb
 Sends (good and bad) all smells, that to it come.
 The Womb too oft rejoices for That's sake,
 And when That's griev'd, does all its griefs partake.
 The Womb's *Orestes*, *Pylades* the Brain,
 And what to one, to th' other is a pain.
 I don't deny the native Sympathy,
 And like respects, in which these parts agree.
 Each its conception has, and each its birth,
 And both their Offsprings like the Sire, come forth,
 Still to produce both have a constant vein,
 And their streight bosoms mighty things contain.

Much I omit in both; but know, that This
 O'th' Body, That o'th' Soul the Matrix is.
 But th' womb has this one proper faculty,
 Its actions oft from Head and Nose are free.
 Oft when it strives to break its bonds in vain
 (And often nought its fury can contain)
 A sweet Perfume apply'd (unknown to th' Nose)
 Does with a grateful glew its body close.
 But when oppress'd with weight the womb falls down
 (As sometimes it, when weak, does with its own)
 With dreadful weapons arm'd a noisom smell
 Meets it, and upward quickly does repel.
 So when th' *Helvetians* their own Land forsook,
 (People which in their Neighbours terrour strook)
 A stronger Foe, their wandering to restrain,
 To their old quarters beat 'em back again.
 Here different reasons different Authors show,
 But none worth speaking of, I'm sure, you know.
 What can I add? You, Learned President, please
 To bid me speak; the case says, hold your peace.
 Yet you I must obey; Heav'n is so kind
 To let us seek that truth we cannot find.
 This truth must be i'th' wells dark bottom sought,
 Pardon me, if I make an heavy draught.
 You see the wondrous Wars and Leagues of Things,
 From whence the worlds harmonious consort springs.
 This he that thinks from th' Elements may be had,
 Is a grave Sot, and studiously mad.
 Here many causes branch themselves around,
 But to 'em all' one onely Root is found.
 For those, which mortals the four Elements call,
 In the worlds fabrick are not first of all.
 Treasures in them wise Nature laid, as store,
 Ready at hand, of things that were before.
 Whence she might Principles draw for her use,
 And mixtures new eternally produce.
 Infinite seeds in those small bodies lie
 To us, but numbred by the Deity.
 Nor is the heat to Fire more natural,
 Nor coldness more to Waters share does fall,
 Than either bitter, sweet, or white or black,
 Or any smells, that Noses e'r attack.
 Our purging or astringent quality
 Have proper points of matter, where they lie.
 With *Earth, Air, Water, Fire*, Heav'n all things bore,
 Why do I faintly speak? They were before.
 For what *Earth, Air, Fire, Water* now we call,
 Are Compounds from the first Original.
 For— But a sudden fright her senses shock'd,
 And stopt her speech; she heard the gate unlock'd.

And *Rue* from far the *Gardener* saw come in,
 Trembling, as she an *Aspen-leaf* had been.
 (For *Rue*, a sovereign Plant to purge the Eyes
 Remotest Objects easily descries)
 She softly whisper'd, Hence make hast away;
 Here's * *Robert* come, make hast, why do we stay?
 Day was not broken, but 'twas almost light
 And *Luna* swiftly rowl'd the wheeling Night;
 Nor was the Fellow us'd so soon to rise,
 But him a sudden chance did then surprize.
 His Wife in pangs of Child-bed loudly roar'd,
 And gentle *Juno's* present aid implor'd.
 But he who plants that in his Garden grew,
 Than forty *Juno's*, of more value knew,
 Came thither *Sowbread* all in hast to gather,
 That he with greater ease might prove a Father.
 Soon as they saw the Man, straight up they got,
 With gentle hast and stood upon the spot.
 When briefly *Mugwort*; I this Court adjourn;
 What we have left we'll do at our return.
 Without tumultuous noise away they fled,
 And every Plant crept to her proper Bed.

* The name
 of the Gar-
 dener of the
 Physick-Gar-
 den in Oxford.

The End of the Second Book.

O F

PLANTS.

BOOK III.

FLORA.

NOW Muse, if ever, now look brisk and gay,
 The Spring's at hand; blithe looks like that display.
 Use all the Schemes and colours now of Speech,
 Use all the Flow'rs that Poetry enrich,
 Its Glories all, its blooming Beauties bring,

As may resemble the returning Spring,
 Let the same Musick through thy Verse resound
 As in the Woods and shady Groves is found.
 Let every line such fragrant praise exhale
 As rises up from some sweet-smelling Vale.
 Let Lights and Shades, as in the Woods appear,
 And shew in painted Verse the season of the Year.
 Come then away, for the first welcome Morn
 Of the spruce Moneth of *May* begins to dawn.
 This Day; so tells the Poets sacred Page;
 Bright *Chloris* did in Nuptial bands engage,
 This very day the knot was tied; and thence
 The lovely Maid a Goddess did commence.
 The signs of joy did everywhere appear,
 On Earth, in Heaven, throughout the Sea and Air;
 No wandring Cloud was seen in all the Sky,
 And if there were, 'twas of a curious dye.
 The Air serene, not an ungentle blast
 Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace,
 The wind that was, breath'd Odours all around,
 And only fann'd the streams, and only kiss'd the ground.
 Of unknown Flow'rs now such a numerous birth
 Appear'd, as e'en astonish'd Mother Earth.
 The Lily grew 'midst barren Heath and Sedg,
 And the Rose blush'd on each unprickly hedg.

The purple *Violet* and the *Daffadil*.
 The places now of angry *Nettles* fill.
 This great and joyful Day, on which she knew
 What 'twas to be a Wife and Goddess too,
 The grateful *Flora* yearly did express
 In shews, Religious Pomp and gaudiness,
 Long as she thriv'd in *Rome*, and reign'd among
 The other Gods, a vast and numerous throng;
 But when the sacred Tribe was forc'd from *Rome*,
 Among the rest an Exile she became,
 Strip'd of her Plays, and of her Fane bereft,
 Nought of the grandeur of a Goddess left.
 Since then, no more ador'd on Earth by Men,
 But forc'd o'er Flowers to preside and reign,
 The best she can, she still keeps up the Day;
 Not as of old, when bless'd with store she lay,
 When with a lavish hand her bounties flew,
 She ha'nt the heart, and means to do it now,
 But in a way fitting her humble state
 She always did, and still does celebrate.
 And now that she the better may attend
 The flowry Empire under her command,
 To all the World at times she does resort,
 Now in this part, now that she keeps her Court.
 And so the Seasons of the year require,
 For here 'tis Spring, perhaps 'tis *Autumn* there.
 With ease she flies to the remotest shores,
 And visits in the way a world of Flow'rs.
 In *Zephyr's* painted Car she cuts the Air,
 Pleas'd with the way, her Spouse the Charioteer.
 It was the year, (thrice blest that beauteous year,)
 Which mighty *Charles's* sacred Name did bear.
 A golden year the Heavens brought about
 In high procession with a joyful shout,
 A year that barr'd up *Janus* brazen Gates,
 That brought home peace, and lay'd our monstrous heats;
 A greater gift, bless'd *Albion*, thou didst gain,
 It brought home God-like *Charles*, and all his peaceful
 Compos'd our Chaos; cover'd o'r the scars, (train;
 And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years;
 Nor felt the Gown alone the fruits of peace,
 But Gardens, Woods, and all the flowry race;
 This year to every thing fresh honours brought,
 Nor 'midst these were the learned Arts forgot.
 Poor exil'd *Flora* with the *Sylvan* Gods
 Came back again to their old lov'd abodes;
 I saw her (through a Glass my Muse vouchsaf'd)
 Plac'd on the painted Bow securely wast,
 Triumphantly she rode, and made her course
 Towards fair *Albion's* long forsaken Shores.

That

That the our Goddess was, to me was plain
 From the gay various colours of her train.
 She light, renowned *Thames*, upon thy shore,
 Long time belov'd, and known to her before;
 'Twas here the Goddess an Appointment set
 For all the Flow'rs; accordingly they met;
 Those that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
 Or those which a more temperate Clime does hold,
 Those drunk with dew, the Sun just rising sees,
 Or those, when setting, with a face like his,
 All sorts that *East* and *West* can boast, were there,
 But not such Flow'rs as you see growing here,
 Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious still to harms,
 Which quickly die out of their mothers arms;
 But those that *Plato* saw, *Ideas* nam'd,
 Daughters of *Jove*, for heavenly extract fam'd.
 Æthereal Plants! what Glories they disclose,
 What excellence the first Celestial Rose;
 What blush, what smell! and yet on many scores,
 The Learned say, it much resembles ours;
 Onely 'tis ever fresh, with long life bless'd,
 Not in your fading mortal colours dress'd.
 This Rose, the Image of the heavenly mind,
 The other growing on our Earth, we find;
 Which is the Image of that Image, then
 No wonder it appears less fresh and fine,
 These Heaven-born species of the flowry race
 Assembled all, the Wedding-Morn to grace.

Phebus, do thou the Pencil take, the same
 With which thou gildst the worlds great chequer'd frame.
 Lights Pencil take; try if thou canst display
 The various Scenes of this resplendent Day.
 And yet I doubt thy skill, though all must bow
 To thee as God of Plants and Poets too;
 I'm sure 'tis much too hard a task for me,
 Yet some I'll touch, in passing, like the Bee.
 Where the whole Garden can't be had, we know,
 A Nosegay may; and that if sweet, will do.

Now when a part of this triumphant Day
 In sacred pompous Rites had pass'd away,
 Rites, which no mortal Tongue can duly tell,
 And which perhaps 'ts not lawful to reveal,
 At length the sporting Goddess thought it best
 (Though sure the humour went beyond a Jest)
 A pleasant sort of Trial to propose,
 And from among the Plants a Queen to chuse,
 Which shou'd preside over the flowry Race,
 Be a Vice-Goddess and supply her place.
 Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,
 To see which best deserv'd the Dignity.

The Scene Arch'd o'er with wreathing branches stood,
Which like a little hollow Temple show'd,
The Shrubs and Branches, darting from aloof
Their pretty fragrant shades, compos'd the roof;
Red and white *Jasmine*, with the Myrtle Tree
The favourite of the *Cyprian* Deity,
The golden Apple-tree with silver bud,
Both sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew stood;
There was the twining *Woodbind* to be seen,
And yellow *Hather*, *Roses* mixt between.
Each Plant its Notes and known distinctions brought
With various Art the gaudy Scene was wrought;
Just in the Nave of this new-modell'd Fane,
A Throne the judging Goddess did sustain,
Rob'd in a thousand several sorts of leaves,
And all the colours which the Garden gives,
Which join'd together trim, in wondrous wise,
With their deluding Figures mock'd your Eyes.
A noble checquer'd work; which real seems,
And firmly set with glistring Stones and Gems;
It real seem'd; though Gods such bodies wear
For weight, as Flow'rs upon their down may bear;
The Goddess seated in Majestick wise
With all the pride the wealthy Spring supplies,
Had *Ariadne's* Crown; and such a vest
With which the Rainbow on bright days is drest;
Before her Throne did the officious band
Of Hours, Days, Months in goodly order stand.
The Hours upon soft painted wings were born,
Painted; but swift alas! and quickly gone;
The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace;
And then the Months, each with a different face,
On *Cynthia's* Orb they tend with constant care,
In Monthly Courses whirling round her Sphere.
First *Spring*, a Rosy-colour'd Youngster, stood
With looks enough to bribe a judging God.
Summer appear'd, rob'd in a yellow Gown,
Full Ears of ripen'd Corn compos'd her Crown;
Then *Autumn* proud of rich *Pomona's* store,
And *Bacchus* too treading the blushing floor;
Poor half starv'd *Winter* shivering in the Rear,
The Stoical and sullen part o' th' year.
Yet not by Step-dame Nature wholly left
Of every grace is Winter-time bereft.
Some Friends it has in this afflicted state,
Some Plants that Faith and Duty don't forget;
Some Plants the Winter season does supply
Born purely for delight and luxury;
Which brave the frost and cold, and merit claim,
Though few indeed, and of a lower frame.

The

The New-Year did him this peculiar grace,
 And *Janus* favouring with his double face,
 That he shou'd first be heard; and have the power
 To draw forth all his poor and slender store.
 Winter obeys; and ranks 'em, best he can,
 More trusting to the worth than number of his Men.
 Just in the front of Winter's scanty band
 Two lofty Plants, or flowry Giants stand,
Spurge-Olive one, 'tother a kind of *Bay*,
 Both high, and largely spreading every way,
 But did they in a milder season sprout,
 Whether they e'er wou'd pass for Flow'rs, I doubt,
 But now they do; and such their looks and smell
 The place they hold, they seem to merit well.
 Next *Woolfs-bane*, us'd in Step dames poisoning trade,
 Born of the foam of *Pluto's* Porter, said,
 A baneful Plant, springing in craggy ground,
 Thence its hard name, itself much harder sound;
 Briskly its gilded Crest it does display,
 And boldly stares i'th' face the God of Day,
 Which *Cerberus* its Sire durst ne'r assay.

The Plant, call'd *Snow-drops*, next in course appear'd,
 But trembling, by its frightful Neighbour scar'd,
 Yet clad in white her self, like fleecy Snow,
 Near her bad Neighbour, finer she does show.
 The noble *Liver-wort* does next appear,
 Without a speck, like the unclouded Air;
 A Plant of noble use and endless fame,
 The Liver's great Preserver, thence its Name;
 The humble Plant conscious of inbred worth
 In Winters hardest frost and cold, shoots forth.
 Let other Plants, said she, for seasons wait,
 For Summer gales, or the Suns kindly heat,
 She scorns delay; naked, without a Coat,
 As 'twere in haste, the noble Plant comes out.
 Next the blew *Primrose*, which in Winter blows,
 But wears the Spring both in its name and cloaths;
 The *Saffron* then, and tardy *Celandine*,
 To these our *Lady's-Seal*, and *Sows-bread* join.
 But these appearing out of season, were
 Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair.

There now remain'd of Winters genuine store
 And off-spring, *Bears-foot* or the Christmas Flow'r,
 The pride of Winter, which in frost can live,
 And now alone for Empire dar'd to strive.
 On its black stalk it rear'd it self, and then
 With pale but fearless face to plead began.

These Plants
 by Art some-
 times are
 made to
 flower in
 Winter.

This flower's
 in December.

Helleborus Niger, or Christmas Flower.

I Mean not now my Beauty to oppose
 To that of Lilies, or the blushing Rose,
 Old *Prætus* Daughters me from that do scare,
 Who once with *Juno* durst their face compare,
 Mad with Conceit, each thought her self a Cow;
 Just judgment! teaching all themselves to know;
 My noble Plant banish'd this wild caprice,
 And gave 'em back their human voice and speech.
Melampus by my aid soon brought relief,
 And for the cure had one of 'em to Wife.
 And none will charge me with that madness, sure:
 Or the same folly I pretend to cure.
 The Goddesses above a Beauty claim
 Lasting and firm as their immortal frame,
 Which time can't furrow, or Diseases wrong,
 To be immortal is, to be for ever young.
 In Flow'rs or Girls Beauty's a transient thing;
 Expect as well the whole year will be Spring.
 Ye flowry Race, that open to the Sky,
 And there have seen a Cloud of curious Dye,
 The gaudy Phantome now with pride appears,
 Look up again, 'tis strait dissolv'd in tears;
 Such is the short-liv'd glory Flowers have,
 Bending, they point still tow'rds their womb and grave.
 The wind and rain aim at their tender Head,
 Besides the Stars their baneful influence shed;
 Like the fam'd *Semele*, they die away
 In the embraces of the God of Day.
 Expos'd to Air, to Heat an open prey,
 Colds through their tender fibres force their way:
 The Swallow or the Nightingale abhors
 Not Winter more, than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.
 If among these a Flow'r you can descry
 (Fitter to be transplanted to the Sky)
 Which is so hardy, as to stand the threat
 Of storms and tempests that around her beat;
 That with contending winds dare boldly strive,
 Scorns Cold, and under heaps of Snow can live,
 To this, great Goddess, to this noble Plant
 You ought the Empire of the Garden grant.
 Kings are *Joves* Image; and if that be true,
 To Virtue onely Sovereign sway is due.
 Trusting to this, and not the empty Name
 Of Beauty, I the flowry Empire claim.
 Nor will this soft, luxurious, pamper'd Race
 Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place;

For lo! the Winter's come; what change is there,
 What looks, what dismal aspect of the year!
 The winds from Prison broke, no mercy yield,
 But spoil the native Glories of the Field.
 First on the Infant Boughs they spend their rage,
 And scarcely spare the poor trunks reverend age;
 Either with swelling Rains, the ground below
 Is drown'd, or covered thick in beds of Snow;
 Or stiff with Frost; the streams Ic'd o'r
 Are pent within a bank, unknown before.
 Each Nymph complains, and every River God
 Feels on his shoulders an unusual load;
 Nature a Captive now to Frost become
 Lies fairly buried in a Marble tomb.
 And can you wonder then that Flow'rs shou'd die,
 Or hid within their beds, the danger fly?
 D'ye see the Sun, how faint his looks; that tell
 The God of Plants himself i'n't over-well.
 Now let me see the *Violet*, *Tulip*, *Rose*,
 Or any of 'em their fine face disclose,
 Ye *Lilies* with your snowy Tresses now
 Come forth, this is the proper time for Snow.
 Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,
 But close in Bed they lie half dead with fear.
 I only in this Universal dread
 Of Nature dare exalt my fearless head;
 Winter with thousand several arms prepar'd
 To be my death, still finds me on my Guard.
 Great Umpire of this harmless fray,
 If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to Day,
 Let all appear and take the Field, let all
 Agree to give the chiefest Plant the ball;
 Let it in Winter be, though, I desire;
 That season does a hardy Chief require.
 If any of these tender, dainty Dames
 Deck'd with their rich Perfumes and gaudy Names,
 Dare but at such a time shew half an Eye,
 I'll frankly yield, and strait let fall my plea.
 Not a Plant's seen, I'll warrant you; they hate
 To gain a Kingdom at so dear a rate;
 They fear th' unequal trial to sustain;
 None dare appear, but those that fill my train,
 And none of these are so ambitious grown,
 To stand themselves, but beg for me the Crown.
 These numerous hardships I can undergo;
 I'll tell you now, fair Judg, what I can do,
 My Virtue's both active and passive too. }
 Kings get no fame by conquering at home,
 That from some forein vanquish'd Land must come.

If equal to my triumphs, names I bore
 And every vanquish'd Foe increast the store,
 Old *Rome's* most haughty Champion I'd defie
 With me in Honours, Titles, Names to vie.
 I act such wonders, I may safely say
 The twelve *Herculean* labours were mere play.
 The spreading Cancer my blest Plant does chase,
 And new-skins o'r the Leper's monstrous face.
 The lingring *Quartan-Fever* I oblige
 To draw his forces off and raise the Siege.
 Swimmings i'th' Head that do from vapours come,
 I exorcise strait by my Counter-fume.
 In every swelling part when Dropsies reign,
 I dry the Fen, the standing waters drein.
 The Falling sickness too, to wave the rest,
 Though sacred that Disease, by some confest.
 Why in these Cures thus trifle I my breath?
 Death yields to me, the Apoplectick Death.
 Into each part my Plant new vigour sends,
 And quickly makes the Soul and Body friends.
 These are great things, you'll say, and yet the rest
 That follow, must much greater be confest,
 I do compose the minds distracted frame,
 A gift the Gods and I alone can claim;
 Madmen and Fools are cast beneath my power,
 What to my grandeur can the Gods add more?
 Who thus can do; the world his Province is,
Cæsar can't boast a larger sway than this.

She spoke; her train with shouts the Area fill'd,
 Nay Winter (if you will believe it) smil'd.

Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,
 VVhich to the Scene a grateful shadow lends,
Homer, though well the *Grecian* Camp he paints,
 VVou'd fail, I fear, in mustering up these Plants,
 Bright Spring, what various Nations dost thou boast?
 The *Xerxes* of a numerous flowry Host;
 VVhich cou'd (since Flow'rs without due moisture die)
 Like his, I fancy, drink whole Rivers dry.
 His flowry troops made the same stately shew,
 VVhose painted arms a dazzling lustre threw;
 Then a gay Flow'r, for shape, the *Trumpet* nam'd
 Blew thrice, and with a strenuous voice proclaim'd,
 That all but Candidates shou'd quit the place;
 First, as they went, bowing with awful grace.

And now the pleasure of the Goddess known,
 The Herb, call'd *Ragwort*, pass'd before the Throne,
 A bunchy stalk, and painted Bees she bore
 VVith several foolish fancies on her Flow'r,
Ragwort the Satyrs and *Priapus* love,
Venus her self and the fair Judg approve.

A Plant of the
 Tribe of
Pseudo-narciss
Juncifolia,
 from the
 shape of a
 Tube in the
 midst of the
 Flower, call-
 ed *Trumpets*.

Dogs-tooth pass'd next, to *Ragwort* near ally'd,
 A faithful friend to Love, and often try'd;
 Next *Hyacinths*, of *Violet-kind*, proceed,
 A noble, powerful and a numerous breed,
 They wanted courage, though, to keep the place,
 Labouring alas! under a late disgrace;
 Of noble House themselves they did pretend,
 From *Ajax* blood directly to descend,
 The cause in *Flora's* Court of Chivalry
 Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their plea,
 They bore no Coat of Arms, nor cou'd they show
 Those mournful Notes said from his blood to flow.
 The next akin, a Flow'r, which *Greeks* of old
 From Excrements of Birds descended hold,
 Which *Britain*, Nurse of Plants, a milder Clime,
 Gentilely calls the Star of *Bethlehem*.
 The *Daizy* next march'd off in modest wise,
 Dreading to wait the issue of the Prize;
 Though the Spring don't a trustier party know,
 After, before and in the Spring they grow,
 Quick in the charge, and in retreating slow. }
 They dare not venture, though the Sons of Art
 The name of *Binders* to 'em do impart;
 They cure all wounds, yet make none; which you grant
 Is the true Office of a warlike Plant.
 Next spotted *Sanicle* and *Navel-wort*,
 Though both have signs of blood, forsake the Court.
Moon-wort goes next born on its reddish stalk,
 And after that does gently *Crane-bil* walk;
 They all gave way; 'tis natural in a Flow'r
 More in its form to trust, than worth and pow'r;
 Nay more than that, the *Corn-flag* quits the Field,
 Though made Sword-wise, does to the *Tulip* yield,
 Though, like some Tyrant, rounded with the same,
 Yet to affected Empire waves all claim;
 How much this Sword-flow'r differs, as to harm,
 From those which we on mortal Anvils form!
 Nature on this an Unguent has bestow'd,
 Which, when ours make it issue, stops the blood.
 Next you might see the gaudy *Columbine*,
 Call'd sometimes *Lions-mouth*, desert the Scene.
 Though of try'd courage, and of high renown.
 In other things, curing Diseases, known.
 The *Sea-gull* Flow'r express'd an equal fear,
 The Tygers more and prettier spots don't bear;
 These Beauty-spots she ought to prize like Gold;
Citron held hers at dearer rates, of old,
 The *Persian* Lily of a ruddy hue;
 And next the *Lily* of the *Vale*, withdrew,

The vast price
 of *Citron*
 Tables, see
Plin. l. 13.

Lilies o'th' Vale such looks and smell retain,
 They'r fit to furnish *Snuff* for Gods and Men;
 Nor a Plant kinder to the Brain does live;
 A glass of Wine does less refreshment give.
 Next *Periwinkle* or the *Ladies bow'r*
 Weakly, and halting crept along the floor.
 All kinds of *Crow-foot* pass'd and bow'd their head,
 The worst run wild, the best in Gardens bred;
Day-Lily next, the Root by *Hesiod* lov'd,
 Although not for the chiefest Dish approv'd.
 Then came a Flower, of a far differing look;
 Which on it thy lov'd Name, *Adonis*, took;
 But *Celandine*, thy genuine off spring stil'd,
 They tell us, at the proud Usurper smil'd.
Stock-gillow-flow'r the Years Companion is,
 Which the Sun scarce in all his rounds does miss,
 Officious Plant! which every month can bring;
 But rather wou'd be reckon'd to the Spring.
 This pass'd along with a becoming mien,
 And in her train the *Wall-flower* wou'd be seen.
 The constant *Marigold* next these went out,
 And *Ladies-slipper* fit for *Flora's* foot.
 Then *Goats beard*, which each Morn abroad does peep,
 But shuts its Flower at Noon, and goes to sleep.
 Then *Ox-eye* did its rowling Eye-ball spread,
 Such as *Joves* Wife and Sister had, they said.
 Next *Viper-grass*, full of a milky juice,
 Good against Poison, which curst Stepdames use.
 Then *Hollow-root*, cautious and full of fear,
 Which neither Summers heat, nor cold can bear,
 Comes after Spring, before it does retire. }
 Then *Sattin-flower*, and *Moth-mullein* withdraw,
 Worthy a noble Title to enjoy.
 The *Ladies-smock*, and *Lugwort* went their way,
 With several more too tedious here to say;
 With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,
 To which the Garden entertainment gives;
 As *Honey-suckle*, *Rosemary* and *Broom*,
 That *Broom* which does of *Spanish* Parents come;
 Both sorts of *Pipe-tree*; neat in either dress,
 White or sky-colour'd, whether please you best;
 Next, the round-headed *Elder-rose*, which wears
 A Constellation of your little stars;
 The *Cherry*; ours and *Persian* Apple add
 Proud of the various Flowers adorn'd its head.
 Nature has issue, Eunuch like, deny'd,
 But (like them too) by a fine face supply'd.
 These and a thousand more were fain to yield,
 And left the Candidates to keep the Field.

Each Flower appear'd with all its kindred, drest,
 Each in its richest Robes of gaudiest Vest:
 The *Violet* first, Springs Uther, came in view,
 From whose sweet Lips these pleasing accents flew.

The *V I O L E T*.

The Sign
Aries.

THE Ram now open the golden Portal throws,
 Which holds the various seasons of the Year,
 And on his shining Fleece the Spring does bear,
 Ye Mortals, with a shout salute him as he goes.
 (Io Triumph!) now now the Spring comes on
 In solemn state and high Procession,
 Whilst I; the beauteous *Violet*, still before him go
 And usher in the gaudy show;
 As it becomes the Child of such a Sire,
 I'm wrap'd in Purple, the first-born of Spring,
 The marks of my Legitimation bring,
 And all the tokens of his verdant Empire wear.
 Clad like a Princely Babe, and born in State,
 I all your Regal Titles hate,
 Nor priding in my blood and mighty birth
 Unnatural Plant, despise the lap of mother Earth.
 Loves Goddess smiles upon me just new-born,
 Rejoycing at the Years return.
 The *Swallow* is not a more certain sign
 That Love and warm Embraces now begin.
 To the lov'd Babe a thousand kisses
 The Goddess gives, a thousand balmy blisses.
 Besides, my purple Lips
 In sacred Nectar dips;
 Hence 'tis, no sooner does the *Violet* burst,
 By the warm Air to a just ripeness nurs't,
 But from my opening, blooming Head
 A thousand fragrant Odours spread.
 I do not onely please the smell,
 And the most critick tast beguile,
 Not onely with my pretty die
 Impose a Cheat upon the Eye;
 But more for profit than for pleasure born
 I furnish out a wholesom juice,
 Which the fam'd *Epicurus* did not scorn
 Upon a time, when sick to use.
 O'erpressing and vexatious pain,
 I such a silent Vict'ry gain,
 That though the Body be the Scene,
 It scarcely knows whether a fight has been.
 The Fevers well-known Valor I invade,
 Which blushes with mere rage to yield

To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,
 But onely was for fights and Nuptial Banquets made.
 It yields, but in a grumbling way,
 Just as the Winds obedience pay,
 When *Neptune* from the Floud does peep
 And silences these troublers of the deep.
 What though some Flowers a greater courage know,
 Or a much finer face can show,
 That does but still the fanfic feed,
 Whilst I for business fit, in real worth exceed.
 Search over all the Globe, you'll find,
 The Glory of a Princely Flower
 Consists not in tyrannick Power,
 But in a Majesty with mildness join'd.

She spoke; and from her balmy Lips did come
 A sweet Perfume that scented all the Room.
 The smell so long continued, that you'd swear
 The *Violet*, though you heard no sound, was there.
 Quitting the Stage; the next that took her place,
 Were *Ox-lips*, *Pugles* with their numerous Race;
 A parti-colour'd Tribe, of various hue,
 Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blew.
 The *Primrose* and the *Cowslip* too were there,
 Both of 'em kin, but not so handsom far;
Bears-ear, so call'd, did the whole Party head,
 And yellow, claiming merit, needs wou'd plead.
 Tossing her hundred Heads in slanting rate,
 Each had a Mouth, and cou'd at pleasure prate.

Auricula Urfsi. BEARS-EAR.

Great Queen of Flow'rs, why is thy snowy Breast,
 With such a sight of various Posies dress'd!
 Whereas one stalk of mine
 Alone a Nosegay is, alone can make thee fine;
 A lovely, harmless Monster, I,
Gorgon's many Heads outvie;
 Others, as single Stars, may Glory beam;
 Take me, for I a Constellation am;
 Let those who Subjects want, pursue the flowry Crown,
 A flowry Nation, I, alone;
 Nor did kind Nature thus in vain,
 So many Heads to me assign;
 I for Mans Head, Lifes chiefest feat
 Am set apart and wholly consecrate.
 The minds Imperial Tow'r, the brain,
 (A poor Apartment for so great a Queen)
 The Light house where Mans Reason stands and shines,
 Maugre the malice of contending winds,

I guard the sacred Place, repel the Rout,
 And keep the everlasting Fire from going out.
 Go now, and mock me with this monstrous Name
 Which the late barbarous Age did coin and frame,
 The true and proper names of things, of old,
 Through a Religious silence ne'r were told.
 Thus Guardian Gods true names were seldom known,
 Left some invading Foe might charm 'em from the Town.
 Impudent Fool! that first stil'd beauteous Flowers
 By a detested Name, the *Ears of Bears*;
 Worthy himself of *Asses Ears*, a pair
 Fairer than *Midas* once was said to wear.

At this rate singing (for your merry Flowers
 Still sing their words, not bring 'em forth like ours)
 The *Daffadil* succeeded, once a Youth,
 (As any Poets tell, a facted truth.)
 And all his Clients and his kindred came,
 A numerous train, to vote and pole for him;
 All of 'em pale or yellow did appear,
 The Livery which wounded Lovers wear.
 Though *Virgil* purple Honours has assign'd
 And blewish dy, too liberal and kind,
 The *Chalcedonick* with white Flower thought best
 To be the Mouth, and sing for all the rest.

The *DAFFADIL*. -- *Narcissus*.

What once I was, a Boy, not ripen'd to a Man,
 My roots of one years growth explain,
 A lovely Boy, of killing Eyes
 Where ambuscading witchcraft lies,
 Which did at last the Owners self surprize.
 Of fatal Beauty, such as cou'd inspire
 Love into coldest Breasts, in water kindle fire.
 Me the hot beds of Sand in *Libya* burn,
 Or *Ister's* frozen Banks to ruine turn.
 I, when a Boy, among the boys
 Had still the noblest place,
 The same my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,
 And is the Gardens Ornament and grace.
 Become a Flower, I cannot tell
 Why my face shou'd not please me still;
 Downwards I lean my bending Head
 Longing my looks in the same Glas to read;
 Shew me a stream, that liquid Glas
 Will put me in the self same case;
 In th' colour with the same Nymphs I am drest,
 Who wear me in their snowy Breast;

Who

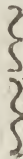
Who with my Flowers their pride maintain,
 And wish I were a Boy again.
 She spoke; *Anemone* her station took,
 To whom the Goddess deign'd a smiling look;
 For with the *Tulip's* leave, I needs must say
 No Race more numerous, none more fine or gay;
 The Purple with its large and spreading Leaf
 Was chosen by consent to be their Chief,
 Of fair *Adonis* blood's undoubted strain,
 And to this hour it shews the dying stain;
 As soon as * *Zephyr* had unloos'd its Tongue
 The beautous Plant after this manner sung.

'Tis fabled to
 have sprung
 out of *Adonis's*
 blood.

* Its Flower
 never opens
 but when the
 Wind blows,
Plin. 21. 23.

ANEMONE, or EMONIES.

THOU gentle *Zephyr*, who didst *Flora* wed
 Thrice worthy of the Goddess bed;
 Who in a winged Chariot hurl'd
 With breezing Airs dost fan this nether world,
 Which kind refreshing motion, far
 I before lazy rest prefer;
 That Air with which thou every thing dost cheer,
 Inspire into the Goddess Ear;
 That the fair Judg wou'd mindful be
 Of her lov'd Consort and of me;
 For since I take my Name from thee,
 Nay of thy Kindred said to be;
 Since I with thee do sympathize
 Who in *Æolian* Dungeon Captive lies,
 And viewing *Zephyr's* doleful state,
 All Dress and Ornament I hate,
 And locking up my mournful Flower,
 My self a Pris'ner make, the same restraint endure.
 Since I have change of Suits and gaudy Vests,
 Which in my various Flowers are exprest;
 In brief, since I'm akin to Gods above;
 All these together sure may favour move;
 Sprung from the fair *Adonis* purple tide
 And *Venus* tears, to both I am ally'd;
 The Rosy Youth, the lov'd *Adonis* stood
 The pride and glory of the Wood,
 Till a Boars fatal tusk let out the precious blood.
 Into each flowing drop that still'd
 A falling tear the Goddess spill'd,
 Which to a bloody torrent swell'd.
 The Lovers tears and blood combine
 As if they wou'd in Marriage join;
 From such fair Parents, and that wedding morn
 Was I, their fairer off-spring, born.



My force and power perhaps you question now,
 My Power? Why, I a handfom face can show;
 Besides, my heavenly Extract I can prove,
 And that I'm Sister to the God of Love.

The *Crown Imperial* (as she step'd aside)
 Advanc'd with stately, but becoming pride,
 Not buskin'd Heroes strut with nobler pride,
 Nor Gods in walking use a finer stride:
 No Friends or Clients made her Train, not one;
 Conscious of native worth, she came alone.
 VVith an erect and sober Countenance
 In following terms she did her Plea commence.

The most
 noble Flower,
 to the fight,
 that grows,
Lawemberg.

The IMPERIAL CROWN.

W^{ITH} furious heats and unbecoming rage
 Ye slowry Nations cease t' engage;
 Since on my stately Stem
 Nature has plac'd th' Imperial Diadem,
 Why all these words in vain, why all this noise?
 Be judg'd by Nature and approve her choice.
 Perhaps it does your envy move,
 And to my right may hurtful prove,
 That I an upstart Novel Flower am
 Who have no rumbling hard *Greek* name;
 Perhaps I may be thought
 In some *Plebeian* bed begot,
 Because my Lineage wears no stain,
 Nor does Romantick shameful Stories feign
 That I am sprung from *Jove*, or from his bastard strain.
 I freely own, I have not been
 Long of your world a Denizen;
 But yet I reign'd for Ages past
 In *Persia* and in *Bactria* plac'd,
 The pride and joy of all the Gardens of the East.
 My Flower a large-siz'd golden head does wear,
 Much like the Ball Kings in their hands do bear,
 Denoting Sovereign Rule and striking Fear.
 My purple stalk, I, like some Scepter wield,
 Worthy in Regal hands to shine,
 Worthy of thine, great God of Wine,
 When *India* to thy conquering Arms did yield.
 Besides all this; I have a slowry Crown
 My Royal Temples to adorn,
 Whose buds a sort of Hony liquor bear,
 Which round the Crown, like Stars or Pearls appear;
 Silver threads around it twine,
Saffron, like Gold, with them does join;

And

And over All

My verdant Hair does neatly fall.
Sometimes, a threefold rank of Flowers
Grows on my top, like lofty Towers.

Imperial Ornaments I scorn,
And, like the Pope, affect a triple Crown;
The Heavens look down and envy Earth
For teeming with so bright a Birth;

For *Ariadnes* starry Crown
By mine is far out-shone,

And as they've Reason, let 'em envy on.
She thunder'd out her Speech; and walk'd to greet
The Jugg, not falling meanly at her feet,
But as one Goddess does another meet.

A Flower that wou'd too happy be and blest,
Did but its Odour answer all the rest!

The *Tulip* next appear'd, all over gay,
But wanton, full of pride and full of play;
The world can't shew a Dye, but here has place,
Nay by new mixtures she can change her face.

Purple and Gold are both beneath her care,
The richest Needlework she loves to wear;
Her onely study is to please the Eye,
And to outshine the rest in Finery;

Oft of a Mode or Colour weary grown
By which their Family had long been known,
They'll change their fashion strait, I know not how,

And with much pain in other Colours go;
As if *Medea's* Furnace they had past;

(She without Plants old *Æson* ne'r new-cast)
And though they know this change will mortal prove
They'll venture yet — to change so much they love.

Such love to Beauty, such the thirst of praise,
That welcome Death before inglorious days!

The cause by all was to the white assign'd,
Whether because the rarest of the kind,
Or else because every Petitioner

In antient times, for Office, white did wear.

Thence such
were and are
still call'd
Candidates.

The T U L I P.

Somewhere in *Horace*, if I don't forget,
(Flowers are no foes to Poetry and Wit;
For us that Tribe the like affection bear,
And of all Men the greatest *Florists* are)

*Horat. lib. 1.
Ep. 6.*

 We find a wealthy Man

Whose Ward-robe did five thousand Suits contain;
He counted that a vast prodigious store,
But I that number have twice told and more,

Whate'r in Spring the teeming Earth commands;
 What Colours e'r the painted pride of Birds,
 Or various Lights the glistering Gem affords
 Cut by the Artful Lapidary's hands;
 Whate'r the Curtains of the Heavens can show,
 Or Light lays Dyes upon the varnish'd Bow,
 Rob'd in as many Vests I shine,

In every thing bearing a Princely Mien.

Pity I must the *Lily* and the *Rose*

(And the last blushes at her thredbare Clothes)

Who think themselves so highly blest,

Yet have but one poor tatter'd Vest.

These studious, unambitious things, in brief,

Wou'd fit extremely well a College-life,

And when the God of Flowers a Charter grants

Admission shall be given to these Plants;

Kings shou'd have plenty, and superfluous store,

Whilst thristiness becomes the poor.

Hence Spring himself does chiefly me regard:

Will any Flower refuse to stand to his award?

Me for whole Months he does retain,

And keeps me by him all his Reign;

Cares'd by Spring, the season of the year,

Which before all to Love is dear.

Besides; the God of Love himself's my friend,

Not for my Face alone; but for another end.

Lov'd by the God upon a private score,

I know for what — but say no more;

But why shou'd I,

Become so silent or so shy?

We Flow'rs were by no peevish Sire begot,

Nor from that frigid, sullen Tree did sprout,

So sam'd in *Ceres* sacred Rites;

Nor in moroseness *Flora's* self delights.

My Root, like Oil in antient Games, prepares

Lovers for Battel or those foster wars:

My quickning heat their sluggish veins inspires

With vigorous and sprightly fires;

Had but chaste *Lucrece* us'd the same,

The night before bold *Tarquin* try'd his flame,

Upon Record she ne'r a Fool had been,

But wou'd have liv'd to reap the pleasure once again.

The Goddess conscious of the truth, a while

Contain'd, but then was seen to blush and smile.

The *Flower de Luce* next loos'd her heavenly Tongue;

And thus, amidst her sweet Companions, sung.

Laureberg.
 Gerard, Par-
 kinson.

Iris, or the FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

IF Empire is to Beauty due
(And that in Flowers, if any where, holds true)

Then I by Nature was design'd for Reign;
Else Nature made a beauteous Face in vain.

Besides, I boast a sparkling Gem,
And brighter Goddess of my Name.

My lofty front towards the Heavens I bear,
And represent the Sky, when 'tis serene and clear.

To me a Godlike Power is given
With a mild face resembling Heaven;

And in the Kingly stile, no Dignity
Sounds better than SERENITY;

Beauty and Envy oft together go,

* Handsom my self, I help make others so;
Both Gods and Men of the most curious Eyes

With secret pleasure I surprize;
Nor do I less oblige the Nose.

With fragrance from my Root that blows.

Not *Sibaris* or soft *Capua* did know

A choicer Flower for smell or show,

Though both with pleasure of all kinds did flow.

I own, the *Violet* and the *Rose*

Divinest Odours both disclose;

The *Saffron* and *Stock-Gilliflower*,

With many more;

But yet none can so sweet a root produce.

My upper parts are trim and fair,

My lower breath a grateful Air.

I am a Flower for sight, a Drug for use.

Soft as I am, amidst this luxury,

Before me rough Diseases fly.

Thus a bold *Amazon* with Virgin face

Troops of dastard Men will chase.

Thus *Mars* and *Venus* often greet,

And in single *Pallas* meet:

Equal to her in Beauties charms

And not to him inferior in Arms.

By secret Virtue and resistless power

Those whom the Jaundice seizes I restore;

Though moist with Unguent, and inclin'd to love,

I rather was for Luxury design'd,

And yet like some enraged Lions

Before my painted Arms the yellow foe does hast.

The Dropsie headlong makes away

As soon as I my Arms display;

The Dropsie, which Mans *Microcosm* drowns

Pulling up all the Sluces in its rounds,

* The juice of
the Root
takes away
Freckles and
Morphews.

Of the Root is
made that
call'd Powder
of *Cyprus*, or
Iris Powder.

Its faculty in
curing these
Diseases, is
celebrated by
Laureberg,
Fernelius, &c.

I follow

I follow it through every winding vein,
 And make it quit in haſt the delug'd Man.
 The Nation of the *Jews*, a pious folk,
 Though our Gods they don't invoke;
 And not to You, ye Plants, unknown
 I'th' days of that great Flowriſt *Solomon* :
 Tell us, that *Jove* to cheer the drooping Ball
 After the Flood, a Promise paſt,
 How that ſo long as Earth ſhou'd laſt,
 No future Deluge on the world ſhou'd fall.
 And as a Seal to this obliging Grant,
 The *Rain-bow* in the Sky did plant ;
 I am that Bow, in poor *Hydropick* Man,
 The ſame reſreſhing hopes contain,
 I look as gay, and ſhow as fine,
 I am the Thing, of which that onely is the Sign.
 My Plant performs the ſame
 Towards Mans little worldly frame ;
 And when within him I appear,
 He need no Deluge from a Dropſie fear.

The *Peony*
 male and fe-
 male.

The *Peony* then, with large red Flower came on,
 And brought no train, but his lov'd Mate alone ;
 Numbers cou'd not make him the cauſe eſpouſe,
 'Las ! the whole Nation made but one poor Houſe.
 Nor did her coſtly wardrobe Pride inſpire,
 All drefsd alike, all did one colour wear.
 And yet he wanted not for Majeſty,
 Appearing with a ſober gravity.
 For He advanc'd his purple forehead, which
 A Flower with thouſand foldings did enrich :
 Some love to call it the *Illuſtrious Plant*,
 And we may well, I think, that Title grant ;
 Phyſicians in their publick Writings ſhow,
 What praiſe is to the firſt Inventor due.
Pæon was Doctor to the Gods, they ſay,
 By the whole College honour'd to this day.
 With her own merits, and this mighty Name
 Hearten'd and buoy'd, ſhe thus maintain'd her Claim.

Homer ſays,
Pæon cur'd
Pluto with this
 Plant, when
 he was
 wounded by
Hercules.

Pæonia. The P E O N Y.

I F the fond *Tulip*, ſwell'd with pride,
 In her Fools-coat of motley colours dy'd ;
 If lov'd *Adonis* Flower, the *Celandine*,
 Wou'd proudly be prefer'd to mine ;
 Then let *Joves* Bird, the Eagle quit the Field,
 The Thunder to the painted Peacock yield :
 Then let the Tyrant of the Woods be gone,
 The Lion yield to the Chamelion.

You'll

You'll say perhaps the Nymphs make much of you;
 They gather me for Garlands too.
 And yet d' ye think, I value that?
 Not I, by *Flora*, not a jot.

Virtue and courage are the valuable things,
 On difficult occasions shown.
 Not painted Arms ennoble Kings,
 Virtue alone gives lustre to a Crown.
 Hence I, the known *Herculean* Disease
 The Falling-Sickness, cure with ease,
 Which, like the Club, that Hero once did wear,
 Down with one single blow mankind does bear.
 I fancie, hence the story rise,
 That *Pluto* wounded once by *Hercules*,
 My juice, infus'd by *Paeon*, gave him ease,
 And did the groaning God appease.

Paeon was fam'd, I'm sure, for curing this Disease.
Pluto is God of Hell, 't shou'd seem,
 Prince of inexorable Death;
 Now this Disease is Death; but not like him
 Without a sting, plac'd in the Shades beneath.
 I shou'd be vain, extreemly vain, indeed
 A quarrel on *Punctilio's* to breed,
 Since a more noble Flower, than I,
 The Sun in all his journey does not spy.
 Nor do I go in Physick's beaten Road
 By other Plants before me trod,
 But in a way worthy a healing God.
 I never with the foe come hand to hand,
 My Odour Death does at a distance send;
 Hung round the Neck strait without more ado
 I put to flight the rampant foe;
 I neither come (what think you, *Cesar*, now)
 Nor view the Camp, and yet can overthrow.
 She spoke, and bow'd, and so the Court forsook,
 Her Consort follow'd with a blushing look;
 When strait a fragrant Air of strong Perfume,
 And a new lustre darted through the Room.
 No wonder, for the *Rose* did next appear,
Spring wisely plac'd his best and choicest troops ith' Rear.
 Some wild in woods; yet worth and beauty show,
 Such as might in *Hesperian* Gardens grow.
 Nought, by experience, than the *Wood-Rose* found,
 Better to cure a mad Dogs poisonous wound;
 This brings away the Gravel and the Stone,
 And gives you ease though to a Quarry grown.
 The beauteous Garden-Rose she did not shame,
 Though better bred and of a softer Name;
 Which in four Squadrons drawn, the *Damask* Rose
 In name of all the rest maintain'd the Cause;

Which

The Rose is
said at first to
have grown
white only, till
Venus running
after Adonis,
scratch'd her
Legs upon its
thorns, and
stain'd the
Flowers red
with her blood.

Which sprung, they say, from *Syrian Venus* blood,
Long time the pride of rich *Damascus* stood.

The R O S E.

AND who can doubt my Race, says she,
Who on my face Love's tokens see?
The God of Love is always soft, and always young,
I am the same, then to his blood what wrong?
My Brother winged does appear;
I leaves instead of wings do wear;
He's drawn with lighted Torches in his hand;
Upon my top bright flaming glories stand;
The Rose has prickles, so has Love,
Though these a little sharper prove;
There's nothing in the world above, or this below,
But would for Rosy-colour'd go;
This is the Dye that still does please
Both mortal Maids, and heavenly Goddesses;
I am the Standard by which Beauty's try'd,
The wish of *Chloe*, and immortal *Juno's* pride.
The bright *Aurora*, Queen of all the *East*,
Proud of her Rosy-fingers, is confest;
When from the gates of Light the rising Day
Breaks forth, his constant rounds to go,
The winged hours prepare the way,
And Rosy Clouds before him strow.
The windows of the Sky with Roses shine;
I am Days Ornament as well as sign.
And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er,
I greet it posting to the *Western* shore.
The God of Love, we must allow,
Shou'd tolerably Beauty know.
Yet never from those Cheeks he goes,
Where he can spy the blushing Rose.
Thus the wise Bee will never dwell
(That, like the God of Love has wings,
That too has Honey, that has stings)
On vulgar Flowers that have no grateful smell.
Tell me, blest Lover: what's a kifs
Without a Rosy Lip create the bliss?
Nor do I onely charming sweets dispence,
But bear Arms in my own and Mans defence,
I without the Patient's pain
Mans body, that *Augean* Stable clean.
Not with a rough and pressing hand,
As Thunder-storms from Clouds command,
But as the dew and gentle showers
Dissolving light on Herbs and Flowers.

Amaranth.

Nor of a short and fading date
 Was I the less design'd for Rule and State;
 Let proud ambitious *Floramour*
 Usurping on the Gods immortal Name,
 Joy to be stil'd the *Everlasting Flower*,
 I ne'er knew yet that Plant that near to *Nestor* came.
 We too too blest, too powerful shou'd be grown,
 Which wou'd but Envy raise,
 If we cou'd say our beauty were our own,
 Or boast long life and many days.
 But why shou'd I complain of Fate
 For giving me so short a date?
 Since Flowers, the Emblems of Mortality,
 All the same way and manner die.
 But the kind Gods above forbid,
 That Virtue e'er a Grave shou'd find,
 And though the fatal Sisters cut my thread,
 My Odour, like the Soul, remains behind.
 To a dead Lion a live Worm's prefer'd,
 Though once the King of all the savage Herd.
 After my Death I still excel
 The best of Flowers that are alive and well.
 If that the name of Dead will bear,
 From whose meer Corps does come,
 (Like the dead bodies still surviving Heir)
 So sweet a smell and strong Perfume.
 Let 'em invent a thousand ways
 My mangled Corps to vex and squeeze,
 Though in a sweating Limbeck pent
 My Athes still preserve their scent.
 Like a dead Monarch to the Grave I come,
 Nature embalms me in my own Perfume.
 She spoke, a Virgin blush came o'r her face,
 And an Ambrosian scent flew round the place;
 But that which gave her words a finer grace,
 Not without some constraint she seem'd to tell her praise.
 Her Rivals trembled; for the Judge's look
 A secret pleasure and much kindness spoke;
 The Virgin did not for well-wishers lack,
 Her kind red Squadrons stood behind her back.
 The yellow nearest stood, unfit for war,
 Nor did the spoils of cur'd Diseases bear;
 The white was next, of great and good renown,
 A kind assistant to the Eye-sight known;
 The third, a mighty Warriour, was the Red,
 Which terribly her bloody Banner spread;
 She binds the Flux with her restraining Arts,
 And stops the humours journey to those parts;
 She brings a present and a sure relief
 To Head and Heart, the Fountains both of Life;

The Fevers fires by her are mildness taught,
 And the Hag'd Man to sweet composure brought.
 By help of this, *Jason* of old, we read,
 Yok'd and subdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed;
 One Dose to sleep the watchful Dragon sent,
 By which no more but a high Fever's meant.
 Between this Squadron and the White, we're told,
 A long and grievous strife commenc'd of old;
Strife is too soft a word for many years
 Cruel, unnatural, and bloody wars;
 The fam'd *Pharſalian* fields twice dy'd in blood,
 Ne'r of a nobler Quarrel witness stood;
 The thirst of Empire, ground of most our wars,
 Was that which solely did occasion theirs;
 For the Red Rose cou'd not an Equal bear,
 And the White wou'd of no Superiour hear,
 The Chiefs by *Tork* and *Lancaster* upheld
 With civil rage harass'd the British field.
 What madness drew ye Roses to engage,
 Kin against kin to spend your thorns and rage!
 Go, turn your Arms, where you may triumph gain;
 And fame unsullied with a blushing stain;
 See the *French* Lily spoils and waists your shore,
 Go conquer there, where you've twice beat before!
 Whilst the *Scotch Thistle* with audacious pride,
 Taking advantage, gores your bleeding side.
 Do Roses no more sense and prudence own
 Than to be fighting for Domestick Crown?
 From *Venus* You much of the Mother bear,
 You both take pleasure in the God of War;
 I now begin to think the Fable true,
 That *Mars* sprung from a Flower, fulfill'd by You.
 War ravages the Field, and like the furious Boar,
 That turns up all the Gardens beauteous store;
 O'rthrows the Trees and Hedges, and does wound
 With his ungentle tusk the bleeding ground;
 Roots up the *Saffron* and the *Violet-bed*,
 And feasts upon the gaudy *Tulip's* head.
 You'd grieve to see a beauteous Plat so soon
 Into confusion by a Monster thrown.

But oh, my Muse, oh whither dost thou tow'r
 This is a flight too high for thee to soar,
 The harmless strife of Plants, their wanton play,
 Thy Pipe perhaps may well enough essay;
 But for their Wars, that is a Theme so great,
 Rather for *Lucan's* Martial Trumpet fit;
 To him that sung the *Theban* Brothers death,
 To *Maro* or some such, that task bequeath.

The Civil Wars between the Houses of *Tork* and *Lancaster*, of which the first bore the White-Rose, and the other the Red, cost more English blood, than did twice conquering *Franc*.

O F

P L A N T S.

B O O K I V.

HAPPY the Man whom from Ambition freed
 A little Field and little Garden feed.
 The Field do's frugal Natures Wants supply,
 The Garden furnishes for Luxury.
 What further specious Clogs of Life remain,
 He leaves for Fools to seek, and Knaves to gain.

This happy Life did th' Old *Corycian* choose;
 A Life deserving *Maro's* noble Muse;
 This Life did wise *Abdolominus* charm,
 The mighty Monarch of a little Farm,
 While honing weeds that on his Walks enroach'd
 Great *Alexander's* Messenger approach'd,
 Receive, said He, the Ensigns of a Crown
 A Scepter, Mitre and *Sidonian* Gown:
 To Empire call'd unwillingly he goes,
 And longing looks back on his Cottage throws
 Thus *Aglaus's* Farm did frequent Visits find
 From Gods, himself a stranger to Mankind.
Gyges the richest King of former times,
 (Wicked and swelling with successful Crimes)
 Is there, said he, a Man more blest than I?
 Thus challeng'd he the Delphick Deity.
 Yes, *Aglaus*, the plain-dealing God reply'd.
Aglaus? Who's he? the angry Monarch cry'd.
 Say, is there any King so call'd? there's none,
 No King was ever by that Title known.
 Or any great Commander of that Name,
 Or *Heroe* who with Gods do's kindred claim:
 Or any who does such vast wealth enjoy
 As all his Luxury can ne'r destroy.
 Renown'd for Arms, for Wealth or Birth, no Man
 Was found call'd *Aglaus*: Who's this *Aglaus* then?
 At last in the retir'd *Arcadian* Plains
 (Silence and Shades surround *Arcadian* Swains)

Virg. Georg. 4.

Near *Prophis* Town (where he but once had been)
 At Plow this Man of Happiness was seen.
 In this Retirement was that *Aglaüs* found,
 Envy'd by Kings and by a God Renown'd.
 Almighty Pow'r, if lawful it may be,
 Amongst fictitious Gods to mention Thee,
 Before encroaching Age too far intrude,
 Let this sweet Scene my Life's dull Farce conclude!
 With this sweet close my useles toil be blest,
 My long tofs'd Barque in that calm station rest.
 Once more my Muse in wild Digression strays,
 Ne'r satisf'd with dear Retirements praise.
 A pleasant Road—but from our purpose wide,
 Turn off, and to our Point directly guide.

Of Summer-Flow'rs a mighty Host remain,
 With those which *Autumn* musters on the Plain,
 Who with Joint-forces fill the shining Field,
 Grudging that *Spring* shou'd equal numbers yield
 To both their Lists, or 'cause some Plants had been
 Under the service of both Seasons seen.
 Of these, my Muse, rehearse the Chief (for all
 Though *Mem'ry's* Daughter thou can'st ne'r recall)
 The spikes of *Summers* Corn thou mayst as well
 Or ev'ry Grape of fruitful *Autumn* tell.

* Call'd *Flamy*
 because her
 three colours
 are seen in
 the flame of
 wood as in
 the Rainbow.

The * *flamy Pansie* ushers *Summer* in,
 His friendly March with *Summer* does begin;
Autumn's Companion too (so *Proserpine*
 Hides half the year and half the year is seen)
 The *Violet* is less beautiful than thee,
 That of one colour boasts, and thou of three.
 Gold, Silver, Purple are thy Ornament,
 Thy Rivals thou mightst scorn hadst thou but scent.

* *Dames Violet*
 call'd *Hesperis*,
 because it
 smells strong-
 est in the
 Night. *Plin.*
 lib. 27. 7.

The * *Hesperis* assumes a *Violet's* Name
 To that which justly from the *Hesper* came;
Hesper do's all thy precious sweets unfold,
 Which coyly thou didst from the Day with-hold:
 In him more than the Sun thou tak'st delight,
 To him like a kind Bride thou yieldst thy sweet at Night.

The *Anthemis* a small but glorious Flower,
 Scarce rears his Head yet has a Giant's Tow'r:
 Forces the lurking Fever to retreat,
 (Enscenc'd like *Cacus* in his smoky Seat)
 Recruits the feeble joints and gives them ease:
 He makes the burning Inundation cease;
 And when his force against the Stone is sent
 He breaks the Rock and gives the waters vent.
 Not Thunder finds through Rocks so swift a course,
 Nor Gold the Rampir'd Town so soon can force.

Blew-bottle, thee my Numbers fain wou'd raise,
 And thy Complexion challenges my Praise,

Thy Countenance like Summer Skies is fair,
 But ah! how different thy vile Manners are!
Ceres, for this excludes thee from my Song,
 And Swains to Gods and me a sacred Throng:
 A treach'rous Guest, Destruction thou dost bring
 To th' hospitable Field where thou dost spring.
 Thou bluntst the very Reaper's Sickle, and so
 In Life and Death becom'st the Farmers Foe.

The *Fenel-Olow'r* do's next our Song invite,
 Dreadful at once, and lovely to the sight:
 His Beard all bristly, all unkemb'd his Hair,
 Ev'n his wreath'd Horns the same rough aspect bear;
 His Visage too a watrish Blew adorns,
 Like *Achelous*, ere his Head wore Horns.
 Nor without Reason, (prudent Nature's Care
 Gives Plants a Form that might their Use declare)
 Dropsies it Cures, and makes moist Bodies dry,
 It bids the Waters pass, the frighted Waters fly.
 Do's through the Bodies secret Channels run;
 A Water-Goddeſs in the little World of Man.

But say, *Corn-Violet*, why thou dost claim
 Of *Venus Looking Glass* the pompous Name?
 Thy studded Purple vies, I must confess,
 With the most noble and Patrician dress;
 Yet wherefore *Venus Looking-Glass*? that Name
 Her Offspring Rose did ne'r presume to claim.

Antirrhinon, more modest, takes the stile
 Of *Lions-Mouth*, sometimes of *Calfsnout* vile;
 By us *Snap dragon* call'd to make amends,
 But say what this Chimera Name intends?
 Thou well deserv'st it, if, as old Wives say,
 Thou driv'st nocturnal Ghosts, and Sprights away.

Why do's thy Head, *Napellus*, Armor wear?
 Thy Guilt, perfidious Plant, creates thy fear:
 Thy Helmet we cou'd willingly allow,
 But thou alas, hast mortal Weapons too!
 But wherefore arm'd? as if for open Fight;
 Who work'st by secret Poyson all thy spight.

Helmet 'gainst Helmet justly thou dost wear,
 Blew * *Anthora*, upon thy lovely Hair;
 This cov'ring from felt Wounds thy Front do's shield;
 With such a Head-piece *Pallas* goes to field.
 What God to thee such baneful force allow'd,
 With such Heroick Piety endow'd?
 Thou poyson'st more than e'r *Medea* slew,
 Yet no such Antidote *Medea* knew.
 Nor powerful only 'gainst thy own dire harms,
 Thy Virtue ev'ry noxious Plant disarms:
 Serpents are harmless Creatures made by Thee,
 And *Africa* its self from Poyson free.

Elew Helmet
 Flowers, or
 Monks-hood,
 so called from
 its figure.

* Counter-
 Poyson-
 Monks-hood,
 or wholesom
 Helmetflower.

Air, Earth and Seas, with secret Taint oppress,
 Discharge themselves of the unwelcome Guest;
 On wretched Us they shed the deadly Bane,
 Who dye by them that should our Life maintain.
 Then Nature seems t' have learnt the poysoning Trade,
 Our common Parent our Step-mother made:
 'Tis then the sickly World perceives thy Aid,
 By thy prevailing Force the Plague is staid.
 A noble strife 'twixt Fate and Thee we find,
 That to destroy, thou to preserve Mankind.

Into thy Lists, thou Martial Plant admit,
Goats Rue, *Goats-Rue* is for thy Squadrons fit.

* Called
Lychnis quod
noctiv lucti.

Thy Beauty * *Campion*, very much may claim,
 But of *Greek-Rose* how didst thou gain the Name?
 The *Greeks* were ever priviledg'd to tell
 Untruths, they call thee *Rose*, who hast no smell.
 Yet formerly thou wert in Garlands worn,
 Thy starry Beams our Temples still adorn,
 Thou crown'st our Feasts, where we in Mirth suppose,
 And in our Drink allow Thee for a *Rose*.

* The
 Peacock.

The *Chalcedonian* Soil did once produce
 A *Lychnis* of much greater size and Use;
 Form'd like a Sconce, where various branches rise,
 Bearing more Lights than *Juno's* * Bird has Eyes.
 Like those in Palaces, whose Golden Light
 Strikes up and makes the gilded Roofs more bright:
 This, great Mens Tables serves, while that's prefer'd
 To Altars and the Gods Celestial Board.

* Called *Lys-*
machia from
Lysimachus.

† Found by
Gentius King
 of *Mlyricum*,
 where they
 grow largest.
 † So called
 from its clean-
 sing quality,
 used in wash-
 ing Cloth and
 scouring Kitch-
 in Vessels.

Shou'd *Maro* ask me in what Region springs
 The Race of Flow'rs inscrib'd with Names of Kings,
 I answer, that of Flow'rs deserv'dly crown'd
 With Royal Titles many may be found,
 The Royal * *Loose-strife*, Royal † *Gentian* grace
 Our Gardens, proud of such a Princely Race.
 † *Soap Wort*, though coarse thy Name, thou dost excell
 In Form, and art enrich'd with fragrant Smell:
 As great in Virtue too, for thou giv'st Ease
 In Dropsies and Fair *Venus* foul Disease.
 Yet dost not servile offices decline,
 But condescend'st to make our Kitchens shine.
Rome's Great Dictator thus, his triumph past,
 Return'd to plow, nor thought his Pomp debas'd,
 The same right hand guides now the humble Stive,
 And Oxen Yoaks, that did fierce Nations drive.

* *Bell-flowers*
Campanule.

Next comes the * Flow'r in figure of a Bell,
 Thy sportive-meaning Nature who can tell:
 In these what Musick *Flora* dost thou find?
 Say for what jocund Rites they are design'd.
 By us these Bells are never heard to sound,
 Our Ears are dull, and stupid is our Mind,
 Nature is all a Riddle to Mankind.

3

Some

Some Flow'rs give Men as well as Gods delight,
 These qualifie nor Smell, nor Taste, nor Sight;
 Why therefore should not our * fifth Sense be serv'd?
 Or is that pleasure for the Gods reserv'd?

But of all *Bell-Flow'rs* * *Bindweed* do's surpass,
 Of brighter Metal than *Corinthian* Bras.

My *Muse* grows hoarse and can no longer sing,
 But *Throat-Wort* hafts her kind relief to bring;
 The Colleges with Dignity ental
 This Flow'r, at *Rome* he is a * *Cardinal*.

The † *Fox-Glove* on fair *Flora's* Hand is worn,
 Left while she gathers Flow'rs she meet a Thorn.

Love-Apple, though its Flow'r less fair appears,
 It's golden Fruit deserves the Name it bears.
 But this is new in Love, where the true Crop
 Proves nothing; all the Pleasure was i'th' Hope.

The *Indian* † Flow'ry-Reed in Figure vies,
 And Lustre, with the *Cancer* of the Skies.

The *Indian-Cress* our Climate now do's bear,
 Call'd *Larks-heel*, 'cause he wears a Horse-mans Spur.

This *Gilt spur* Knight prepares his Course to run,
 Taking his Signal from the rising Sun,

And stimulates his Flow'r to meet the day:
 So *Castor* mounted spurs his Steed away.

This Warriour sure has in some Battel been,
 For spots of Blood upon his Breast are seen.

Had *Ovid* seen him, how would he have told
 His History, a Task for me too bold;

His Race at large and Fortunes had exprest,
 And whence those bleeding Signals on thy Breast:

From later *Bards* such Mysteries are hid,
 Nor do's the God inspire, as heretofore he did.

With the same weapon *Lark-spur* thou dost mount
 Amongst the Flow'rs, a Knight of high account;

To want those war-like Ensigns were a shame
 For thee, who kindred dost with *Ajax* claim:

Of unarm'd Flowers he cou'd not be the Sire,
 Who for the loss of Armor did expire:

Of th' ancient *Hyacinth* thou keep'st the Form,
 Those lovely Creatures, that ev'n *Phæbus* Charm;

In thee those skilful Letters still appear,
 That prove thee *Ajax* his undoubted Heir.

That up-start Flow'r, that has usurpt thy Fame,
 Or come by thee, is forc'd to quit his Claim.

The *Lily* too wou'd fain thy Rival be,
 And brings, 'tis true, some signs that well agree,

But in Complexion differs much from thee.
 At Spring thou mayst adorn the *Asian* Bow'rs,

We reap thee here among our Summer Flow'rs.

* The Hearing.

* Call great *Bind-weed*, or great *Bell-Flower*.

* In Latine call'd *Flos Cardinalis*.

† *Flos Digitalis* from resembling a Glove.

† *Canna Indica*, or, *Flos Cant.*

Consolida Regalis.

The Syllables *Ac, As*, most visible in this flower. The common *Hyacinth*, who wants all the Notes of the old *Hyacinth* or *Ajax* Flower.

But

But *Martagon* a bolder Challenge draws,
 And offers Reason to support his Cause:
 Nor did *Achilles* Armor e'r create,
 'Twixt *Ajax* and *Ulysses* such debate,
 So fierce, so great, as at this day we see,
 For *Ajax* Spoils, 'twixt *Martagon* and thee.

Fraxinella.

That *Bastard Dittany* of Sanguine hue
 From *Hector's* reeking Blood Conception drew,
 I cannot say, but still a Crimson stain
 Tinctures it's Skin, and colours every Vein;
 In Man the three chief Seats it do's maintain,
 Defends the Heart, the Stomach, and the Brain.
 But all in vain thy Virtue is employ'd,
 To save a Town must be at last destroy'd;
 In vain thou fight'st with Heav'n and Destiny,
 Our *Troy* must fall, and thou our *Hector* die.

Iblaſpa.

Next comes the *Candy-Tufts*, a *Cretan* Flower,
 That rivals *Jove* in Country and in Power.

The *Pellitory* healing Fire contains,
 That from a raging Tooth the Humor drains;
 At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,
 Resembling Teeth and Gums, for both a certain Cure.

The *Sow-Bread* do's afford rich Food for Swine,
 Physick for Man, and Garlands for the Shrine.

Auricula muris,
Pilosella.

Mouſe-Ear, like to its Name-sake, loves to abide
 In places out o'th' way, from Mankind hid.

It loves the shade, and Nature kindly lends

A Shield against the Darts that *Phœbus* sends;

'Tis with such silky Bristles cover'd o'r,

The tend'rest Virgin's Hand may crop the Flow'r.

From all its num'rous Darts no hurt is found,

Its Weapons know to Cure, but not to wound.

Sweet-William small, has Form and Aspect bright,

Like that sweet Flower that yields great *Jove* delight;

Had he Majestick bulk, he'd now be stild

Jove's Flower, and if my skill is not beguild,

He was *Jove's* flower when *Jove* was but a Child.

Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,

He's worthy *Jove*, ev'n now he has a Beard.

The *Catch-Fly* with *Sweet-William* we confound,

Whose Nets the stragglers of the swarm surround,

Those viscous Threads that hold th' entangled Prey

From its own treach'rous Entrails force their way.

Three branches in the *Barren-Wort* are found,

Each Branch again with three less Branches crown'd,

The Leaves and Flowers adorning each are three,

This Frame must needs contain some Sacred Mystery.

Small are thy Blossoms, double *Pellitory*,

Which yet united are the Garden's Glory.

Sneezing thou dost provoke, and Love for thee
 When thou wert born sneez'd most auspiciously.
 But thou that from fair *Mella* tak'st thy Name,
 Thy Front surrounded with a Star-like flame,
 Scorn not the Meads, for from the Meads are born
 Wreaths, which the Temples of the Gods adorn;
 Kind sustenance thou yieldst the lab'ring Bee,
 When scarce thy Mother Earth affords it thee.
 Thy Winter-store in hardest Months is found,
 And more than once with Flow'rs in Summer crown'd.
 Thy Root supplies the place of Flowers decay'd,
 And fodder for the fainting Hive is made.

Star-Port.
 Virg. Georg. 4.

Behold a Monster loathsom to the Eye,
 Of slender bulk, but dang'rous Policy,
 Eight Legs it bears, three joynts in every Limb,
 That nimbly move and dextrously can climb,
 Its Trunk (all Belly) round, deform'd and swell'd,
 With fatal Nets and deadly Poyson fill'd.
 For Gnats and wand'ring Flies she spreads her toils,
 And Robber-like, lives high on ravish'd spoils.
 The City Spider, as more civiliz'd,
 With this less hurtful practice is suffic'd.
 With greater fury the *Tarantula*
 Tho small it self, makes Men and Beasts it's Prey;
 Takes first our Reason then our Life away.
 Thou *Spider-Wort* dost with the Monster strive,
 And from the conquer'd Foe thy Name derive.
 Thus *Scipio*, when the Worlds third part he won,
 While to the Spoils the meaner Captains run,
 The only Plunder he desir'd was Fame,
 And from the vanquish'd Foe to take his Name.

Phalangium



The *Marvail* of the World comes next in view,
 At home, but stil'd the *Marvail* of *Peru*:
 (Boast not too much, proud Soil, thy Mines of Gold,
 Thy Veins much Wealth, but more of Poyson hold.)
 Bring o'r the Root, our colder Earth has Power
 In its full Beauty to produce the Flower;
 But yields for Issue no prolifick Seed,
 And scorns in foreign Lands to Plant and Breed.

The *Holibock* disdains the common size
 Of Herbs, and like a Tree do's proudly rise;
 Proud she appears, but try her and you'll find
 No Plant more mild, or friendly to Mankind:
 She gently all Obstructions do's unbind.



The * *Africans* their rich Leaves closely fold,
 Bright as their Country's celebrated Gold.
 Each hollow Leaf, envelop'd, does impart
 The form of a gilt Pipe, and seems a work of Art.
 VVou'd kind *Apollo* once these Pipes inspire
 They'd give such sounds as should surpafs his Lyre.

* A Flower so
 call'd, and
 sometimes
 falsly *French*
Marigolds.

A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,
 And sees a Month completed ere she dyes.
 These only Fate permits so long to stand,
 And crops 'em then with an unwilling Hand.
 The Calyx where her fertile Seeds are laid
 In likeness of a painted Quiver made,
 With store of Arrows too this Quiver's grac'd,
 And decently on *Flora's* Shoulder plac'd,
 When she in Gardens hunts the *Butterfly*,
 In vain the wretch his Sun burnt wings do's try,
 Secure enough, did Fear not make him fly.
 Himself would seem a Flow'r if motionless,
 And cheat the Goddess with his gaudy dress.
 Retreating, the keen Spike his sides do's goad,
 To Earth he falls, a light and unfelt Load.

Such was the Punick *Caltha*, which of Yore,
 Of *Juno's Rose* the lofty Title bore.
 Of famous *Carthage*, now by Fate bereft,
 This last (and surely) greatest Pride is left.
 How vain, O Flowers, your hopes and wishes be,
 Born like your selves by rapid winds away.
 Once you had hopes at *Hannibal's* Return
 From vanquish'd *Rome*, his Triumphs to adorn,
 And ev'n imperious *Carthage* Head surround,
 When she the Mistress of the World were crown'd;
 Presum'd that *Flora* wou'd for you declare,
 Tho she that time a *Latian* Goddess were:
 But now (alas) reduc'd to private State,
 Thou shar'st, poor *Flower*, thy Captive Countrey's Fate.

Why *Holly-Rose*, dost thou, of slender frame,
 And without scent, assume a *Rose's* Name?
 Fate on thy Pride a swift Revenge does bring,
 The Day beholds thee dead, that sees thee spring.
 Yet to the shades thy Soul triumphing goes,
 Boasting that thou didst imitate the *Rose*.

A better claim *Sweet-Cistus* may pretend,
 Whose sweating Leaves a fragrant Balsam send:
 To crop this Plant the wicked *Goat* presumes,
 Whose fetid Beard the precious Balm perfumes:
 But in Revenge of the unhallowed Theft,
 The Caitiff's of his larded Beard bereft.
 Baldness thou dost redress, nor are we sure
 Whether the Beard or Balsam gives the cure.

Thy Ointment, *Jessamins*, without abuse
 Is gain'd, yet grave old Sots condemn the use;
 Tho *Jove* himself, when he is most enrag'd,
 With thy Ambrosial Odour is asswag'd:
 Capricious Men! why should that scent displease,
 That is so grateful to the Deities?

Flora her self to th' *Orange-Tree* lays claim,
 Calls it her own, *Pomona* does the same;
 Hard words ensue, (for under sense of wrong
 Ev'n Goddesses themselves can find a Tongue)
 If Apples please you so, *Pomona* cries,
 Take your *Love-Apple*, and let that suffice,
 To claim anothers Right is Harlots trade,
 So may a Goddess of an Harlot made.

* *Μαρι Αγκυ-
 ρισ.*

And on what score, *Flora* incens'd reply'd,
 Were you by kind *Vertumnus* deify'd?
 You kept (no thanks) your Maiden Virtue, when
 He was a Matron, when a Youth — what then?
 Such fragrant Fruits as these may Flowers be call'd,
 And henceforth with that Name shall be install'd:
 On sundry sorts of Pulse we do bestow
 That Title, though in open field they grow,
 As others oft are in the Garden seen,
 Witncfs the everlasting *Pease* and *Scarlet Bean*.

The vulgar *Beans* sweet scent, who does not prize,
 With Iv'ry Forehead, and with Jet-black Eyes,
 Amongst our Garden-Beauties may appear,
 If Gardens only their cheap Crop did bear.
Pythagoras, not rightly understood,
 Has left a Scandal on the noble Food:
 Take care henceforth, ye *Sages*, to speak true,
 Speak truth, and speak intelligibly too.

Lupine unsteep'd, to harshness does encline,
 And like old *Cato*, is of temper rough,
 But drench the Pulse in Water, him in Wine,
 They'll lose their sowness and grow mild enough.
 These Flowers, and thousands more, whose num'rous
 And pompous March, 'twere endless to describe. (tribe,

The * *Mandrake* only imitates our walk,
 And on two Legs erect is seen to stalk.
 This Monster struck *Bellona's* self with aw,
 When first the Man-resembling Plant she saw.

* Male and
 Female.

The * *Water Lilly* still is wanting here,
 What cause can *Water-Lilly* have to fear,
 Where Beauties of inferiour Rank appear?
 Her Form excels, and for Nobility
 The whole Assembly might her Vassals be:
 A Water-Nymph she was, *Alcides* Bride,
 (Who sprung from Gods, himself now deify'd)
 This cost her dear — by Love of him betray'd,
 The *Water-Goddess* a poor Plant was made:
 From this Misfortune she does tristful prove,
 And to this hour she hates the name of Love.
 All freedom she renounces, Mirth and Play,
 That to more close Embraces lead the way:

* *Nymphææ.*

See *Nymphææ*
 or *Water-Lily*.

And since our *Flora's* former Pranks are known,
 (If in a Goddeſs we ſuch Crimes may own)
 In life the common Miſtris of the Town.
 She ſcorns at her Tribunal to be ſeen,
 Nor would on terms ſo ſcandalous be Queen.
 To be from Earth divorc'd ſhe'd rather chooſe,
 And to the Sun her wither'd Root expoſe.

* *Flos Paſſionis*
Chriſti.

The Paſſion-
 Flower, or
Virginian
 Climber. The
 firſt of theſe
 Names was gi-
 ven it by the
Jefuites, who
 pretend to
 find in it all
 the Inſtru-
 ments of our
 Lord's Paſſion;
 not ſo eaſily
 diſcern'd by
 men of Senſe
 not ſo fine as
 they.

Thee * *Maracot* a much more ſacred Cauſe
 From theſe profane ridic'ulous Rites withdraws;
 With ſignals of a real God adorn'd,
 Poets and Painter's Gods by thee are ſcorn'd:
 T' unfold the Emblems of this myſtick Flower
 Tranſcends (alas!) my feeble *Muſes* Power.
 But Nature ſure by chance did ne'r beſtow
 A form ſo different from all Plants that grow,
 Enrob'd with ten white Leaves, the proper drefs
 Of Virgins Chafſt and ſacred Prieſteſſes.
 Twice round her two-fold Selvege you may view,
 A Purple Ring, the ſacred Martyrs hue.
 Thick ſprouting Stems of ruddy *Saffron-Grain*
 Strive to conceal the Flower, but ſtrive in vain,
 This Coronet of Ruby-Spikes compos'd,
 The thorny Blood-ſtain'd Crown may be ſuppos'd:
 The Blood-ſtain'd Pillar too a curious Ey
 May there behold, and if you cloſely pry,
 The Sponge, the Nails, the Scourge thereon you'll ſpy,
 And knobs reſembling a Crown'd Head deſcry.
 So deep in Earth the Root deſcends, you'd ſwear,
 It meant to viſit Hell, and Triumph there;
 In ev'ry Soil it grows, as if it meant
 To ſtretch its Conqueſt to the World's extent.

Befide the fore-nam'd Candidates, but few
 Remain'd, and moſt of them were modeſt too.
 But where ſuch fragrant Rivals did appear,
 Who would have thought to find rank *Moly* there?
 Amongſt Competitors of ſuch fair Note
 Sure, *Garlick* only will for *Moly* Vote.
 Yet ſomething 'twas, (and Plants themſelves confeſs
 The Honour great) that *Homer* did expreſs
 Her famous Name in his Immortal Song:
 Swell'd with this Pride, ſhe preſſes through the throng.
 Deep ſilence o'r the whole Aſſembly ſpreads,
 Whiſt with unfav'ry Breath her Title thus ſhe Pleads.

M O L Y.

TO find a Name for me the Gods took care,
 A Myſtick Name, that might my Worth declare,

They

They call'd me *Moly*: dull Grammarians sense
 Is puzzled with the term ———
 But *Homer* held Divine Intelligence.
 In *Greek* and *Latin* both my Name is * Great,
 The term is just, but *Moly* sounds more neat:
 My Pow'r's prevented *Circes* dire Design,
Ulysses but for me had been a Swine;
 In vain had *Mercury* inspir'd his Brain
 With Craft, and tipt his wheedling tongue in vain,
 Had I not enter'd timely to his Aid.
 Thus *Moly* spoke, and would much more have said
 But by mischance (as if some angry Pow'r
 Had ow'd her long a shame) a Belch most fowr
 Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court,
 And made her Rivals unexpected sport.
 Her pompous Name no longer can take place,
 Her Odour proves her of the *Garlick* Race;
 Forthwith with one consent the gibing throng
 Set up their Notes, and sung the well-known * Song
 He that to cut his Father's throat
 Did heretofore presume,
 T' have *Garlick* cram'd into his Gut
 Receiv'd the dreadful Doom.

* *Ulysses*, *Magnanimus*.* *Horat. Epod. lib. Od. 3.*

Flora to silence the tumultuous jest,
 (Though secretly she smil'd amongst the rest)
 That she her self would speak a sign exprest,
 Then with sweet Grace into these Accents broke,
 Th' unhallow'd place perfuming while she spoke.

F L O R A.

HOMER I will not vain or careless call,
 Though he no mention makes of me at all,
 That he blame-worthy was in this, 'tis true,
 But the blind Bard gives other Gods their due.
 To doubt his truth were Piety to flight,
 Ev'n what of *Moly* he affirms is right,
 I once had such a Flower, but now bereft
 Oth' happiness, the Name is onely left.
 No sooner Men its wondrous Virtue knew,
 But jealous Gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew;
 'Tis said that *Jove* did *Mercury* chastise
 For shewing to *Ulysses* such a Prize.
 To say I saw him do't I'll not presume,
 But witness am of *Moly's* unjust Doom.
 Ev'n to the Shades below her Root strikes down,
 As she wou'd make th' infernal world her own.
 As from their Seats the very Fiends she'd drive,
 And spight of flames and blasting Sulphur thrive.

Jove

* The Goddesses of Waters.

Jove saw 't, and said, Since Fire can't stop thy course,
 We'll try some Magick-water's stronger force.
 Then calling * *Lympha* to him, thus at large
 Unfolds his Mind, and gives the Goddess charge:
 Thou know'st, said he, where *Cicones* reside,
 There runs a marv'lous petrifying tide;
 Take of that stream (but largely take) and throw
 Where-e'r thou seest the wicked *Moly* grow;
 Our Empire is not safe, her Pow'r's so large;
 Whole Rivers therefore on her Head discharge.
Lympha with lib'ral Hand the Liquor pours,
 While thirsty *Moly* her own Bane devours;
 Her Stem forthwith is turn'd (O Prodigy)
 Into a Pillar; where her Flow'r shou'd be
 The sculpture of a Flow'r is onely shown:
 Poor *Moly* thus transform'd to Marble Stone,
 The story of her fate do's still present,
 And stands in Death her own sad Monument.
 Here ended little *Moly's* mighty Reign,
 By jealous Gods for too much Virtue slain.

* *Lark-spur*.
 The Herb, by
 the touch of
 of which
Juno was
 feigned to
 conceive
Mars, *Ovid*.
Fast. lib. &c.

What wonder then if that bold * Flow'r did prove
 The object of his wrath that Rival'd *Jove*.
 That to embrace chaste *Juno* did aspire,
 Gallant t' a Goddess, of a God the Sire.
 The vig'rous Herb begat a Deity,
 A God, like *Jove* himself for Majesty,
 And one that thunders too as loud as he,
 With one short Moment's touch begot him too,
 That's more than ever threshing *Jove* cou'd do.
 The Flow'r it self appears with Warriours Mien,
 (As much as can in growing Plants be seen.)
 With stabbing Point and cutting edg 'tis made,
 Like warlike weapon, and upon it's Blade
 Arc ruddy stains like drops of Blood display'd.
 Its Spikes of Faulchion shape are sanguine too,
 Its Stem and Front is all of bloody hue:
 The Root in form of any Shield is spread,
 A crested Helmet's plac'd upon it's Head.
 Upon his Stalk, Strings, Bow and Arrow's grow,
 A Horsman's Spur upon his Heel below.
Minerva I would have this Warriour wed,
 A Warriour fit for chaste *Minerva's* Bed;
 So might she teem, yet keep her Maiden-head.
 My Garden had but one of these I own,
 And therefore by the name of *Phanix* known,
 The Herb that could encrease *Jove's* mighty Breed;
 T' its self an Eunuch was and wanted seed.
 Grieving that Earth so rich a Prize should want,
 I try'd all means to propagate the Plant:

What cannot Wit, what cannot Art fulfil?
 At least where Pow'r's Divine wou'd shew their skill.
 One tender Bulb another did succeed,
 And my fair Phœnix now began to breed;
 But mark th' Event, shall I expecting sit,
 Cries *Jove*, till this young Sprout more Gods beget?
 To have a Rival in my Heav'n, and see
 An Herb-race mingle with *Jove's* Progeny?
 A dreadful and * blind Monster then does make;
 That on his Rival dire Revenge might take;
 Though less of size, shap'd like a Forest Boar,
 And turns him loose into my Garden's store.
 What havock did the Savage make that day,
 (I weep to think what flow'ry Ruins lay)
 With Sulphur's fume I strove to drive him thence,
 The fume of Sulphur prov'd too weak defence.
 Great *Spurge* and *Assa Fœtida* I try'd,
 In vain, in vain strong *Moly's* scent apply'd.
 Small Vermin did his Ancestors suffice,
 When they cou'd catch a *Beetle* 'twas a Prize,
 But such coarse fare this Salvage does despise. }
 He like a Swine of *Epicurus* breed,
 On the best Dainties of my Soil must feed.
Tulips of ten pounds price (so large and gay
 Adorn'd my Bow'r) he'd eat me ten a Day:
 For twice the sum I could not now supply
 The like, though *Jove* himself should come to buy.
 Yet like a Goddess I the damage bore,
 With courage, trusting to my Art for more.
 While therefore I contrive to trap the Foe
 The wretch devours my precious Phœnix too.
 Nor to devour the Sire is satisfy'd,
 But tears the tender off-spring from his side.
 O impious Fact — here *Flora* paus'd awhile,
 And from her Eyes the Crystal tears distil:
 But as became a Goddess checkt her grief,
 And thus proceeds, in language sweet and brief;
 Thee *Moly*, *Homer* did perhaps devour,
 For, to Heav'n's shame be't spoke; the Bard was poor.
 But in thy praise wou'd ne'r vouchsafe to speak.
 From these Examples, *Moly*, warning take,
 To fatal Honours seek not then to rise,
 'Tis dangerous claiming Kindred with the Skies: }
 Thou honest *Garlick* art, let that suffice,
 Of Country-growth, own then thy Earthly Race,
 Nor bring by pride on Plants or Man, disgrace:
 She said — and to the *Lily* waiting by,
 Gave Sign, that she her Title next should try.

* The Mole.

White---L I L Y.

SUCH as the lovely Swan appears
 When rising from the *Trent* or *Thame*,
 And as aloft his Plumes he rears,
 Despises the less beauteous stream:

So when my joyful Flow'r is born,
 And does its native glories show;
 Her clouded Rival she does scorn;
 Th' are all but foils where *Lily's* grow.

Soon as the Infant comes to light
 With harmless Milk alone 'tis fed;
 That from the Innocence of white
 A gentle temper may be bred.

The milky Teat is first apply'd
 To fiercest Creatures of the Earth,
 But I can boast a greater pride,
 * A Goddess's Milk, produc'd my Birth.

When *Juno* in the Days of yore
 Did with the great *Alcides* teem,
 Of Milk the Goddess had such store
 The Nectar from her Breast did stream.

Whitening beyond the pow'r of Art
 The Pavement where it lay,
 Yet through the Crevices some part
 Made shift to find its way.

The Earth forthwith did pregnant prove
 With *Lily-flow'rs* supply'd,
 That scarce the Milky way above
 With her in whiteness vy'd.

Thus did the Race of Man arise,
 When sparks of heav'nly fire
 Breaking through Crannies in the Skies,
 Did Earth's dull Mass inspire.

Happy those Souls that can like Me
 Their native White retain;
 Preserve their Heav'nly purity,
 And wear no guilty stain.

Peace in my Habit comes array'd,
 My Dress her Daughters wear;
 Hope and Joy in white are clad,
 In Sable weeds Despair.

Thus Beauty, Truth and Chastity
 Attir'd we always find

* *Jupiter* in order to make *Hercules* Immortal, clap'd him to *Juno's* breasts, while she was asleep. The lusty little rogue suck'd so hard, that too great a gush of Milk coming forth, some spilt upon the Sky, which made the *Galaxy* or *Milky Way*; and out of some which fell to the Earth arose the *Lily*.

These in no Female meet, but me,
From me are ne'r disjoin'd.

Nature on many Flow'rs beside
Bestows a muddy white ;
On me she plac'd her greatest Pride,
All over clad in Light.

Thus *Lily* spoke, and needless did suppose
Secure of form, her Virtues to disclose.
Then hallow'd *Lilies* of a different hue,
Who ('cause their beauty less than hers they knew) }
From Birth and high Descent their Title drew.
Of these the *Martagon* chief Claim did bring
(The noble Flow'r that did from *Ajax* spring)
But from the noblest Hero's veins to flow,
Seem'd less than from a Goddess Milk to grow.
At last the drowzy *Poppy* rais'd her Head
And sleepily began her Cause to plead,
Ambition ev'n the drowzy *Poppy* wakes,
Who thus to urge her Merit undertakes.

P O P P Y.

O Sleep, the gentle ease of Grief,
Of Care and toil the sweet Relief ;
Like Sov'reign Balm thou canst restore
When Doctors give the Patient o'r.

Thou to the wretched art a friend,
A Guest that ne'r does Farm intend,
In Cottages mak'st thy aboad,
To th' Innocent thou art a God.

On Earth with *Jove* bear'st equal sway,
Thou rul'st the Night as *Jove* the Day ;
A middle station thou dost keep
'Twixt *Jove* and *Pluto*, pow'rful Sleep !

As thou art just and scorn'st to lie,
Confess before this Company,
That by the Virtue of my Flow'r
Thou holdest thy nocturnal Pow'r.

Why do we call thee Loiterer,
Who fly'st so nimbly through the Air ;
The Birds on wing confess thy force,
And stop i'th' middle of their course.

Thy Empire as the Ocean wide,
Rules all that in the Deep reside ;
That moving Island of the Main
The Whale, is fetter'd in thy Chain.

The Desert Lands thy Pow'r declare,
 Thou rul'st the Lion, Tyger, Bear,
 To mention these alas, is vain,
 O'r City-tyrants thou dost Reign.

The *Basilisk* whose looks destroy,
 And Nymph more fatal, if she's coy;
 Whose Glances surer Death impart
 To her tormented Lover's Heart,

When Sleep commands, their Charms give way,
 His more prevailing force obey;
 Their killing Eyes they gently close
 Disarm'd by innocent Repose.

That careful *Jove* does always wake
 The Poets say; a foul mistake!
 For when to Pow'r the wicked rise,
 Can *Jove* look on with open Eyes?

When bloud to Heav'n for vengeance calls,
 So loud it shakes his Palace walls;
 Yet does unheard, unanswer'd sue,
 Must *Jove* not sleep, and soundly too?

That *Ceres* with my Flow'r is griev'd
 Some think, but they are much deceiv'd,
 For where her richest Corn she sows,
 The inmate *Poppy* she allows.

Together both our seeds does sling,
 And bids us both together spring,
 Good cause, for my Sleep-giving juice
 Does more than Corn to Life conduce.

On us the Mortals freely feed,
 Of other Plants there's little need;
 Full of *Poppy*, full of Corn,
 Th' *Hesperian* Garden you may scorn.

Bread's more refreshing mix'd with me,
 Honey and I with Bread agree,
 Our tast so sweet it can excite
 The weak, or sated Appetite.

In *Ceres* Garland I am plac'd,
 Me she did first vouchsafe to tast,
 When for her Daughter lost she griev'd,
 Nor, in long time had Food receiv'd.

'Bove all she does extol my Plant,
 For if sustaining Corn you want,
 From me such kind supplies are sent,
 As give both Sleep and Nourishment.

In old time
 the Seed of the
 White-*Poppy*
 parch'd was
 serv'd up as a
 Desert.

The Reason therefore is most plain
 Why I was made the fruitful'st Grain,
 The *Persian* brings not to the Field,
 Such Armys as my Camp does yield.

Diseases in all Regions breed,
 No corner of the World is freed,
 Hard labour ev'ry where we find,
 The constant Portion of mankind.

Sick Earth Great *Jove* beheld with Grief,
 And sent me down to her relief,
 And 'cause her Ills so fast did breed,
 Endu'd me with more fertile Seed.

Thus *Poppy* spake, nor did as I suppose,
 So soon intend her bold Harangue to close,
 But seiz'd with sleep, here finish'd her Discourse;
 Nor cou'd resist her own Lethargick force.
 I tell strange things, (but nothing should deter
 Since 'tis most certain truth what I aver,)
 Nor would I Sacred History profane
 As Poets use with what is false and vain.
 While *Poppy* spoke —
 Th' Assembly could no longer open keep
 Their Eyes, ev'n *Flora's* self fell fast asleep.
 So *Daffadils* with too much Rain oppress'd
 Recline their drooping Heads upon their Breast.
Zephyr, not long could bear this foul disgrace;
 With a brisk Breeze of Air he shook the Place:
Flora, who well her Husbands Kisses knew,
 Wak'd first, but rear'd her Head with much ado:
 With heavy Motion to her drowsie Eyes
 Her Fingers lifts, and what's a Clock, she cries.
 At which the rest (all by degrees) unfold
 Their Eye lids, and the open Day behold.
 The *Sun Flow'r* thinking 'twas for him foul shame
 To Nap by Day-light, strove t'excuse the blame;
 It was not sleep that made him Nod, he said,
 But too great weight and largeness of his Head.
 Majestick then before the Court he stands,
 And silence with *Phœbean* Voice commands.

S U N--F L O W E R.

IF by the Rules of Nature we proceed,
 And likeness to the Sire must prove the breed,
 Believe me Sirs, when *Phœbus* looks on you,
 He scarce can think his Spouse the Earth was true.

* The usual
Oath of the
Gods.

No sooner can his Eye on me be thrown,
But he * by *Styx* will swear I am his own.
My Orb-like golden Aspect bound with Rays,
The very Picture of his Face displays.
Among the Stars long since I should have place,
Had not my Mother been of mortal Race:
Presume not then, ye Earth-born *Mushroom* brood
To call me Brother — I derive my Blood
From *Phœbus* self, which by my Form I prove,
And (more than by my Form) my filial Love.
I still adore my Sire with prostrate Face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace.
Who seeing this (all things he sees) decreed
To you his doubtful, if not spurious breed,
These poorer Climes, to be in dow'r enjoy'd,
Of that Divine *Phœbean* metal void;
On me that * richer Soil he did bestow
Where Gold, the product of his Beams, does grow.
Amongst his Treasures well might he assign
A Place for me, his like and living coin.
He said, and bowing twice his Head with Grace
To *Flora*, thrice to's Sire, resum'd his Place.
To him succeeds a † Flow'r of greater Name,
Who from high *Jove* himself deriv'd his Claim.

* *America*,
where grow
the largest
Sun-Flowers.

† *Æolus Jovis*.

G I L L Y - F L O W E R.

How this Pretender for no Medicine good,
Can be allow'd the Son of *Physick's* God,
I leave to the wise Judgment of the Court:
With better proofs my Title I support,
Jove was my Sire, to me he did impart
(Who best deserv'd) the Empire of the Heart.
Let him with Golden Aspect please the Eye,
A Sov'raign Cordial to the Heart am I.
Not *Tagus*, nor the Treasures of *Peru*
Thy boasted Soil, can Grief like me, subdue.
Should *Jove* once more descend in Golden show'r,
Not *Jove* cou'd prove so Cordial as my Flow'r.
One Golden Coat thou hast, I do confess,
That's all, poor Plant, thou hast no change of Dress:
Of sev'ral hue I sev'ral Garments wear,
Nor can the *Rose* her self with me compare:
The gaudy *Tulip* and the *Emony*
Seem richly coated when compar'd with thee.
View both their Stocks, my Ward-robe has the same,
The very *Cressus* I of Colours am.
Rich but in Dress they are, in Virtue poor,
Or keep like *Misers* to themselves their store,

Most lib'rally my Bounty I impart,
 'Tis joy to mine to ease anothers Heart.
 Some Flowers for Physick serve, and some for Smell,
 For Beauty some — but I in all excell.

While thus she spake, her Voice, Scent, Dress and Port,
 Majestick all, drew Rev'rence from the Court:
 Well might th' Inferiour Plants concern'd appear,
 The very *Rose* her self began to fear:
 Her next of kin a fair and num'rous Host,
 Of their Alliance to *Carnation* boast.
 Then divers more, who, though to fields remov'd
 From *Garden-Gilly-flower* their Lineage prov'd.
 They of the *Saffron house* next took their Course,
 Of dwarfish Stature, but gigantick force;
 Led by their Purple Chief, who dares appear,
 And stand the shock of the declining Year.
 In *Autumn's* stormy Months he shews his head,
 When tainted Skies their baneful Venom shed.
 He scarce began to speak, when looking round,
 The * *Colchic* Tribe amongst his Train he found;
 Hence ye profane, he cry'd, nor bring disgrace
 On my fair Title, I disown your Race.
 Repair to *Circe's* or *Medea's* Tent,
 When on some fatal mischief they are bent,
 To baneful *Pontus* fly, seek kindred there,
 You who of Flowers, Earth, Heav'n, the scandal are.
 Thus did he storm, for tho by Nature mild,
 Against the poy'nous Race his Cholera boil'd.
 His sacred Virtue the Intruders knew,
 And from th' Assembly consciously withdrew.

* *Meadow Saffron*, called,
Bulbus Strangus,
Latorius &
Ephemeron
lithale.

S A F F R O N.

WHILE others boast their proud Original,
 And *Sol* or *Jove* their Parents call,
 I claim (contented with such slender Flowers)
 No kindred with Almighty Pow'rs.
 I from a Constant Lover took my Name,
 And dare aspire no greater Fame.
 Whom after all the Toils of anxious Life
 'Twixt Hopes and Fears a tedious strife,
 Great *Jove* to quit me of my hopeless Fire,
 (My Patron he, though not my Sire,)
 Transform'd me to a smiling Flower at last,
 To recompence my Sorrows past.
 Live cheerful now, he said, nor only live
 Merry thy self, but Gladness give;
 Then to my sacred Flow'r with Skill he joynd,
 Stems three or four of Star-like kind,

Ovid. Metam.

Made them the Magazines of Mirth and Joy,
 What e'r can fullen Grief destroy.
 Gay Humours there, Conceit and Laughter ly,
Venus and *Cupid's* Armory.
Bacchus may like a Quack give present Ease,
 That only strengthens the Disease.
 You crush (alas!) the Serpent's Head in vain,
 Whose Tail survives to strike again.
 All noxious Humours from the Heart I drive,
 And spight of Poyson keep alive.
 The Heart secur'd, through all the Parts beside
 Fresh Life and dancing Spirits glide.
 But still 'tis vain to guard th' Imperial Seat,
 If to the Lungs the Foe retreat,
 If of those Avenues he's once possess'd,
 Famine will soon destroy the rest.
 I watch and keep those Passes open too,
 For Vital Air to come and go.
 Ungrateful to his Friend that Breath must be,
 That can abstain from praising me.

But having been an Instance of Love's pow'r
 To Females still a sacred flow'r,
 Tis just that I shou'd now the Womb defend,
 And be to *Venus* Seat a friend.
 'Gainst all that wou'd the teeming part annoy
 My ready Succour I employ,
 I ease the lab'ring Pangs, and bring away
 The Birth that past its time wou'd stay.
 If this Assembly then my Claim suspend,
 Who am to Nature such a friend,
 Who all that's Good protect, and Ill confound,
 If you refuse to have me Crown'd.
 If you decline my gentle cheerful sway,
 Let my pretended Kinsman come in play,
 Punish your folly and my wrongs repay.

The foremen-
 tion'd Ba-
 sard-Saffron.

He said, and shaking thrice his fragrant Head
 Through all the Court a Cordial flavour spread:
 While of his scatter'd Sweets each Plant partakes,
 And on th' *Ambrosial* scent a Banquet makes.
 Touch'd with a sense of Joy, his Rivals smil'd,
 Ev'n them his Virtue of their Rage beguil'd ;
 Ev'n *Poppy's* self, refresh'd, crects her Head,
 Who had not heard one word of what he said.

* *Amaranthus*,
 that never
 withers.

* *Flower-gentle* last, on lofty stem did rise,
 And seem'd the humble *Saffron* to despise:
 On his high Name and Stature he depends,
 And thus his Title to the Crown defends.

Amaranth,

AMARANTH, FLOWER-GENTLE.

WHAT can the puling *Rose* or *Violet* say,
 Whose Beauty flies so fast away?
 Fit only such weak Infants to adorn,
 Who dye as soon as they are born.

Immortal Gods wear Garlands of my Flowers,
 Garlands eternal as their Powers,
 Nor time that does all earthly things invade
 Can make a Hair fall from my head.
 Look up, the Gardens of the Sky survey,
 And Stars that there appear so gay,
 If credit may to certain Truth be giv'n,
 They are but th' *Amarantiks* of Heav'n.

A transient Glance sometimes my *Cynthia* throws
 Upon the *Lily* or the *Rose*,
 But views my Plant, astonish'd, from the Sky,
 That she should Change, and never I.

Because with Hair instead of Leaves adorn'd,
 By some, as if *no Flower*, I'm scorn'd,
 But I my chieft Pride and Glory place
 In what they reckon my Disgrace.
 My Priv'ledge 'tis to differ from the rest;
 What has its like can ne'r be best:
 Nor is it fit Immortal Plants shou'd grow
 In form of fading Plants below.

That Gods have Flesh and Blood we cannot say,
 That they have something like to both we may,
 So I resembling an Immortal Power,
 Am only as it were a Flower.

Their Plea's thus done, the several Tribes repair,
 And stand in Ranks about the Goddess's Chair,
 Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.
Flora, who was of Temper light and free,
 Puts on a personated Gravity;
 As with the grave occasion best might suit,
 And in this manner finish'd the dispute.

F L O R A.

AMongst the Miracles of ancient *Rome*,
 When *Cineas* thither did as Envoy come,
 Th' August and purpled Senate he admir'd,
 View'd 'em, and if they all were Kings, enquir'd?

So I in all this num'rous throng must own
 I see no Head but what deserves a Crown.
 On what one Flower can I bestow my Voice,
 Where equal Merits so distract my Choice ?
 Be rul'd by me, the envious Title wave,
 Let no one claim what all deserve to have.
 Consider how from *Roman*-Race we spring,
 Whose Laws you know wou'd ne'r permit a King.
 Can I who am a *Roman* Deity,
 A haughty *Tarquin* in my Garden see ?
 Ev'n your own Tribes, if I remember right,
 Rejoyc'd when they beheld the Tyrant's flight.
 VVith *Gabine* slaughter big, think how he slew
 The fairest Flow'rs that in his Plat-forms grew ;
 Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,
 And both with sportive Cruelty destroy'd.
 You who are Lords of Earth as well as they
 Shou'd Free-born *Romans* Government display.
 Rest ever then a Common-wealth of Flow'rs,
 Compil'd of People and of Senators.
 This, I presume, the best for you and me,
 VVith Sense of Men and Gods does best agree.
Lily and *Rose* this Year your Consuls be
 The Year shall so begin auspiciously.
 Four *Prætors* to the Seasons four, I make,
 The vernal *Prætorship* thou, *Tulip*, take :
 † *Jove's* Flow'r the Summer, * *Crocus* Autumn sway, * *Saffron*.
 Let VVinter war-like *Hellebore* obey.
 Honour's the sole Reward that can accrue,
 Tho short your Office, to your Charge be true.
 Your Life is short --- the Goddess ended here,
 The Chosen, with her Verdict pleas'd appear
 The rest with Hope to speed another Year.

The End of the Fourth Book.

O F

P L A N T S.

B O O K V.

P O M O N A.

LET now my *Muse* more lofty numbers bring
 Proportion'd to the lofty Theme we sing,
 The Race of *Trees*, whose towering branches rise
 In open Air, and almost kiss the Skies.
 Too light those strains that tender Flow'rs desir'd,

Too low the Verse that humbler Herbs requir'd ;
 Those weaklings near the Surface of the Earth
 Reside, nor from the Soil that gave them birth
 Dare launch too far into the airy Main,
 The Winds rough shock unable to sustain :
 These to the Skies with Heads erected go,
 Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.
 Not Man the Earth's proud Lord so high can raise
 His Head, they touch those Heav'ns which he surveys.

Between th' *Herculean* Bounds and Golden Soil
 By great *Columbus* found, there lies an Isle
 Of those call'd *Fortunate* the fairest Seat,
 Indulg'd by Heaven and Natures blest retreat.
 A constant settled Calm the Sky retains,
 Disturb'd by no impetuous Winds or Rains.
Zephyr alone with fragrant Breath does cheer
 The florid Earth, and hatch the fruitful Year.
 No Clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
 But satiny Dews instead from Heav'n distill,
 And friendly Stars with vital Influence fill.
 No Cold invades the temp'rate Summer there
 More rich than Autumn, and than Spring more fair.
 The Months without distinction pass away,
 The Trees at once with Leaves, Fruit, Blossoms gay ;
 The changing Moon all these, and always does survey.
 Nature some Fruits does to our Soil deny
 Nor what we have can ev'ry Month supply,

O

But

But ev'ry sort that happy Earth does bear,
All sorts it bears, and bears'em all the Year.

This feat *Pomona* now is said to prife,
And fam'd *Alcinous* Gardens to despise.
Betwixt th' old World and new makes this retreat
Of her Green Empire the Imperial Seat:
And wisely too, that Plants of ev'ry sort
May from both Worlds repair to fill her Court.
Hedges instead of Walls this Place surround,
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,
With *Haw-Thorn* that does Magick Spells confound.
The well rang'd *Trees*, within broad walk display
Through which her Verdant City we survey:
I'th' midst her Palace stands, of Bow'rs compos'd,
With twining Branches, and Green Walls enclos'd;
By Nature deck'd with Fruits of various kind,
You'd swear some Artist had the Work design'd.

When Autumn's Reign begins the Goddeſs here,
(Autumn with us eternal Summer's there)
VVhen *Scorpio* with his Venom blaſts the Year,
The Goddeſs her Vertumnal Rites prepares,
(So call'd from various Forms *Vertumnus* wears)
No coſt ſhe ſpares thoſe Honours to perform,
(For no Expence can that Rich Goddeſs harm)
She then brings forth her Gardens choice Delights,
To treat the Rural Gods whom ſhe invites.
The twelve of Heavenly Race her Gueſts appear,
Wanton *Priapus* too is preſent there,
The fair *Hoſt* more attracts him than the *Fare*.
Then *Pales* came, and *Pan Arcadia's* God,
On his dull *Aſs* the Fat *Silenus* rode
Lagging behind; the *Fauni* next advance,
VVith nimble Feet, and to the Banquet dance,
Nor Heav'ns Inferiour Pow'rs were abſent thence,
VVhoſe Altars ſeldom ſmoak with Frankincenſe.
Picumnus who the barren Land manures,
Tutanus too who gather'd Fruit ſecures,
* *Collina* from the Hills, from Valleys low
† *Vallonia* came, || *Rurina* from the Plow,
With whom a hundred Ruſtick Nymphs appear,
VVho Garments form'd of Leaves or Bark did wear,
To theſe, ſtrange Powers from New-found * *India* came,
Moſt dreadful in their Aſpect, Form and Name.

The hundred Mouths of Fame cou'd ne'r ſuffice
To taſte or tell that Banquet's Rarities.
With change of Fruits the Table ſtill was ſtor'd,
For ready Servants waited on the Board
In various Dreſs, the Months attending too
In number twelve, twelve times the Feaſt renew.

* Goddeſs of
the Hills.

† Goddeſs of
the Vales.

|| Goddeſs of
plow'd Lands.

* *America*.

Of Apples, Pears and Dates they fill'd the Juice,
 The *Indian Nut* supply'd the double use
 Of Drink and Cup: the more luxuriant *Vine*
 Afforded various kinds of sprightly Wine. }
Canaria's neighb'ring Isle, the most Divine. }
 Of this glad *Bacchus* fills a Bowl, and cries,
 O sacred Juice; O wretched Deities!
 Who absent hence of sober *Nectar* take
 Dull draughts, nor know the Joys of potent *Sack*.
 The rest who *Bacchus* Judgment cou'd not doubt,
 Pledg'd him in Course, and sent the Bowl about.
Venus and *Flora* Chocolate alone
 Wou'd Drink, — the Reason to themselves best known.

The Gods (who scarcely were too wise to spare,
 When they both knew their welcome and their Fare)
 Fell freely on, till now Discourse began,
 And one, exclaiming cry'd, O foolish Man!
 That grossly feeds on flesh, when ev'ry field
 Does easie and more wholesom Banquets yield.
 Who in the blood of Beasts their hands imbrue,
 And eat the Victims to our Altars due.
 From hence the rest occasion take at last
 The Goddesses to extol, and her Repast:
 The *Orange* one, and one the *Fig* commends,
 Another the rich Fruit that *Persia* sends,
 Some cry the *Olive* up above the rest,
 But by the most the *Grape* was judg'd the best.
 The *Indian* God who heard them nothing say
 Of Fruits that grow in his *America*,
 (Of which her Soil affords so rich a store
 Her Golden Mines can scarce be valu'd more)
 Thus taxes their unjust partiality,
 As well he might; the *Indian Bacchus* he.

Can Prejudice, said he, corrupt the Powers
 Of this old World? far be that Crime from ours.
 If when to furnish out a noble Treat
 You seek our Fruits, the Banquet to compleat; }
 (Which I with greediness have seen you eat) }
 Are these your thanks, ingrateful Deities?
 Your Tongues reproach what did your Palates please:
 You only praise the growth of your own Soil,
 Because the Product of long Ages toil;
 But had not Fortune been our Countrey's foe,
 And Parent Nature's self forfook us too,
 Had not your armed *Mars* in Triumph rode
 O'r our *Ochecus*, a poor naked God,
 Had not your *Neptune's* floating Palaces
 Sunk our tall *Ochus* Fleet of hollow Trees,
 Nor thundring *Jove* made *Viracocha* yield,
 Nor *Spaniards* yet more fierce laid wast our field,

And left alive no Tiller to recruit
 The breed of Plants, and to improve the Fruit,
 Our Products soon had silenc'd this Dispute.
 But as it is, my Climate I'll defend,
 No Soil can to such num'rous Fruits pretend;
 We still have many to our Conqueror's shame,
 Of which you are as yet to learn the name,
 So little can you boast to shew the same.
 This I assert; if any be so vain
 To contradict the Truth that I maintain,
 (Since from both Worlds this Feast has hither brought
 All Fruits with which our different Climes are fraught)
 The Deities that are assembled here
 Shall judge which World the richest will appear;
 In Fruits I mean, for that our Lands excell
 In Gold, you to our sorrow know too well.

His Comrade-Gods in this bold Challenge join,
 Nor did our Powers the noble strife decline;
Minerva in her Olive safe appear'd;
Bacchus who with a smile the boaster heard,
 As in the *East* his Conquest had been shown,
 Now reckons the *West-Indies* too his own.
 His Courage with ten Bumpers first he chear'd;
 Then all agree to have the Table clear'd,
 And each respective Tree to plead her worth;
 The Goddesses one by one commands them forth.
 She summon'd first the *Nut* of double Race,
 And *Apple*, which in our old World have place,
 Of each the noblest Breeds, for to the name
 A thousand petty Families lay claim.

The *Nut*-trees name at first the *Oak* did grace,
 Who in *Pomona's* Garden then had place,
 Till her nice Palate Acorns did decline,
 Scorning in Diet to partake with Swine:
 At last the Filbert and the Chestnut sweet
 Were scarce admitted to her verdant seat;
 The airy *Pine* of form and stature proud,
 With much entreaty was at length allow'd.

The *Hazel* with light Forces marches up,
 The first in field, upon whose Nutty top
 A Squirrel sits, and wants no other shade
 Than what by his own spreading Tail is made;
 He culls the soundest, dextrously picks out
 The Kernels sweet and throws the Shells about,
 You see, *Pomona* cries, the cloyster'd Fruit,
 That with your Tooth, *Silenus*, does not suit.
 That therefore useless 'tis you cannot say,
 It serves our Youths at once for Food and Play;
 But while such toys, my Lads, you use too long,
 Expecting Virgins think you do them wrong;

'Tis time that you these childish sports forsake,
Hymen for you has other Nuts to crack.
 O Plant most fit for Boys to patronize
 (Cries *Bacchus*) who my gen'rous juice despise,
 A restive Fruit, by Nature made to grace
 The Monkey's jaws and humour the Grimace.
 The sudden Gibe made sober *Pallas* smile,
 Who thus proceeds in a more serious style.
 A strong and wondrous Enmity we find
 In Hazel-tree 'gainst Poysons of all kind,
 More wondrous their Magnetick sympathy,
 That secret Beds of Metals can descry,
 And point directly where hid treasures lie.
 In search of Golden Mines a Hazel Wand
 The wise Diviner takes in his right Hand,
 In vain alas! he casts his Eyes about
 To find the rich and secret Mansions out,
 Which yet, when near, shall with a force Divine
 The Top of the suspended Wand incline.
 So strong the sense of gain, that it affects
 The very Lifeless twig, who strait reflects
 His trembling hand, and eager for th' embrace,
 Directly tends to the Magnetick place.
 What wonder then so strange Effects confound
 The minds of Men, in mists of Errour drown'd;
 It puzzles me, who was at *Athens* bred,
 Ev'n me the off-spring of great *Jove's* own head;
 Let *Phœbus* then unfold this Mystery. (we.
 Much more than Man we know, but *Phœbus* more than
 She said -- *Apollo*, with th' *Ænigma* vext,
 And scorning to be pos'd, in words perplex,
 Strove to disguise his Ignorance, and spent
 Much breath on Atoms, and their wild ferment :
 Of Sympathy he made a long Discourse,
 And long insisted on Self-acting force;
 But all confus'd and distant from the mark,
 His Delphick Oracle was ne'r so dark.
 'Twas Mirth for *Jove* to see him tug in vain
 At what his wisdom onely cou'd explain:
 For those profounder Mysteries to hide
 From Gods, and Men is sure *Jove's* greatest pride.



Of this is
 made the Di-
 vining Rod,
 with which
 they discover
 Mines.

The shady *Chestnut* next her Claim puts in,
 Though seldom she is in our Gardens seen.
 So coarse her fare, that 'tis no small Dispute
 If Nuts or Acorns we shou'd call her fruit;
 So vile, the Gods from Mirth cou'd not forbear
 To see such Kernels such strong Armour wear;
 First with a linty Wad wrapt close about,
 (Useful to keep green wounds from gushing out)

Her next defence of solid wood is made,
The third has Spikes that can her foes invade.
Thersites sure no greater sport cou'd make;
With *Ajax* sev'nfold Shield upon his Back.

The *Pine* with awful Rev'rence next did rise
Above Contempt, and almost touch'd the Skies :

*Pulcherrima
Pines in hor-
tis. Virg. Ech.*

Carv'd in his sacred Bark he wore beside
Great *Maro's* words, to justifie his Pride:
Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and bowing low
His *Pine* wreath'd Head, but just respect did show :
Were *Neptune* present he had done the same;
To that fair Plant that in his *Isthmian* Game
The Victor crowns, whose loud Applauses he
With equal transport hears in either Sea.
Neptune of other Plants no Lover seems,
But with good reason he the *Pine* esteems ;
The *Pine* alone has courage to remove
From's native Hills (where long with winds he strove
In youth) on watry Mountains to engage
With's naked Timber fiercer tempests rage.
In vain were Floods to Plants and Men deny'd
In vain design'd for fishes to reside.

Since Natures Laws by Art are overcome,
And Men with Ships make Seas their Native home.

But of all Pines Mount *Ida* bears the best,
By *Cybele* prefer'd above the rest.

Alys ;
Reported for
the sake of
Chastity to
have made
himself an
Eunuch.

This Plant a lovely Boy was heretofore,
Belov'd by *Cybele*, upon whose score
He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now
Repents him of the rashness of his Vow.
His fruit delaying *Venus* now excites,
His Wood affords the Torch which *Hymen* lights.

The Daughter
of *Midas*,
espoused to
Alys.

Ia, for whom her Father, of *White-thorn*
A Torch prepar'd (e'r *Pine* by Brides was born)
When she shou'd meet her long expected Joy
Embrac'd the *Pine-tree* for her lovely Boy,
Dire change, yet cannot from his Trunk retire
But languishes away with vain Desire :
Till *Cybele* afforded her relief,

Bitter Al-
mond.

(Her Rival once, now partner in her grief)
Transform'd her to the bitter Almond-tree,
Whose fruit seems still with sorrow to agree.
Her Sister who the dreadful change did mark,
Strove with her hands to stop the spreading Bark ;
But while the pious Office she perform'd
In the same manner found her self transform'd.

Sweet Al-
mond.

But as her grief was less severe, we find
Her Almond sweet and of a milder kind.
Thus did this Plant into her Arms receive,
Th' unfortunat and more than once relieve.

Poor *Phyllis* thus *Demophoon's* absence mourn'd,
Till she into an Almond-tree was turn'd.
Thus *Phyllis* vanish'd; *Ceres* saw her bloom,
And prophesy'd a fruitful Year to come.

The firm *Pistachoe* next appear'd in view,
Proud of her fruit that Serpents can subdue.

The *Walnut* then approach'd, more large and tall,
His fruit which we a *Nut*, the Gods an *Acorn* call;

* *Jove's* Acorn, which does no small praise contests,
T' have call'd it *Man's Ambrosia* had been less.

* *Διδ; Βελαν-*
της.

Nor can this Head-like Nut, shap'd like the Brain

Within, be said that form by chance to gain,

Or *Caryon* call'd by learned *Greeks* in vain.

For Membrances soft as Silk her kernel bind,

Whereof the inmost is of tenderest kind,

Like those which on the Brain of Man we find,

All which are in a Seam-join'd Shell enclos'd,

Which of this Brain the Skull may be suppos'd.

This very Skull envelop'd is again

In a green Coat, his Pericranion.

Lastly, that no Objection may remain,

To thwart her near Alliance to the Brain;

She nourishes the Hair, remembering how

Her self deform'd without her Leaves does show:

On barren scalps she makes fresh honours grow.

Her timber is for various uses good

The Carver she supplies with lasting wood;

She makes the Painters fading Colours last,

A Table she affords us and repast;

Ev'n while we feast, her Oil our Lamps supplies,

The rankest Poison by her Virtue dies,

The Mad dogs foam, and taint of raging Skies.

The *Pontick* King who liv'd where Poisons grew,

Skilful in Antidotes, her Virtues knew;

Yet envious Fates that still with Merit strive,

And Man ingrateful from the Orchard drive

This Sov'rain Plant excluded from the Field

Unless some useles Nook a Station yield:

Defenceless in the common Road she stands,

Expos'd to restless War of vulgar hands;

By neighb'ring Clowns, and passing Rabble torn,

Batter'd with stones by Boys, and left forelorn.

To her did all the Nutty-tribe succeed,

A hardy Race that makes weak Gums to bleed;

But to the Banquets of the Gods prefer'd,

Are said to open of their own accord.

'Twixt these and juicy fruits of painted Coat,

Such as on Sunny Apples we may note;

Advanc'd the tribe of those with rugged skin,

More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a kin.

Mater pia
and *dura*
mater.

Pomgranate

Pomgranate Chief of these, whose blooming Flow'r
 (*Pomona's* pride) may challenge *Flora's* Bow'r,
 The Spring-Rose seems less fair when she is by,
 Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;
 Nor Scarlet Robes by proudest Monarchs worn,
 Nor purple streaks that paint the rising Morn,
 Nor Blushes that consenting Maids adorn.
 In the *Eubœan* Isle did stand of old
 Great *Juno's* Image, form'd of massy Gold,
 In one Right Hand she held a Scepter bright,
 (For with the Pow'rs Divine both Hands are Right)
 Her *Carthage* lovely fruit the other grac'd,
 And fitly in * *Lucina's* Hand was plac'd;
 Whose Orb within so many Cells contains,
 In form of Wombs, and stor'd with seedy Grains.
 But † *Proserpine* implacable remain'd
 Against this Plant, for former wrongs sustain'd,
 Nor *Ceres* yet her hatred cou'd disguise,
 But from *Pomgranate* turn'd her weeping Eyes.
 For the *Elysian* Fields (whence fates permit
 Nought to return) what Tree can be more fit
 Than this || restraining Plant? a single tast
 Of three small grains kept *Ceres* Daughter fast.

Pomgranate
 call'd *Malus*
Punica.
 * *Juno* being
 the same with
Lucina God-
 deſs of Mid-
 wifery.
 † *Jupiter* is
 ſaid to
 have promis'd
Ceres, that
Proſerpine
 ſhould be re-
 ſtor'd to her,
 if ſhe had
 taſted no-
 thing in the
 lower Re-
 gions, but ſhe having eaten *Pomgranate* ſeeds was retain'd. || *Pomgranate* a moſt powerful Reſtringent,
 uſed in all immoderate Evacuatiōns.

Orange and *Lemon* next like Lightning bright
 Came in, and dazled the Beholders ſight;
 Theſe were the ſam'd *Hesperian* Fruits of old,
 Both Plants alike, ripe fruit and Bloſſoms hold,
 This ſhines with pale and that with deeper Gold.
 Planted by *Atlas*, who ſupports the Skies,
 Proud at his ſect to ſee theſe brighter Stars to riſe.
 To keep them ſafe the utmoſt care he took,
 He ſenc'd 'em round with walls of ſolid Rock,
 Nor with *Priapus* Cuſtody content
 A watchful Dragon for their Guard he ſent.
 Let vulgar Apples, Boys and Beggars fear,
 Theſe, worth *Alcides* ſtealing did appear.
 From Lands remote he came, and thought his toils
 Were more than recompenc'd in thoſe rich ſpoils.
 He onely priz'd 'em for their taſt and hue,
 For half their real worth he never knew:
 Nor cou'd his Tutor *Mars* to him impart
 The nobler ſecrets of *Apollo's* Art.
 Had he but known their juice 'gainſt Poiſon good
 The *Hydra's* Venom mixt with Centaur blood,
 Had never made Mount *Oeta* hear his Cries,
 Nor th' oſt-ſlain Monster more had pow'r to riſe.

The *Plums* came next, by *Cherry* led, whose fruit
 Th' expecting Gard'ner early does salute,
 To pay his thanks impatient does appear,
 And with red Berries first adorns the Year.
May, rich in Dress, but in Provision poor,
 Admires and thinks his early Fruit a Flow'r.
 To wait for *Summer's* ripening heat disdains,
 Nor puts the Planter to immod'rate pains.
 He loves the cooler Climes, *Egyptian Nile*
 Cou'd ne'r persuade him on her Banks to smile.
 He scorns the bounty of a two-months tide
 That leaves him thirsting all the year beside.
 Proud *Rome* her self this Plant can scarcely rear
 Ev'n to this day he seems a Captive there.
 Pris'ner of War from *Cerasus* he came ;
 (From's native * *Cerasus* he took his name)
 From thence transplanted to th' *Italian Soil*
Lucullus triumph brought no richer spoil :
 Loud Pæans to your noble Gen'ral sing,
Italian Plants, that such a Prize did bring.
 The Conqu'rou's Laurels as in triumph wear
 The blushing Fruit, and captive *Cherries* bear.
 Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,
 Erelong thou shalt a Denizen become
 Amongst the Plants of World-commanding *Rome*.

* The Cherry-
 Tree in Latin
 call'd *cerasus* a
 Town in *Ca-*
padocia, from
 whence it was
 brought into
Italy by *Lucul-*
lus. An. Urb.
 680.



A num'rous Host of Plums did next succeed,
 Diff'ring in colour and of various breed :
 The Damask Prune, most antient led the Van,
 Who in *Damascus* first his Reign began.
 Time out of mind he had subdu'd the *East* ;
 'Twas long ere he got footing in the *West* ;
 But now in *Northern Climates* he is known,
 A hardy Plant makes ev'ry Soil his own.

Next him th' *Armenian Apricock* took place,
 Not much unlike but of a nobler Race ;
 Of richer Flavour and of tast Divine,
 Whose golden Vestments, streakt with Purple, shine.

Then came the Glory of the *Persian Field*,
 And to *Armenia's* pride disdain'd to yield.
 The *Peach* with Silken Vest and pulpy juice,
 Of Meat and Drink at once supplies the use.
 But take him while he's ripe, he'll soon decay,
 For next Days Banquet he disdains to stay.
 Of Fruits the fairest, as the Rose of Flow'rs,
 But ah! their Beauties have but certain Hours.

A Fruit there is on whom the * *Rose* confers
 Her Name, of smell and colour too like Hers.
 A Plum that can it self supply the Board,
 To hungry Stomachs solid food afford.

* *Rhodocina*.

To please our Gust and Stomach to recruit
 He thinks sufficient Tribute for his Fruit;
 For Physicks use his other parts are Wood,
 His Leaves, his Blossoms, ev'n his Gum and weed.
 Does to us health and joy alike restore,
 Friend to our Pleasure, to our Health much more.

Of which
 wood Spears
 and Bows
 were made.
*Volat Itala
 Cornus.*

Not so the Corneil-tree design'd for harms,
 Her wood supplies dire *Mars* with impious Arms.
 For such a Plant our Gardens are too mild,
 Harsh is her Fruit and fit for Desarts wild.

With her the *Jujube*-tree, a milder Plant
 Which (tho' offensive thorns she does not want)
 In Peace and Mirrh alone does pleasure take,
 Her Flow'rs, at feasts, the genial Garlands make,
 Her wood the Harp that keeps the Guests awake.

* An African
 Plant.

Next comes the *Lore*-tree in whose dusky hue
 Her black and Sun-burnt * Countrey you might view,
 To whom th' Assembly all rose up (from whence
 Came this Respect?) and paid her Reverence.

Priapus onely with a down-cast look,
 And conscious Blushes at her presence shook:
 Th' All-seeing Gods through that obscure disguise
 Nymph *Lotis* saw: conceal'd from humane Eyes.

Priapus onely with a down-cast look,
 And conscious Blushes at her presence shook:
 Th' All-seeing Gods through that obscure disguise
 Nymph *Lotis* saw: conceal'd from humane Eyes.

Ovid. Metam. 9.

They knew how on the *Hellespontick* shore
 T'escape the dreadful Dart *Priapus* wore,

And zealous to preserve her Chastity,
 She lost her Form and chang'd into a Tree.

Though now no more a Nymph, a better Fate
 She does enjoy, and lives with longer Date.

A longer Date than Oaks she does enjoy,
 Those long liv'd Oaks that call'd old *Nestor* Boy.

From *Romulus*
 the Builder,
 to *Nero* that
 burnt it.

She calls them *Girls*, green Branches she display'd
 When *Rome* was built, and when in Ashes laid.

'Tis true, she did not long survive the fire,
 (With grief and flames at once forc'd to expire.)

Almost nine hundred years were past away,
 Yet then she grudg'd to die before her Day.

* Instruments
 of Musick
 made of her
 wood.

Ev'n after Death her Trunk appears to * Live;

Does vocal Pipes and breathing Organs give,
 And fitly, like us Poets, may be said,

To make the greatest Noise when she is Dead.

A thousand Years are since elaps'd, yet still
 She flourishes in Praise, and ever will.

Her Trees rich Fruit with which she charm'd Mankind
 Shew'd, when a Nymph, the sweetness of her mind;

These sounds express the Musick of her tongue,
 More sweet than *Circe's* or the *Syren* throng.

But Nymph, retire, triumphant *Palm* appears,
 She thrives the more the greater weight she bears,

No pressure for her Courage is too hard,
 Of Virtue both th' Example and Reward.
 She flourish'd once in * *Selymæan* ground,
 Fam'd *Jostua's* and *Jessides* sacred triumphs crown'd.
 But since that Land was curst, the gen'rous Plant
 Grieves to continue her Inhabitant.

* *Judea.*

Pisa bears *Olives*, *Delpho's* Laurel yields,
Nemea *Smallage*, *Pines* the *Isthmian* Fields,
 But all breed *Palms*, the prize of Victory,
 All Lands in honour of the *Palm* agree.
 And 'tis but the just tribute of her Worth,
 Virtue no fairer Image has on Earth.
 Her Verdure she inviolate does hold,
 In spite of *Summer's* heat and *Winter's* cold.
 Opprest with weight she from the Earth does rise,
 And bears her Load in triumph to the Skies.
 What various * Benefits does she impart
 To humane kind; her Wine revives the Heart,
 Her Dates rich Banquets to our Tables send,
 At once to Pleasure, and to Health a friend.
 A Lover true, and well to love and serve
 Is Virtues noblest task, and does the *Palm* deserve.

* *Strabo* relates that the *Babylonians* used a Song that recited three hundred and sixty Benefits of the *Palm* or *Date-Tree*.

* Leaping into the flame of his Funeral Pile.

† Who died in her Husband *Admetus's* stead.

* *Evadne* who a willing Victim prov'd,
 Nor chast † *Acestis* so her Husband lov'd,
 As does the Female *Palm* her Male, her Arms
 To him are stretch'd with most endearing Charms,
 Nor stops their passion here; like Lovers, they
 To more retir'd Endearments find the way,
 In Earth's cold Bed their am'rous Roots are found
 In close Embraces twining under ground.

Let Arms to Learning yield, the *Palm* resign,
 The conqu'ring *Palm* to *Olive* more Divine;
 Peace all prefer to War—thus *Pallas* spoke;
 And in her Hand a peaceful *Olive* shook.
 'Twas with this Branch that she the Triumph gain'd
 (The greatest that can be by Gods obtain'd.)
 On learned *Athens* to confer her Name,
 A Right which she, most learn'd of Pow'rs, might claim.
 Not Gods in Heav'n without Ambition live,
 But, who shall be poor Mortals Patrons, strive.

The Contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva*, who should give the name to *Athens*.

First, *Neptune* with his Trident struck the ground;
 The warlike Steed no sooner heard the sound,
 But starts from his dark Mansion, shakes his Hair,
 His Nostrils snort the unaccustom'd Air,
 Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted Noise is proud,
 With his insulting Feet his native Field is plough'd, }
 Intrepid he beholds of Gods the circling Crowd. }
Pallas on th' other side with gentle stroke
 Of her strong Spear, Earth's tender surface broke,

Through which small Breach a sudden Tree shoots up,
 Ev'n at his Birth with rev'rend hoary top,
 And vig'rous fruit; the Gods applaud the Plant,
 And to *Minerva* the Precedence grant.
 The vanquish'd Steed and God in rage assail'd
 The Victors, but ev'n so, their malice fail'd,
 Wit's Goddess and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.

* Laws were
 made in
 Athens to se-
 cure the
Olive Tree.

Halirbotius.

* Hail sacred Plant, who well deserv'st to be
 By Laws secur'd from wrong as well as we;
 From War's wild rage Respect thou dost command,
 When Temples fall thou art allow'd to stand.
Neptune's bold Son revenging the disgrace
 His Sire sustain'd, fell dead upon the place,
 The whirling Ax upon his Head rebounds,
 The stroke design'd on thee, himself confounds.
 The Gods concern'd Spectators stood, and smil'd
 To see his impious Sacrilege beguil'd.
 Such be his fate whoc'r presumes to be
 A Foe to Peace and to her sacred Tree.
 Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant upon our guard
 Warns us to stand, and be for War prepar'd.
 In peace delights, but when the Cause is just,
 Permits not the avenging Sword to rust.
 With suppling Oil and conqu'ring wreath's supplys
 The Martial Schools, of youthful Exercise:
 Nor is the strong propension she does bear
 To Peace, th'effect of Luxury or Fear.
 Earth's teeming Womb affords no stronger Birth,
 No Soil manuring needs to bring her forth.
 Allow her but warm Suns and temp'rate Skies,
 The vig'rous Plant in any Soil will rise.
 Lop but a Branch and fix't in Earth, you'll see
 She'll there take root and make her self a Tree.
 Her youth, 'tis true, by slow degrees ascends,
 But makes you with long flourishing years amends.
 Nature her care in this did wisely show,
 That useful *Olive* long and easily shou'd grow.
 Most sov'raign taken inward, is her Oil,
 And outwardly confirms the Limbs for toil.
 Lifes passages from all obstruction frees,
 Clears Natures walks, to smarting wounds gives ease.
 With ease Banquets does the poor supply,
 And makes cheap Herbs with Royal Banquets vie.
 The Painters flying Colours it binds fast,
 Makes short-liv'd Pictures long as Statues last,
 The Student's Friend, no Labour can excel
 And last, but of *Minerva's* Lamp must smell.
 Nay, This does so! ———
 Most justly therefore does this Liquor rise
 O'r all in mixture, justly does despise

T' incorporate with any other Juice ;
 Sufficient in himself for ev'ry Use.
 Most justly therefore did *Judæa's* Land,
 (Who best religious Rites did understand)
 Oyl, potent, chaste, and sacred Oyl appoint
 Her Kings, her Priests, and Prophets to anoint.

Such was th' appearance which the *Olive* made,
 With noble Fruit and verdant Leaves array'd ;
 From whom *Minerva* took, as she withdrew,
 A joyful Branch, and with it wreath'd her Brow.
 Fresh Armies then advanc'd into the Plain,
 First those whose Fruit did many Stones contain,
 In their first Lists the *Medlar-Tree* was found
 Proud of his putrid Fruit because 'twas * crown'd.
 Of Beauties Goddess then the Plant more fair,
 Whose fragrant motion so perfum'd the Air ;
 The smook of Gums when from their Altars sent,
 Ne'er gave th' Immortal Guests such sweet content.
 Let *Phæbus* Laurel bloody Triumphs lead
 The *Myrtle* those where little blood is shed,
 Th' Ovation of a bleeding Maiden head.
 No Virgin Fort impregnable can be
 To him that Crowns his Brow with *Venus* Tree.

* The top thereof resembling a Crown or Coronet.

The Myrtle.

The tribe of *Pears* and *Apples* next succeed,
 Of noble Families, and numerous breed ;
 No Monarch's Table e'er despises them,
 Nor they the poor Man's board or earthen dish contemn.
 Supports of Life, as well as Luxury,
 Nor like their Rivals a few Months supply,
 But see themselves succeeded ere they die.
 Where *Phæbus* shines too faint to raise the *Vine*,
 They serve for Grapes, and make the Northern Wine.
 Their Liquor for th' effects deserves that name,
 Love, Valour, Wit and Mirth it can enflame,
 Care it can drown, lost Health, lost Wealth restore,
 And *Bacchus* potent Juice can do no more.
 With Cyder stor'd the * *Norman* Province sees
 Without regret the neighb'ring Vintages,
 Of *Pear* and *Apple*-kinds an Army stood,
 Before the Court, and seem'd a moving Wood ;
 On them *Pomona* smil'd as they went off,
 But flouting *Bacchus* was observ'd to scoff.

* Normandy in France.

The *Quince* yet scorn'd to mingle with the crowd,
 Alone she came, of signal Honours proud,
 With which by grateful *Jove* she was endow'd.
 A silky Down her golden Coat o'r-spreads,
 Her ripening Fruit a grateful Odour sheds ;
Jove otherwise ingrateful had been stil'd,
 In Honey steep'd she fed him when a Child.

In his moſt troward Fits the ſtopt his cries;
 And now he eats *Ambroſia* in the Skies,
 Reflects ſometimes upon his Infant Years,
 And juſt Reſpect to *Quince* and *Honey* bears.

The nobleſt of *Wine-Fruits* brought up the Rear,
 But all to reckon, endleſs wou'd appear,
 The *Barberry* and *Currant* muſt eſcape,
 Though her ſmall Cluſters imitate the Grape.
 The *Raspberry*, and prickled *Goosberry*,
Tree-Strawberry, muſt all unmention'd be,
 With many more whoſe names we may decline;
 Not ſo the *Mulberry*, the *Fig* and *Vine*,
 The ſtoutest Warriours in our Combat paſt,
 And of the preſent Field the greateſt hope and laſt.

But cautiously the *Mulberry* did rove,
 And firſt the temper of the Skies wou'd prove,
 VVhat ſign the Sun was in, and if ſhe might
 Give credit yet to *Winter's* ſeeming flight.
 She dares not venture on his firſt retreat,
 Nor truſt her Leaves and Fruit to doubtful Heat:

Her ready Sap within her Bark confines,
 Till ſhe of ſettled warmth has certain ſigns.
 But for her long delay amends does make
 At once her Forces the known ſignal take,
 And with tumultuous Noiſe their Sally make.
 In two ſhort Months her purple Fruit appears,
 And of two Lovers ſlain the tincture wears.

Pyramus and
Thisbe.

Her Fruit is rich, but Leaves ſhe does produce,
 That far ſurpaſs in worth and noble Uſe;
 The frame and colour of her Leaves ſurvey,
 And that they are moſt vulgar you muſt ſay,
 But truſt not their appearance, they ſupply
 The Ornaments of Royal Luxury.
 The Beautiful they make more beauteous ſeem,
 The Charming Sex owes half their Charms to them.
 Effeminate Men to them their Veſtments owe,
 How vain that pride which infect-worms beſtow!

Such was the *Mulberry* of wondrous Birth,
 The *Fig* ſucceeds; but to recite her worth,
 And various Powers, what numbers can ſuffice?
 Hail, *Ceres*, Author of ſo great a Prize.
 By thee with Food and Laws we were ſupply'd,
 And with wild Fare wild Manners laid aſide.
 VVith Peace and Bread our Lives were bleſt before,
 And modeſt Nature cou'd deſire no more;
 But thou ev'n for our Luxury took'ſt care,
 And kindly didſt this milky Fruit prepare.
 The poor Man's Feaſt, but ſuch delicious Cheer
 Did never at *Apicius* Board appear;

The grateful *Ceres* with this Plant is said
 Her hospitable Host to have repaid;
 Yet with no vernal Bloom the Tree supply'd;
 To lighter Plants, said she, I leave that Pride;
 To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy Dress,
 Who meretricious qualities confess,
 And who like wanton Prostitutes expose
 Their Bloom to ev'ry Hand, their Sweets to ev'ry Nose.
 My Fruit, like a Chast Matron does proceed,
 And has of painted Ornament no need,
 They study Dress, but mine Fertility;
 Forcing her Off-spring from her solid Tree.
 Through haste sometimes abortive Births she bears,
 But ever makes amends in those she rears.
 For whom her full-charg'd Veins supplies afford,
 Like a strong Nurse with Milk she's ever stor'd.

Phitalus who
 kindly enter-
 tain'd her, and
 in return re-
 ceiv'd from
 her the *Fig-*
Tree. *Pausan.*

Our Voice by thee refresh'd, ingrateful 'twere
 If, *Fig-Tree*, thy just praise it shou'd forbear;
 The Passes of our vital Breath by thee
 Are smooth'd and clear'd, obstructed Lungs set free.
 Nor only dost to Speech a Friend appear,
 Ev'n for that Speech thou dost unlock the Ear,
 Set'st ope the gate, and giv'st it entrance there.
 The foulest Ulcers putrid sinks are drain'd
 By thee, by thee the Tumour's Rage restrain'd;
 The Gangrene, Ring-worm, Scurf and Leprosie;
 Kings evil, Cancers, Warts are cur'd by thee:
 Of flaming Gout thou dost suppress the Rage,
 Of Dropsie thou the deluge dost asswage.
 'Twere eadless all thy Vertues to recite,
 With all the Hosts of Poysons thou dost fight,
 Aided by *Rue* and *Nut* pur'st *Africa* to flight.
 Encounter'st the Diseases of the Air,
 And baneful Mischiefs secret Stars prepare;
 Whence does this Vegetative Courage rise?
 Even angry *Jove* himself thou dost despise,
 His Lightning's furious Sallies thou dost see,
 That spares not his own Consecrated Tree,
 While he with Temples does wild havock make,
 While Mountains rend, and Earths foundations quake,
 Of thy undaunted Tree no Leaf is seen to shake.

Hail *Bacchus*! hail, thou powerful God of Wine,
 Hail *Bacchus* hail! here comes thy darling Vine,
 Drunk with her own rich Juice, she cannot stand,
 But comes supported by her Husbands hand,
 The lusty *Elm* supports her staggring Tree;
 My best lov'd Plant, how am I charm'd with thee?
 Bow down thy juicy Clusters to my Lip,
 Thy Nectar sweets I wou'd not lightly sip,

But

But drink thee deep, drink till my Veins were swell'd,
 Drink till my Soul with Joys and thee were fill'd.
 What God so far a Poets friend will be,
 Who from great *Orpheus* draws his Pedigree?
 (And tho his Muse comes short of *Orpheus* fame,
 Yet seems inspir'd, and may the *Ivy* claim)
 To place him on *Mount Ismarus*, or where
Campanian Hills the sweetest Clusters bear,
 Where Grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted grow,
 With *Phæbus* beams above, *Vesuvius* flames below.
 Or in the fortunate *Canarian Isles*,
 Or where *Burgundia's* purple Vintage smiles.
 'Tis fit the Poet should beneath their shade
 Transported lye, or on their Hills run mad,
 His Veins, his Soul swell'd with th' Inspiring God, }
 Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
 And with his grateful voice discharge agen
 The Deity, which with his Mouth he drank so largely in.
 O vital Tree, what blessings dost thou send?
 Love, Wit and Eloquence on thee attend,
 Mirth, Sports, green Hopes, ripe Joys, and Martial Fire.
 These are thy Fruits, thy Clusters these inspire;
 The various Poysons which ill Fortune breeds
 (Not *Pontus* so abounds with baneful weeds,
 Nor *Africa* so many Serpents feeds)
 By thy rich Antidote defeated are,
 'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the War,
 But 'tis when thou our Cordial art not by,
 They watch their time and take us when w'are Dry.
 Thou mak'st the Captive to forget his chain,
 By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again,
 The Exul thou restor'st, the Candidate
 Without the People's Vote thou dost create, }
 And mak'st him a *Caninian* Magistrate.
 Like kind *Vespasian* thou Mankind mak'st glad,
 None from thy presence e'r departed sad.
 What more can be to *Wisdom's* School assign'd,
 Than from prevailing Mists to purge the Mind?
 From thee the best Philosophy does spring,
 Thou canst exalt the Beggar to a King;
 Th' unletter'd Peasant who can compass thee,
 As much as *Cato* knows, and is as great as he.
 Thy Transports are but short, I do confess,
 But so are the Delights Mankind possess,
 Our Life it self is short, and will not stay,
 Then let us use thy Blessing while we may, (away.) }
 And make it in full streams of Wine more smoothly pass }
 The Vine retires; with loud and just Applause
 Of *European* Gods; - As she withdraws

Caninius was
 Consul but se-
 ven hours, dy-
 ing the same
 day he was
 chosen.

Each in his Hand a swelling Cluster prest;
 But *Bacchus* much more sportive than the rest,
 Fills up a Bowl with Juice from Grape-stones drain'd,
 And puts it in *Omelichilus* hand:

Take off this Draught, said he, if thou art wise,
 'Twill purge thy Cannibal Stomach's Crudities.

He, unaccustom'd to the acid Juice
 Storm'd, and with blows had answer'd the Abuse,
 But fear'd t' engage the *European* Guest,
 Whose Strength and Courage had subdu'd the *East*;
 He therefore chooses a less dang'rous fray,
 And summons all his Country's Plants away:
 Forthwith in decent Order they appear,
 And various Fruits on various Branches wear;
 Like *Amazons* they stand in painted Arms,
Coca alone appear'd with little Charms,
 Yet lead the Van, our scoffing *Venus* scorn'd
 The shrub-like Tree, and with no Fruit adorn'd.
 The *Indian* Plants, said she, are like to speed
 In this Dispute of the most fertile Breed,
 Who choose a *Dwarf* and *Eunuch* for their Head.
 Our Gods laugh'd out aloud at what she said.

Pachamama defends her darling Tree,
 And said the wanton Goddess was too free,
 You only know the fruitfulness of Lust,
 And therefore here your Judgment is unjust, }
 Your skill in other off-springs we may trust. }
 With those Chast Tribes that no distinction know }
 Of Sex, your Province nothing has to do. }
 Of all the Plants that any Soil does bear, }
 This Tree in Fruits the richest does appear, }
 It bears the best, and bears 'em all the year. }
 Ev'n now with Fruit 'tis stor'd — why laugh you yet?

Behold how thick with Leaves it is beset,
 Each Leaf is Fruit, and such substantial Fare
 No Fruit beside to Rival it will dare,
 Mov'd with his Countries coming Fate, (whose Soil
 Must for her Treasures be expos'd to spoil)

Our *Varicocha* first this *Coca* sent,
 Endow'd with Leaves of wondrous Nourishment,
 Whose Juice suck'd in, and to the Stomach ta'n
 Long Hunger and long Labour can sustain;
 From which our faint and weary Bodies find
 More Succour, more they clear the drooping Mind, }
 Than can your *Bacchus* and your *Ceres* join'd. }
 Three Leaves supply for six days march afford,
 The *Quitoita* with this Provision stor'd,
 Can pass the vast and cloudy *Andes* o'r,
 The dreadful *Andes* plac'd 'twixt Winters store

Of Winds, Rains, Snow, and that more humble Earth,
 That gives the small but valiant *Coca* Birth;
 This Champion that makes war-like *Venus* Mirth. }
 Nor *Coca* only useful art at home,
 A famous Merchandize thou art become;
 A thousand *Paci* and *Vicugni* groan,
 Yearly beneath thy Loads, and for thy sake alone }
 The spacious World's to us by Commerce known. }

Thus spake the Goddess, (on her painted Skin
 Were figures wrought) and next calls *Hovia* in.
 That for its stony Fruit may be despis'd,
 But for its Vertue next to *Coca* priz'd.
 Her shade by wondrous Influence can compose,
 And lock the Senses in such sweet Repose,
 That oft the Natives of a distant Soil
 Long Journeys take of voluntary Toil,
 Only to sleep beneath her Branches shade:
 Where in transporting Dreams entranc'd they lye,
 And quite forget the *Spaniards* Tyranny.

The Plant (at *Brasil* *Bacoua* call'd) the name
 Of th' Eastern *Plane-Tree* takes, but not the same:
 Bears Leaves so large, one single Leaf can shade
 The Swain that is beneath her Covert laid;
 Under whose verdant Leaves fair Apple grow,
 Sometimes two hundred on a single Bough;
 Th' are gather'd all the year, and all the year }
 They spring, for like the *Hydra* they appear, }
 To ev'ry one you take succeeds a Golden Hair. }
 'Twere loss of time to gather one by one,
 Its Boughs are torn, and yet no-harm is done;
 New-sprouting Branches still the loss repair,
 What would so soon return 'twere vain to spare.

The *Indian Fig-Tree* next did much surprize
 With her strange figure all our Deities.
 Amongst whom, one, too rashly did exclaim
 (For Gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woful shame)
 This is a Cheat, a work of Art, said he,
 And therefore stretcht his hand to touch the Tree;
 At which the *Indian* Gods laugh'd out aloud,
 And ours, no less surpriz'd with wonder stood.
 For lo! the Plant her Trunk and Boughs unclos'd,
 Wholly of Fruit and Leaves appear'd compos'd;
 New Leaves, and still from them new Leaves unfold,
 A sight 'mongst Prodigies to be enroll'd.

The *Tuna* to the *Indian Fig* a kin
 (The Glory of *Tlascalla*) next came in;
 But much more wonderful her Fruit appears,
 Than th' other Leaves, for living Fruit she bears.
 To her alone great *Varicocha* gave
 The Priviledge, that she for Fruit should have

Live Creatures, that with purple Dye adorn
 Th' Imperial Robe; the precious Tincture's worn
 With pride ev'n by the Conqu'rors of the Soil,
 But ah! they had not grudg'd that Purple spoil,
 Our *Cochinel* they freely might have gain'd,
 If with no other Blood they had been stain'd.

Guatemala produc'd a Fruit unknown
 To *Europe*, which with pride she call'd her own;
 Her *Cacao-Nut* with double Use endu'd,
 (For *Chocolate* at once is Drink and Food)
 Does strength and vigour to the Limbs impart,
 Makes fresh the Countenance and cheers the Heart.

In *Venus* Combat strangely does excite
 The fainting Warriour to renew the fight;
 Not all *Potosi's* silver Grove can be
 Of equal value to this useful Tree,
 Nor cou'd the wretched hungry owner dine,
 Rich *Cartama*, upon thy Golden Mine.
 Of old the wiser *Indians* never made
 Their Gold or Silver the support of Trade,
 Nor us'd for Life's support what well they knew
 Useless to Life, at best, and sometimes hurtful too.
 With Nuts instead of Coin they bought and sold,
 Their Wealth by *Cacao's*, not by Sums, they told.
 One Tree, the growing Treasure of the Field,
 Both Food and Cloths did to its owner yield;
 Procur'd all Utensils, and wanting Bread,
 The happy Hoarder on his Money fed.
 This was true Wealth, those Treasures we adore
 By Custom valu'd, in themselves are poor,
 And Men may starve amidst their Golden store.
 Too happy *India* had this Wealth alone,
 And not thy Gold been to the *Spaniard* known.

The *Aguacat* no less is *Venus* Friend
 (To th' *Indies Venus* Conquest does extend)
 A fragrant Leaf the *Aguacata* bears,
 Her Fruit in fashion of an Egg appears;
 With such a white and spermy Juice it swells,
 As represents moist Life's first Principles.

The *Cacao's* owner any thing may buy,
 But he that has the *Metla*, may supply
 Himself with almost all things he can want;
 From *Metla's* almost all-sufficient Plant;
Metla to pass as Money does despise,
 Or Traffick serve, it self is Merchandise.
 She bears no Nuts for Boys, nor luscious Fruit,
 That may with nice Effeminate Palates suit,
 Her very Tree is fruit; her Leaves when young,
 Are wholesom Food, for Garments serve when strong;

The Thorn
growing at
the end of
each Leaf,
which toge-
ther with the
stringy part
joyning to it,
is used in man-
ner of a Nee-
dle and
Thread to
sew withal.

Nor only so, but to make up the Cloth
They furnish you with Thread and Needle both.
What though her native Soil with drought is curst,
Cut but her Bark, and you may slake your thirst,
A sudden Spring will in the Wound appear,
Which through streight passēs strein'd comes forth more clear ;
And though through long Meanders of the Veins
'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,
Limpid and sweet the Virgin-stream remains.
These Gifts for Nature might sufficient be,
But bounteous *Metla* seem'd too small for thee ;
Thou gratifi'st our very Luxury.
For liqu'rish Palates Honey thou dost bear,
For those whose Gust wants quickning, Vinegar.
But these are trifles, thou dost Wine impart,
That drives dull care and trouble from the Heart:
If any wretch of Poverty complains,
Thou pour'st a golden Stream into his Veins.
The poorest *Indian* still is rich in thee,
In spite of *Spanish* Conquests still is free,
The *Spaniard's* King is not so blest as he.
If any doubts the Liquor to be Wine,
Because no Crystal Water looks more fine,
Let him but drink he'll find the weak Nymph fled,
And potent *Bacchus* enter'd in her stead.
To all these Gifts of Luxury and Wealth,
Thou giv'st us sov'reign Med'cines too for Health :
Choice Balm from thy concocted Bark breaks forth,
Thou shedst no Tear, but 'tis of greater worth
Than fairest Gems, no Lover more can prize
The tears in his consenting Mistress Eyes,
When in his Arms the panting Virgin lies :
No Antidote affords more present aid
'Gainst doubly mortal wounds by pois'nous Arrows made:
Almost all Needs thou *Metla* dost supply,
Yet must not therefore bear thy self too high ;
VWhile th' all-sufficient *Coccus Tree* is by.
To *Coccus* thou must yield the Victory.
VWhere she preserves this *Indian* Palm alone,
America can never be undone,
Embowell'd and of all her Gold bereft,
Her liberty and *Coccus* only left,
She's richer than the *Spaniard* with his theft.
What senseless Miser by the Gods abhorr'd,
Wou'd covet more than *Coccus* doth afford ?
House, Garments, Beds and Boards, ev'n while we dine,
Supplies both Meat and Dish, both Cup and Wine.
Oyl, Honey, Milk, the Stomach to delight,
And poignant Sawce to whet the Appetite.

Nor is her service to the Land confin'd
 For Ships intire compos'd of her we find,
 Sails, Tackle, Timber, Cables, Ribs and Mast,
 Therewith the Vessel fitted up, at last
 With her own Ware is freighted, all she bears
 Is *Coccus* growth, except her Mariners;
 Nor need we ev'n her Mariners exclude
 Who from the *Coco-Nut* have all their food.

The *Indian* Gods with wild and barb'rous voice
 And Gestures rude, tumultuously rejoice;
 Ours as astonish'd and with envious Eyes
 Each other view'd, if as weak Men surmise,
 Envy can touch immortal Deities. }
 My modest Muse that Censure does decline,
 Nor dares interpret ill of Pow'rs Divine.
 The *Indian* Pow'rs (though yet they had not shown
 The hundredth part of Plants to *India* known)
 Already did conclude the Day their own.
 Rash and impatient round the Goddess throng,
 And think her Verdict is deferr'd too long.

Pomona seated high above the rest,
 Was cautiously revolving in her Brest,
 (The cause depending was no trifling toy,
 That did the Patrons of both Worlds employ)
 T' express her self at large she did design,
 And handsomly the Sentence to decline;
 (If I may guess at what the Goddess meant)
 But lo! a slight and sudden Accident
 Puts all the Court into a wild Ferment. }
 For, during th' tryal, the most tipling Brace,
Omelochilus of the *Indian* Race,
 And our * *Lenæus*, at what'er was spoke
 Or done that pleas'd him, a full Bumper took
 And drank to e' other, him the *Metla*-Tree
 Supply'd with juice, thy Vine, *Lenæus* thee.
 Each Bowl they touch'd, they turn'd the Bottom up,
 And gave a brisk Huzza at ev'ry Cup.
 Their Heads at last the rising vapour gains
 And proves too hard for their immortal Brains,
 With mutual Repartees they jok'd at first,
 Till growing more incens'd they swore and curst;
Omelochilus does no longer dread
 (With present *Metla* warm'd) the *Grecian* God, }
 But throws a *Coco* Bowl at *Bacchus* Head.
 Which spoil'd his Draught; but left his forehead sound,
 And rests betwixt his Horns without a wound.
Bacchus enrag'd with Wine and passion too,
 With all his might his massy Goblet threw,

* *Bacchus*

Directly

Directly levell'd at the Rustick's Face,
 That laid him bruis'd and sprawling on the place :
 He in his native Gibb'rish cries aloud,
 And with his Noise alarms the savage Crowd ;
 Gnashing their foamy Teeth, like Beasts of prey,
 Promiscuously they bellow, roar and bray ;
 The frighted Waves back to the Deep rebound,
 The very Island trembles with the sound.

Next him *Vitziliputli* sat, in smoak
 Of foul *Tobacco* almost hid, that broke
 In Belches from his gormandizing Maw,
 Where humane flesh as yet lay crude and raw,
 Throwing in rage his kindled Pipe aside
 And snatching Bow and Darts, Arm, Arm, he cry'd.
Tescalipuca (of the salvage Band
 The next in fierceness) took his Spear in hand,
 And all in Arms the barb'rous Legion stand. }
 The Goddesse disperse, and sculk behind
 The Thickets, frighted *Venus* bore in mind
 Her former Wound, th' effect of mortal Rage,
 What must she then expect where Gods engage ?
Pallas, who onely courage had to stay,
 In vain her peaceful *Olive* did display :
 Th' He-gods with manly weapons in their Hand
 Devoted to the dire Encounter stand ;
 Most woful some had that days Bartel found,
 And long been maim'd with many an aking wound,
 (For to suppose th' Immortals can be slain
 Though with Immortals they engage, is vain)
 Had not *Apollo* in the nick of time
 Found out a Strat'gem to divert that Crime ;
 Which with his double Title did agree
 The God of Wit and healing Deity ;
 None better knew than he to use the Bow,
 But now resolv'd his nobler Skill to show
 Sweet Musicks Powr ; he takes his Lyre in hand,
 And does forthwith such charming sounds command,
 As struck the Ear of Gods with new delight,
 When Nature did this world's great frame unite :
 When jarring Elements their War did cease,
 And danc'd themselves into harmonious Peace.
 Such streins had surely charm'd the *Centaur's* Rage,
 Such streins the raving Billows cou'd assuage ;
 Wild Hurricanes had due obedience shown,
 And to attend his sounds suppress'd their own.
 The wrangling Guests at once appear bereft
 Of ev'ry sense, their Hearing onely left.
Vitziliputli, fiercest of the Crew,
 While to the Head his venom'd Shaft he drew,

Lets fall both Dart and Bow ; with lifted Hands
 Astonish'd, and with Mouth wide-gaping stands,
 So high to raise his greedy Ears he's said,
 As forc'd his feather'd Dr'dem from his Head.

Pomona's Altar hew'd from solid Rock
 In both his Hands bold *Varicoca* took ;
 Which like a Thunder bolt he wou'd have hurld,
 (He is the Thund'rer in the *Indian* world)
 But at the first sweet strain forgot his heat,
 Laid down the stone, and us'd it for a Seat :
 His ravish'd Ears the peaceful sounds devour,
 His hundred Victims never pleas'd him more.
 Their Magick force in spite of his disgrace
 And gore yet streaming from his batter'd Face,
Omelichilus self did reconcile ;

At first, 'tis true, he did but faintly smile,
 And laugh'd anon as loud as any there ;
 For such the sacred Charms of Measures are ;
 The ambient Air struck with the healing sounds
 Of *Phœbus* Lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds.
 Ev'n of their own accord the Breaches close,
 For pow'rful Musick all things can compose.
 Pleas'd with his Art's success, *Apollo* smil'd
 To see the aukward Mirth and Gestures wild
 Of his charm'd Audience ; having thus subdu'd
 Their ravish'd sense, his Conquest he pursu'd,
 And still to make the pleasing Spell more strong,
 Joins to his Lyre his tuneful Voice and Song.
 He sung, how th' inspir'd Hero's mind beheld
 A World that for long Ages lay conceal'd.

Columbus.

Most happy thou whose Fancy cou'd descry
 A World seen onely by my circling Eye.
 Thou who alone in Toils hast equal'd me,
 Great *Alexander* is out-done by thee ;
 By thee whose Skill cou'd find and courage gain
 That other world for which he wish'd in vain.
 Not my own Poets Tales cou'd thee deceive,
 No credit to their fables thou didst give,
 Me, weary'd with my Day's hard course, they feign
 To rest each Night in the *Hesperian* Main,
 Can *Phœbus* tire ? my great *Columbus* thou
 Didst better judg, and *Phœbus* better know.
 For I my self did then thy thoughts incline,
 Inspir'd by Skill, and urg'd the bold Design.
Herculean Limits cou'd not thee contain
 Nor terrour of an unexperienc'd Main ;
 Nor Nature's awful Darkness cou'd restrain.
 Thy Native worlds dear fight for three Months lost,
 For three long Months on the wide Ocean tost.

New Stars, new Floods, and Monsters thou didst spy
 Unterrify'd thy self, new Gods didst terrifie:
 Thou only thou undaunted didst appear,
 While thy faint Comrades half expir'd with fear;
 They urge thee to return and threaten high,
 When, *Guanaban*, thy Watch-light they desery,
 Thy flaming Beacon from afar they spy:
 Whose happy Light to their transported Eyes
 Discloses a new World; with joyful cries
 They hail the sign that to a golden Soil
 Unlock'd the Gate; forgetting now their Toil.
 They hug their Guide at whom they late repin'd,
 From this small Fire, and for small use design'd,
 How great a Light was open'd to Mankind!
 How easily did Courage find the way
 By this Approach to seize the golden Prey,
 That in a secret World's dark Entrails lay!
 For Courage what attempt can be too bold?
 Or rather what for thirst of Pow'r and Gold?
 VVhile to the shoar the *Spanish* Navy drew,
 The *Indian* Natives with amazement view
 Those floating Palaces, which fondly they
 Mistook for living Monsters of the Sea;
 Wing'd VVhales — nor at the *Spaniards* less admire,
 A Race of Men with Beards and strange Attire,
 VVhose Iron-dress their native Skin they deem'd:
 The Horse-man mounted on his Courser seem'd
 To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;
 A compound Monster of two Bodies join'd:
 That cou'd at once in severl accents break,
 Neigh with one Mouth, and with the other speak.
 But most the roaring Cannon they admire,
 Discharging sulph'rous Clouds of Smoak and Fire;
 Mock-Thunder now they hear, mock-Light'ning-view,
 With greater Dread than e'r they did the true.
 Ev'n thou the Thunderer of th' *Indian* Sky
 (Nor wilt thou *Varicocha* this deny)
 Ev'n thou thy self astonish'd didst appear
 When Mortals louder Thunder thou didst hear.
 Strange Figures, and th' unwonted Face of things
 No less amazement to the *Spaniard* brings,
 New Forms of Animals their sight surpris'd,
 New Plants, new Fruits, new Men and Deities,
 Intirely a new Nature meets their Eyes.
 But most transported with the glitt'ring Mould,
 And wealthy Streams whose Sands were fraught with Gold,
 These they too much admire with too much love behold.
 For these forthwith against their Hosts engage
 The treach'rous Guests in impious War and Rage;

From these, inhumane slaughter did ensue
Which now I grieve to tell, as then I blush'd to view.
By sudden force, like some demolish'd Town;
I saw the *Indian* world at once o'rthrown.

What can this Land by this Dispute intend?

About her Fruits she does in vain contend,

Who knows not how her Entrails to defend.

Thy Slaughters past, do thou at length forget
For with no small Revenge thy wrongs have met,
And Heav'n will give thee greater Comforts yet.
Enjoy thy fate whose bitter Part is o'r
And all the sweet for thee reserv'd in store.

Here *Phœbus* his most chearful Airs employs
And melts their savage Hearts in promis'd Joys.
They felt his Musick glide through ev'ry vein,
Their brawny Limbs from Dancing scarce refrain,
But fear'd to interrupt his charming strain.

That Gold which *Europe* ravish'd from your Coast
O'r *Europe* now a Tyrants pow'r does boast.
Already has more Mischiefs brought on *Spain*
Than from insulting *Spaniards* you sustain.
Where e'r it comes all Laws are straight dissolv'd,
In gen'ral Ruin all things are involv'd:

No Land can breed a more destructive Pest
Grieve not that of your Bane y' are dispossest
Call in more *Spaniards* to remove the rest.

The fatal *Helen* drive from your Aboads,
Th' *Erinmys* that has set both worlds at odds.
Fire, Sword and slaughter on her footsteps wait;
Whole Empires she betrays to utmost Fate.

Mean while these benefits of Life you reap
Consider, and you'll find th' exchange was cheap.
Your former salvage Customs are remov'd,
The Manners of your Men and Gods improv'd:
With humane flesh no more they shall be fed;
Whether dire Famine first that practice bred,
Or more detested Luxury —

Not long shalt thou *Vitziliputli* feed
On bloody feasts, or smoak thy *Indian* weed;
Er long (like Us) with pure Ambrosial Fare
Thou shalt be pleas'd, and tast Celestial Air.

To live by wholesom Laws you now begin,
Buildings to raise and fence your Cities in,
To plow the Earth, to plow the very Main,
And Traffick with the Universe maintain;
Defensive Arms and Ornaments of Dress,
All Implements of Life you now possess.
To you the Arts of War and Peace are known,
And whole *Minerva* is become your own.

Our Muses to your Sires an unknown Band,
 Already have got footing in your Land,
 And like the Soil ———
Inca's already have Historians been,
 And *Inca*-Poets shall ere long be seen.
 But (if I fail not in my Augury
 And who can better judg events than I?)
 Long rowling years shall late bring on the times,
 When with your Gold debauch'd and ripen'd Crimes,
Europe (the world's most noble Part) shall fall,
 Upon her banish'd Gods and Virtue call
 In vain; while forcin and domestick War
 At once shall her distracted Bosom tear;
 Forlorn, and to be pity'd ev'n by you.——
 Mean while your rising Glory you shall view;
 Wit, Learning, Virtue, Discipline of War
 Shall for protection to your world repair,
 And fix a long illustrious Empire there. }
 Your native Gold (I would not have it so
 But fear th' Event) in time will follow too :
 O, should that fatal Prize return once more,
 'Twill hurt your Countrey as it did before.

Late Destiny shall high exalt your Reign
 Whose Pomp no Crowds of Slaves, a needles Train,
 Nor Gold (the Rabble's Idol) shall support
 Like *Motezume's*, or *Guanapaci's* Court.
 But such true Grandeur as old *Rome* maintain'd,
 Where Fortune was a Slave and Virtue Reign'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

O F
P L A N T S.

BOOK VI.

S Y L V A.

CEASE, O my Muse, the soft delights to sing
Of flowry Gardens in their fragrant Spring;
And trace the rougher paths of obscure Woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'rgrown with Shrubs:
Where *Phœbus*, once thy Guide, can dart no ray

T' inspire thy flight, and make the Scene look gay.

Courage, my Huntress, let us range the Glades,
And search the inmost Grotto's of the Shades:

Even to the lone Recesses let us pass,
Where the green Goddess rests on Beds of Moss.

Let loose, my Fancy, swift of foot to trace

With a sagacious scent the noble chase,

And with a joyful cry pursue the Prey;

'Tis hidden Nature we must rouse to day.

Set all your Gins, let every Toil be plac'd,

Through all her Tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,

And seize her panting with her eager hast.

Nor yet disdain, my Muse, in Groves to range,

Or humbler Woods for nobler Orchards change.

Here Deities of old have made abode,

And once secur'd Great *Charles* our earthly God.

The Royal Youth, born to out-brave his Fate,

Within a neighbouring Oak maintain'd his State:

The faithful Boughs in kind Allegiance spread

Their sheltring Branches round his awful Head,

Twin'd their rough Arms, and thicken'd all the Shade.

To thee, belov'd of Heaven, to thee we sing

Of sacred Groves blooming perpetual Spring.

Mayst thou be to my Rural Verse and Me,

A present and assisting Deity.

Disdain not in this leafy Court to dwell,

Who its lov'd Monarch did secure so well.

Th' Eternal *Oak* now consecrate to thee
 No more thy Refuge, but thy Throne shall be.
 We'll place thee Conqueror now, and crown thy brows
 With Garlands made of its young gayest boughs :
 While from our oaten Pipes the world shall know
 How much they to this sacred shelter owe.

And you, the soft Inhabitants of the Groves,
 You Wood-Nymphs, Hamadryades and Loves,
 Satyrs and Fauns, who in these Arbors play,
 Permit my Song, and give my Muse her way.
 She tells of ancient Woods the wondrous things,
 Of Groves long veild in sacred darkness sings,
 And a new Light into your Gloom she brings.
 Let it be lawful for me to unfold

Divine Decrees that never yet were told :
 The Harangues of the Wood Gods, to rehearse
 And sing of Flowry Senates in my Verse.
 Voices unknown to Man he now shall hear,
 Who always ignorant of what they were,
 Have pass'd 'em by with a regardless ear ;
 Thought 'em the murmuring of the rustled Trees,
 That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting Breeze ;
 But *Daphne* knew the Mysteries of the Wood ;
 And made discoveries to her amorous God ;
Apollo me inform'd, and did inspire
 My Soul with his Divine Prophetic fire :
 And I, the Priest of Plants, their sense expound.
 Hear, O ye Worlds, and listen all around.

Daphne being
 turn'd into a
 Laurel.

'Twas now when Royal *Charles* that Prince of peace,
 (That pious Off spring of the Olive Race)
 Sway'd *Englands* Scepter with a God-like hand,
 Scattering soft Ease and Plenty o'r the Land,
 Happy 'bove all the neighbouring Kings, while yet
 Unruffled by the rudest storms of Fate,
 More fortunate the People, till their Pride
 Disdain'd Obedience to the Sovereign Guide,
 And to a base Plebeian Senate gave
 The Arbitrary Priv'lege to enslave ;
 Who through a Sea of Noblest Blood did wade,
 To tear the Diadem from the Sacred Head.
 Now above Envy, far above the Clouds
 The Martyr sits triumphing with the Gods,
 While Peace before did o'r the Ocean fly
 On our blest Shore to find security :
 In *British* Groves she built her downy nest,
 No other Climate could afford her rest :
 For warring Winds o'r wretched *Europe* range,
 Threatning Destruction, universal Change.
 The raging Tempest tore the aged Woods,
 Shook the vast Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods.

Nor did the fruitful Goddess brood in vain,
 But here in safety hatch'd her golden train,
 Justice and Faith one *Cornucopia* fill,
 Of useful Medicines known to many an Ill.

Such was the Golden Age in *Saturn's* sway,
 Easie and innocent it pass'd away:
 But too much Luxury and good Fortune cloy,
 And Virtues she should cherish she destroys.
 What we most wish, what we most toil to gain
 Enjoyment palls, add turns the Bliss to pain.
 Possession makes us shift our Happiness,
 From peaceful Wives to noisie Mistresses.
 The Repetition makes the Pleasure dull;
 'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.
 O Notion false! O Appetite deprav'd,
 That has the nobler part of Man enslav'd.
 Man born to Reason, does that Safety quit,
 To split upon the dangerous Rock of Wit.
 Physicians say, there's no such danger near,
 As when, though no signs manifest appear,
 Self-tir'd and dull, man knows not what he aids,
 And without toil his Strength and Vigor fails.

Such was the State of *England*, sick with Ease,
 Too happy, if she knew her Happiness,
 Their Crime no Ignorance for Excuse can plead,
 That wretched refuge for Ingratitude.
 'Twas then that from the pitying Gods there came
 A kind admonishing Anger to reclaim
 In dreadful Prodigies; but, alas, in vain.
 So rapid Thunder-bolts before the Flame
 Fly, the consuming Vengeance to proclaim.
 I, then a Boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,
 And still thot' horrid Images I bear.
 The mournful Signs are present to my Eyes.
 I saw o'r all the Region of the Skies,
 The History of our approaching Wars
 Writ in the Heav'ns in wondrous Characters.
 The vaulted Firmament with Lightning burns,
 And all the Clouds were kindled into Storms,
 And form'd an Image of th' Infernal Hell;
 (I shake with the portentous things I tell)
 Like sulph'rous waves the horrid Flames did roll,
 Whose raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole;
 Then suddenly the bursting Clouds divide,
 A Fire-like burning mounts on either side,
 Discovering (to th' astonish'd World) within
 At once a dreadful and a beauteous Scene:
 Two mighty Armies clad in Battle-array
 Ready by Combat to dispute the day:

This relation
 of Prodiges,
 Mr. Cowley
 assures to be
 true; *Veram
 esse in me re-
 cipio.* In the
 Margin to the
 Original.

Their waving Plumes and glittering Armour shone,
 Mov'd by the Winds and guilded by the Sun.
 So well in order seem'd each fearless Rank,
 As they'd been marshall'd by our Hero, *Monk*,
Monk, born for mighty things and great command,
 The glorious Pillar of our falling Land.
 Perhaps his Genius on the Royal side
 One of those Heav'nly Figures did describe,
 Here pointed out to us his noble force,
 And form'd him Conqueror on a flaming Horse.
 We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
 The Signal giv'n by Drum and Trumpet sound,
 We saw the fire-wing'd Horses fiercely meet,
 And with their fatal Spears each other greet.
 Here shining brandish'd Pikes like Lightning shook,
 While from Ethereal Guns true Thunder broke.
 With gloomy Mists th' involv'd the Plains of Heaven,
 And to the Cloud-begotten men was given
 A memorable Fate —

By the dire Splendor which their Arms display'd,
 And dreadful Lightning that from Cannons play'd,
 We saw extended o're the Aereal Plain
 The wounded Bodies of the numerous slain.
 (Their Faces fierce with anger understood)
 Turning the Sky red with their gushing Blood,
 At last that Army we the Just esteem'd,
 And which adorn'd by noblest Figures seem'd
 Of Arms and Men, alas! was put to flight;
 The rest was veil'd in the deep Shades of Night,
 And Fates to come secur'd from humane sight.

But stupid *England* touth'd with no remorse,
 Beholds these Prodigies as things of course.
 (With many more, which to the Just appear'd
 As ominous Presages.) Then who fear'd
 The Monsters of the *Caledonian* Woods,
 Or the hid ferments of Schismatic Crowds?
 Nor had the impious *Cromwel* then a Name,
 For *England's* Ruin, and for *England's* Shame.
 Nor were the Gods pleas'd only to exhort
 By signs the restive City and the Court.
 Th' impending Fates o'r all the Thickets reign'd,
 And Ruin to the *English* Wood proclaim'd,
 We saw the sturdy Oaks of monstrous growth,
 Whose spreading roots fix'd in their native Earth,
 Where for a thousand years in peace they grew,
 Torn from the Soil, though none but *Zephrus* blew.
 But who such violent Outrages could find
 To be th' effects of the soft Western wind?
 The *Dryads* saw the right hand of the Gods
 O'turn the noblest shelters of the Woods.

Others their Arms with baneful leaves were clad,
 That new unusual Forms and Colours had,
 Whence now no *Aromatic* moisture flows,
 Or noble *Mistletoe* enrich the boughs.
 But bow'd with Galls, within whose boding hulls
 Lurk'd Flies, diviners of ensuing ills.
 Whose fatal buz did future slaughters threat,
 And confus'd murmurs full of dread, repeat.
 When no rude winds disturb'd the ambient Air,
 The Trees, as weary of repose, made war.
 With horrid noise grappling their knotty Arms,
 Like meeting Tides they ruffle into Storms;
 But when the VVinds to ratling Tempests rise,
 Instead of warring Trees we heard the Cries
 Of warring Men, whose dying Groans around
 The VVoods and mournful Echo's did resound.

The dismal Shades with Birds obscene were fill'd,
 Which, spight of *Phœbus*, he himself beheld.
 On the wild Alhes tops the Bats and Owls,
 With all night, ominous and baneful Fowls
 Sate brooding, while the Screeches of these Drovers
 Prophan'd and violated all the Groves.

If ought that Poets do relate be true,
 The strange Spinturnix led the feather'd crew.
 Of all the Monsters of the Earth and Air
 Spinturnix bears the cruelst Character.
 The barbarous Bird to mortal Eyes unknown
 Is seen but by the Goddesſes alone:
 And then they tremble; for she always bodes
 Some fatal Discord, even among the Gods.
 But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
 Within an Ash a Serpent built her nest,
 And laid her Eggs; when once, to come beneath
 The very shadow of an Ash, was death:
 Rather, if Chance should force, she through the Fire
 From its ſaln Leaves ſo baneful, would retire.
 But none of all the *Sylvan* Prodigies
 Did more ſurpriſe the Rural Deities,
 Than when the Lightning did the Laurel blaſt,
 The Lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
 The Laurel, which by *Jove's* Divine Decree
 Since ancient time from injuring Tempeſts free;
 No angry threats from the celeftial powers
 Could make her fear the ruin of her Bowers:
 But always ſhe enjoy'd a certain Fate,
 Which ſhe cou'd ne'r ſecure the Victor yet.
 In vain theſe Signs and Monsters were not ſent
 From angry Heav'n; the wiſe knew what they meant.
 Their coming by Conjectures underſtood,
 As did the *Dryads* of the *Britiſh* wood,

What this Bird
 truly was, is
 not known,
 but it was
 much dreaded
 by the *Aruppi-
 ces*. *Plin. Ser-
 vus*, &c.

For the truth
 hereof take
Pliny's word,
 l. 16. 13.

There

The Forest of
Dean.

There is an ancient Forest known to fame

On this side separate from the *Cambrian* Plain
By wandering *Wye*; whose winding Current glides,
And murmuring Leaves behind its flowry sides.

On that, 'tis wash'd by nobler *Severn's* streams
Whose Beauties scarce will yield to famous *Thames*.

Of Yore 'twas *Arden* call'd, but that great Name,
As like her self diminish'd, into *Dean*.

The cursed Weapons of destructive War

In all their Cruelties have made her share;

The Iron has its noblest Shades destroy'd,

Then to melt Iron is its Wood employ'd;

And so unhappy 'tis as it presents

Of its own Death the fatal Instruments.

With Industry its ruin to improve

Bears Minerals below, and Trees above.

Oh Poverty! thou happiness extremé,

(When no afflicting want can intervene)

And oh thou subtle Treasure of the Earth,

From whence all Rapes and Mischiefs take their birth;

And you, triumphing Woods, secur'd from spoil

By the safe blessing of your barren Soil!

Here, unconsum'd, how small a part remains

Of that rich Store that once adorn'd the Plains.

Yet that small part that has escap'd the Ire

Of lawless Steel, and avaritious Fire,

By many Nymphs and Deities possess'd

Of all the *British* shades continues still the best.

Here the long Reverend *Dryas* (who had been

Of all the shady verdant Regions Queen,

To which by Conquest she had forc'd the Sea

His constant tributary Waves to pay)

Proclaim'd a general Council through her Court

To which the *Sylvan* Nymphs shou'd all resort.

All the Wood-GoddesSES do strait appear,

At least who cou'd the *British* Climate bear,

And on a soft ascent of rising Ground

Their Queen, their charming *Dryas* they surround,

Who all adorn'd was in the middle plac'd,

And by a thousand awful Beauties grac'd.

These GoddesSES alike were dress'd in Green,

The Ornaments and Liveries of their Queen.

Had Travellers at any distance view'd

The beauteous Order of this stately Crowd,

They wou'd not guess they'd been Divinities,

But Groves all sacred to the Deities.

Such was the Image of this leafy Scene,

On one side water'd by a cooling Stream,

Upon whose brink the *Poplar* took her place,

The *Poplar* whom *Alcides* once did grace,

Whose

Whose double colour'd shadow'd Leaves exprefs
 The Labours of her Hero *Hercules* :
 Whose upper fides are black, the under white
 To represent his Toil and his Delight.

The *Phaetonian Alder* next took Place,
 Still sensible of the burnt Youths disgrace,
 She loves the purling Streams, and often Laves
 Beneath the Floods, and wantons with the Waves.

Close by her side the Pensive *Willows* join'd,
 Chast Sisters all, to Lovers most unkind.

* *Oleficarpians* call'd, in Youth severe
 Before the Winter age had snow'd their Hair.
 In Rivers take delight, whose chilling Streams,
 Mixt with the native coldness of their Veins,
 Like *Salamanders* can all Heat remove,
 And quite extinguisht the quick fire of Love.
 Firm lasting Bonds they yield to all beside,
 But take delight the Lovers to divide.

* That is, a
 Tribe which
 early drops
 its Seed; or
 which is an
 Enemy to
 Yecury.

The *Elders* next, who though they Waters love
 The same from Humane Bodies yet remove,
 And quite disperse the humid moisture thence,
 And partly with the *Dropsie* in this sense.

“ Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood ?

“ This Soil belongs to Rivolets of Blood.

“ Why do you Men torment, when many a shade,

“ And honest Trees and Plants do want your Aid ?

“ Begon, from Humane Bodies quick begon,

“ And back into your native Channels run

“ By every Pore, by all the ways you can.

The Moisture frightned flies at the command,

And awful terror of her powerful wand.

The Hospitable *Birch* does next appear,
 Joyful and Gay in hot or frigid Air,
 Flowing her Hair, her Garments soft and white,
 And yet in Cruelty she takes delight,

No wild Inhabitant of the Woods can be

So quick in Wrath, and in Revenge as she;

In Houses great Authority assumes,

And's the sole punisher of petty Crimes.

But most of all her Malice she employs

In Schools, to terrifie and awe young Boys,

If she chastise, 'tis for the Patients good,

Though oft she blushes with their tender Blood.

Not so the generous *Maples*; they present

What e'r the City Luxury can invent,

Who with industrious Management and Pains

Divide the Labyrinth of their curious Grains,

And many necessary things produce,

That serve at once for Ornament and Use.

The Elm.

But thou, O *Pteleas*, to the Swain allows
Shades to his Cattel, Timber for his Plows,
Ennobled thou above the leafie Race

Bacchus, or the*Vint.*

In that an Amorous God does thee embrace.

The Beech.

Next the *Oxias* of her self a Grove,
Whose spreading shade the Flocks and Shepherds love,
Whether thy murmurs do to sleep invite,
Or thy soft noise inspire the rural Pipe;
Alike thou'rt grateful, and canst always charm,
In Summer cooling, and in Winter warm.

Tityrus of yore the Nymph with Garlands hung,

And all his Love-lays in her shadow sung.

When first the infant-World her reign began,

Ere Pride and Luxury had corrupted Man,

Before for Gold the Earth they did invade,

The useful Household-stuff of *Beech* was made;

No other Plate the humble Side board drest,

No other Bowls adorn'd the wholesom Feast,

Which no voluptuous Cookery cou'd boast,

The home-bred Kid or Lamb was all the cost.

The Mirth, the Innocence, and little Care,

Surpass the loaded Boards of high priz'd Fare.

There came no Guest for Interest or Design,

For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine.

The *Beechen-Bowl* without Debauch went crown'd,

And was with harmless Mirth and Roses crown'd:

In these — the Ancients in their happy state

Their Feasts and Banquets us'd to celebrate.

Fill'd to the Brim with uncorrupted Wine,

They made Libations to the Powers Divine

To keep 'em still benign, no Sacrifice

They need perform the angry Gods t' appease.

They knew no Crimes the Deities to offend,

But all their care was still to keep 'em kind.

No Poyson ever did those Bowls infest,

Securely here the Shepherd quench'd his thirst;

'Twas not that any Vertue in the Wood

Against the baneful Liquor was thought good,

But Poverty and Innocence were here

The Antidotes against all Ills, and Fear.

Such was the *Ash*, the Nymph was *Melias* nam'd,

For peaceful Use, and liberal Virtues fam'd:

But when *Achilles* Spear was of her Wood

Fatally form'd, and drank of *Hector's* Blood,

O wretched Glory! O unhappy Power,

She loves the Rain, and neighbouring Floods no more,

No more the falling Showers delight her now,

She only thirsts to drink of bloody Dew.

Philyra, not Inferiour to her Race,
 For her *Bel-taille*, good Mien and handfom Grace,
 For pious use, and noblest studies fit,
Minerva here might exercise her wit,
 And on the lasting Vellum which she brings,
 May in small Volumes write Seraphic things;
 'Mongst all the Nymphs and Hamadryades,
 There's none so fair, and so adorn'd as this.
 All soft her Body, Innocent and White,
 In her Green flowing Hair she takes delight,
 Proud of her perfum'd Blossoms far she spreads
 Her lovely, charming, odoriferous Shades.
 Her native Beauties even excelling Art;
 Her Vertues many Medicines still impart;
 The dowry of each Plant in her does rest,
 And she deserv'dly triumphs o'er the Best.

The Lime-tree.

Next her *Orcimelis* and *Achras* stood,
 Whose Offspring is a sharp and rigid Brood,
 A Fruit no Season e'er cou'd work upon,
 Not to be mellow'd by th' all ripening Sun.

Wood-pear and
 Crab-apple.

Hither the fair Amphibious Nymphs resort,
 Who both in Woods and Gardens keep their Court,
 The *Ouas*, but of no ignoble Fame,
 Although she bears a base and servile Name,
 Sharp *Oxyacantha*, next the *Mulberry* stood,
 The *Mulberry* dy'd in hapless Lovers blood.

Service-Tree.

Barberry.

Cranea, a Nymph too lean to be admir'd,
 But hard-gain'd *Carya* is by all desir'd,
 The pretty *Corylus* so neat and trim,
 And *Castanis* with rough ungrateful Skin.
 These Nymphs of all their Race live rich and high,
 They taste the City Garden Luxury,
 And Woods their Country *Villa's* do supply.

Pyramus and
 Tibbe.
 Cornelian-berry.
 Wall-Nut.
 Small Nuts.

Nor was the *Hawthorn* absent from this place,
 All Soils are native to her harden'd Race,
 Though her the Fields and Gardens do reject,
 She with a thorny Hedge does both protect.
Helvetia rough with Cold and Stones first bred
 The Nymph, who thence to other Climates fled,
 Of her a warlike sturdy Race was born,
 Whose dress nor Court, nor City can adorn,
 But with a faithful hand they both defend
 While they upon no Garison depend,
 No show, or noise Grandeur they affect,
 But to their Trust they'r constant and exact:
 Should you behold 'em rang'd in Battel-array,
 All muster'd in due order, you wou'd say,
 That no *Militia* were so fine and gay.
 Let none the Ancients rashly then reproach,
 Who cut from hence the Hymeneal Torch.

Switzerland.

Since they such safeguards were 'gainst Thieves and Beasts,
Which with an equal force their charge molests.
And 'twas commanded they should always bear
Their watchful Twigs before the married Pair.

With the *Helvetian* Nymph, a pretty Train,
All her Companions to the Circle came.
The fruitful *Bullace* first, whose Off-spring are,
Though harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.

The prickly *Bramble*, neat and lovely *Rose*
So nice and coy, they never will dispose
Their valu'd Favours, but some wounds they give
To those who will their guarded Joys receive.

No less a Troop of those gay Nymphs were seen,
Who nobly flourish in Eternal Green,
Unsubject to the Laws o'th' changing Year,
They want no Aids of kindly Beams or Air.

But happy in their own peculiar Spring,
While the Pole weeps in showers, they laugh and sing.

The *Box-tree*.

The generous *Pyxias*, who a Conquest gains
O'r armed Winter with her Host of Rains,
All Ages she suddues: devouring Time
In vain endeavours to destroy her prime;
Still in her Youth and Beauty she survives,

When all the Spring is dead, she smiles and lives:
Yet though she's obstinate to time, and storms,
She's kindly pliable to all curious Forms;
To artful Masters she Obedience lends,
And to th' ingenious hand with ease she bends.

Into a thousand True-loves knots she twines,
And with a verdant Wall the Flowers confines,
Still looking up with gay and youthful Love
To the triumphing Flow'rs that reign above.

Or if you please, she will advance on high,
And with the lofty Trees her stature vie,
And cheerfully will any figure take,

Whether Man, or Lyon, or a Bird you make,
Or on her Trunk like a green Parrot show,
Or sometimes like a *Hercules* she grow:

And hence *Praxiteles* fair Statues forms,
When with Green Gods the Gardens he adorns.

Nor yet being dead does of less use appear
To the Industrious Artificer:

From her the noblest Figures do arise,
And almost are Immortal Deities;

Of her the *Berecynthian* Pipe is made,
That charms its native Mountain and its shade,
That in such tuneful Harmonies exprest
The Praises of their Goddess *Cibeles*.

Combs made
of its Wood.

With this the lovely Females dress their Hair,
That not least powerful Beauty of the Fair,
Their noblest Ornament and th' Lovers snare.

} This

This into form the beauteous Nets still lay
That the poor heedless Gazer does betray.

Agrias is content with easier spoils,
Onely for silly Birds she pitches toyls.
The wanton Bird she stops upon the wing,
And can forbid the insolence of Men;
With a Defence the Garden she supplis,
And does perpetually delight the Eyes:
Her shining Leaves a lovely green produce,
And serve at once for Ornament and Use.
Deform'd *December* by her Posie-boughs
All deck'd and drest like joyful *April* shows
Cold Winter days she both adorns and cheers,
While she her constant springing Livery wears.

* *Camaris*, who in *Winter* give their Birth,
Not humbly creeping on the servile Earth,
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,
Whose *Sylvan* food unhappy *Janus* feeds.
His hungry Appetite he here destroys
And both his ravenous Mouths at once destroys.

* *Phillyrea*, here and *Pyracantha* rise,
Whose Beauty onely gratifies the Eyes
Of Gods and Men, no Banquets they afford
But to the welcome though unbidden Bird,
Here gratefully in *Winter* they repay
For all the Summer Songs that made their Groves so gay.

Next came the melancholy *Tew*, who mourns
With silent Languor at the Warriors Urns,
See where she comes all in black shadow veil'd,
Ah too unhappy Nymph on every side assail'd!
Whom the *Greek* Poets and Historians blame,
(Deceiv'd by easie faith and common fame)
Thee as a guilty poisoner they present;
Oh false Aspersers of the Innocent!
If Poets may find credit when they speak,
(At least all those who are not of the *Greek*)
No baneful Poison, no Malignant dew
Lurks in, or hangs about the harmless *Tew*,
No secret mischief dares the Nymph invade,
And those are safe that sleep beneath her shade.

* Nor thou *Arceuthis*, art an Enemy
To the soft Notes of charming Harmony.
Falsly the chief of Poets would persuade
That Evil's lodg'd in thy Eternal shade,
Thy Aromatick shade, whose verdant Arms
Even thy own useful fruits secures from harms;
Many false Crimes to thee they attribute,
Wou'd no false Virtues too, they wou'd to thee impute.

But thou *Sabina*, my impartial Muse
Cannot with any honesty excuse,

The *Holly*,
Hereof Bird-
Lime is made.

* *Strawberry*
Tree.

* Ever-green
Privet, and
prickly *Coral*-
Tree.

* *Juniper*
Tree.

Savin.

By thee, the first new sparks of Life, not yet
 Struck up to shining flame to mature heat,
 Sprinkled by thy moist Poison fade and die,
 Fatal *Sabina* Nymph of Infamy.
 For this the *Cypress* thee Companion calls,
 Who piously attends at Funerals:
 But thou more barbarous, dost thy pow'r employ,
 And even the unborn Innocent destroy.
 Like Fate destructive thou, without remorse,
 While she the Death of even the Ag'd deplores.

Such *Cyparissus* was, that bashful Boy,
 Who was belov'd by the bright God of Day;
 Of such a tender mind, so soft a Breast,
 With so compassionate a Grief oppress'd,
 For wounding his lov'd Dear, that down he lay
 And wept, and pin'd his sighing Soul away.
Apollo pitying it, renew'd his fate
 And to the *Cypress* did the Boy translate,
 And gave his hapless life a longer Date.
 Then thus decreed the God — and thou oh Tree,
 Chief Mourner at all Funerals shall be.
 And since so small a cause such grief cou'd give,
 Be't still thy Talent (pitying youth) to grieve.
 Sacred be thou in *Pluto's* dark abodes,
 For ever sacred to th' Infernal Gods!
 This said, well skill'd in truth he did bequeath
 Eternal life to the dire Tree of Death,
 A substance that no Worm can e'r subdue
 Whose never dying Leaves each Day renew,
 Whose Figures like aspiring flames still rise,
 And with a noble Pride salute the Skies.

Next the fair Nymph that *Phabus* does adore,
 But yet as nice and cold as heretofore:
 She hates all fires, and with aversion still
 She chides and crackles if the flame she feel.
 Yet though she's chaste, the burning God no less
 Adores, and makes his Love his Prophetess.
 And even the Murmurs of her scorn do now
 For joyful Sounds and happy Omens go.
 Nor does the Humble, though the sacred Tree
 Fear wounds from any Earthly Enemy;
 For she beholds when loudest storms abound,
 The sly thunder of the Gods around,
 Let all the flaming Heav'ns threat as they will
 Unmov'd th' undaunted Nymph out-braves it still.

Oh thou! —
 Of all the woody Nations happiest made
 Thou greatest Princess of the fragrant shade,
 But shou'd the Goddess *Dryas* not allow
 That Royal Title to thy Vertue due,

At least her justice must this truth confess
 If not a Princess, thou'rt a Prophetess,
 And all the Glories of immortal Fame
 Which conquering Monarchs so much strive to gain,
 Is but at best from thy triumphing Boughs
 To reach a Garland to adorn their Brows,
 And after Monarchs, Poets claim a share
 As the next worthy thy priz'd wreaths to wear.
 Among that number, do not me disdain,
 Me, the most humble of that glorious Train.
 I by a double right thy Bounties claim,
 Both from my Sex, and in *Apollo's* Name:
 Let me with *Sappho* and *Orinda* be
 Oh ever sacred Nymph, adorn'd by thee;
 And give my Verses Immortality.

The Transla-
 tress in her
 own Person
 speaks.

The tall *Elate* next, and *Peuce* stood
 The stateliest Sister-Nymphs of all the wood.
 The flying Winds sport with their flowing Hair,
 While to the dewy Clouds their lofty heads they rear.
 As mighty Hills above the Valleys show,
 And look with scorn on the descent below,
 So do these view the Mountains where they grow.
 So much above their humbler Tops they rise,
 So stood the Giants that besieg'd the Skies,
 The terror of the Gods! they having thrown
 Huge *Ossa* on the Leafy *Pelion*,
 The *Fir* with the proud *Pine* thus threatenng stands
 Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands,
 In this vast prospect they with ease survey
 The various figur'd Land and boundless Sea,
 With joy behold the Ships their timber builds,
 How they've with Cities stor'd once spacious Fields.

This Grove of *English* Nymphs, this noble train
 In a large Circle compass in their Queen,
 The Scepter bearing *Dryas* ———
 Her Throne arising Hillock where she sat
 With all the Charms of Majesty and State,
 With awful Grace the numbers she survey'd,
 Dealing around the favours of her shade.

If I the voice of the loud winds cou'd take
 Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate,
 'Twould not suffice to celebrate thy Name
 Oh sacred *Dryas* of Immortal Fame.
 If we a faith can give Antiquity
 That sings of many Miracles, from thee
 In the worlds Infant-Age Mankind broke forth,
 From thee the noble Race receiv'd their Birth;
 Thou then in a green tender Bark wert clad,
 But in *Deucalion's* Age a rougher covert had,

More hard and warm, with crusted white all o'r,
 As noble Authors sung in times of yore;
 Approv'd by some, condemn'd and argu'd down
 By the vain troop of Sophists, and the Gown,
 The scoffing Academy, and the Schools
 Of *Pyrrho*; who Traditions over-rule:
 But let 'em doubt, yet they must grant this truth
 Those Brawny Men that then the Earth brought forth,
 Did on thy Acorns feed, and feast and thrive
 And with this wholesom Nourishment survive
 In health and strength an equal Age with thee,
 Secur'd from all the Banes of Luxury.

Oh happy Age! oh Nymph Divinely good!
 That mak'st thy shade Mans house, thy fruit his food.
 When onely Apples of the Wood did pass
 For noble Banquets spread on Beds of Grass.
 Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd,
 And fruit that ne'r the Grudgers hand reproach'd.
 Thy Bounties *Ceres* were of little use,
 And thy sweet food ill Manners did produce:
 Unluckily they did thy Virtues find
 With that of the wild Boar and hunted Hind;
 With all wild Beasts on which their Luxury prey'd,
 While new desires their Appetites invade.
 The Natures they partake of what they eat,
 And salvage they become as was their Meat.

Hence the Republick of the world did cease,
 Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace.
 The common good was now peculiar made,
 A generous Int'rest now became a Trade,
 And Men began their Neighbour's rights t' invade.
 For now they measur'd out their common ground,
 And outrages commit t' enlarge their Bound:
 Their own seem'd despicable, poor and small;
 Each wants more room and wou'd be Lord of all.
 The Plowman with disdain his Field surveys,
 Forsakes the Land, and plows the faithles Seas.
 The Fool in these deep furrows seeks his gain,
 Despising Dangers, and induring pain.

The sacred Oak her peaceful Mansion leaves
 Transplanted to the Mountains of the Waves.

Oh *Dryas*, Patron to th' industrious kind,
 If Man were wise and wou'd his safety find;
 What perfect Bliss thy happy Shade wou'd give?
 And Houses that their Masters wou'd out-live.
 All necessaries thou afford'st alone
 For harmless Innocence to live upon,
 Strong yokes for Oxen, handles for the Plow,
 What Husbandry requires thou dost allow;

But if the madness of desiring Gain,
 Or wild Ambition agitate the Brain,
 Straight to a wandering Ship they Thee transfer,
 And none more justly serves the Mariner.
 Thou cutst the Air, dost on the waves rebound
 Wild Death and Fury raging all around,
 Disdaining to behold the manag'd Wood,
 Out-brave the Storms and baffle the rude Flood.

To Swine, O richest Oak, thy Acorns leave,
 And search for Man what e'er the Earth can give,
 All that the spacious Universe brings forth,
 What Land and Sea conceals of any worth,
 Bring Aromatics from the distant East,
 And Gold so dangerous from the rish'd West,
 What e'er the boundless Appetite can feast.

With thee the utmost bounds of Earth w' invade,
 By thee the unlockt Orb is common made.
 By thee—

The great Republic of the World revives,
 And o'er the Earth luxurious traffick thrives;
 If *Argos* Ship were valued at that rate
 (Which Ancient Poets so much celebrate,
 From Neighbouring *Colchos* only bringing home
 The Golden Fleece from Seas whose Tracts were known:
 If of the dangers they so much have spoke
 (More worthy smiles) of the *Cyanean* Rock,
 What Oceans then of Fame shall thee suffice?
 What Waves of eloquence can sing thy Praise!
 O sacred Oak, that great *Columbus* bore
 IO! thou bearer of a happier Ore,
 Than celebrated *Argo* did before.

And *Drake's* brave Oak that past to Worlds unknown,
 Whose Toils, O *Phebus*, were so like thy own;
 Who round the Earths vast Globe triumphant rode,
 Deserves the Celebration of a God.

O let the *Pegasean* Ship no more
 Be worshipt on the too unworthy shore.
 After her watery life, let her become
 A fixt Star shining equal with the Ram.
 Long since the Duty of a Star she's done,
 And round the Earth with guiding light has shone.

Oh how has Nature blest the British Land,
 Who both the valued *Indies* can command!
 What tho thy Banks the Cedars do not grace
 Those lofty Beauties of fam'd *Libanus*.
 The Pine, or Palm of *Idumean* Plaines,
Arabs rich Wood or its sweet smelling Greens,
 Or lovely Plantan whose large leafy boughs
 A pleasant and a noble shade allows.

She has thy warlike Groves and Mountains blest
 With sturdy Oak's, ore all the World the best,
 And for the happy Islands sure Defence
 Has wall'd it with a Mote of Seas immense,
 While to declare her Safety and thy Pride,
 With Oaken Ships that Sea is fortifi'd,
 Nor was that Adoration vainly made,
 Which to the Oak the Ancient *Druids* paid;
 Who reasonably believed a God within,
 Where such vast wonders were produc'd and seen.
 Nor was it the dull Piety alone,
 And superstition of our *Albion*,
 Nor ignorance of the future Age, that paid
 Honours Divine to thy surprising shade.
 But they foresaw the Empire of the Sea,
 Great *Charles*, should hold from the Triumphant Thee.

No wonder then that Age should thee Adore,
 Who gav'st out sacred Oracles heretofore,
 The hidden pleasure of the Gods was then
 In a hoarse voice deliver'd out to Men.
 So vapors from *Cyrrhean* Caverns broke
 Inspir'd *Apollo's* Priestesses when she spoke.
 While ravisht the fair Enthusiastic stood,
 Upon her *Tripes*, raging with the God.
 So Priest Inspir'd with sacred fury shook,
 When the Winds ruff'd the *Dodonian* Oak,
 And tost their Branches, till a dreadful sound
 Of awful horror they proclaim around,
 Like frantic Bacchanals; and while they move
 Possess with trembling all the sacred Grove.
 Their riss'd leaves the tempest bore away,
 And their torn Boughs scatter'd on all sides lay.
 The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came
 A God Triumphant in the Hurricane,
 Till the wing'd winds with an amazing cry,
 Deliver'd down the pressing Deity.

Whose thundering voice strange secrets did unfold,
 And wond'rous things of Worlds to come he told.
 But truths so veil'd in obscure Eloquence,
 They 'muze the Adoring crowd with double sense.

But by Divine Decree the Oak no more,
 Declares security as heretofore,
 With words, or voice, yet to the listening Wood,
 Her differing Murmurs still are understood:
 For sacred Divinations while the sound,
 Informs, all but Humanity, around
 Nor e'er did *Dryas* Murmur awful truth
 More clear and plain, from her Prophetic mouth,
 Than when she spoke to the *Chaonian* Wood,
 While all the Groves with eager silence stood.

And with erected Leaves themselves dispose,
 To listen to the Language of her Boughs.
 You see (oh my companions) that the Gods,
 Threaten a dire Destruction to the Woods,
 And to all human kind — the black portents
 Are seen, of many sinister Events;
 But lest their quick Approach too much should press,
 (Oh my astonish'd Nymphs) your Tenderness,
 The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,
 And preposits ye with the Fate to come.
 With heedful Reverence then their Will observe,
 And in your Barks deep Chinks my Words preserve:
 Believe me, Nymphs, nor is your Faith in vain,
 This Oaken Trunk in which conceal'd I am
 From a long Honored Ancient Lineage came,
 Who in the fam'd *Dodonian* Grove first spoke,
 When with astonish'd Awe the Sacred Valley shook.
 ' Know then that *Brutus* by unlucky Fate
 ' Murdering his Sire, did bear an immortal Hate
 ' To his own Kingdom, who's ungrateful shore
 ' He leaves with Vows ne'er to revisit more.
 ' Then to *Epirus* a sad Exile came,
 ' (Unhappy Son who hast a Father slain,
 ' But happy Father of the *British* Name.)
 ' There by victorious Arms he did restore
 ' Those Scepters once the Race of *Priam* bore.
 ' In their paternal Thrones his Kindred plac'd,
 ' And by that Piety his fatal Crime defac'd.
 ' There *Jupiter* disdain'd not to relate
 ' Thorough an Oaken Mouth his future Fate.
 ' Who for his Grandfire's, great *Aeneas*, sake
 ' Upon the Royal Youth will pity take:
 ' Whose Toils to his shall this Resemblance bear
 ' A long and tedious Wandering to endure.
 ' 'Tis said the Deity-retaining Oak
 ' Bursting her Bark, thus to the Hero spoke,
 ' Whose Voice the Nymphs surpriz'd with awful Dread,
 ' Who in *Chaonian* Groves inhabited,
 ' Oh noble *Trojan* of great *Sylvia's* Blood,
 ' Hasten from the Covert of this threatening Wood.
 ' A Mansion here the Fates will not permit,
 ' Vast Toils and Dangers thou'rt to conquer yet,
 ' Ere for a murder'd Father thou canst be
 ' Absolv'd, tho' innocently slain by thee,
 ' But much must bear by Land, and much by Sea.
 ' Then arm thy solid mind, thy Virtues raise,
 ' And thro' thy rough Adventures cut new Ways,
 ' Whose End shall crown thee with immortal Bays.
 ' Tho' *Hercules* so great a Fame achiev'd,
 ' His Conquests but to th' Western *Cales* arriv'd:

' There finish'd all his Glories and his Toils,
 ' He wish'd no more, nor sought more distant Spoils.
 ' But the great Labors which thou hast begun
 ' Must, fearless of the Oceans Threats, go on.
 ' And this remember, at thy lanching forth,
 ' To set thy full spread Sails against the North.
 ' In *Charles's Wain* thy Fates are born above
 ' Bright Stars descended from thy Grandfire *Jove*, }
 ' Of motion certain, tho they slowly move.
 ' The *Bear* too shall assist thee in thy Course
 ' With all her Constellations glittering Force.
 ' And as thou goest, thy Right Hand shall destroy
 ' Twice six *Gomeritish* Tyrants in thy way.
 ' Tho exil'd from the World, disdain all Fear,
 ' The Gods another World for thee prepare,
 ' Which in the Bosom of the deep conceal'd
 ' From Ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd.
 ' Reserv'd, O *Brutus*, to renown thy Fame,
 ' And shall be bless'd still with thy Race and Name.
 ' All that the Air surrounds, the Fates decree
 ' To *Brutus* and *Aeneas* Progeny, }
 ' *Aeneas* all the Land, and *Brutus* all the Sea.
 This said the God, from the Prophetick Oak,
 Who stretching out her Branches further spoke :
 ' Here fill thy Hands with Acorns from my Tree, }
 ' Which in thy tedious Toils of use shall be,
 ' And Witnessles of all I promise thee. }
 ' And when thy painful wandering shall be o'er,
 ' And thou arriv'd on happy *Britains* shore,
 ' Then in her fruitful Soil these Acorns sow,
 ' Which to vast Woods of mighty use shall grow.
 ' Not their *Chaonian* Mother's sacred Name
 ' Shall o'er the World be sung with greater Fame.
 ' Then holy *Druids* thou shalt consecrate,
 ' My Honor and my Rites to celebrate.
 ' *Tentates* in the sacred Oak shall grow,
 ' To give bless'd Omens of the *Misseltoe*.
 Thus spake the Oak—with reverend Awe believ'd,
 And in no one Prediction was deceiv'd.

My Lineage from *Chaonian* Acorns came, }
 I two Descents from that first Parent am ; }
 And now Oraculous Truths to you proclaim. }
 My Grandam Oak her Blooming Beauties wore,
 When first the *Danish* Fleet surpriz'd our Shore :
 When *Thor* and *Tuisco* and the *Saxon* Gods
 Were angry with their once belov'd Abodes,
 Her Age two hundred years; a small Account
 To what our long-lived Numbers do amount,
 Such Prodigies then she saw as we behold;
 And such our Ruins, as their signs foretold.

Now from the *Caledonian* Mountains came
 New risen Clouds that cover'd all the Plain,
 The quiet *Tweed* regards her Bounds no more,
 But driv'n by Popular Winds usurps the Shore;
 In her wild Course a horrid Murmur yields,
 And frightens with her Sound the *English* Fields.
 Nor did they hear in vain, or vainly fear
 Those raging Prologues to approaching War.
 But Silver Showers did soon the Foe subdue,
 Weapons the Noble *English* never knew.
 The People, who for Peace so lavish were,
 Did after buy the Merchandise more dear.
 Curs'd Civil War even Peace betray'd to Guilt,
 And made her blush with the first Blood was spilt.
 O cruel Omens of those future Woes,
 Which now fate brooding in the Senate House!
 That Den of Mischief, where obscur'd she lyes,
 And hides her purple Face from human Eyes.
 The working Furies there, lay unreveal'd
 Beneath the Privilege of the *House* conceal'd.
 There, by the Malice of the Great and Proud,
 And unjust Clamors of the frantick Crowd,
 The Great, the Learned *Sirafford* met his Fate;
 O Sacred Innocence! what can expiate
 For guiltless Blood, but Blood? and much must flow
 Both from the Guilty and the Faultless too.
 O *Worcester*, condemn'd by Fate to be
 The Mournful Witness of our Misery,
 And to bewail our first Intestine Wars
 By thy soft *Severn's* Murmurs, and her Tears;
 Wars that more formidable did appear
 Even at their End, than their Beginnings were.

Me to *Kintonian* Hills some God convey,
 That I the horrid Valley may survey;
 Which like a River seem'd of human Blood,
 Swell'd with the numerous Bodies of the Dead.
 What Slaughters makes fierce *Rupert* round the Field,
 Whose Conquests Pious *Charles* with Sighs beheld;
 And had not Fate the Course of Things forbade,
 This Day an End of all our Woes had made.

But our Success the angry Gods controul,
 And stopt our Race of Glory near the Goal.
 Where e'er the *British* Empire did extend,
 The Tyrant War with Barbarous Rigor reign'd,
 From the remotest Parts it rifled Peace
 From the * *Belerian* Horn even to the *Orcades*.
 The Fields oppress'd, no joyful Harvests bear,
 War ruin'd all the Product of the Year.
 Unhappy *Albion!* by what Fury stung?
 What Serpent of *Eumenides* has stung

*Keinton-
Field.
Edge-Hill*

* *S. Burien,
the uttermost
Point of Corn-
wal.*

His Poison thro' thy Veins? thou bleed'st all o'er,
 Art all one Wound, one universal Gore.
 Unhappy *Newberry*, I thy fatal Field,
 (Covered with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld.)
 In horrors thou *Philippi's* Fields outvi'd
 Which twice the Civil Gore of *Romans* di'd.
 Long mutual Loss, and the alternate Weight
 Of equal Slaughters, pois'd each others Fate.
 Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,
 And knew not where to fix the deadly Blow ;
 At last in *Northern* Fields like Lightning broke ;
 And *Naseby* doubl'd every fatal Stroke.
 But, Oh ye Gods, permit me not to tell
 The Woes, that after this, the Land besel :
 Oh, keep 'em to your selves, lest they shou'd make
 Humanity your Rites, and Shrines forsake :
 To future Ages let 'em not be known,
 For wretched *England's* Credit, and your own.

And take from me, ye Gods, Futurity,
 And let my Oracles all silent lye,
 Rather than by my Voice they shou'd declare
 The dire Events of *England's* Civil War.
 And yet my Sight a confus'd Prospect fills,
 A *Chaos* all deform'd, a Heap of Ills ;
 Such as no mortal Eyes cou'd e'r behold,
 Such as no human Language can unfold.
 But now———

The Conquering evil Genius of the Wars,
 The impious Victor all before him bears ;
 And oh, — behold the Sacred Vanquish'd flies,
 And tho in a *Plebean's* mean Disguise,
 I know his God-like Face ; the Monarch sure
 Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal hour.
 But oh he flies, distrest, forlorn he flies,
 And seeks his safety 'mong his Enemies.
 His Kingdoms all he finds hostile to be,
 No place to th' vanquish'd proves a Sanctu'ry.
 Thus Royal *Charles*———

From his own People cou'd no safety gain,
 Alas, the King ! (their Guest) implores in vain.
 The Pilot thus the burning Vessel leaves,
 And trusts what most he fears, the threatening Waves.
 But oh the cruel Flood with rude Disdain
 Throws him all struggling to the Flames again :
 So did the *Scots*, alas, what shou'd they do,
 That Prize of War (the Soldiers Interest now)
 By Prayers and Threatnings back they strive to bring, }
 But the wise *Scot* will yield to no such thing ; }
 And *England* to retrieve him buys her King. }

Oh shame to future Worlds! who did command,
 As powerful Lord of all the Sea and Land,
 Is now a Captive-Slave expos'd to Sale;
 And Villany o'er Virtue must prevail.
 The Servant his bought Master bears away,
 Oh shameful Purchase of so glorious Prey.
 But yet, O *Scotland*, far be it from me,
 To charge thee wholly with this Infamy;
 Thy Nations Virtues shall reverse that Fate,
 And for the Criminal Few shall expiate:
 Yet for these Few the Innocent Rest must feel,
 The dire Effects of the avenging Steel.

But now, by Laws to God and Man unknown,
 Their Sovereign, Gods anointed they dethrone,
 Who to the *Isle of Wight* is Prisoner sent:
 What Tongue, what cruel Hearts do not lament?
 That thee, O *Scotland*, with just Anger moves,
 And *Kent* who valued Liberty so loves;
 And thee, O *Wales*, of still as noble Fame,
 As were the ancient *Britains* whence ye came.
 But why should I distinctly here relate
 All I behold, the many Battels fought
 Under the Conduct still of angry Stars:
 Their new-made Wounds and old ones turn'd to Scars;
 The Blood that did the trembling *Ribble* dy,
 Stopping its frighted Stream that strove to fly.
 Or thou, O *Medway*, swell'd with Slaughters, born
 Above the flowery Banks that did thee once adorn.
 Or why, O *Colchester*, shou'd I rehearse
 Thy brave united Courage and thy Force,
 Or Deaths of those illustrious Men relate,
 Who did with thee deserve a kinder Fate.
 Or why the miserable Murders tell
 Of Captives who by cooler Malice fell.
 Nor to your Grievs will this Addition bring,
 The sad Idea's of a Martyred King;
 A King who all the Wounds of Fortune bore,
 Nor will his mournful Funerals deplore,
 Lest that Celestial Piety (of Fame
 O'er all the World) should my sad Accents blame.
 Since Death he still esteem'd, how e'er 'twas given,
 The greatest Good, and noblest Gift of Heaven.
 But I deplore Man's wretched Wickedness,
 (Oh horrid to beheard, or to express.)
 Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment
 With her eternal Pains and Punishment.

But oh what do I see! alas they bring
 Their Sacred Master forth, their God-like King,
 There on a Scaffold rais'd in solemn State,
 And plac'd before the Royal Palace Gate,

'Midst of his Empire the black Deed was done,
 While Day, and all the World were looking on.
 By common Hangman's Hands—Here stopt the Oak,
 When from the bottom of its Root there broke
 A thousand Sighs, which to the Sky she lifts,
 Bursting her solid Bark into a thousand Clefs.
 Each Branch her Tributary sorrow gives,
 And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves;
 Such numbers after rainy Nights they shed,
 When showering Clouds that did surround her Head,
 Are by the rising Goddess of the Morn
 Blown off, and flie before the approaching Sun.
 At which the Troop of the Green Nymphs around
 Echoing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd,
 Whose piercing sounds from far were understood,
 And the loud Tempest shook the wondering Wood:
 And then a cruel Silence did succeed,
 As in the gloomy Mansions of the Dead.
 But after a long awful Interval
Dryas assum'd her sad Prophetick Tale.
 Now *Britany* o'erwhelm'd with many a Wound,
 Her Head lopt off, in her own Blood lies drown'd:
 A horrid Carcase, without Mind or Soul,
 A Trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.
 And now who wou'd not hope theré shou'd have been
 After so much of Death, a quiet Scene:
 Or rather with their Monarch's Funeral
 Eternal Sleep shou'd not have seis'd 'em all.
 But nothing less, for in the room of One,
 Who govern'd justly on his peaceful Throne,
 A thousand Heads sprung up, deform'd and base,
 With a tumultuous and ignoble Race;
 The vile, the vulgar Off-spring of the Earth,
 Insects of poisonous kinds, of monstrous Birth,
 And ravenous Serpents now the Land infest;
 And *Cromwel* viler yet than all the rest.
 That Serpent even upon the Marrow preys,
 Devouring Kingdoms with insatiate Jaws.
 Now Right and Wrong (mere Words confounded ly)
 Rage sets no Bounds to her Impiety;
 And having once transgress'd the Rules of Shame,
 Honor or Justice counts an empty Name.
 In every Street, as Pastime for the Crowd,
 Erected Scaffolds reek'd with Noble Blood.
 Prisons were now th' Apartments of the Brave,
 Whom Tyranny commits, and only Death retrieve;
 Whose Paths were crowded ere the Morning dawn,
 Some to the Dungeons, some to Gibbets drawn.
 But tir'd-out Cruelty pauses for a while,
 To take new Breath amidst her Barbarous Toil.

So does not Avarice, the unwearied still,
 Ne'er stops her greedy Hand from doing ill;
 The Warrior may a while his Spear forsake,
 But Sequestrators will no Respite take,
 What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,
 The Gifts of happy Peace, and Spoils of War,
 What ever liberal Piety did present,
 Or the Religion (all magnificent)
 Of our Fore-fathers, to the Church had given,
 And consecrated to the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
 Altars, or whatso'er cou'd guilty be
 Of tempting Wealth, or fatal Loyalty,
 Was not enough to satisfy the Rage
 Of a few Earth-begotten Tyrants of the Age.
 The impious Rout thought it a trivial thing
 To rob the Houses of their God and King,
 Their Sacrilege admitting of no Bound,
 Rejoyc'd to see 'em levell'd with the Ground;
 As if the Nation (wicked and unjust)
 Had even in Ruin found a certain Lust,
 On every side the labouring Hammers sound,
 And Strokes from mighty Hatchets do rebound:
 On every side the groaning Earth sustains
 The ponderous weight of Stones and wonderous Beams.
 Fiercely they ply their Work, with such a noise,
 As if some mighty Structure they wou'd raise
 For the proud Tyrant; no, this clamorous Din
 Is not for building but demolishing.

--When (my Companions) these sad things you see,
 And each beholds the dead Beams of her Parent Tree,
 Long since repos'd in Palaces of Kings,
 Torn down by furious Hands as useles things;
 Then know your Fate is come; those Hands that cou'd
 From Houses tear dead Beams, and long hewn Wood,
 Those cruel Hands by unresisted Force,
 Will for your living Trunks find no remorse.

Religion, which was great of old, commands,
 No Woods shou'd be profaned by impious Hands,
 Those noble Seminaries for the Fleet,
 Plantations that make Towns and Cities great:
 Those Hopes of War, and Ornaments of Peace
 Shou'd live secure from any Outrages,
 Which now the barbarous Conqueror will invade,
 Tear up your Roots, and rife all your shade,
 For gain they'll sell you to the covetous Buyer,
 A Sacrifice to every common Fire,
 They'll spare no Race of Trees of any Age,
 But murder infant Branches in their Rage:
 Elms, Beeches, tender Ashes shall be sell'd,
 And even the Grey and Reverend Bark must yield:

The soft, the murmuring Troop shall be no more,
 No more with Musick charm as heretofore,
 No more each little Bird shall build her Houfe,
 And sing in her Hereditary Boughs,
 But only *Philomel* shall celebrate

In mournful Notes a new unhappy Fate:

The banish'd *Hamadryads* must be gone,
 And take their flight with sad, but silent Moan;
 For a Celestial Being ne'er complains,
 Whatever be her Grief, in noisie Strains.

The Wood-Gods fly, and whither shall they go,
 Not all the *British* Orb can scarce allow,
 A Trunk secure for them to rest in now. }

But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,

Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast;
 She shakes her brandish'd Steel, and still denies
 Length to immoderate Rage and Cruelties.

Do not despond, my Nymphs; that wicked Birth
 Th' avenging Powers will chase from off the Earth;

Let 'em hew down the Woods, destroy and burn,

And all the lofty Groves to Ashes turn;

Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield

Timber enough old *Tiburn* to rebuild,

Where they may hang at last; and this kind one

Shall then revenge the Woods of all their Wrong.

In the mean time (for Fate not always shows

A swift compliance to our Wish and Vows)

The Off-spring of great *Charles* forlorn and poor,

And exil'd from their cruel native Shore,

Wander in foreign Kingdoms, where in vain

They seek those Aids, alas, they cannot gain;

For still their pressing Fate pursues 'em hard,

And scarce a place of Refuge will afford.

Oh pious Son of such a holy Sire!

Who can enough thy Fortitude admire?

How often tost by Storms of Land and Sea,

Yet unconcern'd thy Fate thou didst survey,

And her Fatigues still underwent with Joy. }

Oh Royal Youth, pursue thy just Disdain,

Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,

Till tir'd with her Injustice she give out,

And leaves her giddy Wheel for thee to turn about.

Then that great Scepter which no human Hand

From the tenacious Tyrant can command,

Scorning the bold Usurper to adorn,

Shall ripe and falling to thy Hand be born.

But oh, he rowzes now before his time!

Illustrious Youth, whose Bravery is a Crime,

Alas, what wilt thou do? Ah, why so fast?

The Dice of Fate, alas, not yet are cast.

While thou all fire, fearless of future Harms,
 And prodigal of life, assumest thy Arms.
 And even provoking Fame he cuts his way
 Through hostile Fleets, and a rude Winters Sea.
 But neither shall his daring Course oppose,
 Even to those Shores so very late his Foes,
 And still to be suspected; but mean while
 The *Oliverian* Demons of the Isle,
 With all Hells Deities, with Fury burn,
 To see great *Charles* preparing to return;
 They call up all their Winds of dreadful Force
 In vain, to stop his sacred Vessels course.
 In vain their Storms a Ruine do prepare,
 For what Fate means to take peculiar care;
 And trembling find great *Cesar* safe at Land,
 By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortunes Hand.

But *Scotland*, you your King recal in vain,
 While you your unchang'd Principles retain;
 But yet the time shall come, when some small share
 Of Glory, that great Honor shall confer,
 When you a conquering Hero forth shall guide,
 While Heav'n and all the Stars are on his side,
 Who shall the exil'd King in Peace recal,
 And *England's* Genius be esteem'd by all:
 But this, not yet my Nymphs,—but now's the time,
 When the illustrious Heir of *Fergus* Line,
 From full a hundred Kings, shall mount the Throne,
 Who now the Temple enters, and at *Scone*,
 After the ancient manner he receives the Crown;
 But, oh, with no auspicious Omens done,
 The Left Hand of the Kingdom put it on.

But now th' insulting Conqueror draws nigh,
 Disturbing the August Solemnity;
 When with Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
 And by a Father's Murder well inspir'd,
 The brave, the Royal Youth for War prepares,
 O Heir most worthy of thy hundred Scepter'd Ancestors:
 With Thoughts all Glorious now he sallies forth;
 Nor will he trust his Fortune in the North,
 That Corner of his Realms, nor will his haste
 Lazily wait till coming Winter's past;
 He scorns that Aid, nor will he hope t' oppose
 High Mountains gainst the Fury of his Foes,
 Nor their surrounding Force will here engage,
 Or stay the Pressures of a shameful Siege;
 But boldly further on resolves t' advance,
 And give a generous Loose to Fortunes Chance.
 And shut from distant *Tay* he does essay
 To *Thames*, even with his Death to force his way.

Behind he leaves his trembling Enemies,
Amaz'd at this stupendous Enterprife.

And now the wish'd for happy Day appears,
Sought for so long by *Britain's* Prayers and Tears;
The King returns, and with a mighty Hand,
Avow'd Revenger of his Native Land.
And through a thousand Dangers and Extremes,
Marches a Conqueror to *Sabrina's* Streams;
(Ah, wou'd to Heaven *Sabrina* had been *Thames*.)
So wish'd the King, but the persuasive Force
Of kind mistaken Councils stopt his Course.

Now, warlike *England*, rouze at these Alarms,
Provide your Horses, and assume your Arms,
And fall on the Usurper, now for shame,
If Piety be not Pretence and Name;
Advance the Work Heaven has so well begun,
Revenge the Father, and restore the Son.
No more let that old Cant destructive be,
Religion, Liberty and Property.

No longer let that dear-bought Cheat delude,
(Oh you too credulous, senseless Multitude,)
Words only form'd more easily to enslave,
By every popular and pretending Knave.
But now your bleeding Land expects you shou'd
Be wise, at the expence of so much Blood;
Rouze then, and with awaken'd Sense prepare
To reap the Glory of this Holy War,
In which your King and Heaven have equal share.
His Right Divine let every Voice proclaim,
And a just Ardor every Soul inflame.

But *England's* evil Genius watchful still
To ruin Virtue, and incourage Ill;
Industrious, even as *Cromwel*, to subvert
Honor and Loyalty in every Heart;
A baneful Drug of four-fold Poison makes,
And an infernal sleepy Asp he takes
Of cold and fearful Nature, adds to this
Opium that binds the Nerves with Laziness,
Mixt with the Venom of vile Avarice:
Which all the Spirits benum, as when y' approach
The chilling wonderful *Torpedo's* Touch.
Next Drops from *Lethe's* Stream he does infuse,
And every Brest besprinkles with the Juice,
Till a deep Lethargy o'er all *Britain* came,
Who now forgot their Safety and their Fame.
Yet still Great *Charles's* Valour stood the Test;
By Fortune tho forsaken and oppress'd,
Witness the Purple of *Sabrina's* Stream,
And the *Red Hill*, not call'd so now in vain.

And *Worster* thou, who didst the Misery bear,
And saw't the End of a long fatal War.

The King, tho vanquish'd, still his Fate outbraves,
And was the last the captiv'd City leaves;
Which from the Neighbouring Hills he does survey,
Where round about his Bleeding Numbers lay.
He saw 'em rifled by th' insulting Foe,
And sighs for those he cannot rescue now.
But yet his Troops will rally once again,
Those few escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the Plain;
Disdain and Anger now resolves to try

How to repair this Days Fatality,
The King has sworn to conquer, or to dye.
Darby and *Willmot*, Chiefs of mighty Fame,
With that bold lovely Youth, great *Buckingham*,
Fiercer than Lightening; to his Monarch dear,
That brave *Achates* worth *Æneas* Care,
Applaud his great Resolve! there's no delay
But toward the Foe in haste they take their way,
Not by vain hopes of a new Victory fir'd,
But by a kind Despair alone inspir'd.

This was the King's Resolve, and those great Few
Whom Glory taught to die, as well as to subdue,
Who knew that Death and the reposing Grave
No Foes were to the Wretched or the Brave.

But oh this noble Courage did not rest
In each ungenerous unconsidering Brest,
They fearfully forsake their General,
Who now in vain the flying Cowards call,
Deaf to his Voice will no Obedience yield;
But in their hasty Flight scowr o'er the dreadful Field.

Oh vainly gallant Youth, what pitying God
Shall free thee from this Soul-oppressing Load
Of Grief and Shame; abandon'd and betray'd
By perjurd Slaves, whom thou hast fed and pay'd.
Prest with more Woes than mortal Force could bear,
And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe.

But yet that God——
To whom no Wonders are impossible
Will, to preserve thee, work a Miracle.
And for the sacred Father's Martyrdom
Will with a Crown reward the injur'd Son,
While thou, great *Charles*, with a prevailing Pray'r
Dost to the Gods commend the safety of thy Heir;
And the Celestial Court of Powers Divine
With one consent do in the *Chorus* joyn.

But why, oh why must I reveal the Doom,
(Oh my Companions) of the years to come;
And why divulge the Mysteries that lye
Inroll'd long since in Heav'n's vast Treasury,

In Characters which no Dreamer can unfold,
 Nor ever yet Prophetick Rapture told ;
 Nor the small Fibres of the victim'd Beast,
 Or Birds which Sacred Auguries have exprest ;
 No Stars, or any Divination Shows
 Made Mystick by the Murmurs of the Boughs.
 Yet I must on, with a Divine Prefage,
 And tell the Wonders of the coming Age.
 In that far part where the rich *Salop* gains
 An ample View o'er all the Western Plains,
 A Grove appears, which *Boscobel* they name,
 Not known to Maps ; a Grove of scanty Fame,
 Scarce any human thing does there intrude,
 But it enjoys it self in its own Solitude.
 And yet henceforth no celebrated Shade,
 Of all the *British* Groves shall be more Glorious made.

Near this obscure and destin'd happy Wood,
 A Sacred Houe of lucky Omen stood,
White Lady call'd ; and old Records relate
 'Twas once———

To Men of Holy Orders consecrate ;
 But to a King a Refuge now is made,
 The first that gives a wearied Monarch Bread.
 Oh Present of a wonderous Excellence !
 That can relieve the Hunger of a Prince.
 Fortune shall here a better Face put on,
 And here the King shall first the King lay down ;
 Here he dismisses all his Mourning Friends,
 Whom to their kinder Stars he recommends,
 With Eyes all drown'd in Tears, their Fate to see,
 But unconcern'd at his own Destiny :
 Here he puts off those Ornaments he wore
 Through all the Splendor of his Life before ;
 Even his Blew Garter now he will discharge,
 Nor keep the Warlike Figure of *Saint George*,
 That holy Champion now is vanquish'd quite ;
 Alas, the Dragon has subdu'd the Knight ;
 His Crown, that restless weight of Glory now
 Divests a while from his more easie Brow :
 And all those charming Curls that did adorn
 His Royal Head—those Jetty Curls are shorn ;
 Himself he cloaths in a coarse Ruffet Weed,
 Nor was the poor Man feign'd, but so indeed ;
 And now the greatest King the World e'er saw
 Is subject to the Houses ancient Law.
 (A Convent once, which Poverty did profess,
 Here, here puts off all worldly Pomp and Drefs,)
 And like a Monk a sad Adieu he takes
 Of all his Friends, and the false World forsakes.

But yet ere long, even this humble State,
 Alas, shall be denied him by his Fate;
 She drives him forth even from this mean Abode,
 Who wanders now a Hermit in the Wood,
 Hungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his Food.
 The dark and lonely Shade conceals the King,
 Who feeds on Flowers, and drinks the murmuring Spring;
 More happy here than on a restless Throne,
 Could he but call'd those Shades and Springs his own:
 No longer Fate will that Repose allow,
 Who even of Earth it self deprives him now.
 A Tree will hardly here a Seat afford
 Amidst her Boughs, to her abandon'd Lord.

Then (O my Nymphs) you who your Monarch love,
 To save your Darling, hasten to that Grove;
 (Nor think I vain Propheticks do express)
 In silence let each Nymph her Trunk possess;
 O'er all the Woods and Plains let not a Tree
 Be uninhabited by a Deity;
 While I the largest Forest-Oak inspire,
 And with you to this Leafy Court retire.
 There keep a faithful Watch each night and day,
 And with erected Heads the Fields survey,
 Lest any impious Soldier pass that way:
 And shou'd profanely touch that Pledge of Heaven,
 Which to our guarding Shade in charge was given:
 Here then, my Nymphs, your King you shall receive,
 And safety in your darkest Coverts give.

But ha, what rustick Swain is that I see
 Sleeping beneath the Shade of yonder Tree,
 Upon whose knotty Root he leans his Head,
 And on the Mossy Ground has made his Bed?
 And why alone? Alas, some Spy I fear,
 For only such a Wretch would wander here,
 Who even the Winds and Showers of Rain defies,
 Out-daring all the Anger of the Skies.
 Observe his Face, see his disordered Hair
 Is ruff'd by the Tempest-beaten Air.
 Yet look what Tracts of Grief have ag'd his Face,
 Where hardly twenty years have run their Race,
 Worn out with numerous Toils; and even in sleep
 Sighs seem to heave his Brest, his Eyes to weep.
 Nor is that Color of his Face his own,
 That sooty Veil, for some Disguise put on,
 To keep the Nobler Part from being known;
 For 'midst of all—something of Sacred Light
 Beams forth, and does inform my wondering sight,
 And now — arises to my View more bright.
 Ha — can my Eyes deceive me, or am I
 At last no true presaging Deity?

Yet

Yet if I am, that wretched Rustick Thing,
 Oh Heavens, and all your Powers, must be the King.
 ---Yes 'tis the King! his Image all Divine
 Breaks thro' that Cloud of Darknefs; and a Shine
 Gilds all the sooty Vizar! —but alas,
 Who is't approaches him with such a Pace?
 Oh-'tis no Traytor, the just Gods I find
 Have still a pitying Care of human kind.
 This is the Gallant, Loyal *Charles*, thrown
 (By the same Wreck by which his King's undone.)
 Beneath our Shades, he comes in Pious Care }
 (Oh happy Man! than *Cromwel* happier far }
 On whom ill Fate this Honor does confer) }
 He tells the King the Woods are overspread
 With Villains arm'd to search that Prize, his Head :
 Now poorly set to sale ; — the Foe is nigh,
 What shall they do ? Ah whither shall they fly ?
 They from the danger hasty Counsel took,
 And by some God inspir'd, ascend my Oak,
 My Oak, the largest in the faithful Wood ;
 Whom to receive I my glad Branches bow'd.
 And for the King a Throne prepar'd, and spread
 My thickest Leaves a Canopy o'er his Head.
 The Mistletoe commanded to ascend
 Around his sacred Person to attend,
 (Oh happy Omen) straight it did obey,
 The Sacred Mistletoe attends with Joy.
 Here without fear their prostrate Heads they bow,
 The King is safe beneath my shelter now ;
 And you, my Nymphs, with awful silence may
 Your Adorations to your Sovereign pay,
 And cry, all hail, thou most belov'd of Heaven,
 To whom its chiefest Attributes are given ;
 But above all that God-like Fortitude,
 That has the Malice of thy Fate subdu'd.
 All hail!
 Thou greatest now of Kings indeed, while yet
 With all the Miseries of life beset,
 Thy mighty mind cou'd Death nor Danger fear,
 Nor yet even then of safety cou'd despair.
 This is the Virtue of a Monarch's Soul,
 Who above Fortunes reach can all her Turns controul ;
 Thus if Fate rob you of your Empires Sway,
 You by this Fortitude take hers away ;
 O brave Reprisal ! which the Gods prefer,
 That makes you triumph o'er the Conqueror.
 The Gods who one day will this Justice do
 Both make you Victor and Triumpher too.
 That Day's at hand, O let that Day come on,
 Wherein that wonderous Miracle shall be shewn :

May its gay Morn be more than usual bright,
 And rise upon the World with new created Light;
 Or let that Star whose dazzling Beams were hurl'd
 Upon his Birth-Day, now inform the World,
 That brave bold Constellation, which in sight.
 Of Mid-day's Sun durst lift its Lamp of Light.
 Now, happy Star again at Mid-day rise,
 And with new Prodigies adorn the Skies;
 Great *Charles* again is born, *Monk's* valiant Hand
 At last delivers the long labouring Land.
 This is the Month, Great Prince, must bring you forth,
May pays her fragrant Tributes at your Birth;
 This is the Month that's due to you by Fate,
 O Month most Glorious, Month most Fortunate:
 When you between your Royal Brothers rode,
 Amidst your shining Train attended like some God,
 One would believe that all the World were met
 To pay their Homage at your Sacred Feet.
 The wandering Gazers, numberless as these,
 Or as the Leaves on the vast Forest Trees.
 He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud Din
 Resounds to Heaven: and then, Long live the King:
 And sure the Shouts of their re-echoed Joys
 Reach'd to the utmost Bounds of distant Seas,
 Born by the flying Winds thro' yielding Air,
 And strike the Foreign Shores with awful Fear.
 O 'tis a wonderful Pleasure to be mad,
 Such frantick Turns our Nation oft has had.
 Permit it now ye Stoicks, ne'er till now,
 The Frenzy you more justly might allow,
 Since 'tis a joyful Fit that ends the Fears,
 And wretched Fury of so many years.
 Nor will the Night her Sable Wings display
 T' obscure the Lustre of so bright a day.
 At least the much transported Multitude
 Permits not the dark Goddess to intrude;
 The whole Isle seem'd to burn with joyful Flames,
 Whose Rays gilt all the Face of Neighbouring *Thames*.
 But how shall I express the Vulgars Joys,
 Their Songs, their Feasts, their Laughter and their Cries;
 How Fountains run with the Vines precious Juice,
 And such the flowing Rivers shou'd produce,
 Their Streams the richest Nectar should afford:
 The Golden Age seems now again restor'd.
 See --- smiling Peace does her bright Face display,
 Down thro' the Air serene she cuts her way,
 Expels the Clouds, and rises on the Day.
 Long exil'd from our Shores, new Joy she brings,
 Embracing *Albion* with her Snowy Wings;

Nor comes she unattended, but a Throng
 Of Noble *British* Matrons brings along.
 Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modesty,
 Religion, long since fled with Loyalty,
 And in a decent Garb the lovely Piety :
 Justice from Fraud and Perjury forc'd to fly ;
 Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty.
 Blest Liberty, thou fairest in the Train,
 And most esteem'd in a just Prince's Reign.

With these, as lov'd, Great *Mary* too return'd,
 In her own Country who long Exile mourn'd.
 You, Royal Mother! you, whose only Crime
 Was loving *Charles*, and sharing Woes with him,
 Now Heaven repays, tho slow, yet just and true,
 For him Revenge, and just Rewards for you.

Hail, mighty Queen, form'd by the Pow'rs divine,
 The Shame of our weak Sex, and Pride of thine,
 How well have you in either Fortune shown,
 In either, still your Mind was all your own;
 The giddy World roll'd round you long in vain,
 Who fix'd in Virtues Centre still remain.

And now, just Prince! thou thy great Mind shalt bring
 To the true weighty Office of a King.

The gaping Wounds of War thy Hand shall cure,
 Thy Royal Hand, gentle alike, and sure:
 And by insensible Degrees efface
 Of foregone Ill the very Scars and Trace.

Force to the injur'd Law thou shalt restore,
 And all that Majesty it own'd before.

Thou long corrupted Manners shalt reclaim,
 And Faith and Honor of the *English* Name;
 Thus long-neglected Gardens entertain

Their banish'd Master, when return'd again.

All over-run with Weeds he finds, but soon
 Luxuriant Branches carefully will prune,
 The weaken'd Arms of the sick Vine he'll raise,
 And with kind Bands sustain the loosen'd Sprays.

Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,
 And with his Art and Skill make all things new.

A Work immense, yet sweet, and which in future Days,

When the fair Trees their blooming Glories raise,

The happy Gard'ners Labor over-pays.

Cities and Towns, Great Prince, thy Gardens be
 With Labor cultivated, worthy Thee.

In decent Order thou dost all dispose :

Nor are the Woods, nor Rural Groves disdain'd;

He who our Wants, who all our Breaches knows,

He all our drooping Fortunes has sustain'd.

As

As young Colonies of Trees thou dost replace
 I'th' empty Realms of our Arboreal Race;
 Nay, dost our Reign extend to future Days;
 And blest Posterity, supinely laid,
 Shall feast and revel underneath thy Shade.
 Cool Summer Arbors then thy Gift shalt be,
 And their bright Winter Fires they'll owe to thee.
 To thee those Beams their Palaces sustain,
 And all their floating Castles on the Main.
 Who knows, Great Prince, but thou this happy Day,
 For Towns and Navies mayst Foundations lay
 After a thousand years are roll'd away.
 Reap thou those mighty Triumphs then which for thee grow,
 And mighty Triumphs for succeeding Ages sow:
 Thou Glory's craggy Top shalt first essay,
 Divide the Clouds, and mark the shining Way;
 To Fame's bright Temples shalt thy Subjects guide,
 Thy *Britains* bold, almost of Night deny'd.
 The foaming Waves thy dread Commands shall stay,
 Thy dread Commands the foaming Waves obey.
 The watry World no *Neptune* owns but thee,
 And thy three Kingdoms shall thy Trident be.

What Madness, O *Batavians*! you possess,
 That the Sea's Scepter you'd from *Britain* wrest,
 Which Nature gave, whom she with Floods has crown'd,
 And fruitful *Amphitrite* embraces round;
 The rest o'th' World's just kiss'd by *Amphitrite*,
Albion sh' embraces, all her dear delight.
 You scarce th' insulting Ocean can restrain,
 Nor bear the Assaults of the besieging Main,
 Your Grafts and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain:
 And yet, what fond Ambition spurs you on?
 You dare attempt to make the Seas your own.
 O'er the vast Ocean, which no Limit knows,
 The narrow Laws of Ponds and Fens impose:
 But *Charles* his lively Valour this defies,
 And this the sturdy *British* Oak denies.
 O'er empty Seas the fierce *Batavian* Fléet
 Sings Triumphs, while there was no Foe to meet.
 But fear not, *Belgian*, he'll not tarry long,
 He'll soon be here, and interrupt thy Song,
 Too late thou'lt of thy hasty Joys complain,
 And to thy Native Shores look back in vain.
 Great *James*, as soon as the first Whisper came,
 Prodigal of his Life, and greedy but of Fame,
 With eager haste returns, as fast as they
 After the dreadful Fight will run away.

And now the Joyful *English* from afar
 Approaching saw the floating *Belgian* War.

Hark what a Shout they give, like those who come
From long *East-Indy* Voyage rich loaden home,
When first they make the happy *British* Land,
The dear *White Rocks*, and *Albion's* Chalky Strand.

The way to all the rest, brave *Rupert* show'd,
And thro' their Fleet cuts out his flaming Road,
Rupert, who now had stubborn Fate inclin'd,
Heaven on his side engaging, and the Wind:
Famous by Land and Sea; whose Valor soon
Blunts both the Horns of the *Batavian* Moon.

Next comes illustrious *James*, and where he goes,
To Cowards leaves the Crowd of vulgar Foes,
To th' Royal Sovereign's Deck he seems to grow,
Shakes his broad Sword, and seeks an equal Foe.
Nor did bold *Opdam's* mighty Mind refuse
The dreadful Honor which 'twas Death to chuse:
Both Admirals with haste for Fight prepare,
The rest might stand and gaze; themselves a War.

O whither, whither, *Opdam*, dost thou flie?
Can this rash Valor please the pow'rs on high:
It can't, it won't—or wou'd'st thou proudly die
By such a mighty Hand? no *Opdam*, no:
Thy Fate's to perish b' yet a nobler Foe.

Heav'n only, *Opdam's* shall thy Conqu'ror be,
A Labor worth its while, to conquer thee:
Heav'n shall be there, to guard its best lov'd House;
And just Revenge inflict on all your broken Vows.

The mighty Ship a hundred Canons bore,
A hundred Canons which like Thunder roar;
Six times as many Men in Shivers torn,
E'er one Broadside, or single Shot 't had born,
Is with a horrid Crack blown up to th' Sky
In Smoak and Flames o'er all the Ocean nigh,
Torn, half-burnt Limbs of Ships and Seamen scatter'd lie.

Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown
Among the guilty Wretches is not known,
Tho likely 'tis: *Amboina's* Wickedness,
And broken Peace and Oaths deserv'd no less,
Or whether fatal Gunpowder it were
By some unlucky Spark enkindled there;
Even Chance, by Heaven directed, is the Rod,
The fiery Shaft of an avenging God,
The flaming Wrack the hissing Deep floats o'er,
Far, far away, almost to either shore,
Which ev'n from pious Foes wou'd pity draw,
A trembling pity, mixt with dreadful aw.
But pity yet scarce any room can find,
What Noise, what Horror still remains behind?

On either side does wild confusion reign,
 Ship grapples Ship, and sink into the Main,
 The *Orange* careless of *loft Opdam's* Fate,
 Will next, To attack victorious *James* prepare,
 Worthy to perish at the self same rate,
 But *English* Guns sufficient Thunder bear;
 By *English* Guns, and human Fire o'erpow'r'd,
 'Tis quickly in the hissing Waves devour'd.
 Three Ships besides are burnt, if Fame says true,
 None of whose baser Names the Goddess knew;
 As many more the Dolphin did subdue.
 Their Decks in Show'rs of kindled Sulphur steep,
 And send 'em flaming to th' affrighted deep.
 So burns a City, storm'd and fir'd by night,
 The Shades are pierc'd with such a dreadful Light;
 Such dusky Globes of Flame around 'em broke
 Through the dark Shadow of the Guns and Smoke.

Can Fire in Water then such Licence claim?
 Justly the Water hides it self for shame:
 The dreadful Wrack outstretching far away
 Vast Ruins o'er its trembling Bosom lay;
 Here Masts and Rudders from their Vessels torn,
 There Sails and Flags across the Waves are born,
 A thousand floating Bodies there appear,
 As many half-dead Men lie groaning here.
 If any where the Sea it self's reveal'd
 With horrid purple Tracks the azure Wave's conceal'd.
 All sunk or took, 'twere tedious to relate,
 And all the sad variety of Fate
 One day produces --- with what Art and Skill
 Ev'n Chance ingenious seems, to save or kill,
 To spare, or to torment who e'er she will,
 The vulgar Deaths, below the Muse to heed
 Not only Faith, but Number too exceed,
 Three noble Youths by the same sudden Death,
 A brave Example to the World bequeath;
 Fam'd for high Birth, but Merits yet more high,
 All at one fatal Moment's Warning die,
 Torn by one Shot, almost one Body they,
 Three Brothers in one Death confounded lay:
 Who wou'd not Fortune harsh and barbarous call,
 Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal,
 For next to these --- I tremble still with fear,
 My Joys disturb'd while such a danger near,
 Fearless, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral stood,
 Stunn'd with the Blow, and sprinkled with their Blood.
 Fiercer he presses on, while they retir'd,
 He presses on with Grief, and Anger fir'd.

Nor

Nor longer can the *Belgian* Force engage
 The *English* Valor, warm'd with double Rage.
 Breaks with their Losses, and a Cause so ill,
 Their shatter'd Fleet all the wide Ocean fill,
 Till trembling *Rhine* opens his Harbors wide,
 Seeing the Wretches from our Thunder fly:
 From our hot Chase their shatter'd Fleet he'd hide,
 And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by.
 In sacred Rage the *Dryad* this reveal'd,
 Yet many future wond'rous things conceal'd,
 But this to grace some future *Bard* will serve,
 For better Poets this the Gods reserve.



FINIS.

INDEX.

	pag.		pag.
A Bricot, see Apricock,		Coral-tree, <i>Pyracantha</i>	141
<i>Africans, Flos Africanus</i>	89	Corn-Violet, <i>Venus Looking-Glass, Speculum Veneris</i>	85
<i>Agnacata</i>	123	Cornel Tree, or Cornelian-Berry, <i>Cornus</i>	114, 139
Alder, <i>Alnus</i> ,	137	Crab, <i>Malus sylvestris</i>	139
Almond, <i>Amygdalus</i>	110	Crown Imperial, <i>Corona Imperialis</i>	74
Amaranth, <i>Amaranthus</i>	103	Currants, <i>Ribes</i>	118
<i>Anemone</i>	73	Cypress, <i>Cupressus</i>	142
<i>Anthemis, Leucanthemis</i>	84	<i>Daffadil, Narcissus.</i>	72
<i>Anthora</i>	85	Dames-Violet, <i>Hesperis</i>	84
<i>Antirrhinon</i>	ibid.	<i>Dittany, Dictamnus</i>	38
Apple-tree, <i>Malus</i>	117	<i>Dodder, Cassytha</i>	9
Apricock-tree, <i>Malus Armenia, præcox</i>	113	Double Pellitory, <i>Ptarmica</i>	88
	138	Ducks-Meat, <i>Lens Palustris</i>	23
<i>Ash, Fraxinus</i>	138	Elder-tree, <i>AËe, Sambucus</i>	137
<i>Bacona, Platanus Indica</i>	122	<i>Elm, Pteleas, Ulmus</i>	138
<i>Barberry, Berberis</i>	118, 139	<i>Emonies, Anemone</i>	73
<i>Barren-Wort, Epimedium</i>	88	<i>Ever-green Privet, Phillyrea</i>	141
<i>Bastard-Dittany, Fraxinella</i>	88	<i>Eye-bright, Euphrasia</i>	17
<i>Bean, Faba</i>	91	<i>Felwort, Gentiana</i>	86
<i>Bears Ear, Auricula Ursi</i>	71	<i>Fennel-Flower, Nigella</i>	85
<i>Beech, Fagus, Oxyas</i>	138	<i>Fir-tree, Abies, Elate</i>	143
<i>Bell-flowers, Campanula Convolutulus</i>	86	<i>Fig-tree, Ficus</i>	118
<i>Betony, Vettonica</i>	2	<i>Flower-de luce, Iris</i>	77
<i>Baum, Melissa</i>	7	<i>Flower-Gentle, Amaranthus</i>	103
<i>Bind-weed, Convolutulus</i>	86	<i>Fox-Glove, Flos digitalis</i>	87
<i>Birch-tree, Betula</i>	137	<i>French Marigolds, Flos Africanus</i>	89
<i>Birth-wort, Aristolochia</i>	46	<i>Gentian, Gentiana</i>	86
<i>Bitter-Wort, Gentiana</i>	86	<i>Gillostowers, Hesperis</i>	84
<i>Blue-Bottle, Cyanus</i>	84	<i>Flos Jovis, Caryophyllus</i>	100
<i>Blue-Helmet-Flower, Napellus</i>	85	<i>Goats-Rue, Galega</i>	86
<i>Box-tree, Buxus</i>	140	<i>Gooseberry, Grossularia</i>	118
<i>Cacao-Nut</i>	123	<i>Greek-Rose, Campionis, Lychnis</i>	86
<i>Calfs-Snout, Antirrhinon</i>	85	<i>Gum-Cistus, Lada</i>	90
<i>Campions, Lychnis</i>	86	<i>Hazel-Nut, Corylus</i>	108
<i>Candy-Tufts, Thlaspi</i>	88	<i>Hearts-Ease, Viola tricolor</i>	84
<i>Canterbury-Bells, Trachelium</i>	87	<i>Heliotrope or Sun Flower</i>	99
<i>Catch Fly, Muscipula</i>	88	<i>Helmet-Flower, Napellus</i>	85
<i>Celandine, Chelidonia</i>	29, 30	<i>Holihock, Malva hortensis</i>	89
<i>Cherry-tree, Cerasus</i>	113	<i>Holly, Aquifolium</i>	141
<i>Chestnut, Castanea</i>	109	<i>Holli-Rose, Cistus</i>	90
<i>Chichlins, Lathyrus</i>	91	<i>Hovia</i>	122
<i>Chocolate</i>	123	<i>Jasmine, Jessemin, Jasme, Jasminum</i>	90
<i>Christmas-Flower, Helleborus Niger</i>	65	<i>Imperial Crown, Corona Imperialis</i>	74
<i>Coca</i>	121	<i>Indian Cresses, Nasturtium Indicum</i>	87
<i>Coccus</i>	124	<i>Indian</i>	
<i>Cochineel</i>	123		

INDEX.

	pag.		pag.
Indian Fig-tree, <i>Ficus Indica</i>	122	Pine-tree, <i>Pinus, Pence.</i>	110, 143
Indian Flowery Reed, <i>Canna Indica</i> , ib.		<i>Pistacho, Pistacium</i>	111
Jujube, <i>Ziziphus</i>	114	<i>Plantain, Plantago</i>	40
July-Flower, or Gilly-Flower	100	<i>Plumbs, Monostea, Pruna</i>	113
Juniper, <i>Juniperus, Arceuthis</i>	141	<i>Pomegranate, Malus Punica</i>	112
Larks-Heel, or Larks-Spur, <i>Delphinium, Consolida regalis</i>	87, 94	<i>Poplar, Populus</i>	136
Laurel, <i>Laurus</i>	43, 142	<i>Poppy, Papaver</i>	97
Lemon, <i>Malus Citria</i>	112	<i>Prickly Coral tree, Pyracantha</i>	141
Lettuce, <i>Lactuca</i>	16, 17	<i>Privet, Phillyrea</i>	ib.
Lily, <i>Lilium candidum</i>	96	<i>Quince-tree, Malus Cydonia</i>	117
Lime-tree, <i>Philyra, Tilia</i>	139	<i>Rocket, Eruca</i>	56
Lions-Mouth, <i>Antirrhinon</i>	85	<i>Rose, Rosa</i>	41, 80
Loose-strife, <i>Lysimachia</i>	86	<i>Rosemary, Ros marinus</i>	24
Lote-tree, <i>Lotus</i>	114	<i>Ruffling Robin, Fennel-flow. Nigella</i>	85
Love-Apple, <i>Pomum Amoris</i>	87	<i>Saffron, Crocus</i>	101
Lust-wort, <i>Rorella, vulg. Ros. Sol. 20, 21</i>		<i>Sage, Salvia</i>	6
Lupine, <i>Lupinus</i>	91	<i>Sage-Rose, Cistus</i>	90
Maiden-Hair, <i>Capillus Veneris</i>	4	<i>Savin, Sabina</i>	50, 141
Mandrake, <i>Mandragoras</i>	91	<i>Scarlet-Bean, Faba coccinea</i>	91
Maple, <i>Accr</i>	137	<i>Scurvy-grass, Cochlearia</i>	8
Marigolds French, <i>Flos Africanus</i>	89	<i>Service-tree, Sorbus</i>	139
Marvel of Peru, <i>Mirab. Peruvianum</i>	89	<i>Snap-dragon, Antirrhinon</i>	85
Mastick-tree, <i>Lentiscus</i>	49	<i>Sope-Wort, Saponaria</i>	86
Meadow-Saffron, <i>Bulbus Strangulatus</i>	101	<i>Sow-Bread, Cyclaminus</i>	21, 22, 88
Medlar-tree, <i>Mespilus</i>	117	<i>Spider wort, Phalangium</i>	89
Metla	123	<i>Spleenwort, Asplenium</i>	15
Milt-wast, <i>Asplenium</i>	15	<i>Star-Wort, Amellus, Aster Atticus</i>	89
Mint, <i>Mentha</i>	25	<i>Strawberry-tree, Arbutus, Camaris</i>	118, 141
Mistletoe, <i>Viscus Quernus</i>	28	<i>Sun-dew, Rorella, vulg. Ros. Sol. 20, 21</i>	
Moly, <i>Allium Olypicum</i>	92	<i>Sun-flower, Flos Solis</i>	99
Monks-Hood, <i>Napellus</i>	85	<i>Sweet Cistus, Lada</i>	90
Mouse-Ear, <i>Auricula muris, Pilosella</i>	88	<i>Sweet William, Sweet John, Armerius</i>	88
Mugwort, <i>Artemisia</i>	36, 53	<i>Throat-Wort, Trachelius, Flos Card.</i>	87
Mulberry, <i>Morus</i>	118, 139	<i>Tulip, Tulipa.</i>	75
Myrrh, <i>Myrrha</i>	55	<i>Tuna</i>	122
Myrtle, <i>Myrtus</i>	117	<i>Venus-Hair, Capillus Veneris</i>	4
Nectarin, <i>Duracina, Rhodacena</i>	113	<i>Vine, Vitis</i>	119
Nut-trees, <i>Corylus, Castan. &c. 108, &c.</i>		<i>Violet, Viola</i>	70
Oak, <i>Quercus</i>	131, 143	<i>Virginian Climer, Passion-flower, Flos Passionis, Maracotta</i>	92
Olive, <i>Olea</i>	115	<i>Wall-nut, Juglans</i>	111
Orange-tree, <i>Malus Aurantia</i>	91, 112	<i>Water-Lily, Nymphaea</i>	13, 91
Palm, <i>Palma</i>	114	<i>Way-Bred, Plantago</i>	40
Pansie, <i>Viola flammæa</i>	84	<i>White-Lily, Lilium candidum</i>	96
Passion-flower, <i>Maracotta, Flos Pas.</i>	92	<i>Willow, Salix</i>	137
Peach, <i>Malum Persicum</i>	113	<i>Willow-herb, Lysimachia</i>	86
Pease-tree, <i>Pyrus</i>	117	<i>Winter-cherries, Vesicaria, Alhakengis</i>	19
Pear everlasting, <i>Pisum perenne</i>	91	<i>Wormwood, Absinthium</i>	11
Pellitory, <i>Pyrethrum</i>	88	<i>Yellow Larks-heel, Nasturtium Indic.</i>	87
Penny-royal, <i>Pulegium</i>	37	<i>Tew-tree, Taxus</i>	141
Peony, <i>Paonia</i>	78		

FINIS.



Alph 2103699 04-35789

