



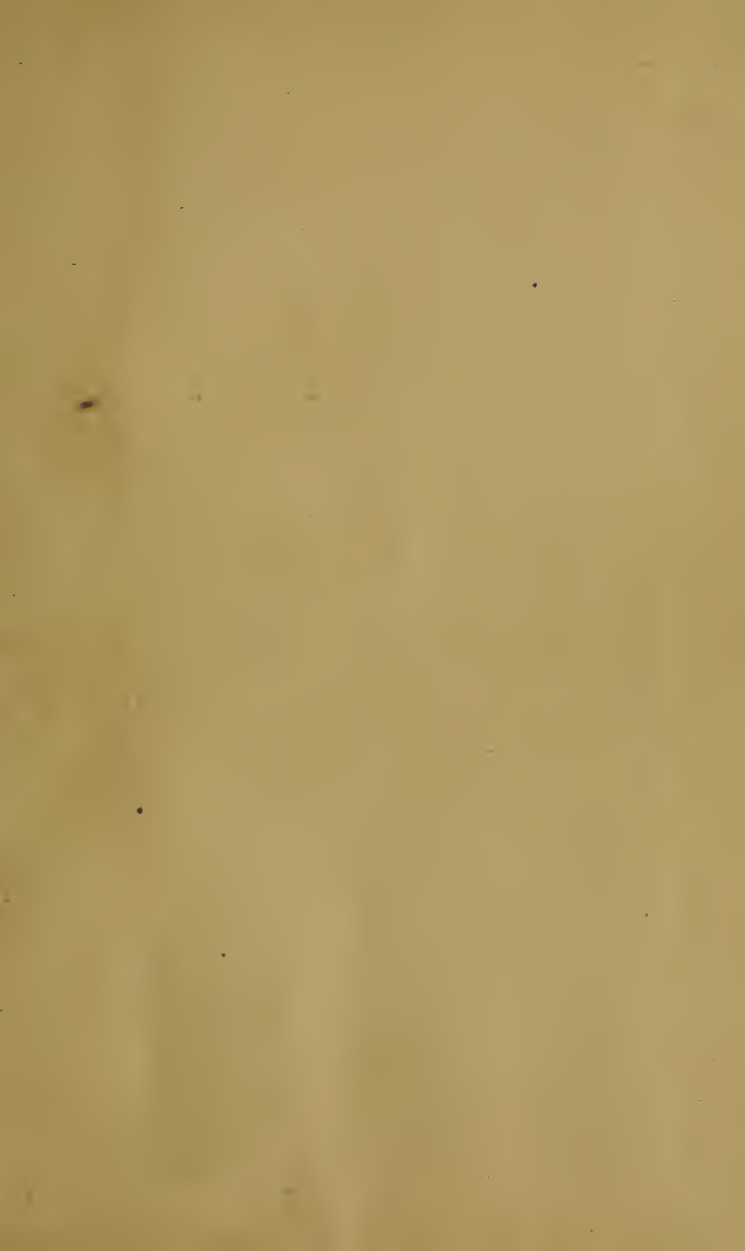


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# P O E M S

By JOHN DRYDEN



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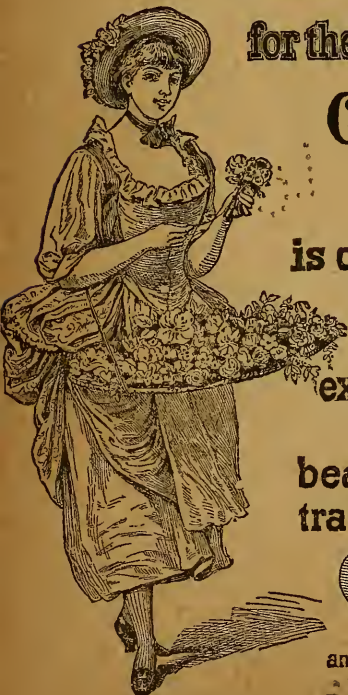
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## INTRODUCTION.

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JOHN DRYDEN was born in Northamptonshire, at Aldwinkle All Saints, on the 9th of August, 1631. His grandfather was Sir Erasmus Dryden, Bart., of Canons Ashby, who died a year after John Dryden's birth. The eldest son of Sir Erasmus was named John, and became head of the family, as Sir John Dryden of Canons Ashby; the third son was named Erasmus, who, as a younger son, was provided for with a little estate at Blakesley, worth £60 a year, equivalent to about £250 a year in present buying power. Blakesley was close to the headquarters of the Pickering family at Tichmarsh. Erasmus Dryden married, in October, 1630, before the death of his father, Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, Rector of Aldwinkle All Saints. The Drydens and Pickerings were neighbours and intimate friends. Not only did Erasmus Dryden marry a daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, but a sister of his married the Rev. Henry Pickering's elder brother, Sir John. The eldest son of that marriage was Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was allied, therefore, by double

cousinship to the poet, and who became trusted in the Commonwealth by Cromwell as one of his ardent supporters. That was, in fact, the fiery Sir Gilbert, under whom the poet began his active life in the world. John Dryden, the poet, was the first child of Erasmus and Mary Dryden: first child in a family of fourteen. His mother had gone to her old home for awhile before his birth, and he was born, therefore, in the parsonage at Aldwinkle All Saints.

After some teaching at Tichmarsh, young John Dryden was sent to Westminster School, then under Dr. Busby, and at Westminster he received the whole of his school training before he went on, at the age of nineteen, with a scholarship, to Trinity College, Cambridge. John Locke, born in August, 1632, one year younger than Dryden, was also sent to Westminster School, and the two boys, who as men became chiefs in the two opposite ranks of political opinion, were school-fellows, probably class-fellows. Dryden left for Cambridge in 1650, Locke for Oxford in 1651. At the age of eighteen, before leaving Westminster, Dryden had written a poem on the death by small-pox of an old Westminster boy, the Marquis of Hastings, who died at the age of twenty-one. That piece usually stands first in a collection of Dryden's poems, but it is young imitation of what then was the fashion for strained ingenuity, interesting only as an illustration

of the length to which the fashion of the day might carry a young writer in the decorative treatment of small-pox pustules.

“ So many spots like næves on Venus’ soil ;  
 One jewel set off with so many a foil ;  
 Blisters with pride swelled, which through ’s flesh did  
     sprout,  
 Like rosebuds stuck in the lily skin about.  
 Each little pimple had a tear in it,  
 To wail the fault its rising did commit ;  
 Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,  
 Thus made an insurrection ’gainst his life.  
 Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,  
 The cabinet of a richer soul within ?  
 No comet need foretell his change drew on,  
 Whose corpse did seem a constellation.”

Dryden graduated at Cambridge as Bachelor of Arts in January, 1654. In the following June his father died, and he inherited, as eldest son, two-thirds of the estate at Blakesley, his mother retaining a third for life. The books of his College show that in April, 1655, Dryden lost his scholarship because he had ceased to reside at Cambridge. He had, in fact, without proceeding to his M.A., gone to London to reside, probably as secretary, with his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, and look for employment under Cromwell through Sir Gilbert’s influence.

After he had been three or four years in London, seeing nothing to shake his faith in the

Commonwealth, or make him question the principles in which he had been bred, the death of Cromwell, on the 3rd of September, 1658, caused Dryden to write the Heroic Stanzas, with which this volume begins. The poem on the death of Cromwell was Dryden's first work of importance as a poet. Nothing has come down to us between it and his school-boy verses. When he wrote these Heroic Stanzas, Dryden had completed his twenty-seventh year. Keats when he died was little more than twenty-five years old. There is much difference in the pace of development in different minds. Dryden's power matured slowly, was ripest in its latest utterances; age brought with it no debility of mind.

After the death of Cromwell it became evident that he alone had been the pillar of the Commonwealth. In the argument that followed, Dryden—by natural bias a supporter of authority, who had been bred from childhood in the opposite school of thought—was for the first time put to questioning within himself. He took the side of authority to which his way of thought inclined, and thenceforth all his opinion on public matters ran consistently in one direction. He accepted the monarchy and the doctrine of royal supremacy in "Astræa Redux"; he wrote his "Annus Mirabilis"—1666—to support the credit of the King; he defended the King's policy in "Absalom and



Achitophel," when it was desired to quell the opposition to the Duke of York's succession to the throne by striking down the Earl of Shaftesbury, most active of the King's opponents on that question. Shaftesbury was sent to the Tower, charged with high treason, on the 2nd of July, 1681. "Absalom and Achitophel," a political pamphlet in verse of the utmost vigour, was published on the 17th of November, some days before the expected trial. On the 24th of November, the bill of indictment against Shaftesbury was thrown out by the grand jury. The people rejoiced. A medal was struck. Dryden returned to the attack with a poem called "The Medal," which appeared in March, 1682. There were replies, and among them was a scurrilous attack by Shadwell, for which Dryden took his revenge in the vigorous satire, "Mac Flecknoe," which was published in October, 1682. In the next month Dryden published his "Religio Laici," in which he dealt with religious controversy as a Protestant whose point of view upon the surrender of private opinion to the Church authority was altogether Catholic. As the question between the Churches became more and more urgent, Dryden, still following his natural bias, found that his place was in the Roman Catholic Church, and four years and a half after the publication of the "Religio Laici," there followed, in April, 1687, "The Hind and the

Panther," a lay argument in verse for the point of view of the Roman Catholic in matters of authority.

Of the minor poems included in this volume, it is enough to add that the famous "Alexander's Feast" was written, in 1697, for a musical society that annually set to original music a poem written for the occasion, and produced the result at a great public concert on St. Cecilia's Day, the 22nd of November. Dryden died in 1700, on the 1st of May. Johnson's Life of him is, in No. 37 of this Library.

H. M. .

HEROIC STANZAS,  
CONSECRATED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS HIGH-  
NESS, OLIVER,

LATE LORD PROTECTOR OF THIS COMMONWEALTH, &c.

*Written after the celebrating of his funeral.*



1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

How shall I then begin or where conclude  
To draw a fame so truly circular ?

For in a round what order can be shewed,  
Where all the parts so equal-perfect are ?

## 6.

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

## 7.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,  
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring ;  
Nor was his virtue poisoned, soon as born,  
With the too early thoughts of being King.

## 8.

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

## 9.

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

## 10.

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

## 11.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,  
First sought to inflame the parties, then to poise,  
The quarrel loved, but did the cause abhor,  
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

## 12.

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

## 13.

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

## 14.

He fought, secure of fortune as of fame,  
Till by new maps the Island might be shown  
Of conquests, which he strewed where'er he came,  
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

## 15.

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

## 16.

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

## 17.

Her safety rescued Ireland to him owes ;  
And treacherous Scotland, to no interest true,  
Yet blessed that fate which did his arms dispose  
Her land to civilise as to subdue.

## 18.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine  
When to pale mariners they storms portend ;

He had his calmer influence, and his mien  
 Did love and majesty together blend.

19.

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

20.

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

21.

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

22.

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

23.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embraced  
 Than the light Monsieur the grave Don out-  
 weighed :  
 His fortune turned the scale where'er 'twas cast,  
 Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

24.

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

25.

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

26.

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

27.

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

28.

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

29.

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

30.

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

31.

By his command we boldly crossed the Line  
And bravely fought where southern stars arise ;

We traced the far-fetched gold unto the mine,  
And that which bribed our fathers, made our prize.

## 32.

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

## 33.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,  
But when fresh laurels courted him to live ;  
He seemed but to prevent some new success,  
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

## 34.

His latest victories still thickest came,  
As near the centre motion does increase ;  
Till he, pressed down by his own weighty name,  
Did, like the Vestal, under spoils de cease.

## 35.

But first the Ocean as a tribute sent  
That giant-prince of all her watery herd ;  
And the Isle, when her protecting Genius went,  
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferred.

## 36.

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

## 37.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest ;  
His name a great example stands to show  
How strangely high endeavours may be blessed  
Where piety and valour jointly go.



## ANNUS MIRABILIS :

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

AN HISTORICAL POEM;

CONTAINING

THE PROGRESS AND VARIOUS SUCSESSES OF OUR NAVAL  
WAR WITH HOLLAND,UNDER THE CONDUCT OF HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE RUPERT AND HIS  
GRACE THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE,

AND DESCRIBING THE FIRE OF LONDON.



TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

THE MOST RENOWNED AND LATE FLOURISHING CITY OF LONDON, IN ITS  
REPRESENTATIVES THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN,  
THE SHERIFFS AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT.

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

afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so : you, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a phoenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity. But Heaven never made so much piety and virtue, to leave it miserable. I have heard indeed of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation. Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general ; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am, therefore, to conclude that your sufferings are at an end, and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is by none more passionately desired than by

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

JOHN DRYDEN.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER TO THE HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I am so many ways obliged to you and so little able to return your favours that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me; and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire : I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary war ; in it the care, management, and prudence of our King ; the conduct and valour of a Royal Admiral and of two incomparable Generals ; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen, and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the fire the most deplorable, but withal the greatest argument that can be imagined ; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast

and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it: and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first, to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the City; both which were so conspicuous that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem historical, not epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse than epic poets; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble and of greater dignity both for the sound and number than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme, and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy (though not so proper for this occasion), for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes, all which our fathers practised. And for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations: with the Italian in every line, with the

Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the "Alaric," the "Pucelle," or any of their latter poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines or verses of six feet, such as, amongst us, is the old translation of Homer by Chapman; all which by lengthening of their chain makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to "Gondibert;" and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea; and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his "Pharsalia," yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of arts in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear, indeed, among our poets of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance.

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

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them, the whole poem being first written, and now sent you, from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure; I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that as they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them and made them fruitful; but here—*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus*. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit; it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real. Other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so is it the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise

nis subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him ; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem : I must crave leave to tell you that, as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is or ought to be of wit ; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school distinction), is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory till it springs the quarry it hunted after ; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit in the general notion of it to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem : I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the jingle of a more poor paronomasia ; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil ; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought ; the second is fancy, or the variation, driving, or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject ; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words. The quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these Ovid is famous amongst the poets ; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one ; his words, therefore, are the least part of his care ; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought, which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine anything that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own ; he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more

liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Byblis, the Althæa of Ovid. For as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them; and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he represents us within their native figures, in their proper motions; but we so see them as our own eyes could never have beheld them, so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

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

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

“ Lumenque juventæ  
Purpureum et lætos oculis afflarat honores:  
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo  
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.”

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

“ Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum.”

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must

own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem : I have followed him everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough ; my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin ; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper nor altogether unelegant in verse ; and in this Horace will again defend me.

“ Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem si  
Græco fonte cadent parce detorta.”

The inference is exceeding plain : for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom and with modesty, how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same pre-requisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers ? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist ; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy ; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object ; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter : for the one shows nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire ; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a leper, or of a fool with distorted face and antic gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmilianis*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion ; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollius æra* : there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They have said, I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat*

*his locus*; I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

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

Sir,

The most obedient and most faithful of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton, in Wiltshire,

Nov. 10, 1666.



## ANNUS MIRABILIS :

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

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1.

IN thriving arts long time had Holland grown,  
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad ;  
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,  
Our King they courted and our merchants awed.

2.

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

3.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,  
In Eastern quarries ripening precious dew ;  
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,  
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

4.

The sun but seemed the labourer of their year ;  
Each waxing moon supplied her watery store  
To swell those tides which from the Line did bear  
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

5.

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

6.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend,  
But they more diligent, and we more strong ?

Or if a peace, it soon must have an end,  
 For they would grow too powerful, were it long.

## 7.

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

## 8.

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

## 9.

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

## 10.

This saw our King, and long within his breast  
 His pensive counsels balanced to and fro ;  
 He grieved the land he freed should be opprest,  
 And he less for it than usurpers do.

## 11.

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

## 12.

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

## 13.

He first surveyed the charge with careful eyes,  
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain :  
Yet judged, like vapours that from limbecs rise,  
It would in richer showers descend again.

## 14.

At length resolved to assert the watery ball,  
He in himself did whole armadas bring ;  
Him aged seamen might their master call,  
And choose for General, were he not their King.

## 15.

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

## 16.

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

## 17.

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

## 18.

Or one that bright companion of the sun,  
Whose glorious aspect sealed our new-born King,  
And now, a round of greater years begun,  
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

## 19.

Victorious York did first with famed success  
To his known valour make the Dutch give place ;

Thus Heaven our Monarch's fortune did confess,  
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

20.

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

21.

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

22.

Their chief blown up, in air, not waves, expired  
To which his pride presumed to give the law ;  
The Dutch confessed Heaven present and retired,  
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

23.

To nearest ports their shattered ships repair,  
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay awed ;  
So reverently men quit the open air  
Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

24.

And now approached their fleet from India, fraught  
With all the riches of the rising sun,  
And precious sand from Southern climates brought,  
The fatal regions where the war begun.

25.

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

26.

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

27.

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

28.

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

29.

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

30.

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

31.

Nor wholly lost we so deserved a prey,  
For storms repenting part of it restored,  
Which as a tribute from the Baltic sea  
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

32.

Go, mortals, now and vex yourselves in vain  
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come ;

When what was brought so far and with such pain  
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

## 33.

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

## 34.

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

## 35.

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

## 36.

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

## 37.

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

## 38.

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

## 39.

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

## 40.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade  
 Who envies us what he wants power to enjoy,  
 Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,  
 And weak assistance will his friends destroy ;

## 41.

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

## 42.

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

## 43.

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

## 44.

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

## 45.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,  
 Which without rashness he began before :

As honour made him first the danger choose,  
 So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

46.

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

47.

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

48.

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

49.

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

50.

The Duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain  
 That Carthage which he ruined rise once more,  
 And shook aloft the fasces of the main  
 To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

51.

Together to the watery camp they haste,  
 Whom matrons passing to their children show ;  
 Infants' first vows for them to Heaven are cast,  
 And future people bless them as they go.



52.

With them no riotous pomp nor Asian train  
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears  
To make slow fights and victories but vain ;  
But war severely like itself appears.

53.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,  
They make that warmth in others they expect ;  
Their valour works like bodies on a glass  
And does its image on their men project.

54.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,  
In number and a famed commander bold :  
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear  
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

55.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,  
On wings of all the winds to combat flies ;  
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,  
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

56.

Both furl their sails and strip them for the fight ;  
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air ;  
The Elean plains could boast no nobler fight,  
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

57.

Borne each by other in a distant line,  
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move ;  
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,  
But lands unfixed and floating nations strove.

58.

Now passed, on either side they nimbly tack ;  
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind ,

And in its eye more closely they come back  
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

59.

On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,  
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go ;  
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied  
By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

60.

And as the build, so different is the fight ;  
Their mounting shot is on our sails designed :  
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light  
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

61.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,  
Whose battered rigging their whole war receives ;  
All bare, like, some old oak which tempests beat,  
He stands, and sees below his scattered leaves.

62.

Heroes of old when wounded shelter sought ;  
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,  
Even in their face his ship to anchor brought  
And steeple-high stood propped upon the main.

63.

At this excess of courage all-amazed,  
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw ;  
With such respect in entered Rome they gazed  
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

64.

And now as, where Patroclus' body lay,  
Here Trojan chiefs advanced and there the Greek,  
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,  
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

65.

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes  
His shattered sails with rigging to restore ;  
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,  
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

66.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,  
More fierce the important quarrel to decide :  
Like swans in long array his vessels show,  
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

67.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea  
They drive and squander the huge Belgian fleet ;  
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,  
Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

68.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue  
The combat still and they ashamed to leave :  
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,  
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

69.

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

70.

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

71.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,  
Or shipwrecked labour to some distant shore,

Or in dark churches walk among the dead,  
They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

72.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,  
Till from their maintop joyful news they hear  
Of ships which by their mould bring new supplies,  
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

73.

Our watchful General had discerned from far  
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe ;  
He sighed, but, like a father of the war,  
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

74.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,  
Never till now unwilling to obey :  
They not their wounds but want of strength deplore,  
And think them happy who with him can stay.

75.

Then to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day !  
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies ;  
Among so brave a people you are they  
Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

76.

"If number English courages could quell,  
We should at first have shunned, not met our foes,  
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell ;  
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows."

77.

He said, nor needed more to say : with haste  
To their known stations cheerfully they go ;  
And all at once, disdaining to be last,  
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

78.

Nor did the encouraged Belgians long delay,  
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood :  
So thick, our navy scarce could sheer their way,  
But seemed to wander in a moving wood.

79.

Our little fleet was now engaged so far  
That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought ;  
The combat only seemed a civil war,  
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

80.

Never had valour, no, not ours before  
Done aught like this upon the land or main ;  
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more  
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

81.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose,  
And arméd Edwards looked with anxious eyes,  
To see this fleet among unequal foes,  
By which Fate promised them their Charles should  
rise.

82.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,  
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they send ;  
Close by, their fire-ships like jackals appear  
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

83.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on :  
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide :  
In these the height of pleased revenge is shown  
Who burn contented by another's side.

84.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,  
Deceived themselves or to preserve some friend,

Two grappling Ætna's on the ocean meet  
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

85.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less ;  
And, like maimed fowl, swim lagging on the main ;  
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,  
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

86.

Have you not seen when, whistled from the fist,  
Some falcon stoops at what her eye designed,  
And, with her eagerness the quarry missed,  
Straight flies at check and clips it down the wind ;

87.

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing  
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,  
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,  
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

88.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare :  
He could not conquer, and disdained to fly :  
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,  
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

89.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,  
To see those perish who so well had fought ;  
And generously with his despair he strove,  
Resolved to live till he their safety wrought.

90.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,  
Of conquered nations tell and kings restored :  
But mine shall sing of his eclipsed estate,  
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

91.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,  
On which the foe his fruitless force employs ;  
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore  
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

92.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,  
And following smoke obscured them from the foe ;  
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,  
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

93.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,  
But here our courages did theirs subdue ;  
So Xenophon once led that famed retreat  
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

94.

The foe approached ; and one for his bold sin  
Was sunk, as he that touched the Ark was slain :  
The wild waves mastered him and sucked him in,  
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

95.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood :  
As if they had been there as servants set  
To stay or to go on, as he thought good,  
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

96.

So Libyan huntsmen on some sandy plain,  
From shady coverts roused, the lion chase  
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,  
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

97.

But if some one approach to dare his force,  
He swings his tail and swiftly turns him round,

With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,  
And with the other tears him to the ground.

98.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night ;  
Now hissing waters the quenched guns restore :  
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,  
Lie lulled and panting on the silent shore.

99.

The moon shone clear on the becalméd flood,  
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,  
Upon the deck our careful General stood,  
And deeply mused on the succeeding day.

100.

“That happy sun,” said he, “will rise again  
Who twice victorious did our navy see,  
And I alone must view him rise in vain,  
Without one ray of all his star for me.

101.

“Yet like an English general will I die,  
And all the ocean make my spacious grave :  
Women and cowards on the land may lie ;  
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.”

102.

Restless he passed the remnants of the night,  
Till the fresh air proclaimed the morning nigh ;  
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,  
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

103.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,  
His naked valour is his only guard ;  
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,  
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.



104.

Thus far had Fortune power, here forced to stay ;  
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife ;  
This as a ransom Albemarle did pay  
For all the glories of so great a life.

105.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,  
Whose waving streamers the glad General knows ;  
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,  
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

106.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long  
And from that length of time dire omens drew  
Of English overmatched, and Dutch too strong  
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

107.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care  
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,  
To her now silent eiry does repair,  
And finds her callow infants forced away ;

108.

Stung with her love she stoops upon the plain,  
The broken air loud whistling as she flies ;  
She stops and listens and shoots forth again,  
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

109.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight  
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound ;  
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,  
Now absent, every little noise can wound.

110.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry  
And gape upon the gathered clouds for rain,

And first the martlet meets it in the sky,  
And with wet wings joys all the feathered train ;

## 111.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men  
Salute the appearance of the Prince's fleet,  
And each ambitiously would claim the ken  
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

## 112.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before  
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,  
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar  
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

## 113.

Full in the Prince's passage, hills of sand  
And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,  
Where the false tides skim o'er the covered land,  
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

## 114.

The wily Dutch, who, like fallen angels, feared  
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,  
And round the verge their braving vessels steered  
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

## 115.

But he unmoved contemns their idle threat,  
Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight ;  
His cold experience tempers all his heat,  
And inbred worth does boasting valour slight.

## 116.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,  
And he the substance, not the appearance, chose ;  
To rescue one such friend he took more pride  
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

117.

But when approached, in strict embraces bound  
Rupert and Albemarle together grow ;  
He joys to have his friend in safety found,  
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

118.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,  
Now long to execute their spleenful will ;  
And in revenge for those three days they tried  
Wish one like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

119.

Thus reinforced, against the adverse fleet,  
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way ;  
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,  
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

120.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,  
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men ;  
It seemed as slaughter had been breathed all night,  
And Death new pointed his dull dart again.

121.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct know  
And matchless courage, since the former fight ;  
Whose navy like a stiff stretched cord did show,  
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

122.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends  
His open side and high above him shows ;  
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,  
And doubly harmed, he double harms bestows.

123.

Behind, the General mends his weary pace,  
And sullenly to his revenge he sails ;

So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,  
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

124.

The increasing sound is borne to either shore,  
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear ;  
Their passion double with the cannons' roar,  
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

125.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,  
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away :  
So sicken waning moons too near the sun  
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

126.

And now, reduced on equal terms to fight,  
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show,  
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light  
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

127.

The warlike Prince had severed from the rest  
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main :  
Which with his one so vigorously he pressed,  
And flew so home they could not rise again.

128.

Already battered by his lee they lay ;  
In vain upon the passing winds they call ;  
The passing winds through their torn canvas play,  
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

129.

Their opened sides receive a gloomy light,  
Dreadful as day let in to shades below ;  
Without, grim Death rides barefaced in their sight  
And urges entering billows as they flow.

130.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,  
 Close by the board the Prince's mainmast bore :  
 All three now helpless by each other lie,  
 And this offends not and those fear no more.

131.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain  
 A course, till tired before the dog she lay,  
 Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,  
 Past power to kill as she to get away :

132.

With his lolled tongue he faintly licks his prey ;  
 His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies ;  
 She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away  
 And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

133.

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,  
 Which hindered him to push his fortune on ;  
 For what they to his courage did refuse  
 By mortal valour never must be done.

134.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,  
 And warns his tattered fleet to follow home ;  
 Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,  
 Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

135.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,  
 Now not opposed, no longer can pursue ;  
 Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right,  
 When he had conquered, he his weakness knew.

136.

He casts a frown on the departing foe  
 And sighs to see him quit the watery field ;

His stern fixed eyes no satisfaction show  
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

137.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,  
He stands confessed even by the boastful Dutch ;  
He only does his conquest disavow  
And thinks too little what they found too much.

138.

Returned, he with the fleet resolved to stay ;  
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide ;  
Domestic joys and cares he puts away,  
For realms are households which the great must guide.

139.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore  
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay  
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,  
And know it will be gold another day ;

140.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,  
The essay and rudiments of great success,  
Which all-maturing time must bring to light  
While he, like Heaven, does each day's labour bless.

141.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,  
Yet each was perfect to the work designed :  
God and kings' work, when they their work survey,  
And passive aptness in all subjects find.

142.

In burdened vessels first with speedy care  
His plenteous stores do seasoned timber send ;  
Thither the brawny carpenters repair  
And as the surgeons of maimed ships attend.

143.

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburg sent  
 His navy's moulted wings he imp's once more ;  
 Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,  
 And English oak sprung leaks and planks restore.

144.

All hands employed, the royal work grows warm,  
 Like labouring bees on a long summer's day ;  
 Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,  
 And some on bells of tasted lilies play ;

145.

With gluey wax some new foundation lay  
 Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung ;  
 Some armed within doors upon duty stay  
 Or tend the sick or educate the young.

146.

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

147.

With boiling pitch, another near at hand,  
 From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops,  
 Which well paid o'er the salt sea waves withstand,  
 And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

148.

Some the galled ropes with dauby marling bind,  
 Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpauling coats ;  
 To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,  
 And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

149.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,  
 His new cast cannons' firmness to explore ;

The strength of big-corned powder loves to try,  
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

## 150.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,  
And ships which all last winter were abroad,  
And such as fitted since the fight had been,  
Or new from stocks were fallen into road.

## 151.

The goodly London, in her gallant trim,  
The phoenix-daughter of the vanished old,  
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,  
And on her shadow rides in floating gold,

## 152.

Her flag aloft, spread ruffling to the wind,  
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire ;  
The weaver, charmed with what his loom designed,  
Goes on to sea and knows not to retire.

## 153.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,  
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,  
Deep in her draught and warlike in her length,  
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

## 154.

This martial present, piously designed,  
The loyal City give their best-loved King,  
And, with a bounty ample as the wind,  
Built, fitted, and maintained, to aid him bring.

## 155.

By viewing nature Nature's handmaid, Art,  
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow :  
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,  
Their tail the rudder and their head the prow.



156.

Some log perhaps, upon the waters swam,  
 An useless drift, which, rudely cut within  
 And hollowed, first a floating trough became,  
 And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

157.

In shipping such as this the Irish kern  
 And untaught Indian on the stream did glide,  
 Ere sharp-keeled boats to stem the flood did learn,  
 Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

158.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appeared,  
 When from lost empire he to exile went,  
 And with the golden age to Tiber steered,  
 Where coin and first commerce he did invent.

159.

Rude as their ships was navigation then,  
 No useful compass or meridian known ;  
 Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,  
 And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.

160.

Of all who since have used the open sea  
 Than the bold English none more fame have won ;  
 Beyond the year, and out of Heaven's high way,  
 They make discoveries where they see no sun.

161.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,  
 By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,  
 Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,  
 And hence be to admiring nations taught.

162.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow  
 We, as arts' elements, shall understand,

And as by line upon the ocean go  
 Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

163.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commérce,  
 By which remotest regions are allied ;  
 Which makes one city of the universe,  
 Where some may gain and all may be supplied.

164.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go  
 And view the ocean leaning on the sky :  
 From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know  
 And on the lunar world securely pry.

165.

This I foretell, from your auspicious care  
 Who great in search of God and Nature grow ;  
 Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,  
 Since best to praise His works is best to know.

166.

O, truly Royal ! who behold the law  
 And rule of beings in your Maker's mind,  
 And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw  
 To fit the levelled use of human kind.

167.

But first the toils of war we must endure  
 And from the injurious Dutch redeem the seas ;  
 War makes the valiant of his right secure  
 And gives up fraud to be chastised with ease.

168.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,  
 Whose fleet more mighty every day became  
 By late success, which they did falsely boast,  
 And now by first appearing seemed to claim.

169.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,  
 They knew to manage war with wise delay :  
 Yet all those arts their vanity did cross  
 And by their pride their prudence did betray.

170.

Nor stayed the English long ; but, well supplied,  
 Appear as numerous as the insulting foe ;  
 The combat now by courage must be tried,  
 And the success the braver nation show.

171.

There was the Plymouth squadron new come in,  
 Which in the Straits last winter was abroad ;  
 Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,  
 And on the midland sea the French had awed.

172.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,  
 Famed for his action on the Smyrna fleet ;  
 And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,  
 While music numbers, or while verse has feet ;

173.

Holmes, the Achates of the General's fight,  
 Who first bewitched our eyes with Guinea gold,  
 As once old Cato in the Roman's sight,  
 The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

174.

With him went Spragge, as bountiful as brave,  
 Whom his high courage to command had brought ;  
 Harman, who did the twice-fired Harry save,  
 And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

175.

Young Hollis, on a Muse by Mars begot,  
 Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds,

Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,  
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

176.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,  
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn ;  
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well  
Whom Rupert led and who were British born.

177.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail ;  
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,  
That underneath it the pressed waters fail  
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

178.

Now, anchors weighed, the seamen shout so shrill  
That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings :  
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill  
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

179.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw  
And durst not bide it on the English coast ;  
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,  
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

180.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,  
Deep ambushed in her silent den does lie,  
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,  
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly ;

181.

Then, if at last she find him fast beset,  
She issues forth and runs along her loom :  
She joys to touch the captive in her net,  
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

182.

The Belgians hoped that with disordered haste  
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run ;  
Or, if with caution leisurely were past,  
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

183.

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above  
And swelling tide that heaved them from below.  
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,  
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

184.

It seemed as there the British Neptune stood,  
With all his host of waters at command ;  
Beneath them to submit the officious flood,  
And with his trident shoved them off the sand.

185.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near  
And summon them to unexpected fight :  
They start, like murderers when ghosts appear,  
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

186.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,  
The midmost battles hasting up behind,  
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet  
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

187.

At length the adverse Admirals appear,  
The two bold champions of each country's right ;  
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,  
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

188.

The distance judged for shot of every size,  
The linstocks touch, the ponderous ball expires :

The vigorous seaman every porthole plies  
And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

189.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side  
For honour, which they seldom sought before ;  
But now they by their own vain boasts were tied,  
And forced at least in show to prize it more.

190.

But sharp remembrance on the English part  
And shame of being matched by such a foe,  
Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,  
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

191.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,  
Which did two Generals' fates and Cæsar's bear ;  
Each several ship a victory did gain,  
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

192.

Their battered Admiral too soon withdrew,  
Unthanked by ours for his unfinished fight ;  
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew  
Who called that providence which we called flight.

193.

Never did men more joyfully obey  
Or sooner understood the sign to fly ;  
With such alacrity they bore away,  
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

194.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet !  
Thy monument inscribed such praise shall wear  
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,  
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

195.

Behold that navy, which a while before  
 Provoked the tardy English close to fight,  
 Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,  
 As larks lie dared to shun the hobby's flight.

196.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey  
 In other records may our courage know ;  
 But let them hide the story of this day,  
 Whose fame was blemished by too base a foe.

197.

Or if too busily they will inquire  
 Into a victory which we disdain,  
 Then let them know the Belgians did retire  
 Before the patron saint of injured Spain

198.

Repenting England, this revengeful day,  
 To Philip's manes did an offering bring ;  
 England, which first by leading them astray  
 Hatched up rebellion to destroy her King.

199.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry  
 To check a monarchy that slowly grew ;  
 But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,  
 Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

200.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go  
 And wander after pathless destiny ;  
 Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,  
 In vain it would provide for what shall be.

201.

But whate'er English to the blessed shall go,  
 And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet,

Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,  
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

202.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,  
Waylays their merchants and their land besets ;  
Each day new wealth without their care provides,  
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

203.

So close behind some promontory lie  
The huge leviathans to attend their prey.  
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,  
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

204.

Nor was this all ; in ports and roads remote  
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send ;  
Triumphant flames upon the water float  
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

205.

Those various squadrons, variously designed,  
Each vessel freighted with a several load,  
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,  
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

206.

Some bound for Guinea golden sand to find,  
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear ;  
Some for the pride of Turkish courts designed  
For folded turbans finest holland bear ;

207.

Some English wool, vexed in a Belgian loom  
And into cloth of spongy softness made,  
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,  
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.



208.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,  
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest ;  
And, as the priests who with their gods make bold,  
Take what they like and sacrifice the rest.

209.

But, ah ! how unsincere are all our joys,  
Which sent from Heaven, like lightning, make no stay !  
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,  
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

210.

Swelled with our late successes on the foe,  
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross ;  
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,  
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

211.

Each element His dread command obeys  
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown ;  
Who as by one He did our nation raise,  
So now He with another pulls us down.

212.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,  
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire ;  
Great as the world's, which at the death of time  
Must fall and rise a nobler frame by fire.

213.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides  
To scourge his country with a lawless sway ;  
His birth perhaps some petty village hides  
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way ;

214.

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out  
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on ;

His Prince, surprised at first no ill could doubt,  
 And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

215.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,  
 Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,  
 From thence did soon to open streets aspire,  
 And straight to palaces and temples spread.

216.

The diligence of trades, and noiseful gain,  
 And luxury, more late, asleep were laid ;  
 All was the Night's, and in her silent reign  
 No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

217.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,  
 Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose ;  
 And first few scattering sparks about were blown,  
 Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

218.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along  
 And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed ;  
 Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,  
 Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

219.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,  
 Too great for prison which he breaks with gold,  
 Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear  
 And dares the world to tax him with the old :

220.

So 'scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail  
 And makes small outlets into open air ;  
 There the fierce winds his tender force assail  
 And beat him downward to his first repair.

## 221.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld  
His flames from burning but to blow them more :  
And every fresh attempt, he is repelled  
With faint denials, weaker than before.

## 222.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,  
He leaps up at it with enraged desire,  
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,  
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

## 223.

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

## 224.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate,  
Above the palace of our slumbering King ;  
He sighed, abandoning his charge to fate,  
And drooping oft looked back upon the wing.

## 225.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze  
Called up some waking lover to the sight ;  
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,  
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

## 226.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,  
Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire ;  
And frightened mothers strike their breasts too late  
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

## 227.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near ;  
Now murmuring noises rise in every street ;

The more remote run stumbling with their fear.  
 And in the dark men juttle as they meet.

228.

So weary bees in little cells repose ;  
 But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,  
 An humming through their waxen city grows,  
 And out upon each other's wings they drive.

229.

Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day ;  
 Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire ;  
 Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,  
 And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

230.

In vain ; for from the east a Belgian wind  
 His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent ;  
 The flames impelled soon left their foes behind  
 And forward with a wanton fury went.

231.

A key of fire ran all along the shore  
 And lightened all the river with a blaze ;  
 The wakened tides began again to roar,  
 And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

232.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,  
 But feared the fate of Simois would return ;  
 Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed  
 And shrank his waters back into his urn.

233.

The fire meantime walks in a broader gross ;  
 To either hand his wings he opens wide ;  
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross  
 And plays his longing flames on the other side.

234.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take,  
Now with long necks from side to side they feed ;  
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,  
And a new colony of flames succeed

235.

To every nobler portion of the town  
The curling billows roll their restless tide ;  
In parties now they straggle up and down,  
As armies unopposed for prey divide.

236.

One mighty squadron, with a sidewind sped,  
Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does haste,  
By powerful charms of gold and silver led  
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

237.

Another backward to the Tower would go  
And slowly eats his way against the wind ;  
But the main body of the marching foe  
Against the imperial palace is designed.

238.

Now day appears ; and with the day the king,  
Whose early care had robbed him of his rest  
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring  
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

239.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke  
With gloomy pillars cover all the place ;  
Whose little intervals of night are broke  
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

240.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,  
And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower ;

The wretched in his grief forgot their own ;  
 So much the pity of a king has power.

241.

He wept the flames of what he loved so well  
 And what so well had merited his love ;  
 For never prince in grace did more excel  
 Or royal city more in duty strove.

242.

Nor with an idle care did he behold :  
 Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress ;  
 He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,  
 And makes despairers hope for good success.

243.

Himself directs what first is to be done,  
 And orders all the succours which they bring ;  
 The helpful and the good about him run  
 And form an army worthy such a king.

244.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast  
 That, where it seizes, all relief is vain,  
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste  
 That country which would else the foe maintain.

245.

The powder blows up all before the fire ;  
 The amazed flames stand gathered on a heap,  
 And from the precipice's brink retire,  
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

246.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,  
 But straight, like Turks forced on to win or die,  
 They first lay tender bridges of their fume,  
 And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

247.

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind  
 Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet ;  
 Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind  
 And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

248.

Thus to some desert plain or old wood-side  
 Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round,  
 And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride  
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

249.

No help avails : for hydra-like, the fire  
 Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way ;  
 And scarce the wealthy can one half retire  
 Before he rushes in to share the prey.

250.

The rich grow suppliant and the poor grow proud :  
 Those offer mighty gain and these ask more ;  
 So void of pity is the ignoble crowd,  
 When others' ruin may increase their store.

251.

As those who live by shores with joy behold  
 Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,  
 And from the rocks leap down for shipwrecked gold  
 And seek the tempest which the others fly :

252.

So these but wait the owner's last despair  
 And what's permitted to the flames invade ;  
 Even from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,  
 And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

253.

The days were all in this lost labour spent ;  
 And when the weary king gave place to night,

His beams he to his royal brother lent,  
 And so shone still in his reflective light.

254.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,  
 A dismal picture of the general doom ;  
 Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,  
 And half unready with their bodies come.

255.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,  
 To a last lodging call their wandering friends :  
 Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,  
 To look how near their own destruction tends :

256.

Those who have none sit round where once it was,  
 And with full eyes each wonted room require,  
 Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,  
 As murdered men walk where they did expire.

257.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,  
 Others in vain from sight of ruin run  
 And, while through burning labyrinths they retire,  
 With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

258.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,  
 To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor ;  
 And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,  
 Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

259.

While by the motion of the flames they guess  
 What streets are burning now, and what are near ;  
 An infant, waking, to the paps would press  
 And meets instead of milk a falling tear



260.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care,  
 Whose praise the afflicted as their comfort sing ;  
 Even those whom want might drive to just despair  
 Think life a blessing under such a king.

261.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,  
 -Outweeps an hermit and outprays a saint ;  
 All the long night he studies their relief,  
 How they may be supplied and he may want.

262.

"O God," said he, "Thou patron of my days,  
 Guide of my youth in exile and distress !  
 Who me unfriended broughtst by wondrous ways,  
 The kingdom of my fathers to possess :

263.

"Be Thou my judge, with what unwearied care  
 I since have laboured for my people's good,  
 To bind the bruises of a civil war  
 And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

264.

"Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill  
 And recompense as friends the good misled,  
 If mercy be a precept of Thy will,  
 Return that mercy on Thy servant's head.

265.

"Or if my heedless youth has stepped astray,  
 Too soon forgetful of Thy gracious hand,  
 On me alone Thy just displeasure lay,  
 But take Thy judgments from this mourning land.

266.

"We all have sinned, and Thou hast laid us low  
 As humble earth from whence at first we came ;

Like flying shades before the clouds we show,  
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

267.

“O let it be enough what Thou hast done,  
When spotted deaths ran armed through every street,  
With poisoned darts, which not the good could shun,  
The speedy could outfly or valiant meet.

268.

“The living few and frequent funerals then  
Proclaimed Thy wrath on this forsaken place ;  
And now those few, who are returned again,  
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

269.

“O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree  
Or bind Thy sentence unconditional,  
But in Thy sentence our remorse foresee  
And in that foresight this Thy doom recall.

270.

“Thy threatenings, Lord, as Thine Thou mayest revoke :  
But if immutable and fixed they stand,  
Continue still Thyself to give the stroke,  
And not let foreign foes oppress Thy land.”

271.

The Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire  
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword,  
And bade him swiftly drive the approaching fire  
From where our naval magazines were stored.

272.

The blessed minister his wings displayed,  
And like a shooting star he cleft the night ;  
He charged the flames, and those that disobeyed  
He lashed to duty with his sword of light.

## 273.

The fugitive flames, chastised, went forth to prey  
On pious structures by our fathers reared ;  
By which to Heaven they did affect the way,  
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

## 274.

The wanting orphans saw with watery eyes  
Their founders' charity in dust laid low,  
And sent to God their ever-answered cries ;  
For he protects the poor who made them so.

## 275.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,  
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise,  
Though made immortal by a poet's song,  
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

## 276.

The daring flames peeped in and saw from far  
The awful beauties of the sacred quire ;  
But since it was profaned by civil war,  
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.

## 277.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came  
And widely opening, did on both sides prey ;  
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,  
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

## 278.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes,  
Four nights the moon beheld the incessant fire ;  
It seemed as if the stars more sickly rose  
And farther from the feverish north retire.

## 279.

In the empyrean Heaven, the blessed abode,  
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,

Not daring to behold their angry God ;  
 And a hushed silence damps the tuneful sky.

280.

At length the Almighty cast a pitying eye,  
 And mercy softly touched His melting breast ;  
 He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie  
 And eager flames give on to storm the rest.

281.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,  
 In firmamental waters dipped above ;  
 Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,  
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

282.

The vanquished fires withdraw from every place  
 Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep :  
 Each household Genius shows again his face  
 And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

283.

Our king this more than natural change beholds,  
 With sober joy his heart and eyes abound ;  
 To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,  
 And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284.

As, when sharp frosts had long constrained the earth,  
 A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain,  
 And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,  
 And straight the green fields laugh with promised  
 grain :

285.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew  
 In every heart which fear had froze before ;  
 The standing streets with so much joy they view  
 That with less grief the perished they deplore.

286.

The father of the people opened wide  
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed :  
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied  
And filled the empty with his daily bread.

287.

This royal bounty brought its own reward  
And in their minds so deep did print the sense,  
That if their ruins sadly they regard,  
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

288.

But so may he live long that town to sway  
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,  
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay  
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

289.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire ;  
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,  
That from his wars they poorly would retire  
Or beg the pity of a vanquished foe.

290.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,  
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,  
Their royal city did in dust behold  
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

291.

The utmost malice of their stars is past,  
And two dire comets which have scourged the town  
In their own plague and fire have breathed their last,  
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

292.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among  
And high-raised Jove from his dark prison freed,

Those weights took off that on his planet hung,  
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

293.

Methinks already from this chymic flame  
I see a city of more precious mould.  
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,  
With silver paved and all divine with gold.

294.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,  
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,  
And seems to have renewed her charter's date  
Which Heaven will to the death of time allow.

295.

More great than human now and more august,  
New deified she from her fires does rise :  
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,  
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

296.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show  
Who sate to bathe her by a river's side,  
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,  
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

297.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold  
From her high turrets hourly suitors come ;  
The East with incense and the West with gold  
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

298.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,  
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train,  
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,  
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

299.

The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine  
 The glory of their towns no more shall boast,  
 And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,  
 Shall find her lustre stained and traffic lost.

300.

The venturous merchant who designed more far  
 And touches on our hospitable shore,  
 Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,  
 Shall here unlade him and depart no more.

301.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet  
 The wealth of France or Holland to invade ;  
 The beauty of this town without a fleet  
 From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

302.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,  
 The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,  
 That those who now disdain our trade to share  
 Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

303.

Already we have conquered half the war,  
 And the less dangerous part is left behind ;  
 Our trouble now is but to make them dare,  
 And not so great to vanquish as to find.

304.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go,  
 But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more ;  
 A constant trade-wind will securely blow  
 And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

## ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

## A POEM.

## TO THE READER.

'Tis not my intention to make an apology for my poem ; some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest ; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory, and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There's a treasury of merits in the fanatic church as well as in the Papist, and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads ; but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world ; for there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts ; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms : if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges ; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire, where justice would allow it, from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced at their own cost that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices, and other men's virtues I have commended as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am ; but if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name, for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing.



though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself; but more probably 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn; but they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge, and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues, and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory, it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forebore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist, and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story; there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may only be-for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen that the devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the surgeon's work of an *Ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

## ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

---

IN pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,  
 Before polygamy was made a sin,  
 When man on many multiplied his kind,  
 Ere one to one was cursedly confined,  
 When nature prompted and no law denied  
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride,  
 Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart  
 His vigorous warmth did variously impart  
 To wives and slaves, and, wide as his command,  
 Scattered his Maker's image through the land.  
 Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,  
 A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care :  
 Not so the rest ; for several mothers bore  
 To god-like David several sons before.  
 But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,  
 No true succession could their seed attend.  
 Of all this numerous progeny was none  
 So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon :  
 Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,  
 His father got him with a greater gust,  
 Or that his conscious destiny made way  
 By manly beauty to imperial sway.  
 Early in foreign fields he won renown  
 With kings and states allied to Israel's crown ;  
 In peace the thoughts of war he could remove  
 And seemed as he were only born for love.  
 Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
 In him alone 'twas natural to please ;  
 His motions all accompanied with grace,  
 And Paradise was opened in his face.  
 With secret joy indulgent David viewed

His youthful image in his son renewed ;  
To all his wishes nothing he denied  
And made the charming Annabel his bride.  
What faults he had (for who from faults is free ?)  
His father could not or he would not see.  
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,  
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er ;  
And Amnon's murder by a specious name  
Was called a just revenge for injured fame.  
Thus praised and loved, the noble youth remained,  
While David undisturbed in Sion reigned.  
But life can never be sincerely blest ;  
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.  
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race  
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace ;  
God's pampered people, whom, debauched with ease,  
No king could govern nor no God could please ;  
Gods they had tried of every shape and size  
That godsmiths could produce or priests devise ;  
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,  
Began to dream they wanted liberty ;  
And when no rule, no precedent was found  
Of men by laws less circumscribed and bound,  
They led their wild desires to woods and caves  
And thought that all but savages were slaves.  
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow  
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego ;  
Who banished David did from Hebron bring,  
And with a general shout proclaimed him King ;  
Those very Jews who at their very best  
Their humour more than loyalty exprest,  
Now wondered why so long they had obeyed  
An idol monarch which their hands had made ;  
Thought they might ruin him they could create  
Or melt him to that golden calf, a State.  
But these were random bolts : no formed design  
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join ;

The sober part of Israel, free from stain,  
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign ;  
 And looking backward with a wise affright  
 Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight,  
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars  
 They cursed the memory of civil wars.  
 The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,  
 Inclined the balance to the better side ;  
 And David's mildness managed it so well,  
 The bad found no occasion to rebel.  
 But when to sin our biassed nature leans,  
 The careful Devil is still at hand with means  
 And providently pimps for ill desires :  
 The good old cause, revived, a plot requires,  
 Plots true or false are necessary things,  
 To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings.

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem  
 Were Jebusites ; the town so called from them,  
 And theirs the native right.  
 But when the chosen people grew more strong,  
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong ;  
 And every loss the men of Jebus bore,  
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.  
 Thus worn and weakened, well or ill content,  
 Submit they must to David's government :  
 Impoverished and deprived of all command,  
 Their taxes doubled as they lost their land ;  
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,  
 Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood.  
 This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,  
 For priests of all religions are the same.  
 Of whatsoever descent their godhead be,  
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,  
 In his defence his servants are as bold,  
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.  
 The Jewish Rabbins, though their enemies,

In this conclude them honest men and wise .  
 For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,  
 To espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.  
 From hence began that Plot, the nation's curse,  
 Bad in itself, but represented worse,  
 Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,  
 With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,  
 Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,  
 But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.  
 Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with  
 lies

To please the fools and puzzle all the wise :  
 Succeeding times did equal folly call  
 Believing nothing or believing all.  
 The Egyptian rites the Jebusites embraced,  
 Where gods were recommended by their taste ;  
 Such savoury deities must needs be good  
 As served at once for worship and for food.  
 By force they could not introduce these gods,  
 For ten to one in former days was odds :  
 So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade ;  
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.  
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews  
 And raked for converts even the court and stews :  
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,  
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.  
 Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay  
 By guns, invented since full many a day :  
 Our author swears it not ; but who can know  
 How far the Devil and Jebusites may go ?  
 This plot, which failed for want of common sense,  
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence ;  
 For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,  
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,  
 And every hostile humour which before  
 Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er ;  
 So several factions from this first ferment

Work up to foam and threat the government.  
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought  
     wise,  
 Opposed the power to which they could not rise.  
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from  
     thence,  
 Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.  
 Some by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown  
 From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne  
 Were raised in power and public office high ;  
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.  
 Of these the false Achitophel was first,  
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :  
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,  
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,  
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;  
 A fiery soul, which working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay  
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.  
 A daring pilot in extremity,  
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,  
 He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.  
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied  
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;  
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,  
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?  
 Punish a body which he could not please,  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?  
 And all to leave what with his toil he won  
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,  
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,  
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.  
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state ;  
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,

The pillars of the public safety shook,  
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;  
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,  
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.  
So easy still it proves in factious times  
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.  
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,  
Where none can sin against the people's will,  
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,  
Since in another's guilt they find their own !  
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;  
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.  
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin  
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,  
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,  
Swift of despatch and easy of access.  
Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown  
With virtues only proper to the gown,  
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed  
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,  
David for him his tuneful harp had strung  
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.  
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.  
Achitophel, gròwn weary to possess  
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,  
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free  
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.  
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,  
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,  
Held up the buckler of the people's cause  
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.  
The wished occasion of the Plot he takes ;  
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes ;  
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears  
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears,  
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,

And proves the King himself a Jebusite.  
 Weak arguments ! which yet he knew full well  
 Were strong with people easy to rebel.  
 For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews  
 Tread the same track when she the prime renews :  
 And once in twenty years their scribes record,  
 By natural instinct they change their lord.  
 Achitophel still wants a chief, and none  
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalon.  
 Not that he wished his greatness to create,  
 For politicians neither love nor hate :  
 But, for he knew his title not allowed  
 Would keep him still depending on the crowd,  
 That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be  
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.  
 Him he attempts with studied arts to please  
 And sheds his venom in such words as these :

“ Auspicious prince, at whose nativity  
 Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,  
 Thy longing country's darling and desire,  
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,  
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand  
 Divides the seas and shows the promised land,  
 Whose dawning day in every distant age  
 Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage,  
 The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,  
 The young men's vision and the old men's dream,  
 Thee Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,  
 And never satisfied with seeing bless :  
 Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,  
 And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.  
 How long wilt thou the general joy detain,  
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign ?  
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days,  
 Like one of virtue's fools that feeds on praise ;  
 Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,



Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight.  
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be  
Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree.  
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,  
Some lucky revolution of their fate ;  
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,  
(For human good depends on human will,)  
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent  
And from the first impression takes the bent ;  
But, if unseized, she glides away like wind  
And leaves repenting folly far behind.  
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize  
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.  
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,  
Not dared, when Fortune called him to be King,  
At Gath an exile he might still remain,  
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.  
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,  
But shun the example of declining age.  
Behold him setting in his western skies,  
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise ;  
He is not now, as when, on Jordan's sand,  
The joyful people thronged to see him land,  
Covering the beach and blackening all the strand,  
But like the Prince of Angels, from his height  
Comes tumbling downward with diminished light :  
Betrayed by one poor Plot to public scorn,  
(Our only blessing since his curst return,)  
Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,  
Blown off and scattered by a puff of wind.  
What strength can he to your designs oppose,  
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes ?  
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,  
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews ;  
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,  
Foment the war, but not support the King ;  
Nor would the royal party e'er unite

With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite ;  
 Or, if they should, their interest soon would break  
 And with such odious aid make David weak.  
 All sorts of men, by my successful arts  
 Abhorring kings, estrange their altered hearts  
 From David's rule : and 'tis the general cry,  
 Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.  
 If you, as champion of the public good,  
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,  
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause  
 Might such a general gain by such a cause ?  
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower,  
 Fair only to the sight, but solid power ;  
 And nobler is a limited command,  
 Given by the love of all your native land,  
 Than a successive title, long and dark,  
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,  
 When flattery soothes and when ambition blinds ?  
 Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,  
 Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed ;  
 In God 'tis glory, and when men aspire,  
 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.  
 The ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,  
 Too full of angel's metal in his frame,  
 Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,  
 Made drunk with honour and debauched with praise  
 Half loth and half consenting to the ill,  
 For loyal blood within him struggled still,  
 He thus replied : " And what pretence have I  
 To take up arms for public liberty ?  
 My father governs with unquestioned right,  
 The faith's defender and mankind's delight,  
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws ;  
 And Heaven by wonders has espoused his cause.  
 Whom has he wronged in all his peaceful reign ?

Who sues for justice to his throne in vain ?  
What millions has he pardoned of his foes  
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose.  
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,  
Inclined to mercy and averse from blood.  
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,  
His crime is God's beloved attribute.  
What could he gain his people to betray,  
Or change his right for arbitrary sway ?  
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign  
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.  
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,  
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.  
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,  
Turn rebel and run popularly mad ?  
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might  
Oppressed the Jews and raised the Jebusite,  
Well might I mourn : but nature's holy bands  
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands ;  
The people might assert their liberty,  
But what was right in them were crime in me.  
His favour leaves me nothing to require,  
Prevents my wishes and outruns desire ;  
What more can I expect while David lives ?  
All but his kingly diadem he gives :  
And that"—But there he paused, then sighing said,  
"Is justly destined for a worthier head ;  
For when my father from his toils shall rest  
And late augment the number of the blest,  
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,  
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.  
His brother, though oppressed with vulgar spite,  
Yet dauntless and secure of native right,  
Of every royal virtue stands possess'd,  
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.  
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,  
His loyalty the King, the world his fame.

His mercy even the offending crowd will find,  
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.  
 Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree  
 Which gives me no pretence to loyalty?  
 Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclined,  
 Had raised my birth or had debased my mind,  
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,  
 And then betrayed it to a mean descent!  
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,  
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.  
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?  
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth,  
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,  
 Desire of greatness is a god-like sin."

Him staggering so when Hell's dire agent found,  
 While fainting virtue scarce maintained her ground,  
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies :

"The eternal God, supremely good and wise,  
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain.  
 What wonders are reserved to bless your reign!  
 Against your will your arguments have shown,  
 Such virtues only given to guide a throne.  
 Not that your father's mildness I contemn,  
 But manly force becomes the diadem.  
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave,  
 And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:  
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame  
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.  
 But when should people strive their bonds to break,  
 If not when kings are negligent or weak?  
 Let him give on till he can give no more,  
 The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor;  
 And every shekel which he can receive  
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.  
 To ply him with new plots shall be my care,  
 Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;

Which when his treasure can no more supply,  
He must with the remains of kingship buy.  
His faithful friends our jealousies and fears  
Call Jebusites and Pharaoh's pensioners,  
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,  
He shall be naked left to public scorn.  
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,  
My arts have made obnoxious to the State,  
Turned all his virtues to his overthrow,  
And gained our elders to pronounce a foe.  
His right for sums of necessary gold  
Shall first be pawned, and afterwards be sold ;  
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw  
To pass your doubtful title into law.  
If not, the people have a right supreme  
To make their kings, for kings are made for them.  
All empire is no more than power in trust,  
Which, when resumed, can be no longer just.  
Succession, for the general good designed,  
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind :  
If altering that the people can relieve,  
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.  
The Jews well know their power : ere Saul they chose  
God was their king, and God they durst depose.  
Urge now your piety, your filial name,  
A father's right and fear of future fame,  
The public good, that universal call,  
To which even Heaven submitted, answers all.  
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind ;  
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.  
Our fond begetters, who would never die,  
Love but themselves in their posterity.  
Or let his kindness by the effects be tried,  
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.  
God said, He loved your father ; could He bring  
A better proof than to anoint him King ?  
It surely showed, He loved the shepherd well

Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.  
Would David have you thought his darling son ?  
What means he then to alienate the crown ?  
The name of godly he may blush to bear ;  
'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir.  
He to his brother gives supreme command,  
To you a legacy of barren land,  
Perhaps the old harp on which he thrums his lays  
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.  
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,  
Already looks on you with jealous eyes,  
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,  
And marks your progress in the people's hearts ;  
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,  
He meditates revenge who least complains ;  
And like a lion, slumbering in the way  
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,  
His fearless foes within his distance draws,  
Constrains his roaring and contracts his paws,  
Till at the last, his time for fury found,  
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground,  
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,  
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears ;  
Your case no tame expedients will afford,  
Resolve on death or conquest by the sword,  
Which for no less a stake than life you draw,  
And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.  
Leave the warm people no considering time,  
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.  
Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,  
But try your title while your father lives ;  
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,  
Proclaim you take them in the King's defence ;  
Whose sacred life each minute would expose  
To plots from seeming friends and secret foes.  
And who can sound the depth of David's soul ?  
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control :

He fears his brother, though he loves his son,  
 For plighted vows too late to be undone.  
 If so, by force he wishes to be gained,  
 Like women's lechery to seem constrained.  
 Doubt not : but, when he most affects the frown,  
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.  
 Secure his person to secure your cause :  
 They who possess the Prince possess the laws."

He said, and this advice above the rest  
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best ;  
 Unblamed of life (ambition set aside),  
 Not stained with cruelty nor puffed with pride,  
 How happy had he been, if Destiny  
 Had higher placed his birth or not so high !  
 His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne  
 And blessed all other countries but his own ;  
 But charming greatness since so few refuse,  
 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.  
 Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,  
 With blandishments to gain the public love,  
 To head the faction while their zeal was hot,  
 And popularly prosecute the plot.  
 To further this, Achitophel unites  
 The malcontents of all the Israelites,  
 Whose differing parties he could wisely join  
 For several ends to serve the same design ;  
 The best (and of the princes some were such),  
 Who thought the power of monarchy too much ;  
 Mistaken men and patriots in their hearts,  
 Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts ;  
 By these the springs of property were bent  
 And wound so high they cracked the government.  
 The next for interest sought to embroil the state  
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate,  
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne ;  
 Pretending public good to serve their own.

Others thought kings an useless heavy load,  
Who cost too much and did too little good.  
These were for laying honest David by  
On principles of pure good husbandry.  
With them joined all the haranguers of the throng  
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.  
Who follow next a double danger bring,  
Not only hating David, but the King ;  
The Solymæan rout, well versed of old  
In godly faction and in treason bold,  
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,  
But lofty to a lawful prince restored,  
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun  
And scorned by Jebusites to be outdone.  
Hot Levites headed these ; who pulled before  
From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,  
Resumed their cant, and with a zealous cry  
Pursued their old beloved theocracy,  
Where Sanhedrin and priest enslaved the nation  
And justified their spoils by inspiration ;  
For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,  
If once dominion they could found in grace ?  
These led the pack, though not of surest scent,  
Yet deepest mouthed against the government.  
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed  
Of the true old enthusiastic breed :  
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,  
Nothing to build and all things to destroy.  
But far more numerous was the herd of such  
Who think too little and who talk too much.  
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,  
Adored their fathers' God and property,  
And by the same blind benefit of Fate  
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate :  
Born to be saved even in their own despite,  
Because they could not help believing right.  
Such were the tools ; but a whole Hydra more



Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.  
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;  
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,  
 A man so various that he seemed to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
 Was everything by starts and nothing long ;  
 But in the course of one revolving moon  
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;  
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
 With something new to wish or to enjoy !  
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :  
 So over violent or over civil  
 That every man with him was God or Devil.  
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;  
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,  
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
 He laughed himself from Court ; then sought relief  
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :  
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell  
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;  
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse  
 Of lords below the dignity of verse.  
 Wits, warriors, commonwealth's-men were the best ;  
 Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.  
 And therefore in the name of dulness be  
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free ;  
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn  
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.  
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure,  
 Some their own worth and some let scorn secure.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place  
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace :  
Not bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw  
To mean rebellion and make treason law.  
But he, though bad, is followed by a worse,  
The wretch who Heaven's anointed dared to curse  
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring  
Of zeal to God and hatred to his King,  
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain  
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain :  
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent  
Or curse, unless against the government.  
Thus heaping wealth by the most ready way  
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray ;  
The City, to reward his pious hate  
Against his master, chose him magistrate.  
His hand a vane of justice did uphold,  
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.  
During his office treason was no crime,  
The sons of Belial had a glorious time ;  
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,  
Yet loved his wicked neighbour as himself.  
When two or three were gathered to declaim  
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,  
Shimei was always in the midst of them :  
And if they cursed the King when he was by,  
Would rather curse than break good company.  
If any durst his factious friends accuse,  
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews ;  
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause  
Would free the suffering saint from human laws :  
For laws are only made to punish those  
Who serve the King, and to protect his foes.  
If any leisure time he had from power,  
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,  
His business was by writing to persuade  
That kings were useless and a clog to trade ;

And that his noble style he might refine,  
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.  
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board  
The grossness of a city feast abhorred :  
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot ;  
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.  
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,  
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews :  
For towns once burnt such magistrates require  
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.  
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,  
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel :  
And Moses' laws he held in more account  
For forty days of fasting in the mount.  
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,  
Would tire a well-breathed witness of the plot.  
Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;  
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,  
High as the serpent of thy metal made,  
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.  
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise  
From earthy vapours, ere they shine in skies.  
Prodigious actions may as well be done  
By weaver's issue as by prince's son.  
This arch-attester for the public good  
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.  
Who ever asked the witnesses' high race  
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace ?  
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,  
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.  
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,  
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud :  
His long chin proved his wit, his saint-like grace  
A church vermilion and a Moses' face.  
His memory, miraculously great,  
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat ;  
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,

For human wit could never such devise.  
Some future truths are mingled in his book,  
But where the witness failed, the prophet spoke :  
Some things like visionary flights appear ;  
The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where ;  
And gave him his Rabbinical degree  
Unknown to foreign University.  
His judgment yet his memory did excel,  
Which pieced his wondrous evidence so well  
And suited to the temper of the times,  
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.  
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call  
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal :  
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made,  
He takes his life who takes away his trade.  
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,  
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace  
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,  
To make him an appendix of my plot.  
His zeal to Heaven made him his Prince despise,  
And load his person with indignities.  
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,  
Indulging latitude to deeds and words ;  
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,  
In terms as coarse as Samuel used to Saul.  
What others in his evidence did join,  
The best that could be had for love or coin,  
In Corah's own predicament will fall,  
For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,  
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court ;  
Impatient of high hopes, urged with renown,  
And fired with near possession of a crown,  
The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise  
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.  
His joy concealed, he sets himself to show.

On each side bowing popularly low,  
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames  
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.  
 Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,  
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.  
 Then with a kind compassionating look,  
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,  
 Few words he said, but easy those and fit,  
 More slow than Hybla-drops and far more sweet.

“ I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate,  
 Though far unable to prevent your fate ;  
 Behold a banished man, for your dear cause  
 Exposed a prey to arbitrary laws !  
 Yet oh that I alone could be undone,  
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son !  
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made,  
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,  
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.  
 My father, whom with reverence yet I name,  
 Charmed into ease, is careless of his fame ;  
 And, bribed with petty sums of foreign gold,  
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old ;  
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,  
 And all his power against himself employs.  
 He gives, and let him give, my right away ;  
 But why should he his own and yours betray ?  
 He, only he can make the nation bleed,  
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.  
 Take then my tears (with that he wiped his eyes),  
 'Tis all the aid my present power supplies :  
 No court-informer can these arms accuse ;  
 These arms may sons against their fathers use.  
 And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign  
 May make no other Israelite complain.”

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,  
 But common interest always will prevail ;

And pity never ceases to be shown  
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own  
The crowd that still believe their kings oppress,  
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless :  
Who now begins his progress to ordain  
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train ;  
From east to west his glories he displays,  
And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.  
Fame runs before him as the morning star,  
And shouts of joy salute him from afar ;  
Each house receives him as a guardian god  
And consecrates the place of his abode.  
But hospitable treats did most commend  
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.  
This moving court that caught the people's eyes,  
And seemed but pomp, did other ends disguise ;  
Achitophel had formed it, with intent  
To sound the depths and fathom where it went,  
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,  
And try their strength before they came to blows.  
Yet all was coloured with a smooth pretence  
Of specious love and duty to their prince.  
Religion and redress of grievances,  
Two names that always cheat and always please,  
Are often urged ; and good king David's life  
Endangered by a brother and a wife.  
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made,  
And peace itself is war in masquerade.  
Oh foolish Israel ! never warned by ill !  
Still the same bait, and circumvented still !  
Did ever men forsake their present ease,  
In midst of health imagine a disease,  
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,  
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree ?  
What shall we think ? Can people give away  
Both for themselves and sons their native sway ?  
Then they are left defenceless to the sword

Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord ;  
And laws are vain by which we right enjoy,  
If kings unquestioned can those laws destroy.  
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,  
And kings are only officers in trust,  
Then this resuming covenant was declared  
When kings were made, or is for ever barred.  
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie  
By their own deed their own posterity,  
How then could Adam bind his future race ?  
How could his forfeit on mankind take place !  
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all  
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall ?  
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command  
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.  
Add that the power for property allowed,  
Is mischievously seated in the crowd ;  
For who can be secure of private right,  
If sovereign sway may be dissolved by might ?  
Nor is the people's judgment always true :  
The most may err as grossly as the few,  
And faultless kings run down by common cry  
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.  
What standard is there in a fickle rout,  
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out ?  
Nor only crowds but Sanhedrins may be  
Infected with this public lunacy,  
And share the madness of rebellious times,  
To murder monarchs for imagined crimes.  
If they may give and take whene'er they please,  
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,  
But government itself at length must fall  
To nature's state, where all have right to all.  
Yet grant our lords, the people, kings can make,  
What prudent men a settled throne would shake ?  
For whatsoever their sufferings were before,  
That change they covet makes them suffer more.

All other errors but disturb a state,  
 But innovation is the blow of fate.  
 If ancient fabrics nod and threat to fall,  
 To patch the flaws and buttress up the wall,  
 Thus far 'tis duty ; but here fix the mark ;  
 For all beyond it is to touch our ark.  
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,  
 Is work for rebels who base ends pursue,  
 At once divine and human laws control,  
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.  
 The tampering world is subject to this curse,  
 To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring ?  
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king !  
 Friends he has few, so high the madness grows ;  
 Who dare be such must be the people's foes.  
 Yet some there were even in the worst of days ;  
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears,  
 Barzillai crowned with honour and with years.  
 Long since the rising rebels he withstood  
 In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood :  
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the state,  
 But sinking underneath his master's fate.  
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourned,  
 For him he suffered, and with him returned.  
 The court he practised, not the courtier's art :  
 Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,  
 Which well the noblest objects knew to chuse,  
 The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.  
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast :  
 Now more than half a father's name is lost.  
 His eldest hope, with every grace adorned,  
 By me, so Heaven will have it, always mourned  
 And always honoured, snatched in manhood's prime



By unequal fates and Providence's crime :  
Yet not before the goal of honour won,  
All parts fulfilled of subject and of son ;  
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.  
Oh, narrow circle, but of power divine,  
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line !  
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,  
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own :  
Thy force infused the fainting Tyrians propped ;  
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopped.  
Oh, ancient honour ! oh, unconquered hand,  
Whom foes unpunished never could withstand !  
But Israel was unworthy of thy name :  
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.  
It looks as Heaven our ruin had designed,  
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.  
Now, free from earth, thy disencumbered soul  
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry  
pole :

From thence thy kindred legions mayest thou bring  
To aid the guardian angel of thy King.  
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight ;  
No pinions can pursue immortal height :  
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,  
And tell thy soul she should have fled before :  
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse  
To hang on her departed patron's hearse ?  
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see  
If thou canst find on earth another he :  
Another he would be too hard to find ;  
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.  
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,  
His lowly mind advanced to David's grace.  
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,  
Of hospitable soul and noble stem ;  
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense  
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.

The Prophet's sons, by such example led,  
To learning and to loyalty were bred :  
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,  
And never rebel was to arts a friend.  
To these succeed the pillars of the laws,  
Who best could plead, and best can judge a cause.  
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend ;  
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,  
Himself a Muse : in Sanhedrin's debate  
True to his Prince, but not a slave of state ;  
Whom David's love with honours did adorn  
That from his disobedient son were torn.  
Jotham of piercing wit and pregnant thought,  
Endued by nature and by learning taught  
To move assemblies, who but only tried  
The worse a while, then chose the better side,  
Nor chose alone, but turned the balance too,  
So much the weight of one brave man can do.  
Hushai, the friend of David in distress,  
In public storms of manly steadfastness ;  
By foreign treaties he informed his youth,  
And joined experience to his native truth.  
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,  
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own :  
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,  
But hard the task to manage well the low.  
For sovereign power is too depressed or high,  
When kings are forced to sell, or crowds to buy.  
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,  
For Amiel : who can Amiel's praise refuse ?  
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet  
In his own worth and without title great :  
The Sanhedrin long time as chief he ruled,  
Their reason guided and their passion cooled :  
So dexterous was he in the Crown's defence,  
So formed to speak a loyal nation's sense,  
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,

So fit was he to represent them all.  
 Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,  
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend :  
 They, like the unequal ruler of the day,  
 Misguide the seasons and mistake the way,  
 While he, withdrawn, at their mad labour smiles,  
 And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band  
 Of worthies in the breach who dared to stand  
 And tempt the united fury of the land.  
 With grief they viewed such powerful engines bent  
 To batter down the lawful government.  
 A numerous faction, with pretended frights,  
 In Sanhedrins to plume the regal rights ;  
 The true successor from the Court removed ;  
 The plot by hireling witnesses improved.  
 These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,  
 They showed the King the danger of the wound ;  
 That no concessions from the throne would please,  
 But lenitives fomented the disease ;  
 That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,  
 Was made the lure to draw the people down ;  
 That false Achitophel's pernicious hate  
 Had turned the plot to ruin Church and State ;  
 The council violent, the rabble worse ;  
 That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries opprest,  
 And long revolving in his careful breast  
 The event of things, at last his patience tired,  
 Thus from his royal throne, by Heaven inspired,  
 The godlike David spoke ; with awful fear  
 His train their Maker in their master hear.  
 " Thus long have I, by native mercy swayed,  
 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delayed ;  
 So willing to forgive the offending age ;

So much the father did the king assuage.  
But now so far my clemency they slight,  
The offenders question my forgiving right.  
That one was made for many, they contend ;  
But 'tis to rule, for that's a monarch's end.  
They call my tenderness of blood my fear,  
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.  
Yet since they will divert my native course,  
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.  
Those heaped affronts that haughty subjects bring  
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.  
Kings are the public pillars of the State.  
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight :  
If my young Samson will pretend a call  
To shake the column, let him share the fall ;  
But oh, that yet he would repent and live !  
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive !  
With how few tears a pardon might be won  
From nature, pleading for a darling son !  
Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care  
Raised up to all the height his frame could bear !  
Had God ordained his fate for empire born,  
He would have given his soul another turn :  
Gulled with a patriot's name, whose modern sense  
Is one that would by law supplant his prince ;  
The people's brave, the politician's tool ;  
Never was patriot yet but was a fool.  
Whence comes it that religion and the laws  
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause ?  
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,  
Was never thought endued with so much grace.  
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint !  
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.  
Would they impose an heir upon the throne ?  
Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own.  
'A king's at least a part of government,  
'And mine as requisite as their consent :

Without my leave a future king to choose  
Infers a right the present to depose.  
True, they petition me to approve their choice :  
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.  
My pious subjects for my safety pray,  
Which to secure, they take my power away.  
From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,  
But save me most from my petitioners.  
Unsatiated as the barren womb or grave,  
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.  
What then is left but with a jealous eye  
To guard the small remains of royalty ?  
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,  
And the same law teach rebels to obey :  
Votes shall no more established power control,  
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.  
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,  
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove ;  
For gods and godlike kings their care express  
Still to defend their servants in distress.  
Oh that my power to saving were confined !  
Why am I forced, like Heaven, against my mind  
To make examples of another kind ?  
Must I at length the sword of justice draw ?  
Oh, curst effects of necessary law !  
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan !  
Beware the fury of a patient man.  
Law they require, let Law then show her face ;  
They could not be content to look on Grace,  
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye  
To tempt the terror of her front and die.  
By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,  
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.  
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,  
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,  
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore  
Which was their principle of life before.

Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight ;  
Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.  
Nor doubt the event ; for factious crowds engage  
In their first onset all their brutal rage.  
Then let them take an unresisted course ,  
Retire and traverse, and delude their force :  
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight  
And rise upon them with redoubled might :  
For lawful power is still superior found,  
When long driven back at length it stands the  
ground."

He said. The Almighty, nodding, gave consent ;  
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.  
Henceforth a series of new time began,  
The mighty years in long procession ran ;  
Once more the godlike David was restored,  
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

# THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM, IN THREE PARTS.

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## TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war or even so much as fair quarter from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though conscience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies and cannot give the marks of *their* conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me he will find in the body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call 'em either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn as to comprehend all the several members of 'em; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example, there are some of the Church by law established who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters, as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these by reason of their fewness I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther and embraced this gracious Indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satire any way intended: 'tis aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who have come over to the royal party are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observed that in process of time some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to kingly government as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found by comfortable experience that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

'Tis not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign

Prince; but without suspicion of flattery I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said "that he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the benefit and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy to separate from a Church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whither that would lead 'em.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, consider from what hands they received it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign, who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness which he has graciously shown them may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill-health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad; which if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the Third Part of it. But I was always in some hope that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one design of the Poem when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of myself to which every honest man is bound when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of



the late King's Papers, and that of the Duchess (in which last I was concerned), how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of his pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me; for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the meantime let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure look out for some original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, I believe I may say in any other tongue: for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, though with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic; he declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause, for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the meantime he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue; but he may as well infer that a Catholic cannot fast because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The First Part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning Church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could, yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes or Fables, which are interwoven with the main design, so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the commonplaces of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one Church against the other, at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalised, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

## THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

---

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,  
 Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged ;  
 Without unspotted, innocent within,  
 She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.  
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds  
 And Scythian shafts ; and many wingéd wounds  
 Aimed at her heart ; was often forced to fly,  
 And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line  
 Was hero's make, half human, half divine.  
 Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,  
 The immortal part assumed immortal state.  
 Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,  
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,  
 Their native walk ; whose vocal blood arose  
 And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.  
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,  
 Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.  
 So captive Israel multiplied in chains,  
 A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.  
 With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed  
 Her martyred offspring and their race renewed ;  
 Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,  
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,  
 And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.  
 The common hunt, though from their rage restrained  
 By sovereign power, her company disdained,  
 Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye  
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.  
 'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,  
 They had not time to take a steady sight ;

For truth has such a face and such a mien  
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an independent beast,  
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.  
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare  
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.  
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,  
Mimicked all sects and had his own to choose ;  
Still when the Lion looked, his knees he bent.  
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.  
The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,  
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,  
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place  
And mountains levelled in his furious race ;  
So first rebellion founded was in grace.  
But, since the mighty ravage which he made  
In German forests had his guilt betrayed,  
With broken tusks and with a borrowed name,  
He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,  
So lurked in sects unseen. With greater guile  
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil ;  
The graceless beast by Athanasius first  
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed,  
His impious race their blasphemy renewed,  
And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed ;  
Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,  
Nor in an infant could a God descry.  
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,  
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,  
If private reason hold the public scale ?  
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide  
For erring judgments an unerring guide !  
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,  
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.  
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,  
And search no farther than Thy self revealed ;

But her alone for my director take,  
 Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake !  
 My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires ;  
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,  
 Followed false lights ; and when their glimpse was  
 gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own. -  
 Such was I, such by nature still I am ;  
 Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame !  
 Good life be now my task ; my doubts are done :  
 What more could fright my faith than Three in One ?  
 Can I believe Eternal God could lie  
 Disguised in mortal mould and infancy,  
 That the great Maker of the world could die ?  
 And, after that, trust my imperfect sense  
 Which calls in question His omnipotence ?  
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,  
 And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel ?  
 Superior faculties are set aside ;  
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide ?  
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,  
 And winking tapers show the sun his way ;  
 For what my senses can themselves perceive  
 I need no revelation to believe.  
 Can they, who say the Host should be descried  
 By sense, define a body glorified,  
 Impassible, and penetrating parts ?  
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts  
 He shot that body through the opposing might  
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,  
 And stood before His train confessed in open sight.  
 For since thus wondrously He passed, 'tis plain  
 One single place two bodies did contain,  
 And sure the same omnipotence as well  
 Can make one body in more places dwell.  
 Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,  
 But how can finite grasp infinity ?

Fair

'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence  
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,  
And thence concluded, that our sense must be  
The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait,  
And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find  
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

Were all those wonders wrought by power divine  
As means or ends of some more deep design ?

Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,  
To prove the Godhead of the Eternal Son. ✓

God thus asserted : man is to believe

Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,

And for mysterious things of faith rely

On the proponent Heaven's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,

Vain is the farther search of human wit ;

As when the building gains a surer stay,

We take the unuseful scaffolding away. ✓

Reason by sense no more can understand ;

The game is played into another hand.

Why choose we then like bilanders to creep

Along the coast, and land in view to keep,

When safely we may launch into the deep ?

In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,

Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,

And with a better guide a better world explore.

Could He his Godhead veil with flesh and blood

And not veil these again to be our food ?

His grace in both is equal in extent ;

The first affords us life, the second nourishment.

And if He can, why all this frantic pain

To construe what his clearest words contain,

And make a riddle what He made so plain ?

To take up half on trust and half to try,

Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.

Both knave and fool the merchant we may call  
 To pay great sums and to compound the small,  
 For who would break with Heaven, and would not  
     break for all ?

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed :  
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.  
 Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss ;  
 The bank above must fail before the venture miss.  
 But Heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,  
 Thou first apostate to divinity.  
 Unkennelled range in thy Polonian plains ;  
 A fiercer foe, the insatiate Wolf remains.

Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more  
 That beasts of prey are banished from thy shore ;  
 The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name,  
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,  
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,  
 And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.  
 More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race  
 Appear with belly gaunt and famished face ;  
 Never was so deformed a beast of grace.  
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,  
 Close clapped for shame ; but his rough crest he  
     rears,

And pricks up his predestinating ears.  
 His wild disordered walk, his haggard eyes,  
 Did all the bestial citizens surprise ;  
 Though feared and hated, yet he ruled a while,  
 As captain or companion of the spoil.  
 Full many a year his hateful head had been  
 For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen ;  
 The last of all the litter 'scaped by chance,  
 And from Geneva first infested France.  
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,  
 But others write him of an upstart race ;  
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings  
 But his innate antipathy to kings.

These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind,  
 Who near the Lemman lake his consort liled ;  
 That fiery Zuinglius first the affection bred,  
 And meagre Calvin blessed the nuptial bed.  
 In Israel some believe him whelped long since,  
 When the proud Sanhedrim oppressed the Prince,  
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,  
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire  
 From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,  
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest ;  
 Till opening earth made way for all to pass,  
 And could not bear the burden of a class.  
 The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,  
 If ever they were stowed in Noah's ark ;  
 Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train  
 The Dog (a common species) will contain ;  
 And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,  
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,  
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increased !  
 What ills in Church and State have you redressed !  
 With teeth untried and rudiments of claws,  
 Your first essay was on your native laws :  
 Those having torn with ease and trampled down,  
 Your fangs you fastened on the mitred crown,  
 And freed from God and monarchy your town.  
 What though your native kennel still be small,  
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall ;  
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent  
 Where the North Ocean girds the continent.  
 Quickened with fire below, your monsters breed  
 In fenny Holland and in fruitful Tweed ;  
 And, like the first, the last affects to be  
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.  
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,  
 A rank sour herbage rises on the green ;  
 So, springing where these midnight elves advance,

Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.  
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show  
 To Heaven above and to their Prince below,  
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know.  
 God like the tyrant of the skies is placed,  
 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debased.  
 So fulsome is their food that flocks refuse  
 To bite, and only dogs for physic use.  
 As, where the lightning runs along the ground,  
 No husbandry can heal the blasting wound ;  
 Nor bladed grass nor bearded corn succeeds,  
 But scales of scurf, and putrefaction breeds :  
 Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of death  
 Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.  
 But as the poisons of the deadliest kind  
 Are to their own unhappy coasts confined,  
 As only Indian shades of sight deprive,  
 And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive,  
 So Presbytery and pestilential zeal  
 Can only flourish in a common-weal.

From Celtic woods is chased the wolfish crew ;  
 But ah ! some pity e'en to brutes is due :  
 Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,  
 Curbed of their native malice to destroy.  
 Of all the tyrannies on human kind  
 The worst is that which persecutes the mind  
 Let us but weigh at what offence we strike ;  
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike.  
 In punishing of this, we overthrow  
 The laws of nations and of nature too.  
 Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,  
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey ;  
 Man only of a softer mould is made  
 Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid :  
 Created kind, beneficent and free,  
 The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was given



To brutes, the inferior family of Heaven :  
 The smith Divine, as with a careless beat,  
 Struck out the mute creation at a heat ;  
 But when arrived at last to human race,  
 The Godhead took a deep considering space,  
 And, to distinguish man from all the rest,  
 Unlocked the sacred treasures of his breast,  
 And mercy mixed with reason did impart,  
 One to his head, the other to his heart .  
 Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive,  
 The first is law, the last prerogative.  
 And like his mind his outward form appeared,  
 When issuing naked to the wondering herd  
 He charmed their eyes, and for they loved they  
 feared.

Not armed with horns of arbitrary might,  
 Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,  
 Or with increase of feet to o'ertake them in their  
 flight :

Of easy shape, and pliant every way,  
 Confessing still the softness of his clay,  
 And kind as kings upon their coronation day ;  
 With open hands, and with extended space  
 Of arms to satisfy a large embrace.  
 Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man  
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began ;  
 Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,  
 And pride of empire soured his balmy blood.  
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;  
 The murderer Cain was latent in his loins ;  
 And blood began its first and loudest cry  
 For differing worship of the Deity.  
 Thus persecution rose, and farther space  
 Produced the mighty hunter of his race.  
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increased,  
 Content to fold them from the famished beast :  
 Mild were his laws ; the Sheep and harmless Hind

Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious pastor shows,  
Such mercy from the British Lion flows  
That both provide protection for their foes,

Oh, happy regions, Italy and Spain,

Which never did those monsters entertain !

The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance  
No native claim of just inheritance ;

And self-preserving laws, severe in show,  
May guard their fences from the invading foe.

Where birth has placed them, let them safely share  
The common benefit of vital air ;

Themselves unharmed, let them live unharmed,  
Their jaws disabled and their claws disarmed ;

Here only in nocturnal howlings bold,  
They dared not seize the Hind nor leap the fold.

More powerful, and as vigilant as they,  
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repressed, though pinched with famine sore,  
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar ;

Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

These are the chief ; to number o'er the rest  
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,

Were weary work ; nor will the Muse describe  
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,

Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,  
In fields their sullen conventicles found.

These gross, half-animated lumps I leave,

Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.

But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher

Than matter put in motion may aspire ;

Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,  
So drossy, so divisible are they

As would but serve pure bodies for allay,

Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things

As only buzz to heaven with evening wings,

Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,

Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.  
 They know not beings, and but hate a name ;  
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,  
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;  
 Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away  
 She were too good to be a beast of prey !  
 How can I praise or blame, and not offend,  
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?  
 Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she  
 Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.  
 Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak ;  
 He cannot bend her and he would not break.  
 Unkind already, and estranged in part,  
 The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.  
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,  
 She half commits who sins but in her will.  
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,  
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,  
 Too black for Heaven and yet too white for hell,  
 Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell ;  
 So poised, so gently she descends from high,  
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.  
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence  
 Her clergy heralds make in her defence ;  
 A second century not half-way run,  
 Since the new honours of her blood begun.  
 A Lion, old, obscene, and furious made  
 By lust, compressed her mother in a shade ;  
 Then by a left-hand marriage weds the dame,  
 Covering adultery with a specious name ;  
 So schism begot ; and sacrilege and she,  
 A well matched pair, got graceless heresy.  
 God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause  
 To trample down divine and human laws ;  
 Both would be called reformers, and their hate,  
 Alike destructive both to Church and State.

The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless Prince  
 By luxury reformed incontinence,  
 By ruins charity, by riot abstinence.  
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside ;  
 Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide,  
 Where souls are starved and senses gratified !  
 Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,  
 And matin bells (a melancholy cry)  
 Are tuned to merrier notes, *Increase and Multiply*.  
 Religion shows a rosy-coloured face,  
 Not hattered out with drudging works of grace :  
 A down-hill reformation rolls apace.  
 What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,  
 Or, till they waste their pampered paunches, wait ?  
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,  
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven ;  
 For his Arabian prophet with delights  
 Of sense allured his Eastern proselytes.  
 The jolly Luther, reading him, began  
 To interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran ;  
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet  
 And make the paths of Paradise more sweet,  
 Bethought him of a wife, ere half-way gone,  
 For 'twas uneasy travelling alone ;  
 And in this masquerade of mirth and love  
 Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.  
 Sure he presumed of praise, who came to stock  
 The ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,  
 Burnished and battening on their food. to show  
 The diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, though like these she changed her  
 head,  
 Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,  
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,  
 The crosier wielded and the mitre wore.  
 Her upper part of decent discipline

Showed affectation of an ancient line ;  
And Fathers, Councils, Church and Church's head,  
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.  
But what disgraced and disavowed the rest  
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatised the beast.  
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,  
In her own labyrinth she lives confined ;  
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,  
Humbly content to be despised at home.  
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,  
At last she leaves the refuse of the bad.  
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,  
And least deformed, because reformed the least.  
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,  
Where one for substance, one for sign contends.  
Their contradicting terms she strives to join ;  
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.  
A real presence all her sons allow,  
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,  
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.  
Her novices are taught that bread and wine  
Are but the visible and outward sign,  
Received by those who in communion join.  
But the inward grace or the thing signified.  
His blood and body who to save us died,  
The faithful this thing signified receive :  
What is't those faithful then partake or leave ?  
For what is signified and understood  
Is by her own confession flesh and blood,  
Then by the same acknowledgment we know  
They take the sign and take the substance too.  
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood.  
But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost ;  
But sure no Church can better morals boast.  
True to her King her principles are found ;  
Oh that her practice were but half so sound !

Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,  
 And sealed her vowed affection with her blood :  
 Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,  
 That interest or obligation made the tie  
 (Bound to the fate of murdered monarchy).  
 Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,  
 Whose tender branches round the poplar twine.  
 She chose her ruin and resigned her life,  
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife ;  
 A rare example ! but some souls we see  
 Grow hard and stiffen with adversity :  
 Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone ;  
 Resolved into a baser form they run,  
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.  
 Let this be Nature's frailty or her fate,  
 Or Isgrim's counsel, her new chosen mate ;  
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew ;  
 No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,  
 Because she wants innate aucturity ;  
 For how can she constrain them to obey  
 Who has herself cast off the lawful sway ?  
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil  
 In common theft will share the common spoil.  
 Let her produce the title and the right  
 Against her old superiors first to fight ;  
 If she reform by text, even that's as plain  
 For her own rebels to reform again.  
 As long as words a different sense will bear  
 And each may be his own interpreter,  
 Our airy faith will no foundation find :  
 The word's a weathercock for every wind :  
 The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf by turns prevail ;  
 The most in power supplies the present gale.  
 The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid  
 To Church and Councils, whom she first betrayed ;  
 No help from Fathers or tradition's train :

Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,  
 And by that Scripture which she once abused  
 To Reformation stands herself accused.

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,  
 Expounding which she owns herself may err ?  
 And after all her winding ways are tried,  
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside  
 And leaves the private conscience for the guide.  
 If then that conscience set the offender free  
 It bars her claim to Church aucturity.

How can she censure, or what crime pretend,  
 But Scripture may be construed to defend ?  
 Even those whom for rebellion she transmits  
 To civil power, her doctrine first acquits ;  
 Because no disobedience can ensue,

Where no submission to a judge is due ;  
 Each judging for himself, by her consent,  
 Whom thus absolved she sends to punishment.  
 Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause.  
 'Tis only for transgressing human laws.

How answering to its end a Church is made,  
 Whose power is but to counsel and persuade ?  
 Oh, solid rock, on which secure she stands !  
 Eternal house, not built with mortal hands !  
 Oh, sure defence against the infernal gate,  
 A patent during pleasure of the State !

Thus is the Panther neither loved nor feared,  
 A mere mock queen of a divided herd ;  
 Whom soon by lawful power she might control,  
 Herself a part submitted to the whole.  
 Then, as the moon who first receives the light  
 By which she makes our nether regions bright,  
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar  
 The rays she borrowed from a better star ;  
 Big with the beams which from her mother flow,  
 And reigning o'er the rising tides below :  
 Now mixing with a savage crowd she goes,

And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,  
 Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour  
 Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,  
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,  
 Alone she walked, and looked around in vain  
 With rueful visage for her vanished train :  
 None of her sylvan subjects made their court ;  
 Levees and couchees passed without resort.  
 So hardly can usurpers manage well ✓  
 Those whom they first instructed to rebel.  
 More liberty begets desire of more ;  
 The hunger still increases with the store.  
 Without respect they brushed along the wood,  
 Each in his clan, and filled with loathsome food  
 Asked no permission to the neighbouring flood.  
 The Panther, full of inward discontent,  
 Since they would go, before them wisely went ;  
 Supplying want of power by drinking first,  
 As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.  
 Among the rest, the Hind with fearful face  
 Beheld from far the common watering-place,  
 Nor durst approach ; till with an awful roar  
 The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.  
 Encouraged thus, she brought her younglings nigh,  
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,  
 And drank a sober draught ; the rest amazed  
 Stood mutely still and on the stranger gazed ;  
 Surveyed her part by part, and sought to find  
 The ten-horned monster in the harmless Hind,  
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had designed.  
 They thought at first they dreamed : for 'twas offence  
 With them to question certitude of sense,  
 Their guide in faith : but nearer when they drew,  
 And had the faultless object full in view,  
 Lord, how they all admired her heavenly hue !  
 Some who before her fellowship disdained



Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage restrained,  
Now frisked about her and old kindred feigned.  
Whether for love or interest, every sect  
Of all the savage nation showed respect.  
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd ;  
The more the company, the less they feared.  
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,  
Yet could not howl, the Hind had seen him first ;  
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.  
For when the herd sufficed did late repair  
To ferny heaths and to their forest lair,  
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,  
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way ;  
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk  
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.  
With much goodwill the motion was embraced,  
To chat a while on their adventures passed ;  
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot  
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the Plot.  
Yet wondering how of late she grew estranged,  
Her forehead cloudy and her countenance changed,  
She thought this hour the occasion would present  
To learn her secret cause of discontent,  
Which well she hoped might be with ease redressed,  
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,  
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.  
After some common talk what rumours ran,  
The lady of the spotted muff began.

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## THE SECOND PART.

“DAME,” said the Panther, “times are mended well  
Since late among the Philistines you fell.  
The toils were pitched, a spacious tract of ground  
With expert huntsmen was encompassed round ;  
The enclosure narrowed : the sagacious power

Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.  
 'Tis true, the younger Lion, scaped the snare,  
 But all your priestly calves lay struggling there,  
 As sacrifices on their altars laid ;

While you, their careful mother, wisely fled,  
 Not trusting Destiny to save your head.

For whate'er promises you have applied  
 To your unfailing Church, the surer side  
 Is four fair legs in danger to provide ;  
 And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,  
 Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,  
 The better luck was yours to 'scape so well."

"As I remember," said the sober Hind,  
 "Those toils were for your own dear self designed,  
 As well as me ; and with the self-same throw,  
 To catch the quarry and the vermin too  
 (Forgive the slanderous tongues that called you so).  
 Howe'er you take it now, the common cry  
 Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.  
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,  
 As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,  
 Because some forms and ceremonies some  
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.  
 Dumb you were born indeed ; but thinking long,  
 The Test, it seems, at last has loosed your tongue.  
 And to explain what your forefathers meant  
 By real presence in the Sacrament,  
 After long fencing pushed against a wall,  
 Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all :  
 There changed your faith, and what may change may  
 fall.

Who can believe what varies every day,  
 Nor ever was nor will be at a stay ? "

"Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,  
 And I ne'er owned myself infallible,"  
 Replied the Panther. "Grant such presence were,  
 Yet in your sense I never owned it there.

A real virtue we by faith receive,  
And that we in the Sacrament believe."

"Then," said the Hind, "as you the matter state,  
Not only Jesuits can equivocate ;  
For *real*, as you now the word expound,  
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.  
Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat ;  
You know who took the shadow for the meat.  
Your Church's substance thus you change at will,  
And yet retain your former figure still.  
I freely grant you spoke to save your life,  
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.  
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,  
But, after all, against yourself you swore ;  
Your former self, for every hour you form  
Is chopped and changed, like winds before a storm.  
Thus fear and interest will prevail with some ;  
For all have not the gift of martyrdom."

The Panther grinned at this, and thus replied :  
"That men may err was never yet denied.  
But, if that common principle be true,  
The cannon, dame, is levelled full at you.  
But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see  
That wondrous wight, Infallibility.  
Is he from Heaven, this mighty champion, come ?  
Or lodged below in subterranean Rome ?  
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,  
Or else conclude that nothing has no place."

"Suppose (though I disown it)," said the Hind,  
"The certain mansion were not yet assigned :  
The doubtful residence no proof can bring  
Against the plain existence of the thing.  
Because philosophers may disagree  
If sight by emission or reception be,  
Shall it be thence inferred I do not see ?  
But you require an answer positive.  
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give ;

For fallacies in universals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide

In Pope and General Councils must reside :

Both lawful, both combined ; what one decrees

By numerous votes, the other ratifies ;

On this undoubted sense the Church relies.

'Tis true some doctors in a scantier space,

I mean, in each apart, contract the place.

Some, who to greater length extend the line,

The Church's after acceptation join.

This last circumference appears too wide ;

The Church diffused is by the Council tied ;

As members by their representatives

Obliged to laws which Prince and Senate gives.

{ Thus some contract and some enlarge the space :

{ In Pope and Council who denies the place,

{ Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace ?

Those canons all the needful points contain ;

Their sense so obvious and their words so plain,

That no disputes about the doubtful text

Have hitherto the labouring world perplexed.

If any should in after times appear,

New Councils must be called, to make the meaning  
clear ;

Because in them the power supreme resides,

And all the promises are to the guides.

This may be taught with sound and safe defence ;

But mark how sandy is your own pretence,

Who, setting Councils, Pope, and Church aside,

Are every man his own presuming guide.

The Sacred Books, you say, are full and plain,

And every needful point of truth contain ;

All who can read interpreters may be.

Thus, though your several Churches disagree,

Yet every saint has to himself alone

The secret of this philosophic stone.

These principles your jarring sects unite,

When differing doctors and disciples fight ;  
 Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,  
 Have made a battle royal of beliefs,  
 Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirled  
 The tortured text about the Christian world,  
 Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,  
 That Turk or Jew could not have used it worse.  
 No matter what dissension leaders make,  
 Where every private man may save a stake :  
 Ruled by the Scripture and his own advice,  
 Each has a blind by-path to Paradise,  
 Where driving in a circle slow or fast  
 Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.  
 A wondrous charity you have in store  
 For all reformed to pass the narrow door,  
 So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more :  
 For he, kind prophet, was for damning none,  
 But Christ and Moses were to save their own ;  
 Himself was to secure his chosen race,  
 Though reason good for Turks to take the place,  
 And he allowed to be the better man  
 In virtue of his holier Alcoran."

" True," said the Panther, " I shall ne'er deny  
 My brethren may be saved as well as I :  
 Though Huguenots contemn our ordination,  
 Succession, ministerial vocation,  
 And Luther, more mistaking what he read,  
 Misjoins the sacred body with the bread,  
 Yet, lady, still remember I maintain  
 The Word in needful points is only plain."

" Needless or needful I not now contend,  
 For still you have a loophole for a friend,"  
 Rejoined the matron ; " but the rule you lay  
 Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray  
 In weighty points, and full damnation's way.  
 For did not Arius first, Socinus now  
 The Son's eternal Godhead disavow ?

And did not these by gospel texts alone  
 Condemn our doctrine and maintain their own ?  
 Have not all heretics the same pretence  
 To plead the Scriptures in their own defence ?  
 How did the Nicene Council then decide  
 That strong debate ? was it by Scriptures tried ?  
 No, sure to those the rebel would not yield ;  
 Squadrons of texts he marshalled in the field :  
 That was but civil war, an equal set,  
 Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.  
 With texts point-blank and plain he faced the foe :  
 And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so ?  
 The good old bishops took a simpler way ;  
 Each asked but what he heard his father say,  
 Or how he was instructed in his youth,  
 And by tradition's force upheld the truth."

The Panther smiled at this, and "When," said she,  
 "Were those first Councils disallowed by me ?  
 Or where did I at sure tradition strike,  
 Provided, still it were apostolic ?"

"Friend," said the Hind, "you quit your former  
 ground,  
 Where all your faith you did on Scripture found :  
 Now, 'tis tradition joined with Holy Writ ;  
 But thus your memory betrays your wit."

"No," said the Panther, "for in that I view  
 When your tradition's forged, and when 'tis true.  
 I set them by the rule, and as they square  
 Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,  
 This oral fiction, that old faith declare."

(*Hind.*) "The Council steered, it seems, a different  
 course ;  
 They tried the Scripture by tradition's force ;  
 But you tradition by the Scripture try ;  
 Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,  
 Nor dare on one foundation to rely.  
 The Word is then deposed, and in this view

You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you."  
 Thus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursued :  
 "I see tradition then is disallowed,  
 When not evinced by Scripture to be true,  
 And Scripture as interpreted by you.  
 But here you tread upon unfaithful ground,  
 Unless you could infallibly expound ;  
 Which you reject as odious Popery,  
 And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.  
 Suppose we on things traditive divide,  
 And both appeal to Scripture to decide ;  
 By various texts we both uphold our claim,  
 Nay, often ground our titles on the same :  
 After long labour lost and time's expense,  
 Both grant the words and quarrel for the sense.  
 Thus all disputes for ever must depend,  
 For no dumb rule can controversies end.  
 Thus, when you said tradition must be tried  
 By Sacred Writ, whose sense yourselves decide,  
 You said no more but that yourselves must be  
 The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.  
 Against our Church-tradition you declare,  
 And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair ;  
 At least 'tis proved against your argument,  
 The rule is far from plain, where all dissent."

"If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,"  
 Replied the Panther, "what tradition's pure ?  
 For you may palm upon us new for old ;  
 All, as they say, that glitters is not gold."

"How but by following her," replied the dame,  
 "To whom derived from sire to son they came ;  
 Where every age does on another move,  
 And trusts no farther than the next above ;  
 Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise.  
 The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies ?"

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,  
 Her glowing eyeballs glittering in the dark,

And said but this :—“ Since lucre was your trade,  
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,  
'Tis dangerous climbing : to your sons and you  
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.”

(*Hind.*) “ The Panther's breath was ever famed for  
sweet,

But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet ;  
You learned this language from the blatant beast,  
Or rather did not speak, but were possessed.

As for your answer, 'tis but barely urged :  
You must evince tradition to be forged,  
Produce plain proofs, unblemished authors use,  
As ancient as those ages they accuse ;  
Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame ;  
An old possession stands till elder quits the claim.

Then for our interest, which is named alone  
To load with envy, we retort your own ;  
For, when traditions in your faces fly,  
Resolving not to yield, you must decry.  
As when the cause goes hard, tho guilty man  
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ;  
So when you stand of other aid bereft,  
You to the twelve Apostles would be left.

Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide  
To set those toys, traditions, quite aside :  
And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,  
He cites them, but sometimes for ornament,  
But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,  
Are not so wise as your adulterer ;  
The private spirit is a better blind  
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.  
For they who left the Scripture to the crowd,  
Each for his own peculiar judge allowed ;  
The way to please them was to make them proud.  
Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf ;  
Who could suspect a cozenage from himself ?  
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand



Than be deceived and damned at second hand.  
But you who Fathers and traditions take,  
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,  
Pretending Church aucturity to fix,  
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,  
Are like a mule made up of differing seed,  
And that's the reason why you never breed,  
At least, not propagate your kind abroad,  
For home-dissenters are by statutes awed.  
And yet they grow upon you every day,  
While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,  
For sects that are extremes abhor a middle way.  
Like tricks of state to stop a raging flood,  
Or mollify a mad-brained senate's mood,  
Of all expedients never one was good.  
Well may they argue (nor can you deny),  
If we must fix on Church-aucturity,  
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood ;  
That must be better still, if this be good.  
Shall she command who has herself rebelled ?  
Is Antichrist by Antichrist expelled ?  
Did we a lawful tyranny displace,  
To set aloft a bastard of the race ?  
Why all these wars to win the book, if we  
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she ?  
Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.  
For purging fires traditions must not fight ;  
But they must prove episcopacy's right.  
Thus, those led horses are from service freed ;  
You never mount them but in time of need.  
Like mercenaries, hired for home defence,  
They will not serve against their native Prince.  
Against domestic foes of hierarchy  
These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly ;  
But, when they see their countrymen at hand,  
Marching against them under Church command,  
Straight they forsake their colours and disband."

Thus she ; nor could the Panther well enlarge  
 With weak defence against so strong a charge ;  
 But said, " For what did Christ His word provide,  
 If still His Church must want a living guide ?  
 And if all saving doctrines are not there,  
 Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,  
 From after ages we should hope in vain  
 For truths, which men inspired could not explain."  
 " Before the word was written," said the Hind,  
 " Our Saviour preached His faith to human kind :  
 From His Apostles the first age received  
 Eternal truth, and what they taught believed.  
 Thus by tradition faith was planted first ;  
 Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nursed.  
 This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,  
 Who sure could all things for the best dispose,  
 To fence His fold from their encroaching foes.  
 He could have writ Himself, but well foresaw  
 The event would be like that of Moses' law ;  
 Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,  
 Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.  
 No written laws can be so plain, so pure,  
 But wit may gloss and malice may obscure ;  
 Not those indited by his first command,  
 A prophet graved the text, an angel held his hand.  
 Thus faith was ere the written Word appeared,  
 And men believed, not what they read, but heard.  
 But since the Apostles could not be confined  
 To these or those, but severally designed  
 Their large commission round the world to blow,  
 To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.  
 Yet still their absent flock their pains did share ;  
 They hearkened still, for love produces care.  
 And as mistakes arose or discords fell,  
 Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,  
 As charity grew cold or faction hot,  
 Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,

✓ For all their wants they wisely did provide,  
✓ And preaching by Epistles was supplied :  
So, great physicians cannot all attend,  
But some they visit and to some they send.  
Yet all those letters were not writ to all,  
Nor first intended, but occasional  
Their absent sermons ; nor, if they contain  
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.  
✓ Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought ;  
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught ;  
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,  
✓ *He darkly writ*, is true applied to all.  
For this obscurity could Heaven provide  
More prudently than by a living guide,  
As doubts arose, the difference to decide ?  
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made ;  
And, if appointed, sure to be obeyed.  
Thus, with due reverence to the Apostles' writ,  
By which my sons are taught, to which submit,  
✓ I think those truths their sacred works contain  
The Church alone can certainly explain ;  
That following ages, leaning on the past,  
May rest upon the primitive at last.  
Nor would I thence the Word no rule infer,  
But none without the Church-interpreter ;  
Because, as I have urged before, 'tis mute,  
And is itself the subject of dispute.  
But what the Apostles their successors taught,  
They to the next, from them to us is brought,  
The undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.  
From hence the Church is armed, when errors rise  
To stop their entrance and prevent surprise,  
And, safe entrenched within, her foes without defies.  
By these all-festering sores her councils heal,  
Which time or has disclosed or shall reveal ;  
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.  
Nor can a council national decide,

But with subordination to her guide  
 (I wish the cause were on that issue tried) ;  
 Much less the Scripture ; for suppose debate  
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,  
 Bequeathed by some legator's last intent  
 (Such is our dying Saviour's Testament) :  
 The will is proved, is opened, and is read ;  
 The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead ;  
 All vouch the words their interest to maintain,  
 And each pretends by those his cause is plain.  
 Shall then the testament award the right ?  
 No, that's the Hungary for which they fight,  
 The field of battle, subject of debate,  
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.  
 The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear  
 What vowels and what consonants are there.  
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be tried  
 Before some judge appointed to decide."

"Suppose," the fair apostate said, "I grant,  
 The faithful flock some living guide should want,  
 Your arguments an endless chase pursue :  
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,  
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew."

The dame, who saw her fainting foe retired,  
 With force renewed, to victory aspired ;  
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky,  
 As once our Saviour owned His Deity,  
 Pronounced His words—*She whom ye seek am I.*  
 Nor less amazed this voice the Panther heard  
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declared.  
 Then thus the matron modestly renewed :  
 "Let all your prophets and their sects be viewed,  
 And see to which of them yourselves think fit  
 The conduct of your conscience to submit ;  
 Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,  
 With absolute exclusion to the rest :  
 Thus would your Polish Diet disagree,

And end, as it began, in anarchy ;  
Yourself the fairest for election stand,  
Because you seem crown-general of the land :  
But soon against your superstitious lawn  
Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn ;  
In your established laws of sovereignty  
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,  
And call rebellion gospel-liberty,  
To Church-decrees your articles require  
Submission modified, if not entire.  
Homage denied, to censures you proceed :  
But when Curtana will not do the deed,  
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,  
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.  
Now this your sects the more unkindly take  
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make),  
Because some ancient friends of yours declare  
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,  
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,  
Which every sect will for themselves expound,  
Nor think less reverence to their doctors due  
For sound interpretation, than to you.  
If then by able heads are understood  
Your brother prophets, who reformed abroad ;  
Those able heads expound a wiser way,  
That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.  
But if you mean yourselves are only sound,  
That doctrine turns the Reformation round,  
And all the rest are false reformers found ;  
Because in sundry points you stand alone,  
Not in communion joined with any one,  
And therefore must be all the Church, or none.  
Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,  
Against this forced submission they protest ;  
While sound and sound a different sense explains,  
Both play at hard-head till they break their brains ;  
And from their chairs each other's force defy,

While unregarded thunders vainly fly.  
I pass the rest, because your Church alone  
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.  
But neither you nor any sect beside  
For this high office can be qualified  
With necessary gifts required in such a guide.  
For that which must direct the whole must be  
Bound in one bond of faith and unity ;  
But all your several Churches disagree.  
The consubstantiating Church and priest  
Refuse communion to the Calvinist ;  
The French reformed from preaching you restrain,  
Because you judge their ordination vain ;  
And so they judge of yours, but donors must ordain.  
In short, in doctrine or in discipline  
Not one reformed can with another join :  
But all from each, as from damnation, fly :  
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery.  
Nor, should their members in a synod meet,  
Could any Church presume to mount the seat  
Above the rest, their discords to decide ;  
None would obey, but each would be the guide ;  
And face to face dissensions would increase,  
For only distance now preserves the peace.  
All in their turns accusers and accused,  
Babel was never half so much confused.  
What one can plead the rest can plead as well,  
For amongst equals lies no last appeal,  
And all confess themselves are fallible.  
Now, since you grant some necessary guide,  
All who can err are justly laid aside,  
Because a trust so sacred to confer  
Shows want of such a sure interpreter,  
And how can he be needful who can err ?  
Then, granting that unerring guide we want,  
That such there is you stand obliged to grant ;  
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply

Our needs and obviate that necessity.

✓ It then remains, that Church can only be  
 The guide which owns unfailing certainty ;  
 Or else you slip your hold and change your side,  
 Relapsing from a necessary guide.  
 But this annexed condition of the crown,  
 Immunity from errors, you disown ;  
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions  
 down.

For petty royalties you raise debate,  
 But this unfailing universal State  
 You shun, nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight ;  
 And for that cause those promises detest  
 With which our Saviour did His Church invest ;  
 But strive to evade, and fear to find them true,  
 As conscious they were never meant to you ;  
 All which the Mother-Church asserts her own,  
 And with unrivalled claim ascends the throne.  
 So, when of old the Almighty Father sate  
 In council, to redeem our ruined state,  
 Millions of millions, at a distance round,  
 Silent the sacred consistory crowned,  
 To hear what mercy mixed with justice could pro-  
 pound ;

All prompt with eager pity to fulfil  
 The full extent of their Creator's will.  
 But when the stern conditions were declared,  
 A mournful whisper through the host was heard,  
 And the whole hierarchy with heads hung down  
 Submissively declined the ponderous proffered crown.  
 Then, not till then, the Eternal Son from high  
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity ;  
 Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent  
 A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,  
 Nor he himself could bear, but as omnipotent.  
 Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,  
 That even the blar-eyed sects may find her out

Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,  
 What from his wardrobe her beloved allows  
 To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse.  
 Behold what marks of majesty she brings,  
 Richer than ancient heirs of Eastern Kings !  
 Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,  
 To show whom she commands, and who obeys :  
 With these to bind or set the sinner free,  
 With that to assert spiritual royalty.

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,  
 Entire, one solid shining diamond,  
 Not sparkles shattered into sects like you :  
 One is the Church, and must be to be true,  
 One central principle of unity.  
 As undivided, so from errors free ;  
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.  
 Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage  
 Of heretics opposed from age to age ;  
 Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,  
 She stoops from heaven and meets them half-way down,  
 And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.  
 But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,  
 And vainly lift aloft your magic wand  
 To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land  
 You could like them, with like infernal force,  
 Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.  
 But when the boils and botches with disgrace  
 And public scandal sat upon the face,  
 Themselves attacked, the Magi strove no more.  
 They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore ;  
 Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.  
 Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,  
 Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed :  
 From east to west triumphantly she rides,  
 All shores are watered by her wealthy tides.  
 The gospel-sound, diffused from pole to pole,  
 Where winds can carry and where waves can roll,



The self-same doctrine of the sacred page  
Conveyed to every clime, in every age.

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,  
To raise new blushes on my British race.  
Our sailing ships like common shores we use,  
And through our distant colonies diffuse  
The draughts of dungeons and the stench of stews,  
Whom, when their home-bread honesty is lost,  
We disembogue on some far Indian coast ;  
Thieves, pandars, palliards, sins of every sort ;  
Those are the manufactures we export,  
And these the missioners our zeal has made ;  
For, with my country's pardon be it said,  
Religion is the least of all our trade,

Yet some improve their traffic more than we ;  
For they on gain, their only god, rely,  
And set a public price on piety.  
Industrious of the needle and the chart,  
They run full sail to their Japonian mart ;  
Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame,  
Sell all of Christian to the very name,  
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame.

Thus of three marks, which in the creed we  
view,

Not one of all can be applied to you ;  
Much less the fourth. In vain, alas ! you seek  
The ambitious title of Apostolic :  
God-like descent ! 'tis well your blood can be  
Proved noble in the third or fourth degree ;  
For all of ancient that you had before  
(I mean what is not borrowed from our store),  
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er ;  
Old heresies condemned in ages past,  
By care and time recovered from the blast.

" 'Tis said with ease, but never can be proved,  
The Church her old foundations has removed,  
And built new doctrines on unstable sands :

Judge that, ye winds and rains ! you proved her, yet  
she stands.

Those ancient doctrines charged on her for new,  
Show when, and how, and from what hands they grew.  
We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,  
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.  
How else could that obscene disease be purged,  
When controverted texts are vainly urged ?  
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more  
Required, than saying, 'Twas not used before.  
'Those monumental arms are never stirred,  
'Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.

“ Thus what you call corruptions are in truth  
The first plantations of the gospel's youth,  
Old standard faith ; but cast your eyes again,  
And view those errors which new sects maintain,  
Or which of old disturbed the Church's peaceful  
reign ;

And we can point each period of the time,  
When they began, and who begot the crime ;  
Can calculate how long the eclipse endured,  
Who interposed, what digits were obscured :  
Of all which are already passed away,  
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

“ Despair at our foundations then to strike,  
Till you can prove your faith Apostolic,  
A limpid stream drawn from the native source,  
Succession lawful in a lineal course.  
Prove any Church, opposed to this our head,  
So one, so pure, so unconfinedly spread  
Under one chief of the spiritual state,  
The members all combined, and all subordinate.  
Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,  
In no communion joined with heresy.  
If such a one you find, let truth prevail ;  
Till when, your weights will in the balance fail ;  
A Church unprincipled kicks up the scale.

"But if you cannot think (nor sure you can  
 Suppose in God what were unjust in man),  
 That He, the fountain of eternal grace,  
 Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,  
 To banish truth and to usurp her place ;  
 That seven successive ages should be lost,  
 And preach damnation at their proper cost ;  
 That all your erring ancestors should die  
 Drowned in the abyss of deep idolatry ;  
 If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,  
 Awake, and open your unwilling eyes  
 God hath left nothing for each age undone,  
 From this to that wherein He sent His Son ;  
 Then think but well of Him, and half your work is done.

"See how His Church, adorned with every grace,  
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,  
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's embrace !  
 Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,  
 Not less himself could from discovery keep,  
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,  
 And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.  
 That pious Joseph in the Church behold,  
 To feed your famine and refuse your gold ;  
 The Joseph you exiled, the Joseph whom you sold."

Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,  
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke ;  
 Shot from the skies a cheerful azure light ;  
 The birds obscene to forests winged their flight,  
 And gaping graves received the wandering guilty  
 sprite.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky  
 For James his late nocturnal victory ;  
 The pledge of his Almighty Patron's love,  
 The fireworks which his angels made above.  
 I saw myself the lambent easy light  
 Gild the brown horror and dispel the night :  
 The messenger with speed the tidings bore,

News, which three labouring nations did restore ;  
But Heaven's own Nuncius was arrived before.

By this the Hind had reached her lonely cell,  
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell,  
When she, by frequent observation wise,  
As one who long on heaven had fixed her eyes,  
Discerned a change of weather in the skies.  
The western borders were with crimson spread,  
The moon descending looked all flaming red ;  
She thought good manners bound her to invite  
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.  
'Tis true, coarse diet and a short repast,  
She said, were weak inducements to the taste  
Of one so nicely bred and so unused to fast ;  
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,  
A hearty welcome at a homely board  
Was freely hers ; and to supply the rest,  
An honest meaning and an open breast.  
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,  
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.  
This she desired her to accept, and stay,  
For fear she might be 'wilder'd in her way,  
Because she wanted an unerring guide ;  
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide  
Her tender constitution did declare  
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,  
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.  
But most she feared that, travelling so late,  
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,  
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,  
Had more of Lion in her than to fear ;  
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal  
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,  
Returned her all the thanks she could afford,  
And took her friendly hostess at her word ;  
Who, entering first her lowly roof, a shed

With hoary moss and winding ivy spread,  
 Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,  
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest :  
 " So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,  
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest,  
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,  
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.

This peaceful seat my poverty secures ;  
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures :  
 Nor yet despise it, for this poor abode  
 Has oft received and yet receives a God ;  
 A God, victorious of the Stygian race,  
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.  
 This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain ;  
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,  
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain."

The silent stranger stood amazed to see  
 Contempt of wealth and wilful poverty :  
 And, though ill habits are not soon controlled,  
 A while suspended her desire of gold ;  
 But civilly drew in her sharpened paws,  
 Not violating hospitable laws,  
 And pacified her tail and licked her frothy jaws.

The Hind did first her country cates provide ;  
 Then couched herself securely by her side.

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### THE THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit  
 Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ,  
 Because the Muse has peopled Caledon  
 With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts unknown,  
 As if we were not stocked with monsters of our own.  
 Let Æsop answer, who has set to view  
 Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew ;  
 And Mother Hubbard in her homely dress  
 Has sharply blamed a British Lioness,

That Queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep  
Exposed obscenely naked and asleep.

Led by those great examples, may not I  
The wanted organs of their words supply?  
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then  
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite *Par*  
To entertain a dangerous guest by night.  
Let those remember, that she cannot die  
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;  
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untamed,  
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaimed:  
The wary savage would not give offence,  
To forfeit the protection of her Prince,  
But watched the time her vengeance to complete  
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met;  
Meanwhile she quenched her fury at the flood,  
And with a lenten salad cooled her blood.  
Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing scant,  
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove  
To express her plain simplicity of love,  
Did all the honours of her house so well,  
No sharp debates disturbed the friendly meal.  
She turned the talk, avoiding that extreme,  
To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theme;  
Remembering every storm which tossed the State,  
When both were objects of the public hate,  
And dropped a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.

Nor failed she then a full review to make  
Of what the Panther suffered for her sake:  
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,  
Her faith unshaken to an exiled heir,  
Her strength to endure, her courage to defy,  
Her choice of honourable infamy.  
On these prolixly thankful she enlarged:  
Then with acknowledgments herself she charged;

( For friendship, of itself an holy tie.

Is made more sacred by adversity.

Now should they part, malicious tongues would say

They met like chance companions on the way,

Whom mutual fear of robbers had possessed ;

While danger lasted, kindness was professed ;

But that once o'er, the short-lived union ends,

The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was done,

And thanked her coldly in a hollow tone :

But said, her gratitude had gone too far

For common offices of Christian care.

If to the lawful heir she had been true,

She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.

" I might," she added, " with like praise describe

Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe ;

But incense from my hands is poorly prized,

For gifts are scorned where givers are despised.

I served a turn, and then was cast away ;

You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,

And sip the sweets, and bask in your great Patron's

day."

This heard, the matron was not slow to find

What sort of malady had seized her mind :

Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despite.

And cankered malice stood in open sight :

Ambition, interest, pride without control,

And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul ;

Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,

With all the lean tormentors of the will.

'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose

Her new-made union with her ancient foes,

Her forced civilities, her faint embrace,

Affected kindness with an altered face :

Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,

As hoping still the nobler parts were sound ;

But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart.

And mildly thus her medicine did impart .

“Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain ;  
 It shows a rest of kindness to complain,  
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold,  
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.  
 But much more just your jealousy would show,  
 If others' good were injury to you :  
 Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see  
 Rewarded worth and rising loyalty !  
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,  
 The scarlet honours of your peaceful gown,  
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find.  
 Charms to my sight and cordials to my mind.  
 When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale.  
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail :  
 And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,  
 Cæsar should still have such, and such should still  
 reward.

“The laboured earth your pains have sowed and  
 tilled :

'Tis just you reap the product of the field.  
 Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain  
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.  
 Such scattered ears as are not worth your care  
 Your charity for alms may safely spare,  
 And alms are but the vehicles of prayer.  
 My daily bread is literally implored ;  
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.  
 If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,  
 Say which of yours his charity offends ;  
 You know, he largely gives to more than are his  
 friends.

Are you defrauded, when he feeds the poor ?

Our mite decreases nothing of your store.

I am but few, and by your fare you see

My crying sins are not of luxury.

Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws



And makes you break our friendship's holy laws,  
For barefaced envy is too base a cause.

Show more occasion for your discontent ;  
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent.  
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,  
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.  
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought  
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,  
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw  
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below ;  
Or call her, when no farther cause you find,  
An enemy professed of all your kind !  
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think  
The Wolf designed to eat as well as drink."

This last allusion galled the Panther more,  
Because indeed it rubbed upon the sore ;  
Yet seemed she not to wince, though shrewdly pained,  
But thus her passive character maintained :

" I never grudged, whate'er my foes report,  
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.  
You have your day, or you are much belied,  
But I am always on the suffering side ;  
You know my doctrine, and I need not say  
I will not, but I cannot disobey.  
On this firm principle I ever stood ;  
He of my sons who fails to make it good  
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood."

" Ah ! " said the Hind, " how many sons have you  
Who call you mother whom you never knew !  
But most of them who that relation plead  
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.  
They gape at rich revenues which you hold  
And fain would nibble at your grandam gold ;  
Inquire into your years, and laugh to find  
Your crazy temper shows you much declined.  
Were you not dim and doted, you might see  
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,

No more of kin to you than you to me.  
Do you not know that for a little coin  
Heralds can foist a name into the line?

“Your sons of latitude that court your grace,  
Though most resembling you in form and face,  
Are far the worst of your pretended race;  
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,  
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:  
For in some Popish libels I have read  
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;  
At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,  
The paunch and all that Scorpio claims are his.  
Their malice too a sore suspicion brings,  
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at  
kings.

Nor blame them for intruding in your line;  
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

“Think you your new French proselytes are  
come

To starve abroad, because they starved at home?  
Your benefices twinkled from afar,  
They found the new Messiah by the star.  
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,  
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.  
Mark with what management their tribes divide,  
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,  
That many churches may for many mouths **pro-**  
vide.

More vacant pulpits would more converts make;  
All would have latitude enough to take.  
The rest unbeneficed your sects maintain,  
For ordinations without cures are vain,  
And chamber practice is a silent gain.  
Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;  
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;  
They melt, and take the figure of the mould,  
But harden and preserve it best in gold.”

“Your Delphic sword,” the Panther then replied,  
 “Is double-edged and cuts on either side.

Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield

Three steeples argent in a sable field,

Have sharply taxed your converts, who unfed

✓ Have followed you for miracles of bread ;

Such who themselves of no religion are,

Allured with gain, for any will declare.

Bare lies with bold assertions they can face,

But dint of argument is out of place ;

The grim logician puts them in a fright,

’Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus, our eighth Henry’s marriage they defame ;

They say the schism of beds began the game,

Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame ;

Though largely proved, and by himself professed,

That conscience, conscience would not let him rest,

I mean, not till possessed of her he loved,

And old, uncharming Catherine was removed.

For sundry years before did he complain,

And told his ghostly confessor his pain.

With the same impudence, without a ground

They say that, look the Reformation round,

No Treatise of Humility is found.

But if none were, the Gospel does not want,

✓ Our Saviour preached it, and I hope you grant

The Sermon in the Mount was Protestant.”

“No doubt,” replied the Hind, “as sure as all

The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul ;

On that decision let it stand or fall.

✓ Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed

Have followed me for miracles of bread.

Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,

If since their change their loaves have been increast.

The Lion buys no converts ; if he did,

Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.

Tax those of interest who conform for gain

Or stay the market of another reign :  
 Your broad-way sons would never be too nice  
 To close with Calvin, if he paid their price ;  
 But, raised three steeples higher, would change their  
                   note,

And quit the cassock for the canting coat.  
 Now, if you damn this censure as too bold,  
 Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.

“ Meantime my sons accused by fame’s report  
 Pay small attendance at the Lion’s court,  
 Nor rise with early crowds nor flatter late  
 (For silently they beg who daily wait).  
 Preferment is bestowed that comes unsought ;  
 Attendance is a bribe, and then ’tis bought.  
 How they should speed their fortune is untried ;  
 For not to ask is not to be denied.  
 For what they have their God and King they bless,  
 And hope they should not murmur had they less.  
 But if reduced subsistence to implore,  
 In common prudence they would pass your door.  
 Unpitied Hudibras your champion friend,  
 Has shown how far your charities extend.  
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,  
*He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead.*

“ With odious atheist names you load your foes ;  
 Your liberal clergy why did I expose ?  
 It never fails in charities like those.  
 In climes where true religion is professed,  
 That imputation were no laughing jest ;  
 But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain’s name,  
 Is here sufficient licence to defame.  
 What wonder is ’t that black detraction thrives ?  
 The homicide of names is less than lives,  
 And yet the perjured murderer survives.”

This said, she paused a little and suppressed  
 The boiling indignation of her breast.  
 She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would

Pollute her satire with ignoble blood ;  
 Her panting foes she saw before her lie,  
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.  
 So when the generous Lion has in sight  
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight ;  
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,  
 He sheathes his paws, uncurls his angry mane,  
 And, pleased with bloodless honours of the day,  
 Walks over and disdains the inglorious prey.  
 So James, if great with less we may compare,  
 Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air ;  
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthened space  
 To implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.

This breathing-time the matron took ; and then  
 Resumed the thread of her discourse again.  
 " Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,  
 And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine :  
 If joys hereafter must be purchased here  
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,  
 Then welcome infamy and public shame,  
 And last, a long farewell to worldly fame.  
 'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly tried  
 By haughty souls to human honour tied !  
 O sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride !  
 Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise ;  
 And what thou didst and dost so dearly prize,  
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.  
 'Tis nothing thou hast given ; then add thy tears  
 For a long race of unrepenting years :  
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give :  
 Then add those maybe years thou hast to live :  
 Yet nothing still : then poor and naked come,  
 Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,  
 And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty  
 sum.

" Thus," she pursued, " I discipline a son,  
 Whose unchecked fury to revenge would run :

He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,  
 And starts aside and flounders at the Cross.  
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know  
 As Thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too ;  
 That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more  
 Than what his Sovereign bears and what his Saviour  
     bore.

“ It now remains for you to school your child,  
 And ask why God's anointed he reviled ;  
 A King and Princess dead ! did Shimei worse ?  
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse ;  
 Your son was warned, and wisely gave it o'er,  
 But he who counselled him has paid the score ;  
 The heavy malice could no higher tend,  
 But woe to him on whom the weights descend.  
 So to permitted ills the dæmon flies ;  
 His rage is aimed at him who rules the skies :  
 Constrained to quit his cause, no succour found,  
 The foe discharges every tire around,  
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight ;  
 But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

“ In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds ;  
 To that long story little answer needs :  
 Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.  
 Were space allowed, with ease it might be proved,  
 What springs his blessed reformation moved.  
 The dire effects appeared in open sight,  
 Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,  
 And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.

“ Now last, your sons a double pæan sound,  
 A Treatise of Humility is found.  
 'Tis found, but better had it ne'er been sought  
 Than thus in Protestant procession brought.  
 The famed original through Spain is known,  
 Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,  
 Which yours by ill-translating made his own ;  
 Concealed its author, and usurped the name,

The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.  
 My altars kindled first that living coal ;  
 Restore, or practice better what you stole ;  
 That virtue could this humble verse inspire,  
 'Tis all the restitution I requirè."

Glad was the Panther that the charge was closed,  
 And none of all her favourite sons exposed ;  
 For laws of arms permit each injured man  
 To make himself a saver where he can.  
 Perhaps the plundered merchant cannot tell  
 The names of pirates in whose hands he fell ;  
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies,  
 And every Algerine is lawful prize.  
 No private person in the foe's estate  
 Can plead exemption from the public fate.  
 Yet Christian laws allow not such redress ;  
 Then let the greater supersede the less :  
 But let the abettors of the Panther's crime  
 Learn to make fairer wars another time.  
 Some characters may sure be found to write  
 Among her sons ; for 'tis no common sight,  
 A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The savage, though she saw her plea controlled,  
 Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,  
 But offered fairly to compound the strife  
 And judge conversion by the convert's life.  
 "'Tis true," she said, " I think it somewhat strange  
 So few should follow profitable change ;  
 For present joys are more to flesh and blood  
 Than a dull prospect of a distant good.  
 'Twas well alluded by a son of mine  
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin),  
 Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss ;  
 The larger loadstone that, the nearer this :  
 The weak attraction of the greater fails ;  
 We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails ;  
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,

I wonder more your converts come so slow.  
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,  
It shows a nobler principle than gain."

"Your inference would be strong," the Hind replied,  
"If yours were in effect the suffering side ;  
Your clergy-sons their own in peace possess,  
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.  
My proselytes are struck with awful dread,  
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head ;  
The respite they enjoy but only lent.  
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.  
Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,  
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.  
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,  
That is, till man's predominant passions cease,  
Admire no longer at my slow increase.

"By education most have been misled ;  
So they believe, because they so were bred.  
The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man.  
The rest I named before, nor need repeat ;  
But interest is the most prevailing cheat,  
The sly seducer both of age and youth ,  
They study that, and think they study truth.  
When interest fortifies an argument,  
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent ;  
For souls, already warped, receive an easy bent.

"Add long prescription of established laws,  
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,  
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,  
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will ;  
And chief among the still-mistaking crowd,  
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,  
And, more than all, the private judge allowed ;  
Disdain of Fathers which the dance began,  
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,  
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman."



To this the Panther, with a scornful smile :  
 " Yet still you travail with unwearied toil,  
 And range around the realm without control,  
 Among my sons for proselytes to prowl ;  
 And here and there you snap some silly soul.  
 You hinted fears of future change in state ;  
 Pray Heaven you did not prophesy your fate !  
 Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,  
 But may mistake the season of the year ;  
 The Swallows' fortune gives you cause to fear."

" For charity," replied the matron, " tell  
 What sad mischance those pretty birds befell."

" Nay, no mischance," the savage dame replied,  
 But want of wit is their unerring guide,  
 And eager haste and gaudy hopes and giddy pride.  
 Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,  
 Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

" The Swallow, privileged above the rest  
 Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,  
 Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,  
 But wisely shuns the persecuting cold ;  
 Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,  
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.  
 From hence she has been held of heavenly line,  
 Endued with particles of soul divine.

This merry chorister had long possessed  
 Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest ;  
 Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,  
 And time turned up the wrong side of the year ;  
 The shedding trees began the ground to strow  
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.  
 Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,  
 Which by instinct or prophecy she knew :  
 When prudence warned her to remove betimes,  
 And seek a better heaven and warmer climes.

" Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,  
 And, called in common council, vote a flight ;

The day was named, the next that should be fair ;  
 All to the general rendezvous repair,  
 They try their fluttering wings and trust themselves  
                   in air ;

But whether upward to the moon they go,  
 Or dream the winter out in caves below,  
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere concerns not us to know.

“ Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their  
                   flight,

And harboured in a hollow rock at night ;  
 Next morn they rose, and set up every sail ;  
 The wind was fair, but blew a mackerel gale :  
 The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,  
 Abhorred salt-water seen never before,  
 And prayed their tender mothers to delay  
 The passage, and expect a fairer day.

“ With these the Martin readily concurred,  
 A church-begot and church-believing bird ;  
 Of little body, but of lofty mind,  
 Round bellied, for a dignity designed,  
 And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind ;  
 Yet often quoted Canon-laws and Code  
 And Fathers which he never understood ;  
 But little learning needs in noble blood.  
 For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in  
 Her household chaplain and her next-of-kin :  
 In superstition silly to excess,  
 And casting schemes by planetary guess ;  
 In fine, short winged, unfit himself to fly,  
 His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

“ Besides, a Raven from a withered oak  
 Left of their lodging was observed to croak.  
 That omen liked him not ; so his advice  
 Was present safety, bought at any price ;  
 A seeming pious care that covered cowardice.  
 To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,  
 Of rising waters and a troubled stream,

Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,  
With something more not lawful to express :  
By which he slyly seemed to intimate  
Some secret revelation of their fate.  
For he concluded, once upon a time,  
He found a leaf inscribed with sacred rhyme,  
Whose antique characters did well denote  
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot :  
The mad divineress had plainly writ,  
A time should come (but many ages yet)  
In which sinister destinies ordain  
A dame should drown with all her feathered train,  
And seas from thence be called the Chelidonian main.  
At this, some shook for fear ; the more devout  
Arose, and blessed themselves from head to foot.

“ 'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort  
Made all these idle wonderments their sport :  
They said, their only danger was delay,  
And he who heard what every fool could say  
Would never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.  
The passage yet was good ; the wind, 'tis true,  
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,  
Nor more than usual equinoxes blew.  
The sun, already from the Scales declined,  
Gave little hopes of better days behind,  
But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.  
Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky  
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly :  
'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.  
But, least of all, philosophy presumes  
Of truth in dreams from melancholy fumes :  
Perhaps the Martin, housed in holy ground,  
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight  
round,  
Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream  
Of fancy madly met and clubbed into a dream :  
As little weight his vain presages bear,

Of ill effect to such alone who fear ;  
 Most prophecies are of a piece with these,  
 Each Nostradamus can foretell with ease :  
 Not naming persons, and confounding times,  
 One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

“ The advice was true ; but fear had seized the most  
 And all good counsel is on cowards lost.  
 The question crudely put to shun delay,  
 ’Twas carried by the major part to stay .

“ His point thus gained, Sir Martin dated thence  
 His power, and from a priest became a prince.  
 He ordered all things with a busy care,  
 And cells and refectories did prepare,  
 And large provisions laid of winter fare ;  
 But now and then let fall a word or two  
 Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,  
 And for their sakes the sun should backward go,  
 Against the laws of nature upward climb,  
 And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime ;  
 For which two proofs in sacred story lay,  
 Of Ahaz’ dial and of Joshua’s day.  
 In expectation of such times as these,  
 A chapel housed them, truly called of ease ;  
 For Martin much devotion did not ask ;  
 They prayed sometimes, and that was all their task.

“ It happened (as beyond the reach of wit  
 Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)  
 That this accomplished, or at least in part,  
 Gave great repute to their new Merlin’s art.  
 Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,  
 Large-limbed, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind  
 (For Swisses or for Gibeonites designed),  
 These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane  
 To suck fresh air, surveyed the neighbouring plain,  
 And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)  
 New blossoms flourish and new flowers arise,  
 As God had been abroad, and walking there

Had left His footsteps and reformed the year.  
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow  
With glittering beams, and in the meads below  
The burnished brooks appeared with liquid gold to  
flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing,  
Whose note proclaimed the holy-day of spring.

“No longer doubting, all prepare to fly  
And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The priest before them did his wings display ;  
And that good omens might attend their way,  
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.

“Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone ?

The canopy of heaven is all her own ;  
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,  
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,  
And dip for insects in the purling springs,  
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.  
Their mothers think a fair provision made,  
That every son can live upon his trade,  
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,  
Look out for husbands and new nuptial bands.  
The youthful widow longs to be supplied ;  
But first the lover is by lawyers tied  
To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.  
So thick they couple, in so short a space,  
That Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace ;  
Their ancient houses, running to decay,  
Are furbished up and cemented with clay.  
They teem already ; stores of eggs are laid,  
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.  
Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear  
In flocks to greet the new returning year,  
To bless the founder and partake the cheer.

“And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)  
To plant abroad, and people colonies.

The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desired

(For so their cruel destiny required),  
 Were sent far off on an ill-fated day ;  
 The rest would need conduct them on their way,  
 And Martin went, because he feared alone to stay.

“ So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,  
 That now their afternoon began to waste ;  
 And, what was ominous, that very morn  
 The Sun was entered into Capricorn :  
 Which, by their bad astronomers' account,  
 That week the Virgin balance should remount  
 An infant moon eclipsed him in his way,  
 And hid the small remainders of his day.  
 The crowd amazed pursued no certain mark,  
 But birds met birds, and justled in the dark.  
 Few mind the public in a panic fright,  
 And fear increased the horror of the night.  
 Night came, but unattended with repose ;  
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close ;  
 Alone, and black she came ; no friendly stars arose.

“ What should they do, beset with dangers round,  
 No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,  
 But bleak plains, and bare unhospitable ground ?  
 The latter brood, who just began to fly,  
 Sick-feathered and unpractised in the sky,  
 For succour to their helpless mother call :  
 She spread her wings ; some few beneath them crawl ;  
 She spread them wider yet, but could not cover all.  
 To augment their woes, the winds began to move  
 Debate in air for empty fields above,  
 Till Boreas got the skies, and poured amain  
 His rattling hailstones mixed with snow and rain.

“ The joyless morning late arose, and found  
 A dreadful desolation reign around,  
 Some buried in the snow, some frozen to the ground.  
 The rest were struggling still with death, and lay  
 The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey,  
 Excepting Martin's race ; for they and he

Had gained the shelter of a hollow tree :  
But soon discovered by a sturdy clown,  
He headed all the rabble of a town,  
And finished them with bats, or polled them down.  
Martin himself was caught alive, and tried  
For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide  
No Martin there in winter shall abide.  
High on an oak which never leaf shall bear,  
He breathed his last, exposed to open air ;  
And there his corpse, unblessed, is hanging still,  
To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill.”

The patience of the Hind did almost fail,  
For well she marked the malice of the tale ;  
Which ribald art their Church to Luther owes ;  
In malice it began, by malice grows ;  
He sowed the Serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest rose  
But most in Martin's character and fate  
She saw her slandered sons, the Panther's hate,  
The people's rage, the persecuting State :  
Then said, “ I take the advice in friendly part ;  
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart.  
Perhaps you failed in your foreseeing skill,  
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill :  
As for my sons, the family is blessed  
Whose every child is equal to the rest ;  
No Church reformed can boast a blameless line,  
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine ;  
Or else an old fanatic author lies,  
Who summed their scandals up by centuries.  
But through your parable I plainly see  
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity ;  
The sunshine that offends the purblind sight,  
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.  
Mistake me not ; the charge concerns not you ;  
Your sons are malcontents, but yet are true,  
As far as non-resistance makes them so ;  
But that's a word of neutral sense, you know,

A passive term, which no relief will bring,  
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king."

"Rest well assured," the Pardalis replied,  
"My sons would all support the regal side,  
Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle should be  
tried."

The matron answered with a loud "Amen!"  
And thus pursued her argument again:

"If, as you say, and as I hope no less,  
Your sons will practise what yourself profess,  
What angry power prevents our present peace?  
The Lion, studious of our common good,  
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)  
To join our nations in a lasting love;  
The bars betwixt are easy to remove,  
For sanguinary laws were never made above.  
If you condemn that Prince of tyranny,  
Whose mandate forced your Gallic friends to fly,  
Make not a worse example of your own;  
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,  
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.  
His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood  
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:  
But you have ground the persecuting knife  
And set it to a razor edge on life.  
Cursed be the wit which cruelty refines  
Or to his father's rod the scorpion joins;  
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's  
loins.

But you perhaps remove that bloody note  
And stick it on the first Reformer's coat.  
Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep;  
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.  
Unjust or just is all the question now;  
'Tis plain that, not repealing, you allow.

"To name the Test would put you in a rage;  
You charge not that on any former age,



But smile to think how innocent you stand,  
 Armed by a weapon put into your hand.  
 Yet still remember that you wield a sword  
 Forged by your foes against your sovereign lord ;  
 Designed to hew the imperial cedar down,  
 Defraud succession and disheir the crown.  
 To abhor the makers and their laws approve  
 Is to hate traitors and the treason love :  
 What means it else, which now your children say,  
 We made it not, nor will we take away ?

“ Suppose some great oppressor had by slight  
 Of law disseised your brother of his right,  
 Your common sire surrendering in a fright ;  
 Would you to that unrighteous title stand,  
 Left by the villain’s will to heir the land ?  
 More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold ;  
 The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,  
 Nor hang in peace before he rendered back the gold,  
 What more could you have done than now you do,  
 Had Oates and Bedlow and their Plot been true ?  
 Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found ;  
 The dire magicians threw their mists around,  
 And wise men walked as on enchanted ground.  
 But now, when Time has made the imposture plain  
 (Late though he followed truth, and limping held  
     her train),

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again ?  
 The painted harlot might a while bewitch,  
 But why the hag uncased and all obscene with itch ?

“ The first Reformers were a modest race ;  
 Our peers possessed in peace their native place,  
 And when rebellious arms o’returned the State  
 They suffered only in the common fate ;  
 But now the Sovereign mounts the regal chair,  
 And mitred seats are full, yet David’s bench is bare.  
 Your answer is, they were not dispossessed ;  
 They need but rub their metal on the Test

To prove their ore ; 'twere well if gold alone  
 Were touched and tried on your discerning stone  
 But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass  
 The dross of atheists and sectarian brass ;  
 As if the experiment were made to hold  
 For base productions, and reject the gold.  
 Thus men ungodded may to places rise,  
 And sects may be preferred without disguise ;  
 No danger to the Church or State from these ;  
 The Papist only has his writ of ease.  
 No gainful office gives him the pretence  
 To grind the subject or defraud the prince.  
 Wrong conscience or no conscience may deserve  
 To thrive, but ours alone is privileged to starve.

“ Still thank yourselves, you cry ; your noble race  
 We banish not, but they forsake the place :  
 Our doors are open. True, but ere they come,  
 You toss your censuring Test and fume the room ;  
 As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,  
 And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.”

To this the Panther sharply had replied ;  
 But, having gained a verdict on her side,  
 She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ;  
 Well satisfied to have the butt and peace,  
 And for the plaintiff's cause she cared the less,  
 Because she sued *in forma pauperis* ;  
 Yet thought it decent something should be said,  
 For secret guilt by silence is betrayed.  
 So neither granted all, nor much denied,  
 But answered with a yawning kind of pride :

“ Methinks such terms of proffered peace you bring,  
 As once Æneas to the Italian king.  
 By long possession all the land is mine ;  
 You strangers come with your intruding line  
 To share my sceptre, which you call to join.  
 You plead like him an ancient pedigree  
 And claim a peaceful seat by Fate's decree :

In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,  
 To unite the Trojan and the Latin bands :  
 And that the league more firmly may be tied,  
 Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.  
 Thus plausibly you veil the intended wrong,  
 But still you bring your exiled gods along ;  
 And will endeavour, in succeeding space,  
 Those household poppits on our hearths to place.  
 Perhaps some barbarous laws have been preferred ;  
 I spake against the Test, but was not heard.  
 These to rescind and peerage to restore  
 My gracious Sovereign would my vote implore ;  
 I owe him much, but owe my conscience more."

"Conscience is then your plea," replied the dame,  
 "Which, well-informed, will ever be the same.  
 But yours is much of the cameleon hue,  
 To change the dye with every different view.  
 When first the Lion sat with awful sway,  
 Your conscience taught you duty to obey ;  
 He might have had your statutes and your Test ;  
 No conscience but of subjects was professed.  
 He found your temper and no farther tried,  
 But on that broken reed, your Church, relied.  
 In vain the sects assayed their utmost art,  
 With offered treasures to espouse their part ;  
 Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his  
 heart.

But when, by long experience, you had proved  
 How far he could forgive, how well he loved ;  
 A goodness that excelled his godlike race,  
 And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace ;  
 A flood of mercy that o'erflowed our isle,  
 Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile ;  
 Forgetting whence your Egypt was supplied,  
 You thought your Sovereign bound to send the  
 tide ;  
 Nor upward looked on that immortal spring,

But vainly deemed he durst not be a king :  
 Then Conscience, unrestrained by fear, began  
 To stretch her limits, and extend the span ;  
 Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,  
 And made a wise alliance with her foes.  
 Can Conscience own the associating name,  
 And raise no blushes to conceal her shame ?  
 For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.  
 But if the cause by battle should be tried,  
 You grant she must espouse the regal side ;  
 O Proteus Conscience, never to be tied !  
 What Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose  
 Which are in last resort your friends or foes ?  
 Homer, who learned the language of the sky,  
 The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie ;  
 Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,  
 But Interest is her name with men below."

"Conscience or Interest be it, or both in one,"  
 The Panther answered in a surly tone ;  
 "The first commands me to maintain the crown,  
 The last forbids to throw my barriers down.  
 Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,  
 Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.  
 These are my banks your ocean to withstand,  
 Which proudly rising overlooks the land,  
 And, once let in with unresisted sway  
 Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.  
 Think not my judgment leads me to comply  
 With laws unjust, but hard necessity :  
 Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,  
 Makes ill authentic for a greater good.  
 Possess your soul with patience, and attend ;  
 A more auspicious planet may ascend ;  
 Good fortune may present some happier time,  
 With means to cancel my unwilling crime ;  
 (Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above !)  
 To mend my errors, and redeem your love :

That little space you safely may allow ;  
Your all-dispensing power protects you now."

"Hold," said the Hind, "'tis needless to explain ;  
You would postpone me to another reign ;  
Till when, you are content to be unjust :  
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.  
A fair exchange proposed of future chance  
For present profit and inheritance.  
Few words will serve to finish our dispute ;  
Who will not now repeal would persecute.  
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,  
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.  
For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more ;  
To will hereafter proves she might before :  
But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.

"Your care about your banks infers a fear  
Of threatening floods and inundations near ;  
If so, a just reprise would only be  
Of what the land usurped upon the sea ;  
And all your jealousies but serve to show  
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.  
To entrench in what you grant unrighteous laws  
Is to distrust the justice of your cause,  
And argues, that the true religion lies  
In those weak adversaries you despise.

"Tyrannic force is that which least you fear ;  
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear :  
Avert it, Heaven ! nor let that plague be sent  
To us from the dispeopled continent.

"But piety commands me to refrain ;  
Those prayers are needless in this Monarch's reign  
Behold how he protects your friends oppressed,  
Receives the banished, succours the distressed !  
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.  
He stands in daylight, and disdains to hide  
An act to which by honour he is tied,  
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.

Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore ;  
 This when he says he means, he means no more."

"Well," said the Panther, "I believe him just,  
 And yet——"

"And yet, 'tis but because you must.  
 You would be trusted, but you would not trust."  
 The Hind thus briefly ; and disdained to enlarge  
 On power of kings and their superior charge,  
 As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice,  
 Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice  
 To hear those echoes given of her once loyal voice.

The matron wooed her kindness to the last,  
 But could not win ; her hour of grace was past.  
 Whom thus persisting when she could not bring  
 To leave the Wolf and to believe her King,  
 She gave her up, and fairly wished her joy  
 Of her late treaty with her new ally :  
 Which well she hoped would more successful prove,  
 Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.  
 The Panther asked what concord there could be  
 Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree ?  
 The dame replied : "'Tis sung in every st. ee's,  
 The common chat of gossips when they meet ;  
 But since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while  
 To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely  
 style.

"A plain good man, whose name is understood,  
 (So few deserve the name of plain and good)  
 Of three fair lineal lordships stood possessed,  
 And lived, as reason was, upon the best.  
 Enured to hardships from his early youth,  
 Much had he done and suffered for his truth :  
 At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,  
 Was never known a more adventurous knight,  
 Who oftener drew his sword, and always for the  
 right.

"As Fortune would (his fortune came though late),

He took possession of his just estate ;  
 Nor racked his tenants with increase of rent,  
 Nor lived too sparing, nor too largely spent ;  
 But overlooked his hinds ; their pay was just  
 And ready, for he scorned to go on trust :  
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick,  
 So true that he was awkward at a trick.  
 For little souls on little shifts rely  
 And cowards arts of mean expedients try ;  
 The noble mind will dare do anything but lie.  
 False friends (his deadliest foes) could find no way  
 But shows of honest bluntness, to betray :  
 That unsuspected plainness he believed ;  
 He looked into himself, and was deceived.  
 Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,  
 Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth,  
 For prosperous honesty is seldom seen  
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win ;  
 It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive  
 To show plain-dealing once an age may thrive ;  
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,  
 Exceeded her commission to befriend.

" This grateful man, as Heaven increased his store  
 Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.  
 His house with all convenience was purveyed ;  
 The rest he found, but raised the fabric where he  
                   prayed ;

And in that sacred place his beauteous wife  
 Employed her happiest hours of holy life.

" Nor did their alms extend to those alone  
 Whom common faith more strictly made their own ;  
 A sort of Doves were housed too near their hall,  
 Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.  
 Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclined,  
 The greater part degenerate from their kind ;  
 Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,  
 And largely drink, because on salt they feed.

Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws,  
 Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,  
 As corporations privileged by laws.

“That house, which harbour to their kind affords,  
 Was built long since, God knows, for better birds ;  
 But fluttering there, they nestle near the throne,  
 And lodge in habitations not their own,  
 By their high crops and corny gizzards known.  
 Like harpies, they could scent a plenteous board ;  
 Then, to be sure, they never failed their lord ;  
 The rest was form, and bare attendance paid ;  
 They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obeyed.  
 The more they fed, they ravened still for more ;  
 They drained from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.  
 All this they had by law, and none repined ;  
 The preference was but due to Levi's kind ;  
 But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,  
 The gourmands made it their inheritance.  
 When once possessed they never quit their claim,  
 For then 'tis sanctified to Heaven's high name ;  
 And hallowed thus, they cannot give consent  
 The gift should be profaned by worldly management.

“Their flesh was never to the table served ;  
 Though 'tis not thence inferred the birds were  
     starved ;  
 But that their master did not like the food,  
 As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.  
 Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,  
 Even though they were not Doves, to persecute :  
 Yet he refused (nor could they take offence)  
 Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.  
 Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,  
 Which, new from treading, in their bills they brought :  
 But left his hinds each in his private power,  
 That those who like the bran might leave the flour.  
 He for himself, and not for others, chose,  
 Nor would he be imposed on, nor impose ;



But in their faces his devotion paid,  
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,  
And sacred incense on his altars laid.

“ Besides these jolly birds, whose crops impure  
Repaid their commons with their salt manure,  
Another farm he had behind his house,  
Not overstocked, but barely for his use ;  
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,  
And from his pious hands received their bread.  
Our pampered Pigeons with malignant eyes.  
Beheld these inmates and their nurseries ;  
Though hard their fare, at evening and at morn,  
A cruse of water and an ear of corn,  
Yet still they grudged that modicum, and thought  
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.  
Fain would they filch that little food away,  
While unrestrained those happy gluttons prey.  
And much they grieved to see so nigh their hall  
The bird that warned St. Peter of his fall ;  
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,  
And clap his wings and call his family  
To sacred rites ; and vex the ethereal powers  
With midnight matins at uncivil hours ;  
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,  
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.

“ Beast of a bird, supinely when he might  
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light !  
What if his dull forefathers used that cry,  
Could he not let a bad example die ?  
The world was fallen into an easier way ;  
This age knew better than to fast and pray.  
Good sense in sacred worship would appear,  
So to begin as they might end the year.  
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls  
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloistered walls.  
Expelled for this and for their lands, they fled,  
And sister Partlet, with her hooded head,

Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.  
 The way to win the restiff world to God  
 Was to lay by the disciplining rod,  
 Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer :  
 Religion frights us with a mien severe.  
 'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,  
 And put her in undress, to make her please ;  
 A lively faith will bear aloft the mind  
 And leave the luggage of good works behind.

“ Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught ;  
 You need not ask how wondrously they wrought ;  
 But sure the common cry was all for these,  
 Whose life and precepts both encouraged ease.  
 Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,  
 And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail,  
 (For vice, though frontless and of hardened face,  
 Is daunted at the sight of awful grace,)  
 An hideous figure of their foes they drew,  
 Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true ;  
 And this grotesque design exposed to public view.  
 One would have thought it an Egyptian piece,  
 With garden-gods, and barking deities,  
 More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.  
 All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,  
 It was no libel where it meant to strike.  
 Yet still the daubing pleased, and great and small  
 To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall.  
 There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,  
 Adoring shrines and stocks of sainted trees ;  
 And by him a misshapen ugly race ;  
 The curse of God was seen on every face.  
 No Holland emblem could that malice mend,  
 But still the worse the look the fitter for a fiend.

“ The master of the farm, displeas'd to find  
 So much of rancour in so mild a kind,  
 Inquired into the cause, and came to know  
 The passive Church had struck the foremost blow ;

With groundless fears and jealousies possest,  
 As if this troublesome intruding guest  
 Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest ;  
 A deed his inborn equity abhorred ;  
 But interest will not trust, though God should plight  
     his word.

“ A law, the source of many future harms,  
 Had banished all the poultry from the farms,  
 With loss of life, if any should be found  
 To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.  
 That bloody statute chiefly was designed  
 For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind ;  
 But after malice did not long forget  
 The lay that wore the robe and coronet.  
 For them, for their inferiors and allies,  
 Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise :  
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,  
 That none to trust or profit should succeed,  
 Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked  
     weed ;

Or that to which old Socrates was curst,  
 Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.  
 The patron, as in reason, thought it hard  
 To see this inquisition in his yard,  
 By which the Sovereign was of subjects' use debarred.

“ All gentle means he tried, which might withdraw  
 The effects of so unnatural a law :  
 But still the Dove-house obstinately stood  
 Deaf to their own and to their neighbours' good ;  
 And which was worse, if any worse could be,  
 Repented of their boasted loyalty ;  
 Now made the champions of a cruel cause,  
 And drunk with fumes of popular applause :  
 For those whom God to ruin has designed,  
 He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

“ New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,  
 Suggested dangers, interposed delays ;

And emissary Pigeons had in store,  
 Such as the Meccan prophet used of yore,  
 To whisper counsels in their patron's ear ;  
 And veiled their false advice with zealous fear.  
 The master smiled to see them work in vain,  
 To wear him out and make an idle reign :  
 He saw, but suffered their protractive arts,  
 And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts ;  
 But they abused that grace to make allies  
 And fondly closed with former enemies ;  
 For fools are double fools, endeavouring to be wise.

“ After a grave consult what course were best,  
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,  
 Stood up, and told them with his head aside,  
 That desperate cures must be to desperate ills ap-  
 plied :

And therefore, since their main impending fear  
 Was from the increasing race of Chanticleer,  
 Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,  
 A foe professed to him and all his kind :  
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,  
 Well pounced to fasten, and well winged to fly :  
 One they might trust their common wrongs to  
 wreak,

The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak ;  
 Too fierce the Falcon ; but, above the rest,  
 The noble Buzzard ever pleased me best :  
 Of small renown, 'tis true ; for, not to lie,  
 We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.  
 I know he haunts the Pigeon-house and farm,  
 And more, in time of war has done us harm :  
 But all his hate on trivial points depends ;  
 Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.  
 For pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care ;  
 Crammed chickens are a more delicious fare.  
 On this high potentate, without delay,  
 I wish you would confer the sovereign sway ;

Petition him to accept the government,  
And let a splendid embassy be sent.

“This pithy speech prevailed ; and all agreed,  
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

“Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,  
His lodgings furnished, and a train prepared,  
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.  
He came, and crowned with great solemnity,  
God save king Buzzard ! was the general cry.

“A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,  
He seemed a son of Anak for his height :  
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer ;  
Black-browed and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter ;  
Broad-backed and brawny, built for love's delight  
A prophet formed to make a female proselyte. ✓  
A theologue more by need than genial bent ;  
By breeding sharp, by nature confident,  
Interest in all his actions was discerned ;  
More learned than honest, more a wit than learned ;  
Or forced by fear or by his profit led,  
Or both conjoined, his native clime he fled :  
But brought the virtues of his heaven along ;  
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.  
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive,  
The most unlucky parasite alive ;  
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,  
And then himself pursued his compliment ;  
But by reverse of fortune chased away,  
His gifts no longer than their author stay ;  
He shakes the dust against the ungrateful race,  
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.  
Oft has he flattered and blasphemed the same,  
For in his rage he spares no sovereign's name :  
The hero and the tyrant change their style  
By the same measure that they frown or smile.  
When well received by hospitable foes,  
The kindness he returns is to expose ;

For courtesies, though undeserved and great,  
 No gratitude in felon-minds beget ;  
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.

His praise of foes is venomously nice ;  
 So touched, it turns a virtue to a vice ;  
*A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.*

Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,  
 Because he knows Confession stands for one ;  
 Where sins to sacred silence are conveyed,  
 And not for fear or love to be betrayed :

But he, uncalled, his patron to control,  
 Divulged the secret whispers of his soul ;  
 Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,  
 And offered to the Moloch of the times.

Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,  
 Invulnerable in his impudence,

He dares the world and, eager of a name,  
 He thrusts about and justles into fame.

Frontless and satire-proof, he scours the streets,  
 And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.

So fond of loud report, that not to miss  
 Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss,)  
 He rather would be known for what he is.

“ Such was and is the Captain of the Test,  
 Though half his virtues are not here exprest ;  
 The modesty of fame conceals the rest.

The spleenful Pigeons never could create  
 A prince more proper to revenge their hate ;  
 Indeed, more proper to revenge than save ;  
 A king whom in His wrath the Almighty gave  
 For all the grace the landlord had allowed  
 But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud,  
 Gave time to fix their friends and to seduce the  
 crowd.

They long their fellow-subjects to enthral,  
 Their patron's promise into question call,  
 And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.

" False fears their leaders failed not to suggest,  
 As if the Doves were to be dispossesst !  
 Nor sighs nor groans nor goggling eyes did want,  
 For now the Pigeons, too, had learned to cant.  
 The house of prayer is stocked with large increase,  
 Nor doors nor windows can contain the press :  
 For birds of every feather fill the abode ;  
 Even Atheists out of envy own a God ;  
 And, reeking from the stews, adulterers come,  
 Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.  
 That Conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,  
 Now calls aloud and cries to persecute :  
 No rigour of the laws to be released,  
 And much the less, because it was their Lord's request.  
 They thought it great their Sovereign to control,  
 And named their pride nobility of soul.

" 'Tis true, the Pigeons and their prince elect  
 Were short of power their purpose to effect :  
 But with their quills did all the hurt they could  
 And cuffed the tender chickens from their food :  
 And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,  
 Though naming not the patron, to infer,  
 With all respect he was a gross idolater.

" But when the imperial owner did espy  
 That thus they turned his grace to villainy,  
 Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,  
 He strove a temper for the extremes to find,  
 So to be just as he might still be kind :  
 Then, all maturely weighed, pronounced a doom  
 Of sacred strength for every age to come.  
 By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,  
 No rights infringed, but licence to oppress :  
 Such power have they as factious lawyers long  
 To crowns ascribed, that kings can do no wrong.  
 But since his own domestic birds have tried  
 The dire effects of their destructive pride,  
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,

Concluding well within his kingly breast  
 His fowl of nature too unjustly were oppressed.  
 He therefore makes all birds of every sect  
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect  
 Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.  
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields  
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields,  
 And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds ;  
 To Crows the like impartial grace affords,  
 And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds ;  
 Secured with ample privilege to feed,  
 Each has his district and his bounds decreed :  
 Combined in common interest with his own,  
 But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.

“ Here ends the reign of this pretended Dove ;  
 All prophecies accomplished from above,  
 For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.  
 Reduced from her imperial high abode,  
 Like Dionysius to a private rod,  
 The passive Church, that with pretended grace  
 Did her distinctive mark in duty place,  
 Now touched, reviles her Maker to his face.

“ What after happened is not hard to guess ;  
 The small beginnings had a large increase,  
 And arts and wealth succeed, the secret spoils of  
 peace.

’Tis said the Doves repented, though too late  
 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate :  
 Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour,  
 But, sunk in credit, they decreased in power :  
 Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,  
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,  
 Invites the feathered Nimrods of his race,  
 To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,  
 And all together make a seeming goodly flight :  
 But each have separate interests of their own ;



Two Czars are one too many for a throne.  
Nor can the usurper long abstain from food ;  
Already he has tasted Pigeon's blood,  
And may be tempted to his former fare,  
When this indulgent lord shall late to Heaven repair.  
Bare bending times and moulting months may come,  
When lagging late they cannot reach their home ;  
Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)  
Like the tumultuous College of the Bees,  
They fight their quarrel, by themselves opprest ;  
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast."

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,  
Nor would the Panther blame it nor commend ;  
✓ But, with affected yawnings at the close,  
Seemed to require her natural repose ;  
For now the streaky light began to peep,  
And setting stars admonished both to sleep.  
The dame withdrew, and wishing to her guest  
The peace of Heaven, betook herself to rest.  
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait  
With glorious visions of her future state.

## MAC FLECKNOE ;

OR,

A SATIRE ON THE TRUE BLUE PROTESTANT  
POET, T. S.

ALL human things are subject to decay  
 And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.  
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young  
 Was called to empire and had governed long,  
 In prose and verse was owned without dispute  
 Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.  
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace  
 And blest with issue of a large increase,  
 Worn out with business, did at length debate  
 To settle the succession of the state ;  
 And pondering which of all his sons was fit  
 To reign and wage immortal war with wit,  
 Cried, "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he  
 Should only rule who most resembles me.  
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
 Mature in dulness from his tender years ;  
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he  
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.  
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.  
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
 Strike through and make a lucid interval ;  
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,  
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day :  
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,

And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,  
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain  
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.  
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,  
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.  
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,  
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way,  
 And coarsely clad in Norwich druggot came  
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.  
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,  
 When to King John of Portugal I sung,  
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,  
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,  
 With well-timed oars before the royal barge,  
 Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge,  
 And, big with hymn, commander of an host ;  
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.  
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,  
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.  
 At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore  
 The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar ;  
 About thy boat the little fishes throng,  
 As at the morning toast that floats along.  
 Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,  
 Thou wieldst thy papers in thy threshing hand.  
 St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,  
 Not even the feet of thy own 'Psyche's' Rhyme :  
 Though they in number as in sense excel,  
 So just, so like tautology, they fell  
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore  
 The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,  
 And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius more."  
 Here stopped the good old sire and wept for joy,  
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.  
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade  
 That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind

(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined),  
 An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight  
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it high;  
 A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,  
 Of all the pile an empty name remains;  
 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,  
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,  
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets  
     keep,

And, undisturbed by watch, in silence sleep.  
 Near these a Nursery erects its head,  
 Where queens are formed and future heroes bred,  
 Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,  
 Where infant punks their tender voices try,  
 And little Maximins the gods defy.  
 Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,  
 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;  
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds  
 Amidst this monument of vanished minds;  
 Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,  
 And Panton waging harmless war with words.  
 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,  
 Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's throne.  
 For ancient Decker prophesied long since  
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,  
 Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,  
 To whom true dulness should some "Psyches"  
     owe,

But worlds of "Misers" from his pen should flow;  
 "Humourists" and Hypocrites it should produce,  
 Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.

Now empress Fame had published the renown  
 Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.  
 Roused by report of fame, the nations meet  
 From near Bunhill and distant Watling Street,  
 No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,  
 But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,  
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.  
Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepared,  
And Herringman was captain of the guard.  
The hoary prince in majesty appeared,  
High on a throne of his own labours reared.  
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,  
Rome's other hope and pillar of the state.  
His brows thick fogs instead of glories grace,  
And lambent dulness played around his face.  
As Hannibal did to the altars come,  
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome ;  
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,  
That he till death true dulness would maintain ;  
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,  
Ne'er to have peace with wit nor truce with sense.  
The king himself the sacred unction made,  
As king by office and as priest by trade.  
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,  
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale ;  
" Love's Kingdom " to his right he did convey,  
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway ;  
Whose righteous lore the Prince had practised young,  
And from whose loins recorded " Psyche " sprung.  
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,  
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.  
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,  
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.  
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,  
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.  
The admiring throng loud acclamations make  
And omens of his future empire take.  
The sire then shook the honours of his head,  
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed  
Full on the filial dulness : long he stood,  
Repelling from his breast the raging God ;  
At length burst out in this prophetic mood :

"Heavens bless my son ! from Ireland let him reign  
 To far Barbadoes on the western main ;  
 Of his dominion may no end be known  
 And greater than his father's be his throne ;  
 Beyond ' Love's Kingdom ' let him stretch his pen !"  
 He paused, and all the people cried " Amen."  
 Then thus continued he : " My son, advance  
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.  
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me  
 Pangs without birth and fruitless industry.  
 Let ' Virtuosos ' in five years be writ,  
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.  
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,  
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage ;  
 Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,  
 And in their folly show the writer's wit.  
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence  
 And justify their author's want of sense.  
 Let them be all by thy own model made  
 Of dulness and desire no foreign aid,  
 That they to future ages may be known,  
 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.  
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,  
 All full of thee and differing but in name.  
 But let no alien Sedley interpose  
 To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.  
 And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst  
     cull,  
 Trust nature, do not labour to be dull ;  
 But write thy best and top ; and in each line  
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine.  
 Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill  
 And does thy northern dedications fill.  
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame  
 By arrogating Jonson's hostile name ;  
 Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise  
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part :  
What share have we in nature or in art ?  
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand  
And rail at arts he did not understand ?  
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein  
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain ?  
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,  
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine ?  
But so transfused as oil on waters flow,  
His always floats above, thine sinks below.  
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,  
New humours to invent for each new play :  
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,  
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined,  
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,  
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.  
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence  
Of likeness ; thine's a tympany of sense,  
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,  
But sure thou art but a kilderkin of wit.  
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep ;  
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.  
With whate'er gall thou setst thyself to write,  
Thy inoffensive satires never bite ;  
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,  
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.  
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame  
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.  
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command  
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.  
There thou mayest wings display and altars raise,  
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways ;  
Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,  
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."   
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,  
For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,  
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.

Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,  
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.  
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part  
 With double portion of his father's art.

---

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,  
 MR. CONGRIEVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED "THE DOUBLE DEALER."

---

WELL then, the promised hour is come at last,  
 The present age of wit obscures the past :  
 Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,  
 Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit :  
 Theirs was the giant race before the flood ;  
 And thus when Charles returned, our empire stood.  
 Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manured,  
 With rules of husbandry the rankness cured ;  
 Tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude,  
 And boisterous English wit with art endued.  
 Our age was cultivated thus at length,  
 But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.  
 Our builders were with want of genius curst ;  
 The second temple was not like the first ;  
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,  
 Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.  
 Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,  
 The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space ;  
 Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.  
 In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ;  
 He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.  
 Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,



Yet doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.  
 In differing talents both adorned their age,  
 One for the study, t'other for the stage.  
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit,  
 One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.  
 In him all beauties of this age we see,  
 Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,  
 The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.  
 All this in blooming youth you have achieved ;  
 Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved.  
 So much the sweetness of your manners move,  
 We cannot envy you, because we love.  
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw  
 A beardless Consul made against the law,  
 And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,  
 Though he with Hannibal was overcome.  
 Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,  
 And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustained !  
 Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned :  
 The father had descended for the son,  
 For only you are lineal to the throne.  
 Thus, when the State one Edward did depose,  
 A greater Edward in his room arose :  
 But now, not I, but poetry is curst ;  
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.  
 But let them not mistake my patron's part  
 Nor call his charity their own desert.  
 Yet this I prophesy,—Thou shalt be seen,  
 Though with some short parenthesis between,  
 High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,  
 Not mine—that's little—but thy laurel wear.  
 Thy first attempt an early promise made ;  
 That early promise this has more than paid.  
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,  
 That your least praise is to be regular.  
 Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,

But genius must be born, and never can be taught.  
 This is your portion, this your native store :  
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,  
 To Shakespeare gave as much ; she could not give  
                   him more.

Maintain your post : that's all the fame you need ;  
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed.  
 Already I am worn with cares and age,  
 And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :  
 Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,  
 I live a rent-charge on His providence :  
 But you, whom every Muse and grace adorn,  
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,  
 Be kind to my remains ; and oh, defend,  
 Against your judgment, your departed friend !  
 Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,  
 But shade those laurels which descend to you :  
 And take for tribute what these lines express ;  
 You merit more, nor could my love do less.

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LINES PRINTED UNDER THE  
 ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON,

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF THE "PARADISE LOST," 1688.

---

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,  
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,  
 The next in majesty, in both the last :  
 The force of Nature could no farther go ;  
 To make a third she joined the former two.

# ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

## OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697.

—◆—  
1.

"TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne ;  
His valiant peers were placed around ;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound  
(So should desert in arms be crowned).  
The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair,

2.

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touched the lyre :  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above  
 (Such is the power of mighty love).  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia pressed :  
 And while he sought her snowy breast,  
 Then round her slender waist he curled,  
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
 world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present deity, they shout around ;  
 A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :  
 With ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

## CHORUS.

With ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

## 3.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.  
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;  
 Flushed with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face :  
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
     Rich the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
     Rich the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## 4.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;  
     Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
     the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And while he heaven and earth defied,  
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

    He chose a mournful Muse,  
     Soft pity to infuse ;

He sung Darius great and good,  
     By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
     Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed !

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his altered soul

    The various turns of chance below ;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

    And tears began to flow.

## CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below !  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

## 5.

The mighty master smiled to see  
 That love was in the next degree ;  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
     Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
     Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying :  
     If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :  
     Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
     Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gazed on the fair  
     Who caused his care,  
     And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
     Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

## CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gazed on the fair  
     Who caused his care,  
     And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
     Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

## 6.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head ;  
As awaked from the dead,  
And amazed, he stares around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the Furies arise ;  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand !  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain :  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

## CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's Mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown :  
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;  
 She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown :  
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;  
 She drew an angel down.



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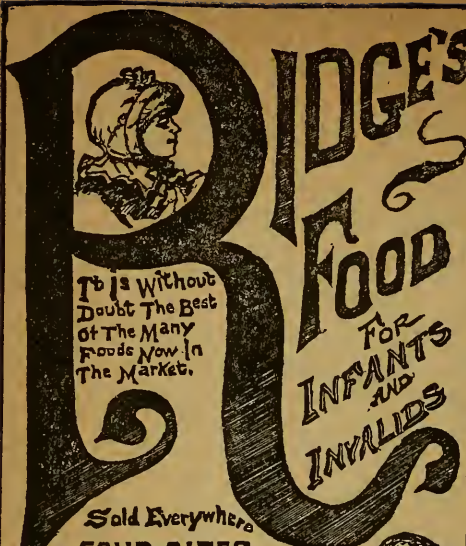
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