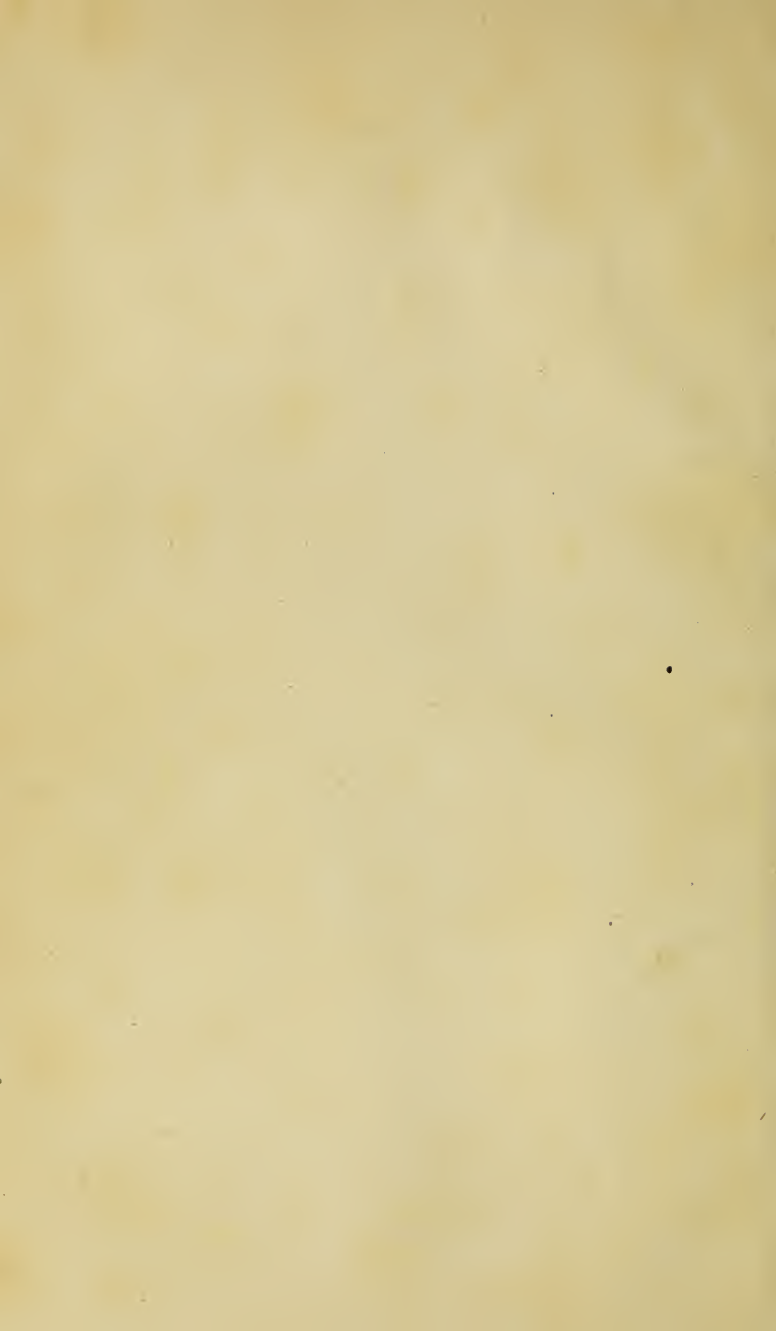


M. E. Barry.



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THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. *Abraham Cowley*:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Consisting of those

Which were formerly Printed;

And those which

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Mr. Andrew Gales

In Two Volumes.

London

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DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II

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1 Sam. 21.
1.

RAIS'd with the News he from high Heav'n
receives,
Strait to his *diligent God* just Thanks he
gives.

V. 4. 5. 6. 2
Mat. 12.
4

1 To *Divine Nobe* directs then his Flight,
A small *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* Right,
Is there with sprightly Wines, and hallow'd Bread,
(But what's to *Hunger hallow'd*?) largely fed.

3 The good old *Priest* welcomes his *fatal Guest*,
And with long Talk prolongs the hasty Feast.

Ver. 9.

4 He lends him *vain Goliath's Sacred Sword*,
(The fitted Help *just Fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whose *Weight* without a *Blow* might slay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hosts* away,

A *Sword* so great, that it was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it.

Thus he arms *David*; I your own restore,
Take it (said he) and use it as before.

1 Sam. 17.

I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest Sight
That e'er these Eyes ow'd the discov'ring Light.
When you stepp'd forth, how did the *Monster* rage,
In scorn of your soft Looks, and tender Age!

Some

Some your *high Spirit* did mad *Presumption* call,
 Some pity'd that such *Youth* should idly fall.
 Th'uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with *Disdain*;
 I knew the *Day* was yours: I saw it plain.
 Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'd to say,
 Wrap'd with his *Joy*; how the two *Armies* lay;
 Which *Way* th'amazed *Foe* did wildly flee,
 All that his *Hearer* better knew than *he*.
 But *David's* Haste denies all needless *Stay*;
 To *Gath*, an *Enemy's* Land, he hastes away,
 Not there secure, but where one *Danger's* near,
 The more *remote* though *greater* disappear.
 So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Man's* Succour flee,
 So from *fir'd* *Ships* *Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
 There in *Disguise* he hopes unknown t'abide!
 Alas! in vain! What can such *Greatness* hide?
 Stones of small *Worth* may lye unseen by *Day*.
 But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray.
 5 *Tagal* first spy'd him, a *Philistian* Knight,
 Who erst from *David's* Wrath by shameful Flight
 Had sav'd the sordid Remnant of his Age;
 Hence the deep Sore of *Envy* mix'd with *Rage*.
 Strait with a Band of Soldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for scarce he thought that Band enough,
 On him he seises whom they all had fear'd,
 Had the bold *Youth* in his own *Shape* appear'd.
 And now this wish'd for, but yet dreadful Prey,
 To *Achis* Court they led in haste away,

2 Sam. xix.
 or.

With all unmanly Rudeness which does wait
Upon th'*Immod'rate Vulgars Joy* and *Hate*.

His Valour now and Strength must useles lye,
And he himself must Arts unusu'al try;

Sam. 21.
3.

Sometimes he rends his Garments, nor does spare
The goodly Curls of his rich yellow Hair.

Sometimes a violent Laughter scru'd his Face,
And sometimes ready Tears dropp'd down apace.

Sometimes he fix'd his staring Eyes on Ground,
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round,
More full Revenge *Philistians* could not wish,

6 But call't the *Justice* of their *mighty Fish*.

Ver. 15.

They now in height of Anger, let him *Live*;
And *Freedom* too, t'increase his *Scorn*, they give.
He by *wife Madness* freed does homeward flee,
And *Rage* makes them all that *he seem'd* to be.

1 Sam. 22. 7

Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
An *Hill* part Earth, part rocky Stone there stood,
Hollow and vast within, which *Nature* wrought
As if by 'her *Scholar Art* she had been taught.

Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends*; many his spreading Fame,
Many their Wants or Discontents did call;
Great Men in War, and almost *Armies* all!

2 Sam. 21.
1.

8 Hither came wise and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *David's* self must owe his *Crown*,
A mighty Man, had not some cunning *Sin*,
Amidst so many *Virtues* crowded in.

With

With him *Abishai* came, by whom there fell
 At once three hundred; with him *Asabel*:
 9 *Asabel*, swifter than the *Northern Wind*;
 Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*
 Outgo his *Feet*; so strangely would he run,
 That *Time it self* perceiv'd not what was done.
 Oft o'er the *Lawns* and *Meadows* would he pass,
 His *Weight unknown*, and harmless to the *Grass*;
 Oft o'er the *Sands* and hollow *Dust* would trace,
 Yet no one *Atome* trouble or displace.
 Unhappy *Youth*, whose *End* so near I see!
 There's nought but thy *Ill Fate* so swift as *Thee*.
 10 Hither *Jesside's* Wrong *Benaiah* drew,
 He, who the vast *exceeding Monster* slew.
 Th'*Egyptian* like an *Hill* himself did rear,
 Like some tall *Tree* upon it seem'd his *Spear*.
 But by *Benaiah's* *Staff* he fell o'erthrown;
 The *Earth*, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.
 Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow *Pit*
 He saw a *Lion*, and leap'd down to it.
 As eas'ly there the *Royal Beast* he tore,
 As that it self did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
 Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely *Boy*,
 But full of *Spirit*, and *Arms* was all his *Joy*.
 Oft, when a *Child*, he in his *Dream* would fight
 With the vain *Air*, and his wak'd *Mother* fright.
 Oft would he shoot young *Birds*, and as they fall,
 Would laugh, and fancy them *Philistians* all.

1 Chr. 11.
20.1 Chr. 11.
26.2 Sam. 2.
18.2 Sam. 2.
23.1 Chr. 11.
22.

Ver. 23.

Ver. 22.

1 Chr. 11.
28.

And now at home no longer would he stay,
Though yet the Face did scarce his *Sex* betray.

1 Chr. 11.
12.

Dodo's great Son came next, whose dreadful Hand
Snatch'd ripen'd *Glories* from a conqu'ring Band;
Who knows not *Dammin*, and that Barley Field,
Which did a strange and bloody *Harvest* yield?

Many besides did this new Troop encrease;
Adan, whose Wants made him unfit for Peace.

1 Chr. 11.
46.

Eliel, whose full Quiv'er did always bear
As many *Deaths* as it in *Arrows* were,
None from his Hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim so well as *he*.

1 Chr. 12.
16.

Many of *Judah* took wrong'd *David's* Side,
And many of old *Jacob's* youngest *Tribe*;

1 Chr. 12.
8.

But his chief Strength the *Gathite* Soldiers are;
Each *single Man* able t'orecome a *War*!

Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding Air,
And hardy all as the strong *Steel* they bare,
A *Lion's* noble Rage fits in their Face,
Terrible Comely, arm'd with *dreadful Grace*!

1 Chr. 12.
8.

Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guard-
ed here,

Yet his stout Soul *durst* for his *Parents* fear;
He seeks for them a safe and quiet Seat,
Nor trusts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* so great.
So when in hostile Fire rich *Asia's* Pride
For ten Years Siege had fully satisfy'd,

Aeneas stole an Act of higher Fame,
 And bore *Anchises* through the wandring Flame,
 A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
 Than all the *Græcian* Forces bore away.
 Go pious *Prince*, in Peace, in Triumph go;
 Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overtrow*;
 To 'have sav'd thy *Troy* would far less glorious be;
 By this thou *Overcom'st* their *Victory*.

- 11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lyes;
 12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curst Sea* denies.
 13 They see *North-Stars* from o'er *Amoreus* Ground,
 14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South-Part does bound.
 15 Eastwards the Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* lye,
 The Morning's happy Beams they first espy:
 The Region with fat Soil and Plenty's blest'd,
 A Soil too good to be of old possess'd
 16 By monstrous *Emins*; but *Lot's* Off-spring came
 And conquer'd both the *People* and the *Name*.
 17 'Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnon's* Flood, Num. 21
26.
 And their sad *Bounds* mark'd deep in their own *Blood*.
 18 In *Hesbon* his triumphant *Court* he plac'd,
Hesbon, by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'd.
 A glorious Town, and fill'd with all Delight
 Which Peace could yield, though well prepar'd
 for *Fight*. Num. 21
24, 25.
 But this proud *City*, and her prouder *Lord*,
 Felt the keen Rage of *Israel's Sacred Sword*,

Whillst *Moab* triumph'd in her torn Estate,
 To see *her own* become her *Conqu'ror's* Fate.
 Yet that small Remnant of *Lot's* parted Crown
 Did, arm'd with *Israel's* Sins, pluck *Israel* down,
 Full thrice six Years they felt fierce *Eglon's* Yoke;
 'Till *Ehud's* Sword *God's* vengeful Message spoke;
 Since then their *Kings* in Quiet held their own,
 Quiet, the Good of a not envy'd *Throne*.
 And now a wise old *Prince* the Scepter sway'd,
 Well by his *Subjects* and *himself* obey'd.
 Only before his *Father's* *Gods* he fell;
 Poor wretched Man, almost *too good* for *Hell*!
 Hither does *David* his bless'd *Parents* bring,
 With humble Greatness begs of *Moab's* King,
 A safe and fair Abode, where they might live,
 Free from those Storms with which himself must
 strive.

The King with chearful Grace his Suit approv'd,
 19 By Hate to *Saul*, and Love to *Virtue* mov'd.
 Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (said he)
 Your *Name* found *Welcome* long before with me.
 20 That to rich *Ophir's* rising *Morn* is known,
 And stretch'd out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone*.
 21 Swift *Fame*, when her round Journey she does make,
 Scorns not sometimes *Us* in her way to take.
 Are you the Man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
 Great *Baal of Phegor*! And how young he's still!

From *Ruth* we heard you came; *Ruth* was born here, Ruth. I. 4.
 In *Judah* sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd there Ib. 4. 19.
 To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true;
 Howe'er your *Virtues* here entitle you,
 Those have the best *Alliance* always been,
 To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.

He spoke, and strait led in his thankful Guests,
 To a stately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feasts*.
 The Room with Golden *Tap'stry* glister'd bright,
 At once to *please* and to *confound* the Sight,
 23 Th' excellent Work of *Babylonian* Hands;
 24 In midst a Table of rich *Iv'ry* stands,
 By three fierce *Tigers*, and three *Lions* born,
 Which grin, and *fearfully* the Place adorn,
 Widely they gape, and to the *Eye* they roar,
 As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore.
 25 About it Beds of *Lybian* *Citron* stood,
 26 With Cov'rings dy'd in *Tyrian* *Fishes* Blood,
 They say, th' *Herculean* Art; but most Delight
 27 Some Pictures gave to *David's* learned Sight.
 Here sev'ral Ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go, Gen. 13. 6.
 Their too much Wealth, vast, and *unkind* does grow.
 Thus each Extream to equal Danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can sep'rate *Friends*;
 Here *Sodom's* Tow'rs raise their proud Tops on high;
 The *Tow'rs* as well as *Men* out-brave the Sky.
 By it the Waves of rev'rend *Jordan* run,
 Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.
 Hither

Gen. 13.
10.

Hither *Lot's* Household comes, a num'rous Train,
 And all with various Business fill the Plain.
 Some drive the crowding Sheep with rural Hooks,
 They lift up their mild Heads, and bleat in Looks.
 Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce Bullock scorns
 Th'appointed Way, and runs with threatening Horns;
 In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
 The *Dogs* stand off afar, and bark in vain.
 Some lead the groaning Waggon, loaded high
 With Stuff, on Top of which the *Maidens* lye.
 Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Sisters* ride,
 And *Lot* talks with them both on either Side.

Gen. 14.
11, 12.

Another *Picture* to curs'd *Sodom* brings
 28 *Elam's* proud *Lord*, with his three *Servant Kings* :
 They sack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away ;

ib. v. 10.

Whilst in a Pit the vanquish'd *Bera* lay,
Bury'd almost alive for Fear of *Death*,

29 But Heav'ns just Vengeance sav'd as yet his Breath.

Gen. 14.
13.

Abraham pursues, and slays the Victors *Host*,
 Scare had their *Conquest* leisure for a *Boast*.

Gen. 19.
24.

Next this was drawn the reckless *Cities* Flame,
 30 When a strange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heav'n* there
 came.

ib. v. 11.

Here the two *Angels* from *Lot's* Window look
 With *smiling Anger*; the lewd Wretches, strook
 With sudden Blindness, seek in vain the Door;

31 Their *Eyes*, first Cause of *Lust*, first *Veng'ance* bore.

Through

Through liquid Air Heav'n's busie Soldiers fly,
 And drive on *Clouds* where Seeds of Thunder lye.
 Here the sad Sky glows red with dismal Streaks,
 Here *Lightning* from it with short trembling breaks.
 Here the blue Flames of scalding Brimstone fall,
 Involving swiftly in one Ruin all.

The Fire of *Trees* and *Houses* mount on high,
 And meets half way new *Fires* that show'r from Sky.
 Some in their Arms snatch their dear Babes away;
 At once drop down the *Fathers Arms*, and *they*.
 Some into *Water* leap with kindled Hair,
 And more to vex their Fate, are burnt ev'n there.
 Men thought, so much a *Flame* by Art was shown,
 The *Picture's* self would fall in *Ashes* down.

A far old *Lot* tow'ard little *Zoar* hies,

And dares not move (good Man) his weeping Eyes. Gen. 19.
17.

32 Behind his *Wife* stood ever fix'd alone;

No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*.

A lasting *Death* seiz'd on her turning Head;
 One Cheek was rough and white, the other red;
 And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to speak she strove;
 Her Lips, tho' *Stone*, a little seem'd to move.

One Eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden Night,
 The other trembled still with parting Light.

The Wind admir'd, which her Hair loosely bore,
 Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.
 To Heav'n she lifted up her freezing Hands,
 And to this Day a *Suppliant Pillar* stands.

She

She try'd her heavy Foot from Ground to rear,
 And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe's* rooted there:
 Ah foolish Woman! who must always be
 A Sight more *strange*, than that she turn'd to see!

Whilst *David* fed with these his curious Eye,
 The Feast is now serv'd in, and down they lye.

Moab a Goblet takes of massie Gold,

33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old

Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes
 In the brisk Grape of *Arnon's* richest Ground. [round

34 Whilst *Melchor* to his Harp with wondrous Skill

35 (For such were *Poets* then, and should be still)

His noble Verse through *Nature's* Secrets lead;
 He sung what *Spirit* thro' the whole *Mass* is spread,
 Ev'ry where *All*; how *Heav'n's* God's Law approve,
 And think it *Rest* eternally to *move*.

How the kind *Sun* usefully comes and goes,
 Wants it himself, yet gives to Man Repose.

How his *round* *Journey* does for ever last,

36 And how he baits at ev'ry Sea in haste.

He sung how *Earth* blots the *Moon's* gilded Wane,

37 Whilst foolish Men beat sounding Brass in vain,

Why the *Great Waters* her slight *Horns* obey,
 Her changing *Horns*, not constanter than *they*;

38 He sung how grisly *Comets* hang in Air,

Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *Hair*.
God's *Beacons* for the World, drawn up so far,
 To publish Ills, and raise all Earth to War.

Why

39 Why *Contraires* feed *Thunder* in the Cloud,
What *Motions* vex it, 'till it roar so loud.

40 How *Lambent Fires* become so wondrous tame,
And bear such *shining Winter* in their *Flame*.

41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *watry Bow*:
What *ties up Hail*, and *picks the fleecy Snow*.
What *Palsie* of the *Earth* shakes up fix'd *Hills*,
From off her *Brows*, and here whole *Rivers* spills.
Thus did this *Heathen Nature's Secrets* tell,
And sometimes mis'd the *Cause*, but sought it *well*.

Such was the *Sauce* of *Moab's* noble *Feast*,
'Till *Night* far spent invites them to their *Rest*.

Only the good old *Prince* stays *Joab* there,
And much he tells, and much desires to hear.

He tells *Deeds antique*, and the *new Desires*;
Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.

Nay gentle *Guest* (said he) since now you're in,
The *Story* of your gallant *Friend* begin.

His *Birth*, his *Rising* tell, and various *Fate*,
And how he slew that *Man of Gath* of late,

What was he call'd? That huge and monstrous *Man*?
With that he stopp'd, and *Joab* thus began:

His *Birth*, great *Sir*, so much to mine is ty'd, 1 Chr. 2.
That *Praise* of that might look from me like *Pride*. 16.

Yet without *Boast*, his *Veins* contain a *Flood*

42 Of th'old *Judean Lion's* richest *Blood*.

From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Efrom* came,
Ram, Nashon, Salmon, Names spoke loud by *Fame*.

Gen 49.
9.
1 Chr 4.
Mat. 22.

A *Name* no less ought *Boaz* to appear,
 By whose blest'd Match we come no *Strangers* here.
 From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* sprung,
 From *Obed Jesse*, *Jesse* whom *Fame's* kindest
 Tongue,

Counting his Birth, and high *Nobil'ity*, shall
 Not *Jesse* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,

2 Chr. 2.
 15.
 1 Sam. 16.

David born to him seventh; the six Births past,
 Brave *Trials* of a Work more great at last.

Bless me! how swift and growing was his Wit?
 The Wings of *Time* flagg'd dully after it.

Scarce past a *Child*, all Wonders would he sing
 Of *Nature's Law*, and *Pow'r* of *Nature's King*!

His *Sheep* would scorn their Food to hear his Lay,
 And savage *Beasts* stand by as tame as they.

The fighting *Winds* would stop there, and admire;
 Learning *Consent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.

Rivers, whose Waves roll'd down aloud before;
 Mute, as their *Fish*, would listen tow'ards the Shore.

2 Sam. 16.
 34.

'Twas now the time when first *Saul* *God* forfook,
God *Saul*; the Room in's Heart wild *Passions* took;

Sometimes a Tyrant-Frensie revell'd there,
 Sometimes black Sadness, and deep, deep Despair.

No Help from Herbs or learned Drugs he finds,
 They cure but sometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.

Musick alone those Storms of *Soul* could lay;
 Not more *Saul* them, than *Musick* they obey!

Ps. 7. 23.

David's now sent for, and his Harp must bring;
 His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ry String.
 When *Saul's* rude Passions did most Tumult keep,
 With his soft Notes they all dropp'd down asleep,
 When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* and
Night;

He with quick Strains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*.

Thus cheer'd he *Saul*, thus did his Fury swage,
 'Till *Wars* began, and Times more fit for *Rage*.

To *Helah* Plain *Philistian Troops* are come,

1 *Saff. 171*

And War's loud Noise strikes peaceful Musick dumb.

Back to his Rural Care young *David* goes,

For this rough Work *Saul* his stout *Brethren* chose.

He knew not what his Hand in War could do,

Nor thought his *Sword* could cure *Mens Madness* too.

Now *Dammin's* destin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*,

On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* stood.

Between a fatal Valley stretch'd out wide,

And *Death* seem'd ready now on either Side,

When lo! their Host rais'd all a joyful Shout,

43 And from the midst an huge and monstrous Man ^{1b. v. 41}
 stepp'd out.

Aloud they shouted at each Step he took;

We and the *Earth* it self beneath him *shook*,

Vast as the *Hill*, down which he march'd, he appear'd;

Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd.

A young tall *Squire* (tho' then he seem'd not so)

Did from the Camp *at first* before him go;

At

At first he did, but scarce could follow strait.

Sweating beneath a *Shield's* unruly Weight,

44 On which was wrought the *Gods*, and *Giants* Fight,
Rare Work! all fill'd with *Terror* and *Delight*.

45 Here a vast *Hill*'gainst thund'ring *Baal* was thrown,
Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning*
One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too [down.

Torn up with't; that *rains back* on him that threw.

Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;

The *Sea* boils round with *Flames* shot thick from *Sky*.

This he *believ'd*, and on his *Shield* he bore, [more.

And prais'd *their* Strength, but thought his *own* was

The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to fill;

46 And we (methoughts) *look'd up* to 'him from our *Hill*.

47 All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest *Dress* of *War*

(A dismal glorious *Sight*) he shone afar,

The *Sun* himself started with sudden *Fright*,

To see his *Beams* return so dismal bright.

1 Sam. 17.

Brass was his *Helmet*, his *Boots* *Brass*; and o'er

His *Breast* a thick *Plate* of strong *Brass* he wore,

His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,

Which *Nature* meant some tall *Ship's Mast* should be,

The 'huge *Iron Head* six hundred *Shekels* weigh'd,

And of *whole Bodies* but *one Wound* it made,

Able *Death's* worst *Command* to over-do,

Destroying *Life* at once, and *Carcass* too;

Thus arm'd he stood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,

And round him flung a scornful *Look* away.

So

So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,
 An Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found
 Lowing secure, he swells with angry Pride,
 48 And calls forth all his *Spots* on ev'ry Side.
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes at all,
 In choice of some strong Neck on which to fall.
 Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,
 And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
 Ye Men of *Fury*, 'he cries, if *Men* you be,
 And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *me*,
 Chuse out 'mongst all your Troops the boldest
Knight,
 To try his *Strength* and *Fate* with me in Fight.
 The Chance of War let us two bear for all,
 49 And they the *Conqu'ror* serve whose *Knight* shall fall. 1sb.v.9,10,
 At this he paus'd a while; ftrait, I desse
 Your *Gods* and *you*; dares none come down and *die*?
 Go back for Shame, and *Egypt's* Slav'ry bear,
 Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.
 Alas ye 'have no more *Wonders* to be done,
 Your *Sorc'rer Moses*-now and *Joshua's* gone;
 Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take, Jof. 6.20
 And Sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.
 Spears in your Hands and manly *Swords* are vains;
 Get you your *Spells* and *Conjuring Rods* again.
 Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were!
 In his full Strength, and long *Enchanted Hair*.

Judg. 16.
17.

This *Sword* should be in the weak *Razor's* stead;
It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.

Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the *Valleys* round
Flatt'ring his Voice restor'd the dreadful Sound. °
We turn'd us trembling at the Noise, and fear'd
We had behind some new *Goliab* heard. [meant
'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n sure (which *David's* Glory
Through this whole *Act*) such sacred Terror sent
To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,
Who ne'er saw *Fear* but in his *Enemies* Face,
His God-like *Son* there in bright Armour shone,
Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*.

1 Sam. 17.
11.

Fate her own *Book* mistrusted at the Sight;
On that *Side* War, on this a *single* Fight.

1 Sam. 14.

There stood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
He who th'*Egyptian*, proud *Goliab* slew.

1 Chr. 11.

In his pale Fright, Rage through his Eyes shot Flame,
50 He saw his *Staff*, and blush'd with generous *Shame*.
Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
Men valiant all; nor was *I* us'd to *fear*.

Thus forty Days he march'd down arm'd to Fight,
Once ev'ry Morn he march'd, and once at Night.
Slow rose the Sun, but gallopt down apace,
With more than *Evening* *Blushes* in his Face.

1 Sam. 17.
12, &c.

When *Jessy* to the Camp young *David* sent;
His Purpose low, but high was *Fate's* Intent.
For when the *Monster's* Pride he saw and heard,
Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they fear'd.

Anger

Anger and brave Disdain his Heart possess'd,
Thoughts more than *manly* swell'd his *youthful*
Breast.

Much the Rewards propos'd his Spirit enflame, 1 Sam. 17, 25.
Saul's Daughter much, and much the *Voice of Fame.*

These to their just Intentions strongly move,
But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Country's Love.*
Resolv'd for Combat to *Saul's Tent* he's brought,
Where thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought:

Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred 1b. v. 32.
Breast

With that huge talking Wretch of *Gath* molest.
This Hand alone shall end his cursed Breath;
Fear not, the Wretch *blasphemes* himself to Death,
And cheated with false Weight of his own Might,
Has challeng'd *Heav'n*, not us, to single Fight.

Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* Right is try'd,
The Strength of *Man* should find just cause for *Pride!*
Firm like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,
But *Rocks* we know were op'd at thy Command. Exo. 17. 6.

That *Soul* which now does such large Members way,
Thro' one *small Wound* will creep in haste away.
And he who now dares holdly *Heav'n* despise,
To ev'ry *Bird of Heav'n* a Prey shall lye.
For 'tis not human Force we ought to fear;
Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?

51 Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue? Josh. 12.
By that whole *Nations* of *Goliaths* slew?

The *Wonders* they perform'd may still be done;
Moses and *Jeshua* is, but *God's* not gone.
 We've lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *Skill*:
Pray'rs and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still.
 These are more *tall*, more *Gyants* far than *he*,
 Can reach to *Heav'n*, and thence pluck *Victory*.
 Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' Advantage is;
He's stronger far than *I*, my *God* than *his*.

Amazement seiz'd on all, and Shame to see,
 Their own Fears scorn'd by one so young as as he.
 Brave Youth (replies the King) whose daring Mind
 E'er come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*;
 Reserve thy Valour for more equal Fight,
 And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.
 Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a Foe, [*Blow*.
 Whose *Touch* would wound thee more than him thy
 Nature his Limb only for *War* made fit,
 In thine as yet nought beside *Love* she 'has writ.
 With some less Foe thy unlesh'd Valour try;
 This *Monster* can be no *first Victory*.
 The *Lion's* Royal Whelp does not at first,
 For Blood of *Basan Bulls*, or *Tygers* thirst.
 In timorous *Deer* he hanfels his young Paws,
 And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer Claws.
 So vast thy Hopes, so unproportion'd be,
Fortune would be asham'd to *second thee*.

He said, and we all murmur'd an Assent;
 But nought moves *David* from his high Intent.

It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,
 To be oppos'd at first, and *conquer here*,
 Which he resolves; Scorn not (says he) mine Age,
 For *Vict'ry* comes not like an *Heritage*,
 At *set Years*; when my Father's Flock I fed, 1 Sam. 17.
34.
 A *Bear* and *Lion* by fierce Hunger led,
 Broke from the Wood, and snatch'd my *Lambs* away;
 From their grim *Mouths* I forc'd the panting Prey.
 Both *Bear* and *Lion* ev'n this Hand did kill,
 On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still.
 My *God's* the same, which then he was, to Day,
 And this wild Wretch almost the same as *they*.
 Who from such Danger sav'd *my Flock*, will he
 Of *Isra'el*, his *own Flock*, less careful be?

Be't so then (*Saul* bursts forth:) And thou on high,
 Who oft in *Weakness* dost most *Strength* descry,
 At whose dread Beck *Conquest* expecting stands,
 And casts no Look down on the *Fighters* Hands,
 Assist what *thou* inspir'ft; and let all see,
 As *Boys* to *Giants*, *Giants* are to *thee*. [cess,

Thus; and with trembling Hopes of strange Suc-
 52 In his own Arms he the bold *Youth* does dress. 1b. v. 38.

On's Head an *Helm* of well-wrought *Brass* is plac'd,
 The Top with warlike *Plumes* *severely* grac'd.
 His Breast a *Plate* cut with rare *Figures* bore,
 A *Sword* much practis'd in *Death's* Art he wore.
 Yet *David*, us'd so long to no Defence,
 But those *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,

No Good in Fight of that gay *Burden* knows,
 But fears his *own Arms* Weight more than his *Foe's*.
 He lost himself in that *Disguise of War*,
 And guarded seems as Men by *Prisons* are.
 He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous Sight.
Prepares now, and *disarms* himself for Fight.
 'Gainst Shield, Helm, Breast-Plate, and instead of
 those,

Five sharp smooth Stones from the next Brook he
 chose,

And fits them to his Sling; then marches down;
 For *Sword*, his *Enemy's* he esteem'd his *own*.
 We all with various Passion strangely gaz'd,
 Some sad, some 'sham'd, some angry, all amaz'd.

Now in the Valley 'he stands; thro's youthful Face
 Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and sheds manly Grace.
 Both in his Looks so join'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *Enemy Love*.
 Hot as ripe *Noon*, sweet as the *blooming Day*,
 Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May*.

Th' accurst *Philistian* stands on th' other Side,
 Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt Rage and Pride.
 The *Plagues of Dagon!* A smooth Boy, says he,
 A curfed, *beardless Foe*, oppos'd to me! [he's come!
 Hell! with what Arms (hence thou fond *Child*)
 Some Friend his Mother call to drive him home.
 Not gone yet? If one Minute more thou stay,
 The Birds of Heav'n shall bear thee dead away.

Gods!

1 Sam. 17.
40.

1b. v. 43.

Gods! A curs'd *Boy!* The rest then murm'ring out,
He walks, and casts a deadly Grin about.

David, with chearful Anger in his Eyes,
Advances boldly on, and thus replies,

Thou com'st, vain Man, all arm'd into the Field,^{1 Sam. 17. 45.}
And trustest those *War Toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*;

Thy *Pride's* my *Spear*, thy *Blasphemies* my *Sword*;
My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool, the mighty *Lord*
Of thee and *Battels*; who hath sent forth me,
Unarm'd thus, not to *fight*, but *conquer* thee.

In vain shall *Dagon*, thy false *Hope*, withstand;

53 In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right Hand*.

Thy Fall to Man shall Heav'n's strong Justice shew;
Wretch! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canst do.

He said; our Host stood dully silent by;

And durst not trust their *Ears* against the *Eye*.

As much their *Champion's* Threats to him they fear'd,
As when the *Monster's* Threats to them they heard,
His flaming *Sword* th'enrag'd *Philistian* shakes,
And Haste to his Ruin with loud *Curses* makes.

54 Backward the *Winds* his *active Curses* blew,
And fatally round his own *Head* they flew.

For now from *David's* Sling the *Stone* is fled, Ib. v. 49.

And strikes with joyful Noise the *Monster's* Head.
It strook his *Forehead*, and pierc'd deeply there,
As swiftly as it pierc'd before the *Air*.

Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the *Ground*;
Blood, *Brain*, and *Soul* crowd mingled through the

Wound.

B 4

So

So a strong *Oak*, which many Years had stood
 With fair and flourishing Boughs, *it self a Wood*;
 Though it might long the *Ax's* Violence bear,
 And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear;
 Yet by the *Thunder's* Stroak from th'Root 'tis rent;
 So sure the Blows that from high Heav'n are sent.
 What Tongue the Joy and Wonder can express,
 Which did that Moment our whole Host possess?
 Their jocund Shouts th'Air like a Storm did tear,
 Th'amazed *Clouds* fled swift away with *Fear*.

But far more swift th'accurs'd *Philistians* fly,
 And their ill Fate to perfect, *basely die*.

With thousand Corps the Ways around are strown,
 'Till they, by the Day's Flight secure their own.
 Now through the Camp sounds nought but *David's*
 All Joys of several Stamp and Colours came [Name;
 From several Passions; some his Valour praise,
 Some his free Speech, some the fair Pop'lar Rays
 Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modest Guise*;
 Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the Female Eyes.
 Some wonder, some they thought 'twould be so swear;
 And some saw *Angels* flying through the Air.

The basest Spi'rits cast back a crooked Glance
 On this great Act, and fain would give't to *Chance*.
 Women our Hosts with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,
 With much Joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet.
 Hence the King's politick Rage and Envy flows,
 Which first he hides, and seeks his Life t'expose

To

1 Sam. 17.
52.

1 Sam. 18.
6.

1b. 7. 8.

To gen'rous Dangers that his Hate might clear,
 And Fate or Chance the Blame, nay David bear.
 So vain are Man's Designs! For Fate, and Chance,
 And Earth, and Heav'n conspir'd to his Advance;
 His Beauty, Youth, Courage and wondrous Wit,
 In all Mankind but Saul did Love beget.

2 Sam. 13.
16.

Not Saul's own House, not his own nearest Blood,
 The noble Causes sacred Force withstood.

You've met no doubt, and kindly us'd the Fame,
 Of God-like Jonathan's illustrious Name;

A Name which ev'ry Wind to Heav'n would bear,
 Which Men to speak, and Angels joy to hear.

55 No Angel e'er bore to his Brother-Mind

A Kindness more exalted and refin'd,

Than his to David, which look'd nobly down,
 And scorn'd the false Alarums of a Crown.

At Dammin Field he stood; and from his Place
 Leap'd forth, the wondrous Conqueror to embrace;

2 Sam. 13.
1.

56 On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and Bow,

Ibid. v. 4.

On him his Heart and Soul he did bestow.

Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade,
 In this close Knot the smallest Looseness made.

Oft his wise Care did the King's Rage suspend,
 His own Life's Danger shelter'd oft his Friend.

2 Sam. 26;
33.

Which he expos'd, a Sacrifice to fall,

By th'undiscerning Rage of furious Saul.

Nor was young David's active Virtue grown
 Strong and triumphant in one Sex alone.

Impe-

Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
 And deeper Prints in the *soft Breast* it made;
 For there t'*Esteem* and *Friendship's* graver Name,
Passion was pour'd like *Oil* into the *Flame*.
 Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'd,
Saul's Royal House two beauteous *Daughters* grac'd.
Merab the first, *Michol* the younger nam'd,
 Both equally for different *Glories* fam'd.
Merab with spacious *Beauty* fill'd the *Sight*,
 But too much *Awe* chastis'd the bold *Delight*.
 Like a calm *Sea*, which to th'enlarged *View*
 Gives *Pleasure*, but gives *Fear* and *Rev'rence* too.
Michol's sweet *Looks* clear and free *Joys* did move,
 And no less *strong*, though much more *gentle Love*.
 Like virtuous *Kings* whom Men rejoice t'obey,
Tyrants themselves less absolute than *they*.
Merab appear'd like some fair *Princely Tower*,
Michol some *Virgin Queen's* delicious *Bower*.
 All *Beauty's* Stores in *Little* and in *Great*;
 But the *contracted Beams* shot fiercest *Heat*.
 A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merab's* *Dye*,
 Such as the *Prouder* Colours might envy.
Michol's pure *Skin* shone with such taintless *White*,
 As scatter'd the weak *Rays* of *Human Sight*.
 Her *Lips* and *Cheeks* a nobler *Red* did shew,
 Than e'er on *Fruits* or *Flowers* *Heav'n's* *Pencil* drew.
 From *Merab's* *Eyes* fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,
 From *Michol's* the *Sun's* *mild*, yet active *Flame*;
Merab's

Merab's long Hair was glossy Chestnut Brown,
Tresses of palest Gold did *Michol* crown.

Such was their outward Form, and one Might find
A Difference not unlike it, in the *Mind*.

Merab with comely *Majesty* and *State*,
Bore high th' Advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.

Such humble Sweetness did soft *Michol* show,
That none who reach so high e'er stoop'd so low,

Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd *Lover's* Pain,
And fortify'd her *Virtue* with *Disdain*.

The Griefs she caus'd gave gentle *Michol* Grief,
She wish'd her *Beauties* less for their Relief,

Ev'n to her *Captives civil*; yet th' Excess
Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less.

Business and *Power* *Merab's* large Thoughts did vex,
Her *Wit* disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.

Michol no less disdain'd Affairs and Noise,
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choice*.

In brief, both *Copies* were more sweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*.

The Day that *David* great *Goliath* slew,
Not great *Goliath's* *Sword* was more his Due,

Than *Merab*; by *Saul's* publick Promise she
Was sold then, and betroth'd to *Victory*.

But haughty she did this just Match despise,
Her *Pride* debauch'd her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*.

An unknown *Youth*, ne'er seen at *Court* before,
Who *Shepherd's-Staff*, and *Shepherd's* Habit bore;

The

The seventh-born Son of no rich House, were still
Th' unpleasant Forms which her high Thoughts
did fill.

And much Aversion in her stubborn Mind
Was bred, by being *Promis'd* and *Design'd*.
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
The roughest Shocks of her imperious Scorn;
Adriel the *Rich*, but Riches were in vain,
And could not set him *free*, nor her *enchain*.
Long liv'd they thus; but as the hunted *Dear*,
Closely pursued, quits all her wonted Fear,
And takes the nearest Waves, which from the Shore
She oft with Horror had beheld before.

So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
She leap'd to *Adriel's* long avoided Bed.
The Match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd strait;
So soon comply'd *Saul's* *Envy* with her *Hate*.
But *Michol*, in whose Breast all Virtues move,
That hatch the *pregnant Seeds* of sacred *Love*,
With juster Eyes the noble *Object* meets,
And turns all *Merab's* *Poison* into *Sweets*.
She saw and wonder'd how a *Youth* unknown,
Should make all *Fame to come*, so soon his own:
She saw, and wonder'd how a *Shepherd's Crook*
Despis'd that *Sword*, at which the *Scepter* shook.
Though he seventh-born, and though his House
but poor,
She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.

Of

Oft had she heard, and fancy'd oft the Sight,
With what a *generous Calm* he march'd to fight.

In the great Danger how exempt from *Fear*,
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.

Greatness, and *Goodness*, and an *Air Divine*,
She saw through all his *Words* and *Actions* shine.

She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
Whose artful Sounds did violent *Love* inspire,
Though us'd all other *Passions* to relieve;

She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
When those strong Thoughts attack'd her doubtful
Breast,

His *Beauty* no less active than the rest.

The Fire, thus kindled, soon grew fierce and great,
When *David's* Breast reflected back its Heat.

Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidden lye
From any Sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)

She *Conqueror* was, as well as *Overcome*,
And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home*.

57 Ev'n the first Hour they met (for such a Pair,
Who in all Mankind else so matchless were,
Yet their own *Equals*, *Nature's* self does wed)
A mutual Warmth through both their Bosoms
spread.

Fate gave the *Signal*; both at once began,
The gentle *Race*, and with just Pace they ran.

Ev'n so (methinks) when two fair *Tapers* come,
From several Doors entering at once the Room,

With

With a swift Flight that leaves the Eye behind;
 Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.
Nature her self, were she to judge the Case,
 Knew not which first *began* the kind Embrace.
Michol her modest Flames sought to conceal,
 But *Love* ev'n th' *Art* to hide it does reveal.
 Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*, [left.
Love past through them, and there such *Foot/steps*
 She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he spoke,
 And suddenly her wandring Answers broke,
 At his Name's Sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
 With concern'd haste her thoughtful Looks she rais'd.
Uncall'd for Sighs oft from her Bosom flew,
 And *Adriel's* active Friend she 'abruptly grew.
 Oft when the *Court's* gay Youth stood waiting by,
 She strove to act a cold *Indifferency*;
 In vain she acted so constrain'd a Part,
 For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.
 On th' other side, *David*, with silent Pain,
 Did in respectful Bounds his Fires contain.
 His humble Fear t' offend, and trembling Awe,
 Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*
 Than *Modesty* on her, and though he strove
 To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love*.
 To tell it first the timorous Youth made Choice
 Of *Musick's* bolder and more active Voice.
 And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
 His faithful Lyre; the Words and Numbers such,
 As

As did well worth my Memory appear,
And may perhaps deserve your Princely Ear.

I.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,
And tell thy *silent Master's* humble Tale,
In Sounds that may prevail ;
Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire,
Though so *Exalted* she,
And I so *Lowly* be,
Tell her such *diff'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmony*.

II.

Hark, how the Strings awake!
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themselves with awful Fear,
A kind of num'rous *Trembling* make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy Charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear*, the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

III.

Weak *Lyre!* thy Virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Passion* to remove,
Physick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*.

IV. *Sleep,*

IV.

Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*;
 For thou can'st never tell my humble Tale,
 In Sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle Thoughts in her inspire;
 All thy vain Mirth lay by,
 Bid thy Strings silent lye,
Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Master die*.

She heard all this, and the prevailing Sound
 Touch'd with delightful Pain her tender Wound.
 Yet though she joy'd th' *Authentique News* to hear,
 Of what she gueſt before with jealous *Fear*,
 She check'd her forward Joy, and blush'd for Shame,
 And did his Boldneſs with forc'd Anger blame.
 The ſenſeleſs Rules, which firſt *False Honour* taught,
 And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Custom* brought,
 Which Womens *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
 Their *Lovers* and *themſelves* too to torment,
 Made her next Day a grave Diſpleaſure feign,
 And all her *Words*, and all her *Looks* conſtrain
 Before the trembling Youth; who when he ſaw
 His *vital Light* her wonted Beams withdraw,
 He curſt his Voice, his Fingers and his *Lyre*,
 He curſt his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Deſire*.
 In vain he curſt the laſt, for that ſtill grew ;
 From all things *Food* its *ſtrong Complexion* drew:

His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful Motions ceas'd,
 His *Life* decay'd, but still his *Love* increas'd.
 Whilst she whose Heart approv'd not her *Disdain*,
 Saw and endur'd his *Pains* with greater *Pain*.
 But *Jonathan*, to whom both Hearts were known
 With a Concernment equal to their own,
 Joyful that Heav'n with his sworn Love comply'd
 To draw that Knot more fast which he had ty'd,
 With well-tim'd Zeal, and with an artful Care,
 Restor'd, and better'd soon the *nice Affair*.
 With ease a Brother's lawful Power o'ercame
 The *formal Decencies* of Virgin-shame.
 She first with all her Heart forgave the past,
 Heard *David* tell his Flames, and *told her own* at last.
 Lo here the happy Point of prosp'rous *Love*!
 Which ev'n *Enjoyment* seldom can improve!
Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone,
 All *Israel's* Wish concurrent with their own,
 A *Brother's* powerful Aid firm to the Side,
 By solemn Vow the *King* and Father ty'd:
 All jealous Fears, all nice Disguises past,
 All that in *less-ripe Love* offends the *Taste*,
 In eithers Breast their *Souls* both meet and wed,
 Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
 And though the grosser Gates were yet not dress'd,
 By which the *Bodies* must supply this *Feast*;
 Bold *Hopes* prevent slow *Pleasure's* lingring Birth,
 As *Saints* assur'd of Heav'n enjoy't on *Earth*.

All this the *King* observ'd, and well he saw,
 What Scandal, and what Danger it might draw
 T'oppose this just and pop'ular Match, but meant
 T'*out-malice* all *Refusals* by *Consent*.

He meant the *pois'onous Grant* should mortal prove,
 He meant t'ensnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.

1 Sam. 16.
 21.

And thus he to him spoke, with more of Art
 And Fraud, than well became the *Kingly Part*.

Your Valour, *David*, and high Worth (said he)
 To *Praise*, is all Mens Duty, mine to *see*
Rewarded; and we shall t'our utmost Powers
 Do with like Care that Part, as you did yours.

Forbid it *God*, we like those *Kings* should prove,
 Who *Fear* the *Virtues* which they're bound to *Love*.

Your *Piety* does that tender Point secure,
 Nor will my *Acts* such *humble Thoughts* endure.

Your Nearness to 't rather *supports* the *Crown*,
 And th' *Honours* giv'n to you encrease *our own*.

All that we can we'll give; 'tis our Intent,
 Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*,

To place thee next our selves; Heav'n does approve,
 And my *Son's Friendship*, and my *Daughter's Love*,

Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing Choice;
 I see, methinks, *Heav'n* in 't, and I rejoice.

Blush not, my Son, that *Michol's Love* I name,
 Nor need *she* blush to hear it; 'tis no *Skame*.

Nor *Secret* now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,
 And all Men but thy *Rivals* like it well.

If *Merab's* Choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder Comfort, had been thine.

And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,
 Had I not *thine* and *Michol's* Heart descry'd.

Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee; the last
 And *dearest Present* made me by the Chaste

Abinoam; and unless she me deceive,

When I to *Jonathan* my Crown shall leave,

'Twill be a smaller Gift.

If I thy generous Thoughts may undertake

58 To guess, they are what *Jointure* thou shalt make,
 Fitting her *Birth* and *Fortune*: And since so
Custom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.

The *Jointure* we exact, is that shall be

No less Advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*.

Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land;

Renew the Terrors of thy conquering Hand,

When thine own Hand, which needs must Con-
 qu'ror prove,

In this joint Cause of *Honour* and of *Love*,

An hundred of the faithless Foe shall slay,

59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred Foreskins pay, 1 Sam. 18.

Be *Michol* thy Reward; did we not know 25.

Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,

We should not cheaply that dear Blood expose,

Which we to mingle with our own had chose.

But thou'rt secure; and since this Match of thine

We to the publick Benefit design,

A publick Good shall its Beginning Grace,
And give *triumphant Omens* of thy Race.

Thus spoke the King: The *happy Youth* bow'd low:
Modest and Graceful his great Joy did show,
The noble Task well pleas'd his generous Mind;
And nought t' except against it could he find,
But that his *Mistress* Price too *cheap* appear'd,
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.

She with much different Sense the News receiv'd,
At her high Rate she trembled, blush'd and griev'd.
'Twas a less Work the Conquest of his Foes,
Than to obtain her Leave his Life t' expose.

Their kind Debate on this soft Point would prove
Tedious, and needless to repeat: If *Love*
(As sure it has) e'er touch'd your Princely Breast,
'Twill to your gentle Thoughts at full suggest
All that was done, or said; the Grief, Hope, Fears;
His *troubled Joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.

In all the Pomp of Passions reign, they part;
And bright Prophetick Forms enlarge his Heart;
Victory and *Fame*; and that more *quick Delight*
Of the rich Prize for which he was to fight.

Tow'ards *Gath* he went; and in one Month (so
A *fatal*, and a *willing* Work is done) [soon
A double *Dowre*, two hundred Foreskins brought
60 Of choice *Philistian* Knights with whom he fought,
Men that in Birth and Valour did excel,
Fit for the *Cause* and *Hand* by which they fell.

Now

Now was *Saul* caught; nor longer could delay,
 The two *resistless Lovers* happy Day.
 Though this Day's *coming* long had seem'd and flow,
 Yet seem'd its *Stay* as long and tedious now.
 For now the violent *Weight* of eager *Love*,
 51 Did with more haste so near its *Centre* move,
 He curst the Stops of Form and State, which lay
 52 In this last *Stage* like *Scandals* in his Way.

On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall Wood,
 Near where the *Regal Gabaah* proudly stood,
 53 A *Tent* was pitch'd, of Green wrought Damask made,
 And seem'd but the fresh Forests nat'ural Shade,
 Various, and vast within, on Pillars born
 Of *Shittim* Wood, that *usefully* adorn.

○ Hither, to grace the Nuptial-Feast, does *Saul*
 Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
 And all around the *Idle, Busy* Croud,
 With Shouts and Blessings tell their Joy aloud.
 Lo, the Press breaks, and from their sev'ral Homes
 In decent Pride the *Bride* and *Bridegrom* comes.
 Before the *Bride*, in a long double Row
 With solemn Pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
 And make a *moving Galaxy* on Earth,
 All heav'nly *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth*;
 54 All clad in liveliest Colours, fresh and fair, [*Hair*;
 55 As the bright Flowers that crown'd their brighter
 All in that new-blown Age, which does inspire
Warmth in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders* Fire.

But all this, and all else the *Sun* did e're,
 Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
 The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say,
 They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.
 Behind a numerous *Train* of *Ladies* went,
 Who on their *Dress* much fruitless *Care* had spent,
 Vain *Gems* and unregarded *Cost* they bore,
 For all *Mens* *Eyes* were ty'd to those before.

The *Bridegroom's* flourishing *Troop* fill'd next the
 66 With thirty comely *Youths* of noblest *Rate*, [Place,
 That march'd before; and *Heav'n* around his *Head*,
 The graceful *Beams* of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.

67 So the glad *Star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
 Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
 No *Light* of *Heav'n* so chearful or so gay,
 Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.

The *King* himself, at the *Tent's* crowned *Gate*,
 In all his *Robes* of *Ceremony* 'and *State*,
 Sate to receive the *Train*: On either *Hand*
 Did the *High-Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.

Adriel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
 And all the *Chiefs* in their due *Order* press.

First *Saul* declar'd his *Choice*, and the just *Cause*,
 Avow'd by 'a gen'ral *Murmur* of *Applause*,

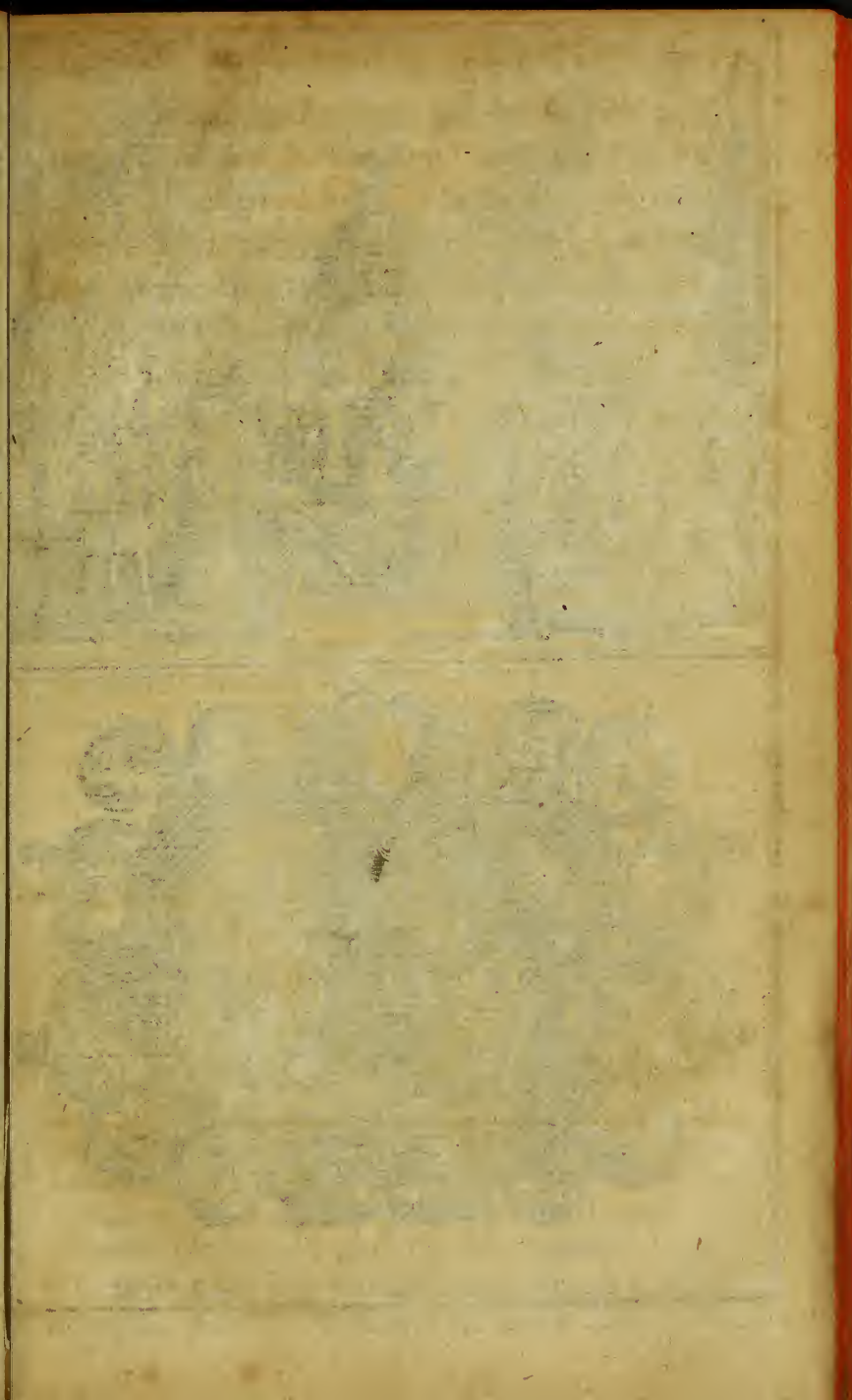
68 Then sign'd her *Dowre*, and in few *Words* he pray'd,
 And bless'd, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
 T'her *Lover's* *Hands*, who with a chearful *Look*
 And humble *Gesture* the vast *Present* took.

- 69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks* play,
 70 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless Day*,
 To all but to the *Wedded*; 'till at last
 The long-wish'd Night did her kind Shadow cast;
 At last th'*inestimable Hour* was come,
 To lead his *Conqu'ring Prey* in *Triumph* home,
 71 To 'a *Palace* near, dress'd for the *Nuptial-Bed*,
 (Part of her *Dowre*) he his fair *Princess* led.
Saul, the *High-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
 Who as they part, their *weighty Blessings* give.
 72 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the Gate
 The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
 73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the *Flames* they bore,
 To light the *Nuptial-Pomp*, and march before.
 The rest bring Home in State the *Happy Pair*,
 To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there,
 All those free Joys insatiably to prove
 With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love*.
 74 But scarce, alas, the first sev'n Days were past,
 In which the Publick *Nuptial Triumphs* last,
 When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
 Such subtle Cares his jealous Thoughts torment,
 He envy'd the good Work himself had done;
 Fear'd *David* less his *Servant* than his *Son*.
 No longer his wild Wrath could he command;
 He seeks to stain his own Imperial Hand
 In his *Son's* Blood; and that twice cheated too,
 With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one Life* pursue.

Said I but *One*? His thirsty Rage extends
To th'Lives of all his *Kindred*, and his *Friends*;
Ev'n *Jonathan* had dy'd for being so,
Had not just *God* put by th'unnat'ural Blow.

You see, Sir, the true Cause which brings us here;
No fullen Discontent, or groundless Fear,
No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home.
Only to breath in Peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean Space to *Pray*
For *you* who us receive, and *him* who drives away;

D A V I D





DAVIDEIS.

BOOK IV.

The CONTENTS.

Moab carries his Guests to hunt at Nebo, in the Way falls in Discourse with David, and desires to know of him the Reasons of the Change of Government in Israel, how Saul came to the Crown, and the Story of him and Jonathan. David's Speech, containing, The State of the Common-wealth under the Judges, the Motives for which the People desired a King; their Deputies Speech to Samuel upon that Subject, and his Reply. The assembling of the People at the Tabernacle to enquire God's pleasure. God's Speech. The Character of Saul, his Anointing by Samuel, and Election by Lot; the Defection of his People. The War of Nahas King of Ammon against Jabes Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the Town. Jonathan's Character, his single Fight with Nahas, whom he slays, and defeats his Army. The Confirmation of Saul's Kingdom at Gilgal, and the Manner of Samuel's quitting his Office of Judge. The War with the Philistians at Macmas, their Strenght and the Weakness of Saul's Forces, his exer-

exercising of the Priestly Function, and the Judgment denounced by Samuël against him. Jonathan's Discourse with his Esquire; their falling alone upon the Enemies Out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole Army, the wonderful Defeat of it; Saul's rash Vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to Death, but is saved by the People.

THO' *State* and kind *Discourse* thus robb'd
the *Night*

Of half her natural and more just Delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'rance* did still vig'rous keep,
And Regal Cares had us'd to mod'rate Sleep,
1 Up with the *Sun* arose, and having thrice
With lifted Hands bow'd towards his shining Rise,
And thrice tow'ards *Phegor*, his *Baal's* holiest Hill,
(With *good* and pious Pray'rs directed ill)
Call'd to the Chase his Friends, who for him stay'd;
The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horses* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
2 The best and noblest that fresh *Zerith* breeds,
3 All white as *Snow*, and sprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarlet* trapp'd, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
He into it young *David* with him took,
Did with Respect and Wonder on him look,
Since last Night's *Story*, and with greedier Ear,
The *Man*, of whom so much he heard, did bear.
The well-born *Youth* of all his flourishing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the Sport.

Some

Some arm'd with Bows, some with strait Jav'lins ride;
 4 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their Side.
 Midst the fair Troop *David's* tall *Brethern* rode,
 5 And *Joab* comely as a *fancy'd God*;
 They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,
 With loose and various Talk that Chance affords,
 Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise *King*
 Did *David's* Tongue to weightier Subjects bring.
 Much (said the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
 For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.
 'Twas drawn in little, but did Acts express
 So great, that largest *Histories* are less.
 I see (methinks) the *Gathian Monster* still,
 His Shape last Night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
 Strange *Tyrant Saul*, with Envy to pursue
 The Praise of Deeds, whence his own Safety grew!
 I've heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
 Has his Life's Hazard for your Friendship run;
 His matchless *Son*, whose Worth (if Fame be true)
 Lifts him 'above all his *Countrymen* but you,
 With whom it makes him *One*: Low *David* bows,
 But no Reply *Moab's* swift Tongue allows.
 And pray, kind *Guest*, whilst we ride thus (says he)
 6 (To gameful *Nebo* still three Leagues there be)
 The Story of your *Royal Friend* relate,
 And his ungovern'd *Sire's* imperious Fate:
 7 Why your great State that nameless Family chose,
 And by what Steps to *Israel's Throne* they rose.

He staid; and *David* thus; From *Egypt's* Land
 You've heard, Sir, by what *strong*, unarmed Hand
 Our *Fathers* came; *Moses* their sacred *Guide*,
 But he in Sight of the *giv'n* Country dy'd.
 His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high;
 And *Joshua's* *Sword* must th' *active* *Rod* supply.
 It did so, and did Wonders.

Deut. 34.

Josh. 1. 4.

Josh. 12.

From sacred *Jordan* to the *Western* *Main*,
 From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern* *Plain*
 Of naked Sands, his *winged* *Conquests* went;
 And thirty *Kings* to *Hell* *uncrown'd* he sent.
 Almost four hundred Years from him to *Saul*,
 9 In too much Freedom pass'd, or foreign *Thral*.
 Oft *Strangers* *Iron* *Scepters* bruis'd the Land,
 (Such still are those born by a *Conqu'ring* Hand)
 Oft pity'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raise,
 Fit for the toilsome *Business* of their Days,
 To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace first, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.
 But they, whose Stamp of *Pow'r* did chiefly lye
 In *Characters*, too fine for most Mens *Eye*,
Graces and *Gifts* *Divine*; not painted bright
 With State to awe *dull* *Minds*, and *Forcet'* *affright*,
 Were ill obey'd whilst *Living*, and at *Death*,
 Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vanish'd with their *Breath*.
 The *hungry* *Rich* all near them did devour,
 Their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was
Pow'r.

Not Want it self could *Luxury* restrain,
 For what that *empty'd, Rapine fill'd* again.
Robbery the Field, Oppression sack'd the Town,
 What the *Sword's Reaping* spar'd, was glean'd by
 th' *Gown.*

At Courts, and Seats of Justice to complain,
 Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.
 Nor was their *Lust* less active or less bold,
 Amidst this rougher Search of *Blood and Gold.*
Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *strong*;
 The *Pride of old Men* that, and this of *young.*

You've heard perhaps, Sir, of leud *Gibeah's* Shame, Judg. 19.
 Which *Hebrew* Tongues still tremble when they
Alarmed all by one fair Stranger's Eyes, [name,
 As to a sudden *War* the *Town* does rise
 Shaking and pale, half dead e'er they begin
 The strange and wanton *Trag'edy* of their Sin:
 All their wild Lusts they force her to sustain,
 Till by Shame, Sorrow, Weariness, and Pain,
 She midst their loath'd, and cruel Kindness dies;
 Of monstrous *Lust* th' innocent *Sacrifice.*

This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create,
 (The frequent Curse of our loose-govern'd *State*)
 All *Gibeah's*, and all *Jabes* Blood it cost;

10 Near a whole *Tribe*, and *future Kings* we lost.
 Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*,
 How could *Religion*, its main *Pillar*, stand?

Judg. 20.
and 21.

Proud,

Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers* Worship hates
Himself, *God's Creature*, his own *God creates*.

Hence in each Household sev'ral *Deities* grew,
And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *new*
The *only Land* which serv'd but *One* before,

Did th' *only* then all *Nations Gods* adore,
They serv'd their *Gods* at first, and soon their *Kings*;

Their Choice of that this latter *Slav'ry* brings.

'Till special Men, arm'd with *God's Warrant*, broke
By justest *Force* th' *unjustly forced Yoke*.

All matchless Persons, and thrice worthy they
Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t' obey.

1 Sam. 1. 11 At last the *Priesthood* join'd in *Itb' amar's Son*,

12 More Weight and Lustre to the *Scepter* won.

But whilst mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
Busy'd with *Age*, and th' *Altar's Sacred Care*;

1 Sam. 2.
12.

To their wild *Sons* they their high Charge commit,
Who 'expose to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it.

Ely's curs'd House th' exemplar *Vengeance* bears
Of all their *Blood*, and all sad *Israel's Tears*.

His *Sons* abroad, *Himself* at home lyes slain,

1 Sam. 4.

Israel's captiv'd, *God's Ark* and *Law* are ta'en.

Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vex'd,
They suffer *By* them *first*, and *For* them *next*.

1 Sam. 7.
6.

Samuel succeeds; since *Moses*, none before,
So much of *God* in his bright Bosom bore.

1 Sam. 7.

In vain our Arms *Philistian Tyrants* seis'd;

Heav'n's Magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.

He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxiliaries* brought, I Sam. 7.
10
 He muster'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.
 13 Thus thirty Years, with strong and steady Hand,
 He held th'unshaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.
 At last his *Sons* th'indulgent *Father* chose, I Sam. 8.
1.
 To share that *State* which they were born to lose.
 Their hateful Acts that *Change's Birth* did haste,
 14 Which had long Growth i'th' *Womb* of *Ages* past.
 To this (for still were some great *Periods* set,
 There's a strong Knot of sev'ral *Causes* met)
 The Threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring War;
 A mighty Storm long gath'ring from afar.
 For *Ammon*, heighten'd with mix'd Nations Aid,
 Like *Torrents* swoln with Rain prepar'd the Land
 t'inva'de.

Samuel was old, and by his Son's ill Choice,
 Turn'd *Dotard* in th'unskilful *Vulgars* Voice.
 His *Sons* so scorn'd and hated, that the Land
 Nor *hop'd* nor *wish'd* a *Vict'ry* from their Hand:
 These were the just and faultless Causes, why
 The general Voice did for a *Monarch* cry.
 But God *ill Grains* did in this *Incense* smell,
 Wrapp'd in fair *Leaves* he saw the *Canker* dwell.
 A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *Despair*
 Of Helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithless Care
 Of *Common Means*; the Pride of Heart, and Scorn
 Of th'*humble Yoke* under low *Judges* born.

They

They saw the State and glittering Pomp, which blest
In vulgar Sense, the *Scepters* of the *East*.

They saw not *Pow'r's* true *Source*, and scorn'd t'obey
Persons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *they*.

They mis'd *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'rous
Train;

Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain.

On an old Bench of *Wood*, her *Seat* of *State*,

Judg. 4. 5.

Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wise Deborah* fate.

Her *Maids* with comely Dil'igence round her spun,

And *she* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:

With the same Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen* drives,

Ib. 3. 31.

Which took, the Sun before, six hundred Lives

From his *sham'd Foes*; he midst his Work dealt *Laws*;

And oft was his *Plough* stopp'd to hear a *Cause*.

Ib. 6. 14.

Nor did great *Gid'eon* his old *Flail* disdain,

After won *Fields*, sackt *Towns*, and *Princes* slain.

His *Scepter* that, and *Ophra's Threshing Floor*

The *Seat* and *Emblem* of his *Justice* bore.

Ib. 10. 3.

What should I *Jair*, the happiest Father, name?

Or mournful *Jephtha* known no less to Fame,

Ib. 11. 34.

For the most wretched? Both at once did keep

The mighty *Flocks* of *Isra'el* and their *Sheep*.

Oft from the Field in haste they summon'd were,

Some weighty foreign *Embassie* to hear,

They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends*

around,

Who all at sev'ral Cares were scatter'd found,

They

They wash'd their Feet, their *only Gown* put on;
 And this chief Work of *Cer'emony* was done.
 These Reasons, and all else that could be said,
 In a ripe Hour by *factious Eloquence* spread
 Through all the *Tribes*, made all desire a *King*;
 And to their *Judge* selected *Deputies* bring
 This harsh Demand; which *Nacol* for the rest
 (A bold and artful Mouth) thus with much Grace
 exprefs'd.

i Sam. 8:
4.

We're come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th' *Arrears*,
 Of much-ow'd Thanks, for the bright thirty Years,
 Of your just *Reign*; and at your Feet to lay
 All that our grateful Hearts can weakly pay,
 In *unproportion'd Words*; for you alone
 The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*.
 But when our forepast Ills we call to mind,
 And sadly think how *little's* left behind
 Of your important *Life*, whose sudden Date
 Would *disinherit* th'unprovided *State*.
 When we consider how unjust 'tis, you,
 Who ne'er of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew;
 At once the Weight of *that* and *Age* should have;
 Your stooping Days prefs'd *doubly* tow' rds the Grave.
 When we behold by *Ammon's* youthful Rage,
 Proud in th' Advantage of your peaceful Age,
 And all th'united East, our Fall conspir'd;
 And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd

As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd Room to place,
 By unlike Acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
 Midst these new Fears and Ills, we're forc'd to fly
 To' a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*;
 A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,
 By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shown of old.
 A *Prophecy* long forming in the *Womb*
 Of teeming Years, and now to *Ripeness* come.
 This *Remedy's* a *King*; for this we all
 With an inspir'd, and zealous *Union* call.
 And in one Sound when all Mens Voices join,
 The *Musick's* tun'd (no doubt) by Hand Divine.
 'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nation's* Voice;
 That is his *Publick Language*; but the Choice
 Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown must bear,
 From you, who his *Peculiar Organ* are,
 We' expect to hear; the *People* shall to you
 Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
 To your great Name what Lustre will it bring
 T'have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King!*

1 Sam. 13.
6.

He bow'd, and ended here; and *Samuel* straight
 Pausing a while at this great Question's Weight,
 With a grave Sigh, and with a thoughtful Eye
 That more of *Care* than *Passion* did descry,
 Calmly replies: You're sure the first (says he)
 Of *free-born* Men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
 I fear, my Friends, with heav'nly *Manna* fed,
 (Our old Forefathers Crime) we lust for *Bread*.

Long

Long since by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th'*Egyptian Brick-kiln* here.

19 Cheat not your selves with *Words*: For tho' a *King* iSam. 8.
11.

Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*,
Let his Power loose, and you shall quickly see
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
He'll lead you forth your Hearts cheap Blood to spill,
Where-e'er his *Guidless Passion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Lust, or Spleen his Wars will raise,
Your *Lives best Price*, his Thirst of *Wealth* or
Praise.

Your ablest *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
And by such Hands your Yoke more grievous make:
Your *Daughters* and dear *Wives* he'll force away,
His *Lux'ury* some, and some his *Lust* t'obey.
His *Idle Friends* your *hungry Toils* shall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mix'd with your *Blood* and
Sweat.

Then you'll all sigh, but *Sighs* will *Treasons* be;
And not your *Griefs* themselves, or *Looks* be free.
Robb'd even of *Hopes*, when you these Ills sustain,
Your watry Eyes you'll then turn back in vain,
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *me*,
Nay ev'n my *Sons*, howe'er they 'unhappy be
In your Displeasure now; not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* in dear,

17 Witness th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought
Of private Ends into this Question brought.

But why this Yoke on your own Necks to draw?
 Why *Man* your *God*, and *Passion* made your *Law*?

Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)
 The good old *Seer*' gainst *Kings* was too severe.
 'Tis *Jest* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *how many* shall their *Masters* be,
 Is the sole doubt; *Laws* guide, but cannot *reign*.
 And though they *bind* not *Kings*, yet they *restrain*
 I dare affirm (so much I trust their *Love*)
 That no one *Moabite* would his *Speech* approve.

But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
 Yet Men whom Age and Action renders wise,
 So much great Changes fear, that they believe,
 All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive.
 On Men resolv'd these Threats were spent in vain

1 Sam. 8.
19.

All that his Power or Eloquence could obtain,
 Was to enquire *God's* Will, e'er they proceed
 To a Work that would so much his Blessing need
 A solemn Day for this great Work is set,

Ex. 40. 9. 18
 & 30. 26.
 * 1b. v. 5,
 6.

And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Israel* met
 Expect th' Event; *below fair *Bullocks* fry
 In hallowed *Flames*; *above, there mount on high
 The precious *Clouds* of *Incense*, and at last

Ex. 39. 25.
 & 28.

The *Sprinkling*, *Pray'rs*, and all due *Honours* pass
 19 Lo! we the *sacred Bells* o' th' sudden hear,
 20 And in mild *Pomp* grave *Samuel* does appear.

Ex. 39. 2.
 1bid. 8.

21 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
 22 Th' *Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breast-plate* shone

To

Tow'ards the *Blue Curtains* of God's holiest Place
 23 (The *Temples* bright *third Heav'n*) he turn'd his
 Face.

Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn *Musick* plaid,
 And at third Rest thus the great *Prophet* pray'd,
 Almighty *God*, to whom all Men that be
 Owe *all* they have, yet none so much as *we*;
 Who though thou fill'st the spacious World alone,
 Thy too small *Court*, hast made this Place thy
Throne.

With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, lo, here,
 Blest *Abra'ham's Seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
 Hear them, great *God*, and thy just Will inspire;
 From *thee*, their *long-known King*, they' a *King*
 desire.

Some gracious Signs of thy good Pleasure send,
 Which, lo, with *Souls* resign'd we humbly here at-
 tend.

He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horror* seiz'd the Rout.

The whole Tent shakes, the Flames on th'Altar by,
 In thick dull Rolls mount slow and heavily.

24 The *seven *Lamps* wink; and what does most dismay, * Exod.
 Th' *Orac'ulous Gems* shut in their nat'ural Day. 25- 37.

The *Ruby's Cheek* grew Pale, the *Em'raud* by
 Faded, a *Cloud* o'ercaft the *Saphir's Sky*.

The *Diamond's Eye* look'd *sleepy*, and swift Night
 Of all those little *Suns* Eclips'd the Light.

Sad Signs of *God's* dread Anger for our Sin,
 But strait a wondrous Brightness from within
 Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cloud*
 Could those strong Beams of heav'nly Glory shroud.
 The Altar's Fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
 Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* out-shone,
 Beauty th'*Illustrious Vision* did impart
 To ev'ry *Face*, and Joy to ev'ry Heart.
 In glad Effects *God's* Presence thus appear'd,
 And thus in wondrous Sounds his *Voice* was heard:
 This stubborn Land sins still, nor is it *thee*, but *us*
 (Who have been so long their *King*) they seek to cast
 off thus.

Five hundred rolling Years, hath this stiff Nation strove,
 To 'exhaust the boundless Stores, of our unfathom'd
Love.

Be't so then; yet, once more, are we resolv'd to try
 T'outweary them through all their *Sins Variety*.
 Assemble, ten Days hence, the num'rous People here;
 To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* shall bear.
 Dismiss them now in Peace; but their next Crime
 shall bring

Ruin without redress, on *them*, and on their *King*.

Th' *Almighty* spoke; th'astonish'd People part,
 With various Stamps impress'd on ev'ry Heart.
 Some their Demand repented, others prais'd,
 Some had no Thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.

There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gib'eab* Town, 1 Sam. 9.
1.
 For *Wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* known.
 More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*, ibid. v. 2.
 Whom *Nature*, e'er the *Lots*, to' a *Throne* did call.
 He was *much* *Prince*, and *when*, or *wheresoe'er*
 His *Birth* had been, *then* had he reign'd and *there*.
 Such *Beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no *Disgrace*,
 Smil'd in the manly *Features* of his *Face*.
 His large black *Eyes*, fill'd with a *sprightful* *Light*,
 Shot forth such lively and *illustrious* *Night*,
 As the *Sun* Beams, on *Jet* reflecting show,
 His *Hair*, as *Black*, in long curl'd *Waves* did flow.
 His tall, strait *Body*, amidst thousands stood,
 Like some fair *Pine* o'erlooking all th'ignobler *Wood*.
 Of all our *Rural* *Sports* he was the *Pride*;
 So swift, so strong, so dextrous none beside.
Rest was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Lust* and *Game*;
 No nat'ral *Wants* could his fierce *Dil'igence* tame,
 Not *Thirst*, nor *Hunger*; he would *Journies* go
 Through raging *Heats*, and take *Repose* in *Snow*.
 His *Soul* was ne'er unbent from weighty *Care*;
 25 But active as some *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.
 His *Way* once chose, he forward thrust outright,
 Nor stepp'd aside for *Dangers* or *Delight*.
 Yet was he wise all *Dangers* to foresee;
 But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was he.
 His *Wit* was *strong*, not *sine*; and on his *Tongue*,
 An *Artless* *Grace*, above all *Elo'quence*, hung.

1 Sam. 9.
21. lb. 10.
v. 22.

These *Virtues* too the Rich unusual Dress
Of *Modesty*, adorn'd, and *Humbleness*.

Like a clear *Varnish* o'er fair *Pictures* laid,
More *fresh* and *lasting* they the *Colours* made.

'Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
No Stop or Bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his *Mind*,
Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural Forms deface,
And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their Place.

Forbid it God, my *Master's* Spots should be,
Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!

But such he was; and now to *Ramah* went
(So *God* dispos'd) with a strange, low Intent.

ibid. v. 8.

Great God! He went lost *Asses* to enquire,
And a small *Present* his small Question's Hire,
Brought simply with him, to that Man to give,
From whom high *Heav'n's* chief *Gifts* he must receive.
Strange *Play of Fate!* When mighty 'st Human things
Hang on such small, *imperceptible Strings!*

1 Sam. 9.
12.

26 'Twas *Samuel's* Birth-Day, a glad Ann'ual Feast
All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Guest
With such Respect leads to it, and does grace

Ib. v. 22,
23, 24

27 With the choice Meats o'th' Feast, and highest Place:
Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,
And feasts his ravish'd Ears with nobler things.

Ibid. v. 26.

He tells the mighty *Fate* to him assign'd,
And with great Rules fills his *capacious Mind*.

1 Sam. 10.

Then takes the Sacred *Viol*, and does shed
28 A *Crown* of mystique Drops around his Head.

Drops

Drops of that *Royal Moisture*, which does know
No Mixture, and disdains the Place below.

Soon comes the *kingly Day*, and with it brings

29 A new *Account of Time* upon his Wings.

1 Sam. i. e.
17.

The People met, the Rites and Pray'rs all past,
Behold, the *Heav'n Instructed-Lot* is cast.

'Tis taught by Heav'n its way, and cannot miss,
Forth *Benjamin*, forth leaps the House of *Kis*.

As glimm'ring *Stars* just at th' approach of *Day*,
Casheer'd by *Troops*, at last drop all away,

By such Degrees all Mens bright Hopes are gone,
And, like the *Sun*, *Saul's Lot* shines all alone.

Ev'n here perhaps the Peoples Shout was heard,
The loud long Shout when *God's* fair Choice appear'd.

Above the whole vast Throng he' appear'd so tall,

30 As if by *Nature* made for th' *Head* of all.

So full of Grace and State, that one might know,

31 'Twas some wise *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided so.

But blind unguided *Lots* have more of Choice,
And Constancy, than the slight *Vulgar's Voice*.

E'er yet the *Crown* of sacred *Oil* is dry,

Whil'st *Ecchoes* yet preserve the joyful Cry,

Some grow enrag'd their own vain Hopes to miss,
Some envy *Saul*, some scorn the House of *Kis*.

Some their first mut'inous Wish, a *King*, repent,
As if, since that, quite spoil'd by *God's Consent*.

Few to this Prince their first just Duties pay;

All leave the *Old*, but few the *new* obey.

Thus

Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is constant still
 To those eternal Grounds, that mov'd his *Will*.
 And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit,
 That stubborn, Men at last to him submit.

32 As midst the Main a low small *Island* lyes,
 Assaulted round with stormy *Seas* and *Skies*.
 Whilst the poor heartless *Natives*, ev'ry Hour,
Darkness and *Noise* seems ready to devour:
 Such *Israel's* State appear'd, whilst o'er the West
Philistian Clouds hung threatenng, and from th' East
 All Nations Wrath into one *Tempest* joins, [shines.
 Through which proud *Nabas* like fierce *Lightning*
Tygris and *Nile* to his Assistance send,

33 And Waters to swoln *Jaboc's* *Torrent* lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* add their Force,

34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia's* *Horse*.
 And'mongst all these none more their Hope or Pride,
 Then those few Troops your warlike Land supply'd.
 Around weak *Jabes* this vast Host does lye,
 Disdains a dry and *bloodless* *Victory*.

The hopeless Town for *Slav'ry* does *intreat*,
 But barb'rous *Nabas* thinks that Grace too great.

1b. v. 2. He (his first *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,

Yer. 3. 35 And with their *Faces* *Shame* disarms their *Hands*.
 If unreliev'd seven Days by *Israel's* Aid,
 This Bargain for o'er-rated *Life* is made.
 Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Israel* be
 Quite *blind* it self, e'er this Reproach it see!

By' his wanton People the new *King* forsook,
To homely rural Cares himself betook.

Ver. 5.

In private Plenty liv'd without the State,
Lustre, and Noise, due to a publick Fate.

Whilst he his Slaves and Cattle follows home,
Lo the sad Messengers from *Jabes* come,

Implore his Help, and weep as if they meant
That way at least proud *Nahas* to prevent.

1 Sam. II.
4.

Mov'd with a Kingly Wrath, his strict Command
He issues forth t'assemble all the Land.

Ver. 7.

He threatens high, and disobedient they,
Wak'd by such Princely Terrors, learnt t'obey.

A mighty Host is rais'd; th'important Cause
Age from their *Rest*, *Youth*, from their *Pleasure*
draws.

Ver. 8.

Arm'd as unfurnish'd *haste* could them provide,
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that supply'd.

All *Night* they march, and are at th'early Dawn
On *Jabes* Heath in three fair Bodies drawn.

Saul did himself the first and strongest Band,
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third Command.

1 Sam. II.
II.

But pardon, Sir, if naming *Saul's* great Son,
I stop with him a while e'er I go on.

This it that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beautiful'st, and best of *Human Race*.

That *Jonathan*, in whom does mixt remain,
All that kind *Mothers* Wishes can contain.

His *Courage* such, as it no *Stop* can know,
 And *Vict'ry* gains by *astonishing* the *Foe*.
 With *Lightning's* Force his *Enemies* it confounds,
 And melts their *Hearts* e'er it the *Bosom* wounds.
 Yet he the *Conquer'd* with such *Sweetness* gains,
 As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauty's* Chains.
 In *War* the adverse *Troops* he does assail,
 Like an impet'uous *Storm* of *Wind* and *Hail*.
 In *Peace*, like gentlest *Dew*, that does assuage
 The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* Rage.
 Kind as the *Sun's* blest *Influence*; and where-e'er
 He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
 To *Help* seems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*;
 To do much *Good* his *sole Prerogative*.
 And yet this gen'ral *Bounty* of his *Mind*,
 That with wide *Arms* embraces all *Mankind*,
 Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
 With diff'rent *Measures* all are satisfy'd.
 Just as wise *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt,
 Some gather'd more, but *Want* by none was felt.
 To all *Relations* their just *Rights* he pays,
 And *Worth's* Reward above its *Claim* does raise.
 The tendrest *Husband*, *Master*, *Father*, *Son*,
 And all those *Parts* by' his *Friendship* far out-done.
 His *Love* to *Friends* no *Bound* or *Rule* does know,
 What *he* to *Heav'n*, all that to *him* they owe.
 Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*:
 His *Judgment*, like best *Amour*, strong and fit.
And

And such an *El'ouquence* to both these does join,
 As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine.
 Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
 By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.
 As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,
 As he himself to th' *future* shall be known.
 But his chief Study in *God's* sacred *Law*;
 And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw.
 As never more by *Heav'n* to *Man* was giv'n,
 So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'n*.
 And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown,
 E'er yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully blown.
 All *Autumn's* Store did his rich *Spring* adorn;
 Like *Trees* in *Par'adice* he with *Fruit* was born.
 Such is his *Soul*; and if, as some Men tell,
 3⁶ *Souls* form and build those *Mansions* where they
 Whoe'er but sees his *Body* must confess, [dwell
 The *Architect* no doubt, could be no less.
 From *Saul's* Growth and manly Strength he took,
Chastis'd by bright *Abino'am's* gentler Look.
 Not bright *Abino'am*, Beauty's loudest Name,
 'Till she to her *Children* lost with Joy her Fame, 1 Sam. 14
50.
 Had sweeter Stokes, Colours more fresh and fair,
 More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.
 Forgive me that I thus your *Patience* wrong,
 And on this *boundless Subject* stay so long.
 Where too much haste ever to *end* t' would be,
 Did not his *Acts* speak what's untold by me.

Tho' from the time his Hands a Sword could wield,
He ne'er miss'd *Fame* and *Danger* in the Field.
Yet this was the first Day that call'd him forth,
Since *Saul's* bright Crown gave Lustre to his Worth.
'Twas the last Morning whose uncheerful Rise,
Sad *Jabes* was to view with *both* their Eyes.
Secure proud *Nahas* slept as in his Court,
And dreamt, vain Man! of that Day's barb'rous Sport,
'Till Noise and dreadful Tumults him awoke,
'Till into' his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.
The careless *Guards* with small Resistance kill'd,
Slaughter the Camp, and wild Confusion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal *Duty* does perform,
And marches boldly up t'outface the Storm,
Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he pursues
Th' *Arabian Horse*, and a hot Fight renews.
'Twas here your Troops behav'd themselves so well,
'Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their stout *Col'onels* fell.
'Twas here our *Vict'ry* stopp'd, and gave us Cause
Much to suspect th'Intention of her Pause.
But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* espy'd,
Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
Broke thro' our Troops, and tow'rds him boldly prest
A gen'rous Joy leap'd in his youthful Breast.
As when a wrathful *Dragon's* dismal Light,
Strikes suddenly some warlike *Eagle's* Sight.
The *mighty Foe* pleases his fearless Eyes,
He claps his joyful Wings, and at him flies.

With

With vain, tho' vi'olent Force, their Darts they flung;
 In *Ammon's* plated Belt *Jonathan's* hung,
 And stopp'd there; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
 And gliding off, bore the proud Crest from it.
 Strait with their Swords to the fierce Shock they
 came,
 Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* shot
 Flame.

Blows strong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they dealt;
 Which more than they th' engag'd *Spectators* felt.
 In *Ammon* Force, in *Jonathan* Address,
 (Tho' both were great in both to 'an Excess)
 To the well-judging Eye did most appear;
Honour, and *Anger* in both equal were.
 Two Wounds our *Prince* receiv'd, and *Ammon* three,
 Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,
 Did his whole Strength into one Blow collect;
 And as a Spaniel when we' our Aim direct
 To shoot some *Bird*, impatiently stands by,
 Shaking his Tail, ready with Joy to fly,
 Just as it drops, upon the wounded Prey;
 So waited *Death* it self, to bear away
 The threaten'd Life; did glad and greedy stand,
 At Sight of mighty *Ammon's* lifted Hand.
 Our watchful *Prince* by, bending fav'd the Wound,
 But *Death* in other Coin his *Reck'ning* found:
 For whilst th' *immod'rate* Stroke's miscarry'ing Force
 Had almost born the Striker from his Horse,

A nimble Thrust his active Ene'my made,
 'Twixt his right Ribs deep pierc'd the furious Blade,
 And open'd wide those *secret Vessels*, where
 37 *Life's Light* goes out, when first they let in *Air*.
 He falls, his Armour clanks against the Ground,
 From his faint Tongue *imperfect Curses* found.
 His amaz'd Troops strait cast their Arms away;
 Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more swift than *they*.
 As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom *Rage*
 And Thirst of *Empire* in fierce Wars engage,
 Whilst each lays Claim to th' *Garden* as his own,
 And seeks t'usurp the bord'ring Flowers alone)
 Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
 In th' *Air's* wide Plain dispute their doubtful Right.
 If by sad Chance of Battel, either *King*
 Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal Sting,
 His Armies Hopes and Courage with him die;
 They sheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly.
 On th' other Sides at once, with like Success,
 Into the Camp great *Saul* and *Abner* press;
 From *Jon'athan's* Part a wild mix'd Noise they hear,
 And, whatsoe'er it mean, long to be there.
 At the same Instant from glad *Jabes* Town,
 The hasty Troops march loud and chearful down.
 Some few at first with vain Resistance fall,
 The rest is *Slaughter*, and *vast Conquest* all.
 The Fate, by which our *Host* thus far had gone,
 Our *Host* with noble Heat drove farther on.

Victorious Arms through *Ammon's* Land it bore;
Ruin behind, and *Terror* march'd before.

Where-e'er from *Rabba's* Tow'rs they cast their Sight
Smoak clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the
Night.

This bright Success did *Saul's* first Action bring,
The *Oil*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* less crown'd him King.
The *Happy* all Men judge for Empire fit,
And none withstands where *Fortune* does submit.
Those who before did God's fair Choice withstand,
Th'*excessive* *Vulgar* now to Death demand.

1 Sam. 11.
12.
1b. v. 13.

But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty Doom;
Conquest abroad, with *Mercy* crown'd at home.
Nor stain'd with civil Slaughter that *Day's* Pride,
Which foreign Blood in nobler *Purple* dy'd.

1b. v. 15.

Again the Crown th'assembled People give,
With greater Joy than *Saul* could it receive,
Again, th'old *Judge* resigns his sacred Place,
God *glorify'd* with Wonders his Disgrace.

1 Sam. 12.
1.

With decent Pride, such as did well besit
The *Name* he kept, and that which he did quit.
The long-past Row of happy Years he show'd,
Which to his heav'nly Government they ow'd.
How the torn State his just and prudent Reign
Restor'd to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.

In War what conqu'ring *Miracles* he wrought;
God, then their *King*, was *Gen'ral*, when thy fought;

Whom they *depos'd* with *him*. And that (said he)
 You may see *God* concern'd in't more than *me*,
 Behold how Storms his angry Presence shrow'd,
 Hark how his Wrath in Thunder threats aloud.
 'Twas now the ripen'd *Summer's* highest Rage,
 Which no faint Cloud durst mediate to assuage.
 Th'*Earth* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for
Rain,

Gap'd, and breath'd feeble Vapours up in vain,
 Which strait were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'*Sun* ;
 When, lo, e'er scarce the *active Speech* was done,
 A vi'olent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*,
 And Troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.
 Whilst with rude haste the confus'd *Tempest* crouds,
 Swift dreadful Flames shot through th'encountring
 Clouds ; [broke,
 From whose torn Womb th'imprison'd *Thunder*
 And in dire Sounds the *Prophet's* Sense it spoke.
 Such an impetuous Shower it downwards sent,
 As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
 Were all let loose ; *Horror* and fearful Noise
 Fill'd the black *Scene*, 'till the great *Prophet's* Voice,
 Swift as the Wings of *Morn*, reduc'd the Day ;
Wind, Thunder, Rain and *Clouds* fled all at once away.
 Fear not (said he) *God* his fierce Wrath removes,
 And though this *State* my Service disapproves,
 My *Prayers* shall serve it constantly. No more,
 I hope, a Par don for past Sins t'implore,

But just Rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring
 On the good Deeds of you, and of *our King*.
 Behold him there! and as you see, rejoice
 In the kind Care of *God's* impartial Choice,
 Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength, and Wit!
 The *Honour* Heav'n has cloath'd him with, fits fit
 And comely on him; since you needs must be
 Rul'd by a *King*, you're happy that 'tis *he*.
 Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for *him*, but *he* for *you*,
 And both for *God*;
 Whose gentlest Yoke if once you cast away,
 In vain shall *he* command, and *you* obey.
 To foreign *Tyrants* both shall *Slaves* become,
 Instead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.

1 Sam. 12.
25.

The *Crown* thus sev'ral Ways confirm'd to *Saul's*
 One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;
 And that was Force, which only can maintain
 The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *Worth* does gain.
 Three thousand Guards of big, bold Men he took; ¹ Sam. 13.
 Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'n with their *Look*; ²
 His sacred Person two, and Throne defend,
 The third on matchless *Jonathan* attend.
 O'er whose full Thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful
 Heat,

Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great.
 On *Geba* first, where a *Philistian* Band
 Lyes, and around torments the *fetter'd Land*,

He falls, and slaughters all; his noble Rage
 Mix'd with *Design*, his Nation to engage
 In that just War, which from them long in vain,
Honour and *Freedom's* Voice had strove t' obtain.
 Th' accurs'd *Philistian* rous'd with this bold Blow,
 All the proud Marks of *enrag'd Power* does show.
 Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,
 If human Strength might authorize a Boast,
 Their Threats had reason here; for ne'er did we
 Our selves so weak, our Foe so potent see.
 Here we vast Bodies of their *Foot* espy,
 The *Rear* out-reaches far th' *extended Eye*.
 Like Fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons stand;
 As thick and numberless they hide the Land.
 Here with sharp Neighs the warlike *Horses* sound;
 38 And with proud Prancings beat the putrid Ground.
 39 Here with worse Noise three thousand *Chariots* pass,
 With Plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass.
 About it Forks, Axes, and Sithes, and Spears,
 Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.
 Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,
 And with lopp'd panting Limbs the Field bestrows.
 Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* die;
 Neither can *they resist*, nor can *these fly*.
 In this proud Equipage at *Micmas* they,
Saul in much different State at *Gilgal* lay.
 His Forces seem'd no *Army*, but a *Croud*,
 Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud,

1 Sam. 13.

5-

1bid.v.5.

1bid.v.7.

The

The quick *Contagion Fear*, ran swift through all,
And into trembling *Fits* th' infected fall.

Saul, and his *Son* (for no such faint *Disease*
Could on their strong-complexion'd *Valour* seize)
In vain all Parts of virtuous *Conduct* show'd,
And on *deaf Terror* gen'rous Words bestow'd.

Thousands from thence fly scatter'd ev'ry Day,
Thick as the Leaves that shake and drop away,
When they th' Approach of stormy *Winter* find,
The noble *Tree* all bare, expos'd to th' *Wind*.
Some to sad *Jordan* fly, and swim't for haste,
And from his farther Bank look back at last.
Some into Woods and Caves their Cattle drive,
There with their *Beasts* on equal Terms they live,
Nor deserve *better*; some in Rocks on high,
The old Retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens*, lye.

And were they wing'd like them, scarce would they
To stay, or trust their frighted Safety there. [dare

Asth' Host with Fear, so *Saul* disturb'd with Care, 1 Sam. 13.
8.

T' avert these Ills by *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r*
And *God's* blest Will t' enquire, for *Samuel* sends;
Whom he six Days with troubled Haste attends.

But e'er the seventh unlucky Day (the last
By *Samuel* set for this great Work) was past,
Saul, alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring Foe,
Impatient, e'er *God's* Time, *God's* Mind to know,
'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his Troops decay,
Jealous of an Affront in *Samuel's* Stay,

Scorning that any's Presence should appear
 Needful besides, when *he himself* was there;
 And with a Pride too nat'ural, thinking Heav'n
 Had given him *all*, because *much Power* 't had giv'n,
 Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Off'rings* made,
 40 Himself did th' high *selected Charge* invade,
 Himself inquir'd of *God*; who then spake nought;
 But *Samuel* straight his dreadful Answer brought.
 For straight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,
 As was *Saul's Sin*, the fatal *Massage* told.
 His foul *Ingratitude* to Heav'n he chid,
 To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*
 To Kingly Power, in all that plenteous Land,
 Where all things else submit to his Command.
 And as fair *Eden's* violated *Tree*,
 To' *Immortal Man* brought in *Mortality* :
 So shall that *Crown*, which God eternal meant,
 From thee (said he) and thy great House be rent,
 Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honours* send,
 And give thy' *Immortal Royalty* an *End*.
 Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind Heav'n (we hope)
 (Whose Threats and Anger know to other Scope
 But *Man's Amendment*) does long since relent,
 And with *repentant Saul* it self *repent*.
 Howe'er (though none more pray for this than we,
 Whose Wrongs and Sufferings might some Colour be
 To do it *less*) this Speech we sadly find
 Still extant, and still active in his Mind.

1 Sam. 13.
 14.

But then a worse Effect of it appear'd,
 Our *Army* which before *modestly* fear'd,
 Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,
 Disbanded now, and fled in Troops away.
 Base *Fear* so bold and impudent does grow,
 When an Excuse and Colour it can show.
 Six hundred only (scarce a *Princely Train*)
 Of all his Host with distress'd *Saul* remain,
 Of his whole Host six hundred; and ev'n those
 41 (So did wise Heav'n for mighty Ends dispose,
 Nor would, that uselefs *Multitudes* should share
 In that great *Gift*, it did for *One* prepare)
 Arm'd not like *Soldiers* marching in a War,
 But Country-*Hinds* alarmed from afar
 By *Wolves* loud Hunger, when the well-known
 Raises th'affrighted Villages around. [found
 Some Goads, Flails, Plow-shares, Forks, or Axes bore, 1 Sam. 13
15. lb. v. 19,
20, 21.
 Made for *Life's* Use and better Ends before,
 Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
 42 I' th' Fire, the first rude Arts that *Malice* try'd,
 E'er Man the Sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
 And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.
 Such were the *Numbers*, such the *Arms*, which we
 Had by Fate left us for a *Victory*,
 O'er *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear
 Useful it self, when *Jonathan* was there.
 'Twas just the time, when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
 Did the moist World unveil to human Sight.

The *Prince*, who all that Night the Field had beat
 With a small Party, and no En'emy met,
 (So proud and so secure the En'emy lay,
 And drench'd in *Sleep* th'Excesses of the *Day*)
 With Joy this good Occasion did embrace,
 With better Leisure, and at nearer Space,
 The Strength and Order of their Camp to view;
Abdon alone his gen'rous Purpose knew;
Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,
 Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
 And oft with Grief his Worth in Dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whose Love to his *Master* did exceed
 What *Nature's Law*, or *Passion's Pow'r* could breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend;
 His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*.

1 Sam. 14.
1.

They went, but sacred Fury as they went,
 Chang'd swiftly, and *exalted* his Intent.
 What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find,
God or some pow'rful *Spirit* invades my Mind.
 From ought but *Heav'n* can never sure be brought
 So high, so glorious, and so vast a Thought.
 Nor would *ill Fate* that meant me to surprize,
 Come cloath'd in so unlikely a *Disguise*.
 Yon *Host*, which its proud *Fishes* spreads so wide,
 O'er the whole Land, like some swoln *River's Tide*,
 Which terrible and numberless appears,
 43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,
 Which

Which lyes so strongly 'encamp'd, that one would say
 The *Hill* might be remov'd as soon as *they*,
 We two alone must *fight* with, and *defeat*;
 Thour't strook, and startest at a *Sound* so great.
 Yet we must do't; God our weak Hands has chose
 T'ashame the boasted Numbers of our Foes,
 Which to his Strength no more proportion'd be,
 Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternity*.
 If when their careles *Guards* espy us here,
 With sportful Scorn they call to 'us to come near,^{1 Sam. 14.}
 We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;
 Not *they*, but *Israel's Angel* gives the Call.

44 He spoke, and as he spoke, a *Light* Divine
 Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* shine,
 Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;
 Less seem'd the num'rous *Army* to be fear'd.
 This saw, and heard with Joy the Brave *Esquire*,
 As he with *God's*, fill'd with his *Master's Fire*.
 Forbid it Heav'n (said he) I should decline,
 Or wish (Sir) not to make *your Danger mine*.^{1 Sam. 14.}
 The great *Example* which I daily see
 Of your high *Worth*, is not so lost on me;
 If Wonder-strook I at your *Words* appear,
 My Wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear*.
 Th' *Honour* which does your Princely Breast *enflame*,
Warm's mine too, and joins there with *Duty's Name*.
 If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
 May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.

But

But sure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
 So high Thoughts from a less exalted *Spring*.
 Bright Signs through all your Words and Looks are
 spread,

A rising *Victory* dawns around your Head.
 With such Discourse blowing their Sacred Flame
 Lo to the fatal Place and Work they came.

1 Sam. 14.
 4

Strongly encamp'd on a steep *Hill's* large Head
 Like some vast Wood the mighty *Host* was spread.
 Th' only' Access on neighb'ring *Gabaa's* Side,
 An hard and narrow Way, which did divide
 Two clifty *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* nam'd,
 Much for themselves, and their big *Strangeness* fam'd
 More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* Day;
 On both their Points *Philistian* Out-guards lay,
 From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd.
 And, lo! the *Hebrews!* proud *Elcanor* cry'd,
 From *Senes* Top; Lo! from their hungry Caves
 A quicker Fate here sends them to their Graves.
 Come up (aloud he cries to them below)
 Ye *Egyptian* Slaves, and to our *Mercy* owe
 The rebel Lives, long since to'our *Justice* due;
 Scarce from his Lips the *fatal* Omen flew,
 When th'inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*
God, and his *Godlike* *Virtues* high Command.
 It call'd him up, and up the steep Ascent
 With *Pain* and *Labour*, *Haste* and *Joy* they went.

Elcanor

Elcanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
 His mighty Words th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
 Did new Affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
 (The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
 Short was his Sport; for swift as *Thunder's* Stroke
 Rives the frail Trunk of some heav'n-threatning *Oak*,
 The Prince's Sword did his proud Head divide;
 The parted Scull hung down on either Side.
 Just as he fell, his vengeful Steel he drew
 Half way; no more the trembling *Joints* could do,
 Which *Abdon* snatch'd, and dy'd it in the Blood
 Of an *amazed Wretch* that next him stood.
 Some close to Earth shaking and groveling lye,
 Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* spy.
 Some Wonder-strook stand fix'd; some fly, some arm
 Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alarm*.
 45 Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*,
 In vain by *Dikes* and broken *Works* withstood:
 So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th' opposing Hill,
 Does all around with Noise and Ruin fill;
 Like some large *Arm* of which, another way
Abdon o'erflows; him too no *Bank* can stay.
 With Cries th' affrighted *Country* flies before,
 Behind the following *Waters* loudly roar.
 Twenty at least slain on this Out-guard lye,
 To th' adjoin'd Camp the rest distracted fly,
 And *ill mix'd Wonders* tell, and into 't bear,
Blind Terror, deaf Disorder, helpless Fear.

1 Sam. 14.
14.

The *Conqu'rors* too prefs boldly in | behind,
 Doubling the wild Confusions which they find.
Hamgar at first, the Prince of *Ashdod* Town,

1 Sam. 6.
6. 46 Chief 'mongst the *Five* in Riches and Renown,
 And *General* then by Course, oppos'd their Way,
 'Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathan's* Feet he lay,
 And curs'd the *Heav'ns* for Rage, and bit the
 Ground;

47 His *Life* for ever spilt *stain'd* all the Grass around.
 His *Brother* too, who virtuous haste did make
 His Fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
 Falls grove'ling o'er his Trunk, on Mother Earth;
 Death mix'd no less their *Bloods* than did their *Birth*.
 Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdon's* restless Sword
 Dispatch'd the following Traid' attend their *Lord*.
 On still o'er panting Corps great *Jonathan* led:
Hundreds before him *fell*, and *Thousands* *fled*.
Proaigious Prince! Which does most wondrous
 show,

Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Success!* thy *Fate*, or *thou!*
 Who durst alone that dreadful Host assail,
 With purpose not to *dye*, but to *prevail!*
 Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,
 Than *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite*.
 If Heav'n to Men such mighty Thoughts would give,
 What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive
 The vast *Infusion?* or what *Soul* but *thine*
 Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine?*

Thou

Thou follow'dst Heavn in the *Design*, and we
Find in the *Act* 'twas *Heav'n* that follow'd thee. 1 Sam. 14.
15.

Thou ledst on *Angels*, and that Sacred Band
(The *Deities* great *Lieutenant*) didst command.

'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that Day.

Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,
And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.

48 Hot Drops of *Southern Showers* (the *Sweats* of
Death)

[Breath:

The Voice of *Storms* and winged *Whirl-wind's*
The Flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
The Smokes that from scorch'd *Fevers Ovens* rise,
The reddest Fires with which sad *Comets* glow;
And *Sodom's* neighb'ring *Lake* did *Spirits* bestow
Of finest *Sulphur*; amongst which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horror*, and all mingled shut
Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t' enflame it more;
And make th' enraged *Prisoner* louder roar.

Th' assembled *Clouds* burst o'er their *Armies* Head;
Noise, Darkness, dismal *Lightnings* round them
spread.

Another *Spir'it*, with a more potent Wand,
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* Hand,
And went the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* strook;
The *Mountain* felt it; the vast *Mountain* shook.
Through the wide Air another *Angel* flew
About their Host, and thick amongst them threw
Discord,

Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistake;
 And all th' *Ingredients* that swift Ruin make.
 The fertile Glebe requires no time to breed;
 It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*.
 One would have thought, this dismal Day t'have seen,
 That *Nature's* self in her *Death-pangs* had been.
 Such will the Face of that great Hour appear;
 Such the distracted *Sinner's* conscious Fear.
 In vain some few strive the wild Flight to stay;
 In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
 Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lye,
 Beneath the wretched Feet of Crouds that fly.
 O'er their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Horse;
 The guideless *Chariots* with impet'uous Course,
 Cut wide through both, and all their bloody way
Horses, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.
 Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong;
 The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and strong,
 To almost certain present *Death* they fly,
 From a remote and causeless Fear to *dye*.
 Much diffe'rent Error did some Troops possess;
 And *Madness* that look'd better, though no less.
 Their fellow Troops for th' entred Foe they take;
 And *Israel's* War with mutual Slaughter make.
 Mean while the King from *Gabaa's* Hill did view,
 And hear the thickning *Tumult*, as it grew
 Still great and loud; and though he knows not why
 They fled, no more than they themselves that fly;
 Yet

1 Sam. 14.
20.

Ibid. v. 16.

Yet by the Storms and Terrors of the Air,
 Gueſſes ſome vengeful *Spirits* working there;
 Obeys the loud Occaſions Sacred Call,
 And fiercely on the trembling Hoſt does fall.
 At the ſame time their *Slaves* and *Prisoners* riſe;
 Nor does their much-wiſh'd *Liberty* ſuffice
 Without *Revenge*; the ſcatter'd Arms they ſeize,
 And their proud Vengeance with the *Memory* pleaſe
 Of who ſo lately bore them; all about,
 From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* iſſue out
 At the glad Noiſe; joy'd that their Foeshad ſhown
 A Fear, that drowns the Scandal of *their own*.
 Still did the Prince midſt all this Storm appear,
 Still ſcatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
 Still did he break, ſtill blunt his wearied Swords;
 Still Slaughter new Supplies to 'his Hands affords.
 Where Troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
 And 'till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to *pursue*.
 All fled at laſt, but many in vain; for ſtill
 Th'infatiate *Conqu'ror* was more ſwift to kill
 Than they to ſave their Lives. 'Till, lo! at laſt,
Nature, whoſe Power he had ſo long ſurpaſs'd,
 Would yield no more, but to him ſtronger Foes,
 Drought, Faitneſs, and fierce Hunger did oppoſe.
 Reeking all o'er in Duſt, and Blood, and Sweat,
 Burnt with the *Sun's* and *violent Action's* Heat,
 'Gainſt an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he ſtaid,
 For ſome ſhort Eaſe; *Fate* in th' old Oak had laid

1 Sam. 14.
21.

Ib. v. 22.

Provisions up for his Relief; and lo!

2 Sam. 14.
27.

The hollow Trunk did with bright *Honey* flow.
 With timely Food his decay'd Sp'irits recruit;
 Strong he returns, and fresh to the Pursuit,
 His Strength and Sp'irits the Honey did restore
 But, oh, the *bitter-sweet* strange *Poison* bore!
 Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'rous Fate*
 That does so close on Human Glories wait!
 Behold the strong, and yet *fantastick Net*,
 T'ensnare triumphant *Virtue*, darkly set!
 Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,
 The *Prince* who had alone that Morning fought,
 A *Duel* with an *Host*, had th' *Host* o'erthrown,
 And three-score thousand Hands disarm'd with *One*;
 Wash'd off his Country's Shame, and doubly dy'd
 In *Blood* and *Blushes* the *Philistian* Pride,
 Had sav'd and fix'd his *Father's* tott'ring Crown,
 And the bright *Gold* new *burnish'd* with renown,
 Should be e'er Night by's *King* and *Father's* Breath,
 Without a Fault, vow'd and condemn'd to Death?
 Destin'd the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
 Of *Thanks* himself for his own *Victory*?
 Alone with various Fate like to become,
Fighting, an *Host*; *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
 Yet such, Sir, was his Case.
 For *Saul*, who fear'd lest the full Plenty might
 (In the abandon'd Camp expos'd to fight)

1 Sam. 14.
27.

His hungry Men from the Pursuit disuade;
 A rash, but solemn Vow to Heav'n had made.
 Curst be the Wretch, thrice curst let him be,
 Who shall touch Food this busie Day (said he)
 Whilst the bless'd Sun does with his fav'ring Light
 Assist our vengeful Swords against their Flight.
 Be he thrice curst; and if his Life we spare,
 On *us* those *Curses* fall that *he* should bear.
 Such was the *King's* rash Vow; who little thought
 How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.
 The *two-edg'd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd or
 Ev'n *Perjury* its least and bluntest Stroke. [broke;
 'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'd,
 His own victorious *Son* that he devov'd;
 On whose bright Head the baleful *Curses* light;
 But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the Fight,
 Forbids their Entrance, or their settling there;
 49 They with *brute* Sound dissolv'd into the Air.
 Him what *Religion*, or what *Vow* could bind,
 Unknown, unheard of, 'till he' his Life did find
 Entangled in't? Whilst *Wonders* he did do,
 Must he die now, for not be'ing *Prophet* too?
 To all but him this *Oath* was meant and said;
 He afar off, the *Ends* for which 'twas made
 Was acting then, 'till faint and out of Breath,
 He grew half *dead* with Toil of giving *Death*.
 What could his Crime in this Condition be,
 Excus'd by *Ign'orance* and *Necessity*?

Yet the remorseless *King*, who did disdain
 That Man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
 Though 'gainst *himself*; or *Fate* a Way should see
 By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be:
 Who thought *Compassion*, Female *Weakness* here,
 And *Equity Injustice* would appear,
 In his own *Cause*; who falsely fear'd beside
 The solemn Curse on *Jon'athan* did abide,
 And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
 Would like a *Gangreen* o'er all *Isra'el* stray;
 Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
 And his *rash* Vow more *rashly* to fulfil.

What Tongue can th' Horror and Amazement tell,
 Which on all *Isra'el* that sad Moment fell?

Tamer had been their Grief, fewer their Tears,
 Had the *Philistian* Fate that Day been theirs.
 Not *Saul's* proud Heart could master his swoln Eye;
 The *Prince* alone stood mild and patient by,
 So bright his Suff'rings, so triumphant show'd,
 Less to the *best* than *worst* of Fates he ow'd.

A Vict'ry now he o'er *himself* might boast;
 He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'ror* of an *Host*.

It charm'd *through Tears* the sad Spectators Sight,
 Did Rev'rence, Love, and Gratitude excite,
 And pious Rage; with which inspir'd, they now
 Oppose to *Saul's* a better publick *Vow*.

They all consent, all *Isra'el* ought to be
 Accurs'd, and kill'd themselves, rather than *he*.

Thus

Thus with kind Force they the glad King with-^{1 Sam. 14.}
 flood, _{45.}

And fav'd their *wondrous Saviour's* Sacred Blood.

Thus *David* spoke; and much did yet remain
 Behind, th' Attentive *Prince* to entertain,

Edom and *Zoba's* War, for what besel

Ibid. v. 47.

In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.

The boundless Quarrel with curst *Am'alec's* Land, ^{1 Sam. 15.}
 3.

Where *Heav'n* it self did *Cruelty* command,

And practis'd on *Saul's* *Mercy*, nor did e'er

More punish *Inno'cent* Blood, then *Pity* there. *Ibid.* 23.

But, lo! they' arriv'd now at th' appointed Place;

Well-chosen and well-furnish'd for the Chase.

NOTES upon the THIRD BOOK.

1. **A** Town not far from *Jerusalem*, according to *S. Hieron.* in his *Commentary upon Isaiah*, by which it seems it was re-edified, after the Destruction of it by *Saul*; he says that *Jerusalem* might be seen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he should place it in the *Tribe of Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulensis* sure is in an Error, placing it in the *Half Tribe of Manasses* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Translation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a Name.

2. *Panes Propositionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἀρτοι ἐβάπτιοι from the *Hebrew*, in which it signifies *Panes Facierum*, because they were always standing before the *Face of the Lord*; which is meant too by the *English* word *Shew-bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they should be eaten by the *Priests* alone, but also eaten in the *holy Place*. For it is most holy unto him, of the Offerings made unto the Lord by fire, by a perpetual statute, Verse 9. In the *Holy Place*; that is, at the Door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31. and that which remain'd was to be burnt, lest it should be eaten by any but the *Priests*. How comes it then to pass, not only that *Abimelech* gave of this Bread to *David* and his Company, but that *David* says to him, *1 Sam.* 21. 5. *The Bread is in a manner common?* The *Latin* differently, *Porro via hac polluta est, sed & ipsa hodie sanctificabitur in vasis*. The Words are somewhat obscure; the Meaning sure must be, that seeing here are new Breads to be set upon the Table, the publick Occasion (for that he pretended) and present Necessity makes these as it were *common*. So, what more sacred then the *Sabboth*? Yet the *Maccabees* ordain'd, that it should be lawful to fight against their Enemies on that Day. *Seneca* says very well, *Necessitas magnum humana imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excusat*. And we see this Act of *David's* approv'd of in the *Evangelists*.

3. *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the Cause of *Abimelech's* Murder, and the Destruction of the Town.

4. *Sacred*: Made so by *David's* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophy* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the Stuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a Gift unto the Lord, *Jud.* 16. 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἕδωκε, where the *Latin* commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which should be left out. *Josephus* of this word, ἡ πομπήν αὐθένε τῷ Θεῷ. And *Sulpit. Sever.* *Gladium postea in Templum posuit*; i. In *Tabernaculum Nobe*: Where, methinks, *In Templum* signifies more than if he had said *in Templo*. The reason of this Custom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurr'd in this Duty after Successes, and call'd (as *Virgil* says)

In pradam partemq; Jovem.—

So the *Philistins* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Astharoth*, and carry'd the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this *Sword of Goliath* was not consecrated to *God*: For then *Abimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had sinn'd; for it is said, *Levit. 27. 28. Whatsoever is devoted is most holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous *Victory*, in a publick Place. There is no need of this *Evasion*; for not every thing consecrated to *God* is unalienable (at least for a time) in case of necessity, since we see the very *Vessels* of the Temple were often given to *Invadere* by the *Kings of Judah*, to make *Peace* with them. *Pro Rep. plerumq; Tempa nudantur. Sen. in Controvers.*

5. This Particular of *Jagal* and *David's* going in *Disguise* into the Land of the *Philistins* (which seems more probable than that he should go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* so soon after the *Defeat of Goliath*) is added to the *History* by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmless, and which therefore I make bold to use upon several occasions.

6. Their *Goddess Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid-Deity*. See on the second Book.

7. *Adullam*, an ancient Town in the *Tribe of Judah*, even in *Judah's* time, *Gen. 38.* in *Joshua's* it had a *King*, *Josh 12. 15.* the *Cave* still remains; and was us'd by the *Christians* for their *Refuge* upon several *Irruptions* of the *Turks*, in the same manner as it serv'd *David* now.

8. In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Persons* who came to assist *David*, I chuse to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets*, being in my *Opinion*, too large upon this kind of *Subject*, especially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian Fleet* and *Army*; where he makes a long *List of Names* and *Numbers*, just as they would stand in the *Roll of a Muster-Master*, without any delightful and various *Descriptions* of the *Persons*; or at least very few such. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciously by an excess the other way.

9. *2 Sam. 2. And Asael was as swift of foot as a wild Roe.* *Josephus* says of him, that he would out-run ἵππων καλασάντα εἰς ἄμ. λα., which is no such great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their *Expressions* upon the *Swiftnefs* of some *Persons*. *Virgil* upon *Nisus*, *Æn. 5.*

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that is *Modest* with them. Hear him of *Camilla*. *Æn. 7.*

*Illa vel intacta segetis per summa volares
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset aristas,
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret aquore plantas.*

From whence I have the hint of my *Description*, *Oft o're the Lawns, &c.* but I durst not in a *Sacred Story* be quite so bold as he. The walking over the *Waters* is too much, yet he took it from *Homer. 20 Iliad.*

Ἄε δ' ὅτι μὴ σκισθῶεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἀρέσαν
Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθεϊκῶν καρπὸν θεῶν, εἰδὲ κατέκλων.
Ἄλλ' ὅτι ἢ σκισθῶεν, ἐπ' ἔυρεα νῶτα θαλάσσης
Ἄκρον ἐπὶ γηγμῖν ἄλδος πολιόιο θεῶσσι.

They ran upon the top of Flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have satisfy'd any moderate Man; yet *Scal. 5. de Poet.* prefers *Virgil's* from the encrease of the *Miracle*, by making *Camilla's* flight over a tenderer thing than *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intacta*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suspensa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Apollon. 1. Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monster, that one would believe should rather sink the *Earth* at every Tread, than run over the *Sea* with dry Feet.

Κένθ' ἀνὴρ κ' ἰόντ' ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
 Ὀιδμασίθ'· ἔδ' ἐδοῦς βάπτειν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὁ σὸν ἀκροῖς
 Ἰχθεσι τεγγόμενθ' διερεῖ πεφόρητο κελυθῶ.

And *Solinus* reports historically of *Ladas* (the Man so much celebrated by the *Poets*) *cap. 6.* That he ran so lightly over the Dust (*suprà cavum pulverem*) that he never left a Mark in it. So that, a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχθ'.

The Swiftneſs of a God.

All which, I hope, will ſerve to excuſe me in this place.

10. *Jeffides*, the Son of *Jefſe*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek Form*.

11. *Moab*, that Part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was poſſeſs'd by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judab*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, ſo *Judab* is not here taken in a preciſe Senſe for that Tribe only.

12. *His*: Becauſe *Jordan* runs into it, and is there loſt. It is call'd promiſcuouſly a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

13. *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended *Eaſt and Weſt* between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, *North and South* between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally deſtroÿ'd by the *Iſraelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen. 10. 14. Numb. 21. 32. Deut. 3. Joſh. 13. Judg. 12.*

14. *Edom*: Call'd by the *Greeks Idumæa*: Denominated from *Eſau*. *Joſephus* makes two *Idumæa's*, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the *Upper* was poſſeſs'd by the Tribe of *Judab*, and the *Lower* by *Simeon*: But ſtill the *Edomites* poſſeſs'd the Southern part of the Country, from the *Sea of Sodom* towards the *Red*, or, *Idumæan Sea*. The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom* & *Montes Seir*, a little *North* of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a Miſtake. The *Greeks* under the Name of *Idume* include ſometimes all *Paleſtine* and *Arabia*.

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petraa*. *Adric. 77.*

*Petraa autem dicta à vetuſtiſſimo oppido Petra
 deſerti ipſius Metropoli ſuprà mare mortuum
 ſitâ.*

It is hard to ſet the Bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in thoſe Parts;) for ſometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: But here it is taken in a more contracted Signification, for that

Part

Part of *Arabia* which lies near the *Metropolis Petra*, and denominates the whole. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric.* makes to be the same, were not another City of the same Name. *Adric.* is very confus'd in the Description of the Countries bordering upon the *Jews*, nor could well be otherwise, the Matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important.

15. *Cush. Arabia Sabea*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red-Sea* (for *Jethro's* Daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are call'd sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusita* at other times mention'd in the Scripture.

Ammon is by some accounted Part of *Arabia Fœlix*, and the Country call'd since *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that Name, conceiv'd by *Adricom.* to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*.

16. Accounted of the Race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, strong, and warlike sort of People; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, as tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks*. These *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaomer*, *Gen.* 14. and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who call'd that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*.

17. *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquer'd the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all Westward of *Arnon*, and possess'd it himself 'till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroy'd his People, *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-Sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, call'd *Arnon*, which gives the Name to the River, and that to the City *Arnon*, or *Areur* seated upon it. Or.

18. *Esebon*. A famous and strong City seated upon an Hill, and encompass'd with Brick Walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it. It was twenty Miles distant from *Jordan*. *Adric.*

19. For *Saul* had made War upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, *1 Sam.* 14. 49.

20. I take it for an infallible Certainty, that *Ophir* was not as some imagine in the *West-Indies*; for in *Solomon's* time, where it is first mention'd, those Countries neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that Voyage from some Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-Sea*. I therefore without any scruple say, *Ophir's rising Morn*, and make it a Country in the *East-Indies*, call'd by *Josephus* and *S. Hierom*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town seated in the *Arabian Bay*, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolomy Sapphara*, *Stephanus Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetch'd from thence by the Merchants of the more Western Countries. But that small Similitude of the Name is not worth the change of a receiv'd Opinion.

21. Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,

*Non obtusa aded gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam averfus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.*

And in *Stat.* of *Adrastus* to *Polynices*,
Nec tam aversum fama
Mycenis Volvit iter.

22. *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which *Balaam* was desir'd by *Balac* to curse, but did bless *Israel*. This Place was chosen perhaps by *Balac*, because upon it stood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe, the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites Chemos*; only denominated *Baal Phegor*, from that particular Place of his Worship, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal Peor* was the same with *Priapus* the obscene Idol, so famous in ancient Authors; it may be the Image might be made after that fashion, to signify that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or Lord of *Generation*.

23. The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came first from *Babylon*, from whence they were call'd *Babylonica*, *Plin.* l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diversos pictura intextere Babylon maximè Celebravit, & nomen imposuit.* *Plaut.* in *Sticho*.

Tum Babylonica peristromata consutaq; tapetia
Advexit minimum bona rei.

He calls the like *Hangings* in *Pseul*.

Alexandria belluata conciliata peristromata.

Mart. l. 8. *Non ego pratulerim Babylonica picta superbè*
Texta Semiramia qua variantur acu.

And long before, *Lucret.* l. 4.

Babylonica magnifico splendore.

24. These kind of *Ivory Tables* born up with the *Images* of *Beasts*, were much in esteem among the *Ancients*. The *Romans* had them, as also all other *Instruments* of *Luxury*, from the *Asiaticks*,

—Putere videntur

Unguenta atq; rosa latos nisi sustinet orbes

Grande ebur, & magno sublimis Pardus hiatu,

Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes

Et Mauri celeres. *Juven.* 11.

Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum stent dentibus orbes.*

25. *Citron*: It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though that be in *Latin* call'd *Citrus* too, and in *French* *Citronnier*) but for a *Tree* something resembling a wild *Cypress*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: It is very famous among the *Roman* Authors, and was most us'd for *banqueting Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more precious than *Gold*.

Accipe falices. Atlantica munera, mensas,

Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin.* l. 13. c. 15. The *Spots* and *Crispness* of the *Wood*, was the great *Commendation* of it: From whence they were call'd, *Tygrina* and *Pantherine Mensa*. *Virg.* *Ciris*.

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur Lectulus ostrea.

Where

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an Ivory, or a Citron Bed.

26. Purple Coverlets were most in use among great Persons. *Hom. Il. 9.*

Ἔειπεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησι τε πορφύρεοισι.

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian Purple*. *Stat. Theb. 1.*

— *Pars ostro tenues auroq; sonantes*

Emunire toros. —

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen. 2.*) ἐν κλίνας ἐλαφρῶτοισι χερῶμασι πορφυρεβάπτοις, &c.

The Purple of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shell-Fish* call'd *Purpura*; where it was found in a white Vein running through the middle of the Mouth, which was cut out and boil'd; and the Blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the Colour *Nigrantis rosa sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the true Purple, though there were other Sorts too of it, as the Colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, &c. Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin. l. 9. c. 38.* and *Pancirollus*. The greatest Fishing for these Purples was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest Manufacture and Trade of Purple; there likewise was the Invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the Shore, saw his Dog bite one of those Fishes, and found his Mouth all stain'd with that excellent Colour, which gave him the first Hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this Colour is call'd in Greek Ἀλεργῶν, *Aristot. quass* ἀλλοξέρον, the Work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Ἀλεργῶν to be Red mingled with White and Black.

27. So *Aeneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the Story of the *Trojan War* painted upon the Walls of *Juno's Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuse here the History of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.

28. *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general Opinion, was King of *Persia*, but to me it seems altogether improbable that the King of *Persia* should come so far, and join with so many Princes to make a War upon those five little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce so big as the least Shire in *England*, and whose very Names are unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia*. Besides *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, but *Assyria* under *Ninias* or *Zamais*, who succeeded *Semiramis*? which makes me likewise not doubt but that they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninias*, since *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler Error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and *S. Hierome* translate it; or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be the *Hellepont*. *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Cœlosyria*, others on the Borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more Appearance. But for my Part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellasar* and *Tidal*, were the Names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and their Kings such as the thirty three that *Joshua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwise how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating Miracles) with his own Family only? perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Ellasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were Colonies brought from those Countries; which the fourth King's

Title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latin, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμζυλίας. to wit, of a City compounded of the Conflux of People from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goiim*, which *Vatablus*, not without Probability, takes for the proper Name of a *Town*.

29. That he might be consumed presently after with his whole People and Kingdom, by Fire from Heaven.

30. For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is nam'd in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which Cause the Apostle *Jude*, v. 7. says that *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* are set forth for an Example, πωρὸς αἰώνις δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, suffering the Vengeance of Eternal Fire; So our *English*; the *Latin*, *Ignis aeterni poenam sustinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting Δίκην adverbially; for, *Instar habentes ignis aeterni*, Suffering the Similitude of Eternal, that is, *Hell Fire*. So Δίκην is used *Arist de Mund.* κ' ῥέσει πολ- λάκις ποταμῷ δίκην, nay even Δίκην, the Subst. is taken sometimes in that sense, as *Homer*, *Ulyss.* ξ.

Ἡ γὰρ δμῶν δίκην Ἔσι.

For this is the *Manner* or *Fashion* of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this raining of Fire and *Brimstone* was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath Sulphur in it, which (*Grotius* says) is therefore call'd Θεῶν, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this Destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, L. 5. *Histor. Fulminum icū arsisse, &c.* and by and by, *Ignis caelesti flagrasse, &c.*

31. The *Blindness* with which these Wretches were stricken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *Sight*, but either such a sudden *Darkness* in the Air as made them grope for the Door, or a sudden failing of the *Sight*, as when Men are ready to fall into a *Trance*; *Eblouissement*; or that which the Greeks term ἀοργσία, when Men see other things, but not the thing they look for. For says *S. Augustine*, *De Civit. Dei Lib.* 22. c. 19. If they had been quite blind, they would not have fought for the Door to go into *Lot's House*, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

32. I describe her not after she was changed, but in the very Act or Moment of her changing. *Gen.* 19. 26. Our *English* says, she became a *Pillar of Salt*, following the Greek σήληνάδος. The *Latin* is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. *Sulpit. Sever.* Reflexit oculos, statimq; in molem conversa traditur. It is pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, omitted the Description of it. Likely it is, that it retain'd her Form. So *Cyprian* in better Verse than is usual among the *Christian Poets*,

Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum,

Ipsaq; Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.

Some with much *Subtlety*, and some *Probability*, understand a *Pillar of Salt*, to signify only an *Everlasting Pillar*, of what Matter soever, as *Numb.* 18. 19. A *Covenant of Salt*. But we may very well too understand it *Literally*; for there is a *Mineral Kind* of *Salt* which never melts, and serves for *Building* as well as *Stone*; of which *Pliny* speaks, l. 31. c. 7. besides, the *Conversion* into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is such abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which Place God had, as it were,

sowed

sowed with Salt, in Token of Eternal Barrenness, of which this Statue was set up for a Monument. The Targum of Jerusalem is cited, to give this Reason why she look'd back; it says, she was a Woman of Sodom, and that made her impatient to see what became of her Friends and Country. The Moral of it is very perspicuous, but well express'd by S. August. Uxor Loth in Salem conversa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem in viâ liberationis sua praterita desiderare debere.

33. Zippor the Father of Balac, and first King of Moab mention'd in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one Vabeb before him, but Zippor is the more known, more authentical, and better sounding Name. Among the Ancients there was always some Hereditary Bowl with which they made their Libations to the Gods, and entertain'd Strangers. Virg.

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; poposcit
Implevitq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes
A Belo soliti —

And presently she begins to the Gods. So Stat. l. 1. Theb.

Signis perfectam auroq; nitentem
Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit;
Quâ Danaus libare Deis, seniorq; Phoroneus
Assueti —

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been so proper for me in this Place, because of the Pictures before. Sen. Thyest. Poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho. This Libation to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural Custom of paying the First Fruits of all things to the Divinity by whose Bounty they enjoy'd them.

34. This too was an ancient Custom that never fail'd at solemn Feasts, to have Musick there (and sometimes Dancing too) which Homer calls,

Ἄναθήματα δαυτός.

The Appendixes; or as Heisich interprets, κοσμήματα, the Ornaments of a Feast. And as for wise and honourable Persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, than that they spent at Table; for either they held then some profitable and delightful Discourses with Learned Men, or heard some remarkable Pieces of Authors (commonly Poets) read or repeated before them; or if they were Princes, had some eminent Poet (who was always then both a Philosopher and Musician) to entertain them with Musick and Verses, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest Subjects. So does Jopas in Virg.

Cytharâ cunitus Iopas
Personat auratâ docuit qua maximus Ailas
Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisq; labores, &c.

So does Orpheus in Apollon. 1. Argonaut.

Ἦειδεν δ' ἄς γαῖα κ' ἕρως ἠδ' ἐθάλασσα,
Τὸ πειν' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μῆ συναρῆσαι μορφήν
Νέκεσ' ἐξ ὀλοιο δίνκειδεν, &c.

So does Demodocus in Homer; though there the Subject, methinks, be not so well chosen.

35. See *Athen. L. 1. c. 12.* upon this Matter, where among other things he speaks to this Sense, The *Poets* were anciently a Race of *Wise Men*, both in Learning and Practice *Philosophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his Expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemnestra*, as a *Guardian* and *Instructor* to her, who by laying before her the *Virtues* of *Women*, might give her Impressions of *Goodness* and *Honour*, and by the *Delightfulness* of his Conversation, divert her from worse Pleasures. So *Ægyptus* was not able to corrupt her 'till he had kill'd her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to sing before *Penelope's Lovers*, though he had them in Detestation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in especial Reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phaaciens*, sings the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like Actions, but to divert that voluptuous People from such unlawful Appetites, &c. The old *Scholiast* upon *Homer*, says, 3. *Odysf.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἀοιδεὶ φιλοσόφων τάξιν ἐπέχον.

Anciently *Poets* held the Place of *Philosophers*. See *Quintil. l. 1. c. 10.* *Strab. l. 1. Geogr. &c.*

36. By drawing up Vapours from them, with which the Ancients believ'd that the *Stars* were nourish'd. *Virg.*

Polus dum sidera Pascit.

37. This was an ancient Fashion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* says of a loud scolding *Woman* that she alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse*.

Sola laboranti poterat succurrere Luna.

This Superstition took the Original from an Opinion, that *Witches* by muttering some Charms in Verse, caus'd the *Eclipses* of the *Moon*, which they conceiv'd to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddeſs* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the Virtue of those Enchantments; and therefore they made a great Noise by the beating of *Brass*, sounding of *Trumpets*, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the *Witches* Murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual. *Ovid.*

*Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores
Æra tuos minuant. —*

*Tib. Cantus & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,
Et faceret, si non ara repulsa sonent.*

*Stat. 6. Theb. — Attonitis quoties avellitnr astris
Solis opaca soror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.*

*Sen. in Hippol. Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit.
At nos solliciti lumine turbido
Tractam Theſſalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.*

38. The World has had this hard Opinion of *Comets* from all Ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no Reason for it, though they search it, and

and yet follow the vulgar Belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the Extraction of Vapours from the Earth to generate and feed them; and *Droughts* more certainly produce *Sicknesses*: But his Authority cannot be great concerning the Effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets*, but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the supernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no Authority, and therefore might do well to have no Fear. However the Ancients had,

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*

Clau. *Et nunquam cælo spectatum impunè Cometem.*

Sil. Ital. *Regnorum everfor rubuit lathale Cometes,*

39. For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry shut up in a cold and moist Cloud, out of which striving to get forth, it kindles it self by the Agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40. *Lambent* Fire is, a thin unctuous Exhalation made out of the Spi-rits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without consuming any thing but it self. Call'd *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the Place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*, *Virg.* describes the whole Nature of it excellently in three Verses, *Æn.* 2.

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli

Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli

Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora pasci.

41. *Fleecy Snow*, Psa. 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool.* *Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniously for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philosopher*. The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Aristotle* defines it truly and shortly *Snow* is a *Cloud* congeal'd, and *Hail* congeal'd *Rain*.

42. Gen. 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyon's whelp; from the prey my Son thou art gone up, he stooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who shall rouse him up?*

43. 1. Sam. 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, &c.* wherein we follow the *Septuagint*, who render it, *δυνατός*, a *Strong man*: But the *Latine Translation* hath, *Et egressus est vir spurius, a Bastard.* *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* call'd the *Gyants* so; because being *Contemners* of all *Laws*, they liv'd without *Matrimony*, and consequently their *Fathers* were not known. It is probable he might be call'd so, as being of the Race of the *Anakims* (the *Remainders* of which seated themselves in *Gath*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44. See *Turnus* his *Shields*, 7. *Æn.* and *Æneas* his, 8. *Æn.* with the *Stories* engraven on them.

45. For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter*. *Baalsmen Jupiter Olympius.* But I like not in an *Hebrew Story* to use the *European Names* of *Gods*. This *Baal* and *Jupiter* too of the *Gracians*, was at first taken for the *Sun*, which raising Vapours out of the Earth, out of which the *Thunder* is engendered, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, *Zeus Ὠβερέρης*, and *Juvans Pater* fits with no *God* so much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phad.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter-Sol*

The Fable of the *Gyants* Fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Graecians*, but came from the Eastern People, and arose from the true Story of the building of the Tower of *Babel*.

46. This perhaps will be accus'd by some severe Men for too swelling an *Hyperbole*; and I should not have endur'd it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the Word *Methought*; for in a great Apprehension of Fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant Species that the Imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many Sayings of this kind, even without such Excuse or Qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine *Poet* himself. He calls tall young Men,

Patriis & montibus equos.

Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He says of *Polyphemus*,

— *Graditurq; per equor*

Fam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

That walking in the midst of the Sea, the Waves do not wet his Sides. Of *Orion*,

— *Quam magnus Orion*

Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei

Stagna viam scindens humero supereminet undas.

Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum,

Ingrediturq; solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And in such manner (says he) *Mexentius* presented himself. He says of another, that he flung no small Part of a Mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he adds to the Greatness, he does not impudently recede from Truth. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen. 1. Suasor.* makes that Defence which will serve better for me,

— *Credas innare revulsas*

Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, speaking of great Ships, but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Sovereign*; you would think the *Cyclades* loosen'd from their Roots were floating, or that high Mountains encounter'd one another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur.* He does not say it *Is*, but *Seems* to be (for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excus'd before it be spoken. Which will serve to answer for some other places in this Poem; as,

Th' Egyptian like an Hill himself did rear;

Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his Spear.

Like an Hill, is much more modest than *Montibus equus*.

47. Because *Gold* is more proper for the Ornaments of *Peace* than *War*.

48. *Sen. in Thyest. Fejuna silvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvenecos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusq; prada cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morsus, flectit huc rictus suos, Illo reflectit, & famem dubiam tenet.* And the Spots of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is anger'd.

Stat. 2. Theb. *Qualis ubi audito venantium murmure Tygris
Horruit in Maculas, &c.*—

Nay *Virgil* attributes the same Marks of Passion to *Dido*,
*Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculisq; trementes
Interfusa genas.*—

49. See the like Conditions of a publick Duel in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Æneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

50. The *Egyptian-Goliath*; i. The *Egyptian-Gyant*, whom he slew only with his *Staff*; and therefore at the sight of it might well be asham'd, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliath*. This is that Shame which *Virgil* calls *Conscia Virtus*.

51. They were 33. but *Poetry* instead of the broken Number, chuses the next intire one, whether it be more or less than the Truth.

52. It appears by this, that *David* was about twenty Years old (at least) when he slew *Goliath*; for else how can we imagine that the *Armour* and *Arms* of *Saul* (who was the tallest Man in *Israel*) should fit him? Neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accusom'd to the use of them; besides he handled dextrously the *Sword* of *Goliath*, and not long after said, *There is none like it*. Therefore though *Goliath* calls him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth*.

53. For the Men who are so proud and confident of their own Strength, make that a *God* to themselves, as the human Politicians are said in the Scripture to *Sacrifice* to their own *Nets*, that is, their own *Wit*. *Virg.* of *Mezent*.

Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod missile libro.

And *Capaneus* is of the same Mind in *Statius*;

*Illic Augur ego, & mecum quicumq; parati
Insanire manu*—

54. The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the *Prayers* that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were. *Virg.*

*Audii, & voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.*

Ovid. de *Trist*.

*Terribilisq; Notus jactat mea verba, precesque;
Ad quos mittuntur non sinit ire Deos.*

Virg. *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures, &c.*

55. i. To another *Angel*.

56. 1 Sam. 18. 4. And *Jonathan* stript himself of the *Robe* that was upon him, and gave it to *David*, and his *Garments*, even to his *Sword*, and to his *Bow*, and to his *Girdle*. Some understand this Gift exclusively, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper Marks of a *Soldier*, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this Occasion, *Girdle* was perhaps a Mark of *Military Honour*; for *Joab* promises to him that would kill *Ab-salom*, ten *Shekels* of *Silver*, and a *Girdle*, 2 Sam. 18. 12. But it was besides that, a necessary Part of every Man's *Dress*, when they did any
Work.

Work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow* and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been said, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a loose Garment not exactly fitted to their Bodies (for the Profession of Tailors was not so ancient, but Cloaths were made by the Wives, Mothers and Servants even of the greatest Persons) and so might serve for any Size or Stature.

57. 1 *Sam.* 18. 20. *Septuagint.* Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μαχὼλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαὺλ τὸν Δαβὶδ, which our *English Translation* follows, but the *Latin Translations* vary; for some have, *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David.* *Michol, Saul's Daughter, loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram.* *David loved Michol, Saul's Daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58. The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Espos'd* certain *Gifts*, as *Pledges of the Contract.* Thus *Abraham's Steward*, in the Name of *Isaac*, gave to *Rebecca* *Jewels of Silver*, and of *Gold*, and *Raiment*, *Gen.* 24. 53. which Custom the *Greeks* too us'd, and call'd the *Presents* Ἐδνα. But at the Day of the *Marriage* he gave her a *Bill of Jointure* or *Dowre*.

59. *Josephus* says, *Saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which Word he uses instead of *Fore-skins* to avoid the *Raillery* of the *Romans*. *Heads*, I confess, had been a better Word for my turn too, but *Fore-skins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish Story*. Besides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* requir'd *Fore-skins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the *Heads* of *Hebrews*, instead of *Philistines*.

60. If it might have been allow'd *David* to carry with him as many *Soldiers* as he pleas'd, and so make an *Inroad* into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred Men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowre* for a *Princess*, and would not have expos'd *David* to that Hazard for which *Saul* chose this manner of *Jointure*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own Hands.

61. As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a Reason for it from the *Medium* through which they pass, that still presses them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive Power of the *Centre* is much receiv'd, and is consonant to many other Experiments in Nature.

62. *Scandals* in the Sense of the *New Testament*, are *Stumbling-blocks*, λίθοι πειρασμοῦ, Stops in a Man's Way, at which he may fall, however they retard' his Course.

63. *Fausenius*, in his Explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the Custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Bride's House*, and that the *Virgins* came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latin*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Bride's* nor *Bridegroom's* House, but in publick Houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the Circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hof.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5. &c. Whatever the ordinary Custom was, I am sure the Ancients in great

great Solemnities were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the Fields for Celebration of them. See the Description of that wonderful one of *Ptolemaus Philadelphus in Athen. l. 5. c. 6.* and perhaps *Psal. 19. 4, 5.* alludes to this. He hath set a *Tabernacle for the Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

64. Habits of divers Colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See *Judges 5. 30. Ezek. 16. 10. & 26. 16.* Such was *Joseph's Coat*, *Gen. 37. 3.* Septuagint *χίτων ποικίλη*; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minerva*, *vestes Polymita*.

65. It appears by several Places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their Feasts, and especially *Nuptials*, *Isa. 61. 10.* The *Latin* reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis. 2. 8. Ezek. 16. 12. Lam. 5. 15. Eccles. 32. 1, &c.*

66. I take the Number of *thirty Maids*, and *thirty young Men* from the Story of *Sampson's Marriage-feast*, *Judg. 14. 11.* where *thirty Companions* were sent to him, whom I conceive to have been, *ἑοὶ τῶ νυμφῶν*, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by *St. Matthew*.

67. *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os sacrum cælo, tenebrasque resolvit.* Virg.

Which Verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter than *Ambrosia*. *Homer* led him the Way.

Ἄσπερ ὄπαινω ἐναλίγκιον, ὅσε μάστιγα
Δαμπρὸν παμφάνησι λελευμφῶ Ὀκεάνοιο. And,
Οἱ δ' ἄσπερ ἔσι μετ' ἀσπράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ
Ἐσπερῶ, ὅς κάλλιπ' ἐν ἔρανω ἴσα) ἄσπερ.

68. The *Bride* also brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his Daughter *Sara* half his Goods, Servants, Cattle and Money, *Tob. 10. 10.* See *Exod. 22. 17, &c.*

69. The *Marriage-Song* was call'd *Hillalim, Praises*, and the House it self *Beth-hillula*, the *House of Praise*, *Psal. 78. 63.* Their Maidens were not given to Marriage; the *Chald. Paraphraf.* reads, Are not celebrated, with *Epithalamiums*. So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, ἐχ ὑμνήθησιν.

70. See *Gen. 29. 22. Tob. c. 7. Esth. 2. 18. Luke 14. 1. Judg. 14. 17. Apoc. 19. 9.*

71. The Custom seems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his House, *2 King. 11. 27. Judg. 12. 9. Gen. 24. 67. Cant. 3. 4.* But because *Michol* was a Princess, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I chose rather to bring them to one of the *King's Houses* assign'd to them by the *Dowre*.

72. The *Bride*, when she was deliver'd up to her *Husband*, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear Rule) in token of her Subjection, *Gen. 24. 65, &c.*

73. See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, *Mat. 25.*

74. The Time of the *Marriage-feast* appears plainly to have been usually *seven Days*. See *Judg. 14. 10. and 29. 27. Fulfil her Week, &c.* It was a Proverb among the *Jews*, *Septem dies ad convivium, & Septem ad Luctum.*

NOTES upon the FOURTH BOOK.

1. **T**HAT is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it self* (which Worship is most notorious to have been used all over the East) and thrice towards the chief *Temple and Image* of the *Sun* standing upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a Sirname, from a particular Place of his Worship. To which I meet with the Opposition of a great Person, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris Synt. j. c. 5.*) building it upon the Authority of the 105th (according to our *English Translation* the 106th) *Psal. v. 20. They joined themselves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he understands to be *Fusta*, or *Inferias*, Offerings in Memory of the *Dead. Novendiales ferias*. But why by the Name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols*? it being usual for the *Jews* to give Names of Reproach and Contempt to the *Heathen Gods*. As this very *Baal Peor* they called *Chemus*, *Jer. 48. 7.* and *13, &c.* that is *Blindness*, in Contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who call'd him the *Eye* of the World? Or perhaps they are call'd Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the Immolation of Men to him; for *Baal* is the same *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had sometimes, tho' not so constantly, human *Sacrifices*. However these Verses will agree as well with *Mr. Selden's* Interpretation; for then the Sense of them will be, that he bow'd first to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another *Deity* of that Country.

2. *Zerith*, a Place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3. *White Horses* were most in Esteem among the Ancients; such were those consecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them *Διὸς ἵπποι*, *Jupiter's Horses*, which is the same. This was the Reason that *Camillus* contracted so much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white Horses*, as a thing insolent and prophane, *Maximè conspectus ipse est, curru equis albis juncto urbem invehctus, parumq; id non civile modò sed humanum etiam visum, Jovis Solisq; equis equiparatum Dictatorem in Religionem etiam trahebant.* *Liv.*

Horace. Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ovid. de Art. Am.

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

*Virg. 12. Jungit equos, gaudetq; tuens ante ora frementes
Qui candore Nives anteirent cursibus auras.*

In which he imitates *Homer*,

Ἀδύοτεροι χιόνῳ, δέξιν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὄμοιοι.

4. *Their Side.* *Scal. l. 5. Poet.* says, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their *Quivers* upon their *Shoulders*; others, by their *Sides*; which he collects out of some Places in *Virg. 1. Æn. of Diana*,

— *Illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensq; Deas supereminet omnes.*

Æn. 4. of *Apollo*, *Tela sonant humeris*.

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*, *Succinctam pharetrâ*—

Yet I am afraid the Observation is not solid; for Æn. 5. speaking of the Troop of *Ascanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars leves humero pharetras.

However *Side* is a safe Word.

5. Θεοεικελῶ, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful Person.

6. *Nebo* was a Part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the Land of *Moab*; but not only that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was call'd so too, *Fer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 32. 49.

7. 1 *Sam.* 9. 21. *And Saul answered and said, Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the Tribes of Israel; and my Family the least of all the Families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then speakest thou so to me?*

8. *Josh.* 41. 4. *From the Wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the Land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, shall be your Coast.* This was fulfilled all ways but Eastward, for their Dominion never reach'd to *Euphrates*; and it was but just fulfilled to the Letter, Westward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Western Main*. Their own Sins were the Cause, which made God preserve for Thorns in their Sides those Nations, which he had conditionally promis'd to root out: It is true, they went Eastward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odd Number in Accounts (as presently, where I say but *thirty Kings*) may be left out. *Jordan* is the most noble and notorious *Boundary*.

9. For all the Wickednesses and Disorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a King. *And in those Days there was no King in Israel.*

10. For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almost extirpated, from whence *Saul* the first King descended. *David* says, *Kings*, as seeming to suppose that *Saul's Sons* were to succeed him.

11. In *Eli*, who descended from *Ithamar*, the youngest Son of *Aaron*, 'till which time the High-Priesthood had continued in *Eleazar*, the elder Brother's Race. This was the Succession, *Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, *Abisua*, *Bukki*, *Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger House came in. In which it continu'd 'till *Solomon's* time.

12. The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magistrates*, as in the famous Prophecy, *Gen.* 49. 10. *The Scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his Feet, 'till Shilo come.*

13. There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more several Opinions than the time of *Saul's* and *Samuel's* Reign. This I will take in the first place for granted, that the forty Years assigned by *St. Paul* (*Acts* 13. 20.) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuel's* *Judicature*; for else there would be found more than 480 Years from the Departure out of *Egypt* to the building of *Solomon's Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young Man when he was elected; besides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is said to slay *Goliath*. We are therefore to seek how to divide

those forty Years between *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Josephus* gives *Saul* thirty eight Years, eighteen with *Samuel*, and twenty after his Death. Most *Chronologers* (says *Sulpit. Severus*) thirty. *Ruffin.* and divers others twenty, to wit, eighteen with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Cariath-jearim* before *Saul's* Reign, and at the end of twenty Years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jerusalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* eighteen Years, *Calvisius* fifteen, *Petavius* twelve, some eleven, *Bueolcer* ten. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two Years, and these considerable Authors, as *Arias Montan.* *Mercator.* *Adricom* &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 *Sam.* 13. 1. *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cum regnare coepisset, & duobus annis regnavit super Israel;* which others understand to be three Years, to wit, two after the first. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spatio tenuit imperium;* which Opinion seems to me extremely improbable. 1. Because we cannot well crowd all *Saul's* Actions into so small a time. 2. Because *David* must then have been about twenty nine Years old when he slew *Goliath*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at thirty. 3. Because it is hard, if that be true, to make up the twenty Years that the Ark abode at *Cariath-jearim*. 4. The Text whereon this is built, doth not import it; for it signifies no more, than that he had reigned one Year before his Confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he chose himself Guards. Our Translation hath, *Saul reigned one Year; and when he had reigned two Years over Israel, he chose him 3000 Men,* &c. To determine punctually how long he reigned, is impossible; but I should guess about ten Years, which his Actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above twenty Years old (a fit Age) when he defeated the *Giant*, and the twenty Years of the Ark's abiding at *Cariath-jearim* will be handsomely made up, to wit, three Years before *Saul's* anointing, and ten during his Government, and seven whilst *David* was King at *Hebron*. So that of the forty assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain thirty Years for the Government of *Samuel*.

14. For first, the *Israelites* knew they were to be govern'd at last by *Kings*. And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great Disorders and Afflictions which they suffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this Remedy; for they would have chosen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually chuse *Abimelech*.

15. See *Moses's* his Prophecy of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham* God himself says, *Gen.* 17. 6. *And Kings shall come out of thee.*

16. It is a vile Opinion of those Men, and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *Right* of King is set down by *Samuel* in this Place. Neither did the People of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the Assumption of such a Power, as appears by the Story of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a Proof of the *Right*, than their *Practice* was of the *Lawfulness* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his *Sister*, he advised with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it; who answered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Persia* to do what he would. If this had been the case of the *Kings* of *Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoin'd so strictly the perpetual reading,

perusing,

perusing, and observing of the Law (*Deut. 17.*) if they had another particular Law that exempted them from being bound to it?

17. The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such Reverence among the *Jews*, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκράνιστον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*; the Reason of the peculiar Sanctity of this Name, is, because other Names of God were applicable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this Name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Fai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore God says, *Exod. 3. 16. This is my Name for ever, and this is my Memorial to all Generations.* And *Exod. 6. 3. But by my Name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* Josephus calls this *Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ ἱερά γράμματα, the *sacred Letters*; and, Πρὸς ἡμᾶς οὐκ ἔστιν ἔμεναι λέγειν τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, A Name of which it is not lawful for me to speak; and again, Τὸ φοβερὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The *Dreadful Name of God.* Stat.

Triplicis mundi summum, quem scire nefastum est.

Whose Name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* used him and his Fellow-Ambassadors from the *Jews*. You (said *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge me to be one, who am received for such by all the rest of the World: But by the God that you dare not name (τὸ ἀνεκράνιστον ὑμῶν) and then lifting up his Hands to Heav'n, he spoke out the Word, which it is not lawful so much as to hear, &c. And the *Heathens* had something like this Custom; for the *Romans* kept secret the Name of the *Tutelar God of their City*; lest the *Enemies*, if they knew how to call him right, might by Charms draw him away. And in their solemn Evocation of *Gods* from the Cities which they besieged, for fear lest they should mistake the *Deity's proper Name*, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

18. The *Tabernacle*, *Exod. 39. 9. And thou shalt take the anointing Oil, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein; and shalt hallow it, and the Vessels therein; and it shall be holy.*

19. The *Bells* upon the *High-Priests Garments*, *Exod. 38. 25.*

20. There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was *High-Priest* as well as *Judge*; as St. *Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Ahitob*. But there is a manifest Error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, but only a *Levite*; of the Race of *Isahar*, the younger Brother of *Amram* from whom *Aaron* came, and all the Succession of *Priests*, 1 *Chron. 6.* It will be therefore ask'd, Why I make him here perform the Office of the *High-Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits*? For the first, it is plain by the Story that he did often do the Duty of the *High-Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *Function*; nay, I believe the *Function* could not be well exercised without the *Habit*. I say therefore with *Petavius*, L. 10. de *Doctr. Tempor.* That he was constituted of God, *High-Priest Extraordinary*, and look'd upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible Marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophecy*, and

Miracles, without which singular Testimonies from God we know that in latter Times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Priests Office*, as *Annas and Caiphas*.

21. *Well-cut Diadem*: i. The Plate of pure Gold ty'd upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holiness to the Lord*, Exod. 28. 36. and Exod. 39.

22. This *Breast-Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, τὸ λογιεῖον ἢ κείσεων, The *Oracle of Judgments*: Because whensoever the *High-Priest* consulted God, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the Stones in it, see Exod. 28. 15. These *Stones* so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Ithummim* mention'd Verse 30. the *Doctrina & Veritas*, as the *Latin*; the φωτισμοὶ ἢ τελεωσῆς, *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθεια ἢ δῆλωσις, *Truth and Demonstration*, as the *Septuagint*: All which signifie no more than *Truth* and *Manifestation*, or, the *Manifestation of Truth by those stones*; which some say, was by the shining of those particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up some *Words* or *Word* to answer the *Question* propounded. Others, that when the *Stones* shone very brightly, it imply'd an *Affirmative* to the *Question*; and when they look'd dimly and cloudily, a *Negative*. But when the *Demands* required a prolix or various Answer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High-Priest's* Understanding, making him speak as *God's Organ* or *Oracle* (as the *Devil* is believed to have inspired *Sybil*s and *Pythian Priests*) or by an audible Voice from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latter way I take here, as most proper for *Poetry*.

23. The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 Sam. 19. 2 Sam. 22. 7. Psal. 18. 3. *Josephus* terms it ναὸν μετασφραγισμένον, A *Moveable Temple*—The *Temple's bright third Heav'n*—The *Tabernacle* being *God's Seat* upon *Earth*; was made to *Figure* out the *Heav'ns*, which is more properly his *Habitation*; and was therefore divided into three *Parts*, to signifie the same *Division* of the *Heav'ns* in *Scripture Phrase*. The first was the *Court* of the *Tabernacle*, where the *Sacrifices* were slain and consumed by *Fire*, to represent the whole *Space* from the *Earth* up to the *Moon* (which is called very frequently *Heav'n* in the *Bible*) where all things are subject to *Corruption*. The second was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein stood the *Altar of Incense*, to represent all that *Space* above which is possess'd by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holiest Place*, to represent the third *Heav'n* (spoken of by *St. Paul*) which is the *Dwelling-Place* of *God*, and his *Cherubins* or *Angels*. Neither did the *Colours* of the *Curtains* allude to any thing but this *Similitude* betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heav'n*.

24. In all *Times* and in all *Countries* it hath been counted a certain *Sign* of the *Displeasure* of the *Deity* to whom they sacrific'd, if the *Fire* upon the *Altar* burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca in Thyest.*

*Et ipse fumus tristis ac nebula gravis
Non rectus exit, seq; in excelsum levans
Ipsos Penates nube deformi obsidet.*

And a little after,

Vix lucet ignis, &c.

25. According to the old senseless Opinion, that the Heav'ns were divided into several *Orbs* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was assign'd to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horse*, as *Scaliger* says) to all Eternity.

26. How came it to pass that *Samuel* would make a solemn Sacrifice in a Place where the *Tabernacle* was not, which is forbid? *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* answers, first, That by reason of the several Removes of the *Tabernacle* in those Times, Men were allowed to sacrifice in several Places. Secondly, That the Authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not said in the Text, that it was *Samuel's Birth-Day*; but that is an innocent Addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuel's* usual Residence.

27. A choice Part of the Meat (for we hear nothing of several Courses) namely, the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* observes) for the *Right* belonged to the *Priest*. *Levit.* 7. 32. This *Josephus* terms *μερίδα βασιλικήν*, The *Princely Portion*. The Men over subtle in *Allusions*, think this Part was chosen to signify the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his Shoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo* says that *Joseph* sent a Part of the *Breast* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *heartly Affection*. These are pitiful little things, but the Ancients did not despise sometimes as odd *Allusions*.

In old time, even at Feasts, Men did not eat of Dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart; which *Plut.* calls *ὀμνηεὶα δ᾽εῖπνα*, and *ὀμνηεὶαδ᾽ αἰτάς*, *Homeric Feasts*; because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, with whom the better Men had always the most Commons. *Ajax*, *ἄποισι δινυκτέσει γεγαίσει*, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetui tergem bovis*. And *Diomedes* hath both more Meat and more Cups of Drink set before him; of which see *Athen.* l. 1. c. 11. who says likewise, that *Δαῖς*, a Feast, comes a *Δατέδω*, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it so often, *Δαῖτα ἕϊόνν*.

28. See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oil* mix'd with other *Liquor*, still gets uppermost, is perhaps one of the chiefest *Significancies* in the *Ceremony* of anointing *Kings* and *Priests*.

29. The *Kingly Day*. The Day for Election of a *King*, which causes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological Accounts*. As before they were wont to reckon, from the *Going out of Egypt*, or from the *Beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, from the *Entrance of their Kings*. Almost all great Changes in the World are used as *Marks* for Separation of Times.

30. In many Countries it was the Custom to chuse their *Kings* for the Comeliness and Majesty of their *Persons*; as *Aristotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was chosen *Emperor* by the *Roman Soldiers* at first Sight of him, for his extraordinary Beauty. *Eurip.* says finely, *Ἔϊδ' αἰῶν τυραννίδ' αἰῶν*, a Countenance that deserved a Kingdom.

31. *Aristotle* says, l. 6. *Pol.* That it was a popular Institution to chuse *Governors* by *Lots*. But *Lots* left purely in the Hand of *Fortune* would be sure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings*. Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be suppos'd would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who used this Custom did it with reliance upon the Care of their Gods. *Priests* were likewise so chosen.

Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos.

32. This *Seneca* in *Th.* says, was the Case of *Ithaca*.

*Et putat mergi sua posse pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.*

33. *Faboc*, a River, or Torrent, in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon*.

34. *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Desert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy*.

35. For some conceive that the Reason of this extravagant Demand of *Nabas*, was to disable them from shooting.

36. It was *Themistius* his Saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own Dwelling-Place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the *Womb* to any thing so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the *Seed*; this was *Aristotle's* Opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex*, The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer*. And though we have no Authorities of this Nature beyond the *Gracian* time; yet it is to be suppos'd, that wise Men in and before *David's* Days had the same kind of Opinions and Discourses in all Points of *Philosophy*.

37. In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were open'd and Air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we may well enough believe (or at least say so in Verse) that it came from the *Eastern Parts*, where there was so infinite Expence and Curiosity bestow'd upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Nabas* was slain in this Battel, I have *Josephus* his Authority; that *Fonathan* slew him, is a *Stroke* of *Poetry*.

38. In Emulation of the *Virgilian* Verse,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

39. The Text says, *thirty thousand Chariots*; which is too many for six thousand *Horse*. I have not the Confidence to say *thirty thousand* in Verse. *Grotius* believes it should be read three thousand. Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the Reverence we owe to *Scripture*.

40. I confess I incline to believe, that it was not so much *Saul's* Invasion of the *Priestly* Office, by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some Cases (and the Case here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his *Disobedience* to God's Command by *Samuel*, that he should stay *seven Days*, which was the Sin so severely punish'd in him. Yet I follow here the more common Opinion, as more proper for my purpose.

41. 1 Sam. 13. 10, 27. So it came to pass in the Day of Battel, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the Hands of any of the People that were with *Saul* and *Fonathan*; but with *Saul* and *Fonathan* his Son there were found, &c. And before, There was no smith throughout the Land of *Israel*. But for all that, it is not to be imagin'd, that all the People could be without Arms, after their late great Victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*; but that these six hundred by God's Appointment were unarmed, for the greater Manifestation of his Glory in the Defeat of the Enemy, by so small and so ill-provided a Party; as in the Story of *Gideon*, God so disposed

posed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thousand lapp'd the Water out of their Hands, because (says he) the People are yet too many.

42. At first Men had no other Weapons but their Hands, &c.

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentésq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs,

Scipitibus duris agitur sudibúsq; præustis.

And at last Iron,

Tum Ferri rigor, &c.

Tum varia venere artes, &c.

Hic torre armatus adusto,

Scipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuiq; repertum

Rimanti, telum ira facit.

43. The *Mediterranean*, upon the Coast of which the whole Country of the *Philistines* lyes, and contains but very few Miles in Breadth.

44. Hom. 6. Odyss.

Τὸν μὲρ Ἀθηναίῃ θῆκεν Διὸς ἐκτεγαῖα
Μείζονα τ' εἰσιδέειν ἢ πάσσονα, κἀδδὲ κἀρηΐθ
Ἵουλας ἦκε κόμας ὑάκινθίνω ἀνδρὶ ὁμοίως.

Virg.

Lumenq; juventa

Purpureum, & latos oculis afflârat honores.

45. Hom. 5. Il.

Ἵὺνε γδ ἀμπεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθει ἰοικᾶς
Χειμάρρα, ὅς τ' ἄκα ρέων ἐνέδωκε γεφύρας.
Τὸν δ' ἔτ' ἀρετι γεφύραι ἐερωμένα ἰχανύσασιν
Ἵουτ' ἄρα ἔρκεα ἰχθ' ἀλωάων ἐειδήλων
Ἐλθόντ' ἔξαπίνης ὄτ' ἐπβείσῃ διὸς ὄμβρεθ,
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτῆ ἔρσα κατήειπε καλ' αἰζήνων.

And in the 13th *Il.* there is an excellent Comparison of *Heβor* to a River, and the like too in the 11th, so that it seems he pleased himself much with the Similitude. And *Virgil* too lik'd it very well,

*Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus annis
Exit, &c.*

And in several other Places.

46. 1 Sam. 6. 4. Five golden Emeralds, and five golden Mice, according to the Number of the Lords of the *Philistines*.

47. His Blood. *Moses* says often, that the Soul is in the Blood, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that Reason for the Precept not to eat Blood. *Virg.*

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

48. See the *Cyclops* making of Thunder in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49. Brute. That signified nothing. So Thunders from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognostications, were called *Brute Thunders*; from *Brute Beasts*, whose Sounds are inarticulate.

DAVIDEIDOS.

Liber Primus.

Bella cano, fatique vices, *Regémq;* potentem
 Mutato qui *Sceptra pedo Solymæia* gessit
Rex olim & Vates; duo maxima munera
cæli.

Multa priùs tulit immotâ discrimina mente
 Et *Sauli & Satanae* furiis imbellibus actus.
 Multa quoque & regno; tam longa exercuit irâ
Victorem Fortuna suum; nec *pulsa* quievit.
 Ast illam *Virtus* tandem indefessa domavit
 Et populos latè fudit, gentésque rebelles
 Nequicquam numeris & magno milite sævas;
 Hi *Bello*, hic ipso *Bellorum Numine* fretus!

At Tu, *Jessai* qui sanguinis *Author & Heres*,
Bethlemia intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,
 Qui *Ligno, Clavis, Hastâ, omnipotentibus* armis,
 Ipsam (sic visum est) potuisti *occidere Mortem*,

Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*,
Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre
Æternùm amissos divinæ *Lucis* honores:
Qui nunc ipse fedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,
Ad dextram *Patris*, & *gaudentia Sydera* calcas,
Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito suffusa rubore
Spina ferox, carus de quâ cruor undique fluxit,
Ut pretiosa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*)
Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus fidere flammæ:
Tu, precor ô, sanctum dimitte in corda furorem,
Da mihi *Jessiden*, *Jessidæ* carmine magno,
Et cantu celebrare pari; tua *Flamma Ministra*,
Isacidum longis ductrix erroribus olim,
Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite gressus,
Producâtque sacræ non trita per avia *famæ*.
En sanctos manibus puris ut fumeret *Ignes*
Vestalem se *Musa* facit; benè libera curis
Libera deliciisque jocisque & amore profano
Consecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.
Ecce opus hoc solidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis*,
Templum ingens statuo, varium & multâ arte politum.
Ingredere, ô *Numen*, quò te plaudentibus alis
Musa vocat, sanctos *Cheruborum* imitata recessus.
Si facias, cedent illi *Solomoniam* *Templa*,
Regis Idumæi cedent, fat tempore longo
Quæ finxère sibi coluère *Idola Camænæ*;
Sed tu me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocâsti,
Et novus insolito percussus lumine *Paulus*,

Prodeo *Musarum* immensos convertere *Mundos*,
 Et *Cælum* feris ignotum aperire *Poëtis*;
 Ut juvat, ô, purgare suis sacra flumina monstris!
 Ut vili purgare algâ, cænoque profundo,
 Et liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri*!

Jam pænè obductum est *Saulo* sub pectore vulnus;
 Integra *Jessidæ* per tot certamina virtus
 Lassatam magnis frangit successibus iram:
 Affuetis superare timet concurrere *Fatis*,
 Et *famam* tantæ sine viribus *invidet* illi
Invidiæ; vidit pressam sub pondere *palmam*,
 Et jam pæne suæ redeuntem in viscera terræ,
 Mox lætum cœlo caput ostentare propinquo,
 Ipso *onere elatum*, & sua brachia ferre sub auras.
 Vidit pacatis *Jordanem* currere lymphis,
 Dum fovet amplexu ripas, atque oscula libat;
 At siquis motos posito premit objice fluctus,
 Et notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras
 Ore tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice filvas,
 Tum sonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,
 Longus ponè ruit furiosæ *Exercitus* undæ.
 Cum pecorè ac natis montem petit inscius, amens
Pastor, & attonito *decrepescunt* arva Colono.

Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,
 Et vultum induitur placidum, similemque *Davidi*;
 Dat dextram, testémque *Deum*, amplexúsque pa-
 Nec violaturum se sensit pignora tanta; [ternos;
 Nequicquam; nam quid potuit, nescivit & ipse,

Ac *Dominos* intùs gestavit victus acerbos.
 Excipiunt plausu *Abramida* nova fœdera læti,
 Tanta in *Iessiden* pietas indigna ferentem
 Multa diù, & sævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni*.
 Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli
Sidera, sidereaq; animæ; dulcissima *Pacis*
 Nomina, *Jessidaque* illis; at turba *Barathri*
 Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* nostra *Tumultus*
 Progenerat, magnòsq; *quies* humana labores.

Subter ubi in *matris* secreta cubilia *Terræ*
 Descendit *solis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti*,
 Fatalisq; *Auri* videt incunabula flava;
 (*Auri*, quod superis simul ac caput extulit oris,
 Perstringit mundum, nec *vi*, nec *luce* minori)
 Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,
 Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus*.
 Subter ubi æternâ longè sub mole repòsti
Theauri ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum*,
 (*Oceanus Maris* ipsius, quo *Fluminis* instar
 Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas)
 Nulla ubi sopitos fluctus exuscitat aura,
 Nec *Domina* irritat placidos vis improba *Luna*.
 Est *locus* immensum in spatium, immensúmque pro-
 fundum

Porrectus, quem nox, genuinúsque obruit horror.
 Illum indefessum nullo objice meta coërcet,
 Nec *Loca* se minùs extendunt quam *Tempora pœna*.
 Non illum recreat dulcis tenuissima cœli

Rima, nec Eois scintilla excussa quadrigis
 Perstringit, *solida* sive valet terebrare tenebras.
 Non hic gemmatis stillantia fidera guttis
 Impugnant sævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis*,
Lucifer hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum,
 Inter *vincla minax*, inter *tormenta superbus*,
 Ipso, quem patitur, crudelior *Ignè Tyrannus*.
Dux quondam æthereæ præfulgentissimus aulæ,
 Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Hesperus* aureo
Militiam æternam *stellarúm*q; *agmina* ducit.
Fulmine sed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* instar
 Ipse ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem,
 Ut primum sensit medios absorptus in ignes.
 At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ
 (Ingens turba) cadunt; Aër crepat undiq; adustus,
 Et densâ *vi flammaram* prætextitur æther.
 Ex illo æternæ solamina tristia pœnæ,
 Æternæ focios mortales reddere pœnæ.
Torti & Carnifices! *Hominem* tentamine primo
 In se armant ipsum; magna & *cælo aqua* voluptas!
 Quos cauta & foelix virtus si evaserit hamos,
 Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,
 Et malè tentatis succedunt *Arma Venenis*.
 Hâc vi *Jessiden* (neq; enim corrumpere sperat)
 Oppugnat furvus barathri noctisq; *Tyrannus*,
 Exacuitq; animos *Sauli* invidiamq; potentem.
 Viderat egregio generosam in corpore formam,
 Virgineoq; maritatam cum flore virilem

Majestatem oris; miracula viderat alti
 Nobiliora animi, vastamq; in pectore mentem;
 Viderat augustâ perfusam aspergine frontem,
 Divinæq; novos spirantem lucis honores.
 Condideratq; alto sub corde *Oracula sacra*
 Imperium *Judæ* quæ concessere perenne,
 Venturûsq; *Shilo* stimulos subjecerat acres,
 Et nimium *vigiles Erebi* sufflaverat ignes.
 Scit miser incassum tantis se opponere rebus,
 Nec validam fati perrumpere posse catenam,
 Vincula sed morfu tentat, dentésq; fatigat,
 Et *vinci certus*, gaudet tamen esse *rebellis*.
 Seb jam conversa in melius violentia *Sauli*,
 Consiliûmq; dolósq; & spes turbavit inanes.
 Nam multum *Saulo*, quem longo noverat usu
 Fidit, & erubuit *falli fraudum* ipse *Magister*.

Quid faciat? quo se rerum hoc in cardine verset?
 Ferrati frendet ter concusso ordine dentis,
 Ter quatit iratæ rugosa volumina frontis,
 Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóq; cruento
 Commixtum ardenti jaculatur sanguine lumen.
 Ferrea lux terret *noctem*, *Manésq;* perustos
 Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis*.
 Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergò possumus? inquit,
 Me, me *ipsum* infœlix *puer*, & mea regna triumpho
 Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh!) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Cerastæ*?
 Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *nostro*

Quod

Quod timeat *Deus*, & quod vel stupeam *Ipse*, paratis:
 Quæ nova *Formido*, aut peior formidine *Virtus*
 Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortissima corda!
 Perdidi ob hoc *Cælum*?

Pectora tum longæ percellit verberare caudæ,
 Iratus tantæ quod non suffecerit Iræ.

Deinde fedet, vultúq; horrendum cætera profert.
 Stant *Furia* juxtà, & se lumine circumspectant,
 Dum latè loca vasta silent, *sævâq; quiete*
 Tristis nativi duplicata horroris imago est.

Ipsi flammantes infano sulphure rivi

Jam tacitis serpunt per littora conscia lymphis,
 Vincula nulla sonant, non Angues sibila mittunt,
 Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiscere *Sontes*.

Tandem prorepat diræ foedissima turbæ
Invidia; impexis crinem serpentibus atrum
 It crispata; cutis multum laxata pependit,
 Offâq; liquit iners, ossa aspera longo luctu.
 Dipfas (monstrum atrox) latitat sub pectore anhelò,
 Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum infaturata *cruorem*,
 Et ne tam crebro fontem consumeret haustu,
 Nocte diéque suo compensat damna *veneno*.

Sanguine deformatam hominum, tabóque fluentem
 Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum*.
 Immanem lævâ crateræ sustinet orbem,
 Spumantem felle atque absynthia tetra vomentem,
 Quo bibit assiduè, & sese ebria facta flagellat.

Hoc jam torva modo, se pro medio agmine sistit

Invidia

Invidia; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto
Invidia! ô nunquam, nisi cum *se punit*, amanda!

Summe *Pater*, clamat stygii *Barathri*, & mihi *Nu-*
 Se puer imbellis nostros meruisse timores [men,
 Jactabit, magnóque *Erebum* miscere tumultu,
 His *Colubris*, *Méque* & *Te*, nostro *Principe*, salvis?
 Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
 Et legum errabit *Naturá* oblita suarum,
 Te minitante dabunt rapidæ responsa procellæ,
 Et timidum horrendo resonabit fulmine cœlum.
 Tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contrahet ignes,
 Exiliétque, diémque abducet limite noto.
 Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, supera ardua tangens,
 Vicinásque *undas Flammarum* elementa paveſcent,
 Ipse *Polus* fixam sedem & loca jussa relinquet
Sphærarúmque hilarum cessabit lubricus orbis,
 Diffugient nitidi húc illúc *picta agmina* cœli,
 Ipse etiam *Deus* illorum.

Námque olim *timuit* certè cum sumpsimus arma,
 Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victra triumphum*!
 O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria nostri!

O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
 Ipse licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat
 Et pejora istis, possint si talia fingi.

His par concurret *pastor* rudis & *puer* armis?
 Quid possunt tortæ stridentia verbera fundæ?
 Quem torvus longâque fame stimulatus & irâ
 Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliab*,

Hunc mea vox perdet sola, & sub tartara mittet
 Multa priùs passum, & nequicquam *Numine* fìsum.
 Quod si *Jessiden* tantâ pietate foveret
 (Sed satis est longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,
 Quanto nos odio premimus, quantóque furore
 Ante bis exactos superis ex ordine soles,
 Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipsa, & vos cari, fidissima turba, *Colubri*.
 Me suadente nefas, fraterno sanguine *fecit*
Cainus, & ætatum dedit *Omina læta* sequentum.
 Vidi toto ingens connixum corpora saxum
 Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* sepulti.
 Quis potuit risus (equidem risi ipsa) tenere
 Cum sua sic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus*?
 Post eadem à tergo spirans furiale venenum,
 Divisum pepuli ad marmor *Pharaona* superbum,
 Currúsque, clypeósque virùm, ardentésque caballos;
 Me gelidam mortem suadente, & *frigida fata*
 Hauferunt, avidi pestis. mentem ipsa manúmque
Dathano armavi, cum tela rebellia sumpsit,
 Cum *Magicum* (cujus nomen detestor & *Ipsum*)
 Deseruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
 Hùc (vidistis enim) cava per penetralia longè
 Desiluit, vasto terrarum exhaustus hiatu,
 Próque *Rogo*, nostros descendit *vivus in Ignes*.
 Me suadente, moras quid cesso abrumpere inanes?
 Quid *nova* non agito, dum *gesta antiqua* recordor?
 Jam tibi, *Jessides* (viden'?) hic tibi *sibilat anguis!*

Nil

Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipse juvabit
 Cui frustrà infervis, *Deus*; ô, si, te juvet, orbis
 Latè omnis longâ compositus pace fenescat,
 Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum nascantur *iniqua*.
 Ipsa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
 Contempta evadam in terris, miserandâque *Virtus*.

Dixerat, at simul ora premunt, & lumina versant,
 Mox fremitus currunt obscurâque murmura circum,
Gaudentúmque & mirantúm; nihil illa movetur,
 Sed fremit, & tantas *sibi laudes invidet ipsi*.
 Exilit ardenti folio *Rex Ditis* acerbi
 Amplexúsque petit; subito cùm mota furore
 Ter submissa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.
 Murmura dant *Furiæ*, dant sibila læta *Colubri*.

Nox erat, humanos & vasta silentia sensus
 Spargebântque *brevi Lethe*, plumbóque ligabant.
 Ipsum etiam regni molem sub corde ferentem,
 Janctantémque graves curas sopor altus habebat
Cissiden, sopor *Invidiam* sed nullus habebat.
 Illa par *Isacidùm* magnas it sævior urbes,
 Utque videt structas ingenti marmore tures,
 Atque ebur, & fulvi discrimina clara metalli,
 Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*
 Hæc ego tecta dabo, & *solâ lucentia flammâ*.
 Substitit in cursu medio, ac sua fræna remisit
 Pallida *Luna*, novis sudavit floribus *Hermon*
Roribus, ipse *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
Jordanes latebram in ripâ quæsit utraq;

Territus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
 Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiscit,
 Ipsâque fundamenta tremunt, tremunt excita tellus;
 Hic veneranda senis sese convertit in ora
Benjamini, oculosque graves, vultumque severum,
 Brachiâque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra
 Assimilat, pendetque ingens pro pectore barba;
 Qualis ubi steterat super atria celsa palati,
 (Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus,
 Ad portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis*:
 Hâc adstans *Saulo* notæ sub imagine formæ,
 Formæ verba sacræ non *respondentia* fundit.

Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; sic nempe sepul-
Omen alis fati? Somnus tibi ferreus instat, [tus
 Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
 Si nondum tua sceptrâ gerit *Pastorculus* ille. [lum.
 Nondum? unquamne geret? vigila, & *totum indue Sau-*
 Nec tu, magna *Deus*, justî si qua est tibi cura,
 (Quod dubito, meliùsq; irent mortalia vellem)
 Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mibi* patiaris iniustum,
Abramidisque tuis, sacræque in secula genti.
 O *Cananea famas!* quid non me absumpseris ante
 Quàm femur in genus exhausissem fertile tantum?
 Heu genus infelix nullâque in forte beatum,
 Donatum magno in *pœnam* atque *opprobria Sceptro!*
 Coctile quid fugistis opus, *Memphitica* iussa,
 Invito *Pharaone* truci, auspiciisque sinistris?
 Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipsum,
 Den-

Denfatumque vias nova per *divortia* duxit?
 Quin, si me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,
 Per nemorum errores, immanisque invia silvæ,
Argillam Ægypti, lateresque requirite vestros.
 Deducus hoc quanto minus est *Pastore Tyranno*?
 Tūne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo*?
 Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyre*? jam *sceptra* supersunt
 Sola tibi, titulique & regni *nomen* inane.
 Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
 Illum omnis *Judea* colit, Miministin' ovantem
 (Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri est, meminisse necesse est)
 Cum cantu dediisse domum, festisque choreis?
 Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; esto;
 Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
 Plusquam *Agmen Puer*? & vivit tamen ille, tuisque
Perfruitur damnis; illi tua regia servit,
 Quam non illa diū *Tua*? jam diadema capessit,
 Confenditque tuos thalamos, *Saulique* potentis
Jessidæ dabit *hæredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor*.
 Hoc struit, hoc sperat *Samuel*; talem tibi pestem
 Molitur, cum dicta *Dei* crudelia spargit
 Per populos passim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*
 Quæque optat, fingit; *Deus* est, *Deus* illa minatus?
 Sic te tractâsset *Rex Divûm Hominûmque Baâlus*?
 Aut tam averfa *suis Astarte* magna fuisset?
 Quid queritur? facram te vi rapuisse coronam?
 At magnæ processerunt justo ordine *sortes*;
 Nève aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipse* jubere;

Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deove* fatebor
 Quàm meritis debere *tuis*. Quid tempore ab illo
 Ipse *Deus*, populusque dei tibi debeat, ulli
 Haud reor obscurum; tantâ tu laude coronam
 (O mi chare *nepos*, ô magnæ maxime gentis)
 Divinum tanto cumulâsti *munere munus*,
 Nequicquam; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis?
 Te *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & omnia vorfant,
 Contrâ Te *sanguis tuus*, & *Natura* rebellat,
 Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,
 (O furor, ô scelus infandum!) *Sceptroq; Patriq;*
 Cui causæ indormis? quæ *Manes* fuscitat *ipsos*;
 Fixa *sepulchrorum* atq; *oculorum* claustra resignat;
 Nec *cineres* puer ille finit dormire *sepultos*,
 Sed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis*:
 Quid facis? aut talem quid non interficis hostem,
 Qui turbat *vitamq; tuam mortemque tuorum*?
 Aude, age, nil illo restat tibi triste remoto,
 Solus hic objectus (seu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra
 Aufa laboranti quæ *solem* avertere *Lunæ*)
 Ad te ventura & tibi debita munera cœli
 Occupat, ac sacri radios *intercipit* ignis;
Defectum post hunc superant tibi *candida fata*,
 Formosique dies, & vitæ lucidus ordo.
 Natales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regaliâq; astra*,
 Conscriptamq; notis *Fortunam* vidimus aureis.
 Nondum, ô, nondumne ardescit tibi pectus honesto
 (Ardescit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore?

Magnum aliquid pariat. Memor esto *Tuiq;* *Meiq;*
Jamq; vale, feror ad cœlum sedesq; tuorum,
 Et luce, & nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.

Dixit, & ora viri flatu percussit iniquo;
 Intrat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas;
 Olli vanescit dubii nubecula somni,
 Hùc illùc fert circum oculos; tremit inde repente
 Dum simulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,
 Quæ confuta malè in vacuo timor aëre pingit.
 Stant crines, sudor perfundit frigidus artus,
 Et toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.
 Jam pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens
 Incipit; Et verum est; oravit vera, fuïque
Israëlitis adhuc; pietas me stulta fefellit,
 Me *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & omnia vorfant.
Sacrilega, heu, facta est *patientia* nostra, sepultos
 Heu *violat cineres*, tumultósq; recludit avitos.
Octingentorum minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda
 Annorum, quam quo torpet mea *Vita veterno*.
 Indigno, tu sancte *parens*, ignosce *Nepoti*,
 Quem propter placidas voluisti relinquere sedes,
 Mortalésq; ægros, miserúmque revisere mundum.
 Sancte *parens*, tua justa libens mandata capessam,
 Et *te* vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* nosces.
 Nec frustra hunc tantum capies, *Magna Umbra*, laborem.
 Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,
 Non *Deus* eripiet.
 Intereà in placidas, Tu *Dive*, relabere sedes,

Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem
 Sub terras, ubi *Jessiden* mox affore tristem
Lætus, & effusô pallentem sanguine cernes.
 Post lucem hanc nostros iterùm si lædat ocellos,
 A Te, magne *Pater*, perrumpere discat oportet
Naturæ Leges, & *ferrea clustra sepulchri*.

His dictis nutrit flammam, stimulatque furores.
Jessides securus abest; illum *Sopor* udus
 Non jam rore levi, sed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,
 Dormiat, & *solidum* accipiat per membra soporem,
 Qualem animus castus, qualem mens integra donat,
 Quis metus est, *vigilante Deo*, *domire Davidem*?

Palantes nubes suprâ implicitôsque labores
Ætheris, atque *volumen inextricabile Cœli*,
Gaudia sphærarum suprâ & modulamina certa,
 Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne
 Exiguus splendet *Gemmis*, *numerûmque* requirit,
 Est *Locus* immensâ qui *exhaustus* luce fatiscit;
 Hîc Polus excurrit longè, & *se ponè relinquit*,
 Nec *proprias* lassus valet ipse attingere *Metas*.
 Igne *tumet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,
Gloria nec tanto in spatio *immoderata* tenetur.
 Non hîc *obscuri* tremebunda *crepuscula Solis*
 Nativum jubar inficiunt, *castûmque Serenum*.
 Non hîc *Luna* suis *vestitur* pallida furtis,
 Nec face languenti spargit per inane *Tenebras*.
 Non hîc præcipiti *Tempus* super orbe rotatur,
 Nec vaga partitur repetitis *Secula* gyris

Vertigo;

Vertigo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam;
Sed constans, immotúmque; æternúmque; *sedet Nunc*.

Hæc domus, hoc magni sanctum penetrale *Tonantis*;

Hîc *Labor* augusti, dulcis *Labor Infiniti*,

Occupat atque; *implet* Cœlum, sed limite cœli

Contentus nullo, Solus se *continet* Ipse.

Quondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia* dixit;

Ille simul dixit, parent simul omnia *Verbo*,

Nam *Verbum* fuit *Ipse* suum. *Turgescere* cœpit

Fœcundum Nihil, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.

Quis vos, O *Deus*, aut quis vestra palatia pandet

Tres une!

Hîc te perfrueris *toto*, atque; has maximus arces

Æternùm colis, intereà non deseris orbem

Quem fecisti olim nostrum, sed pondera vasta

Exagitas nutu informans *molémque; sequacem*.

Quod si vim tacitam auferres dextramque potentem,

Extemplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,

Ipse die rector fusis nullo ordine habenis

Retrò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti

Cum sonitu rueret, laxis discurrere *stellis*,

Et sine lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.

Ipsa etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet

In *Nihilum* properare suum; nam *Spiritus* aptum

Tornatúmque; *exercet* opus, seque; addit ubique;

Ni faciat, subito torperent cuncta, malóque;

Tota laborarent somno, æternóque; veterno.

Omnia *nobiscum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit, orsis

Non dedignatus focium se adjungere nostris.
 Strant circùm aurati, turma officiosa, *Ministri*,
 Atq; *Dei* jussa expectant, gaudéntq; juberi.
 Hînc *Domini* in vultu immenso sine fine bibentes
 Immortalem oculis lucem, fixo ore tenentur.
 Unum ex his nutu vocat ipse; silentia servat
 Regia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiscit.

! Ergóne tam subitò excidimus? (sic infit ab alto)
Sceptra videt, nec *Nos* simul? imperiòq; potitus
 Ignorat per quem steterat? créditone procellas
 Irrita per pontum rapuisse ferocia verba
 Injustasq; minas? *Surdine effecimus Aures?*
 Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule*,
 Atq; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.
 Quæ mala *Jessidæ* intentas meliora merenti,
 Cuncta tui in caput unius conversa ferentur.
 Diximus: an dictis nostris *Gens Terra* repugnet?
 Ah imbelle *lutum!* non hoc tua *Lingua* referret,
 Injusta in medio subsisteret iccta palato,
 Si tibi nota dies fieret, quo tu ipse jacebis
Gilboacos multo deformans sanguine campos,
 Ipse miser, *natiq; tui*, & capita illa superba
 Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame profanis,
 Stultorum jocus, & ludibria sæva *Deorum*.
 Dextera *Jessidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur
 Justa aderit vindex, & te, te occiderit ipsum,
 Quocum nunc iras atq; implacabile bellum
 Nequicquam geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,

Dilectoque nimis cinget diademate frontem,
Et quod tu *Solium* fecisti infame *piabit*.

Ergo age, *Jessidæ* infani fer dicta *Tyranni*;
Ipse nihil sed enim timeat, properantior ipsam
Arcessitus eat (nam *Rex* arcesset) ad aulam;
Non ullum metuet, benè si nos noverit, hostem,
Incolumem (dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam.

Sic ait, inflectit sese polus ipse decenter,
Nec non turba poli famulatrix; ocyùs omnes
Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina *Sphæræ*,
Angelicæq, simul renovant *sacra orgia Turmæ*.
At non, qui missus *Jessidæ* *Nuncius* ibat;
Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,
Nubila plus solito jam candescentia tranat,
Quâq; volat niveus signat vestigia limes.

Aligerum cœli sic vulnerat aera fulgur,
Plurima sic primæ currit *strictura* diei,
(Sic aut *tarda* magis) eum vixdùm *Sole relicto*
Ecce simul terram ferit, atq; refurgit in altum.

Vix ipsum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*
Percipit attonitum, & mensuram non habet ullam
Tam *curtam*, excelfo sic præpes ab æthere lapsus
Nuncius astabat *Jessidæ*, ac talia fatur.

Surge, bone, infanîq; exaudi dicta *Tyranni*
Aspera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit;
Ipse nihil sed enim timeas; properantior ipsam
Arcessitus eas (nam *Rex* arcesset) ad aulam.
Tutum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet.

Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina versat
 Nequicquam; nox undique & undique funditur aer.
 Spesque Metusque adsunt dubii, vicibusque recurfant.
 Quos vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec
 Albescunt primo montana cacumina Sole,
 Cum *Rex Jessiden* arcessit fævus, ut ægram
 (Incautum specie si fallere posset honestâ)
 Soletur fidibus mentem, curasque soporet.

Dic mihi, *Musa*, sacri quæ tanta potentia *Versus*?
 (Nam tibi *scire* datum, & *versu* memorare *potenti*,
 Cuncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere
 In regno, *Regina*, tuo) vim *Diva* reclusam
Carminis, & latè penetralia ditia pande,
 Thesaurósque, & opes, & inenarrabile *Sceptrum*.
 Quæ sprevere homines, tandèm ut mirentur an. éatque,
*Divis*que accedat reverentia *justa Poetis*.

Ut sacri primùm fœcundo in pectore *Vatis*
 Indigesta operis surgunt *Elementa* futuri,
Materies donec paulatim fumere *formas*
 Incipiat, jussóque incedant ordine verba,
 Ac benè dispositus leni fluat agmine versus:
 Talis erat *Natura* olim *nascentis Imago*,
 Sic magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poema*
 Prodiit, *artificis*que informis massa supremam
 Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.
 Indociles nondùm subierunt *fœdere Partes*
Fraterno commune jugum; bellúmque sine arte
 Gesserunt discurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.

Æterni *Ratio* quos tandèm *Musica* verbi
Discrevitq; locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*
Impofuit; *Numerósq;* pios, *facilémq;* tenorem
Elicuit; *Medios Aer* atque *Unda Sonores*
Consentiu referunt *muto*; *levis Ignis acutos*,
Terra graves, rapide *Lunam* diverberat ictu,
At lentam *Saturni* operoso pollice *Chordam*.
Sic *celerés Motus* cum *tardis* intertexti,
Jam festum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longiq;* *Brevesq;*
Exercent *Ludum*, & docto discrimine plaudunt,
Ut peccent magnæ vestigia nulla *Choreæ*.
Hæc est quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,
Ornatu cernendam alio sese exhibet *Auri*,
Dives opum, varióq; superba *Scientia* cultu.
Hæc habitat vatum liberis, hæc *carmine in isto*
Harmonia est; non *Cantoris*, non illa *Legentis*
Indiget, in charta multùm *facunda silenti*.
Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*,
Hæc *Parvi* toto se miscet corpore *Mundi*.
Totus Homo Harmonia est; omnes *Symmetria* census
Congerit hîc, omnis *Naturæ Archiva* tenentur.
Ipse *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & est *Deus ipse Choragus*.
Hinc in nos nata est *Numerorum* sancta potestas,
Nam simul ac portas humani corporis intrant
Inveniunt *Fratrésque*; suos, charósq; *Sodales*,
E pariles numeros, & respondentia metris
Metra suis; jungunt dextras, reddúntq; salutem.
Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóq; subactos,

Stant *Cives* intùs dilecti à partibus *Hòstis*,
 Et sese dedunt sine *Proditione violentes*.
 Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte
 Effusus *Sànguis* distantia vulnera quærit
 Ignotum per iter, quàmq; accipit ipse salutem
 Absenti gaudet *gratus* transmittere *Fonti*.
 Haud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*
Fraterno hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motu.
Illa suo, hæc *solo Naturæ vivida pulsu*.
 Sic *Lyra Jessidæ*, tum dulci callida furto,
 Ægra subintravit miseri præcordia *Regis*,
 Placavitq; æstus animi, sævósq; tumultus.

Psalmus 114.

CUM sacra sævis *Isacidum* manus
 Exitet oris, terribilem procul
 Audivit, aspexitq; gentem,
 Et refluxum trepidavit æquor.
 Ut qui sequentes antevolans fugâ
 Evasit hostes, stat procul arduo
 De monte respectans, & omnes
 Aure sonos bibit inquietâ.
 Erexit undas sic *Mare* turbidum,
 Ut signa vidit prætereuntia,
Fluctúsq; pendentes utrímq;
 Ut *Scopuli* steterunt acuti.
Chrystallini non *mænia lymvida*

*Mundi figurâ plus stabili manent,
Ex elaborato nitentûm*

Marmore consolidata aquarum.

Non audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi,
Fontem revisit mentis inops suum.

Nato latebrosos recessus

Fons aperit, gremiûmq; *viçto.*

Circùm tremiscunt culmina *Montium,*

Multûsq; *Collis Montibus* adfilit,

Ut matris abscondunt sub alis

Se teneri *trepidântq; Pulli.*

Gaudere visum fluctivagum *mare,*

Gaudere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit

Fugisse, post *Montes fugaces,*

Mobilibus pudor ullus *Undis.*

Nobis nocebit nil *fuga Montium,*

Verû nocebit nil *fuga Fluminis.*

I *Flumen,* î *formidolosum,*

Et pavidî procûl ite *Montes.*

Æquare summis ima valet *Deus.*

Discent in *altum plana* tumescere,

Vallesq; turgescant, feréntq;

Attonito capita alta cœlo.

Fontemq; Flumen si repetis tuum,

Fontem refundet dura *silix* novum;

Nec faxa cessabunt, nec ipsæ

Flumina suppeditare *rupes.*

Sic cecinit sanctus *Vates*, digitósq; volantes
 Innumeris per fila modis trepidantia movit,
 Intimáq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.
 Audivêre sonum, & victi cessêre furores.
 At non *Invidiæ Sauli* de pectore cessit
 Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihil ille salubrem,
Incantatoris nihil irrita carmina curat.
 Fiugit adhuc morbum, & spumas agit ore *Tyrannus*,
 Et verum falso scelus excusare furore
 (Heu nimiùm ingratus tantæ oblitúsq; salutis !)
 Sperat, adhuc miser, & nequicquam mente receptâ.
 Jamq; inopinatam sustollens fervidus *hastam*
 (Quam caram sibi pro *Sceptro* gestare solebat)
 Dentibus infrendens, oculísq; immane minatus,
 Pectora *Jessidæ* crudeli destinat ictu,
 Dulcia dum sacræ renovat medicamina vocis,
 Nil meritis metuensve mali, volat illa per auras,
 Stridens, oppositoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.
 Námq; polo lapsus *Miles cælestis* ab alto
 Detorsitq; manu, *justoq; errore* fefellit.

O cæcas hominum vires, frustráq; superbas!
 Arma sui dextram *Domini* mandatáq; fallunt,
 Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmúmq; impellat acumen.
 Vulneris ille tui jam *fælicissimus error*,
 Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deludêris in arvis!
 Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fatalia* sceptrâ
Jessides, manésq; tuos ea fama (sub imo
 Siquid res hominum merfos *Acheronte* movebunt)

Semper

Semper morte novâ & *fœcundo vulnere* rodet.
 Hinc *Deus* ipse tuas dedit illi evadere fauces
 Incolumen, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legentes
 Instaurare opus, & telam producere jussit.

Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapsus ab hoste
 Sentit adhuc; sed & arma sequi, sed & agmina credit
 A tergo; creditque hastam exaudire volantem.
 Nec frustra; tantos causa urget honesta timores,
 Ipsaque *Formido* illius *divina futuri* est.
 Nam superaccensa est fato violentia *Regis*,
 Et quæ *Jessiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*
 Vulnerat hæc ipsum; salvo jam nescit *honore*
 Exuere insanam mentem, nec judicat esse
Regis, inexpletum *crudumque* relinquere crimen.
 Ergo manum lectam juvenum quos ipse furentes
 Impulerat monitis, scelerumque incoxerat usu,
 Vi, ferro, jubet incantum superare *Davidem*,
 Errorumque suum successu abolere *nefasto*.
 Sic animo *Saulus*, contra *Deus* omnia volvit.

Interea *Michole Jessides* multa timenti,
 Multaque ploranti *curisque decentibus ægræ*,
 (Nanque oculis plus illa suis, plus lumine cœli
 Dilexit, non *ipsa* minùs dilecta, *Maritum*)
 Facta refert, & parva sui discrimina lethi.
 Forte super *Micholes* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*
 Æthereus mirâ florebat *pensilis* arte,
 Parvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus,
 Quamque dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis

Reddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stella* ;
 Lenti incedebant manibúsque oculisqué plicatis,
 Plurimaque alloquio lenibant tristia dulci. [túmeft)
 Cum *Michole* (visus nam plusquam *aquilinus* aman-
 Heu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,
Carnifices ; equitum video agmen, equósq; frementes
 Audio ; clarescunt mediis in frondibus arma,
 Sævaque per densam transmittunt fulgura silvam.
 Tolle gradum citus, & propera, fuge quolibet, inquit,
 Ne morere, O *Conjux* ; fuge dictis ocyus ; adfunt ;
 Quid nos, quid vinclo junxit pater ipse jugali,
 Voce vocans in sacra *Deum*, populúmque libentem ?
 Bis centum meruisse nihil præputia credit ?
 Ingratus ! Sudor, sanguis, bellique labores
 Dos tibi noster erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte
 Discurrit, vocisqué vicem pia lacryma servat.
 Mox iterúm ; Nihil efficiet ; per aperta fenestræ
 Hinc te demittam incolumen ; tu quâ via ceca,
 Arripe iter ; fuge mî *Conjux* ; non hæc tibi dico
 More meo, *invisa* est tua jam *præsentia* primúm.

Ille refert contra ; O cunctis præstantior una
 Conjugibus ! — *Michole* dicturum plurima molli
 Occupat amplexu, & raptim multa oscula turbat.
 Dum lacrymas *Luctus*, ac gaudia miscet *Amoris*.
 Parce, ait, incassum pretiosa effundere verba,
 Aspice quanta tuæ tristis *vicinia* mortis.
 Ergò alacer paret dictis ; hæc callida lecto
Jessidæ *Statuam*, mirâ factam arte reponit ;

Jamque

Jamq; manus juvenum sese in penetralia fundit
 Dedignata moram sceleris, jámq; ensibus ipsum
 Illum ipsum exposcunt, & verba haud mollia jactant.
 At *Michole* laudanda parat mendacia contrà,
 Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives mulieribus armis,
 Flet scindítq; comas, & luctifono ululatu
 Tecta replet; tum sic bene ficto pectore fatur.

Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere*, duri,
 Huic ipsam misero *mortem*, & *sua fata* negatis?
 Quæritis exitium *Jessidæ*? parcite *Vobis*;
 Nil opus est *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi
 Jamdúdum infervit Patri, & vos esse nocentes
 Non finit; ecce illum jamdudum *Lingua Oculiq;*
 Deficiunt; tantam frustra quid *perditis* iram?
 Non *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec vestros sentiet *Enses*.
 Si vos innocui sitis urget tanta cruoris;
 (Me miseram!) facite ut lubet, & fatiate furorem.
 Nec faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo
 Restabo infelix; Tum lumina jussa decoro
 Imbre madent, mirósq; oculis dolor afflat honores.
 O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Formæ*
 Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia discit
Credere jamprimùm & *miserescere*; linquere mœstam
Tristis & ipsa domum properat; Statua ipsa recumbit
 Fasciolísq; voluta caput, stratóq; Sepulta
 Purpureo, atq; refert *morientis mortua* vultum.
 Lugentes famuli circùm tacitíq; ministrant,
 Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ,

Triste ornamentum mensæ; dat & arte locata
 Horrorem obscurum non clara lucerna cubili;
 Scilicet ista *favent fraudi*; at supra omnia *Numen*,
 Suffudit spectantium oculos caligine *sacrâ*.

O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine, cessa
 Virtutem imbelli frustra tentare duello,
 O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculisq; tuorum!*

Saulus, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?
 Illum igitur, *bis quinque virum qui millia fudit*
 Illum, animam segni tandem deponere letho?
 Nimirum *Deus* hunc fertur defendere fontem;
 Sonve insonve fuat, defendat; sit precor illi
 Talis membrorum modus & concordia justa
 Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus, ante
 Quam *Scelus*, aut sceleris *Morbi* dignissima merces
 Robora fregissent subito nativa veneno;
 Nostrum immane odium est, totumq; explere *Davidem*
Integer haud poterit; quid se laudem addit in istam
Adjutrix Fortuna mihi? memorabile nil est
Partitâ in poenâ. Pereuntem extinguere lucem
 Quid juvat? exhaustæ quid *facem* emittere vitæ,
 Et pænè *attritum* feriendo abrumpere filum?
 Usq; adeone humilem mea vera & nobilis ira
 Se dabit? Ah melius! *solemnis victima* nobis
Fessidæ vita est, & non nisi *opima*, litabit.
 Nondum vindictæ maturus, *crescat* in iram
 Pinguescatq; meam; tunc ipse libidine quantâ
 Singultantem animâ multum luctanto videbo,

Pugnantémq; diù & *productâ* morte cadentem?
Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo feram
Cumtator?

Forfitan & pietas stulta & clementia segnis
Juratúsq; meo *Samuel* malus hostis honori,
Quæ mihi nunc fixa est, mutabunt deniq; mentem.
Adde quod & nostræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ
Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla est;
Hasta impunè erret, jam sæpè ferire licebit,
Et geminare ictus, totúmque haurire cruorem.
Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte necesse est;
At videam extremos trepidanti pectore sensus
Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere pascam.
Ergo agite húc, juvenes, *Jessiden* sistite nobis,
Expirantem animam licet, & suprema gementem.

Jam pulchræ apparent latè vestigia fraudis;
At *Michole* irati jussa incusare *Mariti*,
Crudelésq; minas, & vim prætere factò.
Saulus ut hæc; vix immodicâ se sustinet irâ,
Volventésq; premit luctanti pectore curas,
Amens, & rubris suffectus lumina flammis.
Sic olim *Hircanæ* metuenda *potentia silvæ*,
Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa
Addiderant, siquem Incautum procul ire juvenum
Aspicit, ille jubam quassat, dapibúsque futuris
Accingit sese lætus, tum cæca viarum
Speratam si fortè tegunt erroribus escam,
Deluduntq; famem, torquet flammantia circum

Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,
 Horrendúmque fremens filvas rimatur opertas;
 Nil opus est *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes,
 Speluncisq; feras timor *abdit* & *urget* in ipsis.
 Mœstus ubique horror, nemorúmque; silentia vasta,
 Non audet turbata rugitum imitarier *Eccho*.

In medio silvæ immensæ quæ proxima *Ramam*
Obtegit, *illustátq;* verendi nominis umbrâ,
 Inclita sanctorum sita sunt *Collegia Vatum*,
 Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magistris*,
 Ad sacros effusa pedes didicere silentes,
 Cordáque; cœlesti stiparunt cerea melle.
 Succrescunt palmo veluti radicibus alta
 Germina, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repasta,
 Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minores.
 Non tam *mole* suâ quam *fundatore* superbit
 Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor
 Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.
 Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicósq; & honestos
 Suffecit reditus, paupertatémque; *decoram*.
 Nec sese tantum *dextræ* tamen illa benignæ,
 Quam *Linguae* debere putat, quæ prodiga sacros
 Explicuit census, magniq; æraria cœli.
 Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctósq; *Prophetas*
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta
 Quod *docuère* alios, quàm quod *didicère* sub illo.
 Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;
 Nam non illa *Artis* fabricavit inepta libido,

Sed *Naturæ* usus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo*:

Intus quadratæ viridis stat porticus umbræ,

Et densæ *Solis* propellunt spicula *Laurus*,

Securæ cœli, rapidósque ad fulguris ictus

Impavidæ; in medióque argentea vena salubris

Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo

Marmoris, aut tristi plangentis vincla susurro,

Sed lætæ topho viridi, argutísque lapillis.

Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare

Apta fitim, aut *sacros* accedere *pauper* ad usus.

Hic sua cuique data est *cella*, & sua cuique *supellex*

(*Lautities veterum Sanctorum & copia dives*)

Sponda brevis, scamnum, necnon ex abiete eodem

Mensa tripes; portam clausissent plura volenti

Inferre; antiqui *pomaria* *justa* *Necessi*

Servantes, pulchréque *ausi* *contemnere* *Vana*. [dunt,

Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima red-

Sed forma, ac generi benè respondentia vitæ.

Impedit, atque *onerat* dominum *numerosa* *supellex*,

In *parvâ* congesta *domo*. Ponè altera surgit

Altior, atque usu cultúque augustior ædes.

Ad latus hîc lævum se pandunt *Aula*, *Scholeque*.

Bibliotheca tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga*, precantum

Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima fagina mensa

Ornamentum *Aulæ*; non invidiosa, nec impar

Pellibus instratis, quibus est circumdata, *Lectis*.

Accumbunt primi capitísque comæque verendæ

Doctores, *Socîi* in gremiis jacuère recepti

At *Juvenes* infra benè læti rebus egenis
 Graminibus super aggestis, ulvâq; palustri
 Decumbunt; *Lectos, Mensâsque Dapésque* ministrat
 Terra ferax, & *Sole Coquo* convivium gaudet.
Bibliotheca fuit paucis decorata libellis,
 Non onerata malis; nondum infatiata libido
 Scribendi (peffis jucunda) invaserat orbem,
 Nec *Medicina Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ
 In morbum fuerant *ipsæ* scabié.nque pudendam
 Conversæ, quæ nunc latè *contagia* serpunt.
 Scilicet hos importunos exclusit *Amantes*
Virgo Musa, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ
 Spectari pavida, & vultum velata modestum.
 Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,
 Garrula, vana, procax, *cultu mendica superbo*,
 Et *populo* compressa (nefas) parit horrida *Monstra*.
 Quis furor hic tanto frustrâ sudare labore
Desidiam, miseróque insanæ more *Sibyllæ*
 Scribere, quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis*?
 Diversas illic artésque modósque videres,
 Queis brevis atque fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*
 Exiit *aeriam*, & firmum sibi vindicat ævum.
Tesserulis quædam leviter commissa caducis,
 Ast alia in solido deposta fideliter *ære*,
Palmarum hæc foliis vano mandota labore
 Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum
 Hic longa arboreis scribuntur carmina *libris*,
 Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex;

Illic.

Illic *Pictoris* signata *elementa* videres,
 Hic *Textoris* acu, doctæque volumina vestis.
 Illic ceratâsque stilo perarante tabellas,
 Ast hic membranas tenues, biblônque palustrem,
 Tunc rudia, atque artis nova tentamenta futurae,
 Nec non & paries perfungitur ipse *Scholarum*
Munere librorum; totus describitur orbis,
 Æquoreæque viæ, sparsæque per æquora terræ,
 Ætheriæque Plagæ, palantésque æthere *Stellæ*.
 Adduntur *Sententiolæ*, monitúsque verendi,
Historiæque breves; pars clara & aperta legenti,
 At pars *Niliacis* animantium obscura *figuris*.
 Hic fociatorum *sacra Constellatio Vatum*
 (Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*
Luxuriæ suprâ, *Tempestatésque Laborum*)
 Disperfit latè radios, tenebrâsque fugavit,
 Doctrinæ effundens *Lucem Influxúmque* benignum.
 Astrorum *Nathanus* virésque viâsque latentes,
 Aureâque explicuit superi penetralia mundi,
Haud magico cœlis deducens Sydera versu;
Sol ut utrósque *polos* conversâ luce salutat
 Gaudentes; sequiturque volubilis *Annus* euntem.
 Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* supernè
 Procedit, quantâque coercita *lege* vagatur
 Ipse quidem *Vates*, sed enim nil debuit *Astris*;
 Contemnens *Rivos*, & *Fonte* repletus ab ipso
Materiam ingenti *Mahol* infectatur amore,
 Per gyros, per mæandros, per cæca viarum
Venator,

Venator, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem,
 Oráque vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.
 At solidas signare notas in *pulvere docto*
Gaddus, & *æternas* gaudet *turbare figuras*.
 Necnon & longe *Numeros* sine fine vagantes
 Producit *patiens Comes*; exuperabile nunquam
 Tentat adire jugum, *punctóque* ascendit ab *Uno*,
Pyramidem inverſam, & crescentem semper acervum.
 Defunctis victura fruit monumenta *Seraias*,
 Condit aromaticá prohibétque putrescere laude.
 Et quos præteriti vastum *Mare temporis* annos
 Absorpsit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.
 Quam celer *occafus*, tardúmque fit *incrementum*
 Imperiis; & quæ fabricat solertia *Fatum*
 Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus
 Explicat interpres; nec cæcos more ferarum
 Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atque scientes.
 Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,
Temporis ingreditur penetralia celsa futuri,]
Implumésque videt *nidis* cœlestibus *annos*.
 He reliquæque Artes hic excipiuntur amico
 Hospitio tantúm; poterat sed sancta *Poesis*
 Hoc nata atque educta loco, & regnare videri.
 Non magis assiduo resonat domus aurea cantu
 Angelici cœli; nullo non spirat ab ore
 Carmen; dulcisonúmque chorum moderantur *Asaphus*
Hemanúsque, ambo genio excellente *Poeta*,
 Voce pares liquidâ, digitisque *loquacibus* ambo.

Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrimâ luxu
 Splendebat (nam sunt illic *dispendia frugi*)
 Perstringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo,
 Spectantum; sed quos recreant aulæa vicissim
 Cœruleo, *sacrôq;* colore; illic prece forti
 Térq; die soliti *vim cælo inferre volenti*,
 Térq; die sanctum *Mosis* versare volumen,
 Térq; piis, totisq; *Deum* resonantibus *Hymnis*,
 Exercent lætam stadio *septemplice* vocem.
 Talis erat quondam, tam celso *Musa* volatu
 Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *superba decenter*;
 Carmen erat, *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ voce loquutus;
 Námq; priùs tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,
 Immenfúm; *Nihil*, *Vacuíq;* informis hiatus.
 Plenus ubiq; fui, propria ipse *Palatia* fedit
 Omnipotens, sese contentus & *Omnia solus*.
 Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapientia* totus,
 Totus *Amor*, voluit *gratis* producere cuncta;
 Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondùm *producta* gerebant
Artifici morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.
 Antè alia imperio citiùs sese extulit ingens
 Immane, indigestum *Aliquid*; sine lumine formæ,
 Et sine honore jacens; (*Monogramma Exordia mundi!*)
Festinasse illud scires, dum sancta capescit
 Jussa libens, rebúsq; aliis præcurrere gaudet.
 Hoc tamen in gremio, & *nil promittente* recessu,
 Ditia cunctarum glomerantur semina rerum.
 Emicat hinc subitò lucenti vortice *Flamma*,

Ascenditque *Polum*, & multo sese implicat orbe ;
Olli se jungit comitem & vestigia tentat
Fusus circum *Aer*; *Tellus* onerosa gravisque
Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere se dat
Merfa mari; sed mox densæ penetralia terræ
Vasta aperit *Pater*, & magnum descendere *Pontum*,
Voce jubet, penitusque cavis habitare latebris.
At timidi contra non audent hiscere fluctus,
Inque uterum terræ sine murmure delabuntur.
Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo,
Jamque nova arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,
Atque implet *Solem* exundans; hinc flumine vivo
Lucis inexhaustæ mundum se spargit in omnem
Magnum, quo facta est, *Numen* studiosa referre.
Inde rudem *Lunæ* massam, simpléxque polivit
Voce opus, & radios aurato *pectine* compsit.
Surge, ait, & mœstæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;
Surrexit, traxitque sacræ vaga *Syrmata* lucis.
Attollunt famulas hinc atque hinc *sidera* tædas,
Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, & comitantur euntem.
Turget humus fœcunda, & pubescentibus herbis
Miratur risumque suum, insolitósque colores.
Jamque iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,
Exultantque alacres passim formidine nullâ,
Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata est,
Nondum læthalis modulamina rupit arundo.
Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*
Securæ fraudum; *Numen* namque omnia laudant,

Fluctigavi *Pisces*, *mutum genus*; illius ipsi
 Munus erant, *Montésq;* maris, volventia *Cete*,
 Quiq; suas parvo superant vix corpore arenas.
 Inde feræ immiffæ filvis, cœlestia jussa;
 Quidnam ultrà potuit; *Cæli Terræq;* *catenam*,
 Ipsum *Hominem* potuit; quo miscuit omnia in uno:
 Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi*.
 Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris
 Carmen erat, *raræq;* *iræ*, fulménq; *coaetum*,
 Impia cum *sacras* damnassent crimina terras,
 Unda ruens victrix magno sonitúq; ruinâq;
 Omnia vasta dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum
 Implicuère hilares frustrà, *nova retia*, pisces.
Naufragium passa est *Natura*; os *Phœbus* ab alto
 Extulit, & solos percussit lumine fluctus.
 Non tamen hæc homines memori sub pectore condunt
 Infani, fervétq; iterùm furiosa libido;
 Cum subitò ardescunt nubes, incendia cœlo
 Tetra micant, totúsq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympus*.
 Mox *Sodomas* tabescentes, liquefactâq; tecta
 Corripuit rapidis flammanti sulphure nimbus,
 Senferunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem
 Qui nunc æternùm miseros post funera torret.
 Longè alia implicuit pestis *Pharaona* superbum.
 Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus
 Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne profundi
 Miratur, *Regúmq;* sedent in curribus aureis
Regum corporibus satiati; in gurgite toto

Apparent femesi artus, natat unda cruore,
 Nec *Mare* jam vano cenfetur nomine *Rubrum*.
 Plurimus ipfe etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,
 Cujus *iter* genti manfurum in sæcula nomen
Hebrææ dedit, & *Moses*, *Nunniq;* propago
 Bellipotens; quantósq; illi fregere Tyrannos,
Sihonem, membrísq; superbum ingentibus *Oggum*,
Zipporidemq; *Hohamúnq;* trucem, fortémq; *Debirum*,
 Quos dextrâ *Ifacidum* divina potentia stravit.

Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempore prendunt,
 Pacatísq; animis cælum *labuntur* in ipsum.
 Non illos aurum perstringit fulgure sacro
 Dulce malum, ignotum sæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen*.
 Cujus nunc ergo sudore ad tartara multo
 Heu non à miseris tantùm *effossoribus* itur.
 Quantum ô stultorum turbam superabat avaram
 Dives opum contemptus, & ingens *copia mentis!*
 Non illos *Bombyx* pretioso sedulus ornat
Funere, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuco,
Gloria, nunc animis æternóq; empta dolore,
 Aura illic visa est levis, & sine pondere nomen.
 Accipit ingenuum fessos durúmq; cubile,
 Quódq; benè extremi jubeat meminisse *sepulchri*.
 In medium facilis per silvam quæritur esca,
 Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut aera ventre,
 Nec crudo hesternas accusant pectore cœnas.
Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,
 Hæc bona *mundities* animi est; *rubigine* nullâ

Inficitur vitii, nitidum sic sordibus ævum
 Deterget miseris, puróque incedit amictu.
 Hinc Deus intrat agens sacro præcordia motu,
 Nec propriam cœli *præsentior* incolit ædem.
 Hinc alacres justo funguntur munere *Sensus*,
 Nec titubant, revocántve gradum, *Ratione* magistrá.
 Hinc simulacra animo depingit mystica *Somnus*
 Molliter in victos simul ac defluxit ocellos.
 Transilit admissio præsentia *Tempora* saltu,
Ætatúmque inter *silvas*, & amœna vireta
 Ambulat, atque *annos* jam nunc exire parantes,
Frænâque mordentes cernit; micat undique fati
Ordo ingens, valæque patent, longique recessus.
O fortunatos nimium, & bona qui sua norunt!
 O quàm præcelso despectant culmine mundum!
 Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum!*
 Hæc domus hospitio *Jessiden* læta recepit
 Solantem curas, & densa pericula cantu,
 At manus hùc jubenum (quò non penetraverit *ira*
Invidiæque oculus?) *Regisque suoque* furore
Sæva venit; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.
 Segnis erat qui non pestem *juraverat* amens
Jessidæ, membrúmque aliquod *promiserat* ensi.
 Sic *absens* totum partita est *Ira* cadaver.
 Jámque adsunt, subitóque afflantur corda sereno,
 Ignotum insinuat sese per pectora cœlum.
 Lascivit paulatim horror, vultúsque recedit
 Fulgur atrox; & jam pacato sidere vernat.

Venarum casto gaudentes flumine rivi,
 Lenè micant; signat, divinus tempora candor.
 Mira *dies* frontis, sacro quæ fusa pudore
Prima rubet; ponit belli cædisque cupido,
 Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt
Pacis opus; bis jamque alios, bis lusus eisdem
 Miserat exemplis, ipsum jam plena *Tyrannum*
 Ire lubet rabies læsamque ulciscier iram.
 Cum melior subitò furor implet mentem animúmque
 Pérque omnes sensus, pé que intima pertinet ossa.
 Tum chlamidem illusam gemmis, auróque rigentem
 Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.
 Ah puduit regni decus atque insignia ferre
 Turpe jugum vitii, & servilia jura ferentem;
 Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat; *lux una* beatæ
 Instar habet *vitæ*, & longum præponderat ævum.
 Miratur populus, dictúmque emanat ubique,
 Ipsum etiam vatum turbæ se adjungere *Saulum*.
Balamus sic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,
 Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem,
 Et pretio infælix *fatalia* venderet ora,
 Sic secum; at didicit tandèm (mirabile dictu)
 Ipso *Asino sapere*, ac *fari* meliora *magistro*.
 O magnum *Isacidum* decus! ô pulcherrima castra!
 O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos!
 Non sic herbarum vario subridet amictu,
 Planities pictæ vallis, montísve supini
 Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* versibus altus.

Non sic æstivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,
Frondeſque fruſtusque ferens, formoſa ſecundum
Flumina, mollis ubi viridiſque ſupernatat umbra.
Quid video? *mortem Iſacidum* ſuper arma ſedentem!
Læta ſedet, prædãque expectat avara futuram.
Plures *Iſacida* gladios, plura arma parate;
ſcilicet hæc crebro *Victoria conteret* uſu.
Cum *Leo* ſe attollit *Judæ*, torvũque tuetur,
Omnia diffugient preſſis animalia longè
Auribus; & medio ſi fortè recumbit in antro,
Murmura tum ponent ſilvæ, metuendãque *Tigris*
Prætereuns ipſo vel *dormitante* tremiſcet.
Quæ mala, quæ *Judæ* vel proſpera fata precatur,
Omnia in iplius caput ingeminata ferentur.

V E R S E S

Written on

Several Occasions

C H R I S T's P A S S I O N,

*Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Masters
of New-College in Oxford.*

I.

ENough, my Muse, of Earthly things,
And Inspirations but of Wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting Strings;

And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,

The happy mournful Stories,

The lamentable Glories,

Of the great Crucified King.

Mountainous Heap of Wonders! which dost rise

'Till Earth thou joinest with the Skies!

Too large at Bottom, and at Top too high,

To be half seen by Mortal Eye.

How

How shall I grasp this boundless thing ?

What shall I play ? What shall I sing ?

I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love,
Which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed Spirits
With all their Comments can explain; [above,
How all the whole World's Life to die did not disdain.

II.

I'll sing the searchless Depths of the Compassion Divine,
The Depths unfathom'd yet

By Reason's Plummet, and the Line of Wit,

Too light the Plummet, and too short the Line,

How the Eternal Father did bestow

His own Eternal Son as Ransom for his Foe,

I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear,

The Triumph of the bury'd Conqueror.

How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,

And the great Slayer Death slain by the Dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murther'd Men the Voice,

Mix'd with the Murtherers confused Noise,

Sound from the Top of *Calvary*;

My greedy Eyes fly up the Hill, and see

Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;

Oh how unlike the others he! [the Tree!

Look how he bends his gentle Head with Blessings from

His gracious Hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do Good,

Are nail'd to the infamous Wood:

And sinful Man does fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t' embrace all human Kind.

IV.

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see

All this as patient, as he?

Since he thy Sins does bear,

Make thou his Sufferings thine own,

And weep, and sigh, and groan,

And beat thy Breast, and tear

Thy Garments, and thy Hair,

And let thy Grief, and let thy Love

Through all thy bleeding Bowels move.

Dost thou not see thy Prince in Purple clad all o'er,

Not Purple brought from the *Sidonian* Shore,

But made at home with richer Gore?

Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn

The thorny Garland, by him worn?

Dost thou not see the livid Traces

Of the sharp Scourges rude Embraces?

If yet thou feelest not the Smart

Of Thorns and Scourges in thy Heart,

If that be yet not crucify'd,

Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side

V.

Open, oh! open wide the Fountains of thine Eyes,

And let 'em call

Their Stock of Moisture forth, where-e'er it lyes,

For this will ask it all.

'Twould

'Twould all (alas) too little be,
Though thy salt Tears came from a Sea:
Canst thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his Side's mysterious Flood
May well be understood,
That he will still require some Waters to his Blood.

O D E. *On Orinda's Poems.*

WE allow'd you Beauty, and we did submit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?

Orinda does in that too reign,
Does Man behind her in proud Triumph draw,
And cancel great *Apollo's Salick Law*.

We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.

Verse was Love's Fire-Arms heretofore,
In Beauty's Camp it was not known,
Too many Arms besides that Conqu'ror bore:
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down
T'affault a stubborn Town;

Orinda first did a bold Sally make,
Our strongest Quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

II.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
 Did that, and not the Soul
 Transmit to their Posterity;
 If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
 Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.
 'Twere Shame and Pity *Orinda*, if in thee
 A Spirit so rich, so noble, and so high
 Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
 But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
 The fair, and fruitful Field;
 And 'tis a strange Increase, that it does yield.
 As when the happy Gods above
 Meet altogether at a Feast,
 A secret Joy unspeakably does move,
 In their great Mother *Cybele's* contented Breast:
 With no less Pleasure thou methinks shouldst see,
 This thy no less immortal Progeny.
 And in their Birth thou no one Touch dost find
 Of th'ancient Curse to Woman-kind,
 Thou bring'st not forth with Pain,
 It neither Travel is, nor Labour of the Brain,
 So easily they from thee come,
 And there is so much Room
 In th'exhausted and unfathom'd Womb,
 That like the *Holland* Countess thou may'st bear
 A Child for ev'ry Day of all the fertile Year.

III. Thou

III.

Thou doft my Wonder, would'ft my Envy raife,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praife,
Where-e'er I fee an Excellence,
I muft admire to fee thy well knit Senfe,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high, [Eye.
Thofe as thy Forehead fmooth, thefe sparkling as thine
'Tis folid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
'For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verfes fee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet, [sweet.
They are than Man more ftrong, and more than Woman

IV.

They talk of nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera's* that o'er Poets reign,
I ne'er could find that Fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm fure in vain:
Thy talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the Shame!
Ill Manners foil the Luftre of her Fame:
Orinda's inward Virtue is fo bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair inclofed Light,
It through the Paper fhines where ſhe does write.
Honour and Friendship, and the gen'rous Scorn
Of things, for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Difeaſe,
Like that of Girls, our vicious Stomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive Subjects of her Pen,

And as the *Roman* Victory
 Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

V.

But *Rome*, with all her Arts, could ne'er inspire
 A Female Breast with such a Fire.

The warlike *Amazonian* Train,
 Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful Reign,
 And Wit's mild Empire before Arms prefer,
 Hope 'twill be settled in their Sex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not lie,
 In such a sacred Company,)
 Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* show,
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
 Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost,
 Forgets her own Misfortune, and Disgrace,
 And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
 That *Rome's* o'ercome at last, by a Woman of her Race.

O D E. *Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of
 my Lord Broghill's.*

BE gone (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see
 What others thou canst fool as well as me.
 Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,
 By Business and my Hopes I left for thee:
 For thee (which was more hardly giv'n away)
 I left, even when a Boy, my Play.

But

But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,
What for all this, what didst thou ever pay?
Thou'lt say, perhaps, that Riches are
Not of the Growth of Lands, where thou dost Trade,
And I, as well my Country might upbraid,
Because I have no Vineyard there.

Well : But in Love thou dost pretend to Reign,
There thine the Power and Lordship is,
Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas such a Way as could not miss.

I like a Fool, did thee Obey.

I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,
For after all my 'Expence of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away.

II.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
That she had given me Fame.

Bounty Immense! And that too must be try'd,
When I my self am nothing but a Name.

Who now, what Reader does not strive
T'invalidate the Gift whilst w'are alive?

For when a Poet now himself doth show,
As if he were a common Foe,

All draw upon him, all around,

And ev'ry Part of him they wound,

Happy the Man that gives the deepest Blow:

And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe.

Then

Then in a Rage I took
 And out at Window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himself went with them too,
 Hardly escap'd the Sacred *Mantuan* Book:
 I my own Off-spring, like *Agave*, tore,
 And I resolv'd, nay, and I think, I swore,
 That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
 Where only flow'ry Weeds instead of Corn did grow.

III.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find,
 Rebellious Man to bind,
 Just to the Work for which he is assign'd)
 The Muse came in more chearful than before,
 And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
 Lo thy Reward! Look here and see,
 What I have made (said she)
 My Lover, and belov'd, my *Brogbill* do for thee.
 Though thy own Verse no lasting Fame can give,
 Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
 What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
 Who Rant and Challenge all Men that have writ,
 Will dare t' oppose thee, when
Brogbill in thy Defence, has drawn his conqu'ring Pen?
 I rose and bow'd my Head,
 And Pardon ask'd for all that I had said,
 Well satisfy'd and proud,
 I strait resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,

That

That from her Service now I ne'er would part,
So strongly, large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

IV.

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise,
As Praises from the Men, whom all Men praise.

'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th'Ingredients, can compose,
A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death.

The only Danger is, lest it should be
Too strong a Remedy:

Lest, in removing Cold, it should beget
Too violent a Heat,

And into Madness turn the Lethargy.

Ah! Gracious God! That I might see

A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o'er-heat with Praise!

But I within me bear (alas) too great Allays.

V.

'Tis said, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his Pattern view,
And with his powerful Fancy did refine
Their Human Shapes into a Form Divine;
None who had set could her own Picture see,
Or say, one Part was drawn for me:

So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit,

That

That my Book should before him sit,
 Not as a Cause, but an Occasion to his Wit:
 Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
 To my Advantage out of it, since I,
 Instead of my own Likeness, only find
 The bright *Idea* there, of the great Writer's Mind

O D E.

Mr. Cowley's Book presenting it self to the U-
niversity Library of Oxford.

HAil Learning's *Pantheon!* Hail the sacred Ark,
 Where all the World of Science does embark!
 Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
 Infatiate Time's devouring Flood.

Hail Tree of Knowledge, thy Leaves Fruit! which well
 Doft in the midst of Paradise arise,

Oxford the Muses Paradise,

From which may never Sword the Bless'd expel.

Hail Bank of all past Ages! where they lye
 T'inrich with Interest Posterity!

Hail Wit's Illustrious Galaxy!

Where thousand Lights into one Brightness spread,
 Hail living University of the Dead!

II.

Unconfus'd *Babel* of all Tongues, which e'er [veller,
 The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time the mighty Tra-
 That could speak, or this could hear.

Majestick Monument and Piramide,
Where still the Shapes of parted Souls abide,
Embalm'd in Verse, exalted Souls, which now
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
Which now all Wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

III.

Will you into your Sacred Throng admit
The meanest *British* Wit?
You Gen'ral Council of the Priests of Fame,
Will you not Murmur and Disdain,
That I a Place among you claim,
The humbled Deacon of her Train?
Will you allow me th'honourable Chain?
The Chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Prisoners proudly wear,
A Chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
Will ye to bind me with those mighty Names submit
Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?
What ever happy Book is chained here,
No other Place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Passport to go ev'ry where.

IV.

As when a Seat in Heav'n,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner giv'n,

Who

Who casting round his wondring Eye,
 Does none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espy;
 Martyrs who did their Lives bestow,
 And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below;
 With Trembling and Amazement he begins,
 To recollect his Frailties past and Sins,
 He doubts almost his Station there,
 His Soul says to it self, How came I here?
 It fares no otherwise with me,
 When I my self with conscious Wonder see,
 Amidst this purify'd elected Company.

With Hardship they, and Pain,
 Did to this Happiness attain:
 No Labour I, nor Merits can pretend,
 I think Predestination only was my Friend.

V.

Ah, that my Author had been ty'd like me
 To such a Place, and such a Company!
 Instead of sev'ral Countries, sev'ral Men,
 And Business which the Muses hate,
 He might have then improv'd that small Estate,
 Which Nature sparingly did to him give,
 He might perhaps have thriven then,
 And settled, upon me his Child, somewhat to live.
 'T had happier been for him, as well as me,
 For when all, (alas) is done,
 We Books, I mean, you Books, will prove to be
 The best and noblest Conversation.

For though ſome Errors will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original Sin :
Yet ſure we from our Fathers Wit
Draw all the Strength and Spirit of it :

leaving the groſſer Parts for Converſation,
As the beſt Blood of Man's imploy'd in Generation.

O D E.

*Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of
the Reliques of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE'S
Ship.*

I.

☞ Hear up my Mates, the Wind does fairly blow,
☞ Clap on more Sail, and never ſpare ;
Farewel all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
Helps me, 'tis hot! Another Bowl of Wine,
And we ſhall cut the Burning Line :
Ye Boys! She ſcuds away, and by my Head I know,
We round the World are failing now.
That dull Men are thoſe who tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly rove,
And gain ſuch Experience, and ſpy too
Such Countries, and Wonders as I do?
But prithee good *Pilot* take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru* ;

With

With Gold, there the Vessel we'll store,
 And never, and never be poor,
 No never be poor any more.

II.

What do I mean? What Thoughts do me misguide?
 As well upon a Staff may Witches ride
 Their fancy'd Journies in the Air,
 As I sail round the Ocean in this Chair:
 'Tis true, but yet this Chair which here you see,
 For all its Quiet now, and Gravity,
 Has wander'd, and has travell'd more,
 Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
 In ev'ry Air, and ev'ry Sea't has been, [seen.
 'T has compass'd all the Earth, and all the Heav'ns't has
 Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,
 This is the only universal Chair.

III.

The pious Wand'rer's Fleet, sav'd from the Flame,
 (Which did the Relicks still of *Troy* pursue,
 And took them for its Due)
 A Squadron of Immortal Nymphs became:
 Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
 And still make new and greater Voyages;
 Nor has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
 (Though now a Star she so triumphant show,
 And guide her sailing Successors below,
 Bright as her ancient Freight, the shining Fleece;)

Yet to this Day a quiet Harbour found,
The Tide of Heav'n still carries her around,
Only *Drake's* sacred Vessel, which before
Had done, and had seen more,
Than those have done, or seen,
Ev'n since thy Goddesses, and this a Star has been ;
As a Reward for all her Labour past,
Is made the Seat of Rest at last.
Let the Case now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'st abroad the World to see ;
Let the World now come to see thee.

IV.

The World will do't; for Curiosity
Does, no less than Devotion, Pilgrims make ;
And I my self, who now love Quiet too,
As much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a Journey take,
An old Wheel of that Chariot to see,
Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake: [*Drake?*]
Yet what could that say more, than these Remains of
Great Relick! thou too, in this Port of Ease,
Hast still one Way of making Voyages ;
The Breath of Fame, like an auspicious Gale,
(The great Trade-Wind which ne'er does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run,
As long around it as the Sun.
The Straights of Time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiscover'd Sea,

And steer the endless Course of vast Eternity,
Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy *Pilot* me.

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

I.

T'IS Folly all, that can be said
By living Mortals of th'immortal Dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain Tears we shed.
'Tis as if we, who stay behind
In Expectation of the Wind,
Should pity those who pass'd this Straight before,
And touch the universal Shore.
Ah happy Man, who art to sail no more!
And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve,
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,
Though ne'er so fair and calm it be;
What would all sober Men believe,
If they should hear us sighing say,
Balcarres, who but th'other Day
Did all our Love, and our Respect command,
At whose great Parts we all amaz'd did stand,
Is from a Storm, alas! cast suddenly on Land?

II.

If you will say: Few Persons upon Earth
Did, more than he, deserve to have
A Life exempt from Fortune, and the Grave;
Whether you look upon his Birth,

And

And Ancestors, whose Fame's so widely spread,
But Ancestors, alas, who long ago are dead !

Or whether you consider more
The vast Increase, as sure you ought,
Of Honour, by his Labour bought,
And added to the former Store.

All I can answer, is, that I allow
The Privilege you plead for ; and avow
That, as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

III.

Though God for great and righteous Ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends
Erroneous Mankind should not understand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* Hand,
That once, with so much Industry and Art,
Had clos'd the gaping Wounds of ev'ry Part,
To perfect his distracted Nation's Cure,
Or stop the fatal Bondage, 'twas t' endure ;
Yet for his Pains he soon did him remove,

From all th' Oppression, and the Woe,
Of his frail Body's native Soil below,
To his Soul's true and peaceful Country' above :
So God-like Kings, for secret Causes, known
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest Ministers elect,
And send abroad to Treaties, which th' intend
Shall never take effect.

But, though the Treaty wants a happy End,

The happy Agent wants not the Reward,
 For which he labour'd faithfully and hard ;
 His just and righteous Master calls him home,
 And gives him near himself some honourable Room.

IV:

Noble and great Endeavours did he bring
 To save his Country, and restore his King ;
 And whilst the Manly Half of him, which those
 Who know not Love, to be the Whole suppose,
 Perform'd all Parts of Virtue's vigorous Life ;
 The beauteous Half, his lovely Wife,
 Did all his Labours and his Cares divide ;
 Nor was a lame, nor paralitick Side.

In all the Turns of Human State,
 And all th' unjust Attacks of Fate,
 She bore her Share and Portion still ;
 And would not suffer any to be ill.

Unfortunate for ever let me be,
 If I believe that such was he,
 Whom, in the Storms of bad Success,

And all that Error calls Unhappiness,
 His Virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accompany.

V.

With these Companions, 'twas not strange
 That nothing could his Temper change.
 His own and Country's Ruin, had not Weight
 Enough to crush his mighty Mind.
 He saw around the Hurricanes of State,





D. Harvey

Fix'd as an Island 'gainst the Waves and Wind.
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
All outward Things are but the Beach ;
A great Man's Soul it doth assault in vain.
Their God himself the Ocean doth restrain
With an imperceptible Chain,
And bid it to go back again :
His Wisdom, Justice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to suffer and to die,
His Virtues, and his Lady too
Were Things Celestial. And we see
In sight of quarrelling Philosophy,
How in this Case 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n stands still, and only Earth goes round.

O D E. *Upon Dr. Harvey.*

I.

COYNature, (which remain'd, tho' aged grown,
A beauteous Virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harvey's* violent Passion she did see,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary, like *Daphne*, in a Tree :
There *Daphne's* Lover stopp'd, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch ;
But *Harvey*, our *Apollo*, stopp'd not so,
Into the Bark, and Root, he after her did go :

No smallest Fibres of a Plant,
 For which the Eye-beams Point doth Sharpness want,
 His Passage after her withstood.

What should she do? thro' all the moving Wood,
 Of Lives indow'd with Sense, she took her Flight,
Harvey pursues, and keeps her still in Sight.
 But as the Deer long hunted takes a Flood,
 She leap'd at last into the winding Streams of Blood;
 Of Man's *Meander* all the Purple Reaches made,
 'Till at the Heart she stay'd,
 Where turning Head, and at a Bay,
 Thus, by well-purged Ears, was she o'er-heard to say.

II.

Here sure shall I be safe (said she)
 None will be able sure to see
 This my Retreat, but only he,
 Who made both it and me.
 The Heart of Man, what Art can e'er reveal?
 A Wall impervious between,
 Divides the very Parts within,
 And doth the Heart of Man ev'n from it self conceal.
 She spoke, but e'er she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
 And held this slippery *Proteus* in a Chain,
 'Till all her mighty Mysteries he descry'd,
 Which from his Wit th'Attempt before to hide,
 Was the first thing that Nature did in vain.

III.

He the young Practice of new Life did see,
Whilst to conceal its toilsome Poverty,
It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately.
 Before the Liver understood
 The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
 Before one Drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to set up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A strict Account to him is hourly brought,
 How the Great Fabrick does proceed,
What Time and what Materials it does need.
He so exactly does the Work survey,
As if he hir'd the Workers by the Day.

IV.

Thus *Harvey* fought for Truth in Truth's own Book,
The Creatures, which by God himself was writ;
 And wisely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th'Original it self to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others stand
 Lock'd up together, Hand in Hand,
 Ev'ry one leads as he is led,
 The same bare Path they tread,

And dance, like Fairies, a fantastick Round,
 But neither change their Motion, nor their Ground:
 Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his Wit,
 His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untrodden yet.
 Great Doctor! Th'Art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
 We now thy Patient Physick see,
 From all inveterate Diseases free,
 Purg'd of old Errors by thy Care,
 New dieted, put forth to clearer Air,
 It now will strong and healthful prove;
 It self before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

V.

These useful Secrets to his Pen we owe,
 And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow;
 Of which, a barb'rous War's unlearned Rage,
 Has robb'd the ruin'd Age;
 O cruel Loss! As if the Golden Fleece,
 With so much Cost, and Labour bought,
 And from afar by a Great *Heroe* brought,
 Had sunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece*.
 O cursed War! Who can forgive thee this?
 Houses and Towns may rise again,
 And ten times easier it is
 To re-build *Pauls*, than any Work of his.
 That mighty Task none but himself can do,
 Nay, scarce himself too now;
 For though his Wit the Force of Age withstand,
 His Body, alas! and Time it must command,

And

And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
Will sure have her Revenge on him at last.

O D E.

Acme and Septimius out of Catullus.

*Acmen Septimius suos Amores
Tenens in gremio, &c.*

WHilst on *Septimius* panting Breast,
(Meaning nothing less than Rest)
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said.

My dearest *Acme*, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee,
With a Passion far above
All that e'er was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Desert may
I become some Lion's Prey;
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love, who stood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the Sound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bless'd the Augury.

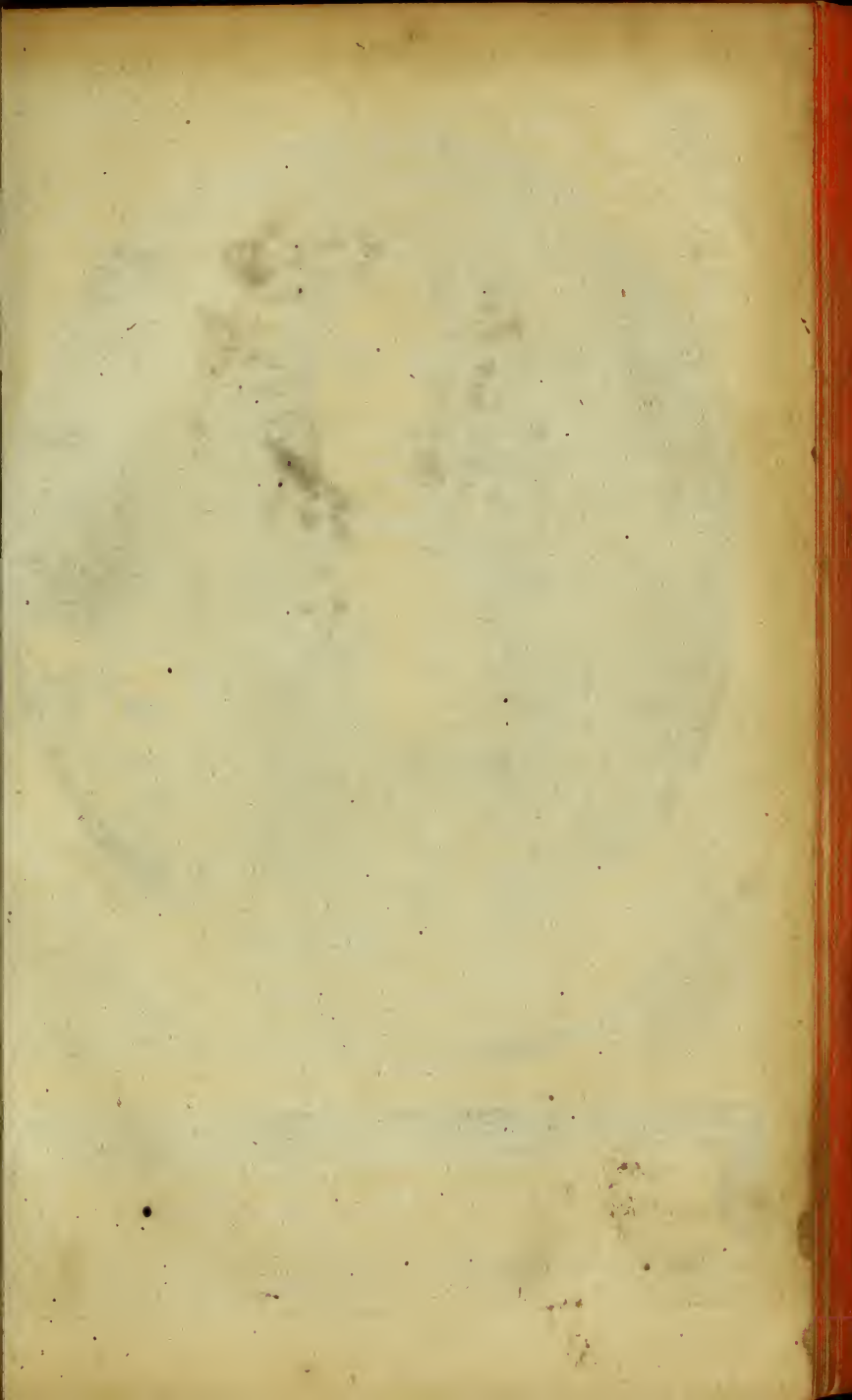
Acme

Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
 Rear'd her gently-bending Head,
 And her purple Mouth with Joy,
 Stretching to the delicious Boy,
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
 She kiss'd his drunken, rolling Eyes.

My little Life, my All (said she)
 So may we ever Servants be
 To this best God, and ne'er retain
 Our hated Liberty again;
 So may thy Passion last for me,
 As I a Passion have for thee,
 Greater and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by thee a Man.
 Into my Marrow is it gone,
 Fix'd and settled in the Bone,
 It reigns not only in my Heart,
 But runs, like Life, through ev'ry Part.

She spoke; the God of Love aloud
 Sneez'd again, and all the Croud
 Of little Loves, that waited by,
 Bow'd, and bless'd the Augury.

This good Omen, thus from Heav'n,
 Like a happy Signal giv'n,





M. V. Gucht Sculp.

King Charles the Second.

Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And Hand in Hand run all the Race.

To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing else but *Acme* grow)

Acme's Bosom was alone,
The whole World's Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acme's* Mind
Septimius was all Human kind.

If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd advise 'em, when they spy
Any illustrious Piety,
To reward her, if it be she,
To reward him, if it be he,
With such a Husband, such a Wife,
With *Acme's* and *Septimius's* Life.

O D E. Upon his MAJESTY's Restoration
and Return.

Virg.——*Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*

I.

NOW Blessings on you all, ye peaceful Stars,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispence
Your universal gentle Influence,
To calm the stormy World, and still the rage of Wars.

Nor

Nor whilst around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
 Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain,
 In their large *Treaty* to contain
 The World apart, o'er which do reign
 Your seven fair *Brethern* of Great *Charles his Wane*
 No *Star* amongst ye all did, I believe,
 Such vigorous Assistance give,
 As that which thirty Years ago,
 At * *Charles his Birth*, did, in despite
 Of the proud *Sun's Meridian Light*,
 His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,
 No less Effects than these we may
 Be assur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
 Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

II.

Auspicious *Star* again arise,
 And take thy *Noon-tide Station* in the Skies,
 Again all *Heav'n* prodigiously adorn;
 For lo! thy *Charles* again is *Born*.
 He then was *Born with, and to, Pain*:
With, and to Joy he's *born* again.
 And wisely for this *second Birth*,
 By which thou certain wert to bless
 The Land with full and flourishing *Happiness*,
 Thou

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the Day of the King's Birth, just as the King his Father was riding to *St. Pauls* to give Thanks to God for that Blessing.

Thou mad'st of that fair *Month* thy Choice,
In which *Heav'n, Air, and Sea, and Earth,*
And all that's in them all does *smile*, and does *rejoice*.
'Twas a right *Season*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a Face of *Paradise* to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and Innocence again.

III.

Shall we again (good *Heav'n!*) that *bl. ssed Pair* behold,
Which the abused *People* fondly fold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree*,
By seeking all like *Gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Nest* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And trust that *Sea*, where she can hardly say,
Sh'has known these twenty *Years* one *calmy Day*:
Ah! mild and gaulless *Dove*,
Which dost the *Pure* and *Candid* *Dwellings* love,
Canst thou in *Albion* still delight?
Still canst thou think it *White*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In these deformed *Ruins*? Will she clear
Th' *Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Justice* hazard to be seen,
Where a *High-Court* of *Justice* e'er has been?
Will not the *Tragick Scene*,
And *Bradshaw's* bloody *Ghost* affright her there,
Her who shall never fear?

Then

Then may *White-hall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit,
If *Justice* shall endure at *Westminster* to sit.

IV.

Of all, methinks, we least should see
The chearful Looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still
The *Curses* of so many *Sufferers* fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Left as a *Tempest* carried him away,
Some *Hurricane* should bring him back again.

Or she might justlier be afraid
Left that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
(And in his pois'nous *Folds* whole *Nations* *Pris'ners*
Should a third time perhaps prevail [made]
To join again, and with worse *Sting* arise,
As it had done, when cut in *Pieces* twice.

Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
And dread your perish'd *Enemies* no more,
Your *Fears* are causeless all, and vain,
Whilst you return in *Charles's* *Train*,
For *God* does *him*, that *he* might *you* restore;
Nor shall the *World* him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye all*.

V.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go,
With a full *Tide* to ev'ry *Port* they flow,
With a warm fruitful *Wind* o'er all the *Country* blow
Honour

Honour does, as ye march, her *Trumpet* sound,
 The *Arts* encompass you around,
 And against all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it self brings up the *Rear*.

And in the Head of this *Angelick Band*,
 Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand
 (Oh righteous *God!*) on his *own happy Land*.
 'Tis *happy* now, which could, with so much *Ease*,
 Recover from so desp'rate a *Disease*;

A various complicated *Ill*,
 Whose ev'ry *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
 In which one Part of three *Frenzy* possess'd,
 And *Lethargy* the rest.

'Tis *happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure,
 A *Surfeit* of such *Blood* to cure.

'Tis *happy*, which beholds the *Flame*,
 In which by hostile *Hands* it ought to burn,
 Or that which, if from *Heav'n* it came,
 It did but well deserve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

VI.

We *fear'd* (and almost touch'd the black *Degree*
 Of instant *Expectation*)

That the three dreadful *Angels* we, [see,
 Of *Famine*, *Sword* and *Plague* should here establish'd
 (God's great *Triumvirate* of *Desolation*)

To scourge and to destroy the sinful *Nation*.
 Justly might *Heav'n*, *Protectors* such as those,
 And such *Committees* for their *Safety* impose,
 Upon a *Land* which scarcely *better chose*.

We

We fear'd that the *Fanatick War*,
 Which Men against *God's Houses* did declare,
 Would, from th' *Almighty Enemy*, bring down
 A sure Destruction on our own.

We read th' *Instructive Histories*, which tell
 Of all those endless Mischiefs, that besel
 The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,
 After that *fatal Curse* had once been said,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens Head.
 We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was spilt,
 'Twas scarcely done with *greater Guilt*.

We know those Mis'ries did befall,
 Whilst they rebell'd against that *Prince*, whom all
 Therest of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind*
 VII. [call.

Already was the *shaken Nation*
 Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought,
 And it was hasting on (we thought)
 Ev'n to the last of *Ills*, *Annihilation*.
 When in the midst of this confused Night,
 Lo, the bless'd *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light*.
 For in the glorious *General's* previous Ray,
 We saw a new created *Day*.
 We by it saw, though yet in *Mists* it shone,
 The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on.
 Where are the Men who bragg'd that *God* did bless,
 And with the Marks of good *Success*,
Sign his Allowance of their *Wickedness*?

Vain Men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce *Thunder*, and the violent *Wind*:

God came not 'till the Storm was past,
In the *still Voice* of *Peace* he came at last.
The cruel Business of *Destruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we see th' *Almighty's Hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we see't, and by the *Speed*

VIII.

He who had seen the noble *British Heir*,
Even in that ill disadvantageous *Light*,
With which Misfortune strives t'abuse our Sight;
He who had seen him in his *Cloud* so bright:

He who had seen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heav'nly good, and *Sisters* heav'nly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (methinks) with Ease,
(But *wicked Men* see only what they please)
That God had no Intent t' extinguish quite
The *pious King's eclipsed Right*.

He who had seen how, by the Power Divine,
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *Fire*; without *consuming*, *shine*;
How through a *rough Red-Sea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed.
How many Years of Trouble and Distress,
They'd wander'd in their fatal *Wilderness*,
And yet did never *murmur* or *repine*;

Might (methinks) plainly understand,
 That after all these conquer'd Trials past,
 Th' *Almighty Mercy* would, at last,
 Conduct them, with a strong unerring Hand,
 To their own *promis'd Land*.
 For all the *Glories* of the *Earth*
 Ought to be *'entail'd* by Right of *Birth*,
 And all *Heav'n's Blessings* to come down
 Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was giv'n
 The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heav'n*,
 Who *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown*.

IX.

The *Martyrs Blood* was said of old to be
 The *Seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.
 The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow,
 Becomes no less the *Seed* of *Royalty*.
 'Twas in *Dishonour sown*,
 We find it now in *Glory grown*,
 The *Grave* could but the *Dross* of it devour ;
 'Twas *sown* in *Weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *Pow'r*.
 We now the *Question* well decided see,
 Which *Eastern Wits* did once contest
 At the *Great Monarch's Feast*,
 Of all on *Earth* what *Things* the *strongest* be :
 And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead ;
 That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
 Two things which we have known, indeed,
 Strong in this latter *Age*.

But as 'tis prov'd by *Heav'n* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *Strength*;
When they their sacred *Force* unite,
And twine into one *Right*,

No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of Human *Policies*;

No *Stores* of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could join
Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*) -

No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by *Sea*, or *Troops* by *Land*,
No deeply entrench'd *Islands* can withstand,
Or any small *Resistance* bring,
Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

X.

The *foolish Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the same *Night* when they begin,

No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win

As e'er to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.

Where's now that *Ignis Fatuus*, which e'er while
Mifs-led our *wand'ring Isle*?

Where's the *Impostor Cromwell* gone?

Where's now that *Falling-Star*, his *Son*?

Where's the *large Comet* now, whose raging *Flame*
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?

Which o'er our *Heads* in such proud *Horror* stood,
Infatiate with our *Ruin* and our *Blood*?

The *fiery Tail* did to vast *Length* extend;
And twice, for want of *Fuel*, did expire,

And twice renew'd the dismal *Fire*;
 Though long the *Tail*, we saw at last its End.
 The Flames of one triumphant Day,
 Which like an Anti-Comet here
 Did fatally to that appear,
 For ever frighted it away;
 Then did th'allotted Hour of *dawning Right*
 First strike our ravish'd Sight,
 Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could stay,
 Than *Witches Charms* can a Retardment bring
 To the *Resuscitation* of the *Day*,
 Or *Resurrection* of the *Spring*.
 We welcome both, and with improv'd Delight
 Bless the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

XI.

Man ought his *future Happiness* to fear,
 If he be always *happy here*,
 He wants the *bleeding Mark of Grace*,
 The *Circumcision of the chosen Race*.
 If no one *Part* of him supplies
 The Duty of a *Sacrifice*,
 He is (we doubt) reserv'd *entire*,
 As a whole *Victim* for the *Fire*.
 Besides, ev'n in this *World* below,
 To those who never did *ill Fortune* know,
 The *Good* does *nauseous* or *insipid* grow.
 Consider Man's *whole Life*, and you'll confess,
 The sharp *Ingredient* of some *bad Success*,

Is that which gives the *Taste* to all his *Happiness*.
But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,

Is when the worst

Of human *Life*, is plac'd the first,

And when the *Child's Correction* proves to be
The Cause, of *perfecting* the *Man*.

Let our *weak Days* lead up the *Van*,

Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band*,

Firm against all *Impression* stand ;

The first we may *defeated* see ;

The *Virtue* and the *Force* of these, are sure of *Victory*.

XII.

Such are the *Years* (great *Charles*) which now we see
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee*: [be.

Long may their *March* to *Heav'n*, and still *triumphant*

Now thou art gotten once before,

Ill Fortune never shall o'ertake thee more.

To see't again, and *Pleasure* in it find,

Cast a *disdainful Look* *behind*:

Things which *offend*, when present, and *affright*,

In *Memory*, well *painted*, move *Delight*.

Enjoy then all thy' *Afflictions* now ;

Thy *Royal Father's* came at last :

Thy *Martyrdom's* already past,

And *different Crowns* to both ye owe ;

No *Gold* did e'er the *Kingly Temples* bind,

Than thine more *try'd*, and more *resin'd*.

As a choice *Medal* for *Heav'n's Treasury*,
God did stamp first, upon one *Side* of thee,
 The *Image* of his *suffering Humanity*:
 On th'other *Side*, turn'd now to *Sight*, does shine
 The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

XIII.

So when the wisest *Poets* seek,
 In all their liveliest *Colours*, to set forth
 A *Picture* of *Heroick* Worth,
 (The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
 They chuse some comely *Prince* of *heav'nly Birth*,
 (No proud *Gigantick* Son of *Earth*,
 Who strives t'usurp the *Gods forbidden Seat*)
 They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
 That cannot without *Joy* be eat;
 But in the *Cold* of *Want*, and *Storms* of *adverse Chance*,
 They harden his young *Virtue* by degrees;
 The *beauteous Drop* first into *Ice* does freeze,
 And into *solid Chrystal* next advance.
 His *murder'd Friends* and *Kindred* he does see,
 And from his *flaming Country* flee.
 Much is he *toss'd* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
 Does long the *Force* of *angry Gods* withstand.
 He does long *Troubles* and long *Wars* sustain,
 E'er he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
 With no less *Time* or *Labour* can
Destiny build up such a *Man*,

Who's with sufficient Virtue fill'd,
His ruin'd Country to rebuild.

XIV.

Nor, without Cause, are *Arms* from *Heav'n*
To such a *Hero* by the *Poets* giv'n.

No *human Metal* is of Force t'oppose
So many and so violent Blows.

Such was the *Helmet*, *Breast-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attacks did wield:

And all the *Weapons*, *Malice* e'er could try,
Of all the several *Makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Against this *Armour* struck, but at the Stroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thousand Pieces broke.

To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
No Show on Earth can sure so pleasant prove,
As when they *great Misfortunes* see
With *Courage* born, and *Decency*.

So were they born, when *Worc'ster's* dismal *Day*
Did all the Terrors of *black Fate* display.

So were they born, when no *Disguises Cloud*
His *inward Royalty* could shrowd:

And one of th' *Angels* whom just *God* did send,
To guard him in his noble Flight,

(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)

Affur'd me in a *Vision* th'other Night,

That *he*, (and who could better judge than *he*?)

Did then more *Greatness* in him see,

More *Lustre* and more *Majesty*,
Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can shew to *human Eye*.

XV.

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I saw,
New Marks of *Honour* and of *Glory*,
From their *Affronts* and *Sufferings* draw,
And look like *Heav'nly Saints* ev'n in their *Purgatory*,
Methoughts I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,
(*Three unhurt Martyrs* for the *noblest Truths*)

In the *Chaldean Furnace* walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No *Hair* is sing'd, no smallest *Beauty* blasted;
Like *painted Lamps* they shine *unwasted*.
The greedy *Fire* it self dares not be fed
With the blest *Oil* of an *Anointed Head*.

The honourable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a *Glory* compass them around,
And their *whole Bodies* crown'd.
What are those *Two Bright Creatures*, which we see
Walk with the *Royal Three*
In the same *Ordeal Fire*,
And *mutual Joys* inspire?

Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are,
Who whilst they seek to bear their *Share*,
Will suffer no *Affliction* to be there.
Less *Favour* to those *Three* of old was shown;
To solace with their *Company*,

The *fiery Trials of Adversity*,
Two Angels join with *these*, the *others* had but *One*.

XVI.

Come forth, come forth, ye Men of God below'd,
And let the *Pow'r* now of that *Flame*,
Which against you so *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be prov'd.

Come, mighty Charles, Desire of Nations, come;
Come, you triumphant Exile, home.

He's come, he's safe at Shore; I hear the Noise
Of a whole *Land*, which does at once rejoice,
I hear th' *united People's sacred Voice*.

The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne'er sent to *Land* so loud a *Sound*;

The mighty *Shout* sends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And swells up ev'ry *Sail*;

The *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all;
The *Artificial Joy's* drown'd by the *Natural*.

All *England* but one *Bonfire* seems to be,
One *Ætna* shooting *Flames* into the *Sea*.

The *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star*.

With *Wine* all *Rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow-
And *we*, the *Priests* of a *Poetick Rage*,

Wonder that, in this *Golden Age*,

The *Rivers* too should not do so.

There is no *Stoick* fure, who would not now
Ev'n some *Excess* allow;

And

And grant, that one *wild Fit* of *cheerful Folly*,
Should end our twenty Years of *dismal Melancholy*.

XVII.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *Share*
In this so ravishing *Sight*,
And with the *Part* she takes, to add to the *Delight*?

Ah! Why art *thou* not here,
Thou always *Best*, and now the *Happiest Queen*,
To see our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be seen?

God has a *bright Example* made of *thee*,

To shew that *Woman-kind* may be
Above that *Sex*, which her Superior seems,
In wisely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*.

How well those different *Virtues* *thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom*!

Thy *Princely Mind*, with so much *Courage*, bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;

With so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicity*,

That it cannot refrain from coming back to *thee*;

'Tis come, and seen to *Day*, in all its *Bravery*.

XVIII.

Who's that *Heroick Person* leads it on,

And gives it, like a glorious *Bride*,

(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)

Into the Hands now of thy *Son*?

'Tis the good *General*, the *Man of Praise*,
Whom *God* at last in gracious *Pity*
Did to th'enthrall'd *Nation* raise,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
To loose the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
For ever blest'd may *he* and *his* remain,
Who, with a *vast*, though less-appearing *Gain*,
Preferr'd the *solid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the *World* this *Princely Truth* has shown,
That more 'tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthiest *Person* of the *British Story*,
(Though 'tis not *small* the *British Glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verse* must be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Height* of *thee*,
Thou and the *World* should see,
How much my *Muse*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Does make *true Praise* her *Labour* and *Design*;
An *Iliad* or an *Aeneid* should be *thine*.

XIX.

And ill should we deserve this happy *Day*,
If no *Acknowledgments* we pay
To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Most *truly Other Houses* now,
Who have redeem'd from *Hatred*, and from *Shame*,
A *Parliament's* once *venerable Name*;
And now the *Title* of a *House* restore,
To that, which was but *Slaughter-house* before.

If my Advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'en,
 Within those reverend Places,
 Which now your *living Presence* graces,
 Your *Marble-Statues* always should remain,
 To keep alive your useful *Memory*,
 And to your *Successors* th' *Example* be
 Of *Truth, Religion, Reason, Loyalty*.
 For though a firmly settled *Peace*,
 May shortly make your publick Labours cease,
 The grateful *Nation* will with Joy consent,
 That in *this Sense* you should be said,
 (Tho' yet the *Name* sounds with some Dread)
 To be the *Long*, the *Endless Parliament*.

On the Queen's Repairing Somerset-House.

When God (the Cause to me and Men unknown)
 Forsook the Royal Houses, and his Own;
 And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;
 How near to Ruin did my Glories go?
 Nothing remain'd t'adorn this Princely Place,
 Which covetous Hands could Take, or rude Deface.
 In all my Rooms and Galleries I found
 The richest Figures torn, and all around
 Dismember'd Statues of great Heroes lay;
 Such *Naseby's Field* seem'd on the fatal Day:
 And me, when nought for Robbery was left,
 They starv'd to Death; the gasping Walls were cleft,
 The

The Pillars sunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No Sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept;
Nothing was seen which could content the Eye,
'Till Dead the impious Tyrant here did lye.

See how my Face is chang'd, and what I am,
Since my true Mistrefs, and now Foundrefs, came.
It does not fill her Bounty, to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small) before.
She imitates the Kindness to her shown;
She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected Throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears.)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what she Repairs.
And now I dare, (though proud I must not be,
Whilst my great Mistrefs I so humble see,
In all her various Glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest Palaces compare;
My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm sure)
So just a Boast with Modesty endure.
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell,
How I am plac'd, and Who does in me dwell.

Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,
Which still with Waves of crouding People flows,
And ev'ry Day there passes by my Side,
Up to its Western Reach, the *London* Tide,
The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down
On all the Pride, and Business of the Town.
My other Front (for as in Kings we see
The liveliest Image of the Deity,

We in their Houses should Heav'n's Likeness find,
Where nothing can be said to be Behind)

My other Fair, and more Majestick Face,
(Who can the Fair to more Advantage place?)

For ever gazes on it self below,

In the best Mirrour that the World can show.

And here, behold, in a long bending Row,

How two joint Cities make one glorious Bow:

The Midst, the noblest Place, possess'd by me;

Best to be seen by all, and all o'ersee.

Which Way so'er I turn my joyful Eye,

Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I spy;

On either Side dwells Safety and Delight;

Wealth on the Left, and Pow'r upon the Right.

T'assure yet my Defence, on either Hand,

Like mighty Forts, in equal Distance stand,

Two of the best and stateliest Piles, which e'er

Man's lib'ral Piety of old did rear,

Where the two Princes of th'Apostles Band,

My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and command.

My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,

Might be my Object too, were not the Eye

Stopp'd by the Houses of that wond'rous Street

Which rides o'er the broad River, like a Fleet.

The Stream's eternal Siege they fix'd abide,

And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,

Though both their Ruin with joint Pow'r conspire,

Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.

And

And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be
Than any Flood, so strengthen'd by the Sea,
Finding by Art his natural Forces broke,
And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage at the Disgrace,
But recomposes strait, and calms his Face,
Is into Reverence and Submission strook,
As soon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rs the White Palace, where that King does reign,
Who lays his Laws and Bridges o'er the Main.

Amidst these louder Honours of my Seat,
And two vast Cities, troublesomely Great,
In a large various Plain, the Country too
Opens her gentler Blessings to my View;
In me the Active and the Quiet Mind,
By different Ways, equal Content may find.
If any prouder Vertuoso's Sense
At that Part of my Prospect take Offence,
By which the meaner Cabanes are descry'd,
Of my Imperial River's humbler Side,
If they call that a Blemish, let them know,
God, and my God-like Mistress, think not so;
For the distress'd and the afflicted lye
Most in their Care, and always in their Eye.

And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to me
Just Homage, in thy Passage to the Sea,
Take here this one Instruction as thou goest;
When thy mix'd Waves shall visit ev'ry Coast,

When

When round the World their Voyage they shall make
 And back to thee some secret Channels take,
 Ask them what nobler Sight they e'er did meet,
 Except thy mighty Master's Sov'raign Fleet,
 Which now triumphant o'er the Main does ride,
 The Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.

From hence his Kingdoms, happy now at last,
 (Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)
 From hence may Omens take of that Success,
 Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:
 The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
 With her Son's Fabricks the rough Sea is fill'd.

The COMPLAINT.

I.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual Scene,
 Beneath a Bow'r for Sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable Shade,
 Of the black Yew's unlucky Green,
 Mix'd with the mourning Willow's careful Gray,
 Where reverend *Cham* cuts out his famous Way,
 The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:

And lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed Sight,
 (The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)
 Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal Light,
 A Golden Harp, with Silver Strings she bore,
 A wond'rous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,

In which all Colours, and all Figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;

And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In such a Dress, in such a well-cleath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and Wings were on her Feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the
The shaken Strings melodiously resound. [Ground;
Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken Place and me?

Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste,
Of all thy Youthful Years, the good Estate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather Husks of Learning up at last,
Now the rich Harvest-time of Life is past,
And *Winter* marches on so fast?

But, when I meant t'adopt thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine

Had to their dearest Children done;
When I resolv'd t'exalt thy' anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;
Thou, Changling thou, bewitch'd with Noise and Show,
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go;

Wouldst see the World abroad, and have a Share
 In all the Follies, and the Tumults there;
 Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a State,
 And Business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create:

Business! the frivolous Pretence
 Of human Lusts, to shake off Innocence;
 Business! the grave Impertinence;
 Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
 Business! the Contradiction of thy Fate.

III. .

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,
 And see to what amount

Thy foolish Gains, by quitting me:
 The Sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
 The Fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostacy.
 Thou thought'st, if once the publick Storm were past,
 All thy remaining Life should Sun-shine be:
 Behold the publick Storm is spent at last,
 The Sovereign is toss'd at Sea no more,
 And thou, with all the Noble Company,
 Art got at last to Shore.

But whilst thy Fellow-Voyagers I see,
 All march'd up to possess the promis'd Land,
 Thou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,
 Upon the naked Beach, upon the barren Sand.

IV.

As a fair Morning of the blessed Spring,
 After a tedious stormy Night;

Such was the glorious Entry of our King,
Enriching Moisture dropp'd on ev'ry thing;
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him Light:

But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of old *Gideon's* Miracles was shown,
For ev'ry Tree, and ev'ry Herb around,
With Pearly Dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd Ground,
The fruitful Seed of Heav'n did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muses Fleece was dry.

It did all other Threats surpass,
When God to his own People said,
(The Men whom thro' long Wand'rings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heav'n of Brass:
They look'd up to that Heav'n in vain,
That Bounteous Heav'n, which God did not restrain,
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain:

V.

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven Years and more
Thou didst with Faith and Labour serve,
And didst (if Faith and Labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didst see,
Giv'n to another, who had store
Of fairer, and of richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy Recompence to be.
Go on, twice sev'n Years more, thy Fortune try,
Twice sev'n Years more, God in his Bounty may

Give thee, to fling away
 Into the Court's deceitful Lottery.

But think how likely 'tis, that thou
 With the dull Work of thy unweildy Plough,
 Shouldst in a hard and barren Season thrive,
 Shouldst even able be to live;
 Thou, to whose Share so little Bread did fall,
 In the miraculous Year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

VI.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a Smile,
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

And to her thus, raising his thoughtful Head,
 The Melancholy *Cowley* said:

Ah wanton Foe, dost thou upbraid

The Ills which thou thy self hast made?

When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,

Thou, wicked Spirit, stolest me away,

And my abused Soul didst bear

Into thy new-found Worlds, I know not where,

Thy Golden *Indies* in the Air;

And ever since I strive in vain

My ravish'd Freedom to regain;

Still I rebel, still thou dost reign,

Lo, still in Verse against thee I complain.

There is a sort of stubborn Weeds,

Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds,

No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,

No useful Plant can keep alive:

The foolish Sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now;
Where once such Fairies dance, no Grass doth ever grow.

VII.

When my new Mind had no Infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a Tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th'inherent Dye:
Long Work perhaps may spoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the Native White:
To all the Ports of Honour and of Gain,
I often steer my Course in vain,
Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slacken'st all my Nerves of Industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling Strings of thy loose Minstrelsie.
Whoever this World's Happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only Heav'n desire,
Do from the World retire.

This was my Error, this my gross Mistake,
My self a Demy-Votary to make,
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husband's Fate,
(A Fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the Part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,
 The Court, and better King t' accuse;
 The Heaven under which I live is fair;
 The Fertile Soil will a full Harvest bear;
 Thine, thine is all the Barrenness; if thou
 Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough,
 When I but think, how many a tedious Year
 Our patient Sov'raign did attend
 His long Misfortunes fatal End;
 How chearfully, and how exempt from Fear,
 On the Great Sov'raign's Will he did depend:
 I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuse
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
 Kings have long Hands (they say) and tho' I be
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 However, of all Princes, thou
 Shouldst not reproach Rewards, for being small or slow;
 Thou, who rewardest but with Popular Breath,
 And that too after Death.

The Adventures of Five Hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main)
 Take, in just Wars, a rich Plate-Fleet of *Spain*;
 The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce
 Into a Form of Beauty, and of Use;





M.
Catherine
Philips

On which the Conqueror's Image now does shine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the Mine;
So in the mild Contentions of the Muse
(The War which Peace it self loves and pursues)
So have you home to us in Triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treasures fraught.
You have not basely gotten it by Stealth,
Nor by Translation borrow'd all its Wealth,
But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own,
Metal before, Mony by you 'tis grown.
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair Stamp of your Victorious Wit:

But though we praise this Voyage of your Mind,
And though our selves enrich'd by it we find,
We're not contented yet, because we know
What greater Stores at home within it grow,
We've seen how well you foreign Ores refine,
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.
The World shall then our Native Plenty view,
And fetch Materials for their Wit from you,
They all shall watch the Travels of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then.

On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.

I.

CRuel Disease! Ah, could it not suffice,
Thy old and constant Spight to exercise

Against the gentlest and the fairest Sex,
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?

Where still thy Malice, most of all,
(Thy Malice or thy Lust) does on the Fairest fall,
And in them, most assault the fairest Place,
The Throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the Face.
There was enough of that here to assuage,
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage;
Was't not enough, when thou, profane Disease,

Didst on this Glorious Temple seize:
Was't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,
Deface the Innocent Pride of beauteous Images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On th'inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Disease! There thou mistook'st thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that devour,
On her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlasting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the Top, as Earth, the Basis wide.

II.

All Ages past, record, all Countries now,
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow,

Though

Though Goddeses to his Sentence did submit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durst he say, of all the Female Race,
 This is the Sovereign Face.
And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, ah, much less frequent than the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her Guide she chose.
 But if *Apollo* should design
 A Woman *Laureat* to make,
Without Dispute he would *Orinda* take,
 Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine
 Stood by, and did repine.
 To be a Princess or a Queen
Is great; but 'tis a Greatness always seen;
The World did never but two Women know,
Who, one by Fraud, th'other by Wit did rise
To the two Tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

III.

Of Female Poets, who had Names of old,
 Nothing is shown, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry.
Few Minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,
The Thunder of their Voice did longer last,
 But that too soon was past.

The certain Proofs of our *Orinda's* Wit,
 In her own lasting Characters are writ,
 And they will long my Praise of them survive,
 Though long perhaps too that may live.

The Trade of Glory manag'd by the Pen
 Though great it be, and every where is found,
 Does bring in but small Profit to us Men;
 'Tis by the Number of the Sharers drown'd.

Orinda on the Female Coasts of Fame,
 Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetick Name.

She does no Partner with her see,
 Does all the Business there alone, which we
 Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

IV.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine,
 Unless to Virtue's Prop it join,
 Firm and Erect towards Heav'n bound;
 Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be
 It lyes deform'd, and rotting on the Ground. [crown'd,

Now Shame and Blushes on us all,

Who our own Sex superior call!

Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
 Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too.
 She does above our best Examples rise,
 In hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.

Never did Spirit of the Manly Make,
 And dipp'd all o'er in Learning's Sacred Lake,
 A Temper more Invulnerable take.

No violent Passion could an Entrance find,
Into the tender Goodness of her Mind;
Through Walls of Stone those furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous Way, [lay.
When her soft Breast they hit, powerless and dead they

V.

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
'Till hoarse and weary with the Tale she grew,
Rejoices now t'have got a new,
A new, and more surprizing Story,
Of fair *Leucasia's* and *Orinda's* Glory.
As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in some Foreign Country he must live,
The Language and the Manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come no Stranger there;
So well *Orinda* did her self prepare,
In this much different Clime, for her Remove,
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

H Y M N. To L I G H T.

I.

First-born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come
From the old *Negro's* darksome Womb!
Which when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholly Mafs put on kinds Look and smil'd,
II. Thou

II.

Thou Tide of Glory, which no Rest dost know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!

Thou golden Shower of a true *Jove*! [Love!
Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make

III.

Hail active Nature's watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!

Hail to thy Husband Heat, and thee! [groom he!
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the lusty Bride-

IV.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?

Swiftnefs and Power by Birth are thine:
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine.

V.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,
That so much Cost in Colours thou,
And Skill in Painting dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the gaudy Heav'nly Bow.

VI.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run,
Thy Race is finish'd, when begun;
Let a Post-Angel start with thee,
And thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as he.

VII.

Thou in the Moon's bright Chariot proud and gay,
Dost thy bright Wood of Stars survey;

And

And all the Year doth with thee bring
O thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

VIII.

Thou *Scythian*-like dost round thy Lands above
The Sun's gilt Tent for ever move,
And still as thou in Pomp dost go,
The shining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.

IX.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble Glow-Worms to adorn,
And with those living Spangles gild,
(O Greatness without Pride!) the Blushes of the Field.

X.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear, [misphere.
They skreen their horrid Shapes, with the black He-

XI.

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes th'Alarm,
Of painted Dreams, a busie Swarm,
At the first opening of thine Eye,
The various Clusters break, the antick Atomes fly.

XII.

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts,
Creep conscious to their secret Rests:
Nature to thee does Reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy way:

XIII.

At thy Appearance, Grief it self is said,
 To shake his Wings, and rouze his Head;
 And Cloudy Care has often took
 A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.

XIV.

At thy Appearance, Fear it self grows bold;
 Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold:
 Encourag'd at the Sight of thee,
 To the Cheek Colour comes, and Firmness to the Knee.

XV.

Even Lust, the Master of a harden'd Face,
 Blushes if thou be'st in the Place,
 To Darknes' Curtains he retires,
 In Sympathizing Night he rolls his smoaky Fires.

XVI.

When, Goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd Head,
 Out of the Morning's Purple Bed,
 Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful World salutes the rising Day.

XVII.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume
 A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,
 Vanish again invisibly,
 And Bodies gain again their Visibility.

XVIII.

All the World's Bravery that delights our Eyes,
 Is but thy sev'ral Liveries,

Thou

Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskip as thou go'st.

XIX.

A Crimfon Garment in the Rose thou wear'st;
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.

XX.

The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple Swadling-Bands:
On the fair Tulip thou dost Dote;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

XXI.

With Flame condens'd thou dost the Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix:
Flora her self, envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

XXII.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy Hand with-hold,
And be less Liberal to Gold;
Didst thou less Value to it give, [relieve!
Of how much Care (alas) might'st thou poor Man

XXIII.

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
And all fair Days much fairer are;
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to thee.

XXIV. Through

XXIV.

Through the soft Ways of Heav'n, and Air, and Sea,
 Which open all their Pores to thee,
 Like a clear River thou dost glide, [slide.
 And with thy living Stream though the close Channels

XXV.

But where firm Bodies thy free Course oppose,
 Gently thy Source the Land o'erflows;
 Takes there Possession, and does make,
 Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake.

XXVI.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
 In th'*Empyrean* Heav'n does stay;
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below, [flow.
 From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must

To the ROYAL SOCIETY.

I.

Philosophy, the great and only Heir
 Of all that Human Knowledge, which has been
 Unforfeited by Man's rebellious Sin,
 Though full of Years he do appear,
 (Philosophy, I say, and call it, he,
 For whatsoe'er the Painter's Fancy be,
 It a Male-Virtue seems to me)
 Has still been kept in Nonage 'till of late,
 Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate :

Three or four thousand Years, one would have thought
To Ripeness and Perfection might have brought

A Science so well bred and nurst,
And of such hopeful Parts too at the first.

But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious Men)

Would ne'er consent to set him free;
Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their Authority.

II.

That his own Business he might quite forget;
They 'amus'd him with the Sports of wanton Wit,
With the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid Meats t'increase his Force;
Instead of vigorous Exercise they led him
Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discourse:

Instead of carrying him to see

The Riches which do hoorded for him lye,

In Nature's endless Treasury,

They chose his Eye to entertain

(His curious but not covetous Eye)

With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.
Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,
That labour'd to assert the Liberty

(From Guardians, who were now Usurpers grown)

Of this old *Minor* still, captiv'd Philosophy;

But 'twas Rebellion call'd, to fight

For such a long-oppressed Right.

Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,
 Whom a wise King and Nature chose,
 Lord-Chancellor of both their Laws,
 And boldy, undertook the injur'd Pupil's Cause,

III.

Authority, which did a Body boast,
 Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about
 Like some old Giant's more Gigantick Ghost,
 To terrifie the learned Rout

With the plain Magick of true Reason's Light,
 He chac'd out of our Sight ;

Nor suffer'd living *Men* to be mis-led

By the vain Shadows of the Dead: [tom fled.
 To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phan-

He broke that Monstrous God which stood
 In midst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,

Which with a useles Sith of Wood,
 And something else not worth a Name,
 (Both vast for Shew, yet neither fit
 Or to Defend, or to Beget ;

Ridiculous and senseless Terrors!) made
 Children and superstitious Men afraid.

The Orchard's open now, and free ;

Bacon has broke that Scar-Crow Deity ;

Come, enter, all that will,

Behold the ripen'd Fruit, come gather now your Fill.

Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the forbidden Tree,

We would be like the Deity.

When

When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we
Without the Senses Aid within our selves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

IV.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
(Though we our Thoughts from them perversly drew)
To Things, the Mind's right Object, he it brought,
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He sought and gather'd for our use the True;
And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,
He press'd them wisely the Mechanick way,
'Till all their Juice did in one Vessel join,
Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,
The thirsty Soul's refreshing Wine.

Who to the Life an exact Piece would make,
Must not from other's Work a Copy take;
No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' Idæas and the Images which lye
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.

No, he before his Sight must place
The natural and living Face;
The real Object must command
Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

V.

From these and all long Errors of the Way,
In which our wandring Predecessors went,

And like th'old *Hebrews* many Years did stray,
 In Desarts but of small Extent,
Bacon, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,
 The barren Wilderness he past,
 Did on the very Border stand
 Of the bless'd promis'd Land,
 And from the Mountains Top of his exalted Wit,
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
 But Life did never to one Man allow
 Time to discover Worlds, and conquer too;
 Nor can so short a Line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast Depths of Nature's Sea :
 The Work he did we ought t'admire,
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few Years, divided 'twixt th' Excess
 Of low Affliction, and high Happiness.
 For who on things remote can fix his Sight,
 That's always in a Triumph, or a Fight?

VI.

From you, great Champions, we expect to get
 These spacious Countries but discover'd yet;
 Countries where yet instead of Nature, we
 Her Images and Idols worshipp'd see :
 These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
 Though Learning has whole Armies at Command,
 Quarter'd about in every Land,
 A better Troop she ne'er together drew.
 Methinks, like *Gideon's* little Band,

God with Design has pickt out you,
To do these noble Wonders by a few:
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he)
Too many to o'ercome for me;
And now he chuses out his Men,
Much in the Way that he did then:
Not those many, whom he found
Idlely extended on the Ground,
To drink, with their dejected Head,
The Stream, just so as by their Mouths it fled:
No, but those few who took the Waters up,
And made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous Pattern too you take:
Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,
And with their Hands then listed up the Light:
Ho! Sound too the Trumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear;
New Scenes of Heav'n already we espy,
And Crouds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea,
Could never yet discover'd be,
By Sailers or *Chaldeans* watchful Eye.
Nature's great Works no Distance can obscure.
No Smalness her near Objects can secure,
Y' have taught the curious Sight, to press
Into the privatest Recess

Of her imperceptible Littleness.

Y' have learn'd to read her smallest Hand,
And well begun her deepest Sense to understand.

VIII.

Mischief and true Dishonour fall on those,
Who would to Laughter or to Scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a Design,
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine.
The things which these proud Men despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest Actions do.

Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the Throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp Points of envious Wit.
So when, by various Turns of the Celestial Dance,
In many thousand Years,
A Star; so long unknown, appears,
Tho' Heav'n it self more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show.

IX.

With Courage and Success you the bold Work begin;
Your Cradle has not idle been:
None e'er but *Hercules* and you could be
At five Years Age worthy a History.

And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' Historian to the Story fit:

As you from all old Errors free
And purge the Body of Philosophy;
So from all Modern Follies he
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide,
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does, like the Sun-shine, in it play;
It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide,
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the Chrystal Urn,
And with judicious Hand does the whole Current guide.
'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Drefs, without the Paint of Art.

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's
Ship, Presented to the University Library in
Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Esq;.*

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has run,
And match'd in Race the Chariot of the Sun,
This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim,
Without Presumption, so deserv'd a Name,
By Knowledge once, and Transformation now)
In her new Shape this sacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wish'd from Fate,
A more bless'd Station, or more bless'd Estate.
For lo! a Seat of endless Rest is giv'n,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heav'n.

A

PROPOSITION

For the Advancement of
Experimental Philosophy.

The COLLEGE.

THAT the *Philosophical College* be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three Miles of *London*, and, if it be possible to find that Convenience, upon the Side of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this College amount to four thousand Pounds a Year.

That the Company receiv'd into it be as follows.

1. Twenty Philosophers or Professors.
2. Sixteen young Scholars, Servants to the Professors.
3. A Chaplain.
4. A Baily for the Revenue.
5. A Manciple or Purveyor for the Provisions of the House.
6. Two Gardeners.
7. A Master-Cook.
8. An Under-Cook.
9. A Butler.
10. An Under-Butler.
11. A Chirurgeon.
12. Two Lungs, or Chymical Servants.
13. A Library-keeper, who is likewise to be Apothecary, Druggist, and Keeper of Instruments, Engines, &c.
14. An Officer to feed and take Care of

of all Beasts, Fowl, &c. kept by the College. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Messenger to send up and down for all Uses of the College. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the House clean, and such like Services.

That the annual Allowance for this Company be as follows. 1. To every Professor, and to the Chaplain, one hundred and twenty Pounds. 2. To the sixteen Scholars twenty Pounds a piece, ten Pounds for their Diet, and ten Pounds for their Entertainment. 3. To the Baily thirty Pounds, besides Allowance for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyor or Manciple, thirty Pounds. 5. To each of the Gardeners, twenty Pounds. 6. To the Master-Cook, twenty Pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, four Pounds. 8. To the Butler, ten Pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler, four Pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, thirty Pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, thirty Pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs, twelve Pounds. 13. To the Keeper of the Beasts, six Pounds. 14. To the Groom, five Pounds. 15. To the Messenger, twelve Pounds. 16. To the four necessary Women, ten Pounds. For the Manciples Table at which all the Servants of the House are to eat, except the Scholars, an hundred and sixty Pounds. For three Horses for the Service of the College, thirty Pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty five Pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the House and Gardens, and Operatories, and Instruments, and Animals, and Experiments of all sorts, and all other Expences, seven hundred and fifteen Pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable Sum for the great Uses to which it is design'd, but that I conceive the

Indu-

Industry of the College will in a short time so enrich it self, as to get a far better Stock for the Advance and Enlargement of the Work, when once it is begun; neither is the Continuance of particular Mens Liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encourag'd by the Sight of that publick Benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewise will arise from Leases, and other Casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private Gain of the Professors, or any other Use besides that of the Search of Nature, and by it the general Good of the World; and that Care may be taken for the certain Performance of all things ordained by the Institution, as likewise for the Protection and Encouragement of the Company, it is proposed.

That some Person of Eminent Quality, a Lover of solid Learning, and no Stranger in it, be chosen Chancellor or President of the College, and that eight Governors more, Men qualify'd in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed Visitors of the College, and receive an exact Account of all Expences, even to the smallest, and of the true Estate of the Publick Treasure, under the Hands and Oaths of the Professors Resident.

That the Choice of the Professors, in any Vacancy, belong to the Chancellor and the Governors, but that the Professors (who are likeliest to know what Men of the Nation are most proper for the Duties of their Society) direct their Choice, by recommending two or three Persons to them at every Election. And that if any learned Person within His Majesty's Dominions discover or eminently improve any useful Kind of Knowledge, he may upon that
ground,

ground, for his Reward, and the Encouragement of others, be preferr'd, if he pretend to the Place, before any body else.

That the Governors have Power to turn out any Professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the Society.

That the College be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large Grounds, enclos'd with good Walls behind them. That the first Court be built with a fair Cloyster, and the Professors Lodgings, or rather little Houses, four on each Side, at some Distance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, just after the manner of the *Chartreux* beyond Sea. That the inside of the Cloyster be lin'd with a Gravel-walk, and that Walk with a Row of Trees, and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the second Quadrangle just behind the first, be so contriv'd, as to contain these Parts. 1. A Chapel. 2. A Hall, with two long Tables on each Side, for the Scholars and Officers of the House to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the End for the publick Lectures. 3. A large and pleasant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Professors to eat in, and to hold their Assemblies and Conferences. 4. A publick School-house. 5. A Library. 6. A Gallery to walk in, adorn'd with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventers of any thing useful to Human Life; as Printing, Guns, *America*, &c. and of late in Anatomy, the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and such like Discoveries in any Art, with short Elogies under the Portraitures: As likewise the Figures of all sorts of Creatures, and the stuff'd Skins of as many

ny strange Animals as can be gotten. 7. An Anatomy Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures; and prepar'd with all Conveniences for Dissection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Drugs, and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furnish'd with all Sorts of Mathematical Instruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-Keeper and Purveyor, near the Chappel, Anatomy Chamber, Library and Hall.

That the third Court be on one Side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for Use and not for Beauty too, as the others. That it contain the Kitchen, Butteries, Brew-house, Bake-house, Dairy, Lardry, Stables, &c. and especially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-Servants.

That behind the second Court be plac'd the Garden, containing all sorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the End a little House of Pleasure, a Lodge for the Gardener, and a Grove of Trees cut out into Walks.

That the second enclosed Ground be a Garden, destin'd only to the Trial of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conservation, Composition, Transmutation, Coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by Art, either for Use or Curiosity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardener.

That the third Ground be employ'd in convenient Receptacles for all sorts of Creatures which the Professors shall judge necessary for their more exact Search into the Nature of Animals, and the Improvement of their Uses to us.

That there be likewise built in some place of the College, where it may serve most for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for Observation of Celestial Bodies, adorned with all sorts of Dials and such like Curiosities; and that there be very deep Vaults under Ground for Experiments most proper to such Places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the Charity or Generosity of this Age to extend to; and we do not design this after the Model of *Solomon's House* in my Lord *Bacon* (which is a Project for Experiments that can never be Experimented) but propose it within such Bounds of Expence as have often been exceeded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

*Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and
other Officers.*

THAT of the twenty Professors four be always travelling beyond Seas, and sixteen always Resident, unless by Permission upon extraordinary Occasions, and every one so absent, leaving a Deputy behind him to supply his Duties.

That the four Professors Itinerant be assigned to the four Parts of the World, *Europe, Asia, Africa, America*, there to reside three Years at least, and to give a constant Account of all things that belong to the Learning, and especially Natural Experimental Philosophy of those Parts.

That the Expence of all Dispatches, and all Books, Simples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, &c.
and

and all Curiosities whatsoever, Natural or Artificial, sent by them to the College, shall be defray'd out of the Treasury, and an additional Allowance (above the 120*l.*) made to them as soon as the College's Revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn Oath never to write any thing to the College, but what after very diligent Examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an Error.

That the sixteen Professors Resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of Natural, Experimental Philosophy, to consist of the Mathematicks, Mechanicks, Medicine, Anatomy, Chymistry, the History of Animals, Plants, Minerals, Elements, &c. Agriculture, Architecture, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening: The Mystery of all Trades and Improvement of them; the Façture of all Merchandizes, all Natural Magick or Divination; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue of Natural Histories annex'd to my Lord Bacon's *Organon*.

That once a Day from *Easter*'till *Michaelmas*, and twice a Week from *Michaelmas* to *Easter*, at the Hours in the Afternoon most convenient for Auditors from *London*, according to the time of the Year, there shall be a Lecture read in the Hall, upon such Parts of Natural Experimental Philosophy, as the Professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the Professors by daily, weekly, or monthly turns shall teach the Publick Schools, according to the Rules hereafter prescrib'd.

That

That all the Professors shall be equal in all Respects (except Precedency, choice of Lodging, and such like Privileges, which shall belong to Seniority in the College) and that all shall be Masters and Treasurers by annual Turns, which two Officers for the Time being shall take place of all the rest, and shall be *Arbitri duarum Mensarum*.

That the Master shall command all the Officers of the College, appoint Assemblies or Conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double Voice, and in his Absence the Treasurer, whose Business is to receive and disburse all Monies by the Master's Order in Writing, (if it be an extraordinary) after Consent of the other Professors.

That all the Professors shall sup together in the Parlour within the Hall every Night, and shall dine there twice a Week (to wit, *Sundays* and *Thursdays*) at two round Tables for the convenience of Discourse, which shall be for the most part of such Matters as may improve their Studies and Professions, and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable Talk shall be the Duty of the two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the Servant-Scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at Table: That it shall belong likewise to the *Arbitri Mensarum* only, to invite Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be Men of Learning or great Parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one Table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the College twenty Pounds a Year for their Diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That

That they shall have once a Week an Assembly or Conference concerning the Affairs of the College, and the Progress of their Experimental Philosophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of Consequence, he shall communicate it to the Assembly to be examined, experimented, approv'd or rejected.

That if any one be Author of an Invention that may bring in Profit, the third Part of it shall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and besides, if the thing be very considerable, his Statue or Picture with an Elogy under it, shall be placed in the Gallery, and made a Denison of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Professors shall be always assigned to some particular Inquisition (besides the ordinary Course of their Studies) of which they shall give an account to the Assembly, so that by this means there may be every Day some Operation or other made in all the Arts, as Chymistry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the College shall furnish for the Charge of the Operation.

That there shall be kept a Register under Lock and Key, and not to be seen but by the Professors, of all the Experiments that succeed, signed by the Persons who made the Trial.

That the popular and received Errors in Experimental Philosophy (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the publick Lectures, that they may no longer abuse the Credulous, and beget new ones by Consequence or Similitude.

That every third Year (after the full Settlement of the Foundation) the College shall give an Account in Print, in proper and ancient *Latin*, of the Fruits of their triennial Industry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to wait upon him in his Chamber and at Table, whom he shall be oblig'd to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and render an Account of his Progress to the Assembly, from whose Election he receiv'd him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the Care of his Education, and the just and civil Usage of him.

That the Scholar shall understand *Latin* very well, and be moderately initiated in the *Greek*, before he be capable of being chosen into the Service, and that he shall not remain in it above seven Years.

That his Lodging shall be with the Professor whom he serves.

That no Professor shall be a married Man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in Practice, only Physick he may be allow'd to prescribe, because the Study of that Art is a great part of the Duty of his Place, and the Duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary Practice.

That the Professors shall, in the College, wear the Habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the Universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary Friendship with one another, and that the Assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary Mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have enter'd so far into a Quarrel as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Professor; and that the Perseverance in any Enmity shall be punished by the Governors with Expulsion.

That the Chaplain shall eat at the Master's Table; (paying his twenty Pound a Year as the others do) and that he shall read Prayers once a Day at least, a little before Supper-time; that he shall Preach in the Chappel every *Sunday* Morning, and Catechize in the Afternoon the Scholars and School-boys; that he shall every Month administer the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his Auditors with the Controversies of Divinity, but only Teach God in his just Commandments, and in his wonderful Works.

The S C H O O L.

THAT the School may be built so as to contain about two hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven, because we suppose that the Children sent hither to be initiated in Things as well as Words, ought to have pass'd the two or three first, and to have attained the Age of about thirteen Years, being already well advanc'd in the *Latin* Grammar, and some Authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that if any Professor shall be convicted to have taken any Mony in Consideration of his Pains in the School, he shall be expell'd with Ignominy by the Governors; but if any Persons of great Estate and Quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, than Boys of the same Age commonly are at other Schools, shall not think fit to receive an Obligation of so near Concernment without returning some Marks of Acknow-

knowledgment, they may, if they please (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little Rarity or Curiosity upon the Society in Recompence of their Trouble.

And because it is deplorable to consider the Loss which Children make of their Time at most Schools, employing, or rather casting away six or seven Years in the learning of Words only, and that too very imperfectly :

That a Method be here establish'd for the infusing Knowledge and Language at the same time into them; and that this may be their Apprenticeship in Natural Philosophy. This we conceive may be done, by breeding them up in Authors, or Pieces of Authors, who treat of some Parts of Nature, and who may be understood with as much Ease and Pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; such are in *Latin Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, Part of Celsus*, and of *Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum*, and several scatter'd Pieces, *Virgil's Georgicks, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius*; and because the Truth is we want good Poets (I mean, we have but few) who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, Natural Matters (the most Part indulging to the Weakness of the World, and feeding it either with the Follies of Love, or with the Fables of Gods and Heroes) we conceive that one Book ought to be compil'd of all the scatter'd little Parcels among the ancient Poets that might serve for the Advancement of Natural Science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant Volume. To this we would have added the Morals and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the Institutions of *Quintilian*; and for the Comœdians, from whom almost all that necessary Part of com-

mon Discourse, and all the most intimate Proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys may be made Masters of them, as a Part of their Recreation and not of their Task, if once a Month, or at least once in two, they act one of *Terence's* Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanc'd) some of *Plautus's*; and this is, for many Reasons, one of the best Exercises they can be enjoin'd, and most innocent Pleasures they can be allow'd. As for the *Greek* Authors; they may study *Nicander*, *Oppianus* (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil*) *Aristotle's* History of Animals, and other Parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of several both Poets, and other *Grecian* Writers. For the Morals and Rhetorick *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the latter; with the History of Animals they should be shew'd Anatomy as a Divertisement, and made to know the Figures, and Natures of those Creatures which are not common amongus, disabusing them at the same time of those Errors, wich are universally admitted concerning many. The same Method should be us'd to make them acquainted with all Plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern Geography, the understanding of the Globes, and the Principles of Geometry, and Astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in *Latin* and *English*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latin*; and in all this Travel be rather led on by Familiarity, Encouragement, and Emulation, than driven by Severity, Punishment, and Terror. Upon Festivals and Play-times they should exercise themselves in the Fields by Riding, Leaping, Fencing, Muster-

ing

ing and Training after the manner of Soldiers, &c. And to prevent all Dangers, and all Disorder, there should always be two of the Scholars with them to be, as Witnesses and Directors of their Actions; In foul Weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful Comportment of their Bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all Days of Devotion, they are to be a Part of the Chaplain's Province.

That for all these Ends the College so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant Houses thereabouts, kept by Religious, Discreet, and Careful Persons, for the lodging and boarding of young Scholars, that they have a constant Eye over them, to see they be bred up there Piously, Cleanly, and Plentifully, according to the Proportion of their Parents Expences.

And that the College, when it shall please God either by their own Industry and Success, or by the Benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their Turn and Duty to be charitable to others shall at their own Charges erect and maintain some House or Houses for the Entertainment of such poor Mens Sons, whose good Natural Parts may promise either Use or Ornament to the Commonwealth, during the time of their Abode at School, and shall take Care that it shall be done with the same Conveniences as are enjoy'd even by rich Mens Children (though they maintain the fewer for that Cause) there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, fordid, and Hospital-like Education.

C O N C L U S I O N.

IF I be not much abus'd by a natural Fondness to my own Conceptions (that *σοφία* of the *Greeks*, which no other Language has a proper Word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few Adversaries as this; for who can without impudent Folly oppose the Establishment of twenty well selected Persons in such a Condition of Life, that their whole Business and sole Profession, may be to study the Improvement and Advantage of all other Professions from that of the highest General even to the lowest Artisan? Who shall be oblig'd to employ their whole Time, Wit, Learning, and Industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other Ends; First, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former Ages, to detect, explode, and strike a Censure through all false Monies with which the World has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say) to set the Mark of the College upon all true Coins, that they may pass hereafter without any farther Trial. Secondly, to recover the lost Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And lastly, to discover others which we yet have not. And who shall, besides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the best Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many Mens Children as shall think fit to make use of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any Parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embrac'd by all Differences in Opinion, and can hardly

be conceiv'd capable (as many good Institutions have done) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this Proposition shall encounter with no Enemies; the only Question is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Discourse and Design to Reality and Effect; the necessary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain it self well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible in order to so vast a Work) that it may seem hopeless to raise such a Sum out of those few dead Relicks of Human Charity and Publick Generosity which are yet remaining in the World.

A
DISCOURSE

By way of

VISION,

Concerning the

Government of *Oliver Cromwell*.

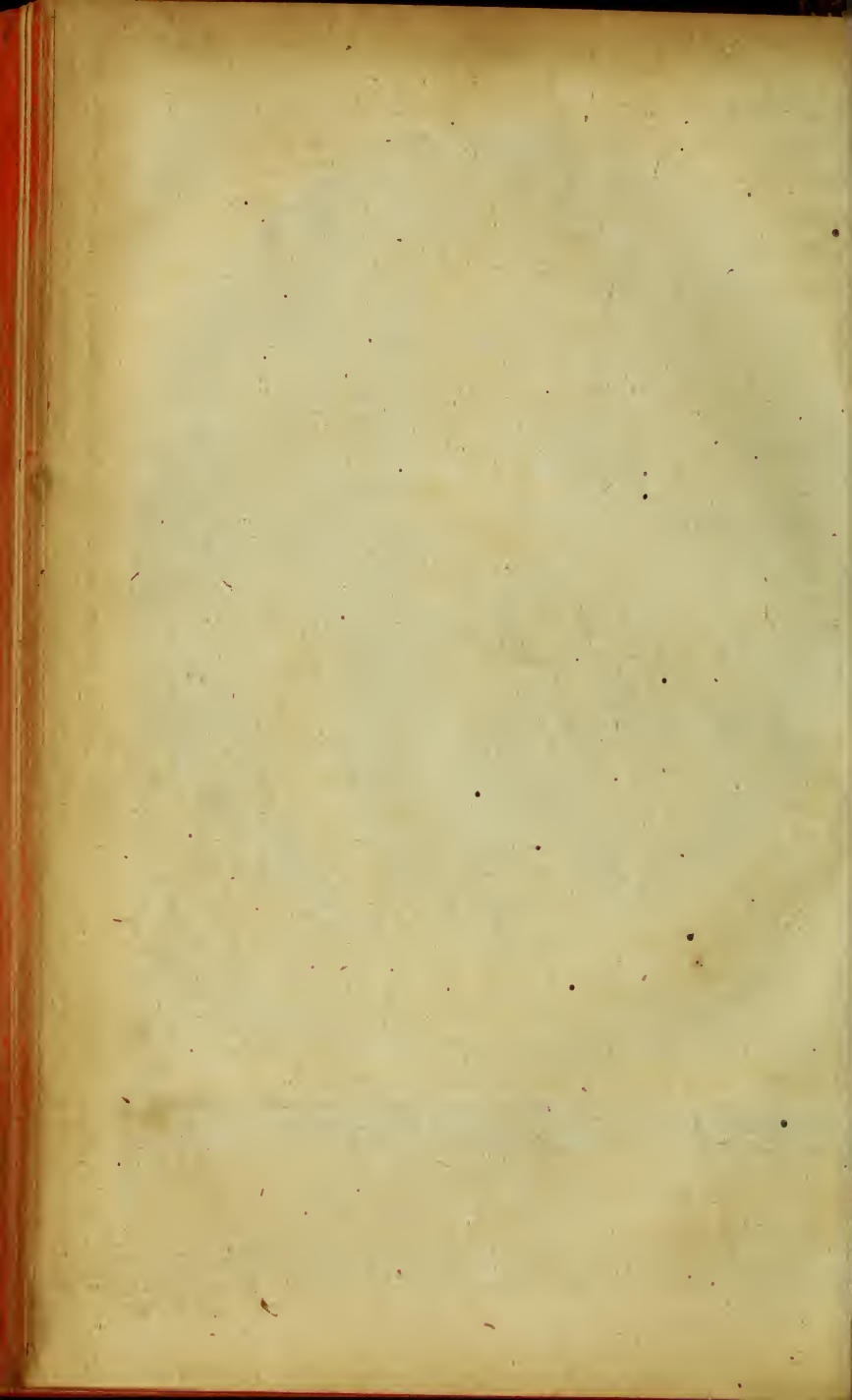
IT was the Funeral Day of the late Man who made himself to be call'd *Protector*. And though I bore but little Affection, either to the Memory of him, or to the Trouble and Folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forc'd by the Importunity of my Company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that Solemnity, the Expectation of which had been so great, that in was said to have brought some very curious Persons (and no doubt singular Virtuoso's) as far as from the Mount it *Cornwall*, and from the *Orcades*. I found there had been much more Cost bestow'd, than either the Dead Man, or indeed Death it self could deserve. — There was a mighty Train of black Assistants, among which too divers Princes in the Persons of their Ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their Brother

ther



M. V. Aucht Sculp.

Oliver Cromwell .



ther) were pleas'd to attend; the Herse was magnificent, the Idol crown'd and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practis'd at Royal Interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast Multitude of Spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small Part of the Spectacle it self. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so manag'd, that, methoughts, it somewhat represented the Life of him for whom it was made; much Noise, much Tumult, much Expence, much Magnificence, much Vain-glory; briefly, a great Show, and yet, after all this, but an ill Sight. At last (for it seem'd long to me, and, like his short Reign too, very tedious) the whole Scene pass'd by, and I retir'd back to my Chamber, weary, and, I think, more melancholly than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole Life of this Prodigious Man, and sometimes I was fill'd with Horror and Detestation of his Actions, and sometimes I inclin'd a little to Reverence and Admiration of his Courage, Conduct and Success; 'till by these different Motions and Agitations of Mind, rock'd, as it were, a-sleep, I fell at last into this Vision, or if you please to call it but a Dream, I shall not take it ill, because the Father of Poets tells us, even Dreams too are from God.

But sure it was no Dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the Body, or out of the Body, like St. *Paul*, I know not) and found my self on the Top of that famous Hill in the Island *Mona*, which has the Prospect of three Great, and Not-long-since most happy Kingdoms. As soon as ever I look'd on them, the Not-long-since strook upon my Memory, and called forth the sad Representation of all the Sins, and all the Miseries that had overwhelm'd them

them these twenty Years. And I wept bitterly for two or three Hours, and when my present Stock of Moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an Hour more, and as soon as I recovered from my Passion the Use of Speech and Reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this Complaint.

I.

Ah, happy Isle, how art thou chang'd and curst,
 Since I was born, and knew thee first!
 When Peace, which had forsok the World around,
 (Frighted with Noise, and the shrill Trumpet's Sound)
 Thee for a private Place of Rest,
 And a secure Retirement chose
 Wherein to build her *Halcion* Nest;
 No Wind durst stir abroad the Air to discompose.

II.

When all the Riches of the Globe beside
 Flow'd in to thee with ev'ry Tide:
 When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,
 The Growth was of thy Fruitful Industry,
 When all the proud and dreadful Sea,
 And all his Tributary-Streams,
 A constant Tribute paid to thee;
 When all the liquid World was one extended *Thames*.

III.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
 And Bounty was its Steward there;
 When Gold walk'd free about in open view,
 E'er it one Conqu'ring Party's Pris'ner grew;

When

When the Religion of our State
Had Face and Substance with her Voice,
E'er she by 'her foolish Loves of late,
Like Ecc ho (once a Nymph) turn'd only into Noise

IV.

When Men to Men Respect and Friendship bore,
And God with Reverence did adore ;
When upon Earth no Kingdom could have shown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his Subjects by him were
(Which is a Truth will hardly be,
Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
A secret known to few) made happi'r ev'n than he.

V.

Thou dost a *Chaos*, and Confusion now,
A *Babel*, and a *Bedlam* grow,
And like a Frantick Person thou dost tear
The Ornament and Cloaths which thou shouldst wear,
And cut thy Limbs; and if we see
(Just as thy barb'rous *Britons* did)
The Body with Hypocrisie
Printed all o'er, thou think'st, thy naked Shame is hid.

VI.

The Nations, which envy'd thee e'erwhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile)
They laugh, and would have pity'd thee (alas!)
But that thy Faults all Pity do surpass.

Art thou the Country which didst hate,
 And mock the *French* Inconstancy?
 And have we, have we seen of late
 Less change of Habits there, than Governments in thee?

VII.

Unhappy Isle! No Ship of thine at Sea,
 Was ever tofs'd and torn like thee.
 Thy naked Hulk loose on the Waves does beat,
 The Rocks and Banks around her Ruin threat;
 What did thy foolish Pilots ail,
 To lay the Compass quite aside?
 Without a Law or Rule to fail, [Guide?
 And rather take the Winds, than Heav'ns to be their

VIII.

Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
 This floating Isle from Shipwreck save;
 And though to wash that Blood which does it stain,
 It well deserves to sink into the Main;
 Yet for the Royal Martyr's Prayer
 (The Royal Martyr prays, we know)
 This guilty, perishing Vessel spare;
 Hear but his Soul above, and not his Blood below.

I think, I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (arising out of the Earth, as I conceiv'd) the Figure of a Man taller than a Giant, or indeed, the Shadow of any Giant in the Evening. His Body was naked, but that Nakedness adorn'd, or rather

rather deform'd all over, with several Figures, after the manner of the ancient *Britons*, painted upon it: And I perceived that most of them were the Representation of the late Battels in our Civil Wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the Battel of *Naseby* that was drawn upon his Breast. His Eyes were like burning Brass, and there were three Crowns of the same Metal (as I gueſt) and that lookt as red-hot too, upon his Head. He held in his right Hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the Motto of it was *Pax quaritur Bello*, and in his left Hand a thick Book, upon the Back of which was written in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c. Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful Object might have quell'd a greater Courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a Man in a Vision) that I was not at all daunted, but ask'd him resolutely and briefly, What art thou? And he said, I am called the North-west Principality, his Highness the Protector of the Common-wealth of *England, Scotland and Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that Angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of those three Kingdoms which thou seeſt from this Place. And I answer'd, and said, If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty Years past, your Highness has been absent from your Charge: For not only if any Angel, but if any wise and honest Man had since that time been our Governor, we should not have wandred thus long in these laborious and endless Labyrinths of Confusion, but either not have enter'd at all into them, or at least have returned back e'er we had absolutely lost our

Way;

Way; but instead of your Highness, we have had since such a Protector as was his Predecessor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he presently slew the Common-wealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the Place of it: A little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an Innocent, and this Man did but murder a Murderer. Such a Protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for any Enemy, and rather received a constant *Turk*, than this every Months Apostate; such a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know, what the Wolf, which be protects them from, could do more. Such a Protector—— And as I was proceeding, methoughts, his Highness began to put on a displeas'd and threatening Countenance, as Men use to do when their dearest Friends happen to be traduc'd in their Company, which gave me the first Rise of Jealousie against him, for I did not believe that *Cromwell* among all his Foreign Correspondences, had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not harden'd enough yet to venture a Quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in *White-hall*) I desir'd him that his Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the Disparagement of a Person, whose Relations to his Highness I had not the Honour to know. At which he told me, that he had no other Concernment for his late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest Man that ever was of the *English* Nation, if not (said he) of the whole World, which gives me a just Title to the Defence of his Reputation, since I now account my self, as it were, a Naturaliz'd

taliz'd *English* Angel, by having had so long the Management of the Affairs of that Country. And pray, Countryman (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general Error of the World, that detests and decries so extraordinary a Virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a Person of mean Birth, no Fortune, no eminent Qualities of Body, which have sometimes, or of Mind, which have often rais'd Men to the highest Dignities, should have the Courage to attempt, and the Happiness to succeed in so improbable a Design, as the Destruction of one of the most ancient, and most solid founded Monarchies upon the Earth? That he should have the Power or Boldness to put his Prince and Master to an open and infamous Death? To banish that numerous and strongly ally'd Family? To do all this under the Name and Wages of a Parliament? To trample upon them too as he pleas'd, and spurn them out of Doors when he grew weary of them? To raise up a new and unheard of Monster out of their Ashes? To stifle that in the very Infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called Sovereign in *England*? To oppress all his Enemies by Arms, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice? To serve all Parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last? To overrun each Corner of the three Nations, and overcome with equal Facility both the Riches of the South, and the Poverty of the North? To be feared and courted by all Foreign Princes, and adopted a Brother to the Gods of the Earth? To call together Parliaments with a Word of his Pen, and scatter them again with the Breath of his Mouth? To be humbly and daily petition'd that he would please to be hir'd at the Rate
 of

of two Millions a Year, to be the Master of those who had hir'd him before to be their Servant? To have the Estates and Lives of three Kingdoms as much at his Disposal, as was the little Inheritance of his Father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no End of all the Particulars of his Glory) to bequeath all this with one Word to his Posterity? To die with Peace at home, and Triumph abroad? To be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal Solemnity? And to leave a Name behind him, not to be extinguish'd, but with the whole World, which as it is now too little for his Praises, so might have been too for his Conquests, if the short Line of his Human Life could have been stretch'd out to the extent of his Immortal Designs?

By this Speech I began to understand perfectly well what kind of Angel his pretended Highness was, and having fortify'd my self privately with a short mental Prayer, and with the Sign of the Cross (not out of any Superstition to the Sign, but as a Recognition of my Baptism in Christ) I grew a little bolder, and reply'd in this manner; I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in Commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary Person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give Assent to any other Doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be deliver'd by an Angel; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my Frailty: For sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the Foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honesty, if we ap-
prove

prove of the Actions of that Man whom I suppose you commend by Irony. There would be no end to instance in the Particulars of all his Wickedness; but to sum up a Part of it briefly, What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a Person, such as your self, qualifie him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon all his Equals and Betters? To pretend Freedom for all Men, and under the help of that Pretence to make all Men his Servants? To take Arms against Taxes of scarce two hundred thousand Pounds a Year, and to raise them himself to above two Millions? To quarrel for the Loss of three or four Ears, and strike off three or four hundred Heads? To fight against an imaginary Suspicion of I know not what, two thousand Guards to be fetch'd for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? To pretend the Defence of Parliaments, and violently to Dissolve all, even of his own Calling, and almost Chusing? To undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very Skin, and then to expose it naked to the Rage of all Sects and Heresies? To set up Counsels of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? To fight against the King under a Commission for him? To take him forceably out of the Hands of those for whom he had conquer'd him; to dray him into his Net, with Protestations and Vows of Fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to Butcher him, with as little Shame, as Conscience or Humanity, in the open Face of the whole World? To receive a Commission for King and Parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? To fight against Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when

he contrived for it in his own Person? To abase perfidiously and supplant ingrately his own General first, and afterwards most of those Officers, who with the loss of their Honour, and hazard of their Souls, had lifted him up to the Top of his unreasonable Ambitions? To break his Faith with all Enemies, and with all Friends equally? And to make no less frequent use of the most solemn Perjuries, than the looser sort of People do of customary Oaths? To usurp three Kingdoms without any Shadow of the least Pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? To set himself up as an Idol (which we know as *St. Paul* says, in it self is nothing) and make the very Streets of *London*, like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the Bowels of Men as a Sacrifice to his *Molock-ship*? To seek to entail this Usurpation upon his Posterity, and with it an endless War upon the Nation? And lastly, by the severest Judgment of Almighty God, to die hardned, and mad, and unrepentant, with the Curses of the present Age, and the Detestation of all to succeed.

Though I had much more to say (for the Life of Man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a Tyrant) yet because I had a mind to hear how my strange Adversary would behave himself upon this Subject, and to give even the Devil (as they say) his Right, and fair Play in a Disputation I stopp'd here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little Fear) that he should have broke into a violent Passion in behalf of his Favourite; but he on the contrary, very calmly, and with the Dove-like Innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to sting, thus reply'd to me:

It is not so much out of my Affection to that Person whom we discourse of (whose Greatness is too solid to be shaken by the Breath of any Oratory) as for your own sake (honest Countryman) whom I conceive to err, rather by Mistake than out of Malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust Opinion. And in the first place I must needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the most ancient of the Heathen Divines, that you Men are acquainted withal,

Ῥοῦχ' ὄσιον κλαμύροσιν ἐπ' ἀνδρασιν ἐυχελιάδι,

'Tis wicked, with insulting Feet to tread

Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the Intention of the Reproof there, is no less proper for this Subject; for it is spoken to a Person who was proud and insolent against those dead Men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they liv'd. Your Highness may please (said I) to add the Verse that follows, as no less proper for this Subject,

Whom God's just Doom, and their own Sins have sent
Already to their Punishment.

But I take this to be the Rule in the Case, that when we fix any Infamy upon deceas'd Persons, it should not be done out of Hatred to the Dead, but out of Love and Charity to the Living, that the Curses which only remain in Mens Thoughts, and dare not come forth against Tyrants (because they are Tyrants) whilst they are so, may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their Memories, to deter all others from the like Wickedness, which else in

the time of their foolish Prosperity, the Flattery of their own Hearts, and of other Mens Tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a Tempter, and the Corruption of human Nature so susceptible of the Temptation, that a Man can hardly resist it, be he never so much fore-warn'd of the evil Consequences, much less if he find not only the Concurrence of the present, but the Approbation too of following Ages, which have the Liberty to judge more freely. The Mischief of Tyranny is too great, even in the shortest Time that it can continue, it is endless and insupportable, if the Example be to reign too, and if a *Lambert* must be invited to follow the Steps of a *Cromwell*, as well by the Voice of Honour, as by the Sight of Power and Riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely done of the *Syracusians*, to implead with the Forms of their ordinary Justice, to condemn, and destroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants: If it were possible to cut them out of all Histories, and to extinguish their very Names, I am of Opinion that it ought to be done; but since they have left behind them too deep Wounds to be ever clos'd up without a Scar, at least let us set such a Mark upon their Memory, that Men of the same wicked Inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting Ignominy, than enticed by their momentary Glories. And that your Highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of any private Animosity against the Person of the late *Protector*, I assure you upon my Faith, that I bear no more Hatred to his Name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any Friend of mine the least Injury; and with that transported by a holy Fury, I fell into this sudden Rapture.

I.

Curs'd be the Man (what do I wish ? as tho'
 The Wretch already were not so;
 But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave
 And great, his Country to enslave.
 Who seeks to over-poise alone
 The Balance of a Nation;
 Against the whole, but naked State, [Weight.
 Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the

II.

Who of his Nation loves to be the first,
 Though at the rate of being worst,
 Who would be rather a great Monster, than
 A well-proportion'd Man.
 The Son of Earth, with hundred Hands,
 Upon his three-pil'd Mountain stands,
 'Till Thunder strikes him from the Sky;
 The Son of Earth again in his Earth's Womb does lye.

III.

What Blood, Confusion, Ruin, to obtain
 A short and miserable Reign?
 In what oblique and humble creeping wise
 Does the mischievous Serpent rise?
 But ev'n his forked Tongue strikes dead,
 When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head,
 He murders with his mortal Frown
 A *Basilisk* he grows, if once he get a Crown.

IV.

But no Guards can oppose assaulting Ears,
 Or undermining Tears;
 No more than Doors, or close-drawn Curtains keep
 The swarming Dreams out, when we sleep.
 That bloody Conscience too of his,
 (For, oh, a Rebel Red-Coat 'tis)
 Does here his early Hell begin,
 He sees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

V.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thine Hand
 Lift up this Rod against our Land.
 A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
 And brings worse Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
 What Rivers stain'd with Blood have been?
 What Storm and Hail-shot have we seen?
 What Sores deform'd the ulcerous State?
 What Darkness to be felt, has bury'd us of late?

VI.

How has it snatch'd our Flocks and Herds away?
 And made even of our Sons a Prey?
 What croaking Sects and Vermin has it sent
 The restless Nation to torment?
 What greedy Troops, what armed Power
 Of Flies and Locusts, to devour
 The Land which ev'ry where they fill?
 Nor fly they, Lord, away; no, they devour it still.

VII. Come

VII.

Come the eleventh Plague, rather than this should be;
 Come sink us rather in the Sea.
 Come rather Pestilence, and reap us down;
 Come God's Sword rather than our own.
 Let rather *Roman* come again,
 Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*.
 In all the Bonds we ever bore,
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

VIII.

If, by our Sins, the Divine Vengeance be
 Call'd to this last Extremity,
 Let some denouncing *Jonas* first be sent,
 To try if *England* can repent.
 Methinks at least some Prodigy,
 Some dreadful Comet from on high,
 Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
 As of good Princes Deaths, so of a Tyrant's Birth,

Here the Spirit of Verse beginning a little to fail,
 I stopt, and his Highness smiling, said, I was glad to
 see you engag'd in the Enclosures of *Meeter*, for if
 you had staid in the open Plain of declaiming against
 the word Tyrant, I must have had Patience for half
 a dozen Hours, 'till you had tir'd your self, as well
 as me. But pray, Countryman, to avoid this Scio-
 macy, or imaginary Combat with Words, let me
 know, Sir, what you mean by the Name of Tyrant,
 for I remember that among your ancient Authors,
 not only all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himself (your
Juvans Pater) is so termed; and perhaps as it was

us'd formerly in a good Sense, so we shall find it, upon better Consideration, to be still a good thing for the Benefit and Peace of Mankind, at least it will appear whether your Interpretation of it may be justly apply'd to the Person who is now the Subject of our Discourse. I call him (said I) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the Government of his Fellow-Citizens without any legal Authority over them, or who having a just Title to the Government of a People, abuses it to the Destruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants are at the same time Usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a Part of that Power which they assume to themselves, and no less are they to be accounted Rebels, since no Man can usurp Authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those Laws which were his Superiors; and in all these Senses no History can afford us a more evident Example of Tyranny, or more out of all Possibility of Excuse, or Palliation, than that of the Person whom you are pleas'd to defend, whether we consider his reiterated Rebellions against all his Superiors; or his Usurpation of the Supreme Power to himself, or his Tyranny in the Exercise of it; and if lawful Princes have been esteem'd Tyrants, by not containing themselves within the Bounds of those Laws which have been left them as the Sphere of their Authority by their Fore-fathers, what shall we say of that Man, who having by Right no Power at all in this Nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfy'd the most ambitious of our Princes? nay, not with those vastly extended Limits of Sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescrib'd and observ'd before) was pleas'd (out of great Modesty) to set

set to himself? not abstaining from Rebellion and Usurpation even against his own Laws, as well as those of the Nation?

Hold Friend (said his Highness, pulling me by my Arm) for I see your Zeal is transporting you again; whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant Exercise of his Power we shall see anon, it is requisite to examine first whether he were so in the Usurpation of it. And I say, that not only he, but no Man else ever was, or can be so; and that for these Reasons. First, Because all Power belongs only to God, who is the Source and Fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but his Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to some he gives their Places for a few Years, to some for their Lives, and to others (upon Ends or Deserts best known to himself, or meerly for his undisputable good Pleasure) he bestows, as it were, Leases upon them, and their Posterity, for such a Date of Time as is prefix'd in that Patent of their Destiny, which is not legible to you Men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Oliver* to succeed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the Lord *Stafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the Cases oblig'd to obey him whom they see actually invested with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the Causes, either of the Removal of the one, or the Preferment of the other. Secondly, Because all Power is attained either by the Election and Consent of the People, and that takes away your Objection of forcible

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ble Intrusion ; or else by a Conquest of them, and that gives such a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the Usurpation of a Tyrant ; so that either this Title is right, and then there are no Usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but Usurpers, if you examine the Original Pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which quitting the Dispute in general, is a particular Justification of his Highness) The Government of *England* was totally broken and dissolv'd, and extinguish'd by the Confusions of a Civil War, so that his Highness could not be accus'd to have possess'd himself violently of the ancient Building of the Commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the Ruins and Ashes of the former ; and he who after a deplorable Shipwreck can with extraordinary Industry gather together the dispers'd and broken Planks and Pieces of it, and with no less wonderful Art and Felicity so rejoin them, as to make a new Vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the Command of her (even as his Highness had) by the Desire of the Seamen and Passengers themselves. And do but consider Lastly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be spoken upon this noble Argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with your self, what admirable Parts of Wit and Prudence, what indefatigable Diligence and invincible Courage must of necessity have concurr'd in the Person of that Man, who from so contemptible Beginnings (as I observ'd before) and through so many thousand Difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the entire Conquest of *Ireland*

land and Scotland (which the whole Force of the World, join'd with the *Roman* Virtue, could never attain to) and to crown all this with illustrious and heroical Undertakings, and Successes upon all our foreign Enemies; do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious Merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the Blood of an hundred Royal Progenitors; and will rather lament that he liv'd not to overcome more Nations, than envy him the Conquest and Dominion of these. Whoever you are (said I, my Indignation making me somewhat bolder) your Discourse (methinks) becomes as little the Person of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwell's* Actions did that of a Protector. It is upon these Principles, that all the great Crimes of the World have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the Misfortune to see in my own Time, and in my own Country. If these be to be allow'd, we must break up human Society, retire into the Woods, and equally there stand upon our Guards, against our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the wild Beast. For if there can be no Usurpation upon the Rights of a whole Nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private Person; and if the Robbers of Countries be God's Vicegerents, there is no doubt but the Thieves, and Bandito's, and Murderers, are his Under-Officers. It is true which you say, that God is the Source and Fountain of all Power, and it is no less true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his Goodness fail of its Ends even in the Malice of his own Creatures. What Power he suffers the Devil to exercise in this World, is too apparent by our daily Experience, and by nothing more than the late monstrous

stuous Iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you infer from thence, that the Power of the Devil is a just and lawful one, and that all Men ought, as well as most Men do, obey him? God is the Fountain of all Powers; but some flow from the right Hand (as it were) of his Goodness, and others from the left Hand of his Justice; and the World, like an Island between these two Rivers, is sometimes refresh'd and nourish'd by the one, and sometimes over-run and ruin'd by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory) we are never overwhelm'd with the latter, 'till either by our Malice or Negligence we have stopp'd and damn'd up the former. But to come a little closer to your Argument, or rather the Image of an Argument, your Similitude; If *Cromwell* had come to command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Stafford*, I should have yielded Obedience, not for the Equipage, and the Strength, and the Guards which he brought with him, but for the Commission which he should first have shew'd me from our common Sovereign that sent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obey'd him too in *England*; but that he was so far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but Commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your second Argument is, that he had the same Right for his Authority, that is the Foundation of all others, even the Right of Conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquer'd by the Person, whom we hired at a daily Rate, like a Labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with Arms, only to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them) and keep them

for ever sheath'd in the Bowels of his Friends? Did we fight for Liberty against our Prince, that we might become Slaves to our Servant? This is such an impudent Pretence, as neither he nor any of his Flatterers for him had ever the Face to mention. Tho' it can hardly be spoken or thought of without Passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the Case deserves. The Right certainly of Conquest can only be exercis'd upon those against whom the War is declar'd, and the Victory obtain'd. So that no whole Nation can be said to be conquer'd but by foreign Force. In all Civil Wars Men are so far from stating the Quarrel against their Country, that they do it only against a Person or Party which they really believe, or at least pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any just Cause for the Destruction of a part of the Body, but when it is done for the Preservation and Safety of the whole. 'Tis our Country that raises Men in the Quarrel, our Country that arms, our Country that pays them, our Country that authorises the Undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from Rapine and Murder; lastly, 'tis our Country that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to say in Civil Wars, that the prevailing Party conquers their Country, is to say, the Country conquers it self. And if the General only of that Party be the Conqueror, the Army by which he is made so, is no less conquer'd than the Army which is beaten, and have as little Reason to triumph in that Victory, by which they lose both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwell* conquer'd any Party, it was only that against which he was sent, and what that was must appear by his Commission. It was (says that) against a Company of
evil

evil Counsellors, and disaffected Persons, who kept the King from a good Intelligence and Conjunction with his People. It was not then against the People. It is so far from being so, that even of that Party which was beaten, the Conquest did not belong to *Cromwell*, but to the Parliament which employ'd him in their Service, and rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whose Service (if there had been any Faith in Mens Vows and Protestations) the Wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the Right of this miserable Conquest remain then in his Majesty, and didst thou suffer him to be destroy'd with more Barbarity, than if he had been conquer'd even by Savages and Cannibals? Was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it far'd with them just as with the Army which we fought against, the one Part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwell* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Usurper upon those of the People. I do not here deny Conquest to be sometimes (tho' it be very rarely) a true Title, but I deny this to be a true Conquest. Sure I am, that the Race of our Princes came not in by such a one. One Nation may conquer another sometimes justly, and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true Conquest, and they are to answer for the Injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in Authority above them) and not as particular Rebels to their Country, which is, and ought always to be their Superior and their Lord. If perhaps we find Usurpation instead of Conquest in the Original Titles of some Royal Families abroad (as no doubt there have been many Usurpers before ours, tho' none in so impudent and execrable a manner)

all I can say for them is, that their Title was very weak, 'till by Length of Time, and the Death of all juster Pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one. Your third Defence of his Highness (as your Highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his Pretence of Conquest, for then a Man may say any thing. The Government was broken; Who broke it? It was dissolv'd; Who dissolv'd it? It was extinguish'd; Who was it but *Cromwell*, who not only put out the Light, but cast away even the very Snuff of it? As if a Man should murder a whole Family, and then possess himself of the House, because 'tis better that he, than that only Rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at the Word I perceiv'd my pretended Angel to give a Start and trembled, but I took no Notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked Pretension, even tho' the whole Family were destroy'd, but the Heirs (blessed be God) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all Heirs of their Dispossessors, besides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem, &c.* There will be yet Wine enough left for the Sacrifice of those wild Beasts that have made so much Spoil in the Vineyard. But did *Cromwell* think, like *Nero*, to set the City on Fire, only that he might have the Honour of being Founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a Shadow of Virtue in his Wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in the midst of the Combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself Master of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to see the publick Vessel (the Sovereign of the Seas) in as desperate a Condition as his own little Canow, and thought only with some scatter'd Planks

of that great Shipwrack to make a better Fisher-boat for himself. But when he saw that by the drowning of the Master (whom he himself treacherously knock'd on the Head as he was swimming for his Life) by the Flight and Dispersion of others, and cowardly Patience of the remaining Company, that all was abandon'd to his Pleasure, with the old Hulk, and new mis-shapen and disagreeing Pieces of his own, he made up with much ado that Piratical Vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judg'd by its perpetual Leaking. First then (much more wicked than those foolish Daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into Pieces, in hope by Charms and Witchcraft to make him young and lusty again) this Man endeavour'd to destroy the Building, before he could imagine in what Manner, with what Materials, by what Workmen, or what Architect it was to be re-built. Secondly, If he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that Body which he had kill'd, yet it had been but the insupportable Insolence of an ignorant Mountebank. And Thirdly (which concerns us nearest) That very new thing which he made out of the Ruins of the old, is no more like the Original, either for Beauty, Use, or Duration, than an artificial Plant, rais'd by the Fire of a Chymist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the Ashes of it he might produce an imperfect Similitude of his own making. Your last Argument is such (when reduc'd to Syllogism) that the Major Proposition of it would make strange Work in the World, if it were receiv'd for Truth; to wit, that he who has the best Parts in a Nation, has the Right of being King over it. We had enough to do here

here of old with the Contention between two Branches of the same Family, what would become of us when every Man in *England* should lay his Claim to the Government? and truly if *Cromwell* should have commenc'd his Plea when he seems to have begun his Ambition, there were few Persons besides that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his Deserts I suppose you will date from the same Term that I do his great Demerits, that is, from the Beginning of our late Calamities, (for, as for his private Faults before, I can only wish (and that with as much Charity to him as to the Publick) that he had continu'd in them 'till his Death, rather than chang'd them for those of his latter Days) and therefore we must begin the Consideration of his Greatness from the unlucky *Æra* of our own Misfortunes; which puts me in Mind of what was said less truly of *Pompey* the Great, *Nostra Miseria Magnus es*. But because the general Ground of your Argumentation consists in this, that all Men who are the Effecters of extraordinary Mutations in the World, must needs have extraordinary Forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a Wheel; I shall speak first a few Words upon this universal Proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular Examination of the Eminences of that Person which is in Question.

I have often observ'd (with all Submission and Resignation of Spirit to the inscrutable Mysteries of Eternal Providence) that when the Fulness and Maturity of Time is come that produces the great Confusions and Changes in the World, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the Effects of human Force or Policy,

but of the Divine Justice and Predestination; and tho' we see a Man, like that which we call *Jack* of the Clock-house, striking, as it were, the Hour of that Fulness of Time, yet our Reason must needs be convinc'd, that his Hand is mov'd by some secret, and to us who stand without, invisible Direction. And the Stream of the Current is then so violent, that the strongest Men in the World cannot draw up against it, and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the Spring-Tides of publick Affairs which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain Causes,

————— *Omnia fluminis*
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Hetruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos

Hor. Car.
3. 29.

Stirpesque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis una, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque silvæ;
Cum fera Diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes, —————

and one Man then, by maliciously opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the sole Author of all this (tho' he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of so general a Deluge, and all the Art then and Industry of Mankind is not sufficient to raise up Dikes and Ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the Wisdom and Power of the *Roman* Senate, nor the Wit and Eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus*, was able to defend

send their Country or themselves against the unexperienc'd Rashness of a beardless Boy, and the loose Rage of a voluptuous Madman. The Valour and prudent Counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the Errors and Cowardise on the other harmless, by unexpected Accidents. The one General saves his Life, and gains the whole World, by a very Dream; and the other loses both at once by a little Mistake of the Shortness of his Sight. And tho' this be not always so, for we see that in the Translation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleas'd God to make choice of the most Eminent Men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio* and his Contemporaries, for his chief Instruments and Actors in so admirable a Work (the End of this being not only to destroy or punish one Nation, which may be done by the worst of Mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous Persons) yet when God only intends the temporary Chastisement of a People, he does not raise up his Servant *Cyrus* (as he himself is pleas'd to call him) or an *Alexander* (who had as many Virtues to do Good, as Vices to do Harm) but he makes the *Mas-fanelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden*, the Instruments of his Vengeance, that the Power of the Almighty might be more evident by the Weakness of the Means which he chuses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the Serpents and the Monsters of *Africk* to correct the Pride of the *Egyptians*, but call'd for his Armies of Locusts out of *Aethiopia*, and form'd new ones of Vermine out of the very Dust; and because you see a whole Country destroy'd by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the Craft of the Foxes, and the Courage of Lions? It is easie to apply this general Observation to the

particular Case of our Troubles in *England*, and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary Chastisement of our Sins, and not for a total Abolishment of the old, and Introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from these Considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a Judgment of the Will of God in future Events. First, Because he has suffer'd nothing to settle or take Root in the Place of that which has been so unwisely and unjustly remov'd, that none of these untemper'd Mortars can hold out against the next Blast of Wind, nor any Stone stick to a Stone, till that which those foolish Builders have refus'd, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indispos'd and long tormented Commonwealth hath weary'd and spent it self almost to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous Experiments of several Mountebanks, it is be suppos'd, it will have the Wit last to send for a true Physician, especially when it sees (which is the second Consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every Day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no Usurpation (under what Name or Pretext soever) can be kept up without open Force, nor Force without the Continuance of those Oppressions upon the People, which will at last tire out their Patience, tho' it be great even to Stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when Poverty and Hunger begins to whet their Understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary Mystery, that 'tis Madness in a Nation to pay three Millions a Year for the maintaining of their Servitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes. This, I say, will not always lye hid, even to the slowest Capacities, and the next Truth they will discover afterwards, is, that

a whole People can never have the Will, without having at the same time the Power to redeem themselves. Thirdly, It does not look (methinks) as if God had forsaken the Family of that Man, from whom he has rais'd up five Children, of as Eminent Virtue, and all other commendable Qualities, as ever liv'd perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other Family in the whole World. Especially, if we add hereto this Consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great Dangers as ever were pass'd with Safety, either by Prince or private Peason, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a Promise and Earnest of his future Favours. And lastly (to return closely to the Discourse, from which I have a little digress'd) because I see nothing of those excellent Parts of Nature, and Mixture of Merit with their Vices in the late Disturbers of our Peace and Happiness, that uses to be found in the Persons of those who are born for the Erection of new Em-piers. And I confess I find nothing of that kind, no not any Shadow (taking away the false Light of some Prosperity) in the Man whom you extol for the first Example of it. And certainly all Vir-tues being rightly divided into Moral and Intellectu-al, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by Mens Actions, or of the latter than by their Writings or Speeches. As for these latter (which are least in Merit, or rather which are only the In-struments of Mischief where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a Man who ever was call'd Great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the Memory behind him of one wise or witty Apothegm even amongst his do-mestick Servants or greatest Flatterers. I hat little in

Print which remains upon a sad Record for him, is such, as a Satyre against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the Rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the Justification of his Parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular Persons, and so many whole Parties; which if you please to take notice of for the Advantage of his Intellectuals; I desire you to allow me the Liberty to do so too, when I am to speak of his Morals. The Truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wisdom, and Dissimulation Wit, (assisted both and improv'd with Hypocrisies and Perjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the Manner in which he made use of them, that as Wise Men ought not to have believ'd him at first, so no Man was Fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any Man seem to do it, but those who thought they gain'd as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actions of Godliness grew at last so ridiculous, as if a Player, by putting on a Gown, should think he represented excellently a Woman, tho' his Beard at the same time were seen by all the Spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the Stage, I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the Actors and the Doorkeepers were too strong for the Company. I must confess that by these Arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical Praying, and silly Preaching, by unmanly Tears and Whinings, by Falshoods and Perjuries even Diabolical) he had at first the good Fortune (as Men call it, that is the ill Fortune) to attain his Ends; but it was because his Ends were so unreasonable, that no human Reason could foresee them; which made them which had to do with him believe

believe that he was rather a well-meaning and deluding Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impostor. That these Arts were help'd by an indefatigable Industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intend to object that Diligence as the worst of his Crimes. It makes me almost mad when I hear a Man commended for his Diligence in Wickedness. If I were his Son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy Person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the Hours when other Men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other Men are ordinarily asleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tells us; *Their Feet run to Evil, and they make haste to shed innocent Blood*, Isa. 59. 7. *He travels with Iniquity* Psal. 7. 14. *He deviseth Mischief upon his Bed*, Psal. 34. 4. *They search out Iniquity, they accomplish a diligent Search*, Psal. 64. 6. and in a multitude of other Places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a Wolf for his Watchfulness, and for his indefatigable Industry in ranging all Night about the Country, whilst the Sheep, and perhaps the Shepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all asleep?

The *Chartreux* wants the Warning of a Bell
To call him to the Duties of his Cell;
There needs no Noise at all t' awaken Sin,
Th' Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the Diligence of wicked Persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphasis and Exaggeration of their Wickedness, I see not how their Courage can avoid the same Censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable Designs can deserve that honourable Name, I am sure *Faux* and

his fellow Gun-powder Friends will have Cause to pretend, tho' not an equal, yet at least the next place of Honour, neither can I doubt but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a Man in Defiance of all Human and Divine Laws (and with so little Probability of a long Impunity) so publickly and so outrageously to murder his Master; it was bold with so much Insolence and Affront to expel and disperse all the chief Partners of his Guilt, and Creators of his Power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all Acts and Constitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the Authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking so many Parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the Patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countries; it was bold, I say, above all Boldnesses, to usurp this Tyranny to himself, and impudent above all Impudences to endeavour to transmit it to his Posterity. But all this Boldness is so far from being a Sign of manly Courage, (which dares not transgress the Rules of any other Virtue) that it is only a Demonstration of Brutish Madness or Diabolical Possession. In both which last Cases there uses frequent Examples to appear of such extraordinary Force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the Actions of *Cromwell*, neither is it stranger to believe that a whole Nation should not be able to govern him and a mad Army, than that five or six Men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted Girl. There is no Man ever succeeds in one Wickedness, but it gives him the Boldness to attempt a greater: 'Twas boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to set the Metro-

lis of the whole World on Fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp whilst he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred Boldnesses of that great Person (for why should not he too be call'd so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that Courage which could hardly have fail'd any Woman in the like Necessity. It would look (I must confess) like Envy, or too much Partiality, if I should say that personal kind of Courage had been deficient in the Man we speak of; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no Man ever bore the Honour of so many Victories, at the rate of fewer Wounds or Dangers of his own Body; and tho' his Valour might perhaps have given him a just Pretension to one of the first Charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a Title to the Command of three Nations. What then shall we say? that he did all this by Witchcraft? He did so indeed in a great measure by a Sin that is call'd like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the Advantages of his Person, which might be thought to have produc'd those of his Fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not thro' all his Labyrinths) to the Supreme Usurp'd Authority, and because you say it was great Pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleas'd to let me represent to you in few Words, how well I conceive he govern'd these. And we will divide the Consideration into that of his foreign and domestick Actions. The first of his foreign, was a Peace with our Brethren of *Holland* (who were the first of our Neighbours that God chastis'd for having had so great

a hand in the encouraging and abetting our Troubles at home) who would not imagine at first Glimpse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable Deed that his whole Life could have made any Parade of? But no Man can look upon all the Circumstances, without perceiving that it was purely the Sale and Sacrificing of the greatest Advantages that this Country could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Interests of his Covetousness and Ambition, and the Security of his new and unsettled Usurpation. No sooner is that Danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a Fire in the Northern World, and carrying a War two thousand Miles off Westwards. Two Millions a Year (besides all the Vails of his Protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two hundred Pounds were that he was born to. He must have his Prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To satisfy our *Anti-Solomon* (who has made Silver almost as rare as Gold, and Gold as precious Stones in his new *Jerusalem*) we must go, ten thousand of his Slaves, to fetch him Riches from his fantastical *Ophir*. And because his Flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate Prince (the *Faustus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forsook in any of his Undertakings) I desire them to consider, how since the *English* Name was ever heard of, it never receiv'd so great and so infamous a Blow as under the imprudent Conduct of this unlucky *Faustus*; and herein let me admire the Justice of God in this Circumstance, that they who had enslav'd their Country (tho' a great Army, which I wish may be observ'd by ours with trembling) should be so shamefully defeated by the Hands of forty Slaves. It was very ridiculous

diculous to see how prettily they endeavour'd to hide this Ignominy under the great Name of the Conquest of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army should have the Impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, because though they had fled out of the Field of Battel, yet they quarter'd that Night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a necessary Consequence of this Folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the Custom-house and Exchange inform you; and if he please to boast of the taking a Part of the Silver Fleet, (which indeed no body else but he, who was the sole Gainer, has Cause to do) at least let him give leave to the rest of the Nation (which is the only Loser) to complain of the Loss of twelve hundred of her Ships. But because it may here perhaps be answer'd, that his Successes nearer home have extinguish'd the Disgrace of so remote Miscarriages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remember'd for his Glory, than *St. Domingo* for his Disadvantage; I must confess, as to the Honour of the *English* Courage, that they were not wanting upon that Occasion (excepting only the Fault of serving at least indirectly against their Master) to the upholding of the Renown of their warlike Ancestors. But for his particular Share of it, who sate still at home, and expos'd them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that for less Mony than he in the short time of his Reign exacted from his Fellow-Subjects, some of our former Princes (with the daily Hazard of their own Persons) have added to the Dominion of *England* not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it self. And this being all considerable as concerning his Enterprises abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Justice and good Government at home. And first he found the

Com-

Common-wealth (as they then call'd it) in a ready Stock of about 800000 *l.* he left the Common-wealth (as he had the impudent Raillery still to call it) some two Millions and an half in Debt. He found our Trade very much decay'd indeed, in Comparifon of the Golden Times of our late Princes; he left it as much again more decay'd than he found it; and yet not only no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever fought out more base or infamous Means to raise Monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in Practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the Execution (even he) by the Infamy of it. That which he put in Practice was Decimation; which was the most impudent Breach of all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private Capitulations which himself had made, as the Nation's General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all History, from any of the most barbarous Generals of the most barbarous People. Which because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleas'd to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the Particulars and Circumstances of the Iniquity. The other Design of raising a present Sum of Mony, which he violently pursu'd, but durst not put in Execution, was by the Calling in and Establishment of the *Jews* at *London*; from which he was rebuted by the universal Outcry of the Divines, and even of the Citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable Number at least amongst themselves were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*. And for this Design, they say, he intended (Oh Antichrist! Πορνῶν and ὁ Πορνῶν!) to sell *St. Pauls* to them for a Syna-

Synagogue, if their Purfes and Devotions could have reach'd to the Purchase. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation which had given the first noble Example of crucifying their King, it might have had some Appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for Love of their Mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. *Peters* (even at his own *Westminster*) to the *Turks* for a *Mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he desir'd he might be worshipp'd in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-Prayer Book. But what do I speak of his wicked Inventions for getting Mony? when every Penny that for almost five Years he tooke every Day from every Man living in *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not so? Or can any Man think that *Cromwell*, with the Assistance of his Forces and Moss-Troopers, had more Right to the Command of all Mens Purfes, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too strong for upon a Road? And yet when this came, in the Case of Mr. *Coney*, to be disputed by a legal Trial, he (which was the highest Act of Tyranny that ever was seen in *England*) not only discourag'd and threaten'd, but violently imprison'd the Council of the Plaintiff; that is, he shut up the Law it self close Prisoner, that no Man might have Relief from, or Access to it. And it ought to be remember'd, that this was done by those Men, who a few Years before had so bitterly decry'd, and openly oppos'd the King's regular and formal way of proceeding in the Trial of a little Ship-Mony. But tho' we lost the Benefit of our old Courts of Justice, it cannot be deny'd that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no vir-

tuous Prince would, so no ill one durst erect. What, have we liv'd so many hundred Years under such a Form of Justice as has been able regularly to punish all Men that offended against it, and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new Ways how to proceed against Offenders? The Reason which can only be given in Nature for a Necessity of this, is, because those things are now made Crimes, which were never esteem'd so in former Ages; and there must needs be a new Court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these Wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the Peroration) that you see I only give a Hint of some few, and pass over the rest as things that are too many to be number'd, and must only be weigh'd in gross. Let any Man shew me (for tho' I pretend not to much reading, I will defie him in all History) let any Man shew me (I say) an Example of any Nation in the World (tho' much greater than ours) where there have in the Space of four Years been made so many Prisoners, only out of the endless Jealousies of one Tyrant's guilty Imagination. I grant you that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the accursed Triumvirate after them, put more People to Death, but the Reason I think partly was, because in those Times that had a Mixture of some Honour with their Madnes, they thought it a more civil Revenge against a *Roman* to take away his Life, than to take away his Liberty. But truly in the Point of Murder too, we have little reason to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the Examples that have ever been set it in other Countries. Our Judges and our Courts of Justice have not been idle; and to omit the whole Reign of

of our late King ('till the Beginning of the War) in which no Drop of Blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longest time of our worst Princes scarce saw many more Executions than he short one of our bless'd Reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open Streets, (as I mark'd to you at first) the Broiling of human Bowels as a Burnt-Offering of a sweet Savour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtlest Invention of his Predecessors of *Sicily*) is more human and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, *Englishmen*, Gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible!) to be Slaves in *America*. If his whole Life could be reproach'd with no other Action, yet this alone would weigh down all the Multiplicity of Crimes in any of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon so insolent and so execrable a Cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (tho' a just) Passion, as would make me exceed that Temper and Moderation which I resolve to observe in this Discourse with you. These are Calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endur'd; for so it is, that the Scorn, and Mockery, and Insultings of an Enemy, are more painful than the deepest Wounds of his serious Fury. This Man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our Sufferings; he lov'd to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his Power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill besit mine, or any civil Mouth, to repeat those Words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our *English* Laws, the Petition of Right, and *Magna Charta*. To Day you should see him ranting so wildly, that no Body durst come near him, the Morrow flinging of Cushions, and playing

at Snow-balls with his Servants. This Month he assembles a Parliament, and professes himself with humble Tears to be only their Servant and their Minister; the next Month he swears *By the Living God* that he will turn them out of Doors, and he does so, in his Princely way of threatning, bidding them *Turn the Buckles of their Girdles behind them*. The Representative of a whole, nay of three whole Nations, was in his Esteem so contemptible a Meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little Consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any Mortal Man about it. What shall we call this? Boldness, or Brutishness? Rashness, or Phrensie? There is no Name can come up to it, and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a Parliament must be chosen in the new Manner, next time in the old Form, but all cashier'd still after the newest Mode. Now he will govern by Major-Generals, now by One House, now by Another House, now by No House; now the Freak takes him, and he makes seventy Peers of the Land at one clap, (*Extempore, and stans pede in uno*) and to manifest the absolutely Power of the Potter, he chuses not only the worst Clay he could find, but picks up even the Dirt and Mire, to form out of it his Vessels of Honour. It was anciently said of Fortune, that when she had a Mind to be merry and to divert her self, she was wont to raise up such kind of People to the highest Dignities. This Son of Fortune, *Cromwell* (who was himself one of the primest of her Jest) found out the true Haut-goust of this Pleasure, and rejoic'd in the Extravagance of his Ways, as the fullest Demonstration of his uncontrollable Sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? And what have we suffer'd? What do all these Acti-

ons signifie? What do they say aloud to the whole Nation but this, (even as plainly as if it were proclaim'd by Heralds through the Streets of *London*) You are Slaves and Fools, and so I'll use you? These are briefly a Part of those Merits which you lament to have wanted the Reward of more Kingdoms, and suppose that if he had liv'd longer he might have had them: Which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good Fortune to him, than all the Victories and Prosperities of his Life. For he seem'd evidently (methinks) to be near the End of his deceitful Glories; his own Army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the People; and I never pass'd of late before his Palace (his do I call it? I ask God and the King Pardon) but I never pass'd of late before *Whitehall* without reading upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*. But it pleas'd God to take him from the ordinary Courts of Men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court of Justice, which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little Room yet left for the Hope of his Friends, if he have any; tho' the outward Unrepentance of his Death afford but small Materials for the Work of Charity, especially if he design'd even then to entail his own Injustice upon his Children, and by it inextricable Confusions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at last an End of him: And where's now the Fruit of all that Blood and Calamity which his Ambition has cost the World? Where is it? Why, his Son (you'll say) has the whole Crop; I doubt he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the Gentleman, or any living of his Family; on the contrary I wish him better Fortune than to have a long and unquiet Possession of his Master's Inheritance.

tance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his Father, is that which I should have thought (tho' Decency perhaps might have hinder'd me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine by the same Ways should have left me three Kingdoms.

Here I stopp'd; and my pretended Protector, who, I expected, should have been very angry, fell a laughing; it seems at the Simplicity of my Discourse, for thus he reply'd: You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete Rules of Virtue and Conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast Prospect of three Kingdoms you can show me any Acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your Friends will never have the Contentment to see you so much as a Justice of Peace in your own Country. For this, I perceive, which you call Virtue, is nothing else but either the Frowardness of a *Cynick*, or the Laziness of an *Epicurean*. I am glad you allow me at least artful Dissimulation, and unwearied Diligence in my *Hero*, and I assure you that he whose Life is constantly drawn by these two, shall never be misled out of the way of Greatness. But I see you are a Pedant, and *Platonical* Statesmen, a Theoretical Common-wealths-man, an *Utopian* Dreamer. Was ever Riches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? Or the Supreme Place attain'd to by Virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study *Aristotle's* Politics, and write, if you please, Comments upon them, and let another but practise *Machiavil*, and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest Preferments. If the Desire of Rule and Superiority be a Virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and
what

what is the Virtue of any Creature, but the Exercise of those Powers and Inclinations which God has infus'd into it? If that (I say) be Virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing Vice, which is the most proper, if not the only Means of attaining it.

It is a Truth so certain, and so clear,
 That to the first-born Man it did appear;
 Did not the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
 By the fresh Laws of Nature taught, disdain
 That (tho' a Brother) any one should be
 A greater Favourite to God than he?
 He strook him down; and, so (said he) so fell
 The Sheep which thou didst sacrifice so well.
 Since all the fullest Sheaves which I could bring,
 Since all were blasted in the Offering,
 Lest God should my next Victim too despise,
 The acceptable Priest I'll sacrifice;
 Hence Coward Fears; for the first Blood so spilt,
 As a Reward, he the first City built.
 'Twas a Beginning generous and high,
 Fit for a Grand-Child of the Deity.
 So well advanc'd, 'twas Pity there he staid;
 One Step of Glory more he should have made,
 And to the utmost Bounds of Greatness gone;
 Had *Adam* too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.
 One Brother's Death, What do I mean to name,
 A small Oblation to Revenge and Fame?

The mighty-soul'd *Abimelec*, to shew
 What for high Place a higher Spirit can do,
 A Hecatomb almost of Brethren slew,
 And seventy times in nearest Blood he dy'd
 (To make it hold) his Royal Purple Pride.
 Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man?
 The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman, can,
 When to a Crown she cuts her sacred way,
 All that oppose with Manlike Courage slay.
 So *Athaliah*, when she saw her Son,
 And, with his Life, her dearer Greatness gone,
 With a Majestick Fury slaughter'd all
 Whom high Birth might to high Pretences call.
 Since he was dead who all her Power sustain'd,
 Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
 In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withstood,
 In vain the Sacred Plea of *David's* Blood,
 A noble, and a bold Contention, She,
 (One Woman) undertook with Destiny.
 She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold,
 (Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old)
 The great *Jessean* Race on *Juda's* Throne;
 'Till 'twas at last an equal Wager grown,
 Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by One.
 Tell me not she her self at last was slain;
 Did she not first sev'n Years (a Life-time) reign?
 Sev'n Royal Years, t' a publick Spirit will seem
 More than the private Life of a *Methusalem*.

'Tis Godlike to be Great ; and, as they say,
A thousand Years to God are but a Day :
So to a Man, when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation Day's more than a thousand Years.

He would have gone on, I perceiv'd, in his Blasphemies, but that, by God's Grace, I became so bold as thus to interrupt him. I understand now perfectly (which I guess'd at long before) what kind of Angel and Protector you are ; and tho' your Stile in Verse be very much mended since you were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the Face to publish ; whether your long Practice with Mankind has encreas'd and improv'd your Malice, or whether you think us in this Age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more Art or Disguises to draw us to your Party. My Dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious Look) is so great in this World, and I am so powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me ; and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate Malignant ; and for that Reason I shall take you along with me to the next Garrison of ours ; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the Court of Justice, and from thence you know whither. I was almost in the very Pounces of the great Bird of Prey,

When, lo, e'er the last Words were fully spoke,
From a fair Cloud, which rather op'd, than broke,

A Flash of Light, rather than Lightning, came
So swift, and yet so gentle was the Flame.

Upon it rode, and in his full Career,
Seem'd to my Eyes no sooner there than here,
The comeliest Youth of all th' Angelick Race ;
Lovely his Shape, ineffable his Face.

The Frowns with which he strook the trembling Fiend,
All Smiles of Human Beauty did transcend,
His Beams of Locks fell part dishevell'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,
Such as the *British* Monarchs us'd to wear ;
If Gold might be compar'd with Angels Hair.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven Silver Light :
Across his Breast an azure Ribband went,
At which a Medal hung, that did present,
In wondrous living Figures, to the Sight,
The mystick Champions, and old Dragon's Fight,
And from his Mantle's Side there shone afar,
A fix'd, and, I believe, a real Star.

In his fair Hand (what need was there of more ?)
No Arms but th' *English* bloody Cross he bore,
Which when he tow'rd's th' affrighted Tyrant bent,
And some few Words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas, by me be known,
Only I well perceiv'd Jesus was one)
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away ;
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for Prey.

Such Rage inflames the Wolf's wild Heart and Eyes,
(Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his Prize)
Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.
The Shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail.
He knows his Foe too strong, and must be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

SEVERAL
DISCOURSES

By way of

E S S A Y S,
I N
V E R S E *and* P R O S E.

I. *Of* LIBERTY.

THE Liberty of a People consists in being govern'd by Laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever Form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private Man in being Master of his own Time and Actions, as far as may consist with the Laws of God and of his Country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what Estate of Life does best seat us in the Possession of it. This Liberty of our own Actions is such a Fundamental Privilege of Human Nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite Power and Right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a Forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes so much Care for the entire Preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his Providence nor eternal Degree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the
same

same God, to whom we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh Part to be paid to him as a small Quit-Rent in Acknowledgment of his Title. It is Man only that has the Impudence to demand our whole Time, tho' he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable Value for the least Part of it. This Birth-right of Mankind above all other Creatures, some are forc'd by Hunger to sell, like *Esau*, for Bread and Broth, but the greatest Part of Men make such a Bargain for the Delivery up of themselves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, instead of a Kid, the necessary Provisions for Human Life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great Dealers in this World may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous; and that all these Men sell themselves to be Slaves, tho' to the Vulgar it may seem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the Wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the Labour of Argumentation. Let us first consider the Ambitious, and those both in their Progress to Greatness, and after the Attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Salust* says, *Dominationis in alios servitium suum Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay so great a Price as their own Servitude to purchase the Domination over others. The first Thing they must resolve to sacrifice is their whole Time, they must never stop, nor ever turn aside, whilst they are in the Race of Glory, no not like *Atalanta* for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a Man stop himself, if he would, when he's in his Career. *Fertur equis Auriga neque audit Currus habenas*.

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean servile things Men do for this Imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater Example of it, than from the chief

chief Men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful Baseness did the noblest *Romans* submit themselves for the obtaining of a Prætorship, or the Consular Dignity? They put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on Foot, and in Dirt, through all the Tribes to beg Voices, they flatter'd the poorest Artisans, and carry'd a *Nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their Ear every Man's Name, lest they should mistake it in their Salutations; they shook the Hand, and kiss'd the Cheek of every popular Tradesman; they stood all Day at every Market in the publick Places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the Rout; they imploy'd all their Friends to solicit for them, they kept open Tables in every Street, they distributed Wine and Bread and Money, even to the vilest of the People. *En Romanos rerum Dominos! Behold the Masters of the World begging from Door to Door.* This particular humble way to Greatness is now out of Fashion, but yet every Ambitious Person is still in some sort a *Roman Candidate*. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many Beasts, tho' not the Beast with many Heads. *Catiline*, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less Power than *Sylla's*, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all Servants, to be a publick Bawd, to provide Whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whose hot Lusts and Courages, and Heads he thought he might make use of. And since I happen'd here to propose *Catiline* for my Instance (tho' there be thousand of Examples for the same thing) give me Leave to transcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, because it is a general Description of all Ambitious Men, and which *Machiavil* perhaps would say

say ought to be the Rule of their Life and Actions. This Man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial Touches and Stroaks that look'd like the Beauty of great Virtues, his intimate Conversation was with the worst of Men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best, he was furnish'd with all the Nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry ; neither do I believe that there was ever any Monster in Nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing Parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable Persons, who more a Favourite to the most infamous ? Who, sometimes, appear'd a braver Champion, who, at other times, a bolder Enemy to his Country ? Who more dissolute in his Pleasures, who more Patient in his Toils ? Who more rapacious in robbing, who more profuse in giving ? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the Arts he had to acquire the good Opinion and Kindness of all sorts of Men, to retain it with great Complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the Occasions of their Fortune, both with his Money, and his Interest, and his Industry ; and if need were, not by sticking at any Wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature, and lavec with every Wind ; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious : With this Variety and Multiplicity of his Nature, as he had made a Collection of Friendships with all the most wicked and reckless of all Nations, so by the artificial Simulation of some Virtues, he made a shift

*Orat. pro
M. Calio.*

to ensnare some honest and eminent Persons into his Familiarity; neither could so vast a Design as the Destruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the Immanity of so many Vices had not been cover'd and disguis'd by the Appearance of some excellent Qualities.

I see, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all Things to all Men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the Assistance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cæsar* was a little after him. And the Ways of *Cæsar* to compass the same Ends (I mean 'till the Civil War, which was but another manner of setting his Country on Fire) were not unlike these, tho' he us'd afterward his unjust Dominion with more Moderation than, I think, the other would have done. *Salust* therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like Gentlemen of his Time, says, That it is the Nature of Ambition

*De Bel.
Catil.*

(*Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit*
&c.) to make Men Liars and Cheaters, to hide

the Truth in their Breasts, and show, like Juglers, another thing in their Mouths; to cut all Friendships and Enmities to the Measure of their own Interest, and to make a good Countenance without the Help of a good Will. And can there be Freedom with this perpetual Constraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces Men to say what they have no mind to? I have wonder'd at the extravagant and barbarous Stratagem of *Zopirus*, and more at the Praises which I find of so deform'd an Action; who tho' he was one of the seven Grandees of *Persia*, and the Son of *Megabises*, who had freed before his Country from an ignoble Servitude, slit his own Nose and Lips, cut off his own Ears, scourg'd and wounded

his whole Body, that he might, under Pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by *Darius*, be receiv'd into *Babylon* (then besieg'd by the *Persians*) and get into the Command of it by the Recommendation of so cruel a Sufferance, and their Hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the *Babylonians* suspected not his Falshood, that they might have cut off his Hands too, and whipt him back again. But the Design succeeded, he betray'd the City, and was made Governor of it. What brutish Master ever punish'd his offending Slave with so little Mercy as Ambition did this *Zopirus*? And yet how many are therè in all Nations who imitate him in some degree for a less Reward? Who tho' they endure not so much corporal Pain for a small Preferment or some Honour (as they call it) yet stick not to commit Actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatiz'd? But you may say, Tho' these be the môst ordinary and open Ways to Greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden Paths too, through with some Men find a Passage by virtuous Industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then that Industry must be such, as cannot consist with Liberty, tho' it may with Honesty.

Thou'rt careful, frugal, painful; we commend a Servant so, but not a Friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the Toil and Drudgery which we are forc'd to endure in this Ascent, but we are *Epicures* and Lords when once we are gotten up into the high Places. This is but a short Apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a Royal Company. If we fall in Love with any beauteous Woman, we must be content that they should be our Mistresses whilst we woo them, as
soon

soon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall the Masters.

I am willing to stick to this Similitude in the case of Greatness; we enter into the Bonds of it, like those of Matrimony; we are bewitch'd with the outward and painted Beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true Nature and interior Inconveniencies. A great Fortune (says *Seneca*) is great Servitude. But many are of that Opinion which *Brutus* imputes (I hope untruly) even to that Patron of Liberty, his Friend *Cicero*: We fear (says he to *Atticus*) Death, and Banishment, and Poverty, great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks them to be the worst of Evils, and if he have but some Persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a Mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable Servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable, in so base and contumelious a Condition. This was spoken as became the bravest Man who was ever born in the bravest Common-wealth. But with us generally, no Condition passes for Servitude, that is accompany'd with great Riches, with Honours, and with the Service of many Inferiors. This is but a Deception of the Sight through a false Medium, for if a Groom serve a Gentleman in his Chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; the Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much Servants one as the other: The circumstantial Difference of the ones getting only his Bread and Wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous Estate, is no more intrinsecal to this Matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy Livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole Time, and his own Will for one hundred thou-

thousand, is not a wiser Merchant, than he who does it for one hundred Pounds; but I will swear they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that Estate to which he was born. But this Dependance upon Superiors is but one Chain of the Lovers of Power, *Amatorem Trecentæ Pirithoum cohibent catena.* Let's begin with him by Break of Day: For by that time he's besieg'd by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Antichambers (all the Outworks) possess'd by the Enemy, as soon as his Chamber opens they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the Guards for Entrance. This is so essential a Part of Greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen Favourite, like a Person disgrac'd, and condemn'd to do what he please all the Morning. There are some who rather than want this, are contented to have their Rooms fill'd up every Day with murmuring and cursing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst Duty, that of any one particular Person who waits to speak with the Great Man, or the Great Man's, who wait every Day to speak with all the Company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput & circum saliant latus;* A hundred Businesses of other Men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and strike him in the Face like Dorres: Let's contemplate him a little at another special Scene of Glory, and that is his Table. Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature; the Earth affords him her best Metals for his Dishes, her best Vegetables and Animals for his Food; the Air and Sea supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes; and a great many Men, who look like Masters, attend upon him; and yet,

yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *Table d' Hoste*. 'Tis crouded with People for whom he cares not, with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdensome sort of Guests, the Endeavourers to be witty.

But every Body pays him great Respect, every Body commends his Meat, that is, his Money; every Body admires the exquisite Dressing and Ordering of it, that is, his Clerk of the Kitchen, or his Cook; every Body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know why the honest Inn-keeper who provides a publick Table for his Profit, should be but of a mean Profession; and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince? You'll say, Because one sells, and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose Value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speaks) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom? There is always, and every where, some Restraint upon him. He's guarded with Crouds, and shackled with Formalities. The half Hat, the whole Hat, the half Smile, the whole Smile, the Nod, the Embrace, the Positive Parting with a little Bow, the Comparative at the middle of the Room, the Superlative at the Door; and if the Person be *Pan huper sebastus*, there's a *Huper superlative* Ceremony then of Conducting him to the Bottom of the Stairs, or to the very Gate; as if there were such Rules set to these *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hac inter misero Lux*, thus wretchedly the precious Day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently?

nently? He never sets his Foot beyond his Threshold, unless, like a Funeral, he have a Train to follow him; as if, like the dead Corps, he could not stir, till the Bearers were all ready. My Life (says *Horace*) speaking to one of these *Magnifico's*) is a great deal more easie and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wonder'd at; and take my Horse and ride as far as *Tarentum* without being mis'd. 'Tis an unpleasant Constraint to be always under the Sight and Observation, and Censure of others, as there may be Vanity in it, so, methinks, there should be Vexation too of Spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred Men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at Dinner, and taking Notice of every Bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of Domestick Servants; but, even this too, if weigh'd seriously, is a Piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them (as many Men are) the Trouble and Care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every of them in their Observance of you. I take the Profession of a School-Master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a Common-wealth, yet certainly all his Faces and tyrannical Authority over so many Boys, takes away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these Particulars of the Slavery of Greatness: I shake but a few of their outward Chains: Their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Etcætera* of their Passions, which are the secret, but constant Tyrants and Torturers of their Life, I omit here, because tho' they be Symptoms most frequent and vio-

lent in this Disease; yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life it self. But, the Ambitious Man, tho' he be so many Ways a Slave (*O toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himself a real Prince in his masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolish Part of his Spectators: He's a Slave in *Saturnalibus*. The Covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a Draught-Horse without Bells or Feathers; *ad Metalla damnatus*, a Man condemn'd to work in Mines, which is the lowest and hardest Condition of Servitude; and, to encrease his Misery, a Worker there for he knows not whom: *He heapeth up Riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them*; 'tis only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy Slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths and Board-Wages; *Uncitum vix demenso de suo suum defraudans Genium comparcit miser*; he defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius; he cheats himself for Money. But the servile and miserable Condition of this Wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every Man's Sight, as well as Judgment. It seems a more difficult Work to prove that the Voluptuous Man too is but a Servant: What can be more the Life of a Freeman, or as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own Pleasures? Why, I'll tell you who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman: Not he who blindly follows all his Pleasures (the very Name of Follower is servile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hinder'd by outward Impediments in the Conduct and Enjoyment of them. If I want Skill or Force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, tho' I bought it, and call it my own, yet

in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horse. The Voluptuous Men, (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Lustful and Luxurious, who are both Servants of the Belly; the other whom we spoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were κακὰ θνητὰ, evil wild Beasts; these are Γαστέρες ἀργαί, slow Bellies, as our Translation renders it; but the Word Ἀργαί (which is a fantastical Word, with two directly opposite Significations) will bear as well the Translation of quick or diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be apply'd to these Men. *Metrodorus* said, That he had learnt Ἀληθῶς γαστρί χαρίζεσθαι, to give his Belly just Thanks for all his Pleasures. This by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philosophy was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their Sayings; which, according to my charitable Understanding, may admit a very virtuous Sense, which is, that he thanked his own Belly for that Moderation in the customary Appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happiness in this World. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great Triumviri of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean Villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*; and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauch'd one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quisnam igitur Liber? Sapiens, sibi qui Imperiosus*: Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck; but the Man

Hor L. 2.
Serm.
Sat. 7.

Who governs his own Course with steady Hand,
Who does himself with Sov'reign Pow'r command;
Whom neither Death, nor Poverty does fright,
Who stands not aukwardly in his own Light

Against the Truth: Who can, when Pleasures knock
 Loud at his Door, keep firm the Bolt and Lock,
 Who can, tho' Honour at his Gate should stay
 In all her masking Cloaths, send her away,
 And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

This, I confess, is a Freeman: But it may be said,
 That many Persons are so shackled by their Fortune,
 that they are hinder'd from Enjoyment of that Ma-
 numission which they have obtain'd from Virtue. I
 do both understand, and in part feel the Weight of
 this Objection: All I can answer to it, is, That we
 must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our
 utmost Endeavours. and when all that is done, be
 contented with the Length of that Line which is al-
 low'd us. If you ask me in what Condition of Life
 I think the most allow'd; I should pitch upon that
 sort of People whom King *James* was wont to call
 the Happiest of our Nation, the Men plac'd in the
 Country by their Fortune above an High-Constable,
 and yet beneath the Trouble of a Justice of Peace,
 in a moderate Plenty, without any just Argument for
 the Desire of encreasing it by the Care of many Re-
 lations, and with so much Knowledge and Love of
 Piety and Philosophy (that is, of the Study of God's
 Laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him Mat-
 ter enough never to be Idle, tho' without Business;
 and never to be Melancholy, tho' without Sin or Va-
 nity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Pray-
 er of mine in a Copy of *Latin Verses*, of which I
 remember no other Part, and (*pour faire bonne bou-
 che*) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

*Magne Deus; quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatemque, nec ultra
Sollicitas effundo preces, siquid datur ultra
Accipiam gratus; si non, Contentus abibo.*

For the few Hours of Life allotted me,
Give me (great God) but Bread and Liberty,
I'll beg no more; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that Overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

Martial Lib. 2. *Vota tui breviter, &c.*

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The Pray'rs and Hopes of your Poetick
He does not Palaces nor Manors crave, [Friend;
Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have.]
The Ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heav'n because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,
He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.
Can any Man in gilded Rooms attend,
And his dear Hours in humble Visits spend;
When in the fresh and beauteous Fields he may,
With various healthful Pleasures fill the Day?
If there be Man (ye Gods) I ought to hate,
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.

Still let him busie be, and in a Croud,
And very much a Slave, and very proud:
Thus he, perhaps, pow'rful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow:
But let him Peace and Freedom never see;
Let him not love this Life, who loves not me:

Martial L. *Vis fieri Liber? &c.*

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief Wish, you say,
Come on; I'll shew thee, Friend, the certain
If to no Feasts abroad thou lov'st to go, [Way.
Whilst bounteous God does Bread at home bestow;
If thou the Goodness of thy Cloaths dost prize,
By thine own Use, and not by others Eyes;
If (only safe from Weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small House, but a convenient Shell;
If thou, without a Sigh, or Golden Wish,
Canst look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Dish;
If in thy Mind such Power and Greatness be,
The *Persian* King's a Slave, compar'd with thee.

Mart. L. 2. *Quod te nomine? &c.*

THAT I do you with humble Bows no more,
And Danger of my naked Head, adore;
That I, who Lord and Master cry'd e'erwhile,
Salute you in a new and different Stile,

By

By your own Name, a Scandal to you now,
 Think not that I forget my self or you:
 By Loss of all things by all others sought,
 This Freedom, and the Freeman's Hat, is bought.
 A Lord and Master no Man wants, but he
 Who o'er himself has no Authority;
 Who does for Honours and for Riches strive,
 And Follies, without which Lords cannot live.
 If thou from Fortune dost no Servant crave,
 Believe it, thou no Master need'st to have.

O D E. Upon LIBERTY.

I.

Freedom with Virtue takes her Seat,
 Her proper Place, her only Scene,
 Is in the Golden Mean;

She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great:
 The Wings of those Necessity has clipt,
 And they're in Fortune's *Bridewell* whipt,
 To the laborious Task of Bread;

These are by various Tyrants Captive lead.
 Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
 Rides, reigns and spurs them, like th' unruly Horse.
 And servile Av'rice yokes them now,
 Like toilsome Oxen to the Plow.

And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding Light,
 Draws them through all the Labyrinths of Night.

If any few among the Great there be
 From these insulting Passions free,
 Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see,
 By Custom, Business, Crouds, and formal Decency.
 And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
 Impertinences round them flow:
 These are the small uneasie things
 Which about Greatness still are found,
 And rather it molest than wound:
 Like Gnats, which too much Heat of Summer brings;
 But Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings:
 As when the Honey does too open lye,
 A thousand Wasps about it fly;
 Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit;
 The Master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

II.

'Tis Morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on:
 You cannot now; you must be gone
 To Court, or to the noisie Hall:
 Besides, the Rooms without are crouded all;
 The Stream of Business does begin,
 And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.
 Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Pris'ner keep!
 Will they not suffer him to sleep?
 Make an Escape; out at the Postern fly,
 And get some blessed Hours of Liberty.
 With a few Friends, and a few Dishes dine,
 And much of Mirth and mod'rate Wine.

To thy bent Mind some Relaxation give,
And steal one Day out of thy Life to live.
Oh happy Man (he cries) to whom kind Heav'n
Has such a Freedom always giv'n!
Why, mighty Madman, what should hinder thee
From being ev'ry Day as free?

III.

In all the freeborn Nations of the Air,
Never did Bird a Spirit so mean and fordid bear
As to exchange his native Liberty,
Of soaring boldly up into the Sky,
His Liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,
When and where-ever he thought good,
And all his innocent Pleasures of the Wood,
For a more plentiful or constant Food.
Nor ever did Ambitious Rage
Make him into a painted Cage,
Or the false Forest of a well-hung Room,
For Honour and Preferment come.
Now, Blessings on ye all, ye Heroick Race,
Who keep their primitive Powers and Right so well,
Though Men and Angels fell.
Of all Material Lives the highest Place
To you is justly giv'n,
And Ways and Walks the nearest Heav'n.
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast, That we look up to it.

Ev'n to the Univerfal Tyrant, Love,

You Homage pay but once a Year:

None fo degenerous and unbirdly prove,

As his perpetual Yoke to bear.

None but a few unhappy Houfhold Fowl,

Whom human Lordfhip does controul;

Whom from their Birth corrupted were

By Bondage, and by Man's Example here.

IV.

He's no fmall Prince, who ev'ry Day

Thus to himfelf can fay,

Now will I fleep, now eat, now fit, now walk,

Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk

This I will do, here I will ftay,

Or if my Fancy call me' away,

My Man and I will prefently go ride,

(For we before have nothing to provide,

Nor after are to render an Account)

To *Dover*, *Berwick*, or the *Cornifh* Mount.

If thou but a fhort Journey take,

As if thy laft thou wert to make,

Bufinefs muft be difpatch'd e'er thou canft part;

Nor canft thou ftir, unlefs there be

A hundred Horfe and Men to wait on thee,

And many a Mule, and many a Cart;

What an unweildy Man thou art?

The *Rhodian Coloffus* fo

A Journey too might go.

V.

Where Honour or where Conscience does not bind,
No other Law shall shackle me,
Slave to my self I will not be;

Nor shall my future Actions be confin'd
By my own present Mind.

Who by Resolves and Vows engag'd does stand
For Days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an Unthrift, mortgage his Estate
Before it falls into his Hand.

The Bondman of the Cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe.
And still as Time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but Debts to pay.

Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell!
Which his Hour's Work as well as Hours does tell!
Unhappy 'till the last, the kind releasing Knell.

VI.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,
(In which he only hits the White,
Who joins true Profit with the best Delight)
The more Heroick Strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick Way I'll make;
The Matter shall begrave, the Numbers loose and free.
It shall not keep one settled Pace of Time,
In the same Tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme:

A thousand Liberties it shall dispence,
 And yet shall manage all without Offence, [Sense:
 Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the
 Nor shall it never from one Subject start,
 Nor seek Transitions to depart,
 Nor its set Way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,
 Nor thorough Lanes a Compass take,
 As if it fear'd some Trespas to commit,
 When the wide Air's a Road for it.
 So the Imperial Eagle does not stay,
 'Till the whole Carcass it devour,
 That's fall'n into its Pow'r,
 As if gen'rous Hunger understood
 That he can never want Plenty of Food,
 He only sucks the tasteful Blood,
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away;
 To Kites and meaner Birds she leaves the mangled Prey.

II. OF SOLITUDE.

N*Umquam minus solus, quam cum solus,* is now
 become a very vulgar Saying. Every Man,
 and almost every Body, for these seventeen hundred
 Years, has had it in his Mouth. But it was at first
 spoken by the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without
 question a most Eloquent and Witty Person, as well
 as the most Wise, most Worthy, most Happy, and
 the Greatest of all Mankind. His Meaning no doubt
 was this, that he found more Satisfaction to his
 Mind, and more Improvement of it by Solitude than
 by

by Company; and to shew that he spoke not this loosely or out of Vanity, after he had made *Rome* Mistress of almost the whole World, he retir'd himself from it by a Voluntary Exile, and at a private House in the middle of a Wood near *Linternum*, pass'd the Remainder of his Glorious Life no less gloriously. This House *Seneca* went to see so long after with great Veneration, and among other things describes his Baths to have been of so mean a Structure, that now, says he, the basest of the People would despise them, and cry out, Poor *Scipio* understood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the Credit of Retreat? And happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could have taught him as much Wisdom as was learnt by *Scipio* from the highest Prosperities. This would be no Wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur *de Montagne*, That Ambition it self might teach us to love Solitude; there's nothing does so much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its Elbows free, it detests to have Company on either Side, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, ay, and Ushers too before it. But the greatest Part of Men are so far from the Opinion of that noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without Company, they're like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the Wind of other Mens Breath, and have no Oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human Nature, that Men should love themselves above all the rest of the World, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in Love with a Mistress, all other Persons are importunate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and die with her alone.

Epist. 86.

Sic

Sic. ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis

Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede,

Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ

Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in Woods could rest,
Where never human Foot the Ground has prest,
Thou from all Shades the Darknes canst exclude,
And from a Desart banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its Conversation for an Hour together. This is such an odd Temper of Mind as *Catullus* expresses towards one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unfociable Humour.

Odi & Amo, quanàm id faciam ratione requiris ?

Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too ;

How can that be ? I know not how ;

Only that so it is I know,

And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable Condition this, and drives a Man sometimes to pitiful Shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The Truth of the Matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the World, is a fit Man to be alone ; nor he who has set his Heart much upon the World, tho' he have never so much Understanding ; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few Persons. They must have enough Knowledge

of the World to see the Vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possess'd with any Lust or Passion, a Man had better be in a Fair, than in a Wood alone. They may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our Pockets in the midst of Company; but, like Robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the Hands of Devils. 'Tis like the Punishment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be sow'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first Work therefore that a Man must do to make himself capable of the Good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections are ty'd to Things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much Practice, and Cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now because the Soul of Man is not by its own Nature or Observation furnish'd with sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual Recourse to Learning and Books for fresh Supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engag'd in the Love of Letters, instead of being weary'd with the Length of any Day, we shall only complain of the Shortness of our whole Life.

O Vita, Stulto longa, Sapienti brevis!

O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wise!

The first Minister of State has not so much Business in publick, as a wise Man has in private; if the
one

one have little Leisure to be alone, the other has less Leisure to be in Company; the one has but Part of the Affairs of one Nation, the other all the Works of God and Nature under his Consideration. There is no Saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, That a Man does not know how to pass his Time. 'T would have been but ill spoken by *Methusalem* in the nine hundred sixty ninth Year of his Life, so far it is from us, who have not Time enough to attain to the utmost Perfection of any Part of any Science, to have Cause to complain that we are forc'd to be idle for want of Work. But this you'll say is Work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the Employments or Divertisements that arrive from Letters; I know they are not, and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a Man totally illiterate. But if any Man be so unlearned as to want Entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all Conditions (except the very meanest of the People, who have Business enough in the necessary Provisions for Life) it is truly a great Shame both to his Parents and himself, for a very small Portion of any ingenious Art will stop up all those Gaps of our Time, either Musick, or Painting, or Designing, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardning, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his Affections upon Poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that will over do it; no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the Importunities of Company or Business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

— *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?* Virg.
Georg.
I. Hail.

I.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good!
 Hail, ye *Plebeian* Under-wood!
 Where the Poetick Birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet Nests, and plenteous Food,
 Pay with their grateful Voice.

II.

Hail, the poor Muses richest Manor Seat!
 Ye Country Houses and Retreat,
 Which all the happy Gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above.

III.

Here Nature does a House for me erect,
 Nature, the fairest Architect,
 Who those fond Artists does despise,
 That can the fair and living Trees neglect,
 Yet the dead Timber prize.

IV.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft Winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton Boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful Birds to both replying,
 Nor be my self too mute.

V.

A Silver Stream shall roll his Waters near,
 Gilt with the Sun-beams here and there;

On whose enamell'd Bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

VI.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he,
 Who loves not his own Company!
 He'll feel the Weight of't many a Day,
 Unless he call in Sin or Vanity
 To help to bear't away.

VII.

Oh Solitude, first State of Humankind!
 Which blest remain'd, 'till Man did find
 Ev'n his own Helper's Company.
 As soon as two (alas!) together join'd,
 The Serpent made up three.

VIII.

Tho' God himself, through countless Ages thee
 His sole Companion chose to be,
 Thee, Sacred Solitude, alone,
 Before the Branchy Head of Number's Tree
 Sprang from the Trunk of one.

IX.

Thou (tho' Men think thine an unactive Part)
 Dost break and tame th' unruly Heart,
 Which else would know no settled Pace,
 Making it move, well manag'd by thy Art,
 With Swiftnefs and with Grace.

X. Thou

X.

Thou the faint Beams of Reason's scatter'd Light
 Dost, like a Burning-glass, unite,
 Dost multiply the feeble Heat,
 And fortifie the Strength, 'till thou dost bright
 And noble Fires beget.

XI.

Whilst this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I see
 The Monster *London* laugh at me;
 I should at thee too, foolish City,
 If it were fit to laugh at Misery,
 But thy Estate I pity.

XII.

Let but thy wicked Men from out thee go,
 And all the Fools that croud thee so,
 Ev'n thou, who dost thy Millions boast,
 A Village less than *Islington* wilt grow,
 A Solitude almost.

III. OF OBSCURITY.

NAM neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
 Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit.

Hor. Epist. l. 1. 18.

God made not Pleasures only for the Rich
 Nor have those Men without their Share too liv'd,
 Who both in Life and Death the World deceiv'd.

This seems a strange Sentence thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in Vindication of the Men of Business (for who else can deceive the World?) whereas it is in Commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the World takes no notice of them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the World, and in another Place uses the same Phrase.

Secretum iter & Fallentis semita vitæ. Ep. 18.

The secret Tracks of the Deceiving Life.

It is very elegant in *Latin*, but our *English* Word will hardly bear up to that Sense, and therefore Mr. *Broom* translates it very well,

Or from a Life, led as it were by Stealth.

Yet we say in our Language, a Thing deceives our Sight, when it passes before us unperceiv'd, and we may say well enough out of the same Author,

Sometimes with Sleep, sometimes with Wine we strive,

The Cares of Life and Troubles to deceive.

[But that is not to deceive the World, but to deceive our selves, as *Quintilian* says, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on still, and amuse and deceive our Life, 'till it be advanc'd insensibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepar'd for it. The Meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar Saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has liv'd well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a Truth, the World (I'll swear) is sufficiently deceiv'd: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest Condition of Life is in *Incognito*.

What

What a brave Privilege is it to be free from all Contentions, from all envying or being envy'd, from receiving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is, in my Mind, a very delightful Pastime, for two good and agreeable Friends to travel up and down together, in Places where they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the Case of *Aeneas* and his *Achates*, when they walk'd invisibly about the Fields and Streets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her self

A Vail of thicken'd Air around them cast, *Virg. 1.*
That none might know, or see them as they past. *Æt.*

The common Story of *Demosthenes's* Confession that he had taken great Pleasure in hearing of a Tankerwoman say as he pass'd, This is that *Demosthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I my self have often met with that Temptation to Vanity (if it were any) but am so far from finding it any Pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the Place, 'till I get, as it were, out of Sight-shot. *Democritus* relates, and in such a manner, as if he glory'd in the good Fortune and Commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens* no body there did so much as take Notice of him; and *Epicurus* liv'd there very well, that is, Lay hid many Years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his Friend *Metrodorus*: After whose Death, making in one of his Letters a kind Commemoration of the Happiness which they two had enjoy'd together, he adds at last, that he thought it no Disparagement to those great Felicities of their Life, that in the midst of the most-talk'd of and talking Country in the World, they had liv'd so long, not only without Fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few Years afterward, there were no two Names

of Men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and Various Familiarities, we open our Gates to the Invaders of most of our Time: We expose our Life to a *Quotidian Ague* of frigid Impertinencies, which would make a wise Man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by Sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the Honour that lies in that: Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank has it more than the best Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief-Justice of a City. Every Creature has it both of Nature and Art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Incitatus*, when they were led prancing through the Streets, as, This is that *Alexander*, or, This is that *Domitian*; and truly for the latter, I take *Incitatus* to have been a much more Honourable Beast than his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it is the Shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious Shadow, and like that of St. *Peter* cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any Man whilst he lives, what it is to him after his Death I cannot say, because I love not *Philosophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no Man who has made the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a Person who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the Conversation of two or three agreeable Friends, with little Commerce in the World besides, who is esteem'd well

well enough by his few Neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any Body, and so after a healthful quiet Life, before the great Inconveniences of old Age, goes more silently out of it than he came in, (for I would not have him so much as cry in the *Exit*). This innocent Deceiver of the World, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta Persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, than the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with Show and Noise, nay, even than *Augustus* himself, who ask'd with his last Breath, Whether he had not play'd his *Farce* very well.

Seneca, ex Thyeste,

Act. 2. Chor.

Stet quicumque volet, potens

Aulae culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the slippery Tops of human State,
 The gilded Pinnacles of Fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and for a while,
 The giddy Danger to beguile,
 With Joy, and with Disdain look down on all,
 'Till their Heads turn, and down they fall.
 Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near
 That I no Fall to Earth may fear,
 And, O ye Gods, at a good Distance seat
 From the long Ruins of the Great.
 Here wrapt in th' Arms of Quiet let me lye;
 Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.
 Here let my Life with as much Silence slide,
 As Time, that measures it, does glide.

Nor let the Breath of Infamy, or Fame,
 From Town to Town echo about my Name.
 Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be
 With Scutcheon, or with Elegy.

An old *Plebean* let me die,
 Alas, all then are such as well as I.

To him, alas, to him, I fear,
 The Face of Death will terrible appear ;
 Who in his Life flattering his senseless Pride,
 By being known to all the World beside,
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
 Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

IV. *Of AGRICULTURE.*

THE first Wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses) was to be a good Philosopher ; the second, a good Husbandman ; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon* ; because he pray'd for Wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and best Husbandmen, and to adorn both those Faculties, the best Poet : He made him besides all this a rich Man, and a Man who desir'd to be no richer. *O Fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit* : To be a Husbandman is but a Retreat from the City ; to be a Philosopher, from the World, or rather, a Retreat from the World, as it is Man's ; into the World, as it is God's. But since Nature denies to most Men the Capacity or Appetite, and Fortune

tune allows but to a very few the Opportunities or Possibility of applying themselves wholly to Philosophy, the best mixture of human Affairs that we can make are the Employments of a Country Life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine Lib. 1. c. 1. dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiæ*, The nearest Neighbour, or next in Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* says, the Principles of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Principles of all Nature: Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more Parts of Philosophy than any one Profession, Art or Science in the World besides; and therefore *Cicero* says, *De Senect.* The Pleasures of a Husbandman, *Mihi ad sapientes vitam proxime videntur accedere*, come very nigh to those of a Philosopher. There is no other sort of Life that affords so many Branches of Praise to a Panegyrist: The Utility of it to a Man's self: The Usefulness, or rather Necessity of it to all the rest of Mankind: The Innocence, the Pleasure, the Antiquity, the Dignity. The Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not so great now in our Nation as arises from Merchandise and the Trading of the City, from whence many of the best Estates and chief Honours of the Kingdom are deriv'd: We have no Men now fetch'd from the Plough to be Dictators, the Reason of which I conceive to be from an evil Custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a Law, which is, that no Men put their Children to be bred up Apprentices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but such who are so poor, that when they come to be Men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of Ground, the Rent of which devours all but the bare Subsistence of the Tenant: Whilst they

who are Proprietors of the Land, are either too proud, or, for want of Education, too ignorant to improve their Estates, tho' the Means of doing it be as easie and certain in this as in any other Track of Commerce : If there were always two or three thousand Youths, for seven or eight Years bound to this Profession, that they might learn the whole Art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be Masters in it, by a moderate Stock ; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many Aldermens Estates made in the Country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the City. There are as many ways to be rich, and which is better, there is no Possibility to be poor, without such Negligence as can neither have Excuse nor Pity ; for a little Ground will without question feed a little Family, and the Superfluities of Life (which are now in some Cases by Custom made almost necessary) must be supply'd out of the Superabundance of Art and Industry, or condemned by as great a Degree of Philosophy. As for the Necessity of this Art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of Men cannot be preserv'd ; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many Nations have liv'd, and some do still, without any Art but this ; not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live, and almost all the other Arts which are here practis'd, are beholding to this for most of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no Men are so free from the Temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Industry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by
Craft

Craft from Men. They live upon an Estate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Estate cheated from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine, by the Allowances of Nature, and others like Wolves and Foxes by the Acquisitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any Offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very useful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious Creatures. They are without Dispute of all Men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflam'd to the Disturbance of the Commonwealth: Their manner of Life inclines them, and Interest binds them to love Peace: In our late mad and miserable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole Troops, and rais'd up some great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the Mischiefs they had done: But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had so considerable a Share in the twenty Years Ruin of his Country, as to deserve the Curses of his Countrymen: And if great Delights be join'd with so much Innocence, I think it is ill done of Men not to take them here where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities, where they are so wild, and the Chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble Scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful Shifts of Policy: We walk here in the light and open Ways of the Divine Bounty; we grope there in the dark and confus'd Labyrinths of Human Malice: Our Senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine Taste of their Objects, which are all Sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelm'd with their Contraries. Here Pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest Wife; it is there an impudent, fickle,

fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmless and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expenceful Luxury.

I shall only instance one Delight more, the most natural and best natur'd of all others, a perpetual Companion of the Husbandman; and that is, the Satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the Effects and Improvements of his own Art and Diligence; to be always gathering of some Fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to see all his Fields and Gardens cover'd with the beauteous Creatures of his own Industry; and to see, like God, that all his Works are Good.

—*Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi Agricolaë tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.*

On his Heart-strings a secret Joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first Men in the World, were a Gard'ner, a Ploughman, and a Gra-zier; and if any Man object, That the second of these was a Murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our Profession, and turn'd Builder. It is for this Reason, I suppose,

That *Ecclesiasticus* forbids us to hate Husbar-
chap. 7. dry; because (says he) *the Most High has created it.* We were all born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nourish our Bodies by the same Earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their Sufte-rance.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all those great Persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the Ground, but almost to tread upon it.

We may talk what we please of Lillies, and Lions Rampant, and Spread Eagles in Fields *d'Or*, or *d'Argent*; but if Heraldry were guided by Reason, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the most Noble and Ancient Arms.

All these Considerations make me fall into the Wonder and Complaint of *Columella*, How it should come to pass that all Arts or Sciences, (for the Dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the Curiosity of us Husbandmen) *Metaphysick*, *Physick*, *Morality*, *Mathematicks*, *Logic*, *Rhetorick*, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful Faculties, (except only *Mataphysick* which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting*, *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Attiring*, *Cookery*, *Carving*, and such like Vanities, should all have publick Schools and Masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any Man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary Art.

A man would think, when he's in serious Humour, that it were but a vain, irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great Company of Men and Women to run up and down in a Room together, in a hundred several Postures and Figures, to no purpose, and with no Design; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and only practis'd anciently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madnes; the latter being the chief Glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine Inspiration: This, I say, a severe Man would think, tho' I dare not determine so far against so customary a Part now of good Breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing-Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk? But,
Did

Did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a Superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one College in each University were erected, and appropriated to this Study, as well as there are to Medicine, and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a Body of Scholars and Fellows, with certain Endowments, as in other Colleges; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much Work for only one Master, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach these four Parts of it. First, *Aratation*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards* and *Woods*. Fourthly, All parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c.* and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the Sports of the Field (which ought to be look'd upon not only as Pleasures, but as parts of House-keeping) and the Domestical Conservation and Uses of all that is brought in by Industry abroad. The Business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practis'd in other Arts, only to read Pompous and Superficial Lectures out of *Virgil's Georgicks, Pliny, Varro, or Columella*, but to instruct their Pupils in the whole Method and Course of this Study, which might be run through perhaps with Diligence in a Year or two; and the continual Succession of Scholars upon a moderate Taxation for their Diet, Lodging, and Learning, would be a sufficient constant Revenue for Maintenance of the
House

House and the Professors, who should be Men not chosen for the Ostentation of Critical Literature, but for solid and experimental Knowledge of the things they teach such Men; so industrious and publick-spirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be, if the Gentleman be yet alive: But it is needless to speak farther of my Thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allow'd more Probability of bringing it into Execution. What I have further to say of the Country Life, shall be borrow'd from the Poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate Friends to it. Poetry was born among the Shepherds.

Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas

Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.

The Muses still love their own native Place,

'Thas secret Charms which nothing can deface.

The Truth is, no other Place is proper for their Work; one might as well undertake to Dance in a Croud, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow;

In vain the thankless Glebe we plough and sow,

Against th'unnatural Soil in vain we strive;

'Tis not a Ground in which these Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thorns of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth: And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the Bounty of Great Men, that is, without what they could get
by

by Flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World (*Pariter vitiisque Jociisque Altius humanis exeruere caput*) into the innocent Happiness of a retir'd Life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their Ever-living Poems. *Hesiod* was the first or second Poet in the World that remains yet extant (if *Homer*, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemporaries) and he is the first Writer too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed (says *Columella*) not a little to our Profession; I suppose he means not a little Honour, for the Matter of his Instructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is visible through the Gravity and Simplicity of his Stile. The most acute of all his Sayings concerns our Purpose very much, and is couch'd in the reverend Obscurity of an Oracle, Πλεόν ἤμισυ Παντός, The half is more than the whole. The Occasion of the Speech is this; His Brother *Perses* had by corrupting some great Men (*Βασιλῆας Δωροφάγας*, Great Bribe-Eaters, he calls them) gotten from him the half of his Estate. It is no matter (says he) they have not done me so much Prejudice as they imagine.

Νήπιοι, εἰδ' ἰσάσιν ὅσῳ Πλεόν' Ἡμισυ Παντός,
 Ὅσῳ εἰ μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλω μέγ' ἔνειμας,
 Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to'whom God has not reveal'd,
 By a strong Light which must their Sense controul,
 That half a great Estate's more than the whole:
 Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lye
 Of Roots and Herbs, the wholesome Luxury.

This

This I conceive to have been honest *Hesiod's* Meaning. From *Homer* we must not expect much concerning our Affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the Country, nor enjoy the Pleasures of it, his helpless Poverty was likeliest to be sustain'd in the richest Places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine Tales of the Wars and Adventures of their Ancestors; his Subject remov'd him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to show his good Will a little. For tho' he could do us no Honour in the Person of his *Hero Ulysses* (much less of *Achilles*) because his whole Time was consumed in Wars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gard'ner all that while, and seeking his Consolation for the Absence of his Son in the Pleasure of Planting and even Dunging his own Grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us Peasants, nay, so far was he from that Insolence, that he always stiles *Eumæus*, who kept the Hogs, with wonderful Respect $\Delta\iota\omicron\nu \Upsilon\pi\omicron\upsilon\beta\omicron\nu$, The Divine Swine-herd. He could have done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And *Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe, for he wrote nothing but Pastorals) gave the same Epithete to an Husbandman, $\text{Εμείβετο } \Delta\iota\omicron\varsigma \acute{\alpha}\gamma\epsilon\acute{\omega}\tau\eta\varsigma$: The Divine Husbandman reply'd to *Hercules*, who was but $\Delta\iota\omicron\varsigma$ himself. These were Civil *Greeks*! and who understood the Dignity of our Calling! Among the *Romans* we have in the first place our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the Favour of *Mecenas* and *Augustus*, he might have been one of the chief Men in *Rome*, yet chose rather to employ much of his Time in the Exercise, and much of his immortal Wit in the Praise and Instructions of a Rustick Life, who tho' he had written before whole Books of *Pastorals* and *Georgicks*,

could not abstain in his great and Imperial Poem from describing *Evander*, one of his best Princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary Country-Man. He seats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bear's Skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court-yard, the Birds under the Eaves of his Window call him up in the Morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his Guard; At last when he brings *Aeneas* in his Royal Cottage, he makes him say this memorable Complement, greater than ever yet was spoken at the *Escorial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehall*.

—*Hæc (inquit) limina victor*

Alcides subiit, hæc illum Regia cepit,

Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoq; dignum

Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This humble Roof, this rustick Court (said he)
 Receiv'd *Alcides* crown'd with Victory.
 Scorn not (great Guest) the Steps where he has trod,
 But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man whom we are much oblig'd to, both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best Poet in the World to *Virgil*, his dear Friend *Horace*; who when *Augustus* had desir'd *Mecænas* to persuade him to come and live domestically, and at the same Table with him, and to be Secretary or State of the whole World under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, *ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Manor, for so rich and so glori

ous a Trouble. There was never, I think, such an Example as this in the World, that he should have so much Moderation and Courage as to refuse an Offer of such Greatness, and the Emperor so much Generosity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his Refusal, but to retain still the same Kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the Passages of this excellent Author upon the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I must be oblig'd to translate half his Works; of which I may say more truly than in my Opinion he did of *Homer*, *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non, plenius & melius Chrysispa, & Crantore dicit*. I shall content my self upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*, and shall forbear to collect the Suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scatter'd up and down through all their Writings, and especially in *Martial's*. But I must not omit to make some Excuse for the bold Undertaking of my unskilful Pencil upon the Beauties of a Face that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latin Verses* (tho' of another kind) and have the Confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the Matter, and that ought to cover many Faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

O fortunatos nimium, &c.

A Translation out of Virgil.

OH happy (if his Happiness he knows) [flows
 The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n be-
 At home all Riches that wise Nature needs ;
 Whom the just Earth with easie Plenty feeds.
 Tis true, no Morning Tide of Clients comes,
 And fills the painted Channels of his Rooms,
 Adoring the rich Figures as they pass,
 In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living Brass ;
 Nor is his Wool superfluously dy'd
 With the dear Poison of *Assyrian* Pride :
 Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil
 The native Use, and Sweetness of his Oil.
 Instead of these, his calm and harmless Life,
 Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and Storms of Strife,
 Does with substantial Blessedness abound,
 And the soft Wings of Peace cover him round.
 Through artless Grotts the murm'ring Waters glide ;
 Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
 From whence the Birds salute him ; and his Ground
 With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does found ;
 And all the Rivers and the Forests nigh,
 Both Food, and Game, and Exercise supply.

Here a well-harden'd active Youth we see,
 Taught the great Art of chearful Poverty.
 Here, in this Place alone, there still do shine
 Some Streaks of Love, both Human and Divine;
 From hence *Astræa* took her Flight, and here
 Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.

'Tis true, the first Desire, which does controul
 All the inferior Wheels that move my Soul,
 Is, that the Muse me her High-Priest would make;
 Into her holiest Scenes of Myst'ry take,
 And open there, to my Mind's purged Eye,
 Those Wonders which to Sense the God's deny;
 How in the Moon such Change of Shapes is found,
 The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound.
 What shakes the solid Earth, what strong Disease
 Dares trouble the firm Center's ancient Ease;
 What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance,
Varieties too regular for Chance.

What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
 And stops the lazy Waggon of the Night.
 But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,
 To send forth Spi'rits that raise a Soul so high;
 In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
 My quiet, tho' unglorious Destiny.
 In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid,
 Cover me, Gods, with *Tempe's* thickest Shade.
 Happy the Man, I grant, thrice happy he
 Who can through gross Effects their Causes see:

Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
 But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go,
 Through all th' Alarms of Death and Hell below.
 Happy! but next such Conqu'rors, happy they,
 Whose humble Life lies not in Fortune's way.
 They unconcern'd, from their safe distant Seat,
 Behold the Rods and Scepters of the Great.
 The Quarrels of the mighty without Fear,
 And the Descent of foreign Troops they hear.
 Nor can even *Rome* their steady Course misguide,
 With all the Lustre of her perishing Pride.
 Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw,
 Into the noisie Markets of the Law,
 The Camps of gowned War, nor do they live
 By Rules or Forms that many Mad-men give.
 Duty, for Nature's Bounty, they repay,
 And her sole Laws religiously obey.

Some with bold Labour plough the faithless Main,
 Some rougher Storms in Princes Courts sustain.
 Some swell up their slight Sails with popular Fame,
 Charm'd with the foolish Whistlings of a Name.
 Some their vain Wealth to Earth again commit;
 With endless Cares some brooding o'er it sit.
 Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
 To lye on *Tyrian* Beds, and drink in Gold;
 No Price too high for Profit can be shown;
 Not Brothers Blood, nor Hazards of their own.

Around the World in search of it they roam,
 It makes ev'n their Antipodes their Home ;
 Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,
 In mutual Duties striving with his Ground,
 And half the Year he Care of that does take,
 That half the Year grateful Returns does make.
 Each fertile Month does some new Gifts present,
 And with new Work his Industry content.
 This, the young Lamb, that, the soft Fleece doth yield,
 This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn the Field ;
 All sorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumn's* Pride ;
 And on a swelling Hill's warm stony Side,
 The pow'rful Princely Purple of the Vine,
 Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
 In th' Evening to a fair ensuing Day,
 With Joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play ;
 And loaded Kine about his Cottage stand,
 Inviting with known Sound the Milker's Hand ;
 And when from wholesome Labour he doth come,
 With Wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
 He meets at Door the softest human Bliss,
 His chaste Wife's Welcome, and dear Childrens Kisses,
 When any Rural Holy-days invite
 His Genius forth to innocent Delight,
 On Earth's fair Bed, beneath some sacred Shade,
 Amidst his equal Friends carelessly laid,
 He sings thee, *Bacchus*, Patron of the Vine,
 The Beechen Bowl foams with a Flood of Wine,

Not to the Loss of Reason, or of Strength :
 To active Games and manly Sport at length,
 Their Mirth ascends, and with fill'd Veins they see,
 Who can the best at better Trials be.
 Such was the Life the prudent *Sabins* chose,
 From such the old *Hetrurian* Virtue rose.
 Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
 From such firm footing *Rome* grew the World's Head.
 Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raise
 The Honour of poor *Saturn's* Golden Days :
 Before Men born of Earth, and bury'd there,
 Let in the Sea their mortal Fate to share.
 Before new Ways of perishing were sought,
 Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
 Before those Beasts, which human Life sustain,
 By Men, unless to the Gods Use, were slain.

Horat. Epodon.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAppy the Man whom bounteous Gods allows
 With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plow !
 Like the first golden Mortals, happy he,
 From Business and the Cares of Money free !
 No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep ;
 From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,
 Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.

Some-

Sometimes the beauteous, marriageable Vine
 He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join ;
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
 And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound ;
 Sometimes he sheers his Flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.
 He sees his lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,
 Whilst neighb'ring Hills low back to them again :
 And when the Season, rich as well as gay,
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see
 Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree ?
 Of which large Shares, on the glad Sacred Days,
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
 With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,
 By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
 By him a River constantly complains,
 The Birds above rejoice with various Strains,
 And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep,
 Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep ;
 Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,
 And nought within against it shuts the Gate.

Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,
 Or fullen *Jove*, all Sports to him deny.
 He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Concert rends the Air ;

722 *Several Discourses by way of Essays,*
Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar ;
Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net
To intercept the travelling Fowl is set.
And all his Malice, all his Craft is shown
In innocent Wars, on Beasts and Birds alone.
This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,
From thee the great One, Tyrant Love, from thee ;
And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife
Be added to the Blessings of this Life,
Such as the ancient Sun-burnt *Sabins* were,
Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her Children and the House her Care,
And joyfully the Work of Life does share,
Nor thinks her self too noble, or too fine,
To pin the Sheep-fold, or to milch the Kine ;
Who waits at Door against her Husband come,
From Rural Duties, late, and weary'd home ;
Where she receives him with a kind Embrace,
A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face ;
And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
And with Domestick Plenty loads the Board.
Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,
Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,
Nor *Ortalans*, nor *Godwits*, nor the rest
Of costly Names, that glorifie a Feast,
Are at the Princely Tables better Cheer,
Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here.

The Country Mouse.

A Paraphrase upon Horace, Book 2. Sat. 6.

AT the large Foot of a fair hollow Tree,
 Close to plow'd Ground, seated commodiously,
 His ancient and Hereditary House,
 There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse:
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
 Yet one, who once did nobly entertain
 A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
 A Mouse of high degree, which lost his Way,
 Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
 And arriv'd early, and belighted there
 For a Day's Lodging: The good hearty Host
 (The ancient Plenty of his Hall to boast)
 Did all the Stores produce, that might excite,
 With various Tastes, the Courtier's Appetite.
 Fitches and Beans, Peason, and Oats, and Wheat,
 And a large Chesnut, the delicious Meat
 Which *Jove* himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.
 And for a *Hautgoust* there were mix'd with these
 The Swerd of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheefe;
 The precious Relicks, which at Harvest he
 Had gather'd from the Reapers Luxury.
 Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
 The bounteous Gods will for to Morrow care.

And thus at Ease on Beds of Straw they lay,
 And to their Genius sacrific'd the Day.
 Yet the nice Guest's *Epicurean* Mind
 (Tho' Breeding made him civil seem, and kind)
 Despis'd this Country Feast, and still his Thought
 Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
 Your Bounty and Civility (said he)
 Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude Parts to see,
 Shews that the Gods have given you a Mind,
 Too noble for the Fate which here you find.
 Why should a Soul, so virtuous and so great,
 Lose it self thus in an obscure Retreat?
 Let Savage Beasts lodge in a Country Den,
 You should see Towns, and Manners know, and Men:
 And taste the gen'rous Lux'ury of the Court,
 Where all the Mice of Quality resort;
 Where thousand beauteous Shees about you move,
 And by high Fare are pliant made to Love.
 We all e'erlong must render up our Breath,
 No Cave or Hole can shelter us from Death.

Since Life is so uncertain, and so short,
 Let's spend it all in Feasting, and in Sport.
 Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake
 All the great things that Mortals happy make.

Alas, what Virtue hath sufficient Arms
 T'oppose bright Honour, and soft Pleasure's Charms?
 What Wisdom can their Magick Force repel?
 It draws this rev'rend Hermit from his Cell.

It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus into Thetis Bosom fell :
She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.
 Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was set,
 When to the Town our weary'd Travellers get
 To a Lord's House, as Lordly as can be,
 Made for the Use of Pride and Luxury,
 They come; the gentle Courtier at the Door
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
 But 'tis, Sir, your Command, and being so,
 I'm sworn t' Obedience; and so in they go.
 Behind a Hanging in a spacious Room,
 (The richest Works of *Mortclake's* noble Loom)
 They wait awhile their weary'd Limbs to rest,
 'Till Silence should invite them to their Feast.
About the Hour that Cynthia's Silver Light,
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the Night ;
 At last the various Supper being done,
 It happen'd that the Company was gone
 Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
 To please their noble Fancies with a Ball.
 Our Host leads forth his Stranger, and does find
 All fitted to the Bounties of his Mind.
 Still on the Table half-fill'd Dishes stood,
 And with delicious Bits the Floor was strow'd.
 The courteous Mouse presents him with the best,
 And both with fat Varieties are blest :

Th' industrious Peasant ev'ry where does range,
 And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy Change.
 Lo, in the midst of a well-fraighted Pie
 They both at last, glutted and wanton, lye :
 When see the sad Reverse of prosp'rous Fate,
 And what fierce Storms on mortal Glories wait.
 With hideous Noise down the rude Servants come,
 Six Dogs before run barking into th' Room ;
 The wretched Gluttons fly with wild Affright,
 And hate the Fulness which retards their Flight,
 Our trembling Peasant wishes now in vain,
 That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
 O how the Change of his poor Life he curs'd !
 This, of all Lives (said he) is sure the worst.
 Give me again, *ye Gods*, my Cave and Wood ;
 With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my Food.

A Paraphrase upon the tenth Epistle of the first
 Book of *Horace*.

59

Horace to Fuscus Aristius.

HHealth, from the Lover of the Country, me ;
 Health, to the Lover of the City, thee :
 A Difference in our Souls this only proves,
 In all things else we agree like marry'd Doves.
 But the warm Nest, and crouded Dove-house, thou
 Dost like ; I loosely fly from Bough to Bough,

And

And Rivers drink, and all the shining Day,
Upon fair Trees, or mossy Rocks I play ;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one at last from the Priests Service fled,
Loathing the honey'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I a House for Happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the Architect.
She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtless in the Country chuse her Seat.
Is there a Place doth better Helps supply,
Against the Wounds of Winter's Cruelty ?
Is there an Air that gent'ler does assuage
The mad Celestial Dogs, or Lions Rage ?
Is it not there that Sleep (and only there)
Nor Noise without, nor Cares within does fear ?
Does Art through Pipes a purer Water bring,
Than that which Nature strains into a Spring ?
Can all your Tap'stries, or your Pictures, show
More Beauties than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow ?
Fountains and Trees our weary'd Pride do please,
Ev'n in the midst of gilded Palaces,
And in your Towns that Prospect gives Delight,
Which opens round the Country to our Sight.
Men to the Good, from which they rashly fly,
Return at last, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with those true Joys contend,
Which Nature did to Mankind recommend.

The Man who changes Gold for burnish'd Brasse,
Or small right Gems, for larger ones of Glasse:

Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,

Than he, who sells a solid Good, to buy
The painted Goods of Pride and Vanity.

If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,
Which 'tis but Pain to keep, yet Grief to lose.

For, when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.

An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear, untainted Pleasures do afford,

Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.

The horned Deer, by Nature arm'd so well,
Did with the Horse in common Pasture dwell;
And when they fought, the Field it always wan,

'Till the ambitious Horse begg'd Help of Man,
And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the Plain:

But never after could the Rider get
From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.

So they, who Poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that Weight, a greater Burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their Equals have,
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.

For Gold, their Liberty exchange'd we see,
That fairest Flow'r which crowns Humanity.

And

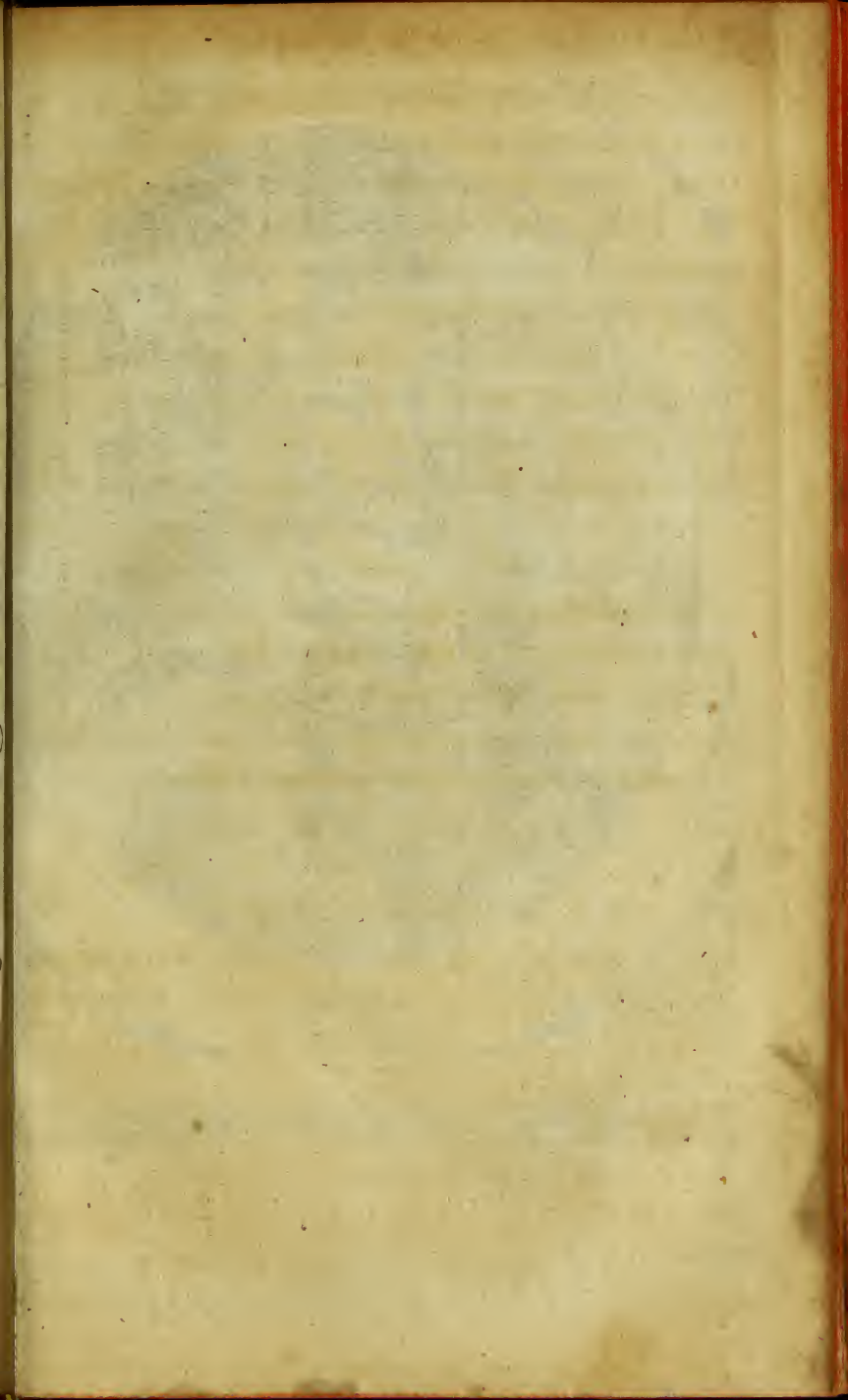
And all this Mischief does upon them light,
Only, because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, Happiness to prize,
That's laid up in a little, for the Wise:
That is the best, and easiest Estate,
Which to a Man fits close, but not too strait;
'Tis like a Shoe; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large it over-turns.
My dearest Friend, stop thy Desires at last,
And chearfully enjoy the Wealth thou hast.
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Mony was made, not to command our Will,
But all our lawful Pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and Wo to us, if we' our Wealth obey;
The Horse doth with the Horse-man run away.

The C O U N T R Y L I F E.

Libr. 4. Plantarum.

Bless'd be the Man (and bless'd he is) whome'er
(Plac'd far out of the Roads of Hope or Fear)
A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
The Field gives all that frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy Garden lib'rally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious Inconveniencies that wait
Upon a Life of Business, and of State,

He fees (nor does the Sight disturb his Rest)
 By Fools desir'd, by wicked Men possess.
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great *Virgil's* Praise)
 The old *Corycian* Yeoman pass'd his Days.
 Thus his wife Life *Abdolonymus* spent:
 Th' Ambassadors, which the great Emp'ror sent
 To offer him a Crown, with Wonder found
 The rev'rend Gard'ner howing of his Ground;
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
 From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went:
 And oft he stopp'd in his triumphant Way,
 And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
 Not without Sighs, Alas, I there forsake
 A happier Kingdom than I go to take.
 Thus *Aglaiis* (a Man unknown to Men,
 But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,
Aglaiis, now consign'd t' eternal Fame.
 For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,
 Presum'd at wife *Apollo's* *Delphick* Seat,
 Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
 See'st thou a Man that happier is than I?
 The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaiis happier is. But *Gyges* cry'd,
 In a proud Rage, Who can that *Aglaiis* be?
 We've heard as yet of no such King as he.
 And true it was, through the whole Earth around
 No King of such a Name was to be found.





John Evelyn Esq.

Is some old *Hero* of that Name alive,
 Who his high Race does from the Gods derive ?
 Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done
 Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won ?
 Is it some Man of endless Wealth ? said he.
 None, none of these ; who can this *Aglaüs* be ?
 After long Search and vain Inquiries past,
 In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last,
 (Th' *Arcadian* Life has always shady been)
 Near *Sopho's* Town (which he but once had seen)
 This *Aglaüs*, who Monarchs Envy drew,
 Whose Happiness the Gods stood Witnesses to,
 This mighty *Aglaüs* was lab'ring found,
 With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
 Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)
 So let me act, on such a private Stage,
 The last dull Scenes of my declining Age ;
 After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
 This quiet Port let my tofs'd Vessel gain ;
 Of Heav'nly Rest, this Earnest to me lend,
 Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

V. The G A R D E N.

To J. Evelyn, Esquire.

I Never had any other Desire so strong, and so like
 to Covetousness, as that one which I have had al-
 ways, that I might be Master at last of a small House

and large Garden, with very moderate Conveniences join'd to them, and there dedicate the Remainder of my Life only to the Culture of them, and the Study of Nature ;

And there (with no Design beyond my Wall) whole and entire to lye,

In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own) But several Accidents of my ill Fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that Felicity ; for though I have made the first and hardest Step to it, by abandoning all Ambitions and Hopes in this World, and by retiring from the Noise of all Business and almost Company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish ; and without that pleasantest Work of Human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arriv'd at my little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither (Is it not a Little one?) and my Soul shall live.* I do not look back yet ; but I have been forc'd to stop, and make too many Halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for Prose) what I mean by all this Preface : It is to let you know, That tho' I have mis'd, like a Chymist, my great End, yet I account my Affections and Endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the By ; which is, that they have procur'd me some Part in your Kindness and Esteem ; and thereby the Honour of having my Name so advantageously recommended to

Poste-

Posterity, by the *Epistle* you are pleas'd to prefix to the most useful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as Months and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the most predominant; that you chuse this for your Wife, tho' you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines; tho' you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the Issue of this seems to be design'd by you to the main of the Estate; you have taken most Pleasure in it, and bestow'd most Charges upon its Education: And I doubt not to see that Book which you are pleas'd to promise to the World, and of which you have given us a large Earnest in your *Calendar*, as Accomplish'd, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no Body that possesses more private Happiness than you do in your Garden; and yet no Man who makes his Happiness more publick, by a free Communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to Mankind the Search of that Felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full Choice of thine own Happiness;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With Prudence, how to chuse the best:

In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright
 (Things which thou well dost understand;
 And both dost make with thy laborious Hand)
 Thy noble, innocent Delight :

And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet
 Both Pleasures more refin'd and sweet :
 The fairest Garden in her Looks,
 And in her Mind the wisest Books.

Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid Joys,
 For empty Shows, and senseless Noise;
 And all which rank Ambition breeds,
 Which seem such beauteous Flow'rs, and are such pois'-
 [nous Weeds?

II.

When God did Man to his own Likeness make,
 As much as Clay, tho' of the purest kind,
 By the great Potter's Art refin'd,
 Could the Divine Impression take ;
 He thought it fit to place him, where
 A kind of Heav'n too did appear,
 As far as Earth could such a Likeness bear :
 That Man no Happiness might want,
 Which Earth to her first Mother could afford ;
 He did a Garden for him plant,
 By the quick Hand of his Omnipotent Word.
 As the chief Help and Joy of human Life,
 He gave him the first Gift; first, ev'n before a Wife.

III.

For God, the universal Architect,

'T had been as easie to erect

A *Lowre*, or *Escorial*, or a Tower

That might with Heav'n Communication hold,

As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old:

He wanted not the Skill or Power,

In the World's Fabrick those were shown,

And the Materials were all his own.

But well he knew what Place would best agree

With Innocence, and with Felicity:

And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,

If any Part of either yet remain;

If any Part of either we expect,

This may our Judgment in the Search direct;

God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain*.

IV.

O blessed Shades! O gentle cool Retreat

From all th' immoderate Heat,

In which the frantick World does burn and sweat!

This does the Lion-Star, Ambition's Rage;

This Avarice, the Dog-Star's Thirst asswage:

Ev'ry where else their fatal Pow'r to see,

They make and rule Man's wretched Destiny:

They neither set, nor disappear,

But tyrannize o'er all the Year;

Whilst we ne'er feel their Flame or Influence here.

The Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,
 And sing above in ev'ry Tree,
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
 Than we who lye, or sit, or walk below,
 And should by right be Singers too.
 What Prince's Quire of Musick can excel
 That which within this Shade does dwell?
 To which we nothing pay, or give;
 They like all other Poets live,
 Without Reward, or Thanks for their obliging Pains;
 'Tis well if they become not Prey:
 The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,
 And a grave Base the murm'ring Fountains play;
 Nature does all this Harmony bestow,
 But to our Plants, Art's Musick too,
 The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitar we owe;
 The Lute it self, which once was green and mute,
 When *Orpheus* strook th' inspir'd Lute,
 The Trees danc'd round, and understood
 By Sympathy the Voice of Wood.

V.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,
 And nothing does within Resistance make,
 Which yet we moderately take;
 Who would not chuse to be awake,
 While he's encompass'd round with such Delight,
 To th' Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Taste and Sight?

When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep
 A Pris'ner in the downy Bands of Sleep,
 She, Od'rous Herbs and Flow'rs beneath him spread,
 As the most soft and sweetest Bed;
 Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.
 Who, that has Reason, and his Smell,
 Would not among Roses and Jasmin dwell,
 Rather than all his Spirits choak
 With Exhalations of Dirt and Smoak?
 And all th'Uncleanness which does drown
 In Pestilential Clouds a populous Town?
 The Earth it self breaths better Perfumes here,
 Than all the Female Men or Women there,
 Not without Cause, about them bear.

VI.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,
 That Pleasure was the chiefest Good,
 (And was perhaps i' th' Right, if rightly understood)
 His Life he to his Doctrine brought,
 And in a Garden's Shade that sov'reign Pleasure sought:
 Whoever a true *Epicure* would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous Luxury.
Vitellius his Table, which did hold
 As many Creatures as the Ark of old:
 That Fiscal Table, to which ev'ry Day
 All Countries did a constant Tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford,
 Than Nature's Liberality,

738 *Several Discourses by way of Essays,*

Help'd with a little Art and Industry,

Allows the meanest Gard'ner's Board.

The wanton Taste no Fish, or Fowl can chuse,

For which the Grape or Melon he would lose,

Tho' all th' Inhabitants of Sea and Air

Be listed in the Glutton's Bill of Fare;

Yet still the Fruits of Earth we see,

Plac'd the third Story high in all her Luxury.

VII.

But with no Sense the Garden does comply;

None courts, or flatters, as it does, the Eye;

When the great *Hebrew* King did almost strain

The wond'rous Treasures of his Wealth and Brain

His Royal Southern Guest to entertain;

Tho' she on Silver Floors did tread,

With bright *Assyrian* Carpets on them spread,

To hide the Metal's Poverty;

Tho' she look'd up to Roofs of Gold,

And nought around her could behold

But Silk and rich Embroidery,

And *Babylonian* Tapestry,

And wealthy *Hiram's* Princely Dye:

Tho' *Ophir's* starry Stones met ev'ry where her Eye

Tho' she her self, and her gay Host, were dress'd

With all the shining Glories of the East;

When lavish Art her costly Work had done,

The Honour and the Prize of Bravery

Was by the Garden from the Palace won;

And ev'ry Rose and Lilly there did stand,
 Better attir'd by Nature's Hand:
 The Case thus judg'd against the King we see,
 By one that would not be so rich, tho' wiser far than he.

VIII.

Nor does this happy Place only dispence
 Such various Pleasures to the Sense ;
 Here Health it self does live,
 That Salt of Life, which does to all a Relish give ;
 Its standing Pleasure, and intrinsick Wealth,
 The Body's Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune, Health.
 The Tree of Life, when it in *Eden* stood,
 Did its Immortal Head to Heav'n rear,
 It lasted a tall Cedar 'till the Flood,
 Now a small thorny Shrub it does appear,
 Nor will it thrive too ev'ry where :
 It always here is freshest seen,
 'Tis only here an Ever-green.
 If through the strong and beauteous Fence
 Of Temperance and Innocence,
 And wholsome Labours, and a quiet Mind,
 Any Diseases Passage find,
 They must not think here to assail
 A Land unarmed, or without a Guard ;
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
 Before they can prevail :
 Scarce any Plant is growing here
 Which against Death some Weapon does not bear.

Let Cities boast, That they provide
 For Life the Ornaments of Pride ;
 But 'tis the Country and the Field,
 That furnish it with Staff and Shield.

IX.

Where does the Wisdom, and the Pow'r Divine
 In a more bright and sweet Reflexion shine?
 Where do we finer Stroaks and Colours see
 Of the Creator's real Poetry,

Than when we with Attention look
 Upon the third Day's Volume of the Book ?
 If we could open and intend our Eye,

We all, like *Moses*, should espy
 Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deity.

But we despise these his inferior Ways,
 (Tho' no less full of Miracle and Praise)

Upon the Flow'rs of Heav'n we gaze ;
 The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raise.

Tho' these perhaps do more than they,
 The Life of Mankind sway.

Altho' no Part of mighty Nature be
 More stor'd with Beauty, Pow'r, and Mystery ;
 Yet, to encourage human Industry,
 God has so order'd that no other Part
 Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

X.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,
 As when it Grafts or Buds the Tree :

In other things we count it to excel,
 If it a docile Scholar can appear
 To Nature, and but imitate her well ;
 It over-rules, and is her Master here.
 It imitates her Maker's Power Divine,
 And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine ;
 It does, like Grace, the fallen Tree restore
 To its blest'd State of Paradise before :
 Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring Hand
 O'er all the Vegetable World command ?
 And the wild Giants of the Wood receive

What Law he's pleas'd to give ?

He bids th'ill-natur'd Crab produce

The gentler Apple's Winy Juice ;

The Golden Fruit, that worthy is

Of *Galatea's* purple Kifs ;

He does the savage Hawthorn teach

To bear the Medlar and the Pear,

He bids the ruffick Plum to rear

A noble Trunk, and be a Peach.

Ev'n *Daphne's* Coynefs he does mock,

And weds the Cherry to her Stock,

Tho' she refus'd *Apollo's* Suit ;

Ev'n she, that chaste and Virgin Tree,

Now wonders at her self, to see

That she's a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.

XI.

Methinks I see great *Dioclesian* walk
 In the *Salonian* Garden's noble Shade,
 Which by his own Imperial Hands was made :
 I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
 With the Ambassadors, who come in vain
 T' entice him to a Throne again.

If I, my Friends (said he) should to you show
 All the Delights which in these Gardens grow ;
 'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
 Than 'tis that you should carry me away :
 And trust me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day

I walk not here with more Delight,
 Than ever, after the most happy Fight,
 In Triumph, to the Capitol, I rode, [God.
 To thank the Gods, and to be thought, my self almost a

VI. OF GREATNESS.

SINCE we cannot attain to Greatness, (says the *Sieur de Montagn*) let's have our Revenge by railing at it : This he spoke but in Jest. I believe he desir'd it no more than I do, and had less Reason, for he enjoy'd so plentiful and honourable a Fortune in a most excellent Country, as allow'd him all the real Conveniences of it, separated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his Condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any Crime, to be sequester'd from it, and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader

Reader may think that what I now say, is of small Authority, because I never was, nor never shall be put to the Trial: I can therefore only make my Pro-
fession,

If ever I more Riches did desire
Than Cleanliness and Quiet do require,
If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Wish, so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.

I know very many Men will despise, and some pi-
ty me, for this Humour, as a poor spirited Fellow; but I'm content, and like *Horace*, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pu-
silli Finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in Love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune, should be a *Bona Roba*, as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the Stateliness and Largeness of her Person, but as *Lucretius* says,

Parvula, pumilio, Χαρίτων μία, tota merum sal.

Where there is one Man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio's* Mind, whose ridiculous Affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Senecio* was a Man of a tur'd and

confus'd Wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty Words and Sentences, 'till this Humour grew at last into so notorious a Habit, or rather Disease, as became the Sport of the whole Town: He would have no Servants, but huge, massy Fellows, no Plate or Household-stuff, but thrice as big as the Fashion: You may believe me, for I speak without Railery, his Extravagancy came at last into such a Madness, that he would not put on a Pair of Shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his Feet: He would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horse-Plums and Pound-Pears: He kept a Concubine that was a very Giantess, and made her walk too always in *Chiopins*, 'till at last he got the Sirname of *Senecio Grandio*, which, *Messala* said, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum*: When he declaim'd for the three hundred *Lacedaemonians*, who alone oppos'd *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretch'd out his Arms, and stood on Tip-toes, that he might appear the taller, and cry'd out, in a very loud Voice, I rejoice, I rejoice——We wonder'd, I remember, what new great Fortune had befallen his Eminence. *Xerxes* (says he) is all mine own. He who took away the Sight of the Sea, with the Canvas Vails of so many Ships——and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the Fault of the Edition, or the Orator's own burly way of Nonsense.

This is the Character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolical Fop*, whom we stand amaz'd at, and yet there are very few Men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio's*. Is any thing more common, than to see our Ladies of Quality wear such high Shoes as they cannot walk in, with-

cut one to lead them? and a Gown as long again as the Body, so that they cannot stir to the next Room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the Ostentation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no Use in the World, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather bedepos'd, than endure every Day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestick Pleasures (which is, methinks, no small Disparagement to them) as it were for Refuge, to the most contemptible Divertisements, and meanest Recreations of the Vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the World, of late, could find out no Delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperors of the whole World? If ever any Men had the free and full Enjoyment of all Human Greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be Gods too) they certainly possess'd it: And yet one of them, who stil'd himself Lord and God of the Earth, could not tell how to pass his whole Day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three Hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a Bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors, *Nero* (who never put any Bounds, nor met with any Stop to his Appetite) could divert himself with no Pastime more agreeable, than to run about the Streets all Night in a Disguise, and abuse the Women, and affront the Men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten

by them: This was one of his Imperial Nocturnal Pleasures. His chiefest in the Day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the Habit of a Minstrel, upon the publick Stage; he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine Voice (as they call'd it then) in those kind of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were of their Triumphs over Nations. He did not at his Death complain, that so mighty an Emperor, and the last of all the *Cæsarian* Race of Deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cry'd out, Alas, what Pity 'tis that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his Time playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Sovereignty. I omit the Madneses of *Caligula's* Delights, and the execrable Sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of Mankind, a Person endow'd too with many excellent Parts of Nature should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of Recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding Stones, with little *Syrian* and *Moorish* Boys whose Company he took Delight in, for their Pratin and their Wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Rome's* best Blood he spill'd

With so much Falshood, so much Guilt?

Was it for this that his Ambition strove,

To equal *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove*?

Greatness is barren sure of solid Joys;

Her Merchandise (I fear) is all in Toys,

She could not else sure so uncivil be,

To treat his Universal Majesty,

His new-created Deity,
With Nuts, and Bounding-stones, and Boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager Entertainment, she has not really wherewithal to make such Feasts as we imagine, her Guests must be contented sometimes with but slender Cates, and with the same cold Meats serv'd over and over again, even'till they become nauseous. When you have par'd away all the Vanity, what solid and natural Contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred Pounds a Year? Not so many Servants or Horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the Business as well: Not so many choice Dishes at every Meal; but at several Meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: Not so rich Garments, nor so frequent Changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent Change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, tho' not for the Tailor, or *Valet-de-Chambre*: Not such a stately Palace, nor gilt Rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient Brick House, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest-work Hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other Particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both Conditions) not whole Woods cut in Walks, nor vast Parks, nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but Herb, and Flower, and Fruit-Gardens, which are more useful, and the Water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the Breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the Substance of that former Estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable Accidents of both: Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt, inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility,

lity, Security and Innocence; and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a Truth, which appear'd to you before but a ridiculous *Paradox*, That a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than a high one. If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a most beautiful Object,

——— *Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.*

As far as up tow'rds Heav'n the Branches grow,
So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible Disgrace to Greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful Want and Distress: What a wonderful thing is this? unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness: It falls perpetually into such Necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid Ways of Borrowing, Cozenage, and Robbery, *Mancipii locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great Men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with Slaves, but are indigent of Money. The ancient *Roman* Emperors, who had the Riches of the whole World for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at Ease, and to have been exempt from the Pressures of extream Poverty. But yet, with most of them it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable Penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their Friends and Servants, to cheat with infamous Projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This Fashion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferior and subordi-

ordinate sorts of it, as if it were a Point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third Part of their Estates, two other Thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the necessary Provisions of Life, and have no way to satisfy those Debts, but out of the Succours and Supplies of Rapine. *As Riches encrease; (says Solomon) so do the Mouths that devour it.* The Master Mouth has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Ocnus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay, and an Ass at the End perpetually eating it. Out of these Inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfy'd or contented with it self: Still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that Point, it would obtain all its Desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very Top of the Pic of *Tenariff*, it is in very great Danger of breaking its Neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the Seat of Tranquility above the Moon. The first ambitious Men in the World, the old Giants, are said to have made an Heroical Attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the Gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*; two or three Mountains more they thought would have done the Business, but the Thunder spoil'd all the Work, when they were come up to the third Story.

And what a noble Plot was crost,
And what a brave Design was lost.

A famous Person of their Off-spring, the late Giant of our Nation, when from the Condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant-General of an Army of little *Titans*, which

was his first Mountain, and afterwards General, which was his second, and after that absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believ'd to have dy'd with Grief and Discontent, because he could not attain to the honest Name of a King, and the old Formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the Power by a wicked Usurpation. If he could have compass'd that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to Felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperor or a God. The Reason of this is, that Greatness has no reality in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists only in Relation and Comparison: It is indeed an Idol; but St. *Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no rising or Meridian of the Sun, but only in respect to several Places; there is no Right or Left, no Upper Hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversely compar'd. There may be perhaps some Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a great Man, and in that case I should be like *Cæsar*; (you would wonder how *Cæsar* and I should be like one another in any thing) and chuse rather to be the First Man of the Village, than Second at *Rome*. Our Country is call'd *Great Britany*, in regard only of a lesser of the same Name; it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is but a pitiful Rood of Ground in Comparison of the whole Earth besides; and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body, is but one Point or Atome in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scatter'd up and down in the infinite Space

Space of the Sky which we behold. The other many Inconveniencies of Grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copy'd, but rudely imitated.

Horace. L. 3. Ode. 1.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

I.

Hence, ye Profane; I hate ye all;
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the Small.

To Virgin Minds, which yet their native Whiteness
Nor yet discolour'd with the Love of Gold, [hold,

(That Jaundice of the Soul,

Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)

To you, ye very few, these Truths I tell;

The Muse inspires my Song, hark, and observe it well.

II.

We look on Men, and wonder at such odds

'Twixt things that were the same by Birth;

We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,

These Giants are but Pignies to the Gods.

The humblest Bush and proudest Oak,

Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder-stroke.

Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r

Have their short flourishing Hour;

And to see themselves, and smile,

And joy in their Pre-eminence a while;

Ev'n so in the same Land,
 Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs together stand;
 Alas, Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.

III.

And all you Men, whom Greatness does so please,
 Ye feast (I fear) like *Damocles*:

If you your Eyes could upwards move,
 (But you (I fear) think nothing is above)
 You would perceive by what a little Thread
 The Sword still hangs over your Head.

No Tide of Wine would drown your Cares;
 No Mirth or Musick over-noise your Fears.
 The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
 As not t'admit the Image of it, Sleep.

IV.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
 And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
 The meanest Country Cottages;
 This Poppy grows among the Corn.
 The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest
 In any stormy Breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find
 Clouds and Darknes in their Mind;
 Darknes but half his Work will do,
 'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

V.

The Man, who in all Wishes he does make,
 Does only Nature's Counsel take,

That wise and happy Man will never fear
 The evil Aspects of the Year,
 Nor tremble, tho' two Comets should appear;
 He does not look in Almanacks, to see
 Whether he fortunate shall be;
 Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in the Heav'ns conjoin,
 And what they please against the World design,
 So *Jupiter* within him shine.

VI.

If of your Pleasures and Desires no End be found,
 God to your Cares and Fears will set no Bound.
 What would content you? Who can tell?
 Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,
 As if you lik'd it well;
 Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
 Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,
 Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy please;
 But trust me, when you've done all this,
 Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

VII. Of AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of *Avarice*, the one is
 but of a Bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious
 Appetite of Gain; not for its own sake, but for
 the Pleasure of refunding it immediately through all
 the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is
 the true kind, and properly so call'd; which is a rest-
 less and unsatiable Desire of Riches, not for any far-
 ther End or Use, but only to hoard, and preserve,

and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy *Ostrich*, which devours any Metal, but 'tis with an Intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and ex-cern it. The second is like the foolish Chough, which loves to steal Mony only to hide it. The first does much Harm to Mankind, and a little Good too to some few: The second does Good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no Excuse to God, or Angels, or rational Men for his Actions: The second can give no Reason or Colour, not to the Devil himself, for what he does; he is a Slave to Mammon without Wages. The first makes a shift to be belov'd; ay, and envy'd too by some People: The second is the universal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especially by the Poets, who have pursu'd it with Stories, and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions; and mov'd, as we say, every Stone to fling at it: Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovid's*.

Desunt Luxurie multa, Avaritie omnia.

Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which Saying I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus,

Poverty wants some, Luxury many, Avarice
all Things.

Somebody says of a virtuous and wise Man, That having nothing, he has all: This is just his Antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Audi i eos*

Amatores esse maximos sed nil potesse. They are the fondest Lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what Man's Condition can be worse
Than his, whom Plenty starves, and Blessings curse,
The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any Law made against him : Against him, do I say ? I mean, For him ; as there are publick Provisions made for all other Madmen : It is very reasonable that the King should appoint some Persons (and I think the Courtiers would not be against this Proposition) to manage his Estate during his Life (for his Heirs commonly need not that Care) and out of it to make it their Business to see, that he should not want Alimony befitting his Condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel Fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggars, but have no Care at all of these really Poor Men, who are (methinks) to be respectfully treated in regard of their Quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choak'd with the Superabundance of Matter ; too much Plenty impoverishes me as it does them. I will conclude this odious Subject with Part of *Horace's* first *Satyre*, which take in his own familiar Stile.

I 'admire, *Mecenas*, how it comes to pass,
That no Man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that State
In which his own Choice plants him, or his Fate.

Happy the Merchant, the old Soldier cries;
 The Merchant, beaten with tempestuous Skies,
 Happy the Soldier, one half Hour to thee
 Gives speedy Death, or glorious Victory.
 The Lawyer, knock'd up early from his Rest
 By restless Clients, calls the Peasant bless'd:
 The Peasant, when his Labours ill succeed,
 Envies the Mouth which only Talk does feed.
 'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store
 Of Instances, if here I add no more;
 They are enough to reach at least a Mile
 Beyond long Orator *Fabius* his Stile.
 But, hold, you whom no Fortune e'er endears,
 Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,
 Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,
 Behold, *Jove's* now resolv'd to please you all.
 Thou Soldier be a Merchant; Merchant, thou
 A Soldier be; and, Lawyer, to the Plough.
 Change all their Stations strait, why do they stay?
 The Devil a Man will change, now when he may.
 Were I in General *Jove's* abused case,
 By *Jove* I'd cudgel this Rebellious Race:
 But he's too good; be all then as you were,
 However make the best of what you are,
 And in that State be chearful and rejoice,
 Which either was your Fate, or was your Choice.
 No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
 And very miserable be a while:

But 'tis with a Design only to gain
What may their Age with plenteous Ease maintain.
The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach,
And Industry to lazy Mankind preach.
The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he strait devour all he can get,
But in his temp'rate Mouth carries it home,
A Stock for Winter, which he knows must come.
And when the rolling World to Creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong Side of the Year,
And shuts him in, with Storms, and Cold, and Wet,
He chearfully does his past Labours eat :
O, does he so? Your wise Example, th' Ant,
Does not at all times Rest and Plenty want ;
But weighing justly 'a mortal Ant's Condition,
Divides his Life 'twixt Labour and Fruition.
Thee neither Heat, nor Storms, nor Wet, nor Cold,
From thy unnatural Diligence can with-hold.
To th' *Indies* thou wouldst run, rather than see
Another, tho' a Friend, richer than thee.
Fond Man! What Good or Beauty can be found
In heaps of Treasure bury'd under Ground?
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
Thou wouldst thy self too bury'd with them be.
And what's the Difference? Is't not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had?
In thy vast Barns Millions of Quarters store,
Thy Belly, for all that, will hold no more

Than

Than mine does: Ev'ry Baker makes much Bread
What then? He's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the Bounds of Nature live,
And to augment your own you need not strive.
One hundred Acres will no less for you
Your Life's whole Business than ten thousand do.
But pleasant 'tis to take from a great Store;
What, Man, tho' you're resolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a small one? If your Will
Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,
To some great River for it must you go,
When a clear Spring just at your Feet does flow?
Give me the Spring which does to human Use
Safe, easie, and untroubled Stores produce;
He who scorns these, and needs would drink at *Nile*
Must run the Danger of the Crocodile,
And of the rapid Stream it self, which may
At unawares bear him perhaps away.
In a full Flood *Tantalus* stands, his Skin
Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the Stream with greedy Lips,
From his touch'd Mouth the wanton Torment slips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful Brow;
'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you?
Change but the Name, this Fable is thy Story;
Thou in a Flood of useles Wealth dost glory,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;
Th' Abundance still, and still the Want does last.

The Treasures of the Gods thou wouldst not spare,
 But when they're made thine own, they Sacred are,
 And must be kept with Rev'ence, as if thou
 No other Use of precious Gold didst know,
 But that of curious Pictures, to delight,
 With the fair Stamp, thy *Virtuoso* Sight.
 The only true and genuine Use is this,
 To buy the things which *Nature* cannot miss
 Without Discomfort, Oil, and vital Bread,
 And Wine by which the Life of Life is fed,
 And all those few things else by which we live;
 All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.
 If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief and Fear,
 The better Fruits be, which fair Riches bear,
 If a new Poverty grow out of Store;
 The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

*A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's third Book,
 beginning thus, Inklusam Danaen turris a-
 henea.*

I.

A Tow'r of Brass, one would have said,
 And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
 And Guards, as strict as in the Heat of Wars,
 Might have preserv'd one innocent Maiden-head.
 The jealous Father thought he well might spare
 All further jealous Care,

And

And as he walk'd, t'himself alone he smil'd,
 To think how *Venus Arts* he had beguil'd;
 And when he slept, his Rest was deep,
 But *Venus* laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.

She taught the am'rous *Jove*

A magical Receipt in Love,

Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more
 Than all his Thunder did, and his Almightyship before

II.

She taught him Love's Elixir, by which Art
 His Godhead into Gold he did convert ;

No Guards did then his Passage stay,

He pass'd with Ease ; Gold was the Word ;

Subtle as Lightning, bright and quick and fierce,

Gold tho' Doors and Walls pierce ;

And as that works sometimes upon the Sword,

Melted the Maiden-head away,

Ev'n in the secret Scabbard where it lay.

The prudent *Macedonian King*,

To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did spring.

He broke thro' Gates with this *Petar*,

'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War :

And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,

The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seaman's Star.

III.

Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,

Creature to this Disguis'd Deity,

Yet it shall never conquer me.

A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
 And Wisdom is a Tow'r of stronger Brass.
 The Muses Lawrel round my Temples spread,
 Does from this Lightning's Force secure my Head;
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.
 Wealth for its Power do we honour and adore?
 The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

IV.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great.
 The vast *Xerxean* Army, I retreat,
 And to the small *Laconick* Forces fly,
 Which hold the Straights of Poverty.
 Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
 With all the bounteous Summer's Store,
 If the Mind thirst and hunger still.
 The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
 Slave to the things we too much prize,
 We Masters grow of all that we despise.

V.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,
 Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.
 The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows
 All which that grateful Earth can bear,
 Deceives himself, if he suppose
 That more than this falls to his Share;
 Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
 Is not a Rent paid to the Lord;

But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.

Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n,
With sparing Hand, but just enough has gi'v'n.

VIII. *The Dangers of an Honest Man in much
Company.*

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the Assaults of but twenty well-arm'd *Spaniards*, I see but little Possibility for one honest Man to defend himself against twenty thousand Knaves, who are all-furnish'd *Cap-a-pe*, with the defensive Arms of worldly Prudence, and the offensive too of Craft and Malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human Affairs. The only Advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his Person any longer in the open Campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all Bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a Man in much Business must either make himself a Knave, or else the World will make him a Fool; and if the Injury went no farther than the being laugh'd at, a wise Man would content himself with the Revenge of Retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken Stranger, but at last devour him. A sober Man cannot get too soon out of drunken Company, tho' the

they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a virtuous Man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: Neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other Creature, as it is to be alone, in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to Man all kind of Beasts, a fawning Dog, a roaring Lion, a thieving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some Moderation and good Nature in the *Toupinambaltians*, who eat no Men but their Enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Europeans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great Boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated Men dispers'd, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the Walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they have woven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again, instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scatter'd People into one Body; 'tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another: They found them Hunters and Fishers of wild Creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren; they boast to have reduc'd them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them the Art of War; they have fram'd, I must confess, wholesome Laws for the Restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they conjure and cannot bind; tho' there were before no Punish-

ments for Wickedness, yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the Men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceiv'd; let Oratory answer for it self, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm; it never was the Work of Philosophy to assemble Multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the best of an Evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of

Towns and Founders of Empire; they said,
 Gen. 11. 4. *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower whose Top may reach unto Heav'n, and let us make us a Name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the Face of the Earth.* What was the Beginning of Rome, the Metropolis of all the World? What was it, but a Concourse of Thieves, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? It was justly nam'd by the *Augury* of no less than twelve Vultures, and the Founder cemented his Walls with the Blood of his Brother; not unlike to this was the Beginning even of the first Town too in the World, and such is the Original Sin of most Cities; their actual Encrease daily with their Age and Growth; the more People, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his Part to enflame the Contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our Safety, but Flight from among the Infected. We ought in the Choice of a Situation to regard above all things the Healthfulness of the Place, and the Healthfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose (which is hardly to be suppos'd) we had Antidote enough against this Poison; nay, suppose farther, we were always and at all Pieces arm'd and provided

provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable Life to be ever in Alarms; tho' we were compass'd round with Fire, to defend our selves from wild Beasts, the Lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be oblig'd to watch that Fire, and to fear no less the Defects of our Guard, than the Diligence of our Enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous Man is in danger to be trod upon and destroy'd in the Croud of his Contraries, nay, which is worse, to be chang'd and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these Inconveniences, without so much Caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of his Life. Ye see then what he may lose, but, I pray, what can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.* What should a Man of Truth and Honesty do at *Rome*? he can neither understand, nor speak the Language of the Place. A naked Man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly Advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arriv'd at *Rome*.

Juv.
Sat. 3.

Mart.
L. 3.

Honest and poor, faithful in Word and Thought;
 What has thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?
 Thou neither the Buffoon, nor Bawd canst play,
 Nor with false Whispers th' Innocent betray:
 Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get
 A Living, by thy Industry and Sweat;

Nor with vain Promises nor Projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the Great.

But you're a Man of Learning, prudent, just;
A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for Trust.

Why you may stay, and live unenvy'd here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very Sight of Uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the Sight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

Lucr.
Lib. 2. *Lucretius*, by his Favour, tho' a good Poet, was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he said, It was delightful to see other Men in a great Storm: And no less ill-natur'd should I think *Democritus*, who laugh'd at all the World, but that he retir'd himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great Pleasure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by Company to go to *Bedlam*, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical Extravagancy of so many various Madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an Effect, that I always return'd, not only melancholy, but even sick with the Sight. My Compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Madmen abroad, without any Perturbation; tho', to weigh the Matter justly, the total Loss of Reason is less deplorable than the total Depravation of it. An exact Judge of human Blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit it self, should pity the Abuse of them more than the Want.

Briefly, tho' a wise Man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he

he will meet perpetually with so many Objects and Occasions of Compassion, Grief, Shame, Anger, Hatred, Indignation, and all Passions but Envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private Path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*; that he might not so much as hear of the Actions of the Sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? Into the Desarts, like the ancient Hermites?

Quâ terra patet fera regnat Erynnis, Metam. .1.
In facinus jurasse putes.

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the Wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin; the Difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the Bargain. I thought, when I went first to dwell in the Country, that without doubt I should have met there with the Simplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitants there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sydney* in *Arcadia*, or of *Monsieur d'Urfe* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Chertsea*: But to confess the Truth, I perceiv'd quickly, by infallible Demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less than exact Fidelity in human Conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the *Exchange*, or *Westminster-wall*. I ask
again

again then Whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The World may so come in a Man's way, that he cannot chuse but salute it, he must take heed tho' not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or just Necessity, Men happen to be marry'd to it, I can only give them St. *Paul's* Advice.

1 Cor. 7. *Brethren, the time is short, it remains that*
29. *they that have Wives be as though they had*
Verse 7. *none. But I would that all Men were even*
as I my self.

In all Cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the Sight of this deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not only quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Country.

Claudian's Old Man of Verona.

Happy the Man, who his whole Time doth bound
Within th' Enclosure of his little Ground.
Happy the Man, whom the same humble Place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)
From his first rising Infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural Propension to that Earth,
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him Birth.
Him no false distant Lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish Wandrings get.

He

He never Dangers either saw or fear'd :
 The dreadful Storms at Sea he never heard.
 He never heard the shrill Alarms of War,
 Or the worse Noises of the Lawyers Bar.
 No Change of Consuls marks to him the Year,
 The Change of Seasons is his Calendar.
 The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer shows,
 Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
 He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found
 For the whole Day the Dial of his Ground.
 A neighb'ring Wood born with himself he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary Trees.
 H'as only heard of near *Verona's* Name,
 And knows it, like the *Indies*, but by Fame.
 Does with a like Concernment Notice take
 Of the Red-Sea, and of *Benacus* Lake.
 Thus Health and Strength he to' a third Age enjoys,
 And sees a long Posterity of Boys.
 About the spacious World let others roam,
 The Voyage Life is Longest made at home.

IX. *The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty
of Riches.*

IF you should see a Man who were to cross from
Dover to *Calais*, run about very busie and solli-
 citous, and trouble himself many Weeks before in
 making Provisions for his Voyage, would you com-
 mend him for a cautious and discreet Person, or laugh
 at

at him for a timorous and impertinent Coxcomb? A Man who is excessive in his Pains and Diligence, and who consumes the greatest Part of his Time in furnishing the Remainder with all Conveniences and even Superfluities, is to Angels and wise Men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the Shortness of his Passage, that he might proportion his Cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a Streight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be call'd the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*. We are all *Ἐφήμεροι* (as *Pindar* calls us) Creatures of a Day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our Desires to that little Space; as if it were very probable that every Day should be our last, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a Time. The Sun ought not to set upon our Covetousness no more than upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty a thousand Years are as one Day, so in direct Opposition, one Day to a covetous Man is as a thousand Years; *Tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of the Opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hop'd for so long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almost such a Life, made, we are sure, less Stores for the maintaining of it; they who liv'd nine hundred Years scarcely provided for a few Days: we who live but a few Days, provide at least for nine hundred Years; what a strange Alteration is this of human Life and Manners? And yet we see an Imitation of it in every Man's particular Experience, for we begin not the Cares of Life 'till it be half spent, and still encrease them as that decreases. What is there among the Actions of Beasts so illogical and repugnant to Reason? When they do any thing which seems to proceed from that which we call Reason,

we disdain to allow them that Perfection, and attribute it only to a natural Instinct; and are not we Fools too by the same kind of Instinct? If we could but learn to number our Days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we should adjust much better our other Accounts; but whilst we never consider an End of them, it is no Wonder if our Cares for them be without End too. *Horace* advises very wisely, and in excellent good Words, *Spatio brevi spem longam refeces*, From a short Life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They must be prun'd away like Suckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing Fruit. And in another Place to the same Sense, *Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam*; which *Seneca* does not mend when he says, *Oh quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium!* But he gives an Example there of an Acquaintance of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean Beginning by great Industry in turning about of Money through all ways of Gain, had attain'd to extraordinary Riches, but dy'd on a sudden, after having supped merrily, *In ipso actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipso procurentis fortunæ impetu*, In the full Course of his good Fortune, when she had a high Tide, a stiff Gale, and all her Sails on; upon which Occasion he cries, out of *Virgil*,

Inserere nunc Melibææ pyros, pone ordine vites,

Go *Melibæus*, now,

Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant;
Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no Compassion, because he was taken, as we say, in *ipso facto*, still labouring
in

in the Work of Avarice; but the poor rich Man in St. *Luke* (whose Case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me, for he seems to have been satisfy'd at last, he confesses he had enough for many Years, he bids his Soul take it

Luke 12.
20.

Ease, and yet for all that God says to him *Thou Fool, this Night thy Soul shall be requir'd of thee,* and the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to? Where shall we find the Causes of this bitter Reproach and terrible Judgment? We may find, I think, two, and God perhaps saw more. First, That he did not intend true Rest to his Soul, but only to change the Employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his Design is to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, That he went on too long before he thought of resting; the Fulness of his old Barns had not sufficed him, he would stay 'till he was forc'd to build new ones; and God meted out to him the same Measure: Since he would have more Riches than his Life could contain, God destroy'd his Life, and gave the Fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the Man from his Riches, and no less frequently Riches from the Man; what Hope can there be of such a Marriage, where both Parties are so fickle and uncertain? By what Bonds can such a Couple be kept long together?

I.

Why dost thou heap up Wealth, which thou must quit,

Or, what is worse, be left by it?

Why dost thou load thy self, when thou'rt to fly,

Oh Man ordain'd to die?

II. Why

II.

Why dost thou build up stately Rooms on high,
Thou who art under Ground to lye?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no Fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

III.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to Tamenefs bring,
And clip or pinion her Wing;
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy Entail :

IV.

Yet Death at all that Subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish Gard'ner mock,
Who does a slight and annual Plant engraft,
Upon a lasting Stock.

V.

Thou dost thy self Wise and Industrious deem;
A mighty Husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond Man! like a bought Slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

VI.

Officious Fool! that needs must meddling be
In Business that concerns not thee!
For when to future Years thou' extend'st thy Cares
Thou deal'st in other Mens Affairs.

VII.

Ev'n aged Men, as if they truly were
Children again, for Age prepare;

Provi-

774 *Several Discourses by way of Essays,*
Provisions for long Travel they design,
In the last point of their short Line.

VIII.

Wisely the Ant against poor Winter hoards
The Stock which Summer's Wealth affords;
In Grasshoppers, which must in Autumn die,
How vain were such an Industry?

IX.

Of Pow'r and Honour the deceitful Light
Might half excuse our cheated Sight,
If it of Life the whole small Time would stay,
And be our Sun-shine all the Day,

X.

Light Lightning that, begot but in a Cloud,
(Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the Place.

XI.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,
Only to Men that stand not near!
Proud Poverty, that Tinsel Brav'ry wears!
And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears!

XII.

Be prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep,
In a weak Boat trust not the Deep.
Plac'd beneath Envy, above Envying rise;
Pity great Men, great Things despise.

XIII. The

XIII.

The wise Example of the Heav'nly Lark,
 Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley*, mark,
 Above the Clouds let thy proud Musick sound,
 Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.

X. The Danger of Procrastination.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my Design, of withdrawing my self from all Tumult and Business of the World ; and consecrating the little rest of my Time to those Studies, to which Nature had so motherly inclin'd me, and from which Fortune, like a Step-Mother, has so long detain'd me. But nevertheless (you say, which, *But*, is, *Ærugo mera*, a Rust which spoils the good Horat. Metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that Resolution, but to stay a while longer with Patience and Complaisance, 'till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according to the Saying of that Person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another Man) *Cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent Advice to *Joshua*, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life, when it is once turn'd beyond Forty. The seeking of a Fortune then, is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one if a Man sling two Sixes, and recover all ; especially, if his Hand be no luckier than mine. There is some Help for all the Defects of Fortune, for if a Man cannot attain to the Length of his Wishes,

Wishes, he may have his Remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneas* (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) bountiful Person) to recommend to him who had made so many Men rich, one *Pythocles*, a Friend of his, whom he desir'd might be made a rich Man too; But I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving Persons, but in the most Gentlemanly Manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his Desires. The sum of this is, that for the uncertain Hopes of some Conveniencies, we ought not to defer the Execution of a Work that is necessary, especially when the Use of those Things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supply'd, but the Loss of Time never recover'd: Nay, farther yet, tho' we were sure to obtain all that we had a Mind to, tho' we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the Light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle*, The Play is not worth the Expence of the Candle: After having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus*. A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner, and lost his Life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Periwig: He would escape like a Person of Quality, or not at all, and dy'd the noble Martyr of Ceremony and Gentility. I think your Counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a Man who is flying from the World, as it would have been

to that unfortunate well-bred Gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace's* Advice before yours.

—————*Sapere Aude, Incipe*—————

Begin; the getting out of Doors is the greatest Part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latin* Proverb, *Portam itineri longissimam esse*: But to return to *Horace*,

*Libr. I.
Agric.*

—————*Sapere aude,*

*Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat Amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this Work from Day to Day,
Does on a River's Bank expecting stay,
'Till the whole Stream, which stopp'd him, should be
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on. [gone,

Cæsar (the Man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever in a Journey he was to cross any River, he never went one Foot out of his Way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himself into it immediately and swam over; and this is the Course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any Stops in our Way to Happiness. Stay 'till the Waters are low, stay 'till some Boats come by to transport you, stay 'till a Bridge be built for you; You had even as good stay 'till the River be quite pass'd. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom there-

fore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd Expression of these Procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy.

Jam Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras Egerit hos annos.

Perf. Satyr. 5.

Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone,
And still a new To-morrow does come on,
We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,
'Till the Exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your new *Latin Sentences*: If I should draw upon you all my Forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this Subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as *Triarii* for your next Charge. I shall only give you now a light Skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so *Vale*.

Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.

To Morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far Country does this Morrow lye,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this Morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very Old, and very Dear.
To Morrow I will live, the Fool does say;
To Day it self's too late, the Wise liv'd Yesterday.

Mart.

Mart. Lib. 2. Ep. 90.

Wonder not, Sir, (you who instruct the Town
In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, 'till I grow rich and old.
Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give,
None ever yet made Haste enough to Live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous Care
Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir :
Who does his Father's bounded Stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice.
My humble Thoughts no glittering Roofs require,
Or Rooms that shine with ought but constant Fire.
I well content the Av'rice of my Sight,
With the fair Gildings of reflected Light :
Pleasures abroad, the Sport of Nature yields,
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields :
And then at home, what Pleasure is't to see
A little pleasant chearful Family ?
Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,
Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my Life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

XI. Of MYSELF.

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to write of himself, it grates his own Heart to say any thing of Disparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praise from him. There is no Danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune allow me any Materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own Contentment, that they have preserv'd me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective Side. But besides that, I shall here speak of my self, only in relation to the Subject of these precedent Discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the Contempt, than rise up to the Estimation of most People. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the World, or Glories, or Business of it were, the natural Affections of my Soul gave me a secret Bent of Aversion from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to Man's Understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-days, and playing with my Fellows; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the Fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same Temper. I was then too, so much an Enemy to all Constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any Persuasions or Encouragements to learn without Book the common Rules of Grammar, in which they dispens'd with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual Exercise out of my own Reading and Observation. That I wa
 ther

then of the same Mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter End of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen Years old, and which was then Printed with many other Verses. The Beginning of it is Boyish, but of this Part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

IX.

This only grant me, that my Means may lye
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high,
Some Honour I would have
Not from great Deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known,
Rumour can ope the Grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the Number, but the Choice of Friends.

X.

Books should, not Business, entertain the Light;
And Sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night,
My House a Cottage, more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my Use, no Luxury.
My Garden painted o'er
With Nature's Hand, not Art's; and Pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* Field.

XI.

Thus would I double my Life's fading Space;
For he that runs it well, runs twice his Race.

And in this true Delight,
 These unbought Sports, this happy State,
 I would not fear, nor wish my Fate,
 But boldly say each Night,
 To Morrow let my Sun his Beams display,
 Or in Clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate Love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engrav'd these Characters in me: They were like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this Love came to be produc'd in me so early, is a hard Question: I believe I can tell the particular little Chance that fill'd my Head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: For I remember when I began to read, and to take some Pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my Mother's Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her Life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lye *Spencer's Works*; this I happen'd to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Tho' my Understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the Tinkling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve Years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these Affections of Mind, and my Heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; but was soon torn from thence by that violent publick Storm which would

would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good Fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses in the World. Now tho' I was here engag'd in Ways most contrary to the Original Design of my Life, that is, into much Company, and no small Business, and into a daily Sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the State then of the *English* and *French* Courts) yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it only added the Confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any Part of their Greatness was to be lik'd or desir'd, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a Storm, tho' I saw many Ships which rid safely, and bravely in it. A Storm would not agree with my Stomach, if it did with my Courage; tho' I was in a Croud of as good Company as could be found any where, tho' I was in Business of great and honourable Trust, tho' I eat at the best Table, and enjoy'd the best Conveniences for present Subsistence that ought to be desir'd by a Man of my Condition, in Banishment and publick Distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-Boy's Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see

This busie World and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propos'd to my self any other Advantage from his Majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which I thought in that Case I might easily have compass'd, as well as some others, who with no greater Probabilities or Pretences have arriv'd to extraordinary Fortunes: But I had before written a shrewd Prophecy against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspir'd me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it:

Thou neither great at Court, nor in the War,
Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling
Content thy self with the small barren Praise, [Bar;
Which neglected Verse does raise, &c.

Pindar. Od. Destiny.

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, I did not quit the Design which I had resolv'd on, I cast my self into it *A Corps perdue*, without making Capitulations, or taking Counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a Man, who says to his Soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not only with many little Incumbrances and Impediments, but with so much Sickness (a new Misfortune to me) as would have spoil'd the Happiness of an Emperor as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum*: Nothing shall separate me from a Mistress, which I have lov'd so long, and have now at last marry'd; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor liv'd yet so quietly with me as I hop'd from her.

— *Nec*

— *Nec vos dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all Names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, Books, and Liberty and Rest;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forsaken be,
As long as Life it self forsakes not me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation; because I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verses, I will maintain the Humour to the last.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

SInce, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true Receipt of Happiness from me;
These are the chief Ingredients, if not all;
Take an Estate neither too great nor small,
Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call.
Let this Estate from Parents Care descend;
The getting it too much of Life does spend.
Take such a Ground, whose Gratitude may be
A fair Encouragement for Industry.
Let constant Fires the Winters fury tame;
And let thy Kitchens be a Vestal Flame.
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law,
And rarely, very rarely Business draw.

Thy

Thy active Mind in equal Temper keep,
 In undisturbed Peace, yet not in Sleep.
 Let Exercise a vigorous Health maintain,
 Without which all the Composition's vain.
 In the same Weight Prudence and Innocence take,
Ana of each, does the just Mixture make.
 But a few Friendships wear, and let them be
 By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
 Instead of Art and Luxury in Food,
 Let Mirth and Freedom make thy Table good,
 If any Cares into thy Day-time creep,
 At Night, without Wine's Opium, let them sleep.
 Let Rest, which Nature does to Darknes wed,
 And not Lust, recommend thee to thy Bed;
 Be satisfy'd, and pleas'd with what thou art,
 Act chearfully and well th' allotted Part,
 Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear, nor wish, th' Approaches of the last.

Martial *Book* 10. *Epigram* 96.

ME who have liv'd so long among the Great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
 And a Retreat so distant, as may show
 No thoughts of a Return when once I go.
 Give me a Country, how remote soe'er,
 Where Happiness a mod'rate Rate does bear,

Where





George
Duke of



Villiers
Buckingham

Where Poverty it self in Plenty flows ;
 And all the solid use of Riches knows.
 The Ground about the House maintains it there ;
 The House maintains the Ground about it here.
 Here even Hunger's dear, and a full Board
 Devours the vital Substance of the Lord.
 The Land it self does there the Feast bestow,
 The Land it self must here to Market go.
 Three or four Suits one Winter here does waste,
 One Suit does there three or four Winters last.
 Here every frugal Man must oft be cold,
 And little Luke-warm-Fires are to you sold.
 There Fire's an Element, as cheap and free
 Almost as any other of the three.
 Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
 Attend their Sports, and at their Tables eat.
 When all the Bounties here of Men you score :
 The Places Bounty there, shall give me more.

*To the Duke of Buckingham, upon his Marriage
 with the Lord Fairfax his Daughter.*

I.

Beauty and Strength together came,
 Even from the Birth with *Buckingham* ;
 The little active Seeds which since are grown
 So fair, so large and high,

With Life it self were in him sown;
 Honour and Wealth stood like the Midwives by,
 To take the Birth into their happy Hands,
 And wrap'd him warm in their rich swadling Bands;
 To the great Stock the thriving Infant soon
 Made greater Acquisitions of his own;
 With Beauty generous Goodness he Combin'd,
 Courage to Strength, Judgment to Wit he join'd;
 He pair'd, and match'd his native Virtues right,
 Both to improve their Use, and their Delight.

II,

O blest Conjunction of the fairest Stars,
 That Shine in Human Nature's Sphere!
 But O! what envious Cloud your Influence bars,
 Ill Fortune, what dost thou do there?
 Hadst thou the least of Modesty,
 Thoud'st be asham'd that we should see
 Thy deform'd Looks, and Dress, in such a Company:
 Thou wert deceiv'd, rash Goddess, in thy Hate,
 If thou didst foolishly believe
 That thou could'st him of ought deprive
 But, what Men hold of thee, a great Estate.
 And here indeed thou to the full didst shew
 All that thy Tyrant Deity could do,
 His Virtues never did thy Power obey,
 In dissipating Storms, and Routed Battels they
 Did close and constant with their Captain stay;

They with him into Exile went,
And kept their Home in Banishment.

The noble Youth was often forc'd to flee
From the insatiate Rage of thee,
Disguis'd, and Unknown;

In all his Shapes they always kept their own,
Nay, with the Foil of Darknes, brighter shone,
And might Unwillingly have done,

But, that just Heav'n thy wicked Will abhorr'd,
What Virtues most detest, might have betray'd their

III.

[Lord.

Ah sloathful *Love*, could'st thou with Patience see
Fortune usurp that flow'ry Spring from thee;

And nip thy rosie Season with a Cold,

That comes too soon, when Life's short Year grows old
Love his gross Error saw at last,

And promis'd large Amends for what was past,

He promis'd, and has done it, which is more

Than I, who knew him long, e'er knew him do before.

H'has done it Nobly, and we must confess

Could do no more, though h'ought to do no less.

What has he done? He has repaid

The Ruins which a luckless War did make,

And added to it a Reward

Greater than Conquest for its share could take.

His whole Estate could not such Gain produce,

Had it laid out a hundred Years at use.

IV. Now

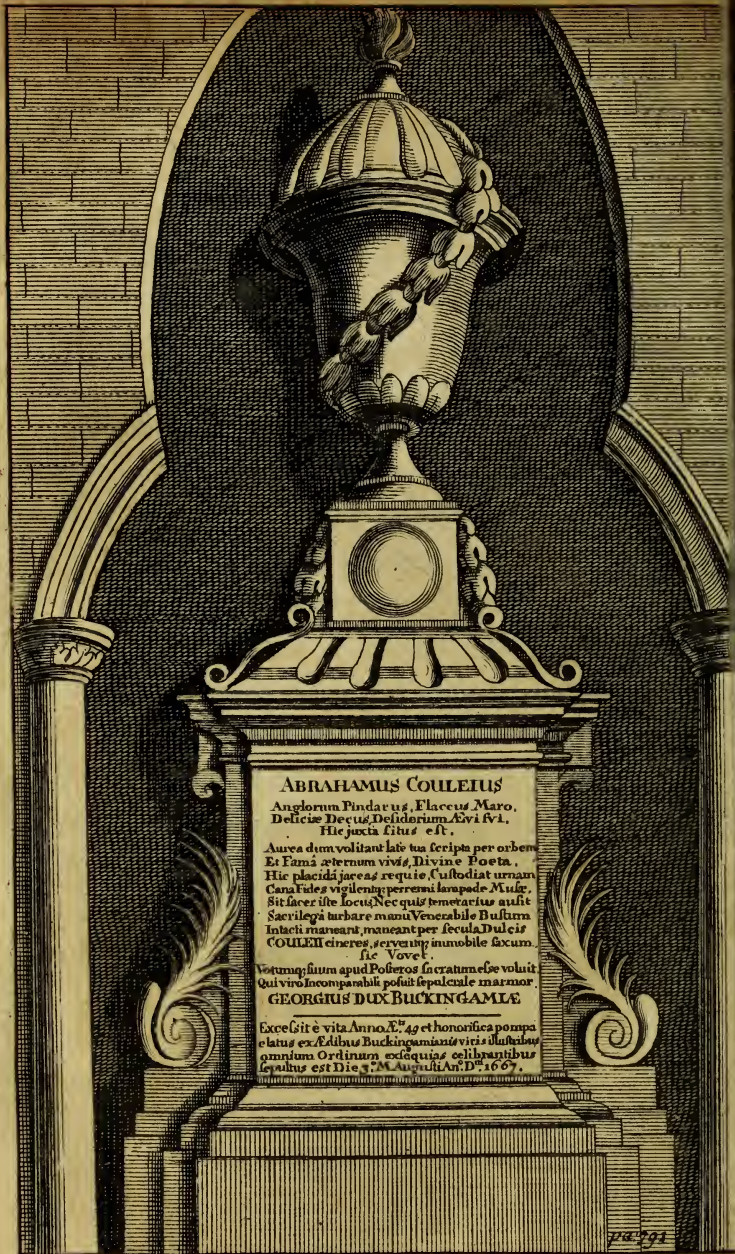
IV.

Now Blessings to thy Noble Choice betide,
 Happy, and Happy-making Bride.
 Though thou art born of a Victorious Race,
 And all their rougher Victory does grace
 With gentle Triumphs of thy Face,
 Permit us, in this milder War, to prize
 No less thy yielding Heart, than thy Victorious Eyes.
 Nor doubt the Honour of that Field,
 Where thou did first o'ercome, e'er thou didst yield.
 And tho' thy Father's Martial Name
 Has fill'd the Trumpets and the Drums of Fame,
 Thy Husband triumphs now no less than he,
 And it may justly question'd be,
 Which was the Happiest Conqueror of the three.

V.

There is in Fate (which none but Poets see)
 There is in Fate the noblest Poetry
 And she has shown, Great Duke, her utmost Art in thee;
 For after all the Troubles of thy Scene,
 Which so confus'd, and intricate have been,
 She has ended with this Match thy Tragicomedy;
 We all admire it, for the Truth to tell,
 Our Poet Fate ends not all Plays so well;
 But this she as her Master-piece does boast,
 And so indeed She may;
 For in the Middle Acts, and Turnings of the Play,
 Alas! we gave our Heroe up for lost.





ABRAHAMUS COULETIUS

Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus Maro,
Deliciae Decus, Desiderium Aevi sui,
Hic juxta Citus est.

Aurea dum volitant lae tua scripta per orbem
Et fama aeternum vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidi jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides vigilans; perremi laetepede Musae,
Sit sacer iste locus; Nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacilegi turbare manu; Venerabile Bustum
Intacti maneat, maneat per secula Dulcis
COULETI cineres, serventq; immobile saxum.
sic Vove.

Votumque suum apud Posteris sacrum esse voluit
Qui viro incomparabili posuit sepulchrale marmor
GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGAMLE

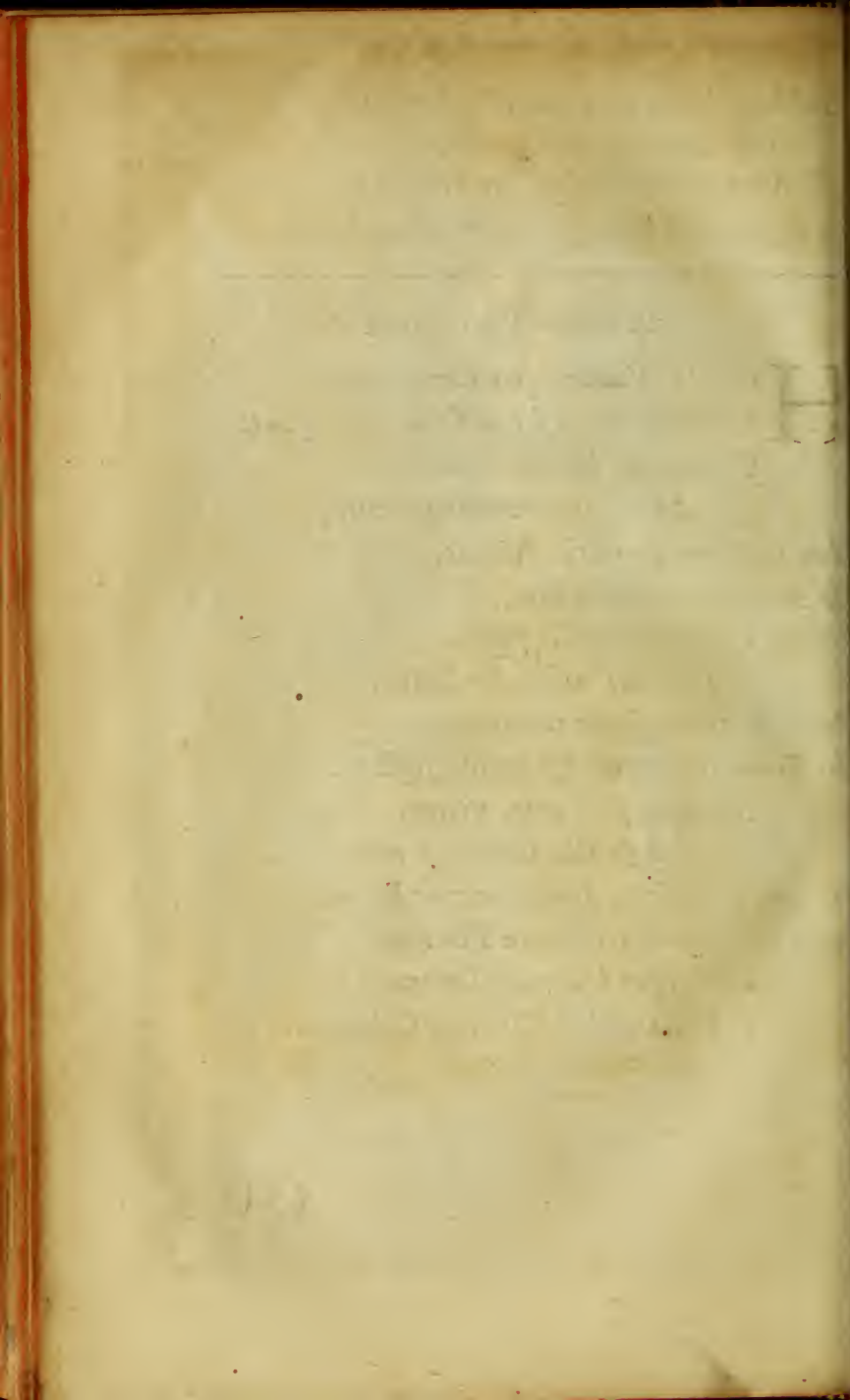
Excessit è vita Anno, E^m 49 et honorifica pompa
elatus ex Aethiis Buckinghamianis vicis illustribus
omnium Ordinum exequias celebrantibus
sepultus est Die 3^{ta} Augusti An^{no} D^{omi}ni 1667.

All Men, I see, this with Applause receive,
 And now let me have leave,
 A Servant of the Person, and the Art,
 To Speak this Prologue to the second Part.

Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

HIC, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo,
 Couleius Hic est Conditus, Hic Jacet
 Defunctus humani Laboris
 Sorte, supervacuaque vita,
 Non Indecora pauperie Nitens,
 Et non inerti nobilis otio,
 Vanoque dilectis popello
 Divitiis animosus hostis.
 Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
 En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit ?
 Exempta sit Curis, viator,
 Terra sit illa Levis, precare.
 Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rosas,
 Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
 Herbisque Odoratis Corona
 Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

CUT-







L. Laguerre delin.

M. V. de Guich

CUTTER

O F

Coleman-Street.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCX.

THE

ROYAL

ACADEMY

OF

SCIENCE

AND

ARTS

OF

FRANCE

P R E F A C E.

A Comedy, call'd the Guardian, and made by me when I was very Young, was Acted formerly at Cambridge, and several times after privately during the Troubles, as I am told, with good Approbation, as it has been lately too at Dublin. There being many Things in it which I dislik'd, and finding my self for some Days idle, and alone in the Country, I fell upon the changing of it almost wholly, as now it is, and as it was play'd since at his Royal Highness's Theatre under this new Name. It met at the first Representation with no favourable Reception, and I think there was something of Faction against it, by the early Appearance of some Mens Disapprobation before they had seen enough of it to build their Dislike upon their Judgment. Afterwards it got some Ground, and found Friends as well as Adversaries. In which Condition I should willingly let it die, if the main Imputation under which it suffer'd, had been shot only against my Wit or Art in these Matters, and not directed against the tenderest Parts of Human Reputation, good Nature, good Manners, and Piety it self. The first Clamour which some malicious Persons rais'd, and made a great Noise with, was, That it was a Piece intended for Abuse and Satyre against the King's Party. Good God! Against the King's Party? After having served it twenty Years during all the time of their Misfortunes and Afflictions, I must be a very rash and imprudent Person if I chose out that of their Restitution to begin a Quarrel with them. I must be too much a Madman to be trusted with such an edg'd Tool as Comedy. But first, why should either the whole Party (as it was once distinguish'd by that Name, which I hope is abolish'd now by Universal Loyalty) or any Man of Virtue or Honour in it, believe themselves injur'd or at all concern'd, by the Representation of the Faults and Follies of a few who in the general Division of the Nation had crowded in among them? In all mix'd

P R E F A C E.

Numbers (which is the Case of Parties) nay, in the most entire and continu'd Bodies there are often some degenerated and corrupted Parts, which may be cast away from that, and even cut off from this Unity, without any Infection of Scandal to the remaining Body. The Church of Rome with all her Arrogance, and her wide Pretences of Certainty in all Truths, and Exemption from all Errors, does not clap on this enchanted Armour of Infallibility upon all her particular Subjects, nor is offended at the Reproof of her greatest Doctors. We are not, I hope, become such Puritans our selves as to assume the Name of the Congregation of the Spotless. It is hard for any Party to be so Ill as that no Good, impossible to be so Good as that no Ill, should be found among them. And it has been the perpetual Privilege of Satyre and Comedy, to pluck their Vices and Follies, though not their Persons, out of the Sanctuary of any Title. A Cowardly ranting Soldier, an ignorant Charlatanical Doctor, a foolish Cheating Lawyer, a silly Pedantical Scholar, have always been, and still are the Principal Subjects of all Comedies, without any Scandal given to those Honourable Professions, or even taken by their severest Professors. And, if any good Physician or Divine should be offended with me here for inveighing against a Quack, or for finding Deacon Soaker too often in the Butteries, my Respect and Reverence to their Callings would make me troubled at their Displeasure, but I could not abstain from taking them for very Cholerick and Quarrelsome Persons. What does this therefore amount to, if it were true which is objected? But it is far from being so; for the Representation of two Sharks about the Town (Fellows merry and ingenious enough, and therefore admitted into better Companies than they deserve, yet withal two very Scoundrels, which is no unfrequent Character at London) the Representation I say of these as Pretended Officers of the Royal Army, was made for no other purpose but to show the World, that the Vices and Extravagances imputed vulgarly to the Cavaliers, were really committed by Aliens who only usurp'd that Name, and endeavour'd to cover the Reproach of their Indigency or Infamy of their Actions with so honourable a Title. So that the Business was not here to correct or cut off any natural Branches, though never so corrupted or luxuriant, but to separate and cast away that Vermin which by sticking so close to them had done great and considerable Prejudice both to the Beauty and Fertility

P R E F A C E.

of the Tree; and this is as plainly said and as often inculcated, as if one should write round about a Sign, This is a Dog, This is a Dog, out of over-much Caution lest some might happen to mistake it for a Lion. Therefore when this Calumny could not hold (for the Case is clear, and will take no Colour) some others sought out a subtler Hint to traduce me upon the same Score, and were angry that the Person whom I made a true Gentleman, and one both of considerable Quality and Sufferings in the Royal Party, should not have a fair and noble Character throughout, but should submit in his great Extremities to wrong his Neice for his own Relief. This is a refin'd Exception, such as I little foresaw, nor should with the Dulness of my usual Charity, have found out against another Man in twenty Years. The truth is, I did not intend the Character of a Hero; one of exemplary Virtue, and, as Homer often terms such Men, Unblamable, but an ordinary jovial Gentleman, commonly call'd a Good-Fellow, one not so conscientious as to starve rather than do the least Injury, and yet endow'd with so much sense of Honour, as to refuse, when that Necessity was removed, the Gain of five thousand Pounds which he might have taken from his Neice by the rigour of a Forfeiture; and let the Frankness of this latter Generosity so expiate for the former Frailty, as may make us not ashamed of his Company, for if his true Metal is but equal to his Alloy, it will not indeed render him one of the finest sorts of Men, but it will make him Current, for ought I know, in any Party that ever yet was in the World. If you be to chuse Parts for a Comedy out of any noble or elevated Rank of Persons, the most proper for that Work are the worst of that Kind. Comedy is humble of her Nature, and has always been bred low, so that she knows not how to behave her self with the Great and Accomplish'd. She does not pretend to the brisk and bold Qualities of Wine, but to the Stomachal Acidity of Vinegar, and therefore is best plac'd among that sort of People which the Romans call, The Lees of Romulus. If I had design'd here the Celebration of the Virtues of our Friends, I would have made the Scene nobler where I intended to erect their Statues. They should have stood in Odes, and Tragedies, and Epick Poems (neither have I totally omitted those great Testimonies of my Esteem of them) Sed nunc non erat his Locus, &c. And so much for this little spiny Objection which a Man cannot see without a Magnifying-Glass.

P R E F A C E.

The next is enough to knock a Man down, and accuses me of no less than Prophaneness. Profane, to deride the Hypocrisie of those Men whose Skulls are not yet bare upon the Gates since the publick and just Punishment of it? But there is some Imitation of Scripture-Phrases; God forbid; There is no Representation of the true Face of Scripture, but only of that Vizard which these Hypocrites (that is, by Interpretation, Actors with a Vizard) draw upon it. Is it profane to speak of Harrison's return to Life again, when some of his Friends really profess their Belief of it, and he himself had been said to promise it? A Man may be so imprudently scrupulous as to find Prophaneness in any thing, either said or written, by applying it under some Similitude or other to some Expressions in Scripture. This Nicety is both vain and endless. But I call God to witness, That rather than one Tittle should remain among all my Writings, which, according to my severest Judgment, should be found guilty of the Crime objected, I would my self burn and extinguish them all together. Nothing is so detestably leud and wretchless as the Derision of things sacred, and would be in me more unpardonable than any Man else, who have endeavour'd to root out the ordinary Weeds of Poetry, and to plant it almost wholly with Divinity. I am so far from allowing any loose or irreverent Expressions, in Matters of that Religion which I believe, that I am very tender in this Point, even for the grossest Errors of Conscientious Persons; they are the properest Object (methinks) both of our Pity and Charity too; they are the innocent and white Sectaries, in comparison of another kind who engraft Pride upon Ignorance, Tyranny upon Liberty, and upon all their Heresies, Treason and Rebellion. These are Principles so destructive to the Peace and Society of Mankind, that they deserve to be pursu'd by our serious Hatred, and the putting a Mask of Sanctity upon such Devils, is so Ridiculous, that it ought to be exposed to Contempt and Laughter. They are indeed Profane, who counterfeit the Softness of the Voice of Holiness, to disguise the Roughness of the Hands of Impiety, and not they, who with Reverence to the thing which others dissemble, deride nothing but their Dissimulation. If some Piece of an admirable Artist should be ill Copy'd, even to Ridiculousness, by an ignorant Hand, and another Painter should undertake to draw that Copy, and make it yet more Ridiculous, to shew apparently the Difference of the two Works, and Deformity

P R E F A C E.

mity of the latter, will not every Man see plainly, that the Abuse is intended to the foolish Imitation, and not to the excellent Original? I might say much more to confute and confound this very false and malicious Accusation; but this is enough, I hope, to clear the Matter, and is, I am afraid, too much for a Preface to a Work of so little Consideration. As for all other Objections, which have been, or may be made against the Invention or Elocution, or any thing else which comes under the Critical Jurisdiction, let it stand or fall as it can answer for it self, for I do not lay the great stress of my Reputation upon a Structure of this Nature, much less upon the slight Reparations only of an old and unfashionable Building. There is no Writer but may fail sometimes in point of Wit, and it is no less frequent for the Auditors to fail in point of Judgment. I perceive plainly, by daily Experience, that Fortune is Mistress of the Theatre, as Tully says it is of all Popular Assemblies. No Man can tell sometimes from whence the Invisible Winds rise that move them. There are a multitude of People, who are truly and only Spectators at a Play; without any use of their Understanding, and these carry it sometimes by the Strength of their Numbers. There are others who use their Understandings too much; who think it a sign of Weakness and Stupidity, to let anything pass by them unattack'd, and that the Honour of their Judgments (as some Brutals imagine of their Courage) consists in Quarrelling with every thing. We are therefore wonderful wise Men, and have a fine Business of it, we who spend our time in Poetry, I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with my self, when I think on it, and if I had a Son inclin'd by Nature to the same Folly, I believe I should bind him from it by the strictest Conjurations of a paternal Blessing. For what can be more Ridiculous, than to labour to give Men Delight, whilst they labour, on their Part more earnestly, to take Offence? To expose ones self voluntarily and frankly to all the Dangers of that narrow Passage to unprofitable Fame, which is defended by rude Multitudes of the Ignorant, and by armed Troops of the Malicious? If we do ill, many discover it, and all despise us; if we do well, but few Men find it out, and fewer entertain it kindly. If we commit Errors, there is no Pardon; if we could do Wonders, there would be but little Thanks, and that too extorted from unwilling Givers. But some perhaps may say, Was it not always thus? Do you expect

a particular Privilege, that was never yet enjoy'd by any Poet? Were the ancient Græcian, or noble Roman Authors, was Virgil himself exempt from this Possibility, Qui multis melior quam tu fuit, Improbe, rebus, Who was, in many things, thy Better far, thou impudent Pretender? As was said by Lucretius to a Person, who took it ill that he was to die, though he had seen so many do it before him, who better deserv'd Immortality, and this is to repine at the natural Condition of a Living Poet, as he did at that of a Living Mortal. I do not only acknowledge the Præ-eminence of Virgil (whose Footsteps I adore) but submit to many of his Roman Brethren, and I confess, That even they, in their own times, were not so secure from the Assaults of Detraction (though Horace brags at last, Jam dente minus mordeor invido) but then the Barkings of a few were drown'd in the Applause of all the rest of the World, and the Poison of their Bitings extinguish'd by the Antidote of great Rewards, and great Encouragements, which is a way of curing now out of use, and I really profess, That I neither expect, nor think I deserve it. Indolency would serve my turn instead of Pleasure; but the Case is not so well; for though I comfort my self with some Assurance of the Favour and Affection of very many candid and good natur'd (and yet too judicious and even Critical) Persons, yet this I do affirm, That from all which I have written I never receiv'd the least Benefit, or the least Advantage, but, on the contrary, have felt sometimes the Effects of Malice and Misfortune.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

AS when the Midland Sea is no where clear
From dreadful Fleets of Tunis and Argier,
Which Coast about, to all they meet with Foes,
And upon which nought can be got but Blows,
The Merchant-ships so much their Passage doubt,
That, tho' full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And Trade decays, and Scarcity ensues:
Just so the timorous Wits of late refuse,
Tho' laded, to put forth upon the Stage,
Affrighted by the Criticks of this Age.
It is a Party nume'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which sails in sight, with-hold.
Nor do their cheap, tho' mortal, Thunder spare;
They shoot, alas, with Wind-Guns, charg'd with Air.
But yet, Gentlemen Criticks of Argier,
For your own Int'rest I'd advise ye here,
To let this little forlorn Hope go by,
Safe and untouch'd. That must not be (you'll cry) }
If ye be wise, it must; I'll tell ye why. }
There are 7, 8, 9, — stay — there are behind
Ten Plays at least, which wait but for a Wind,
And the glad News that we the Enemy miss;
And those are all your own if you spare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite New,
Some by known Shipwrights built, and others too
By that great Author made, who-e'er he be,
That stiles himself Person of Quality.
All these, if we miscarry here to Day,
Will rather 'till they rot in th' Harbour stay,
Nay, they will back again, tho' they were come
Evn to their last safe Road, the Tying-room.
Therefore again I say, if you be wise,
Let this for once pass free, let it suffice

That

P R O L O G U E.

*That we, your Sov'reign Pow'r here to avow,
Thus humbly e'er we pass, strike Sail to you.*

Added at Court.

Stay, Gentlemen; what I have said, was all
But forc'd Submission, which I now recal.
T'ere all but Pirates now again; for here
Does the true Sov'reign of the Seas appear,
The Sov'reign of these narrow Seas of Wit;
'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
'Tis his Dominion, and Domain; as he
Pleases, 'tis either Shut to us, or Free.
Not only if his Pass-port we obtain,
We fear no little Rovers of the Main:
But if our Neptune his calm Visage show,
No Wave shall dare to Rise, or Wind to Blow.

The P E R S O N S.

Colonel Jolly, a Gentleman whose Estate was confiscated in the late Troubles.

Mrs. Aurelia, his Daughter.

Mrs. Lucia, his Neice, left to his Tuition.

Cutter, a merry, sharking Fellow about the Town, pretending to have been a Colonel in the King's Army.

Worm, his Companion, and such another Fellow, pretending to have been a Captain.

Mr. Puny, a young, rich, brisk Fop, pretending to extraordinary Wit, Suiter to Mrs. Lucia.

Mr. Truman Senior, an old, testy, covetous Gentleman.

Mr. Truman Junior, his Son, in Love with Mrs. Lucia.

Mrs. Barebottle, a Sope-boiler's Widow, who had bought Jolly's Estate, a pretended Saint.

Mrs. Tabitha, her Daughter.

Mrs. Jane, Mrs. Lucia's Maid, a little laughing Fop.

Mr. Soaker, a little fudling Deacon.

Several Servants.

The SCENE LONDON, in the Year 1658.

CUTTER

O F

Coleman-Street.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Truman Junior.

Truman Jun. **H**OW hard, alas, is that young Lover's Fate,
Who has a Father covetous and cholerick !

What has he made me swear?—

I dare not think upon the Oath, lest I should keep it—
Never to see my Mistress more, or hear her speak
Without his Leave ; and farewell then the Use of
Eyes and Ears:—

And all this Wickedness I submitted to,
For fear of being disinherited ;
For fear of losing Dirt and Dross, I lose
My Mistress—There's a Lover ! Fitter much
For Hell, than thousand Perjuries could make him.
Fit to be made th' Example which all Women
Should reproach Men with, when themselves grow
false ;

Yet

Yet she, the good and charitable *Lucia*,
 With such a Bounty as hath only been
 Practis'd by Heav'n, and Kings inspir'd from thence,
 Forgives still, and still loves her perjur'd Rebel.
 I'll to my Father strait, and swear to him
 Ten thousand Oaths, ne'er to observe that wicked one
 Which he has extorted from me——Here he comes;
 And my weak Heart, already us'd to Falshood,
 Begins to waver.

S C E N E II.

Truman Senior, and Truman Jun.

Trum. sen. Well, *Dick*, you know what you swore to me yesterday, and solemnly.

I ha' been considering, and considering all Night, *Dick*, for your good; and methinks, supposing I were a young Man again, and the Case my own (for I love to be just in all things) methinks 'tis hard for a young Man, I say, who has been a Lover, so long as you ha' been, to break off on a sudden. Am I in the right or no, *Dick*? Do you mark me?

Trum. jun. Hard, Sir; 'tis harder much than any Death prolong'd by Tortures.

Trum. sen. Why so I thought; and therefore out o' my Care for your Ease, I have hit upon an Expedient. that I think will salve the matter!

Trum. jun. And I will thank you for it more, Sir, than for the Life you gave me.

Trum. sen. Why! well said, *Dick*, and I am glad with all my Heart I thought upon't; in brief, 'tis this, *Dick*;

I ha' found out another Mistress for you.

Trum. jun. Another? Heav'n forbid, Sir!

Trum. sen. Ay; another, Good-man Jack Sawce; marry come up; wo'nt one of my chusing serve your turn,

turn, as well as one of your own? sure I am the older Man, Jack Sawce, and should be the wiser!

Trum. jun. But Nature, Sir, that's wiser than all Mankind,

Is Mistress in the Choice of our Affections.

Affections are not rais'd from outward Reasons, but inward Sympathies.

Trum. sen. Very well, *Dick*, if you be a dutiful Son to me, you shall have a good Estate, and so has she; There's Sympathy for you now; but I perceive you're hank'ring still after Mrs. *Lucy*.

Do, do! forswear your self; do, damn your self, and be a Beggar too; sure, I would never undo my self by Perjury; if I had a mind to go to Hell, *Cromwell* should make me a Lord for't! ay, and one of his Council too; I'd never be damn'd for nothing, for a Whim-wham in a Coif. But to be short, the Person I design for you is Mrs. *Tabitha Barebottle*, our Neighbour, the Widow's Daughter. What do you start at, Sirrah? Ay, Sirrah, Jack-an-apes, if you start when your Father speaks to you.

Trum. jun. You did not think her Father once, I'm sure, a fit Person for your Alliance, when he plunder'd your House in *Hartfordshire*, and took away the very Hop-poles, pretending they were Arms too.

Trum. sen. He was a very Rogue, that's the Truth on't, as to the Business between Man and Man; but as to God-ward he was always counted an upright Man, and very devout. But that's all one, I'm sure he's rais'd a fine Estate out of Nothing, by his Industry in these Times: An' I had not been a Beast too—but Heav'n's Will be done, I could not ha' don't with a good Conscience. Well, *Dick*, I'll go talk with her Mother about this Matter, and examine

mine fully what her Estate is, for unless it prove a good one, I'll tell you true, *Dick*, I'm o'your Opinion, not to marry such a Rogue's Daughter.

Trum. jun. I beseech you, Sir—[*Exit Trum. sen.*
It is in vain to speak to him——

Tho' I, to save this Dunghill, an Estate,
Have done a Crime like theirs,
Who have abjur'd their King for the same Cause;
I will not yet, like them, pursue the Guilt,
And in thy Place, *Lucia*, my lawful Sov'reign,
Set up a low and scandalous Usurper!

Enter Servant.

Ser. 'Tis well the old Man's just gone. There's a Gentlewoman without, Sir, desires to speak one Word with you.

Trum. jun. With me? Who is't?

Ser. It should be Mrs. *Lucia* by her Voice, Sir, but she's veil'd all over.

Will you please to see her, Sir?

Trum. jun. Will I see her? Blockhead?

Yes, go out and kneel to her,

And pray her to come in.

[*Exit Serv.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Lucia veil'd.

Trum. jun. This is a Favour, Madam!
That I as little hop'd, as I am able
To thank you for it——But why all this muffling?
Why a Disguise, Dearest, between us?
Unless to encrease my Desire first, and then my Joy
to see thee,

Thou cast this subtle Night before thy Beauty.
And now like one scorch'd with some raging Fever,
Upon whose Flames no Dew of Sleep has fall'n,

I do begin to quarrel with the Darkness,
 And blame the slothful Rising of the Morn;
 And with more Joy shall welcome it, than they
 Whose icy Dwellings the cold Bear o'erlooks,
 When after half the Year's Winter and Night,
 Day and the Spring at once salutes their Sight!
 Thus it appears, that like thy matchless Beauty,
 [Offers to pull off the Vail.]

When this black Cloud is vanish'd.
 Why d'ye shrink back, my dearest?
 I prithee let me look a little upon thee:
 'Tis all the Pleasure Love has yet allow'd me,
 And more than Nature does in all things else.
 At least speak to me; well may I call it Night,
 When Silence too thus joins it self with Darkness.
 Ha! I had quite forgot the cursed Oath I made—
 Pish! What's an Oath forc'd from a Lover's Tongue?
 'Tis not recorded in Heav'n's dreadful Book,
 But scatter'd loofely by the Breath that made it:
 Away with it; to make it was but a Rashness,
 To keep it were a Sin——Dear Madam——
 Ha! let's see this then first!

[Offers again, but she refuses, and gives him a Note.]

He reads.] *You know I have forgiven your unkind Oath to your Father, and shall never suffer you to be perjur'd. I come only to let you know, the Physician and the Pothecary will do this Morning what we propos'd; be ready at hand, if there should be occasion for your Presence: I dare not stay one Minute.* Farewel.

Now thousand Angels wait upon thee, Lucia,
 And thousand Blessings upon all thou dost.
 Let me but kiss your Hand, and I'll dismiss you.
 Ah cruel Father, when thou mad'st the Oath,
 Thou

Thou little thought'st that thou hadst left
Such Blessings for me out of it. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Col. Jolly in an Indian Gown and Night-Cap,
with Will, his Man.

Joll. Give me the Pills; and what said the Doctor, Will?

Will. He said a great deal, Sir, but I was not Doctor enough to understand half of it.

Joll. A Man may drink, he says, for all these Baubles?

Will. He's ill advis'd if he give your Worship drinking Pills, for when you were drinking last together, a Fit took you to beat the Doctor, which your Worship told him was a new Disease.

Joll. He was drunk then himself first, and spoke false Latin, which becomes a Doctor worse than a beating. He does not remember that, I hope, now.

Will. I think he does, Sir, for he says the Pills Are to purge black Cholera!

Joll. Ay, Melancholy; I shall ha' need of them then, for my old Purger of Melancholy, Canary, will grow too dear for me shortly; my own Estate was sold for being with the King at Oxford. A Curse upon an old Dunce that needs must be going to Oxford at my Years! My good Neighbour, I thank him, Colonel Fear-the-Lord Barebottle, a Saint and a Sope-boiler, bought it; but he's dead, and boiling now himself, that's the best of't; there's a Cavalier's Comfort! If his damnable Wife now would marry me, it would return again, as I hope all things will at last; and even that too were as hard a Composition for ones own, as ever was made at Haberdashers-Hall; but hang her, she'll ha' none o' me, unless I
were

were True Rich and Counterfeit Godly ; let her go to her Husband ; (so much for that—[*Takes a Pill.* It does not go down so glib as an Egg in Muscadine.) Now when my Neice's Portion too goes out o' my Hands, which I can keep but 'till a handsome Wench of eighteen pleases to marry (a pitiful slender Tenure, that's the Truth on't) I ha' nothing to do but to live by Plots for the King, or at least to be hang'd by 'em. (So, go thou too) [*Takes the two other Pills.* Well, something must be done, unless a Man could get true Gems by drinking, or, like a Mouse in a Cheese, make himself a House by eating.

Will. Did you send for Colonel Cutter and Captain Worm, to come and keep me Company this Morning that I take Physick ? They'll be loth to come to Day, there's so little hope o' drinking here.

Will. They said they would be here, Sir, before this time ;

Some Morning's Draught, I believe, has intercepted 'em.

Joll. I could repent now heartily, but that 'twould look as if I were compell'd to it ; and besides, if it should draw me to Amendment, 'twould undo me now, 'till I ha' gotten something. 'Tis a hard case to wrong my pretty Neice ; but unless I get this wicked Widow, I and my Daughter must starve else ; and that's harder yet : Necessity is, as I take it, Fatality, and that will excuse all things. O ! Here they are !

S C E N E V.

Col. Jolly, Col. Cutter, Capt. Worm,

Joll. Welcome ! Men o' War, what News abroad in Town ?

Cut Brave News i' faith, it arriv'd but Yesterday

by an *Irish* Priest, that came over in the Habit of a Fish-wife, a cunning Fellow, and a Man o' Business, he's to lye Lieger here for a whole *Irish* College beyond Sea, and do all their Affairs of State. The Captain spoke with him last Night at the *Blue-Anchor*!

Foll. Well, and what is't ?

Worm. Why, Business is afloat again; the King has muster'd five and twenty thousand Men in *Flanders*, as tall Fellows as any are in *Christendom*.

Foll. A Pox upon you for a Couple of gross Cheats! I wonder from what Fools in what blind Corners you get a Dinner for this Stuff.

Cut. Nay, there's another News that's stranger yet, but that let the Captain answer.

Wor. I confess I should ha' thought it very ridiculous, but that I saw it from a good Hand beyond Sea, under Black and White, and all in Cypher.

Foll. O it can't miss then; what may it be, pray ?

Wor. Why, that the Emperor of *Muscovy* has promis'd to land ten thousand Bears in *England* to over-run the Country.

Foll. Oh! that's in revenge of the late barbarous Murder of their Brethren here I warrant you.

Cut. Why, Colonel, Things will come about again! We shall have another Bout for't!

Foll. Why all this to a Friend that knows you; where were thy former Bouts, I prithee, *Cutter*? Where didst thou ever serve the King, and when ?

Cut. Why every where; and the last time at *Worcester*. If I never serv'd him since, the Fault's not mine; an' there had been any Action——

Foll. At *Worcester*, *Cutter*? Prithee how got'st thou thither ?

Cut. Why, as you and all other Gentlemen should ha

ha' done; I carry'd him in a Troop of Reformado Officers; most of them had been under my Command before!

Foll. I'll be sworn they were Reformado Tapsters then; but how got'st thou off?

Cut. Why, as the King himself, and all the rest of the great ones; in a Disguise, if you'll needs know't.

Wor. He's very cautious, Colonel, he's kept it ever since.

Foll. That's too long i'faith, *Cutter*, prithee take one Disguise now more at last, and put thy self into the Habit of a Gentleman.

Cut. I'll answer no more Prithees; Is this the Morning's-Draught you sent for me to?

Foll. No, I ha' better News for ye both, than ever ye had from a good *Irish* Hand; the Truth is I have a Plot for you, which if it take, ye shall no more make monstrous Tales from *Bruges* to revive your sinking Credits in loyal Ale-houses, nor inveigle into Taverns young Foremen of the Shop, or little beardless Blades of the Inns of Court, to drink to the Royal Family Parabolically, and with bouncing Oaths, like Cannon at every Health; nor upon unlucky failing Afternoons take melancholy Turns in the *Temple* Walks, and when you meet Acquaintance, cry, You wonder why your Lawyer stays so long, with a Pox to him.

Wor. This Physick has stirr'd ill Humours in the Colonel, would they were once well purg'd, and we a drinking again lovingly together as we were wont to do.

Foll. Nor make headless Quarrels about the reckoning Time, and leave the House in Confusion; nor when you go to Bed produce ten several Snuffs to make up one poor Pipe o' Tobacco!

Cut. Would I had one here now; I han't had my Morning Smoak yet, by this Day!

Joll. Nor change your Names and Lodgings as often as a Whore; for as yet if ye liv'd like *Tartars* in a Cart (as I fear ye must die in one) your home could not be more uncertain. To Day at *Wapping*, and to Morrow you appear again at *Mill-bank* (like a Duck that dives at this End of the Pond, and rises unexpectedly at the other) I do not think *Pythagoras* his Soul e'er chang'd so many Dwellings as you ha' done within these two Years.

Cut. Why, what then, Colonel? Soldiers must remove their Tents sometimes, *Alexander the Great* did it a thousand times.

Wor. Nine hundred, *Cutter*, you're but a Dunce in Story;

But what's all this to th' Matter, Noble Colonel? You run a Wool-gathering like a zealous Teacher; Where's the use of Consolation that you promis'd us?

Joll. Why thou shalt have it, little *Worm*, for these damn'd Pills begin to make me horrible sick, and are not like to allow of long Digressions; Thus briefly then, as befits a Man in my case!

When my Brother the Merchant went into *Africk*, to follow his great Trade there——

Wor. How o' Devil could he follow it? why he had quite lost his Memory; I knew him when he was fain to carry his own Name in Writing about him, for fear lest he should forget it.

Joll. Oh his Man *John*, you know, did all, yet still he would go about with old *John*, and thought if he did go, he did his Business himself; well, when he went he left his Daughter with a Portion o' five thousand Pounds to my Tuition, and if she marry'd without my Consent, she was to have but a thousand

sand of it. When he was gone two Years he dy'd--

Wor. He did a little forget himself methinks, when he left the Estate in your Hands, Colonel.

Joll. Hold your Tongue, Capt. Coxcomb; now the Case is this; ye shall give me a thousand Pounds for my Interest and Favour in this Business, settle the rest upon her and her Children, or me and mine, if she ha' none (d'ye mark me? For I will not have one Penny of the Principal pass through such glewy Fingers) upon these Terms I'll marry her to one of you; always provided tho' that he whom she shall chuse (for she shall have as fair a Choice as can be between two such Fellows) shall give me good Assurances of living afterwards like a Gentleman, as besits her Husband, and cast off the t'other's Company!

Cut. The Conditions may be admitted of, tho' if I have her, she'll ha' no ill Bargain on't when the King comes home; but how, Colonel, if she should prove a foolish fantastical Wench, and refuse to marry either of us?

Joll. Why! then she shall never ha' my Consent to marry any body; and she'll be hang'd, I think, first in the Friar's Rope, e'er she turn Nun.

Wor. I'll be a *Cartusian* an' she do!

Joll. If't were not for Chastity and Obedience thou might'st be so; their t'other Vow of never carrying any Mony about them, thou hast kept from thy Youth upwards.

Wor. I'll have her, I'm the better Scholar; and we're both equal Soldiers, I'm sure.

Cut. Thou, Captain *Bobadil*? What with that Ember-week Face o'thine? that Razor o'thy Nose? thou look'st as if thou hadst never been fed since thou suck'dst thy Mother's Milk. Thy Checks begin to fall into thy Mouth, that thou might'st eat them.

Why thou very Lath, with a thing cut like a Face at top, and a Slit at bottom. I am a Man ha' serv'd my King and Country, a Person of Honour, Dog-bolt, and a Colonel.

Wor. Yes, as Priests are made now-a-days, a Colonel made by thine own self. I must confess thus much o' thy good Parts, thour't beholding to no body but thy self for what thou art. Thou a Soldier? Did not I see thee once in a Quarrel at Nine-pins behind *Sodom-Lane* disarm'd with one o' the Pins? Alas, good *Cutter*! There's difference, as I take it, betwixt the clattering o' Swords and Quart-pots, the Effusion of Blood and Claret-Wine——

Cut. (What a bragging little Cur's this?)

Wor. The Smoak of Guns and Tobacco----nor can you, *Cutter*, fight the better, because you ha' beat an old Bawd or a Drawer; besides, what Parts hast thou? Hast thou Scholarship enough to make a Brewer's Clerk? Canst thou read the Bible? I'm sure thou hast not; canst thou write more than thine own Name, and that in such vile Characters, that most Men take 'em for *Arabian* Pot-hooks! Dost thou not live, *Cutter*, in the *Chymarian* Darkness of Ignorance?

Foll. *Cymmerian*, Captain, let it be *Cymmerian*!

Wor. Ay; I know some will have it so; but by this Light I always call't *Chymarian*!

Cut. O brave Scholar! Has the Colonel caught you in false *Latin*, you Dunce you? You'd e'en as good stick to your Captainship; and that you may thank me for, you ingrateful Pimp you, was not I the first that ever call'd you so; and said you had serv'd stoutly in my Regiment at *Newberry*?

Foll. Thy Regiment?---Well! Leave your quarrelling, Baboons; and try your Fortunes fairly; I begin

begin to be very sick, I'll leave you, and send in my Neice to entertain you: Upon my Life, if you quarrel any more, as great Soldiers as you are, I'll ha' you cashier'd for ever out o' this Garrison o' mine, look to't. *[Exit Col. Jolly.]*

Wor. Come, Cutter, we'd e'en better play fair Play with one another, than lose all to a third. Let's draw Cuts who shall accost her first when she comes in, and the t'other void the Room for a little while.

Cut. Agreed! You may thank the Colonel for coming off so easily; you know well enough I dare not offend him at such a time as this!

Wor. The longest first—— *[Draw Lots.]*

Cut. Mine! Od's my Life! here she is already!

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lucia, Cutter, Worm.

Luc. Not chuse amifs? Indeed I must do, Uncle,
[To her self at her Entrance.]

If I should chuse again; especially
If I should do't out of your Drinking Company.
Tho' I have seen these Fellows here, I think,
A hundred times, yet I so much despise 'em,
I never ask'd their Names: But I must speak to 'em
now.

My Uncle, Gentlemen, will wait upon you presently again, and sent me hither to desire your Patience!

Cut. Patience, Madam, will be no Virtue requisite for us, whilst you are pleas'd to stay here: Ha, ha! *Cutter!* that lit pretty pat 'faith for a beginning. *[Worm goes out.]*

Luc. Is your Friend going, Sir?

Cut. Friend, Madam?——(I hope I shall be even with him presently) he's a merry Fellow that your Uncle and I divert our selves withal.

Luc. What is he, pray, Sir?

Cut. That's something difficult to tell you, Madam; But he has been all things. He was a Scholar once, and since a Merchant, but broke the first half Year; after that he serv'd a Justice o' Peace, and from thence turn'd a kind o' Sollicitor at *Goldsmiths-Hall*; he's as a pretty Smattering too in Poetry, and would ha' been my Lady Prote&tres's Poet; he writ once a Copy in Praise of her Beauty, but her Highness gave him for it but an old Half-crown Piece in Gold, which she had hoarded up before these Troubles, and that discourag'd him from any further Applications to the Court. Since that, he's as been a little Agitator of the Cavalier Party, and drew in one of the 'Prentices that were hang'd lately: He's a good ingenious Fellow, that's the Truth on't, and a pleasant Droll when he's got a Cup o' Wine in his Pate, which your Uncle and I supply him with; but for Matters that concern the King, neither of us trust him. Not that I can say h's betray'd any body, but he's so indigent a Varlet, that I'm afraid he would sell his Soul to *Oliver* for a Noble. But, Madam, what a pox should we talk any more o' that Mole-catcher? Now I'm out again—I am so us'd only to ranting Whores, that a modest Gentlewoman puts me to the Nonplus!

Luc. Why, my Uncle recommended him to me, Sir, as a Person of Quality, and of the same Condition with your self, only that you had been a Colonel o' Foot, and he a Captain of Horse in his Majesty's Service.

Cut. You know your Uncle's drolling Humour, Madam; he thought there was no Danger in the Raillery, and that you'd quickly find out who he was: Here he comes again,---[*Enter Worm.*]---I'll leave

leave him with you, Madam, for a Minute, and wait upon you immediately, (I am at a Loss, and must recover my self) Captain, I ha' dealt better by you than you deserv'd, and given you a high Character to her; see you do me right too, if there be occasion----I'll make bold tho' to hearken whether you do or no. [*Exit Cutter, and stands at the Door.*

Wor. Madam, my noble Friend your Uncle has been pleas'd to honour me so far with his good Opinion, as to allow me the Liberty to kiss your Hands.

Luc. You're welcome, Sir; but pray, Sir, give me Leave,

Before you enter into farther Compliment,
To ask one Question of you.

Wor. I shall resolve you, Madam, with that Truth Which may, I hope, invite you to believe me In what I'm to say afterwards.

Luc. 'Tis to tell me your Friend's Name, Sir, and his Quality, which, tho' I have seen him oft, I am yet ignorant of: I suppose him to be some honourable Person, who has eminently serv'd the King in the late Wars.

Cut. 'Tis a shrewd discerning Wench, she has hit me right already. [*At the Door.*

Wor. They call him Colonel *Cutter*, but to deal faithfully with you, Madam, he's no more a Colonel than you're a Major-General.

Cut. Ha! Sure I mistake the Rogue!

Wor. He never serv'd his King, not he, no more than he does his Maker: 'Tis true, h'as drunk his Health as often as any Man, upon other Mens Charges; and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector, 'till he was soundly beaten one Day, and dragg'd about the Room, like old *Hector* o' *Troy* about the Town.

Cut.

Cut. What does this Dog mean, trow ?

Wor. Once indeed he was very low for almost a Twelve-month, and had neither Mony enough to hire a Barber, nor buy Cissars, and then he wore a Beard (he said) for King *Charles*; he's now in pretty good Cloaths, but would you saw the Furniture of his Chamber ! Marry, half a Chair, an earthen Chamber-pot without an Ear, and the Bottom of an Ink-horn for a Candle-stick; the rest is broken foul Tobacco-pipes, and a Dozen o' Gally-pots with Salve in 'em.

Cut. Was there ever such a cursed Villain !

Wor. H'as been a known Cheat about the Town these twenty Years.

Luc. What does my Uncle mean to keep him Company, if he be such a one ?

Wor. Why he's infatuated, I think ! I ha' warn'd him on't a thousand times ; he has some Wit, (to give the Devil his due) and that 'tis makes us endure him, but however I'd advise your Uncle to be a little more cautious how he talks before him o' State Matters, for he's shrewdly wrong'd if he ben't *Cromwell's* Agent for all the Taverns between *King's-Street*, and the *Devil* at *Temple-Bar*, indeed he's a kind o' Resident in 'em.

Cut. Flesh and Blood can bear no longer——

Worm, you're a stinking, lying, perjur'd, damn'd Villain ; and if I don't bring you, Madam, his Nose and both his Ears, and lay 'em at your Feet here before Night, may the Pillory and the Pox take mine ; 'till then suspend your Judgment. [Exit Cutter.

Luc. Nay, you're both even ; just such an excellent Character did he bestow on you ;
Why, thou vile Wretch,
Go to the Stews, the Goal, and there make Love,
Thoult

Thou'lt find none there but such as will scorn thee!

Wor. Why here's brave Work i' faith! I ha' carry'd it swimmingly, I'll e'en go steal away and drink a dozen before I venture to think one Thought o' the Business. [Exit.

Luc. Go cursed Race, which stick your loathsome Crimes

Upon the honourable Cause and Party;

And to the noble Loyal Sufferers,

A worser Suffering add of Hate and Infamy.

Go to the Robbers and the Parricides,

And fix your Spots upon their painted Vizards,

Not on the Native Face of Innocence.

'Tis you retard that Industry by which

Our Country would recover from this Sickness;

Which, whilst it fears th' Eruption of such Ulcers,

Keeps a Disease tormenting it within,

But if kind Heav'n please to restore our Health,

When once the great Physician shall return,

He quickly will, I hope, restore our Beauty. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Aurelia.

I See 'tis no small part of Policy

To keep some little Spies in Enemies Quarters:

The Parliament had Reason——

I would not for five hundred Pounds but ha' corrupted my Cousin *Lucia's* Maid; and yet it costs

me nothing but Sack-poffets, and Wine, and Sugar when her Mistress is a Bed, and tawdry Rib-

bonds, or fine trimm'd Gloves sometimes, and once

I think a pair of Counterfeit Ruby Pendants.

That

That cost me half a Crown. The poor Wench loves

Dy'd Glafs like an *Indian*; for a Diamond Bob I'd have her Maiden-head if I were a Man and she a Maid. If her Mistress did but talk in her Sleep sometimes, o' my Conscience she'd sit up all Night and watch her, only to tell me in the Morning what she said; 'tis the prettiest diligent Wretch in her Calling, now she has undertaken't.

Her Intelligence just now was very good, and May be o'Consequence; That young *Truman* is Stolen up the back way into my Cousin's Chamber. These are your grave Maids that study Romances, and will be all *Mandana's* and *Cassandra's*, and never spit but by the Rules of Honour; Oh, here she comes, I hope, with fresh Intelligence from the Foes Rendezvous.

S C E N E II.

Aurelia and Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! for the Love of Goodness hold me, or I shall fall down with laughing, Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis the best Humour——no——I can't tell it you for laughing---Ha, ha, ha! the prettiest Sport, Ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Why, thou hast not seen him lye with her, hast thou?

The Wench is mad; prithee what is't?

Jane. Why (hee, hei, ha!) my Mistress sits by her Servant in a long Veil that covers her from Top to Toe, and says not one Word to him, because of the Oath you know that the old Man forc'd his Son to take after your Father had forbid him the House; and he talks half an Hour, like an Ass as he is, all alone, and looks upon her Hand all the while, and
kisses

kisses it. But that which makes me die with laughing at the Conceit (Ha, ha, ha!) is, that when he asks her any thing, she goes to the Table, and writes her Answer: You never saw such an innocent Puppet-play!

Aur. Dear *Jane*, (kiss me, *Jane*) how shall I do to see 'em?

Jane. Why, Madam, I'll go look the Key of my Mistress's Closet above, that looks into her Chamber, where you may see all, and not be seen.

Aur. Why that's as good as the Trick o'the Veil; do, dear *Jane*, quickly, 'twill make us excellent Sport at Night, and we'll fuddle our Noses together, shall we dear *Jane*?

Jane. Ay, dear Madam! I'll go seek out the Key.

Aur. 'Tis strange, if this Trick o' my Cousin's should beget no Trick o' mine, That would be pitiful dull doings.

S C E N E III.

Aurelia and Mr. Puny.

Aur. Here comes another of her Servants; a young, rich, fantastical Fop, that would be a Wit, and has got a new way of being so; he scorns to speak any thing that's common, and finds out some impertinent Similitude for every thing. The Devil, I think, can't find one for him. This Coxcomb has so little Brains too, as to make me the Confident of his Amours. I'll thank him for his Confidence e'er I ha' done with him.

Pun. Who's here? O Madam! is your Father out of his Metaphorical Grave yet? You understand my Meaning, my dear Confident? You're a Wit!

Aur. Like what, Mr. *Puny*?

Pun. Why——like——me!

Aur.

Aur. That's right your way, Mr. *Puny*, it's an odd Similitude.

Pun. But where's your Father, little Queen o' Diamonds? Is he extant? I long like a Woman big with Twins to speak with him!

Aur. You can't now possibly. There was never any Creature so sick with a Disease as he is with Physick, to Day, the Doctor and the Apothecary's with him, and will let no body come in. But, Mr. *Puny*, I have Words o' Comfort for you!

Pun. What, my dear Queen o' *Sheba*! and I have *Ophir* for thee if thou hast.

Aur. Why your Rival is forbid our House, and has sworn to his Father never to see or hear your Mistress more.

Pun. I knew that Yesterday as well as I knew my *Credo*, but I'm the very *Jew* of *Malta*, if she did not use me since that, worse than I'd use a rotten Apple.

Aur. Why that can't be, Brother Wit, why that was uncivilly done of her!

Pun. O hang her, Queen of Fairies, (I'm all for Queens to Day I think) she cares much for that; no, that *Assyrian Crocodile Truman* is still swimming in her *Precordiums*, but I'll so Ferret him out, I'll beat him as a *Bloomsbury Whore* beats Hemp; I'll spoil his grave Dominical Postures; I'll make him sneak, and look like a Door off the Hinges.

Aur. That's hard! but he deserves it truly, if he strive to Annihilate.

Pun. Why well said, Sister Wit, now thou speak'st odly too!

Aur. Well, without Wit or Foolery, Mr. *Puny*, what will you give me, if this Night, this very improbable Night, I make you marry my Cousin *Lucia*?

Pun.

Pun. Thou talk'st like *Medusa's* Head, thou astonishest me.

Aur. Well, in plain Langage as befits a Bargain; there's Pen and Ink in the next Chamber, give but a Bill under your Hand to pay me five hundred Pounds in Gold (upon Forfeiture of a thousand if you fail) within an Hour after the Business is done, and I'll be bound Body for Body my Cousin *Lucia* shall be your Wife this Night; if I deceive you, your Bond will do you no hurt, if I do not, consider a little before-hand, whether the Work deserves the Reward, and do as you think fit.

Pun. There shall be no more considering than in a Hasty-Pudding; I'll write it an' you will, in Shorthand, to dispatch immediately, and presently go put five hundred Marygolds in a Purse for you. Come away like an Arrow out of a *Scythian* Bow.

Aur. I'll do your Business for you, I'll warrant you; *Allons Mon-Cher.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cutter, Worm.

Cut. Now I ha' thee at the Place where thou affronted'st me, here will I cut thy Throat.

Wor. You'll be hang'd first.

Cut. No by this Light.

Wor. You'll be hang'd after then.

Cut. Not so neither; for I'll hew thee into so many Morfels, that the Crowner shall not be able to give his Verdict, whether 'twas the Body of a Man or of a Beast, as thou art. Thou shalt be Mince-meat, *Worm*, within this Hour.

Wor. He was a Coward once, nor have I ever heard one Syllable since of his Reformation, he shall not daunt me.

Cut.

Cut. Come on; I'll send thee presently to *Erebus*;
[*Draws*

Without either Bail or Main-prize.

Wor. Have at you, *Cutter*, an' thou hadst as many Lives as are in *Plutarch*, I'd make an end of 'em all.

Cut. Come on, Miscreant.

Wor. Do, do! strike an' thou dar'st.

Cut. Coward, I'll give thee the Advantage of the first Push, Coward.

Wor. I scorn to take any thing o' thee, *Jew*.

Cut. If thou dar'st not strike first, thou submitt'st, and I give thee thy Life.

Wor. Remember, *Cutter*, you were treacherous first to be, and therefore must begin. Come, pox upon't, this Quarrel will cost us Quarts of Wine a-piece before the Treaty o' Peace be ended.

Cut. Here's Company coming in; I'll hear o' no Treaties, *Worm*, we'll fight it out.

S C E N E V.

Enter to them Aurelia and Puny.

Aur. Five hundred neat Gentlemen-like twenty Shilling Pieces, tho' never wash'd nor barb'd—
[*Reading.*

A Curse upon him, can't he write a Bond without these Sotteries?

Pun. Why how now *Panims*? Fighting like two Sea-fish in the Map? Why how now my little *Galimaufry*, my little *Oleopodrido* of Arts and Arms; Hold the fierce Gudgeons!

Aur. 'Ods my Life, *Puny*, let's go in again; that's the only way to part 'em.

Pun. Do, do! kill one another, and be hang'd like Ropes of Onions.

Cut.

Cut. At your Command? No, *Puny*, I'll beforc'd by no Man; put up, *Worm*; we'll fight for no Man's Pleasure, but our own.

Wor. Agreed! I won't make Sport with murdering any Man, an' he were a *Turk*.

Pun. Why now ye speak like the Pacifick Sea; we'll to the King's Pole anon, and drink all into *Pylades* again; we'll drink up a whole Vessel there to Redintegration, and that so big, that the Tun of *Heydelberg* shall seem but a Barrel of Pickl'd Oysters to it; mean time, thou pretty little Smith o' my good Fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your Plot, I'll go and provide the Spankers. [*Exit Puny.*]

Cut. Your Cousin, Mrs. *Aurelia*, has abus'd us most irreverently.

Aur. Why what's the Matter?

Cut. Your Father recommended us two as Sui-cers to her.

Aur. And she'd ha' none of you? What a foolish Girl 'tis, to stand in her own Light so?

Wor. Nay, that's not all, but she us'd us worse than if we'd been the veriest Rogues upon the Face of the whole Earth.

Aur. That's a little thought too much, but 'twas safer erring o' that hand.

Cut. Ay, we're like to get much, I see, by complaining to you.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Key o' the Closet, go up softly, Madam, Ha, ha, ha! and make no Noise, dear Madam, I must be gone. [*Exit.*]

Aur. Why does this little Foppotee laugh always? 'Tis such a Ninny that she betrays her Mistress, and thinks she does no hurt at all, no, not she; well,
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wretched Lovers, come along with me now, (but softly upon your Lives, as you would steal to a Mistress through her Mother's Chamber) and I'll shew you this severe *Penelope*, lock'd up alone in a Chamber with your Rival.

Cut. As softly as Snow falls.

Wor. Or Vapours rise.

Aur. What are you Punish too with your Similitudes? Mum---not a Word---pull off your Shoes at Bottom of the Stairs, and follow me.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Truman Junior.

And presently Aurelia, Cutter, and Worm, appear at a little Window.

Trum. Why should her cruel Uncle seek t' oppose
A Love in all respects so Good and Equal?
He has some wicked End in't, and deserves
To be deceiv'd!

Cut. Deceiv'd? pray mark that, Madam.

Trum. She is gone in to see if things be ripe yet,
To make our last Attempt upon her Uncle;
If our Plot fail—

Aur. A Plot i'faith, and I shall Counter-plot ye.

Trum. In spite of our worst Enemies, our Kin-
dred,

And a rash Oath that's cancell'd in the making,

We will pursue our Loves to the last Point.

And buy that Paradise, though't be with Martyrdom!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucia.

*She goes to the Table and writes whilst he Speaks,
and gives him the Paper.*

Trum. She's come, methinks I see her through her
Veil;
She's

She's naked in my Heart with all her Beauties.

Wor. Thou hast a bawdy Heart, I'll warrant thee.

Cut. Hold your Peace, Coxcomb.

Trum. That has, I think, taken an Oath Quite contrary to mine, never to see Any thing else!

He's extreamly Sick, and thinks he shall die; the Doctor and 'Pothecary have acted very well; I'll [Reads a Paper given him by Lucia.

be with him presently, go into my little Oratory, and pray for the Success---I'll pray with as much Zeal as any Sinner, converted just upon the Point of Death, prays his short time out. [A Cry within, Mrs. Aurelia!
[Exeunt Truman and Lucia.

Aur. What can this mean? [They cry within. and the Cry within there? Pray let's go down and see what's the Matter.

Enter Will and Ralph crying.

Will. Ah, Lord! My poor Master! Mrs. Aurelia, Mrs. Aurelia!

Aur. Here, what's the Business?

Ralph. O Lord! The saddest Accident.

Aur. For the love of Heav'n speak quickly.

Will. I cannot speak for weeping; my poor Master's Poison'd,

Aur. Poison'd! How prithee, and by whom?

Will. Why by the strangest Accident, Mistress. The Doctor prescrib'd one, what d'ye call it, with a hard Name, and that careless Rogue the 'Pothecary's Man (mistaking one Glass for another that stood by it) put in another, what d'ye call it, that is a mortal Poison.

Aur. Oh then 'tis plain, there was the Plot they talk'd of; ye heard, Gentlemen, what they said; pray follow me, and bear Witness. [*Exit Aurelia.*]

Cut. Undoubtedly they had a Hand in't; we shall be brought to swear against them, *Worm.*

Wor. I'll swear what I heard, and what I heard not, but I'll hang 'em. I see I shall be reveng'd o' that proud Tit; but it grieves me for the Colonel.

S C E N E VIII.

Colonel Jolly (*brought in a Chair*) *Aurelia, Cutter, Worm, Will, Ralph, other Servants.*

Joll. Oh! I ha' vomited out all my Guts, and all my Entrails——

Aur. Oh my dear Father!

Joll. I'm going, Daughter—— ha' ye sent the pocky Doctor and the plaguy 'Potheary to a Justice o' Peace to be examin'd?

Will. Yes, Sir, your Worship's Steward and the Constable are gone with 'em; does your Worship think they did it out o' Malice, and not by a Mistake? If I had thought they did, I'd a hang'd 'em presently, that you might ha' seen it done before you dy'd.

Joll. Huh, huh, huh! I think that Rogue the Doctor did it, because I beat him t'other Day in our drinking! Huh, huh, huh!

Aur. No, Sir, (O my dear Father) no, Sir, you little think who were the Contrivers of your Murder, e'en my Cousin *Luce* and her Gallant—— Oh Lord----'tis discover'd by a miraculous Providence ----they're both together in her Chamber now, and there we overheard 'em as it pleas'd----these two Gentlemen heard 'em as well as I——

Joll. Can they be such Monsters? Oh! I'm as hot as *Lucifer*---Oh---Oh! What did you hear 'em say?
——Oh my Stomach!

Cut.

Cut. Why that they had a Plot——

Aur. And that the Doctor and 'Pothecary had done it very well.

Wor. Ay, and your Neice ask'd if he thought the Poison was strong enough.

Aur. There never was such an Impudence!

Will. How Murder will out! I always thought, Fellow *Ralph*, your Mistress *Lucia* was nought with that young smooth-fac'd Varlet; do you remember, *Ralph*, what I told you in the Butteries once?

Aur. Here she comes! O Impudence!

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Oh! Oh! Oh!—go all aside a little, and let me speak with her alone. Come hither, Neice—Oh! Oh! You see by what Accident 't has pleas'd—huh—huh—huh—to take away your loving Uncle, Neice! huh——

Luc. I see't, Sir, with that Grief which your Misfortune, and mine in the Loss of you does require.

Cut. There's a Devil for you; [*Joll. and Luc. talk together.*]
But, Captain, did you hear her speak o' Poison, and whether it were strong enough?

Wor. No, but I love to strike home when I do a business, I'm for thorough-stitch; I'm through pac'd, what a pox should a Man stand mincing?

Luc. I hope, Sir, and have Faith, that you'll recover! But Sir, because the Danger's too apparent, and who (alas) knows how Heav'n may dispose of you? Before it grow too late (after your Blessing) I humbly beg one Boon upon my Knees.

Joll. What is't (rise up, Neice) Oh—I can deny you nothing at this time sure!

Luc. It is (I wo'not rise, Sir, 'till you grant it)
That since the Love 'twixt *Truman* and my self
Has been so fix'd, and like our Fortunes equal,
Ye would be pleas'd to sign, before your Death,
The Confirmation of that Love, our Contract,
And when your Soul shall meet above my Father's,
As soon as he has bid you Welcome thither,
He'll thank you for this Goodness to his Daughter;
I do conjure you, Sir, by his Memory!
By all your Hopes of Happiness hereafter
In a better World! and all your dearest
Wishes of Happiness for those whom ye
Love most, and leave behind ye here!

Joll. You ha' deserv'd so well o' me, Neice, that
'tis impossible to deny you any thing: Where's gentle
Mr. *Truman*?

Luc. In the next Room, Sir, waiting on your Will,
As on the Sentence of his Life and Death too.

Joll. Oh—I'm very sick—pray bring him in.

Luc. A thousand Angels guard you Life, Sir!
Or, if you die, carry you up to Heav'n. [*Exit.*

Wor. Was there ever such a young dissembling
Witch?

Cut. Here's Woman in Perfection!
The Devil's in their Tails, and in their Tongues!
They're possess'd both ways!

Joll. Will, *Ralph*, is *Jeremy* there too? Be ready
when I speak to you.

Enter Truman, Lucia (veil'd.)

Trum. Our Prayers are heard, 'tis as we wish'd,
dear *Lucia*. Oh this bless'd Hour!

Joll. Take him and carry him up to the Green
Chamber----Oh my Belly----lock him in sure there,
'till you see what becomes of me; if I do die, he
and

and his Mistress shall have but an ill Match of it at *Tyburn*. Oh my Guts——Lock up *Luce* too in her Chamber.

Trum. What do ye mean, Gentlemen? Are you mad?

Will. We mean to lock you up safe, Sir, for a great Jewel as you are!

Luc. Pray hear me all.

Joll. Away with 'em. [*Exeunt all the Servants with Truman and Lucia, several ways.*]

Aur. How do you, Sir? I hope you may o'ercome it, your Nature's strong, Sir.

Joll. No, 'tis impossible; and yet I find a little Ease, but 'tis but a flash——*Aurelia*——Oh there it wrings me again——fetch me the Cordial-glass in the Cabinet Window, and the little Prayer-Book; I would fain repent, but it comes so hardly——I am very unfit to die, if it would please Heav'n——so, set down the Glass——there——give me——

Aur. The Prayer-Book, Sir, 's all mouldy, I must wipe it first.

Joll. Lay it down too——so——it begins t'afswage a little——there lay down the Book; 'twill but trouble my Brains now I'm a dying.

Enter Will.

Will. Here's the Widow, Sir, without, and Mrs. *Tabitha* her Daughter; they have heard o' your Misfortune, and ha' brought Mr. *Knock-down* to comfort you.

Joll. How? Everlasting *Knock-down*! Will they trouble a Man thus when he's a dying? Sirrah! Blockhead! Let in *Joseph Knock-down*, and I'll send thee to Heav'n before me; I have but an Hour or

two to live perhaps, and that's not enough for him
I'm sure to Preach in!

Will. Shall Mrs. *Barebottle* come in, Sir?

Joll. That's a *She Knock-down* too; well, let her
come in—huh! huh! huh! I must bear all things
patiently now: But *Sirrah, Rogue!* Take heed o'
Joseph Knock-down, thou shalt not live with Ears,
if *Joseph Knock-down* enter.

Enter Widow, Tabitha.

Wid. How do you do, Neighbour Colonel? How
is't? Take Comfort.

Joll. Cut off i'th' Flower o' my Age, Widow.

Wid. Why, Man's Life is but a Flower, Mr. *Jol-*
ly, and the Flower withers, and Man withers, as
Mr. *Knock-down* observ'd last Sabbath-day at Eve-
ning Exercise: But, Neighbour, you're past the
Flower, you're grown old as well as I——

Joll. P'the very Flower; that damn'd Quack-sal-
ver——

Tab. Methoughts he was the ugliest Fellow, Mo-
ther; and they say he's a Papish too, forsooth.

Wid. I never lik'd a Doctor with a red Nose; my
Husband was wont to say---How do you, Mrs. *Au-*
relia? Comfort your self, we must all die sooner or
later; to Day here, to Mo:row gone.

Joll. Oh the Torture of such a Tongue! Would
I were dead already, and this my Funeral Sermon.

Wid. Alas poor Man! his Tongue I warrant ye is
as hot as passes; you have a better Memory than I,
Tabitha, tell him what Mr. *Knock-down* said was a
Saint's Duty in tormenting Sicknesse; now Poison's
a great Tormenter.

Joll. Oh! Oh!----this additional Poison will cer-
tainly make an end of me!

Wid.

Wid. Why seek for spiritual Incomes, Mr. Colonel; I'll tell you what my Husband *Barebottle* was wont to observe (and he was a Colonel too) he never sought for Incomes, but he had some Blessing follow'd immediately; once he sought for 'em in *Hartfordshire*, and the next Day he took as many Horses and Arms in the Country, as serv'd to raise three Troops; another time he sought for 'em in *Bucklersbury*, and three Days after a Friend of his, that he ow'd five hundred Pounds to, was hang'd for a Malignant; and the Debt forgiven him by the Parliament; a third time he sought for 'em in *Hartfordshire*——

Tab. No, Mother, 'twas in *Worcestershire*, forth.

Wid. Ay Child, it was indeed in *Worcestershire*; and within two Months after the Dean of *Worcester's* Estate fell to him.

Joll. He sought for 'em once out o' my Estate too, I thank him: Oh my Head!

Wid. Why truly, Neighbour Colonel, he had that but for his Penny, and would have had but a hard Bargain of it, if he had not by a Friend's means of the Council hook'd in two thousand Pounds of his Arrears.

Cut. For Shame let's relieve him; Colonel, you said you had a Mind to settle some Affairs of your Estate with me, and Capt. *Worm* here.

Wid. I'll leave you then for a while, pray send for me, Neighbour, when you have a Mind to't: Heav'n strengthen you; come, *Tabitha*.

Joll. *Aurelia*, go out with them, and leave us three together for half an Hour.

[Exit *Wid.* *Tab.* *Aur.*
Stay you, *Will*, and reach me the Cordial; I begin
to

to hope that my extream violent Fit of Vomiting and Purging has wrought out all the Poison, and sav'd my Life——my Pain's almost quite gone, but I'm so fore and faint—give me the Glass.

Wor. What d'you mean, Colonel? You will not doat, I hope, now you're dying? Drink I know not what there, made by a Doctor and a 'Pothecary? Drink a Cup o' Sack, Man, healing Sack; you'll find your old Antidote best.

Cut. He'as Reason, Colonel, it agrees best with your Nature; 'tis good to recover your Strength—as for the Danger, that's past, I'm confident, already.

Foll. Dost thou think so, honest *Cutter*? Fetch him a Bottle o' Sack, *Will*, for that News; I'll drink a little my self, one little Beer-glass.

Cut. Poor Creature! He would try all ways to live!

Foll. Why if I do die, *Cutter*, a Glass o' Sack will do me no Hurt I hope: I do not intend to die the whining way, like a Girl that's afraid to lead Apes in Hell—[*Enter Will, with a Bottle and great Glass.* So, give it me; a little fuller,—yet—it warms exceedingly—and is very Cordial——So,—fill to the Gentlemen.

Wor. Let's drink, let's drink, whilst Breath we have; [Sings. You'll find but cold, but cold drinking in the Grave.

Cut. A Catch i'faith! Boy, go down, Boy, go down,
And fill us t'other Quart,
That we may drink the Colonel's Health,

Wor. That we may drink the Colonel's Health,
Both. Before that we do part.

Wor. Why dost thou frown, thou arrant Clown?
Hey Boys——Tope ——

Foll.

Foll. Why this is very chearly! Pray let's ha' the Catch that we madet'other Night against the Doctor.

Wor. Away with't, *Cutter*; hum——

Come fill us the Glafs o' Sack.

Cut. What Health do we lack?

Wor. Confusion to the Quack.

Both. Confound him, confound him,

Diseases all around him.

Cut. And fill again the Sack,

Wor. That no Man may lack,

Cut. Confusion to the Quack,

Both. Confusion to the Quack,

Confound him, confound him,

Diseases all around him.

Wor. He's a kind of Grave-maker,

Cut. An Urinal Shaker,

Wor. A wretched Groat-taker,

Cut. A stinking Close-Stool raker,

Wor. He's a Quack, that's worse than a Quaker.

Both. He's a Quack, &c.

Wor. Hey Boys——*Gingo*——

Foll. Give me the Glafs, *Will.* I'll venture once more, whate'er come on't. Here's a Health to the Royal Traveller, and so *Finis Coronat.*

Wor. Come on Boys, *Vivat*; have at you again then.

Now a Pox on the Poll of old Politick *Noll.*

Both. We'll drink 'till we bring

In Triumph back the King.

Wor. May he live 'till he see

Old *Noll* upon a Tree.

Wor. And many such as he.

Both. May he live 'till, &c.

Foll. I'm very sick again; *Will,* help me into my Bed; rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Cut.

Cut. Nay, we'll go in with him, Captain, he shall not die this bout.

Wor. It's pity but he should, he does't so bravely; come along then, kifs me, *Cutter*; Is not this better than Quarrelling?

Both. May he live 'till he see, &c.
Hey for Fiddlers now!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jolly and Aurelia.

Joll. **T**IS true, *Aurelia*, the Story they all agree in; 'twas nothing but a simple Plot o' the two Lovers to put me in fear o' Death, in hope to work then upon my good Nature, or my Conscience, and Quack conspir'd with them out o' Revenge; 'twas a cursed Rogue tho' to give me such an unmerciful Dose of *Scammony*! It might ha' prov'd but an ill Jest; but however, I will not be a loser by the Business, e'er I ha' done with't.

Aur. Methinks there might be something extracted out of it!

Joll. Why so there shall; I'll pretend *Aurelia*, to be still desperately Sick, and that I was really poison'd, no Man will blame me after that, for whatsoever I do with my Neice. But that's not all, I will be mightily troubled in Conscience, send for the Widow, and be converted by her, that will win her Heart, join'd with the hopes of my swallowing *Lucia's* Portion.

Aur. For that Point Ill assist you, Sir: Assure her that my Cousin *Lucia* is marry'd privately this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Joll.

Joll. I would she were, Wench (for thine and my sake) her Portion would be forfeited then indeed, and she would ha' no great need of 't, for that Fop's very rich.

Aur. Well, Sir, I'll bring sufficient Proofs of that, to satisfy the Widow, and that's all you require; be pleas'd to let the Secret of the Business rest with me yet a while, to morrow you shall know't. But for my own part, Sir, if I were in your place, I'd rather patiently lose my Estate for ever, than take't again with her.

Joll. Oh! hold your self contented, good frank-hearted *Aurelia*; would I were to marry such a one every Week these two Years: See how we differ now?

Aur. Bless us! What humming and hawing will be i' this House! What preaching, and houling, and fasting, and eating among the Saints! Their first pious Work will be to banish *Fletcher* and *Ben Johnson* out o' the Parlour, and bring in their rooms *Martin Mar-Prelate*, and Posies of Holy Hony-suckles, and a Salve-box for a wounded Conscience, and a Bundle of Grapes from *Canaan*. I can't abide 'em; but I'll break my Sister *Tabitha's* Heart within a Month one way or other. But, Sir, suppose the King should come in again, (as I hope he will for all these Villains) and you have your own again o' course, you'd be very proud of a Soap-boiler's Widow then in *Hide-Park*, Sir.

Joll. Oh! Then the Bishops will come in too, and she'll away to *New-England*; well, this does not do my Business; I'll about it, and send for her.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Ralph.

Aur. And I'll about mine; *Ralph*, did you speak to Mr. *Puny* to meet me an Hour hence at the Back-door in the Garden? He must not know the Estate the House is in yet.

Ralph. Yes, forsooth, he bad me tell you, he'd no more fail you than the Sun fails *Barnaby-day*, I know not what he means by't, but he charg'd me to tell you so, and he would bring (forsooth) his Regiment of five hundred. He's a Mad-man, I think.

Aur. Well, did you speak to Mr. *Soaker* to stay within too, the little Deacon that uses to drink with *Will* and you?

Ralph. Yes, forsooth, he's in the Buttery.

Aur. Pray Heav'n he don't forget my Instructions there! But first I have a little Trick for my Lovers to begin withal, they shall ha' twenty more before I ha' done with 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Truman Junior.

Trum. The Veil of this Mistake will soon be cast away, I would I could remove *Lucia's* as easily, and see her Face again, as fair, as shortly our Innocence will appear.

But if my angry Father come to know our late Intelligence in this unlucky Business though we ha' fulfill'd the Letter of his Will, that which can satisfie a Lover's Conscience, will hardly do so to an old Man's Passion; ye heav'nly Powers, or take away my Life, or give me quickly that for which I only am content to keep it.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, (veil'd.)

Ha! I did but speak just now of heav'nly Powers,
 And my blest Angel enters; sure they have
 Heard me, and promise what I pray'd for.
 My dear *Lucia*, I thought you'd been a kind of Pri-
 soner too. [*She gives him a Paper, and embraces him.*
 She's kinder too than she was wont to be;
 My Prayers are heard and granted, I'm confirm'd in't.

By my Maid's means I have gotten Keys [Reads.
both of my own Chamber and yours; we
may escape if you please; but that I fear would ruin
you; We lye both now in the same House, a good For-
ture that is not like to continue; since I have the
Engagement of your Faith, I account myself your
Wife already, and shall put my Honour into your
Hands; about Midnight I shall steal to you; If I
were to speak this I should blush, but I know whom I
trust. Yours, *Lucia*.

Trum. Thou dost not know me, *Lucia*, [*Aside.*
 And hast forgot thy self: I am amaz'd.
 Stay, here's a Postscript. *Burn this Paper as soon*
as you have read it.

Burn it? Yes, would I had don't before,
 [*Burns it at the Candle.*

May all Remembrance of thee perish with thee,
 Unhappy Paper!
 Thy very Ashes sure will not be innocent.
 But fly about and hurt some chaste Man's Eyes,
 As they do mine. [*Weeps.*

Oh, *Lucia*, this I thought of all Misfortunes
 Would never have befall'n me, to see thee
 Forget the Ways of Virtue and of Honour.

I little thought to see upon our Love,
That flourish'd with so sweet and fresh a Beauty,
The slimy Traces of that Serpent, Lust.
What Devil has poison'd her? I know not what to
say to her.

Go, *Lucia*, retire, prithee, to thy Chamber,
And call thy wandring Virtue home again,
It is not yet far gone, but call it quickly,
'Tis in a dangerous way; I will forget thy Error,
And spend this Night in Prayers that Heav'n may
do so. [Exit *Aur.*

Would she have had me been mine own Adulterer?
Before my Marriage?---Oh Lust---Oh Frailty---
Where in all human Nature shall we miss
The ulcerous Fermentations of thy Heat,
When thus (alas) we find thee breaking out
Upon the comli'st Visage of Perfection? [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Pray Heav'n, I han't made my foolish Wit
stay for me; if he talk with others of the House be-
fore me, I'm undone. Stay, have I
Pulls out a Paper. my Paper ready? Oh! that's well! my
Hand I'm sure's as like hers as the Left
is to the Right, we were taught by the
same Master, pure *Italian*, there's her *A's* and her
G's I'll swear---Oh! are you come? That's well.

S C E N E V.

Enter Puny.

'Tis almost four o' Clock, and that's the precious
Hour.

Pun. My little *Heliogabalus*, here I am, *Præsto!*

Aur.

Aur. You're always calling me Names, Mr. *Puny*, that's unkindly done to one that's labouring for you as I am.

Pun. I ha' made more haste hither than a Parson does to a Living o' three hundred and fifty Pounds a Year.

Aur. *Puny*, you're not a Man o' Business I see, that's not the Stile o' Business; Well, I ha' done, I think, the Work for you, 'tis as odd a Plot as ever you heard.

Pun. I like it better, I love odd things.

Aur. Why thus then, you know Mr. *Truman* took an Oath to his Father never to see my Cousin more without his leave.

Pun. Pish, do I know that a Lawyer loves to take Mony in a *Michaelmas* Term?

Aur. A pies upon you: Well, my Father has made *Lucy* swear too never to see *Truman* without his Consent.

Pun. Good, there will be a good Bo-peep Love.

Aur. For all this, they're resolv'd to Marry this Afternoon (nay, don't interrupt me with your Fopperies, or I'll be gone) and to save their Oaths (like cunning Casuists, as all Lovers are) they'll be marry'd in a dark Room (do you mark me?) the Minister, Mr. *Soaker*, is to marry them without Book; and because they're bound not to speak to one another (for that I forget to tell you) they're to signify their Consent, when he asks 'em, *Will you such a one*——by Reverences, and giving their Hands; you never heard of such a Humour, but they're both mad——

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rare, as Fantastical as a Whirligig——but how came you to know all this, my little pretty Witch of *Lancashire*?

Aur. Why that I'm coming to ; her Maid you must know is my Pensioner, and betrays all Counsels; and to confirm all this to you, here's her last Letter to *Truman* about the Business, which my Intelligencer has deliver'd to me instead of him, you know her Hand : Read it all over to your self.

Pun. I'll swear by her Foot, this is her Hand—hum—[Reads]—*My Uncle's sick, and no Body will be at this side o' the House—the matted Chamber—hum—In at the back Door, which shall be left only put to—(ha, ha, ha!) Mr. Soaker with you—just at four—you must not stay long with me—(ha, ha, ha!) when'tis done and past recovery they'll release us of our Oaths—hum—I shall not fail—Yours, L. (ha, ha, ha!)*

Aur. Now he knows nothing o' the time, for that he should ha' known by this Letter ; and you conceive my Design, I hope? you're not a Wit for nothing.

Pun. My dear *Pythagorean*, that I should go in and Marry her instead of him ?

Aur. Right ! Thou'st a shrewd reach.

Pun. But where's old *Soaker* all this while !

Aur. Why, I ha' told all this to him, only naming you in all things instead of *Truman* ; and that 'twas my Contrivance all for my Cousin's and your sake ; he's within at a Call, I'll send for him ; who's there ? *Mary* ? Call hither *Mr. Soaker* ; I ha' given him five Pounds, and for so much more he'll Marry you to another to Morrow, if you will.

Pun. I adore thee, *Queen Solomon* ; I had rather be marry'd by such a Plot as this, than be Nephew to *Prester-John*——I'll make't a thousand Spankers.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Aur. Oh come, 'tis time, *Mr. Soaker*; as soon as you ha' done leave the marry'd Couple together, I'll lock this Door upon you, go out at the t'other, where she'll come in to you.

Pun. 'Tis as dark as the Devil's Conscience; but the best is, the Parson has a good *Fieri Facies*, like a Holiday, that will give some Light.

Aur. No! there's Light enough to keep you from stumbling within. Oh! I forgot to tell you, break a piece of Gold, and give half, for a Proof of the——do you understand me?

Pun. 'Tis well thought on; but, *Domine Doctores*, can you say the Service without Book are you sure?

Soak. I warrant you, Sir; can you lye with her without Book afterwards?

Pun. He's a Wit too, by *Juno*; all are Wits that have a Finger in this Venison-Pasty.

Aur. She'll come immediately, go in; do not stay above half an Hour, *Mr. Puny*, my Cousin will be miss'd else, and all spoil'd.

Pun. I'll warrant you, let's in; dear Learning lead the Way. [*They go in, and Aurelia locks the Door o' the out-side.*]

Aur. So, all's sure this way; I'll be with you straight.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jolly, Cutter.

Joll. So, now the Widow's gone, I may breath a little; I believe really that true Devotion is a great Pleasure, but 'tis a damn'd Constraint and Drudgery methinks, this Dissimulation of it. I wonder how

the new Saints can endure it, to be always at the Work, Day and Night acting: But great Gain makes every thing seem easie; and they have, I suppose, good lusty Recreations in private. She's gone, the Little Holy Thing, as proud as *Lucifer*, with the Imagination of having been chosen the Instrument of my Conversion from *Popery*, *Prelacy*, and *Cavele-rism*, she's gone to brag of't to *Joseph Knock-down*, and bring him to Confirm me. But, *Cutter*, thine was the best Humour that ever was begot in a Rogue's Noddle, to be Converted in an Instant, the Inspi-ration way, by my Example! It may hap to get Thee *Tabitha*.

Cut. Nay, and I hit just pat upon her way, for though the Mother be a kind of *Brownist* (I know not what the Devil she is indeed) yet *Tabitha* is o' the Fifth Monarchy Faith, and was wont to go every *Sunday* afoot over the Bridge to hear Mr. *Feak*, when he was Prisoner in *Lambeth-House*, she has had a Vision too her self of Horns, and strange things.

Joll. Pish! *Cutter*, for the Way that's not material, so there be but enough of Nonsense and Hypocri-sie: But, *Cutter*, you must reform your Habit too, a little; off with that Sword and Buff, and greasie Plume o' Ribbons in your Hat. They'll be back here presently, do't quickly.

Cut. I'll be chang'd in an Instant, like a Scene, and then I'll fetch 'em to you. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Truman Senior.

Trum. sen. Ay, there goes one of his Swaggerers; I could ha' swagger'd with him once.—Oh! Colonel, you're finely poison'd, are you not? Would I had the poisoning o' you—Where's my Son *Dick*? What ha' you done with him? *Joll.*

Joll. Mr. Truman.

Trum. sen. True me no more than I true you---
Come----Colonel, you're but a swaggering---I'll
ha' the Law to swagger with you, that I will.

Joll. First leave your raging; tho' you should rage
like *Tamerlain* at the Bull, 'twould do no good here.

Trum. sen. Do you call me Names too? I'll have
an Action o' *Scandalum*. Well, Colonel, since you
provoke me, the *Protector* shall know what you
are, and what you would have had me done for the
King, in the time of the last rising.

Joll. Mr. Truman, I took you for a Person of
Honour, and a Friend to his Majesty; I little
thought to hear you speak of betraying a Gentle-
man to the *Protector*.

Trum. sen. Betraying? No, Sir, I scorn it as
much as you, but I'll let him know what you are,
and so forth, an' you keep my Son from me.

Joll. Mr. Truman, if you'll but hear me patient-
ly, I shall propose a thing that will, I hope, be good
and acceptable both to your Son and you.

Trum. sen. Say you so, Sir? Well, but I won't
be call'd *Tamerlain*.

Joll. My Neice, not only by her wicked Design
to poison me, but by marrying her self without my
Consent this Day to *Puny*, has (as you know very
well, for you were a Witness, Sir, to my Brother's
Will) lost all the Right she had to a plentiful Por-
tion. *Aurelia* shall have that and my Estate (which
now within a few Days I shall recover) after my
Death; she's not, I think, unhandsome, and all that
know her will confess she wants no Wit; with these
Qualities, and this Fortune, if your Son like her
(for tho' h'as injur'd me, Sir, I forget that, and at-
tribute it only to the Enchantments of my Neice)

I do so well approve both of his Birth and Parts, and of that Fortune which you, I think, will please to make him, that I should be extreamly glad of the Alliance.

Trum. sen. Good Colonel, you were always a kind Neighbour and loving Friend to our Family, and so were we to you, and had Respects for you; you know I would have had *Dick* marry your Neice, 'till you declar'd he should ha' no Portion with her.

Joll. For that I had a particular Reason, Sir; your Son's above in my House, shall I call him, Sir, that we may know his Mind? I would not have him forc'd.

Trum. sen. Pray send for him, good Colonel: Forc'd? No, I'll make him do't, I'll warrant you. Boys must not be their own Chusers, Colonel, they must not i'faith; they have their Simpathies and Fiddle-come-faddles in their Brain, and know not what they would ha' themselves.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Why how now *Lucia*? How come you from your Chamber?

Luc. I hope you did not mean me a Prisoner, Sir, since now you're satisfi'd sufficiently that you're not poison'd?

Joll. I am not dead, that's true. But I may thank Heav'n, and a strong Constitution for't; you did your Endeavours; hoëver, for the Honour of our Family, and for your Father's sake, I'll speak no more of that; but I could wish, for the Security of my Life hereafter, that you would go home to your Husband, for they say you're marry'd, Neice, this Day without my Knowledge----Nay,-----I'm content

tent—go home to him when you please, you shall ha' your thousand Pounds.

Trum. sen. Hark you, Colonel, she should not have a Groat of 'em, not a Groat; she can't recover't by Law, I know the Will.

Luc. I marry'd, Sir? 'Tis the first News I've heard of't.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Truman Junior.

Lucia goes to put on her Veil.

Joll. Nay, leave your pretty Jesuitical Love-tricks to salve an Oath; Mr. *Truman*, you may let your Son see her now.

Trum. sen. Ay, *Dick*, you may see her as much as you please; she's marry'd.

Trum. jun. Marry'd?

Trum. sen. Ay, marry'd, so I say, marry'd this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Luc. What do they mean?

Trum. sen. And, *Dick*, I ha' got a Wife too for you, you shall ha' pretty Mrs. *Aurelia*.

Trum. jun. *Lucia* marry'd?

Trum. sen. Her Father and I are agreed of all things; Hark you, *Dick*, she has a brave Fortune now.

Trum. jun. Marry'd to *Puny*?

Trum. sen. You shall have her presently.

Trum. jun. This Afternoon?

Trum. sen. Come, *Dick*; there's a Wife for you, *Dick*.

Trum. jun. I won't marry, Sir.

Trum. sen. What do you say, Sir?

Trum. jun. I wo' not marry, Sir.

Trum. sen. Get you out o' my Sight, you Rebel.

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*.

Trum. sen. I'll ne'er acknowledge him for my Son again; I tell you, Colonel, he's always thus, with his wo'nots and his cannots.

S C E N E X.

Enter Puny.

Pun. We ha' made short Work on't; 'twas a brave quick Parsonides: The little skittish *Philly* got away from me, I know not how, like an Eel out of a Basket.

Joll. Give him a little time, Mr. *Truman*, he's troubled yet at my Neice's Marriage, 'twill over quickly.

Trum. sen. Give my Son time, Mr. *Jolly*? Marry come up——

S C E N E XI.

Enter Aurelia, (after Puny.)

Aur. What, ha' you done already? You're a sweet Husband indeed.

Pun. Oh! My little Pimp of Honour! Here, here's the five hundred Marigolds; hold thy Hand, *Dido*---Yonder's my Wife, by Satan; how a Devil that little *Mephostophilus* got hither before me?

Aur. To her, *Puny*; never conceal the Mystery any longer, 'tis too good a Jest to be kept close.

Trum. sen. For your sake I will then, Colonel; Come prithee, *Dick*, be chearful——

Trum. jun. I beseech you——Sir——

Trum. sen. Look you there, Colonel; now he should do what I would have him, now he's a beseeching---- 'tis the proudest stubbornest Coxcomb----

Pun. to Jolly.] And now, my noble Uncle---nay, never be angry at a Marriage i' the way of Wit——

My

My fair *Egyptian* Queen, come to thine *Anthony*.

Luc. What would this rude Fellow have?

Tram. jun. I am drown'd in Wonder!

Pun. 'Twas I, my dear *Philoclea*, that marry'd thee e'en now in the dark Room, like an amorous Cat; you may remember the Damask Bed by a better Token of two than a bow'd *Philip* and *Mary*.

Luc. I call Heav'n to witness,
Which will protect and justifie the Innocent,
I understand not the least Word he utters,
But as I took him always for a Fool,
I now do for a Mad-man.

Aur. She's angry yet to have mistook her Man.
To Jolly.] 'Tis true, Sir, all that Mr. *Puny* says, I mean for the Marriage, for the rest, she's best able to answer for her self.

Luc. True, Cousin, then I see 'tis some Conspiracy t'ensnare my Honour and my Innocence.

Aur. The Parson, Mr. *Soaker*, that marry'd 'em, is still within.

Will. He's i'th' Buttery, shall I call him, Sir?

Joll. Ay, quickly.

Tram. jun. 'Tis the Sight of me, no doubt, confounds her with a Shame to confess any thing: It seems that sudden Fit of raging Lust, that brought her to my Chamber, could not rest 'till it was satisfy'd, it seems I know not what.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Joll. Mr. *Soaker*, did you marry my Neice this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*, in the Matted-Chamber?

Soak. Yes, Sir, I hope your Worship won't be angry, Marriage, your Worship knows, is honourable.

Luc. Hast thou no Conscience neither?

SCENE XII.

Enter Widow, Tabitha, Cutter *in a Puritanical Habit.*

Joll. Neice, go in a little, I'll come t' you presently and examine this Matter further; Mr. *Puny*, lead in your Wife for shame.

Luc. Villain, come not near me, I'll sooner touch a Scorpion or a Viper. [*Exit.*

Pun. She's as humorous as a Bell-Rope; she need not be so choleric, I'm sure I behav'd my self like *Propria quæ maribus.*

Aur. Come in with me, Mr. *Puny*, I'll teach you how you shall handle her. [*Exeunt* *Aur.* *Pun.*

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, pray take your Son home, and see how you can work upon him there; speak fairly to him.

Trum. sen. Speak fairly to my Son? I'll see him bury'd first.

Joll. I mean persuade him——

Trum. sen. Oh! that's another matter; I will persuade him, Colonel, but if ever I speak fair to him 'till he mends his Manners---Come along with me, Jack-sawce, come home.

Trum. sen. Ay, Sir, any whither.

[*Exeunt* *Trum. sen.* *Trum. jun.*

Wid. What's the Matter, Brother Colonel, are there any Broils here?

Joll. Why, Sister, my Neice has marry'd without my Consent, and so it pleases, it e'en pleases Heav'n to bestow her Estate upon me.

Wid. Why, Brother, there's a Blessing now already: If you had been a wicked Cavalier still she'd ha' done her Duty, I warrant you, and defrauded you of the whole Estate; my Brother *Cutter* here is grown
the

the heavenliest Man o' the sudden, 'tis his Work.

Cut. Sister *Barebottle*, I must not be call'd *Cutter* any more, that is a Name of *Cavalero* Darkness, the Devil was a *Cutter* from the Beginning, my Name is now *Abednego*, I had a Vision which whisper'd to me through a Key-hole, Go call thy self *Abednego*.

Tab. The wonderful Vocation of some Vessels!

Cut. It is a Name that signifies fiery Furnaces, and Tribulation, and Mátyrdom, I know I am to suffer for the Truth.

Tab. Not as to Death, Brother, if it be his Will.

Cut. As to Death, Sister, but I shall gloriously return.

Foll. What, Brother, after Death? That were miraculous.

Cut. Why the Wonder of it is, that it is to be miraculous.

Foll. But Miracles are ceas'd, Brother, in this wicked Age of Cavalerism.

Cut. They are not ceas'd, Brother, nor shall they cease 'till the Monarchy be establish'd.

I say again, I am to return, and to return upon a Purple Dromedary, which signifies Magistracy, with an Axe in my Hand that is call'd Reformation, and I am to strike with that Axe upon the Gate of *Westminster-Hall*, and cry, *Down* Babylon, and the Building call'd *Westminster-Hall* is to run away, and cast it self into the River, and then Major-General *Harrison* is to come in green Sleeves from the North upon a Sky-colour'd Mule, which signifies heavenly Instruction.

Tab. Oh the Father! He's as full of Mysteries as an Egg is full of Meat.

Cut. And he is to have a Trumpet in his Mouth as big as a Steeple, and at the sounding of that Trum-

Trumpet all the Churches in *London* are to fall down.

Wid. Oh strange, what Times shall we see here in poor *England*!

Cut. And then *Venner* shall march up to us from the West in the Figure of a Wave of the Sea, holding in his Hand a Ship that shall be call'd the Ark of the Reform'd.

Joll. But when must this be, Brother *Abednego*?

Cut. Why all these things are to be when the Cat of the North has o'ercome the Lion of the South, and when the Mouse of the West has slain the Elephant of the East. I do hear a silent Voice within me, that bids me rise up presently, and declare these things to the Congregation of the Lovely in *Coleman-street*. *Tabitha, Tabitha, Tabitha*, I call thee thrice, come along with me, *Tabitha*. [*Exit.*]

Tab. There was something of this, as I remember, in my last Vision of Horns the other Day. Holy Man! I follow thee: Farewel, forsooth, Mother, 'till anon.

Joll. Come, let's go in too, Sister. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Truman Junior.

WHAT shall I think henceforth of Woman-kind?

When I know *Lucia* was the best of it,
And see her what she is? What are they made of?
Their Love, their Faith, their Souls enslav'd to
Passion!

Nothing at their Command beside their Tears,
And

And we, vain Men, whom such Heat-drops deceive !

Hereafter I will set my self at Liberty,
And if I sigh or grieve, it shall not be
For Love of one, but Pity of all the Sex.

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucia.

Ha! she will not let me see her sure;
If ever, *Lucia*, a Veil besitteth thee,
'Tis now, that thou may'st hide thy guilty Blushes.

Luc. If all their Malice yet
Have not prevail'd on *Truman's* Constancy,
They'll miss their wicked End, and I shall live still.
I'll go and speak to him.

Trum. Forbear, *Lucia*, for I have made a second
Oath, which I shall keep, I hope, with lesser trouble,
never to see thy Face more.

Luc. You were wont, Sir,
To say, you could not live without the sight of't.

Trum. Ay, 'twas a good one then.

Luc. Has one Day spoil'd it ?

Trum. O yes, more than a hundred Years of time,
made as much more by Sorrow, and by Sicknes,
could e'er a done.

Luc. Pray hear me, *Truman*:
For never innocent Maid was wrong'd as I am;
Believe what I shall say to you, and confirm
By all the holiest Vows that can bind Souls.

Trum. I have believ'd those Female Tricks too
long;
I know thou canst speak winningly, but thy Words
Are not what Nature meant them, thy Mind's Pi-
cture ;
I'll believe now what represents it better,

Thine

Thine own Hand, and the Proof of mine own Eyes.

Luc. I know not what you mean; believe my Tears.

Trum. They're idle empty Bubbles,
Rais'd by the Agitation of thy Passions,
And hollow as thy Heart; there is no Weight in
'em.

Go thou once, *Lucia*; Farewel,
Thou that wer't dearer to me once, than all
The outward things of all the World beside,
Or my own Soul within me, farewell for ever;
Go to thine Husband, and love him better than
Thou didst thy Lover.

I never will see thee more, nor shall, I fear,
E'er see my self again.

Luc. Hear me but once. [*Kneels.*

Trum. No, 'tis enough; Heav'n hear thee when
thou kneel'st to it. [*Exit.*

Luc. Will he? He's gone; now all the World
has left me,

And I am desolately miserable;
'Tis done unkindly, most unkindly, *Truman.*

Had a bless'd Angel come to me and said,
That thou wert false, I should have sworn it ly'd,
And thought that rather fall'n than thee.

Go, dear, false Man, go seek out a new Mistress;
But when you ha' talk'd, and lov'd, and vow'd, and
sworn

A little while, take heed of using her
As you do me; no, may your Love to her
Be such as mine to you, which all thy Injuries
Shall never change, nor Death it self abolish.
May she be worthier of your Bed than I,
And when the happy course of many Years
Shall make you appear old to all but her,

May you in the fair Glass of your fresh Issue
 See your own Youth again; but I would have 'em
 True in their Loves, and kill no innocent Maids;
 For me it is no matter; when I'm dead,
 My busie Soul shall flutter still about him,
 'Twill not be else in Heav'n; it shall watch
 Over his Sleeps, and drive away all Dreams
 That come not with a soft and downy Wing;
 If any Dangers threaten, it shall becken
 And call his Spirit away, 'till they be past,
 And be more diligent than his Guardian Angel;
 And when just Heav'n, as I'm assur'd it will,
 Shall clear my Honour and my Innocence,
 He'll sigh, I know, and pity my Misfortunes,
 And blame himself, and curse my false Accusers,
 And weep upon my Grave,
 For my wrong'd Virtue, and mistaken Truth,
 And unjust Death, I ask no more. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Truman Junior.

'Twas barbarously done to leave her so;
 Kneeling and weeping to me; 'twas inhuman;
 I'll back and take my Leave more Civilly,
 So as befits one who was once her Worshipper.

[Goes over the Stage, and comes back.

She's gone; why let her go; I feel her still,
 I feel the Root of her, labouring within
 To sprout afresh, but I will pluck it up,
 Or tear my Heart with it.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jolly, Truman Senior.

Joll. He's there, Sir, pray let him now resolve
 you positively what he means to do.

Trum.

Trum. sen. What he means to do, Colonel? that were fine

I'faith: if he be my Son he shall mean nothing; Boys must not have their Meanings, Colonel: Let him mean what I mean with a Wennion.

Trum. jun. I shall be prest, I see, by 'em, upon the hateful Subject of a Marriage; And to fill up the Measure of Affliction, Now I have lost that which I lov'd, compell'd To take that which I hate.

Trum. sen. I will not be troubled, Colonel, with his Meanings, if he do not marry her this very Evening (for I'll ha' none of his Flim-flams, and his May-be's) I'll send for my Son *Tom* from St. *John's* College (he's a pretty Scholar I can tell you, Colonel, I have heard him syllogize it with Mr. *Soaker* in Mood and Figure) and settle my Estate upon him with her; if he have his Meanings too, and his Sympathies, I'll Disinherit 'em both, and marry the Maid my self, if she can like me, I have one foot yet left, Colonel, and that's a Colt's one.

Trum. jun. Did I submit to lose the Sight of *Lucia*,

Only to save my unfortunate Inheritance,
And can there be impos'd a harder Article
For me to boggle at?

Would I had been born some wretched Peasant's Son,
And never known what Love or Riches were.

Ho——I'll marry her——Why should I not?
If I

Must marry some body,
And hold my Estate by such a slavish Tenure,
Why not her as well as any else?

All Women are alike I see by *Lucia*,
'Tis but resolving to be miserable,

And

And that is resolv'd for me by Destiny.

Foll. Well, try him pray, but do it kindly, Sir, And artificially.

Trum. sen. I warrant you; *Dick*, I'll ha' you marry Mrs. *Aurelia* to Night.

Trum. jun. To Night? The Warning's short, Sir, and it may be——

Trum. sen. Why look you, Colonel, he's at's old Lock, he's at's May-bees again.

Trum. jun. I know not, Sir——

Trum. sen. Ay, and his Know-nots, you shall have him at his Wo'nots presently; Sirra——I will have you know, Sir——

Foll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*——you know not yet what Answer he intends to make you.

Trum. jun. Be pleas'd, Sir, to consider——

Trum. sen. Look you, Sir, I must consider now, he upbraids his Father with the Want of Consideration, like a Varlet as he is.

Trum. jun. What shall I do? Why should I not do any thing, Since all things are indifferent?

Foll. I beseech you, Mr. *Truman*, have but a little Patience——

Your Father, Sir, desires to know——

Trum. sen. I do not desire him, Colonel, nor never will desire him, I command him upon the Duty of a Child——

Foll. Whether you can dispose your self to love and marry my Daughter *Aurelia*; and if you can, for several Reasons we desire it may be presently consummated.

Trum. jun. Out with it, stubborn Tongue;—— I shall obey my Father, Sir, in all things.

Trum. sen. Ha! What d'ye say, Sir?

Joll. This old testy Fool is angry, I think, to have no more Occasion given him of being so.

Trum. jun. I shall obey you, Sir.

Joll. You speak, Sir, like a virtuous Gentleman, the same Obedience and Resignation to a Father's Will I found in my *Aurelia*, and where two such Persons meet, the Issue cannot chuse but be successful.

Trum. sen. Ah *Dick*, my Son *Dick*, he was always the best natur'd Boy——he was like his Father in that——he makes me weep with Tenderness, like an old Fool as I am——Thou shalt have all my Estate, *Dick*, I'll put my self to a Pension rather than thou shalt want——Go spruce up thy self presently, thou art not merry i'faith, *Dick*, prithee be merry, *Dick*, and fetch fine Mrs. *Aurelia* presently to the little Church behind the Colonel's Garden; Mr. *Soaker* shall be there immediately, and wait for you at the Porch; (we'll have it instantly, Colonel, done, lest the young Fool should relapse) Come, dear *Dick*, let's go cheerily on with the Business.

Trum. jun. What have I said? What am I doing? The best is, it is no Matter what I say or do.

Joll. I'll see *Aurelia* shall be ready, and all things on my part, within this half Hour.

Trum. sen. Good, honest, noble Colonel, let me shake you by the Hand. Come, dear *Dick*, we lose time.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, a Boy.

Cut. And the Vision told me, Sister *Tabitha*, that this same Day, the first of the seventh Month, in
the

the Year of Grace, 1658, and of Revelation, and Confusion of Carnal Monarchies the tenth, that we two, who are both holy Vessels, should by a holy Man, be join'd together in the holy Band of sanctify'd Matrimony.

Tab. Ay, Brother *Abednego*; but our Friends Consents—

Cut. Heav'n is our Friend, and, Sister, Heav'n puts this in our Thoughts; it is, no doubt, for Propagation of the great Mystery; there shall arise from our two Bodies a great Confounder of *Gogmagog*, who shall be called the Pestle of Antichrist, and his Children shall inherit the Grapes of *Canaan*.

Tab. My Mother will be angry, I'm afraid.

Cut. Your Mother will rejoice, the Vision says so, Sister, the Vision says your Mother will rejoice; how will it rejoice her righteous Heart to see you, *Tabitha*, riding behind me upon the Purple Dromedary? I would not for the World that you should do it, but that we are commanded from above; for to do things without the aforesaid Command is like unto the building of a Fire without the Bottom-cake.

Tab. Ay, ay, that it is, he knows.

Cut. Now to confirm to you the Truth of this Vision, there is to meet us at a zealous Shoemaker's Habitation hard by here, by the Command of a Vision too, our Brother *Zephaniak Fats*, an Opener of Revelations to the Worthy in *Mary White-chapel*, and he is the chosen Vessel to join our Hands.

Tab. I would my Mother knew't: but if that holy Man come too by Vision, I shall have Grace, I hope, not to resist.

Cut. Sister, let me speak one Word of Instruction to yonder Babe.

Tab. Oh how my Bowels yern !

Cut. Sirrah, is my little Doctor already staying for me at *Tom. Underleather* my Shoe-maker's House ?

Boy. Yes, Sir, but he's in so strange a Habit, that *Mr. Underleather's Boy Frank*, and I, were ready die with laughing at him.

Cut. Oh so much the better; go you little Piece of a Rogue, and get every thing ready against I come back. [Exit Boy.

Sister, that Babe you saw me speaking to is predestinated to Spiritual Mightiness, and is to be Restorer of the Mystical Tribe of *Gad*—

Tab. Oh the Wonderous—But, Brother *Abednego*, will you not pronounce this Evening-tide before the Congregation of the Spotless in *Coleman-street*.

Cut. The Will of the latter Vision is to be fulfilled first, as a Preparatory Vision; let us not make the Messenger of Mystery, who is sent by a Vision so far as from *Mary White-chappel* for our sakes, to stay too long from his lawful Vocation of Basket-making. Come, Sister *Tabitha*.

Tab. Hei, ho! But I will not resist. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter Jolly, Puny, Worm.

Joll. Mr. *Puny*, since you threaten me, I tell you plainly I think my Neice has undone her self by marrying thee; for though thou hast a fair Estate at present, I'm hainously mistaken if thou beest not cheated of it all within these three Years by such Rabbet-

Rabbit-suckers as these, that keep thee Company, and like lying Sons o' the Devil as they are, cry thee up for a Wit, when there's nothing so unlike, no not any of thy own Similitudes, thy odious Comparisons.

Pun. The Colonel's raging mad, like a Baker in the Suburbs, when his Oven's over-heated.

Wor. Good, very good i'faith.

Joll. Ay, that was one of'em; as for her Portion, I thought to ha' given her a thousand Pounds, but --

Pun. O magnanimous Colonel! What a Portion for a Tooth-pick-maker's Daughter!

Wor. Good, shoot him thick with Similies like Hail-shot.

Joll. But now thou shalt not have a Groat with her.

Pun. What not a poor old *Harry* Groat that looks as thin as a Poet's Cloak? But however, my noble Mountain-hearted Uncle, I ha' made her Maiden-head a crack'd Groat already, and if I ha' nothing more from her, she shall ha' nothing more from me; no, she shall foot Stockings in a Stall for me, or make Childrens Caps in a Garret fifteen Stories high.

Joll. For that matter (for though thou speak'st no Sense, I guess thy brutish Meaning) the Law will allow her honourable Alimony out o' your Foolship's Fortune.

Pun. And the Law will allow me her Portion too, good Colonel Uncle, you're not too big to be brought into *Westminster-Hall*; nay, Captain, his Neice uses me worse too, she will not let me touch the Nail of her little Finger, and rails at me like a Flounder-mouth'd Fish-woman with a Face like *Billingsgate*.

Joll. What Flesh can support such an affected Widgeon, who has not a Design to cheat him of something that that Vermin has? Well, I shall be able to Live now I hope as befits a Gentleman, and therefore I'll endure the Company of Fops and Knaves no longer.

Wor. Come, Colonel, let's go in, and dispute the Difference conscienciously over a Bottle o' Sack.

Joll. I keep no Tavern, *Worm*, or if I did, thy whole Estate would hardly reach to a Jill.

Wor. Colonel, thou art grown unkind, and art Drunk this Afternoon without me.

Joll. Without thee, Buffoon? Why I tell thee, thou shalt never shew that odd, pimping, cheating Face o' thine within my Doors again, I'll turn away any Man o' mine that shall disparage himself to drink with such a Fellow as thou art.

Wor. As I, Why what am I, pray? mighty Colonel!

Joll. Thou art or hast been every thing that's ill, there is no scandalous way of Living, no Vocation of the Devil, that thou hast not set up in at one time or other; Fortune has whipp'd thee about, through all her Streets; thou'rt one that lives like a Raven, by Providence and Rapine; now thou'rt feeding upon that raw young Fellow, and dost devour and kaw him; thou'rt one that if thou should'st by chance go to Bed sober, would'st write it down in thy Almanack, for an unlucky Day; Sleep is not the Image of Death to thee, unless thou bee'st dead drunk; thou art——I know not what——thou'rt any thing, and shalt be to me hereafter nothing.

Pun. This Colonel pisses Vinegar to Day.

Wor.

Wor. This is uncivil Language, Colonel, to an old Comrade, and one of your own Party.

Joll. My Comrade? O' my Party thou! Or any but the Party of the Pick-purses!

Pun. This bouncing Bear of a Colonel will break the Back of my little Whelp of a Captain, unless I take him off; come away Captain, I'll firk his Back with two Bum-bailiffs 'till he spew up every Stiver of her Portion.

Joll. Fare-ye-well, Gentlemen, come not near these Doors if you love your Leather, I'll ha' my Scullions batter you with Bones and Turnips, and the Maids drown you with Piss-pots, if you do but approach the Windows; these are sawcy Knaves indeed, to come to me for Pounds and Portions.

[*Exit.*]

Wor. Poverty, the Pox, an ill Wife, and the Devil go with thee, Colonel.

Pun. I vex'd him to the Gills, *Worm*, when I put that bitter Bob o' the Baker upon him.

Wor. Ay, Is't e'en so? Not come to your House? By *Jove* I'll turn him out of it himself by a Trick that I have.

Pun. Pish! Thou talk'st as ravingly as a Costermonger in a Fever.

Wor. Ill do't, by *Jove*.

Pun. How, prithee, Captain? What does thy Pericranium mean?

Wor. Why here I ha't, by *Jove*; I'm ravish'd with the Fancy of it; let me see----let me see----his Brother went seven Years ago to *Guiney*-----

Pun. Ay, but the Merchants say he's dead long since, and gone to the Blackamores below.

Wor. The more Knaves they; he lives, and I'm the Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Thou talk'st like a sowc'd Hog's Face.

Wor. I knew him very well, and am pretty like him, liker than any of your Similitudes, *Puny*; by long Conversation with him, and the Colonel, I know all Passages betwixt 'em; and what his Humour and his Estate was, much better than he himself, when he was alive; he was a stranger thing than any Monster in *Africk* where he traded.

Pun. How, prithee, Captain? I love these odd fantastical things as an Alderman loves Lobsters.

Wor. Why, you must know, he had quite lost his Memory, totally, and yet thought himself an able Man for Business, and that he did himself all that was done by his Man *John*, who went always along with him; like a Dog with a blind Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Sublimely fantastical.

Wor. He carry'd a Scrawl about him of Memorandums, even of his Daughter's and his Brother's Names, and where his House stood; for as I told you, he remember'd nothing; and where his Scrawl failed, *John* was his Remembrancer, we were wont to call him Remembrancer *John*.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rarely exotick; I'll act that Apple *John*, never was such a *John* as I, not *John* o' *Gant*, or *John* o' *Nokes*, I will turn Remembrancer *John*, as round as a Wedding-Ring, ha, ha, ha!

Wor. Well said! But you must lay aside Conceits for a while, and remote Fancies. I'll teach you his Humour instantly; now will I and my Man *John* swarthy our Faces over as if that Country's Heat had
made

made 'em so, (which will disguise us sufficiently) and attire our selves in some strange Habits o' those Parts (I know not how yet, but we shall see it in *Speed's Maps*) and come and take Possession of our House and Estate.

Pun. Dear *Ovid*, let's about thy Metamorphosis.

Wor. 'Twill be discover'd perhaps at last, but however, for the present 'twill break off his Match with the Widow (which makes him so proud now) and therefore it must be done in the twinkling of an Eye, for they say he's to marry her this Night; if all fail, 'twill be at least a merry Bout for an Hour, and a Mask to the Wedding.

Pun. Quick, dear Rogue! quick as Precipitation.

Wor. I know where we can ha' Cloaths hard by here; give me ten Pounds to hire 'em, and come away; but of all things, Man *John*, take heed of being witty.

Pun. Ay, that's the Devil on't: Well go; I'll follow you behind like a long Rapier. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. If they would allow me but a little time, I could play such a Trick with Mr. *Truman*, as he should smart sorely for the rest of his Life, and be reveng'd abundantly on my Cousin for getting of him from me, when I was such a foolish Girl three Years ago, as to be in Love with him.

But they would have us marry'd instantly.

The Parson stays for us at Church. I know not what to do---all must out---Ods my Life he's coming to fetch me here to Church already.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Truman Junior.

Trum. jun. I must go through with it now;
 I'll marry her,
 And live with her according to the Forms,
 But I will never touch her as a Woman.
 She stays for me——Madam——

*Aur. Sir.**Trum. jun.* I cannot out with it——Madam.*Aur. Sir——**Trum. jun.* Must we go marry, Madam?*Aur.* Our Friends will have it so, it seems.*Trum. jun.* Why will you marry me? What is there in me

That can deserve your Liking? I shall be
 The most untoward and ill-favour'd Husband
 That ever took a melting Maid t'his Bed;
 The Faculties of my Soul are all untun'd,
 And ev'ry Glory of my springing Youth,
 Is fall'n into a strange and sudden Winter,
 You cannot love me sure.

Aur. Not to Distraction, Sir.*Trum. jun.* No, nor I you; why should we marry then?It were a Folly, were it not, *Aurelia*?*Aur.* Why they say, 'tis the best Marriage, when like is join'd to like; now we shall make a very even Match, for neither you love me, nor I love you, and 'tis to be hop'd we may get Children that will love neither of us.*Trum. jun.* Nay, by my Soul, I love you, but,
 alas,
 Not in that way that Husbands should their Wives;

I cannot toy, nor kiss, nor do I know not what,
And yet I was a Lover, as true a Lover——

Aur. Alack a day!

Trum. jun. 'Twas then (methoughts) the only
Happiness

To sit and talk, and look upon my Mistress,
Or if she was not by, to think upon her;
Then ev'ry Morning, next to my Devotion,
Nay often too (forgive me Heav'n) before it,
She slipp'd into my Fancy, and I took it
As a good Omen for the following Day;
It was a pretty foolish kind of Life,
An honest, harmless Vanity; but now
The fairest Face moves me no more, than Snow
Or Lillies when I see 'em, and pass by;
And I as soon should deeply fall in Love
With the fresh Scarlet of an Eastern Cloud,
As the red Lips and Cheeks of any Woman.
I do confess, *Aurelia*, thou art Fair,
And very Witty, and (I think) Well-natur'd,
But thou'rt a Woman still

Aur. The Sight of you, Sir,
Makes me not repent at all my being so.

Trum. jun. And prithee now, *Aurelia*, tell me
truly,

Are any Women constant in their Vows?
Can they continue a whole Month, a Week,
And never change their Faith? Oh! if they could
They would be excellent things; nay, ne'er dis-
semble;

Are not their Lusts unruly, and to them
Such Tyrants as their Beauties are to us?
Are their Tears true, and solid when they weep?

Aur.

Aur. Sure, Mr. *Truman*, you ha'nt slept of late
If we should be marry'd to Night, what would you
do for Sleep ?

Trum. jun. Why? Do not marry'd People sleep
o' Nights ?

Aur. Yes! yes! Alas, good Innocence.

Trum. jun. They have a scurvy Life on't, if they
don't;

But we'll not live as other People do,
We'll find out some new handsome way of Love,
Some way of Love that few shall imitate,
Yet all admire, for 'tis a sordid thing,
That Lust should dare t' insinuate it self
Into the Marriage Bed; we'll get no Children,
The worst of Men and Women can do that;
Besides too, if our Issue should be Female,
They would all learn to flatter and dissemble,
They would deceive with Promises and Vows
Some simple Men, and then prove false, and kill 'em.
Would they not do't, *Aurelia* ?

Aur. Ay, any thing, Mr. *Truman*; but what shall
we do, Sir, when we're marry'd, pray ?

Trum. jun. Why! we'll live very lovingly toge-
ther,

Sometimes we'll sit and talk of excellent Things,
And laugh at the Nonsense of the World,
Sometimes we'll walk together,
Sometimes we'll read, and sometimes eat, and some-
times sleep,

And sometimes pray; and then at last we'll die,
And go to Heav'n together; 'twill be rare !

Aur. We may do all this (methinks) and never
marry for the matter.

Trum. jun. 'Tis true, we may so!

But since our Parents are resolv'd upon it,
In such a Circumstance let 'em have their Humour.

My Father sent me in to compliment,
And keep a prating here, and play the Fool;
I cannot do't; what should I say, *Aurelia*?
What do they use to say?

Aur. I believe you knew, Sir, when you woo'd
my Cousin.

Trum. jun. Ay, but those Days are past; they're
gone for ever,

And nothing else but Nights are to succeed 'em;
Gone like the Faith and Truth of Womenkind,
And never to be seen again! O *Lucia*!

Thou wast a wondrous Angel in those Days
Of thy blest State of Innocence.

There was a Cheek! A Fore-head! And an Eye!--
Did you observe her Eye, *Aurelia*?

Aur. O yes, Sir! there were pretty Babbies in't.

Trum. jun. It was as glorious as the Eye of Heav'n;
Like the Soul's Eye it pierc'd through ev'ry thing;
And then her Hands—her Hands of liquid Ivory!
Did she but touch her Lute (the pleasing'st Harmo-
ny then upon Earth when she her self was silent)
The subtile Motion of her flying Fingers
Taught Musick a new Art, to take the Sight, as well
as Ear.

Aur. Ay, Sir, ay! you'd best go look her out,
and marry her, she has but one Husband yet.

Trum. jun. Nay, prithee, good *Aurelia*, be not
angry,

For I will never love, or see her more.

I do not say she was more Fair than thou art,
Yet if I did—No, but I wo't say so;

Only

Only allow me this one short last Remembrance of
 one I lov'd so long. And now I think on't, I'll beg
 a Favour of you, you will laugh at me I know, when
 you have heard it, but prithee grant it; 'tis that you
 would be veil'd, as *Lucia* was of late, for this one
 Day; I would fain marry thee so;
 'Tis an odd foolish Fancy, I confess.
 But Love and Grief may be allow'd sometimes
 A little innocent Folly.

Aur. Good! This Fool will help me, I see, to
 cheat himself;

At a dead Lift, a little Hint will serve me.
 I'll do't for him to the Life.

Trum. jun. Will you, *Aurelia*?

Aur. That's but a small Compliance; you'll ha'
 Power anon to command me greater things.

Trum. jun. We shall be marry'd very privately;
 None but our selves; and that's e'en best, *Aurelia*.
 Why do I stick here at a fatal Step
 That must be made? *Aurelia*, are you ready?
 The Minister stays for us.

Aur. I'll but go in and take my Veil, as you com-
 mand me, Sir;

Walk but a few Turns in the Garden, in less than
 half an Hour I'll come to you; ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Trum. jun. I go, I am condemn'd, and must obey;
 The Executioner stays for me at Church. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel Jolly, Will.

Joll. SO, I have her at last, and honest *Joseph Knock-down* marry'd us, methinks, with convenient Brevity; I have some Hold now upon my Estate again; (tho' she, I confess, be a Clog upon it worse than a Mortgage) that, my good Neighbour *Barbottle* left wholly to his Wife; almost all the rest of the Incomes upon his seeking, go to his Daughter *Tabitha*, whom *Cutter* has got by this time, and promises me to live like an honest Gentleman hereafter; now he may do so comfortably and merrily. She marry'd me thus suddenly, like a good Huswife, purely to save Charges; however tho' we'll have a good Supper for her, and her eating Tribe; *Will*, is the Cook doing according to my Directions?

Will. Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his Business; he's swearing and cursing in the Kitchen, that your Worship may hear him hither; he'll fright my new old Mistress out of the House.

Joll. 'Tis such an over-roasted Coxcomb——Bid him be sure to season well the Venison that came in luckily to Day.

Will. Troth, Sir, I dare not speak to him now, unless I should put on your Worship's Armour that lyes hid in the Barrel below; he'd like to ha' spitted me just now, like a Goose as I was, for telling him he look'd like the Ox that's roasted whole in *St. James's Fair*. Who's there?

Joll.

Joll. See who's at Door. I shall ha' some plunder'd Plate, I hope, to entertain my Friends with, when we come to visit the Trunks with Iron-hoops; Who is't ?

Will. Nay, Heav'n knows, Sir; two Fiends, I think, to take away the Cook for swearing. They ha' thrust in after me.

S C E N E II.

Enter Worm and Puny disguised like the Merchant and John.

Wor. They'll hardly know us at first in these foreign Habits.

Pun. Ay, Sir, and as the Sun has us'd us in those hot Countries.

Wor. Why, this is my old House here, *John*; ha, ha! Little thought I to see my old House upon *Tower-Hill* again. Where's my Brother *Jolly*?

Joll. They call me Colonel *Jolly*.

Wor. Ha! let me see, [*Looks on his Note.* A burly Man of a moderate Stature.—A Beard a little greyish—Ha! A quick Eye, and a Nose inclining to Red—

Pun. Nay, 'tis my Master's Worship, Sir, would we were no more alter'd since our Travels.

Wor. It agrees very well—Save you, good Brother, you little thought to see me here again, tho' I dare say you wish'd it; stay, let me see, how many Years, *John*, since we went from hence?

Pun. 'Tis now seven Years, Sir.

Wor. Seven? Methinks I was here but Yesterday, how the what de-ye-call it runs? How do you call it?

Pun. The Time, Sir.

Wor.

Wor. Ay, ay, the Time, *John*; what was I saying? I was telling you, Brother, that I had quite forgot you; was I not telling him so, *John*?

Foll. Faith, we're both quits then; I'll swear I ha' forgot you? why you were dead five Years ago.

Wor. Was I? I ha' quite forgot it; *John*, was I dead five Years ago? My Memory fails me very much of late.

Pun. We were worse than dead, Sir; we were taken by a barbarous Nation, and there made Slaves; *John*, quoth he? I was poor *John* I'm sure; they kept us three whole Years with nothing but Water and Acorns, 'till we look'd like Wicker-bottles.

Wor. What, Sirrah, did your Master look like? I'll teach you to say your Master look'd like what de-ye-call-'ums.

Foll. Where did they take you Prisoners?

Wor. Nay, ask *John*, he can tell you I warrant you; 'twas in—— tell him, *John*, where it was.

Pun. In *Guiney*.

Foll. By what Countrymen were you taken?

Wor. Why they were called——I ha' forgot what they call 'em, 'twas an odd kind o'Name, but *John* can tell you.

Pun. Who I, Sir? Do you think I can remember all things?

Wor. 'Tis i'my Book here I remember well. Name any Nation under the Sun.

Pun. I know the Name, Sir, well enough; but I only try'd my Master's Memory, 'twas the *Tartarians*.

Wor. Ay, ay, those were the Men.

Foll. How, *John*? Why all the World, Man, lyes betwixt 'em, they live up in the North.

Pun. The North ?

Joll. Ay, the very North, *John*.

Pun. That's true indeed, but these were another Nation of *Tartarians* that liv'd in the South, they came anciently from the others.

Joll. How got you from 'em, *John*, at last ?

Pun. Why, faith, Sir, by a Lady's means, who, to tell you the Truth, fell in Love with me ; my Master has it all in his Book, 'tis a brave Story.

Joll. In what Ship came you back ?

Pun. A Plague o't, that Question will be our Ruin.

Wor. What Ship ? 'Twas call'd a Thing that swims, what d'you call it ?

Joll. The *Mermaid* ?

Wor. No, no, let me see.

Joll. The *Triton* ?

Wor. No, no, a Thing that in the Water does— It swims in the Water——

Joll. What is't ? The *Dolphin* ?

Wor. No, no, I ha' quite forgot the Name on't, but 'tis no matter, it swims——

Joll. What say you, *John* ?

Pun. Ay, Sir, my Master knows well enough ; you can't conceive the Misery we endur'd, Sir.

Joll. Well, Brother, I'll but ask you one Question more ; where did you leave your Will ?

Pun. 'S'Life, now he's pos'd again—— We shall never carry't through.

Wor. I'll tell you presently, Brother---let me see ; *Memorandums about my Will* ; [Reads in his Scrowl. *left to my Brother the whole Charge of my Estate--- hum---hum---five thousand Pounds---hum--- What did you ask me, Brother ?*

Joll.

Joll. In what place you left your Will ?

Wor. Ay, that was it indeed—— that was the very thing you ask'd me ; what a treacherous Memory have I ? My Memory is so short——

Joll. This is no Answer to my Question yet.

Wor. 'Tis true indeed ; what was your Question, Brother ?

Joll. Where you left your Will ?

Wor. Good Lord, that I should forget you ask'd me that ! I had forgot it, i' faith, Law that I had, you'll pardon, I hope, my Infirmary, for I alas--- alas—— I ha' forgot what I was going to say to you, but I was saying something, that I was.

Joll. Well, Gentlemen, I'm now in haste, walk but a while into the Parlour there, I'll come to you presently.

Wor. But where's my Daughter——

Pun. Lucia, Sir ?

Wor. Ay, Lucia—— Put me in mind to ask for her (a Plague o' your *Tartarians*.)

Pun. And o' your What-dee-de-call-'ems.

Wor. 'Life, *Tartarians*. [*Exeunt* Worm, Puny.

Joll. If these be Rogues, (as Rogues they seem to be) I will so exercise my Rogues, the Tyranny of a new Beadle over a Beggar shall be nothing to't ; what think'st thou of 'em, *Will* ?

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not—— h'as just my Master's Nose and upper Lip ; but if you think it be not he, Sir, I'll beat 'em worse than the *Tartarians* did.

Joll. No, let's try 'em first---Trick for Trick--- Thou wert wont to be a precious Knave, and a great Actor too, a very *Roscious* ; didst not thou play once the Clown in *Musidorus* ?

Will. No, but I play'd the Bear, Sir.

Joll. The Bear! why that's as good a Part; thou'rt an Actor then I'll warrant thee, the Bear's a well-penn'd Part, and you remember my Brother's Humour, don't you? They have almost hit it.

Will. Ay, Sir, I knew the Shortness of his Memory, he would always forget to pay me my Wages, 'till he was put in mind of't.

Joll. Well said, I'll dress thee within, and all the Servants shall acknowledge thee; you conceive the Design——be confident, and thou canst not miss; but who shall do trusty *John*?

Will. Oh, *Ralph* the Butler, Sir, 's an excellent try'd Actor, he play'd a King once; I ha' heard him speak a Play *ex tempore* in the Butteries.

Joll. O excellent *Ralph*! Incomparable *Ralph*, against the World! Come away, *William*, I'll give you Instructions within, it must be done in a Moment.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Aurelia, and Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! This is the best Plot o' yours, dear, Madam, to marry me to Mr. *Truman* in a Veil instead of your self; I can't chuse but laugh at the very Conceit of't; 'twill make excellent Sport: My Mistress will be so mad when she knows that I have got her Servant from her, ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Well, are you ready? Veil your self all over, and never speak one Word to him, whatever he says (he'll ha' no Mind to talk much) but give him your Hand, and go along with him to Church; and when you come to, *I take thee*——mumble it over that he mayn't distinguish the Voice.

Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha ! I can't speak for laughing—
Dear, Hony, Madam, let me but go in and put on a
Couple o' Patches ; you can't imagine how much
prettier I look with a Lozenge under the Left Eye,
and a Half Moon o' this Cheek , and then I'll but
flip on a the Silver-lac'd Shoes that you gave me, and
be with him in a trice.

Aur. Don't stay ; he's a fantastical Fellow, if the
Whimsy take him, he'll be gone. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. They say he's to pass instantly this way,
To lead his Bride to Church ; ingrateful Man !
I'll stand here to upbraid his guilty Conscience,
And in that black Attire in which he saw me,
When he spoke the last kind Words to me ;
'Twill now besit my Sorrows, and the Widowhood
of my Love.

He comes alone, what can that mean ?

S C E N E V.

Enter Truman Junior.

Trum. jun. Come, Madam, the Priest stays for us
too long ;
I ask your Pardon for my dull Delay,
And am asham'd of't.

Luc. What does he mean ? I'll go with him what-
e'er it mean. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, Boy.

Cut. Come to my Bed, my Dear, my Dear, [*Sings.*
My Dear come to my Bed ;

For the pleasant Pain, and the Loss with Gain,
Is the Loss of a Maiden-head.
For the pleasant, &c.

Tab. Is that a Psalm, Brother Husband, which you sing?

Cut. No, Sister Wife, a short Ejaculation only.
[*Boy brings a Hat and Feather, Sword and Belt, broad Lac'd Band and Peruke.*

Well said, Boy, bring in the Things——

Tab. What do you mean, Brother *Abednego*? You will not turn Cavalier, I hope, again; you will not open before *Sion*, in the Dressings of *Babylon*?

Cut. What, do these Cloaths besit Queen *Tabitha's* Husband upon her Day of Nuptials? This Hat, with a high black Chimney for a Crown, and a Brim no broader than a Hat-band? Shall I, who am to ride the Purple Dromedary, go dress'd like *Revelation's* the Basket-maker? Give me the Peruke, Boy; shall Empress *Tabitha's* Husband go as if his Head were scalded? Or wear the Seam of a Shirt here for a Band? Shall I, who am zealous even to slaying, walk in the Streets without a Sword, and not dare to thrust Men from the Wall, if any shall presume to take't of Empress *Tabitha*? Are the Fidlers coming, Boy?

Tab. Pish, I cannot abide these doings; are you mad? There come no prophane Fidlers here.

Cut. Be peaceable, gentle *Tabitha*; they will not bring the Organs with them hither; I say be peaceable, and conform to Revelations; It was the Vision bid me do this; wilt thou resist the Vision?

Tab. An' these be your Visions! Little did I think I wusse——O what shall I do? Is this your Conversion?

sion? Which of all the Prophets wore such a Map without their Ears, or such a Sheet about their Necks? Oh, my Mother! What shall I do? I'm undone.

Cut. What shalt thou do? Why, thou shalt dance, and sing, and drink, and be merry; thou shalt go with thy Hair curl'd, and thy Breasts open; thou shalt wear fine black Stars upon thy Face, and Bobs in thy Ears bigger than bouncing Pears; nay, if thou dost begin to look rustily——I'll ha' thee paint thy self, like the Whore of *Babylon*.

Tab. Oh! that ever I was born to see this Day—

Cut. What, dost thou weep, Queen *Dido*? Thou shalt ha' Sack to drive away thy Sorrows: Bring in the Bottle, Boy; I'll be a loving Husband, the Vision must be obey'd: Sing, *Tabitha*; Weep o' thy Wedding Day! 'Tis ominous.

Come to my Bed, my Dear, &c.

Oh, art thou come, Boy? Fill a Brimmer, nay fuller yet, yet a little fuller! Here, Lady Spouse, here's to our Sport at Night.

Tab. Drink it your self, an' you will; I'll not touch it, not I.

Cut. By this Hand thou shalt pledge me, seeing the Vision said so! drink, or I'll take a Coach, and carry thee to the *Opera* immediately.

Tab. O Lord, I can't abide it. [*Drinks off.*]

Cut. Why, this will cheer thy Heart; Sack, and a Husband? Both comfortable things. Have at you again.

Tab. I'll pledge you no more, not I.

Cut. Here take the Glass, and take it off——off every Drop, or I'll swear a hundred Oaths in a breathing time.

Tab. Well! you're the strangest Men— [*Drinks.*

Cut. Why, this is right; nay, off with't; so— but the Vision said, that if we left our Drink behind us we should be hang'd, as many other honest Men ha' been only by a little Negligence in the like case: Here's to you, *Tabitha*, once again; we must fulfil the Vision to a Tittle.

Tab. What, must I drink again? well! you are such another Brother— Husband.

Cut. Bravely done, *Tabitha!* Now thou obey'st the Vision, thou wilt ha' Revelations presently.

Tab. Oh! Lord! my Head's giddy— Nay, Brother, Husband, the Boy's taking away the Bottle, and there's another Glass or two in it still.

Cut. O villanous Boy! Fill out, you Bastard, and squeeze out the last Drop.

Tab. I'll drink to you now, my Dear; 'tis not handsome for you to begin always— [*Drinks.* Come to my Bed, my Dear, and how wast? 'Twas a pretty Song, methoughts.

Cut. O Divine *Tabitha!* Here come the Fiddlers too, strike up ye Rogues.

Tab. What, must we dance too? Is that the Fashion? I could ha' danc'd the Curranto when I was a Girl, the Curranto's a curious Dance.

Cut. We'll out-dance the dancing Disease; but, *Tabitha*, there's one poor Health left still to be drunk with Musick.

Tab. Let me begin't: Here, Duck, here's to all that love us. [*Drinks.*

Cut. A Health, ye Eternal Scrapers, found a Health; rarely done, *Tabitha*; what think'st thou now o' thy Mother?

Tab.

Tab. A fig for my Mother; I'll be a Mother my self shortly: Come, Duckling, shall we go home?

Cut. Go home? The Bridegroom and his Spouse go home? No, we'll dance home; afore us, Squeakers, that Way, and be hang'd, you Sempiternal Rakers. O brave Queen *Tabitha*! Excellent Empress *Tabitha*! On ye Rogues. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Euter Jolly, Worm, Puny.

Wot. But where's my what d'ye call her, Brother?

Joll. What, Sir?

Wor. My Daughter *Lucia*, a pretty [*Reads.*]
fair-complexion'd Girl, with a black Eye, a round Chin, a little dimpled, and a Mole upon—I would fain see my Daughter—Brother.

Joll. Why, you shall, Sir, presently, she's very well: What Noise is that? How now? What's the matter?

Enter *Servant.*

Serv. Ho! my old Master! my old Master's come, he's lighted just now at the Door with his Man *John*; he's asking for you, he longs to see you; my Master, my old Master!

Joll. This Fellow's mad.

Serv. If you won't believe me, go but in and see, Sir; he's not so much alter'd, but you'll quickly know him, I knew him before he was lighted; pray go in, Sir.

Joll. Why, this is strange—There was indeed some Weeks since a Report at the *Exchange* that he was alive still, which was brought by a Ship that came

came

came from *Barbary* ; but that he should be split in two after his Death, and live again in both, is wonderful to me. I'll go see what's the matter.

[*Exeunt* Jolly, Servant.

Pun. I begin to shake like a Plum-tree Leaf.

Wor. 'Tis a meer Plot o' the Devil's to have us beaten, if he send him in just at this Nick.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Ralph (as John) and two or three Servants

1 *Serv.* Ah Rogue, art thou come at last ?

2 *Serv.* Why, you'll not look upon your old Friends ! Give me your Golls, *John*.

Ral. Thank ye all heartily for your Love ; thank you with all my Heart ; my old Bed-fellow, *Robin*, and how does little *Ginny* do ?

3 *Serv.* A murrain take you, you'll ne'er leave your Waggener.

Pun. A murrain take ye all, I shall be paid the Portion here with a Witness.

Ral. And how does *Ralph* ? good honest *Ralph*, there is not an honest Fellow in *Christendom*, tho' I say't my self, that should not say't.

2 *Serv.* Ha, ha, ha ! Why *Ralph*, the Rogue's well still ; come, let's go to him into the Buttery, he'll be over-joy'd to see thee, and give us a Cup o' the best Stingo there.

Ral. Well said ; Steel to the Back still, *Robin* ; that was your Word, you know : My Master's coming in ! Go, go, I'll follow you.

1 *Serv.* Make haste, good *John*.

Ral. Here's a Company of as honest Fellow-Servants ; I'm glad I'm come among 'em again.

Wor.

Wor. And would I were got out from 'em, as honest as they are; that *Robin* has a thrashing Hand.

Pun. *John*, with a Pox to him! would I were hid like a Maggot in a Pescod.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Jolly, William.

Joll. Methinks you're not return'd, but born to us anew.

Will. Thank you, good Brother; truly we ha' pass'd through many Dangers; my Man *John* shall tell you all, I'm old and crasie.

Enter Servant.

4 Serv. Sir, the Widow (my Mistress I should say) is coming in here with Mr. *Knock-down*, and four or five more.

Joll. 'Ods my Life! This Farce is neither of Doctrine, nor Use to them! Keep 'em here, *John*, 'till I come back. [Exit Jolly.]

Wor. I'm glad the Colonel's gone; now will I sneak away, as if I had stol'n a Silver Spoon.

Will. Who are those, *John*? By your Leave, Sir, would you speak with any body here?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir; but I'll take some other Time to wait upon him, my Occasions call me now.

Will. Pray stay, Sir, who did you say you would ha' spoken with?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir; but another Time will serve; he has Business now.

Will. Whom would he speak with, *John*? I forget still.

Ral. The Colonel, Sir.

Will. Colonel! what Colonel?

Wor.

Wor. Your Brother, I suppose he is, Sir; but another Time——

Will. 'Tis true indeed; I had forgot, i'faith, my Brother was a Colonel; I cry you Mercy, Sir, he'll be here presently. Ye seem to be Foreigners by your Habits, Gentlemen.

Wor. No, Sir, we are *Englishmen*.

Will. *Englishmen*? Law you there now! would you ha' spoke with me, Sir?

Wor. No, Sir, your Brother; but my Business requires no haste, and therefore——

Will. You're not in haste, you say; pray, Sir, sit down then; may I crave your Name, Sir?

Wor. My Name's not worth the knowing, Sir.

Will. This Gentleman?

Wor. 'Tis my Man, Sir, his Name's *John*.

Pun. I'll be *John* no more, not I, I'll be Jack-napes first: No, my Name's *Timothy*, Sir.

Will. Mr. *John Timothy*, very well, Sir; ye seem to be Travellers.

Wor. We are just now, as you see, arriv'd out of *Africk*, Sir, and therefore have some Business that requires——

Will. Of *Africk*? Law you there now; what Country, pray?

Wor. *Prestor-John's* Country; fare you well, Sir, for the present, I must be excus'd.

Will. Marry God forbid; what, come from *Prestor-John*, and we not drink a Cup o' Sack together.

Wor. What shall I do? Friend, shall I trouble you to shew me a private Place? I'll wait upon you presently again, Sir.

Will. You'll stay here, Master? ——

Pun. I'll only make a little Maids Water, Sir, and come back to you immediately.

Ral. The Door's lock'd, Sir, the Colonel has lock'd us in here——Why do you shake, Sir ?

Pun. Nothing——Only I have extream list to make Water.

Here's the Colonel, I'll sneak behind the Hangings.

SCENE X.

Enter Jolly, and Widow.

Joll. We'll leave those Gentlemen within a-while upon the Point of Reprobation ; but, Sweet-Heart, I ha' two Brothers here, newly arriv'd, which you must be acquainted with.

Wid. Marry, Heav'n fore-shield ! not the Merchant, I hope ?

Joll. No, Brethren in Love, only——
How do ye Brother ?

Wor. I your Brother ; what d'ye mean ?

Joll. Why, art not thou my Brother *Jolly*, that was taken Prisoner by the Southern *Tartars* ?

Wor. I Brother, I by *Tartars* ?

Joll. What an impudent Slave is this ? Sirrah, Monster, didst thou not come with thy Man *John* ?

Wor. I, my Man *John* ? Here's no such Person here ; you see you're mistaken.

Joll. Sirrah, I'll strike thee dead.

Wor. Hold, hold, Sir, I do remember now I was the Merchant *Jolly*, but when you ask'd me, I had quite forgot it ; alas, I'm very crasie.

Joll. That's not amiss ; but since thou art not he, I must know who thou art.

Wor.

Wor. Why, don't you know me? I'm Captain *Worm*, and *Puny* was my Man *John*.

Joll. Where's that Fool *Puny*? Is he slipt away?

Pun. Yes, and no Fool for't neither, for ought I know yet.

Wor. Why, we hit upon this Frolick, Colonel, only for a kind o' Mask (d'ye conceive me, Colonel?) to celebrate your Nuptials; Mr. *Puny* had a Mind to reconcile himself with you in a merry way o' Drollery, and so had I too, tho' I hope you were not in earnest with me.

Joll. Oh! Is that all? Well said *Will*, bravely done *Will*, i'faith; I told thee, *Will*, what 'twas to have acted a Bear; and *Ralph* was an excellent *John* too.

Wor. How's this? Then I'm an Ass again; this damn'd *Puny's* Fearfulness spoil'd all.

Pun. This cursed Coward *Worm*! I thought they were not the right ones.

Joll. Here's something for you to drink; go look to Supper, this is your Cue of Exit.

[Exit *Will* and *Ralph*.

Wid. What need you, Love, ha' given 'em any thing? in truth, Love, you're too lavish.

Wor. 'Twas wittily put off o'ine however.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, with Fiddlers.

Joll. Here are more Maskers too, I think; this Masking is a Heav'nly Entertainment for the Widow, who ne'er saw any Shew yet, but the Puppet-play o' *Ninive*.

Cut. Stay without, Scrapers.

Tab.

Tab. Oh Lord, I'm as weary with dancing as paf-
fes; Husband, Husband, yonder's my Mother. O
Mother, what do you think I ha' been doing to Day?

Wid. Why, what, Child? No hurt, I hope.

Tab. Nay, nothing, I have only been marry'd a
little, and my Husband *Abednego* and I have so
danc'd it since.

Cut. Brave *Tabitha* still; never be angry, Mother,
you know where Marriages are made; your Daugh-
ter's and your own were made in the same Place, I
warrant you, they're so like.

Wid. Well, his Will be done——There's ---- no
resisting Providence——But how, Son *Abednego*,
came you into that roaring Habit of Perdition?

Cut. Mother, I was commanded by the Vision,
there is some great End for it of Edification, which
you shall know by the Sequel.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Truman Senior, Truman Junior, Lucia veil'd.

Trum. sen. Come, *Dick*, bring in your Wife to
your t'other Father, and ask him Blessing handsomly;
Welcome, dear Daughter; off with your Veil;

[*Lucia unveils.*

Heav'n bless you both.

Joll. Ha! what's this? more Masking? Why how
now, Mr. *Truman*? You ha' not marry'd my Neice,
I hope, instead o' my Daughter?

Trum. jun. I only did, Sir, as I was appointed,
And am amaz'd as much as you.

Trum. sen. Villain, Rebel, Traitor, out o' my
Sight, you Son of a——

Joll. Nay, hold him; Patience, good Mr. *Tru-*
man, let's understand the Matter a little——

Trum.

Trum. sen. I wo'not understand, no that I wo'not, I wo'not understand a Word, whilst he and his Whore are in my Sight.

Foll. Nay, good Sir——
Why, what Niece? Two Husbands in one Afternoon? That's too much o' Conscience.

Luc. Two, Sir? I know of none but this, And how I came by him too, that I know not.

Foll. This is Riddle me, Riddle me——Where's my Daughter? Ho! *Aurelia.*

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Here, Sir, I was just coming in.

Foll. Ha' not you marry'd young Mr. *Truman*?

Aur. No, Sir,

Foll. Why, who then has he marry'd?

Aur. Nay that, Sir, he may answer for himself, if he be of Age to marry.

Foll. But did not you promise me you'd marry him this Afternoon, and go to Church with him presently to do't?

Aur. But, Sir, my Husband forbad the Banes.

Foll. They're all mad: Your Husband?

Aur. Ay, Sir; the 'Truth o' the Matter, Sir, is this, (for it must out I see) 'twas I that was marry'd this Afternoon in the Matted Chamber to Mr. *Puny*, instead o' my Cousin *Lucia*.

Foll. Stranger and stranger! What, and he not know't?

Aur. No, nor the Parson, Sir, himself.

Foll. Hey day!

Aur. 'Twas done in the Dark, Sir, and I veil'd like my Cousin; 'twas a very clandestine Marriage,

I confess, but there are sufficient Proofs of it; and for one, here's half the Piece of Gold he broke with me, which he'll know when he sees.

Pun. Orare, by *Hymen* I'm glad o'the Change; 'tis a pretty Sorceress, by my troth; *Wit to Wit*, quoth the Devil to the Lawyer; I'll out among 'em presently, 't has sav'd me a beating too, which perhaps is all her Portion.

Foll. You turn my Head, you dizzy me; but wouldst thou marry him without either knowing my Mind, or so much as his?

Aur. His, Sir? He gave me five hundred Pieces in Gold to make the Match; look, they are here still, Sir.

Foll. Thou hast lost thy Senses, Wench, and wilt make me do so too.

Aur. Briefly the Truth is this, Sir; he gave me these five hundred Pieces to marry him by a Trick to my Cousin *Lucia*, and by another Trick I took the Mony and marry'd him my self; the Manner, Sir, you shall know anon at leisure, only your Pardon, Sir, for the Omission of my Duty to you, I beg upon my Knees.

Foll. Nay, Wench, there's no hurt done; fifteen hundred Pounds a Year is no ill Match for the Daughter of a sequester'd Cavalier——

Aur. I thought so, Sir.

Foll. If we could but cure him of some sottish Affections, but that must be thy Task.

Aur. My Life on't, Sir.

Pun. I'll out; Uncle Father your Blessing—— my little *Matchiavil*, I knew well enough 'twas you; what did you think I knew not Cross from Pile?

Aur. Did you i'faith?

Pun. Ay, by this Kifs of Amber greafe, or I'm a Cabbage.

Aur. Why then you outwitted me, and I'm content.

Pun. A Pox upon you Merchant *Jolly*, are you there?

Joll. But stay, how come you, Neice, to be marry'd to Mr. *Truman*?

Luc. I know not, Sir, as I was walking in the Garden.

Trum. jun. I thought't had been — but bless'd be the Mistake,

Whatever prove the Consequence to all
The less important Fortunes of my Life.

Joll. Nay, there's no hurt done here neither—

Trum. sen. No hurt, Colonel? I'll see him hang'd at my Door before he shall have a beggarly——

Joll. Hark you, Mr. *Truman*, [Talk aside.
one Word aside (for it is not necessary yet my Wife should know so much.)

Aur. This foolish *Jane* (as I perceive by the Story) has lost a Husband by staying for a black Patch.

Joll. Though I in Rigour by my Brother's Will might claim the Forfeiture of her Estate, yet I assure you she shall have it all to the utmost Farthing; in a Day like this, when Heav'n bestows on me, and on my Daughter, so unexpected, and so fair a Fortune, it were an ill Return to rob an Orphan committed to my Charge.

Aur. My Father's in the Right.

And as he clears her Fortune, so will I her Honour.
Hark you, Sir.

Trum.

Trum. sen. Why you speak, Sir, like a virtuous, noble Gentleman, and do just as I should do my self in the same Case; it is——

Aur. [*To Trum. jun.*] 'Twas I, upon my Credit, in a Veil; I'll tell, if you please, all that you said, when you had read the Letter. But d'you hear, Mr. *Truman*, do not you believe now, that I had a Design to lye with you, if you had consented to my coming at Midnight, for upon my Faith I had not, but did it purely to try upon what Terms your two Romantick Loves stood.

Cut. Ha, ha, ha! But your Farce was not right methinks at the End.

Pun. Why how, pray?

Cut. Why there should ha' been a Beating, a lusty Cudgeling to make it come off smartly, with a Twang at the Tail.

Wor. Say you so? H'as got a Set of damnable brawny Serving-men.

Cut. At least *John Pudding* here should ha' been basted.

Wor. A Curse upon him, he sav'd himself like a Rat behind the Hangings.

Trum. jun. O *Lucia*, how shall I beg thy Pardon For my unjust Suspicions of thy Virtue? Can you forgive a very Repentant Sinner? Will a whole Life of Penitence absolve me?

Trum. sen. 'Tis enough good noble Colonel, I'm satisfy'd: Come, *Dick*, I see 'twas Heaven's Will, and she's a very worthy virtuous Gentlewoman; I'm old and testy, but 'tis quickly over; my Blessing upon you both.

Cut. Why so, all's well of all Sides then; let me see, here's a brave Coupling-Day, only poor *Worm* must lead a Monkish Life on't.

Aur. I'll have a Wife for him too, if you will, fine Mrs. *Jane* within; I'll undertake for her, I ha' set her agog to Day for a Husband, [*Aside.*
the first Comer has her sure.

Wor. Ay, but what Portion has she, Mrs. *Puny*? For we Captains o' the King's Side ha' no need o' Wives with nothing.

Aur. Why Lozenges, and Half-Moons, and a Pair of Silver-lac'd Shoes; but that Trope's lost to you; well, we'll see among us what may be done for her.

Joll. Come, let's go in to Supper; there never was such a Day of Intrigues as this in one Family. If my true Brother had come in at last too after his being five Years dead, 'twould ha' been a very Play.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *CUTTER*.

M*Et*hinks a *Vision* bids me *Silence* break,
[Without his *Peruke*.

And some Words to this *Congregation* speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the Fifth Monarch's Court in *Coleman-street*.

But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this *Court*, call'd *Zephaniah*.
Bless me! Where are we? What may this *Place* be?

For I begin my Vision now to see
That this is a meer Theatre; well then,
If't be e'en so, I'll *Cutter* be again.

[Puts on his *Peruke*.

Not Cutter the pretended *Cavalier*,
For to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that *Party* were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very *Rake-hell* of this *Town*.

But now my Follies and my *Faults* are ended,
My Fortune, and my *Mind*, are both amended,
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our Author says He'll mend, that is, He'll write
no more.

E P I-

EPILOGUE, at COURT.

THE Madness of your People, and the Rage,
 You've seen too long upon the Publick Stage;
 'Tis time at last (Great Sir) 'tis time to see
 Their Tragick Follies brought to Comedy.
 If any blame the Lowness of our Scene,
 We humbly think some Persons there have been
 On the World's Theatre not long ago,
 Much more too High, than here they are too Low.
 And well we know, that Comedy of old,
 Did her Plebeian Rank with so much Honour hold,
 That it appear'd not then too Base, or Light,
 For the great Scipio's conqu'ring Hand to write.
 Howe'er, if such mean Persons seem too rude,
 When into Royal Presence they intrude,
 Yet we shall hope a Pardon to receive
 From you, a Prince so practis'd to forgive;
 A Prince, who with th' Applause of Earth and Heav'n,
 The Rudeness of the Vulgar has forgiven.

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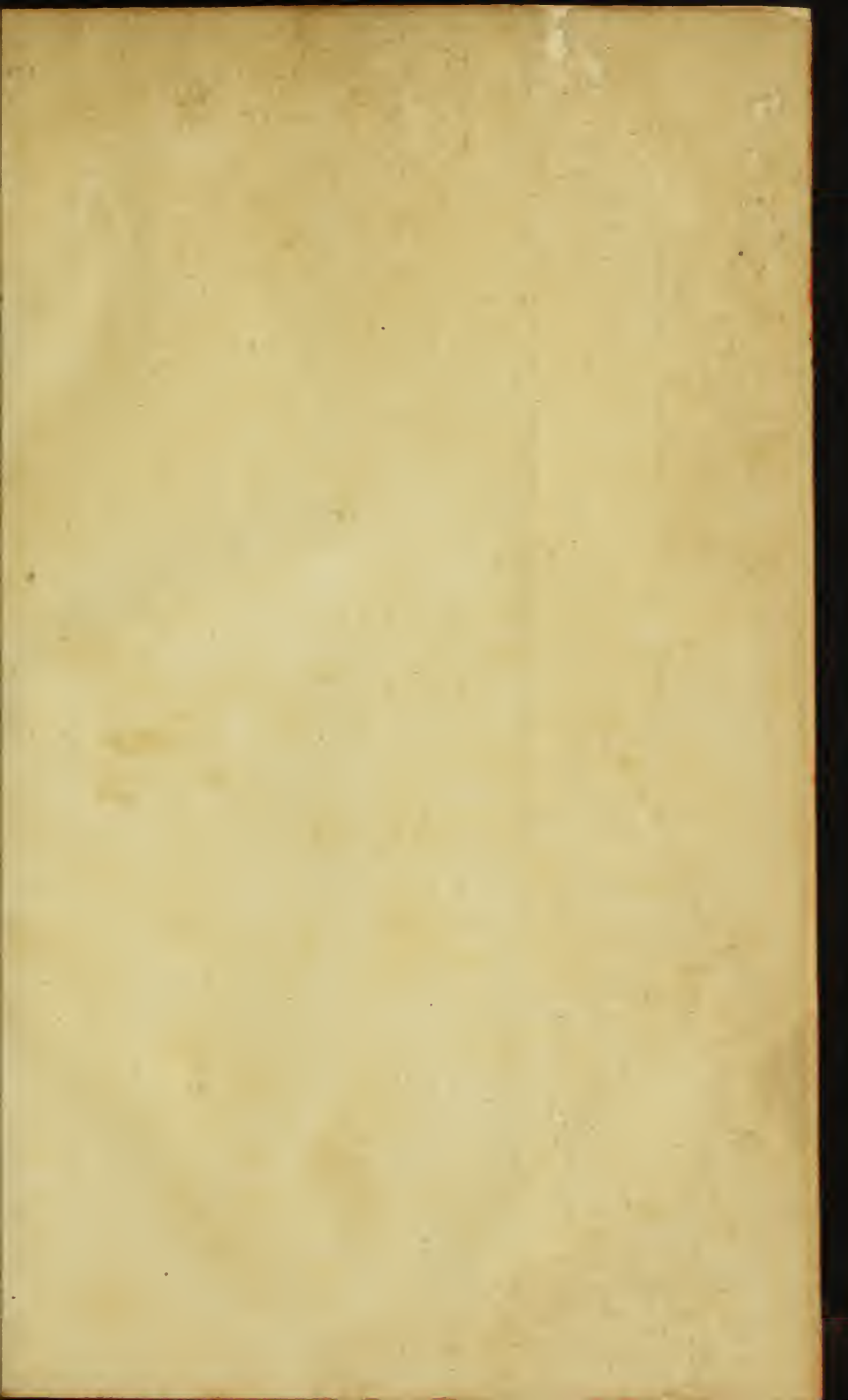
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