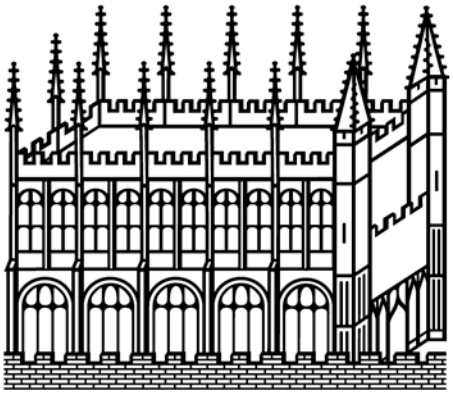

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ORIGINAL
POEMS
IN
ENGLISH and LATIN,
With an APPENDIX.

CONTAINING

A Diſſertation, &c. and ſome Remarks on the Epiſtle to the *Coloſſians*.

BY

JOSEPH BEAUMONT, D.D.
Formerly Maſter of *Peter-Houſe*,
AND
King's Profeſſor of Divinity,
IN THE
UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

To which is prefixed

An Account of his Life and Writings.

——*Renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere.*——

CAMBRIDGE,
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MDCCXLIX.

An ACCOUNT of the

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF THE

AUTHOR.

THE great Author, whoſe poetical amuſements are here offered to the publick, derived his deſcent from the ancient family of *BEAUMONT* in *Leiceſterſhire:* His father Mr. *John Beaumont* deſcended from a younger branch of that houſe, ſettled at *Hadleigh*, at that time a wealthy trading Corporation in the County of *Suffolk*, where he employed the moderate fortune allotted to him as a younger brother, in the Woollen Manufacture. He was ſeveral times elected into the chief Magiſtracy of that Town, which character he ſupported with a proper and becoming dignity; and having lived in good credit and

reputation upon an eaſy fortune, though greatly impaired by his adherence to the Royal Cauſe, he died in the 69th year of his age, *May* the 12th, 1653. From ſome MSS. now in the Editor's hands, he appears to have been a ſenſible, judicious, and religious man, and competently learned for the ſtation he filled in the world.

Our Author, his eldeſt ſon, was born *March* the 13th, 1615. He diſcovered even in his earlieſt years ſuch a ſurpriſing readineſs of wit, and ſo ſtrong an inclination to letters, that his father, who was himſelf a lover of learning, quickly determined to give this, the favourite of his hopes, an education ſuitable to his promiſing genius. *Weſtminſter* School was warmly recommended to the good man by his friends, as not doubting that his ſon would there ſoon improve his natural talents with all that politeneſs and elegancy which was then, and ſtill is peculiar to that place: But he, conſidering that the moſt valuable education is that which lays a foundation for virtue and good morals, and tinctures the mind with a ſtrong

ſenſe

ſenſe of the obligation to all ſocial and religious duties, could be prevailed upon by none of the moſt flattering inducements to place him at ſo great a diſtance from his own prudent care and immediate inſpection. He conſidered that giddy youth is pliable and ſoft to the impreſſions of vicious examples, and therefore fixed him to the place of his own reſidence to receive the rudiments of language, where there was then a Grammar School of ſome character.

Here our Author ſpent his youth under the eye of his watchful parent, and made ſo ſurpriſing a progreſs in Claſſical Learning, that he ſoon became familiar with the moſt valuable Authors of Antiquity; whoſe writings he read with ſo much taſte, and digeſted with ſo much judgment, that, with the aſſiſtance of a very happy memory, he could ever after readily draw out their moſt beautiful ſentiments for the uſe and refinement of his own. From his firſt acquaintance with *Terence* he was remarkably deſirous of imitating the elegant turn and ſprightlineſs of that Author's ſtile;

and to that purpoſe he was always obſerved to carry a ſmall edition of him in his pocket to the end of his life: How he ſucceeded in his wiſh, his publick diſputations and determinations while he filled the Profeſſor's Chair, bear a clear and ample teſtimony.

Thus provided with all the endowments that his own diligence and a ſchool could give him, he was removed in his ſixteenth year to *Peter-Houſe* in *Cambridge*; where by a cloſe application to every branch of Univerſity learning, he ſoon made an extraordinary proficiency, and by his open behaviour and unaffected manners brought himſelf into the affection of the members of that ſociety, and the eſteem of all who knew him; which made his converſation eagerly courted by all who had a ſincere regard for learning and virtue.

Thus reſpected, beloved, and careſſed, our young ſtudent ſpent his four firſt years in the Univerſity, where he never loſt ſight of the ends for which he was placed there, the acquirement of knowledge, and the improvement of virtue: he ſtrictly

ſtrictly obſerved the Statutes of the Univerſity, and thoſe of his own College; he conſtantly attended at the Chapel hours of Devotion, with meek and unaffected Piety; and his Exerciſes of every kind were performed with ſo much accuracy and judgment, that they were then heard with the greateſt pleaſure, and remembered many years after with the higheſt applauſe.

Dr. *Coſins* (afterwards Biſhop of *Durham*) was then Maſter of the College; who, being ever attentive to the lives and characters of the ſtudents, and a moſt minute obſerver of every circumſtance of their behaviour, quickly diſtinguiſhed the ſuperior merit of Mr. *Beaumont*, and with the univerſal conſent and approbation of the whole ſociety, elected him into the firſt Fellowſhip that was vacant, after he was capable of it by being admitted Batchelor of Arts.

In this happy ſtation of life, unembarraſſed with the cares and proviſions of the buſy world, and exactly fitted to gratify the longings of an active, contemplative mind, our Author found him-

himſelf at liberty to purſue the plan of ſtudies which he before had formed to himſelf, of making himſelf acquainted with the Scriptures in their native tongue; and from thence, of examining the ſtate of Chriſtianity from its fountain, through the ſucceſſive ages of the church down to his own. This was a large field, and opened to him an almoſt boundleſs proſpect, which would have ſtartled a leſs inquiſitive mind. But no difficulties were great enough to abate his vigorous labours, in the ſearch of truth, and the moſt concerning of all truths, Religion.

He had already with unwearied and unequaled application exhauſted all the fountains of Greek and Roman learning; he had digeſted the annals of both thoſe polite nations with amazing accuracy; he had read their moſt celebrated orators with great care and judgment, and could upon all occaſions exert that happy propriety, ſtrength of reaſoning, and graceful and ſublime figures which are obſerved to be peculiar to thoſe juſtly admired writers; he had ſtudied every ſpecies of poetry with

with the fineſt taſte and delicacy, and entered into the true ſpirit of them all, from the tender and plaintive elegance of elegy, to the lofty majeſty of the epic and tragic poem: and to all this, he had made himſelf familiar with every branch of Philoſophy then in vogue.

Thus furniſhed with all the aſſiſtances that human learning could afford, he ſet himſelf to the ſtudy of divine knowledge with indefatigable aſſiduity: he had obſerved with concern the various and ſometimes diſagreeing ſenſes in the ſeveral tranſlations of the Bible, which could by no other method be reconciled than by a recourſe to the original Hebrew; he therefore in his 21ſt year made himſelf acquainted with the ſacred writers in their own expreſſive and manly language; and notwithſtanding the difficulties and diſcouragements which uſually attend ſuch an undertaking, eſpecially at that time of life, he examined every verſion with great diligence and a ſcrupulous exactneſs, and wrote in the margin of an *Engliſh* Bible, ſhort, but critically juſt Remarks, which have

have been ſeen and read by the editor with the moſt ſenſible pleaſure.

Having thus opened the way to the genuine ſenſe and true meaning of the inſpired books, he proceeded, in purſuance of the deſign which he at firſt laid, to the ſtudy of the primitive eccleſiaſtical writers; from all which he made ſuch large and uſeful abſtracts, and in ſuch a taſte and method, that in them the reader may diſcover the ſolid learning, and beautiful elegance of ſtile, which ſhone forth in the works of *Baſil*, with the clear unconſtrained eloquence which adorned the writings of *Chryſoſtom*. But as he always conſidered knowledge which has no influence upon the lives and manners of men, as a dead and uſeleſs treaſure, he afterwards recollected the illuſtrious examples of thoſe Chriſtian Heroes who had ſuffered in the cauſe of religion and virtue, and digeſted a ſhort account of the moſt material and intereſting circumſtances of their lives into the form of a Calendar; that not a ſingle day might paſs without its proper guide

and

and remembrancer. As an introduction to this, he wrote an elegant diſſertation in defence of the miracles recorded to have been wrought ſince the Apoſtles days; in which, it muſt be confeſſed, he lays himſelf open to the charge of more credulity than will be admitted into the ſyſtems of modern opiniators: however the reader will find an abſtract of it in the Appendix N°. 1.

We have hitherto ſeen our Author in his ſtudy buſily employed in forming his own mind to the duties of a good man, and a ſincere Chriſtian: in his 24th year he was called out by the Maſter of his College, and appointed guardian and director of the manners and learning of the ſtudents of that ſociety. He chearfully undertook the important charge, and executed it with the utmoſt vigilance, anxiety, and tenderneſs for his pupils. He wiſely and honeſtly conſidered the force and permanency of early impreſſions; and that no rank or ſtation of life which providence ſhould afterwards aſſign to them, could be filled with propriety, without ſobriety, honeſty, benevolence, and an awful ſenſe

of the Supreme Being: he therefore made it his firſt and principal care to form the morals of his pupils, and directed them in the way to the practice of every virtue, not ſo much by friendly and moving admonitions, in which he excelled moſt men, as by his own more perſuaſive and inſinuating example, in which he ſurely excelled all. As he was himſelf aſſiduous and fervent in paying public homage to the Deity, in the College Chapel, he had always a ſtrict eye upon their behaviour in thoſe ſacred offices, and whatever marks of negligence or indevotion he obſerved in any of them, were ſure to be followed by the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of his diſpleaſure and indignation: he looked upon the want of reverence and gratitude to the author of our life, as a teſtimony of a baſe and bad heart; and thought it impoſſible, that he, who could knowingly fail in theſe duties to that beneficent Being, could ever be a uſeful member of ſociety, or a good man; and therefore upon that occaſion he ever exerted a becoming ſeverity; for upon all others, no man ever diſcovered more ſweetneſs and affability of temper. His

His lectures (to which he never allowed the leaſt interruption, but in the ſummer vacation) were ſolid, clear, and inſtructive: and though he found himſelf tyed down by the practice of the ſchools to the drudgery of dragging his pupils through the tedious and heavy ſyſtems of *Suarez*, *Scotus*, *Averroes*, and the reſt of the ſubtle Philoſophers of that date; yet by his pertinent reflections, he had the ſingular art of diſentangling their minds from the perplexities of that metaphyſical jargon, and of leading them to the ſubſtantial knowledge of the duties of religion, humanity, and the love of their country: it would be doing great injuſtice to his memory, to omit a circumſtance which he uſed to eſteem amongſt the happieſt of his life, and which is here inſerted upon undoubted authority; that in the days of Anarchy which were then coming on, not one of the many young gentlemen of the beſt families who were under his management, refuſed to exert himſelf chearfully in ſupport of the Royal Cauſe, and in defence of the eſtabliſhed Conſtitution, at the hazard of his life and fortune.

The next light Mr. *Beaumont* appeared in, was of a more publick nature, being nominated to the office of Vice-Proctor or Moderator in the Univerſity: for that year he conſidered himſelf in ſome meaſure as intruſted with the inſpection of the morals and behaviour of all the younger members of that body; and as he was himſelf a moſt tenacious obſerver of diſcipline, and looked upon it as of the higheſt importance to the welfare and reputation of that eſtabliſhed ſeat of literature, he determined himſelf to enforce an univerſal obſervation of the Statutes, as far as his delegated power extended, and to reprimand every breach of them with marks of juſt and manly indignation. at their publick diſputations he preſided with attention, candor, and impartiality, allowing the utmoſt freedom of debate; to which he ſet no other bounds, but thoſe of decency and good manners: it was probably the general practice of that time, but it certainly was his, to cloſe the philoſophical debate of the day with a determination upon each queſtion. As it may afford ſome amuſement to the

the Reader to ſee the method and matter of diſputation in the beginning of the laſt century, he will find his curioſity gratified in the Appendix N°. 2, 3.

When the ſpirit of civil diſſention was gone abroad, and the ſtorm was gathering, which afterwards fell with ſo much weight upon the people of *England*, and with redoubled rage upon the Clergy of the Eſtabliſhed Church; our Author, who was a firm friend to juſt prerogative, and heartily attached to the cauſe of his unfortunate and much abuſed Prince, ſet himſelf to deſcribe hiſtorically the calamitous ſtate of the *Roman* Empire under the two ſons of *Theodoſius:* here he painted, in the moſt ſtriking colours, thoſe ſcenes of horror and miſery, which that period, big with all the miſchiefs which falſe counſellors and ambitious miniſters could produce, abundantly furniſhes; and, as it ſeems to have been his principal intention to diſplay the fatal end of factious intentions, and the triumphs of a lawful Prince over his rebellious ſubjects, he concludes that collection

in

in theſe words; " The fatal diſaſters of all theſe " rebellious men, and the final ſucceſs of *Hono-* " *rius*, proclaim aloud to the whole world, what " they may expect, who having ſold their con- " ſciences to ambition, rely only upon human " policy and mortal ſtrength; and what thoſe " ſhall receive, who faithfully defending Chriſt's " truth and church, fix their truſt in piety and " catholick religion: as alſo what iſſue infallibly " follows upon diſloyalty; and what protection " ſecures lawful authority." This was finiſhed in 1641, and contains 401 pages in 4^to^.

But alas! his intended parallel did not hold good; for the royal prerogative which had been at firſt indeed ſtrained too high, being afterwards too much let down, the conſtitution, for want of its proper barrier on that ſide, could not ſupport itſelf, and what followed is too well known to need any farther deſcription.

When the civil war was actually broke out, he had recourſe in that ſcene of national diſtreſs, to religious ſtudies, as the beſt entertainment and ſureſt

ſureſt conſolation to a dejected mind. In this employment he ſpent the ſummer of the year 1643, (which was the laſt he was allowed to ſpend in the Univerſity, till the Reſtoration) writing daily meditations upon the Attributes of GOD: in which, by tracing the methods of providence through the viſible ſyſtem of the univerſe, its diſpenſations recorded in the ſacred Books, and human nature in general, he *vindicates the ways of God to man.* To this work, containing 205 pages in 4^to^, he prefixed a kind of introductory Prayer, which as a repreſentation of the humble and unaffected piety of its great and good Author, is here offered to the Reader.

Φῶς καὶ ζωὴ, καὶ παντοκράτωρ ἡ τελειόλιθος Μονὰς Θεός τε καὶ Κύριος, φωτὶ ἐνὶ λαμπόμενος, τελεῖ συνασπίζων τοῖς χαραξὶν ἐν μιᾷ Θεότητι: αὐλὴν μεγαλύνω, κραυγάζων Ἅγιος, Ἅγιος, Ἅγιος, εἶ ὁ ΘΕΟΣ.

Ἐλέησον, καὶ σῶσον με,
Κύριε παντοκράτορ;
Διὰ τὴν φιλανθρωπίαν σου. Ἀμήν.

"En-

" Encouraged by thine infinite goodneſs, O Al-
" mighty God, I preſume to proſtrate myſelf be-
" fore thy footſtool, and beg pardon for my ſins:
" *per crucem et paſſionem tuam, domine Jeſu, mi-*
" *ſerere mei, et ſalvam fac animam meam ſpe-*
" *rantem in te. Amen.*

" The motion, which I truſt thy Holy Spirit
" hath breathed into my ſoul, I embrace with all
" thankfulneſs and humility: thy will be done in
" my unworthy heart: or if I be too vile for ſo
" high and honourable an exerciſe; divert me in-
" to any other path, where my ways may be accep-
" table unto thee, for thou art my God. O dread-
" ful and powerful Deity, give thy poor creature
" leave and aſſiſtance, to ſacrifice his daily medi-
" tations unto thee; which by the ſame permiſ-
" ſion and help he deſires to employ about thee:

" 1. Thy glory and majeſty,
" 2. Thy power and magnificence,
" 3. Thy wiſdom and providence,
" 4. Thy juſtice and wrath,

" 5. Thy

" 5. Thy goodneſs and mercy,
" 6. Thy patience and humility,
" 7. Thy truth and purity.

" All infinite like thyſelf
" Are the objects to which my thoughts aſpire;
" And which may vindicate my future weeks
" From carnal and ſecular vanities,
" To the honour of thy great and precious Name.
" *Miſerere mei Domine. Amen.*"

A fatal turn was given to the King's affairs, by the *Scot*'s army coming into *England* in the year 1644, and declaring for the Parliament at *Weſtminſter*, by which they gained a manifeſt ſuperiority: they rightly judged that to ſecure, at leaſt, one of the ſeats of learning to their intereſt, would add weight and credit to their party, and that this could be effected by no other method than the application of their ſuperior force; it was therefore one of the firſt uſes they made of their new-gotten power, to ſend orders to the Earl of *Mancheſter*, to whom they had given the com-

mand of the aſſociated Counties, to garble and model the Univerſity of *Cambridge*; where Mr. *Beaumont*'s avowed affection to the king's cauſe expoſed him amongſt the firſt, to the keeneſt edge of their reſentment.

We are now to attend him at his native Town of *Hadleigh*, to which, being ejected from his fellowſhip, he retired, and where he formed a little ſociety of *gallant ſpirits, men of abuſed merits* which chiefly conſiſted of ſome of his former pupils, and the ſons of his great friend and patron Biſhop Wren. The time when he took deacons orders does not appear from any of the memorandums in the family, but it ſeems very probable that it was previous to his expulſion from the Univerſity; for though, in his retirement, he uſed all the methods which prudence could ſuggeſt to avoid danger, he conſtantly performed the daily ſervices of the liturgy in his father's houſe, and preached to his little flock every ſunday.

As we are now arrived at the poetical period of our Author's Life, it may be expected, and the

the preſent publication requires, that ſomething be ſaid concerning his poetical writings: the occaſion of his falling into this way of employing his Studies, the reader may beſt learn from his own words in the preface to his Pſyche: " The " turbulence of theſe times having deprived me " of my wonted accommodations of ſtudy, I de- " liberated, for the avoiding of mere idleneſs, " what task I might ſafelyeſt preſume upon with- " out the ſociety of books; and concluded upon " compoſing this Poem". Which, after having laid before his readers the plan and machinery of the work, he thus concludes: " My deſire is, " that this book may prompt better wits to be- " lieve, that a divine theme is as capable and " happy a ſubject of poetical ornament, as any " Pagan or Human device whatſoever. Which if " I can obtain, and (into the bargain) charm my " reader into any degree of devotion, I ſhall be " bold to hope that I have partly reached my " propoſed mark, and not continued merely " idle."

The allegorical Poem, before which this ſtands as a preface, is at preſent little regarded, and therefore little known and ſeldom read: it conſiſted, in its firſt edition, of twenty long cantos, and was begun in *April* 1647, finiſhed before the 13th of *March* following, and publiſhed early in 1648.

That ſo large a work was undertaken and compleated in ſo ſhort a time, may create ſome ſurpriſe in a reader unacquainted with the vigorous imagination, and fertile flow of fancy, which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed our Author from the common claſs of Writers: however this may at leaſt ſerve as a plea for ſome good-natured indulgence to the incorrectneſſes and negligencies which frequently occur in it: if he would have abated ſomewhat of his *Vivida vis Animi*, and ſuffered his poetical fire to cool a little, the Criticks would have had leſs room to exerciſe their ſnarling talents, and we ſhould have found his diſpoſition more exact, his ſentiments juſter, and his numbers more poliſhed than they now appear.

His

His ſubject is Religion, the nobleſt certainly, as well as the moſt uſeful that can employ the thoughts of Man, and that which will be found to have given birth to poetry itſelf, if we trace it back to its original ſource. Big with the idea of the Divine Goodneſs in the redemption of mankind, which was both his joy and his glory; and inſpired with the ſame rapturous zeal, which once inſpired *Moſes*, *Deborah* and *David*, he repreſents a Soul led by divine Grace, and her guardian Angel, through the difficult aſſaults and temptations of the world, to a holy and happy life.

In the conduct and management of the poem, he not only exhauſts all the treaſures of learning and hiſtory in the ſacred Books; but to ſupply his characters, and fill up his extenſive plan, he takes in the whole compaſs of nature, and all the inward paſſions and affections of mankiud: his diſtinctions of the ſeveral virtues and vices, with the degrees and conſequences of them, are made with the trueſt exactneſs, and according to the com-

comprehenſive knowledge he had of human nature; his ſimilies and alluſions are generally juſt and oppoſite; his compound epithets (which after *Homer* he greatly affected) clear and deſcriptive, and his ſtile and expreſſions ſtrong and maſterly for the times in which he wrote.

That this, now diſregarded, poem had once its run of eſteem and reputation, is evident, not only from the large price which the proprietor of the ſecond edition readily paid for the corrected and enlarged copy of it to his executor; but from the uſe, which ſome of the ſucceeding fineſt Authors might be manifeſtly proved to have made of it: this recalls to memory a remark which the laſt and beſt Poet of Great Britain made upon it in a private converſation; who being aſked his ſentiments of *Pſyche*, ſaid, "*there are in it a great* "*many flowers well worth gathering, and a man* "*who has the art of ſtealing wiſely will find his* "*account in reading it.*"

The *Engliſh* verſes, which make up the following collection, are ſelected from two large manu-

nuſcript Books fairly tranſcribed by the Author's own hand: they have the ſame general tendency, which was eminently the aim of his whole Life, to recommend a ſincere love of virtue, and to expreſs that awe of the ſupreme Being, which ever filled his grateful and humble heart. The latter of theſe Books is intitled *Cathemerina*, and the verſes in it ſeem to have been deſigned as morning preparatory exerciſes for the duties of the enſuing day. It may not be improper to obſerve, as a teſtimony of his conſtant and unwearied application, that this method, which was begun *May* the 17th, 1652, was purſued without one day's interruption to *September* the 3d of the ſame year, when a ſevere ague put an end to it, and, as far as appears from any of his remains, to all his converſation with the Muſes in his own language.

But as it is not here intended to ſet forth our Author and his Writings in a profeſſed and pompous Panegyrick, but only to give the Reader a juſt opinion of them; it muſt not be denied, that he ſometimes gave a greater looſe to the ſpeed and re-

redundancy of his fancy, than his better judgment, if it had been always conſulted, would have allowed. We ſometimes meet with a vicious copiouſneſs of ſtyle, at others, with an affectation of florid, gay and tedious deſcriptions; nor did he always uſe the language of nature, but while he he gave too much into a figurative diction, high flights, and ſhining thoughts, he too often ſoared out of ſight, and was loſt in obſcure and perplexed expreſſions.

But, not to anticipate the pleaſure of cenſuring, the full poſſeſſion of which is left to be enjoyed by malevolent Cavillers; to the good-natured and candid Readers it may be pleaded in abatement, that poetical excurſions were not Mr. *Beaumont*'s ſtudies, but his amuſements; not the ſerious buſineſs of his life, but reliefs from that ennui and irkſomneſs of being, which in that long divorce from Books, could not but oppreſs his active and vigorous mind.

In the *Latin* poems, (which ſeem to have been the growth of the ſame period with the *Engliſh*,) he

he ſurpriſingly reſembles the taſte and manner of the antients; and in making his numbers, as his ſubject required, pleaſant or ſonorous, and his words echo to the ſence, he diſcovers a delicately fine and diſtinguiſhing ear. If in his ſtile, he ſometimes ſinks below the purity of the *Auguſtan* age, it is to be remembered, that he had been long converſant with the eccleſiaſtical writers, and the later hiſtorians; and therefore it is leſs to be wondered at, if in ſome few inſtances, he fell imperceptibly into ſome expreſſions which will not bear the teſt of that primitive ſtandard: and from the ſame conſideration, it is preſumed, the Reader will moderate his cenſure, if he now and then meets with the harſh language of *Tertullian*, where he expected the happy elegancy of *Horace* or *Ovid*; eſpecially ſince the offence is not ſo great, nor repeated ſo often, as to forfeit every claim of indulgence from the niceſt claſſical judgment.

But, (as has been already obſerved) our Author did not look upon poetry as the ſerious buſineſs of his life; for whilſt he was thus amuſing

his leiſure hours with the *Muſes*, he wrote a full and clear commentary upon the Book of *Eccleſiaſtes*, and large critical notes upon the *Pentateuch*. In the then melancholly ſituation of publick affairs, the proſpect of ſeeing an end put to the calamities of the nation, or to the diſtreſſes peculiar to his brethren of the eſtabliſhed Church, was, at leaſt, very diſtant: it was this conſideration which directed him to a cloſe application to *Solomon*'s *Eccleſiaſtes*, and to the choice of that Book, upon which he made his firſt eſſay as a commentator.

It would be an inſult upon the Reader's underſtanding, to explain the reaſons, or aſſert the propriety and ſeaſonableneſs of that choice; but it may be affirmed, with the ſtricteſt regard to truth and juſtice, that no man ever made a better uſe of the inſpired Prince's inſtructions, than Mr. *Beaumont*: for his whole behaviour during that gloom of diſtreſs, which hung over him, was a ſort of comment upon them; by which it appeared, that he was guided by the beſt-grounded conviction

viction that the events of all things are to be left to the Supreme Diſpoſer of all; and that he had brought his mind to that reſignation, and happy compoſure, which meaner and leſs enlightened Souls are incapable of knowing.

In order to bring all his Writings before the Reſtoration in view together, ſome paſſages of his Life, in the interval between his expulſion from the Univerſity, and that time when the nation returned to its true and antient eſtabliſhment, have been deſignedly omitted.

The ſociety of *Peter-Houſe*, being indebted to one of the Biſhop's of *Ely* for its original foundation and endowment, is not only ſubject to the viſitation of that See, by the tenour of its Statutes; but out of two, nominated by the majority of the ſociety, the Maſter is choſen, and even every Fellow, after his election, muſt be accepted and confirmed by that Prelate. By this method of filling up the vacant fellowſhips, the Biſhop cannot but be acquainted with the character and abilities of every candidate; and by this our Author ſo ef-

fectually recommended himſelf, by his extenſive learning, and candid behaviour, to Dr. *Wren* then Biſhop of that dioceſe, that he ever after held the firſt place in his eſteem and friendſhip.

It has been the juſt complaint of men of merit in all ages, that perſons in high ſtations, are always ready to accept their endeavours to pleaſe them, and to return them with indifference, or at beſt with empty and unmeaning profeſſions; but Mr. *Beaumont* happily fixed his dependance upon a Patron, who had judgement enough to diſtinguiſh, and ſincerity enough to reward thoſe who truly deſerved his favour. For ſo early as the year 1643, he was collated by that prelate to the rectory of *Kellſhall* in *Hertfordſhire*; to *Elm* with the Chapel of *Emneth* in the year 1646, and to the ſeventh canonry and Prebend in the Cathedral Church of *Ely* in 1647. But it muſt be remembered, that in thoſe turbulent times to a man of his affection and zeal to the depreſſed cauſe of royalty, theſe were no more than nominal preferments; and they were conſidered as ſuch by his friend-

friendly Patron, who invited him about the time laſt mentioned into his own family, where he retained him as his domeſtick Chaplain till the year 1650.

He continued in this relation to the Biſhop, and in the full poſſeſſion of his eſteem and confidence about three years; when his Lordſhip, as the moſt convincing teſtimony of his benevolence and affectionate regard for him, made a propoſal to him, which at once filled him with inexpreſſible delight and aſtoniſhment.

The Biſhop had married the widow of Mr. *Brownrigg*, an eminent Merchant at *Ipſwich* in *Suffolk*, who left an only daughter, and to her the inheritance of a conſiderable eſtate with the manour of *Tatingſton* in the ſame County. His Lordſhip, as a faithful guardian to the young Lady, had not only inſtructed her in the ſeveral modes of ſpeaking and acting which are founded in nature, and which form that grace and decency of behaviour, which will ever call for, and juſtly demand reſpect; but he had tinctured her mind

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with a ſtrong ſenſe of moral and religious duties, and an early approbation of thoſe who were poſſeſſed of them in a diſtinguiſhed degree. Mr. *Beaumont* by his conſtant reſidence in the family, and daily converſation with the Lady, was not inſenſible of her agreeable quaiities, nor of the good opinion ſhe had of his; but, as he enjoyed only the name of preferments in the Church, and could promiſe himſelf no great ſhare of his fathers impaired fortunes, he had never flattered himſelf with the moſt diſtant hope of ſuch a wife, with ſo fair an eſtate: it may be eaſily conceived then how greatly and agreeably he was ſurpriſed, when ſhe was propoſed to him, by the perſon, who next to herſelf, had the beſt right to diſpoſe of her. They were married by the Biſhop in his own Chapel at *Ely*-Houſe in the year 1650, and he ſoon after retired with her to *Tatingſton* Place, where they enjoyed the mutual pleaſures of a ſocial life, and he ſpent the ſucceeding ten years till the Reſtoration, in ſuch an application to the duties of his profeſſion as the then condition of

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the times would allow of, and in the conſtant exerciſe of every virtue becoming a good man and a ſincere Chriſtian.

Soon after the King's happy return, he not only took the legal and quiet poſſeſſion of the benefices to which he had been ſome years before preſented, but was admitted into the firſt liſt of his Majeſty's Chaplains. As he was now drawn from his books and retirement at *Tatingſton* to an attendance upon a gay and polite court, he took the honourable and eaſy method, which is in every man's own power, by probity, good nature and a moſt candid Soul, to recommend himſelf to the eſteem of the greateſt, as well as the moſt ingenious men of that age. It is allowed by the bittereſt enemies to the memory of CHARLES the ſecond, that he was a Prince of a ſuperiour genius, delicate taſte and very capable of diſtinguiſhing mankind; and therefore it ought to be conſidered as a ſtrong proof of our Author's extraordinary merit, that he was thought worthy of his Majeſty's particular notice, and frequently admitted

ted to a private converſation with him. But, whether it is to be imputed to the deteſtable politicks, which after his Grandfather HENRY the Great of *France*, were too eaſily and ſucceſsfully inſinuated into that Prince, of neglecting his friends and careſſing his enemies; or to his own diſintereſtedneſs and ſingular modeſty in declining ſollicitations, he never received any other advantage from the Royal Favour, than a mandamus to the Univerſity to create him Doctor in Divinity in the ſame year 1660.

Early the next year, his faſt friend the Biſhop, who had always the higheſt delight in our Author's learned and ingenuous converſation, and the tendereſt regards for Mrs. *Beaumont*, intimated to him, that it would give him no ſmall degree of pleaſure, if he would make *Ely* the place of his reſidence: the conſideration of gratifying a perſon to whom he was obliged by all the bands of gratitude and friendſhip, had ſo much weight with him, that he immediately took the reſolution of removing his family to the houſe annexed to his pre-

Prebend in that place. But though this reſolution promiſed a general happineſs to them all, it proved fatal to one of them: for Mrs. *Beaumont*, being of a tender, delicate and lively conſtitution, was not able to ſupport the load of vapours, with which the damp and foggy air of the fens abounds; but coughs, different reſpirations, and other ſymptoms of diſtempered lungs diſcovered a beginning conſumption the firſt winter after they fixed their ſettlement there. The following *April* the Maſterſhip of *Jeſus* College in *Cambridge* became vacant by the reſignation of Dr. *Pearſon*, and our Author was, upon the firſt notice of it, appointed his ſucceſſor by the Biſhop. This change of ſituation was the more deſirable to him, as it replaced him in the ſeat of learning from which he had been forcibly driven eighteen years before; as it was at a convenient diſtance for his paying frequent viſits to his Right Reverend Patron; and above all as he entertained ſome hopes, that the purer air of it might have ſome effect towards the reſtoring his wife to better health: but for this it

was too late, her diſtemper was now paſt all remedies, ſhe could not even bear the fatigue of removing, and died at *Ely May* 31ſt, 1662.

It would be impertinent to make any reflexions upon what the Readers imagination cannot but ſufficiently repreſent to him, the ſenſe of grief, the ſevere pangs and regrettings of heart which he felt at the loſs of a woman of a moſt excellent character, who had raiſed him to a handſome competency of fortune, had been his ſupport under diſtreſſes, and who had never had the leaſt reliſh of the pleaſures and entertainments of the world, but as he was a ſharer with her in them. However this loſs, great in itſelf, and made much greater, as the nurture of ſix very young children was devolved to his ſole care and management, he piouſly conſidered as the will and work of Providence; as a neceſſity to which the whole race of mankind muſt ſubmit; and that they give the beſt proof of their virtue and fortitude, who behave with moſt patience and reſignation under the ſevereſt decrees of heaven.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Beaumont* lies buryed behind the altar in the Cathedral Church at *Ely*, under a decent monument; upon which he ordered the following ſhort, but ſignificant inſcription to be engraved.

Quod mori potuit
Lectiſſimæ, Deſideratiſſimaeque
Conjugis
Elizabethæ Bellomontanæ
Sub Hoc Marmore condidit
Mœstiſſimus Maritus
J. B.
Hujus Eccleſiæ Canonicus
Maii 31. An. Dom.
1662.

After her obſequies were performed, and a proper interval of retirement for the indulgence of reaſonable and real mourning, he removed with his little family to *Cambridge*: here he found, to his inexpreſſible concern, the ſad marks of the late outrages and profanations ſtill remaining, in his College Chapel. His good heart, which al-

ways felt in itſelf the ſtrongeſt impreſſions of veneration towards the Supreme Being, was moſt ſenſibly touched at the unſeemly appearance, and dilapidated ſtate of the place appointed for his worſhip: he therefore made it his firſt care after he came to the government of that College, to repair and reſtore it to its former beauty; and this he liberally executed at his own proper and private expence, without ſuffering it to be an extraordinary burthen to the other members of the ſociety.

The deceaſe of Dr. *Hale* maſter of *Peter-Houſe* in the year 1663, gave the Biſhop an opportunity of replanting our Author in that ſoil, which of all others he moſt affected and deſired: in advancing him to this ſtation, his Patron gave not a leſs convincing teſtimony of his judgment in diſtinguiſhing true merit, than of his regards to perſonal friendſhip; for all the time he continued at the head of that ſociety, his only endeavour was to recommend and preſerve order in every thing which related to it, and to ſet before them,

them, by his own modeſt, frugal, and ſtudious life, a pattern of all human and ſocial virtues: and this deſign he ſurely anſwered above any man who had ever been raiſed to that ſtation; his whole life being employed in promoting the conſtant and reaſonable worſhip of the Deity, the due and ſalutary obſervance of the ſtatutes, and the real welfare of every ſingle member of the ſociety. As he looked upon vice, profaneneſs and ignorance to be the certain ſources of contempt and diſeſteem to any, but moſt of all, to a religious and learned community, he uſed all the means in his power to diſcourage them, without the leaſt reſpect to the quality of the perſons in whom they were found: on the other hand, as his judgment was quick in diſcerning virtue and diligence, under whatever diſadvantage of birth or fortune they lay concealed, he omitted no opportunities of ſetting them in their deſerved light, and of rewarding the poſſeſſors of them with his countenance and favour. Perſons of learning, good ſenſe and piety languiſhing in obſcurity, and under the many

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diſtreſſes which want and cold neglect too generally produce, were ever diſagreeable objects to his benevolent heart, and therefore under the denomination of his Sizar, he always entertained one, and ſometimes more, in his own family, where, from their admiſſion to the College till they commenced Batchelors of arts, they were not only liberally ſupplied with the decent neceſſaries of life; but had at all times free acceſs to his library, and very often to his more uſeful and improving converſation.

The ſame year he was inſtituted to the rectory of *Teverſham* near *Cambridge*; and in the following to that of *Barley* in *Hertfordſhire*; where he alternately reſided in the vacation months every ſummer, feeding the indigent, inſtructing the ignorant, and faithfully diſcharging all the offices of the paſtoral charge.

The next year he was drawn into a paper controverſy with that learned Viſionaire Dr. *Henry More:* The Doctor had advanced ſome doctrines in his *Myſtery of Godlineſs*, which ſeemed to our

Author

Author not only ſubverſive of our excellent conſtitution both in Church and State, but alſo productive of many evils to the Chriſtian Religion. He therefore made ſuch remarks upon them as he thought neceſſary, and privately communicated them to the Doctor, by means of a common friend: by whom alſo he in the gentle ſpirit of Chriſtianity admoniſhed him to ſatisfy the Univerſity (where his book was conceived to have done moſt miſchief) by retracting ſuch of his Opinions as were moſt dangerous and heretical. But the Doctor thought fit to draw theſe private Objections on to the public ſtage, which he endeavoured to clear and anſwer by a long and laboured Apology. This appeal to the public laid Dr. *Beaumont* under the neceſſity of publiſhing the Objections, and making Obſervations upon the Apology: which he did with ſo much modeſty, learning, wit, and judgment, that he received the thanks of the Univerſity, and a teſtimony of the good opinion, which that Body had of the performance, was added to the uſual *Imprimatur*.

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Being now in the higheſt eſteem and reputation for his deep knowledge both in Theological and Polite Literature, he was in the year 1670 called, without any application from himſelf, or competition from any other, by the united voice and invitation of the Statutable Electors to fill the Divinity Chair. In this no leſs important and uſeful, than conſpicuous ſtation in the Univerſity, he ſpent the remaining part of his life, and applied himſelf to the conſtant diſcharge of the duties of it with the utmoſt punctuality and diligence. In that age of licentiouſneſs, when, under the fair appearance of aſſerting a freedom of thought and a private judgment, to which all men have a natural right, every pretender to wit or reaſon took to himſelf the indecent and diſingenuous liberty of ridiculing the myſteries, and cavilling at the principles of our holy Religion; and to ſupport what were called pleas for human reaſon, of endeavouring to overthrow and reject the duties which are enjoined, and the expectances which are held forth by Revelation; when Jeſuits, and other

other emiſſaries and agents of *Rome*, were, under the connivance of one Brother, and not only the protection, but under the open encouragement of the other, furniſhed with opportunities of perplexing mens minds with wonderful art, and propagating the errors and pernicious doctrines of that Church with too manifeſt ſucceſs; when men, who had contracted a peeviſh prejudice and unreaſonable bitterneſs againſt the eſtabliſhed Church, both againſt the form of its Government, its Articles, and Liturgy, were buſily ſowing the ſeeds of faction and diſſention, and infecting peoples minds with the tenets of *Calvin*, and the abſurdities of Puritaniſm; while the nation was thus miſerably rent in parties and factions by the oppoſite efforts either of thoſe who had none, or of thoſe who made a ſhew of reforming Religion, the Univerſity of *Cambridge* had the happineſs to be generally untainted with the ſpreading poiſon; which ſecurity, under God, was in a great meaſure owing to the indefatigable endeavours, the profound learning, and the perſuaſive reaſons of the King's Divinity Profeſſor.

The plan, which in diſcharge of this important truſt he marked out to himſelf of reading public Lectures in Divinity twice a week in every Term, was, (if not entirely new and peculiar to himſelf) carried on and executed with unuſual and unexampled aſſiduity; for during the whole term of twenty nine years, in which he ſo worthily filled that Chair, he was very ſeldom known to allow himſelf in any omiſſions of this part of it, except when compelled by indiſpoſition of health; from which cauſe, by the bleſſing of God, and a temperate life, no man ever had fewer interruptions.

The difficult paſſages in ſome of St. *Paul*'s Epiſtles, and the ill uſe to which they were drawn by the enemies of the eſtabliſhed Church and true Religion, had always been a matter of great concern to him; and therefore he thought that he could not do a more important ſervice to both, than by a clear and copious explanation of them in the courſe of his Lectures. To this purpoſe in a pure, unaffected, claſſical ſtile, he went through the two Epiſtles to the *Romans* and the *Coloſſians*.

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As the end of his Lectures was to promote true Religion, not to amuſe fruitleſs curioſity, or to make a vain ſhew of unedifying learning, he made it his firſt care to ſettle the true reading, ſenſe, and propriety of every verſe according to the moſt accurate Canons of Criticiſm; and that he might anſwer this neceſſary end with more certainty, and to better effect, he not only collated every manuſcript Copy of them, but he nicely examined every ancient and modern verſion, and compared them with our own, from which he ſometimes, but with great caution and modeſty diſſented; then he conſulted and conſidered the judgments of the Commentators in all ages and languages, from *Chryſoſtom* and his follower *Theophylact*, down to *Grotius* and other modern Expoſitors of the Sacred Writings. When he had fully cleared the meaning of each paſſage, he propoſed and explained the doctrines of Chriſtianity which fairly and naturally reſulted from it; ſetting them in a proper light to inform the underſtandings, and direct the morals of his audience.

And then in the laſt place, he defended with great force and energy the doctrines, as they are received and aſſented to by the eſtabliſhed Church, in oppoſition to Papiſts, Socinians, and every other faction and hereſy in Religion, whoſe objections he conſidered with candor, and anſwered with convincing clearneſs, and irreſiſtible reaſon.

Some parts of theſe Lectures being left by him in diſorder, may account for his earneſt deſire that his Executor would not ſuffer them to appear in print; but the large ſums which ſome Gentlemen in the firſt rank of learning have thought well worth their care to expend in procuring tranſcribed Copies of them, ſufficiently declare, that true Religion is deprived of great jewels in the concealment of them, and that they are not publiſhed to the world. The Reader will find ſhort extracts from them in the Appendix, N°. 4, 5, 6, *&c.*

Length of time (for it is now near fifty years ſince the Univerſity loſt this eminent Profeſſor) has almoſt ſwallowed up the remembrance of the great

great eclat which his behaviour in the Chair at the Public Divinity Exerciſes then raiſed in the world: but the few perſons now living, who were preſent at ſome of thoſe diſputations, ſpeak of the force and penetration of his reaſoning, the reſiſtleſs flow of his graceful and emphatical elocution, and the authority of his determinations, with the warmeſt ſenſe of ſelf-complacency and admiration; and look upon it as a comfort and advantage to their advanced years, that they were members of that learned body when Dr. *Beaumont* filled the Chair.

Nor was this ſenſe of admiration confined to that place, or felt only in the breaſts of his countrymen; for his character and reputation were ſo much ſpread, and ſo well known abroad, that learned foreigners, when they intended a viſit to that Univerſity, always choſe to make it at a time, when they might both improve and entertain their minds, at thoſe exerciſes, where the Profeſſor, with the moſt copious learning, the fulleſt and cleareſt knowledge of every branch of Polemical Divi-

Divinity, and with that wonderful acuteneſs in anſwering objections, which was peculiar to him, preſided.

It was his conſtant method, upon theſe occaſions, to ſend an invitation to all ſtrangers of rank and character to his own College; where they were received by him with that flow of courteſy and unconſtrained chearfulneſs of converſation, that they ever after retained the memory of it in their minds; and the teſtimony which they then had of his extraordinary merit, raiſed in them ſuch a degree of eſteem and veneration towards him, as produced an uninterrupted intercourſe of friendly correſpondence to the end of his or their lives.

In the year 1689, when the Comprehenſion was promoted under the fair appearance of uniting the whole kingdom in one form of God's worſhip and public devotions, he was nominated among the Commiſſioners appointed for that purpoſe: but he never took his place at that board; for, by his long experience and knowledge of the views

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and principles of thoſe who were enemies to Conformity, he was very ſenſible how little probability there was of their reſting ſatisfied with the alterations in the Liturgy, which were then propoſed; and that, if they had been conſented to, they were ready to frame other exceptions to it, which, he believed, they would have inſiſted upon with equal confidence and obſtinacy.

He continued to diſcharge the ſeveral duties of his office with no leſs application and ſpirit, even when advanced to his 84th year, than he had done in the ſtrength and vigour of his age; nor could the moſt earneſt admonitions of his friends, nor the paſſionate intreaties of his only ſurviving, and deſervedly dear Son diſſuade him from undergoing ſuch fatigues, as nature, at that ſeaſon of life, could not well bear: with this too inflexible regard to his duty, and too little to the warnings of what he conſidered as a ſlight indiſpoſition, he perſiſted in a reſolution to preach in his turn before the Univerſity on the 5th of *November* 1699, and exerted himſelf upon the occaſion with remarkable

energy

energy and alacrity: but when the ſervice of the day was concluded, he perceived himſelf ſo chilled and feeble, that he bore the removal to his own houſe with the utmoſt difficulty. A high Fever came on the ſame evening, and a few days after the Gout in his Stomach; which after he had endured the moſt tormenting pains with that compoſure of mind, and reſignation of himſelf to the diſpoſal of the Supreme Being, which was agreeable to, and might be expected from a review of a well-ſpent life, put an end to his mortal ſtate the 23^{d} day of the ſame month.

Thus after a life full of as much virtue and reputation, as ever fell to the ſhare of one man, died the great and excellent Profeſſor *BEAUMONT*; regretted by all good men, and the whole Univerſity; but moſt of all by the members of that Society, over which he had ſo long, and ſo worthily preſided; who loſt in him the guide of their lives, the director of their ſtudies, the witneſs and encourager of their virtues.

He

He was religious without bigotry, devout without ſuperſtition, learned without pedantry, judicious without cenſorioufneſs, eloquent without vanity, charitable without oſtentation, generous without profuſion, friendly without diſſimulation, courteous without flattery, prudent without cunning, and humble without meanneſs. In ſhort, whoever ſhall hereafter deſerve the reputation of having filled with credit the ſeveral ſtations, which he ſo eminently adorned, will have reaſon to believe full juſtice done to his character, if for learning, piety, judgment, humanity, and good breeding, it may be thought worthy to be compared with that of Dr. *BEAUMONT*.

J. G.

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ERRATA.

Page 13. line 20. for *intentions*, read *contentions*.
15. line 20. for παυλόχραλος, read παυλοχράτος.
22. line 3. for *oppoſite*, read *appoſite*.
33. line 7. for *different*, read *difficult*.
38. line 20. for *viſionaire*, read *viſionnaire*.
48. line 6. for *which after*, read *which, after*.
82. line 1. for *Euchariſtæ*, read *Euchariſtiæ*.

POEMS

POEMS

On ſeveral Occaſions.

Reaſonable Melancholly.

I.

TELL me no more of Sweets and Joys;
Miſcall not things;
Nor flatter poor unworthy Toys
As they were Kings.
'Tis not a pretty Name
That can transform the frame
Of Bitterneſs, and cheat a ſober taſte.
'Tis not a Smile
That can beguile
Good Eyes, and on falſe Joys true Colours caſt.

II.

The World has ſtore of things, which ſhe
Does Paſtimes call,
Which, tho' they ſweet and tempting be,
Yet have their Gall.
Alas! tho' Time be now
Grown old, he's not ſo ſlow

That we ſhould lend him wings; do what we can,
He makes no ſtay:
Miſtaken Play
Paſſeth not Time away, but ſilly Man.

III.

Defiance, fair impoſtur'd Names
Of beauteous Cheats,
Well-favour'd Lies, and handſome Frames
Of poiſon'd Sweets,
Your Bait full fine does ſhew;
But the falſe Hook below
Is bearded with Vexation; who deſires
Sweetly to be
Deſtroyed, he
May burn in your dear Aromatick Fires.

IV.

It muſt be ſo. — Could rotten Earth
Spring with ſound Joys,
Fair Heav'n, and all it's ſacred Mirth
Would ſeem but Toys.
Immortal Pleaſures may
A Soul's brave thirſt allay;
And thoſe alone, thoſe that are kindled by
The flaming grace
Of that bright Face
Which gilds the beauteous Sweets, that ſmile on high.

Come

V.

Come hither Grief; one draught of thee
Will taſte more ſweet
Than all falſe Joy's Hypocriſy,
Which here doth greet
Deluded Souls; one Tear
Flows with more Honey far
Than all *Hyblean* Hives; one pious Sigh
Breaths ſweeter Air,
Than all the fair
Arabia, and can ſooner reach the Sky.

DEATH.

I.

LOOK not ſo fierce; thy hands are ty'd, I know,
And muſt be, till my Maſter lets them go.
Come let us parl awhile, and ſee
What makes the World to fly from thee:
Perhaps there's ſome miſtake, and they
Shou'd rather run to be thy Prey.
Frown not in vain; I long to feel thy Sword,
But thou and I muſt ſtay, till Heaven gives the word.

II.

What Fury's hand rak'd up the monſtrous deep
Of Shame and Horror, thence to fetch an heap

Of ſhapeleſs Shapes, which join'd in one
Make up thy Conſtitution?
Was Night thy Mother, or was Hell?
Both which in thy black Looks do dwell:
Or Sin than both more horrid? Surely none
But ſuch an hideous She could bear ſo foul a Son.

III.

No ſooner born but ſtraight thou learn'dſt thy Trade,
And 'twas Deſtruction: All the World was made
Thine eaſy Prize; nor didſt thou ſpare
To take thy glutt'nous fill: But where
Is all beſtow'd? Thy craving Look
Is ſad and thin, as Famine's Book;
All Fleſh becomes thy Food, yet naked be
Thine ugly Bones; there's nought but Hunger grows in thee.

IV.

Great was thine Empire, and thy Conqueſts great:
The proudeſt Kings bow'd at thy prouder feet.
With bold Corruption thou didſt tread
On Glory's ſtouteſt, faireſt Head.
Thou bad'ſt thy ſhameleſs Worms go feed
In Princes boſoms, and with ſpeed
Gnaw out the marks of Men, that none might know
What diff'rence Human Duſt, from common Earth cou'd
[ſhew.

But

V.

But now all that was Death in thee is dead;
This was thy Sting, and this lies buried
In one ſtrong Grave; and there muſt lie
'Till all the reſt of thee doth die.
Look not ſo grim and fierce; we know
Y'are not our Lord, but Servant now.
Or rather, y'are our Friend; do what you can
You muſt be courteous now, ev'n in deſtroying Man.

VI.

Sweet Death, ſo let me call thee now, thy Hand
Alone can bring our ſhipwreck'd Souls to Land.
Thou with this ſtormy Life compar'd
More calm, more ſweet, more lovely art.
The Graves thou ope'ſt are but the Gates
Of bleſt and everlaſting Fates,
Thro' which our dying Life doth paſs, to be
Born in a ſurer Birth of Immortality.

Cantic. chap. 2. ver. 10. 11. 12. 13.

I.

RISE up my Love, my Faireſt one
Make no delay;
Now Winter's utmoſt blaſt hath blown
Himſelf away.

II.

The cloudy Curtain's drawn aſide
To free the Light;
No drop is left, pure Heav'n to hide
From thy full ſight.

III.

The chearly Earth doth, as ſhe may,
Reflect Heav'n's Face,
With flow'ry Conſtellations gay
In every place.

IV.

Our Birds ſit tuning their ſoft throats
The Angels Quire
To echo back: The Turtles Notes
With them conſpire.

V.

The teeming Fig-tree's new-born Brood
Abroad appear:

The

Vines and young Grapes breath out a good
And wholeſome Air.

VI.

All Sweets invite us to lay down
Our dull delay;
Riſe up my Love, my Faireſt one
And come away.

Thou ſhalt call his Name JESUS. S. Luke 1. 31.

I.

IS it an Incenſe Cloud that breaks,
Or is it Balm the Angel ſpeaks?

CHORUS.

Ne'er did *Arabian* Beds enrich the Sky
With ſuch rich breath, nor Eaſtern field
So pure and balmy Odours yield;
Nor Paradiſe Perfumes aſcend ſo high.

II.

From his fair Lips does Balſam flow,
Or is it Manna that they ſtrew?

CHORUS.

Such fragrant Balſam ne'er drop'd on the Earth,
The kindeſt Heaven ne'er ſhower'd down
So noble Manna on its own
Dear Flock, when Wonders were its uſual birth.

What

III.

What is it then, O who can tell?
Speak Thou thyſelf, ſweet *Gabriel!*

CHORUS.

'Tis Heav'n I ſpeak, from whence I hither came,
To ſhew how all it's Sweets do lie
Couch'd in one rich Epitome,
Of which great Treaſure *JESUS* is the Name.

HOME.

WHAT is Houſe and what is Home,
Where with Freedom thou haſt room,
And may'ſt to all Tyrants ſay,
This you cannot take away?
'Tis no thing with Doors and Walls,
Which at every Earthquake falls;
No fair Towers, whoſe Princely faſhion
Is but Plunder's invitation;
No ſtout Marble Structure, where
Walls Eternity do dare;
No Braſs Gates, no Bars of Steel,
Tho' Time's Teeth they ſcorn to feel:
Braſs is not ſo bold as Pride,
If on Power's Wings it ride;

Marble's

Marble's not ſo hard as Spite
Arm'd with lawleſs Strength and Might.
Right and juſt Poſſeſſion, be
Potent Names, when Laws ſtand free:
But if once that Rampart fall,
Stouteſt Thieves inherit all:
To be rich and weak's a ſure
And ſufficient Forfeiture.
Seek no more abroad, ſay I,
Houſe and Home, but turn thine Eye
Inward, and obſerve thy Breaſt;
There alone dwells ſolid Reſt.
That's a cloſe immured Tower
Which can mock all hoſtile Power.
To thyſelf a Tenant be,
And inhabit ſafe and free.
Say not that this Houſe is ſmall,
Girt up in a narrow Wall:
In a cleanly ſober Mind
Heav'n itſelf full Room doth find.
Th' Infinite CREATOR can
Dwell in it; and may not Man?
Here content make thy abode
With thyſelf and with thy God.
Here in this ſweet privacy
May'ſt thou with thyſelf agree,

And keep Houſe in peace, tho' all
Th' Univerſe's Fabrick fall.
No Diſaſter can diſtreſs thee,
Nor no Fury diſpoſſeſs thee:
Let all War and Plunder come,
Still may'ſt thou dwell ſafe at Home.
Home is every where to thee,
Who can'ſt thine own Dwelling be;
Yea, tho' ruthleſs Death aſſail thee,
Still thy Lodging will not fail thee:
Still thy Soul's thine own; and ſhe
To an Houſe remov'd ſhall be,
An eternal Houſe above,
Wall'd, and roof'd, and pav'd with Love.
There ſhall theſe Mud-walls of thine
Gallantly repair'd out-ſhine
Mortal Stars; — No Stars ſhall be
In that Heav'n but ſuch as Thee.

WISHES.

NOW I have mind and leiſure
To trip a chearly meaſure,
Deſire, come freely hither,
And tell me plainly whether
Thy Wiſhes come not thronging,
And make thee big with longing.
Doſt hanker after Pleaſures,
The Belly's lazy Treaſures,
Which there will rot before thee,
And with Corruption ſtore thee,
Providing quicker breeding
For Worms and fatter feeding?
And howſoe'er it pleaſes
Cheats thee into Diſeaſes.
Do Gold and Silver woo thee?
Abundance will undo thee.
The Metal's ſad; be wary
How much thou ſtriv'ſt to carry.
Enough is vaſter Treaſure,
Than Wealth that knows no meaſure,
Which Dropſy-like may kill thee,
And ſplit, but never fill thee.

To Honour's gaudy Splendor,
Could'ſt thou thyſelf ſurrender,
And court the glitt'ring graces
Of high commanding Places?
Where flatt'ring Eyes' Devotions
Will wait on all thy Motions,
And fouleſt Vices garniſh
With Virtues forced Varniſh;
Where Envy's Diſaffections
Will blaſt thy faireſt Actions,
And in ten thouſand Places
Will undermine thy Paces,
Painting in thy confuſion
A falling Star's concluſion.
Do Wedlock's Looks invite thee
In chaſte Sweets to delight thee?
But what if thou doſt marry
Millions of Cares, and carry
Thy ſingle Freedom's Treaſure
Into a Chain for Pleaſure,
Of which ſole Death can eaſe thee;
A Friend which ſcarce will pleaſe thee?
What, does thy Study lure thee
Within it to immure thee?
Alas vain project, Plunder
Has broke that Plot in ſunder:

Cam-

Cambridge, thy genuine Mother,
Is forc'd to be no other
But Step-dame, and reject thee,
Tho' once ſhe did elect thee.
'Tis well, God does not faſhion
By Man's, his Reprobation.
Would'ſt if thou could'ſt come by it,
Thy Living hold in quiet,
And by its Profits, treaſure
Up Fuel for thy Pleaſure?
Fondling, how thou miſtakeſt
Thy Happineſs, and makeſt
Thy Gain, thy Loſs! Th' haſt gained
Not to be ſpent and pained
With myſtick Cares: Moſt mighty
Heroes who knew the weighty
Burthen of Souls, have faſter
Fled from the Name of Paſtor,
Than unfledg'd Brats now haſten
Upon this charge to faſten.

S. JOHAN. ad Port. Latin.

I.

FOOLISH Tyrant! ſpare thy Coſt,
All thine Oil and Labour's loſt.
This is a Seraph all on fire;
Oil will but feed his Flames up higher.
If thou would'ſt kill him, let him live:
Death his beſt Life to him will give.

II.

Fooliſh Tyrant,
Who thus anoint'ſt thine Enemy
Too ſtrong before for Hell and Thee,
And doſt for ſtreams of Torments, ſhed
Soft Oil of Gladneſs on his Head.

SS. INNOCENTS Day.

I.

GO, Roſeal Buds of Martyrdom,
In Paradiſe go take your room;
Where you may flouriſh, and not fear
That *Herod*'s Sword can crop you there.

Your

II.

Your little Lord that 'ſcapes to-day
All yours in richer Blood will pay:
Firſt let him grow, and fill his Veins
Whoſe Blood muſt waſh the whole World's Stains.

NEW-YEAR's Day.

I.

FEign'd *Janus*, now forget thy Name,
And both thy Faces hide for ſhame.
The nobler Face of Heaven and Earth
Are join'd in this Great Infant's Birth,
Who in his double Nature now is come
To ope the Year at *Bethlehem*, not at *Rome*.

II.

Sweet Earneſt of an happy Year,
Which on thy Front all Heav'n doſt wear,
Shine out Fair Day, that we may ſee
That fairer Sun which ſmiles in Thee.
Shine out, that Heaven and Earth may have the Grace
To read the Name that's printed on thy Face.

EPI-

EPIPHANY OBLATION.

I.

OUR Gold, rich King of Poverty,
Our Incenſe, Infant Deity,
Our Myrrh for thy Humanity,
And our poor ſelves we bring to Thee.
In us our *Eaſt* is hither come,
To meet thine Eyes its fairer Home.

II.

O let this Gold wait on thy Crown:
This Incenſe let thine Altar own;
And this Myrrh on thy Tomb be thrown;
And our *Eaſt* be thine Eyes ſweet Dawn.
So ſhall our other *Eaſt* and we
Adore no Sun, but only Thee.

ASCENSION.

I.

LIFT up your Heads, great Gates, and ſing,
Now Glory comes, and Glory's King;
Now by your high all-golden way
The fairer Heav'n comes home to-day.

Hark!

II.

Hark! now the Gates are ope, and hear
The Tune of each triumphant Sphere,
Where ev'ry Angel as he ſings
Keeps Time with his applauding Wings,
And makes Heav'n's loftieſt Roof rebound
The Echos of the noble Sound.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

I.

FOUNTAIN of Sweets! Eternal Dove!
Which leav'ſt thy glorious Perch above,
And hov'ring down, vouchſafeſt thus
To make thy Neſt below with Us.

II.

Soft as thy ſofteſt Feathers, may
We find thy Love to us to-day;
And in the Shelter of thy Wing
Obtain thy Leave and Grace to Sing.

On the ſame.

I.

THY Heav'nly Kingdom here below
Now like itſelf, dear Lord, doth ſhew,
And needs no Metaphor to tell
How lofty things beneath can dwell;
Now thy Celeſtial Flames are hither ſent
To light the Stars of Earth's new Firmament.

II.

How bright they ſhine! Brave Stars, whoſe Light
Spreads Day upon the face of Night!
And gilds the fartheſt Shades, which lye
Hid from the upper Heaven's great Eye.
Coaſts to the glaring Sun unknown ſhall ſay,
Welcome ſweet Beams of bright Religious Day.

III.

Theſe Heav'ns thy Glory ſhall declare,
And with thy Praiſes fill the Air.
The Tongues of this great Day ſhall ſend
Thy Name unto the World's vaſt End.
Where-e'er it liſts this Spirit ſhall blow, and find
Its Chariot on the Wings of ev'ry Wind.

On the ſame.

TUNE we our Heart-ſtrings high,
And to the Heav'nly Dove,
As we are able, fly
On vocal Wings of Love:
To Him our Thanks and Praiſes pay
In all the Tongues he gave To-Day.

Whiteneſs, or Chaſtity.

TELL me, where doth Whiteneſs grow?
Not on Beds of *Scythian* Snow;
Nor on Alabaſter Hills;
Nor in *Canaan*'s milky Rills;
Nor the dainty living Land
Of a young Queen's Breaſt or Hand;
Nor on Cygnets lovely Necks;
Nor in Lap of Virgin Wax;
Nor upon the ſoft and ſleek
Pillows of the Lilly's Cheek;
Nor the precious ſmiling Heirs
Of the Morning's pearly Tears;

Nor the Silver-ſhaming Grace
Of the Moon's unclouded Face:
No; all theſe Candours
Are but the handſome Slanders
Caſt on the Name of genuine Whiteneſs, which
Doth Thee alone, fair Chaſtity, enrich.

A Morning Hymn.

WHAT's this Morn's bright Eye to Me,
If I ſee not thine and Thee,
Fairer *JESU*; in whoſe Face
All my Heaven is ſpread! Alas,
Still I grovel in dead Night,
Whilſt I want thy living Light;
Dreaming with wide open Eyes
Fond fantaſtick Vanities.
Shine, my only Day-Star, ſhine:
So mine Eyes ſhall wake by thine;
So the Dreams I grope in now
To clear Viſions all ſhall grow;
So my Day ſhall meaſur'd be
By thy Grace's Clarity;

So

So ſhall I diſcern the Path
Thy ſweet Law preſcribed hath;
For thy ways cannot be ſhown
By any Light but by thine own.

An Evening Hymn.

NEVER yet could careleſs Sleep
On Love's watchful Eyelid creep;
Never yet could gloomy Night
Damp his Eye's immortal Light:
Love is his own Day, and ſees
Whatſoe'er himſelf doth pleaſe:
Love his piercing Look can dart
Thro' the Shades of my dark Heart,
And read plainer far than I
All the Spots which there do lye.
Pardon then what thou doſt ſee,
Mighty Love, in wretched Me:
Let the ſweet Wrath of thy Ray
Chide my ſinful Night to Day;
To the bleſſed Day of Grace
Whoſe dear *Eaſt* ſmiles in thy Face.
So no Powers of Darkneſs ſhall
In this Night my Soul appall;

So ſhall I the ſounder ſleep,
'Cauſe my Heart awake I keep,
Meekly waiting upon Thee,
Whilſt Thou deign'ſt to watch for Me.

A FRIEND.

I.

DEAR Name, and dearer thing! to Thee
How dull and coarſe all Jewels be!
Tho' I to them can Love maintain,
Yet they cannot love me again;
Cold Stones are ſparkling gay,
But Thou of Fire of Life doſt make thy Ray.

II.

O could our greedy World but read
The Value of a Friend indeed;
No *Indies* ſhould be raked more,
No Deeps unbowell'd of their Store:
All Voyages ſhould be
Made to no other Port but Amity:

III.

The only Port where we can find
Safe Harbour from the furious Wind

Of

Of treacherous Fortune; ſhe who ranges
About the World with Storms of Changes,
And with her ſudden Shocks
Daſhes Proſperity upon Sorrow's Rocks.

IV.

Why doſt thou go much way about
Vain Man! to find ſome Treaſure out?
'Tis not at City, nor at Court,
At neighbour or at foreign Port,
Where thou can'ſt ſurely find
Thy Hopes, tho' firm and ſtrong, crown'd to thy mind.

V.

O take the neareſt Way: go trade
To gain a Friend, and thou haſt made
A better Market far than they
Who make Returns of glittering Clay,
Which ever was and muſt
Be ſubject unto Envy, Thieves, and Ruſt.

VI.

Haſt thou a Friend! O hold him faſt
As thine own Soul; and know thou haſt
A Prize, which as moſt Kings deſire,
Few are ſo bleſt as to acquire.
Greatneſs may Flatterers gain,
But Friends ſcorn to be drawn by ſuch a Chain.

VII.

Haſt thou a Friend! what'ere thou haſt,
Thou haſt compleatly double: caſt
Up thy Account no more for One,
Thy ſcant Identity is gone:
Thou art thy Friend, and He
By mutual Faith tranſanimates with Thee.

VIII.

That Life He leads in Thee, to Him
More precious than his own doth ſeem;
His own he freely will reſign,
So he may ſtill be ſure of Thine;
Death only makes him live,
When he, by dying, Life to Thee doth give.

IX.

Joys loſe to Him their Name and Taſte
But when with Him thy Share Thou haſt:
Whenever thou receiv'ſt a Wound,
He feels as deep the Strokes rebound,
And claimeth as his right
The Moiety of thy diſaſterous plight.

X.

Tho' all the World upon Thee frown,
He counts Thee ſtill no leſs his own:

'Tis

'Tis not thy Fortune, tho' as high
As is a Crown's brave Majeſty;
But 'tis thyſelf alone
Which knits Him to Thee in Love's Union.

XI.

Of Virtue's genuine Faithfulneſs
True Love's pure Cement temper'd is;
A Cement that diſdains to feel
Time's Teeth, which triumph over Steel,
Or ſuffer any Harm
From angry Fortune's moſt outrageous Storm.

XII.

Parental Kindneſs cold may grow,
And filial Duty ceaſe to glow;
Ev'n matrimonial Fervour may
Be chill and faint and dye away:
But Friendſhip's res'lute Heat
In Loyalty's eternal Pulſe doth beat.

XIII.

Tell all things elſe by thy ſlight Eye,
Thou ſcorn'ſt their gloſing Treachery;
But, next to thy Devotions, ſpend
Thy holieſt Powers upon thy Friend.
None but thy God, and He
Inſeparably linked are to Thee.

FRIENDS.

I.

THY Friends! nay, ſpare the Plural there;
Such things as Friends are Singular:
Thou of thy Phœnixes as well
May'ſt tell
Thy tale, and be believ'd as ſoon,
That thou haſt many of what ſcarce is one.

II.

Shines thy Sun fair? that glaring Light
To ſhew a Friend is too too bright:
The Day with gloomy Shades oppreſs'd
Will beſt
Diſcover him, whoſe Worth by none
But its own gen'rous Rays is ſeen alone.

III.

Alas! thy fawning Courtiers be
Friends of thy Fortune, not of Thee:
Let Her but frown, and they will do
So too.
Be wary then, and juſt as far
Rely on them, as thou can'ſt truſt to Her.

IV.

But haſt thou met a faithful Heart?
In ſpite of Fortune bleſt thou art.
Write others down Acquaintance, yet
Admit
Sole Him into thy Friends' dear Roll;
Them in thine Arms embrace, Him in thy Soul.

HONOUR.

I.

AMBITIOUS Sir, take heed,
For thou on Glaſs doſt tread:
No Glaſs more beautiful and clear
Than all the Paths of Honour are;
No Glaſs more ſlippery can be,
Or brittle, than deceitful She.

II.

Ambitious Sir, take heed!
Thou truſteſt to a Reed:
No Reeds more toſs'd, and ſcorned by
All Winds, than Honour's Bravery;
No Reed will wound more deeply thee
Who lean'ſt on it, than treacherous She.

III.

Ambitious Sir, take heed!
Thou rid'ſt a dang'rous Steed:
No Steed his Creſt doth more advance,
Or proudlier than Honour prance;
No Steed did e'er ſo fatally
Stumble, as moſt uncertain She.

IV.

Ambitious Sir, take heed!
Thou doſt on Poiſon feed:
No Poiſon in a goodlier Cup
Than that of Honour ſerved up;
No Poiſon e'er made Drinker be
More ſwollen than doth baneful She.

LOVE's Eye.

I.

BOLD Proverb! do not thus blaſpheme:
What, is Love blind? why, GOD is Love,
And can'ſt thou Blindneſs charge on Him
Who is all Eye? Do but remove
Falſe Prejudice, and thou ſhalt find
'Tis Paſſion, and not Love is blind.

Love's

II.

Love's of ſo quick a ſight, that He
Aforehand with his Object is,
And into dark Futurity
With præſciential Rays doth preſs.
How ſtrange were Heav'n's fam'd Bliſs, which lies
In Viſion, had Heav'n's King no Eyes!

III.

Haſt thou not heard how He ſet ope
Thoſe Eyelids into broad day ſight,
Which Nature's Seal had dammed up
With a deep-lay'd annealed Night?
And how can He in Blindneſs live
Who, ſpite of Nature, Eyes can give?

IV.

And wonder not that by a Clay,
(The likelieſt thing to cloſe them up)
He them unlock'd; this was the way
His own Divinity to ope:
A way which none but He could take,
Who Man at firſt of Clay did make.

V.

But if by Love thy meaning were
Vain *Cupid*, I conſent with thee;
Blindneſs herſelf would never dare
To count herſelf more blind than He:

And juſtly He doth want his Sight,
Who joys in none but Deeds of Night.

The Oath.

I.

YES, *As I live*, I'll do't.—Nay ſtay
My Friend, if that be all, I may
Not reſt on this Security;
Your ſwearing by
Your *Life*, doth but my Faith deter,
For you but by a Vapour ſwear.

II.

Your Life! what Leaſe makes Life your own?
May not your flitting Breath be blown
Away by every moment's Blaſt?
Future, and *paſt*,
Quite out of thy poſſeſſion are,
And *preſent*'s gone as ſoon as here.

III.

What mean'ſt thou then by *As I Live?*
Death can thy Confidence deceive,
And make thee dye a perjur'd Man
Preciſely when
Thou'rt ſwearing by thy Life: Take heed,
That Oath thy Eſſence doth exceed:

An

IV.

An Oath, which only doth become
The mighty Mouth of GOD, from whom
Life learn'd to live. — Ah, mortal Wight,
I ſooner might
Yield on thy Credit to rely,
If thou but ſweareſt, *As I Dye!*

The World.

I.

NAY, now I'm ſure my Judgment's ſound,
Since ripe Experience is its ground.
Why, I myſelf have felt and ſeen
Thy tedious Vanity,
Fond ſhameleſs World, and can'ſt thou ween
I will for Thee ev'n Common Senſe deny?

II.

Thou wear'ſt a beauteous Skin, I grant;
And do the deadly Serpents want
Thoſe dangerous Hypocriſies?
Or is the Poiſon's Soul
Leſs its curs'd ſelf, becauſe it lies
In the brave Ambuſh of a Golden Bowl?

When

III.

When *Iſrael*'s and Wiſdom's King
Did ſtoutly to the touchſtone bring
Thy faireſt Pieces, did not they
Prove baſe and Counterfeits?
Whoſe Stamp tho' neat, and Colour gay,
Their pureſt Ore was but refined Cheats.

IV.

And, Oh that I had been content
To reſt on his Experiment!
But ſince I at the Coſt have been
By Thee deceiv'd to be,
'Tis not another World could win
My Heart to dote or truſt on empty Thee.

V.

Go, fawn on thoſe, whoſe frothy Mind
Can Solace in a Bubble find,
And *Juno* in a Cloud embrace;
Who by the lying Paint
Which ſmiles upon their Idol's Face,
Doubt not to count the Beauties of their Saint.

The Journey.

MY Parents dear to ſee to-day
My Duty ſummons me away;
Yet muſt my Heart firſt wait on Thee,
Great Father, both of them and me.
So guide my Journey, that I may
Remember ſtill Thou art my Way.
Thou art my Way, and if of Thee I miſs,
My plaineſt Path will prove a Precipice.

Winter-Spring, May 18.

I.

O How the World's amazement now doth ſtare
Upon this Contradiction of the Year!
Whilſt frowning *January*'s Froſt
Doth ſmiling *Maia*'s Beauties blaſt;
Whilſt Winter his chaſt Bounds forgets,
And on the Virgin Spring a Rape commits.

II.

Poor raviſh'd Spring! how ev'ry Leaf confeſſes
The Violence done to her goodly Treſſes!
Her woeful Head how ſadly ſhe
Hangs down in ev'ry Flow'r! No Tree,

No Field, no Garden, where ſhe went,
But doth her piteous Injury lament.

III.

Mark well, my Heart, too plainly painted here
The Emblem of thyſelf in this ſad Year:
The Rays of Righteouſneſs's Sun
By gracious Nearneſs had begun
With Vernal Beauties thee to grace,
And Heav'n's ſweet Dew had waſh'd and chear'd thy Face:

IV.

But blaſted now by Indevotion's Cold,
Thy youthful Spring turns withered and old;
The Beds where thy fair Flowr's did grow
Alas! are but their Death-beds now:
Nipp'd in their Bud thy Firſt-Fruits are,
And thou can'ſt only ſay, Such Sweets grew here!

V.

And has ſome ſudden Anger ſnatch'd away
Thy courteous Sun? O no; thyſelf didſt ſtray
From thine own Bliſs: He, conſtant He
Deſires not retrograde to be:
It is not this, but th' other Sun
Who of himſelf doth back to Winter run.

Elo-

Eloquence.

I.

TO ſpeak or write
Things which dare meet the ſearching Light,
Solid Diſcourſes pois'd with fit
Judgment, and trimm'd with handſome Wit;
Sweet Numbers, which can Pleaſure's Soul diſtill,
And thro' the willing Heart their Conqueſts thrill;

II.

Words tuned by
The heavenly Sphere's high Melody,
Which with Devotion's Muſick ring,
And the Creator's Glory ſing,
Words which with charming raviſhment ſurprize,
And all the Hearers' Souls imparadiſe;

III.

Is brave, I grant:
And yet no certain argument
But he who thus doth ſpeak or write
May be a Brat of ſwarthy Night;
Nor muſt we think to calculate the Men
By the ſole Horoſcope of Tongue or Pen.

IV.

The Hand which paints
The Glories of ſin-conquering Saints,
And makes the Deaths of Martyrs able
To breath freſh Life on a dead Table,
Upon a wicked Arm too often grows:
'Tis them, and not himſelf the Painter draws.

V.

That Man for me
Not in whoſe Words, but Deeds I ſee
Zeal's gallant Flames. I dare not found
Subſtantial Worth upon a Sound:
His only is the ſolid Excellence
Of Rhetorick, whoſe Life's his Eloquence.

Scripture tranſlated.

I.

OF Babes in *Chriſt* is this your care,
To let them dang'rous Weapons wear?
What you eſteem the ſafely-handled Word,
Is ſharper than a two-edg'd Sword:
Muſt Children's fond Temerity
With two-edg'd Tools intruſted be?

Yes,

II.

Yes, Sophiſter, with this they may:
Altho' themſelves with it they ſlay,
Their Sacrifice gives Heav'n the beſt content,
When they a broken Heart preſent:
And only by this Sword they can
Cut off their old condemned Man.

III.

The ſturdy Heretick it is,
And not the tender Babe, whom this
Weapon doth arm for Miſchief: that wild Wight
Under Hell's Dragon loves to fight:
But Heaven's moſt gentle Lamb of all
Meek harmleſs Babes is General.

IV.

And He doth by his own ſweet might
Teach them to weild this Sword aright.
To God thou need'ſt not lend thy Caution thus,
For fear his Gift prove dangerous:
Thou may'ſt thy Preachers, but 'tis odd
Methinks, for Man to ſilence God.

V.

Yet if he will in Latin teach,
He ſhall thy Licenſe have to preach,

And

And Sermons he *ad Clerum* when he pleaſe
May freely make. But have not theſe
Lay ſimple Souls more need, good Sir,
Than your learn'd Scholars, Him to hear?

VI.

Come, come; 'twas ne'er Saint *Peter*'s mind
The Spirit's Sword ſhould be confin'd,
And under his Keys locked up: 'tis you
Who in your Latin Scabbard now
Keep it ſo cloſe, I more than fear
That Ruſt, at leaſt, it gathers there.

VII.

Then draw it out, for ſhame, and let
Careful Tranſlations furbiſh it:
The oft'ner thus you draw it, you will ſee
It brighter, and more genuine be.
Draw, draw; if not for Laymen, yet
For your own Prieſts it may be fit.

Life's

Life's Uncertainty.

I.

WHAT ail'ſt thou, to complain of what
Thy Heart believeth not?
Why cry'ſt thou out on Life's Uncertainty,
And yet prepareſt not to dye?
Either thy Mock-Repinings ſpare,
Or elſe be true to thine own Fear.

II.

Yet let me tell thee, hadſt thou wiſe
And right-diſcerning Eyes,
Thou might'ſt an advantageous Courteſy
In Life's Uncertainty eſpy,
And ground to thank thy Lord, that he
Let it not out by Leaſe to thee.

III.

This was the way Love did contrive
To make thee truly live
Before thou dy'ſt, and after thou art dead:
The only way thy Heart to lead
On in devout religious Care,
And holy profitable Fear.

IV.

Thy brittle Life's Inconſtancy
Alarms thee conſtantly
To ſtand upon thy never-ſleeping guard,
And Night and Day keep watch and ward:
By which ſtrict Diſcipline may'ſt thou
In thy Lord's ſervice perfect grow.

V.

So wilt thou ſuffer no ſly Sin
Thy Hold to undermine;
So ſhalt thou ſift by wiſe Examination
The bottom of each fair Temptation:
For Spies Temptations are, and ſent
To murder thee in compliment.

VI.

Wert thou for any term ſecure
That this Life ſhould endure,
Alas, how eas'ly would'ſt thou yield to ſet
Up all thy Reſt and Joys in it!
And never ſtrive that Life to gain,
Which ſhall for evermore remain.

VII.

But now be brave, and throw diſdain
On what thou find'ſt ſo vain.

Is not thy Soul eternal? and can ſhe
On this ſhort Vapour doating be?
A Vapour, which each minute may
Break, toſs, and mock, and puff away!

S. PETER's Cock.

I.

WITH what indiff'rence read I how
The Cock did by his ſignal Crow
Alarm Saint *Peter*'s Heart!
No Echo in my Breaſt I felt,
Into the thought of my own Guilt
To make my Conſcience ſtart.

II.

But ah! ſweet Lord of Lenity,
Have not ungrateful faithleſs I
Deny'd Thee more than thrice?
And has the Cock not warned me
To think of both myſelf and Thee
By crowing more than twice.

III.

Should all my Life be brought to trial,
It would appear but a Denial

Of what I owe to Thee:
Yet no ſuch terrible Temptation
As *Peter*'s was, e'er made invaſion
Upon my Loyalty.

IV.

Alas! the Cock, who by his Crow
Doth terror upon Lions throw,
Hath never frighted me:
I bolder am than they, for I
Tho' but a Worm, have dared thy
Almighty Majeſty.

V.

Sweet *Jeſu*, it muſt be the Art
Of Love, which ſeizeth this my Heart
With penitent pious Fear:
Soft Strokes will ſteal themſelves into
The Flint of that hard Soul, which no
Fierce Violence can tear.

VI.

O turn to me thy gracious Eye,
And with its dear Artillery
Shoot, ſhoot my Boſom thro';
My Heart, tho' deaf unto the ſtroke
Of Sound, may learn to hear a Look,
And broken, Weeper grow.

Thy

VII.

Thy bleſſed Look knows how to ſpeak
Louder than any Voice, and ſhake
The ſturdieſt Heart aſunder:
For in the radiant Treaſury,
Great Lord, of thy Soul-conquering Eye,
Both Lightning dwells and Thunder.

The Maſter. S. Matth. 11. 29.

I.

WOULD thy Ambition paint thy Story
With Learning's never-fading Glory?
Thy aim is brave and high,
If thou thy Maſter warily
Doſt chooſe; for ſuch a choice, to thee
Will half the way to Learning be.

II.

Looks thy Election now about
To find ſome Man or other out,
Whom Wiſdom's Fame doth crown?
Take heed: for Error's plainly grown
So epidemical, that ſhe
Becomes an human Property.

III.

Look higher then; thine Eye advance
Above that Cloud of Ignorance
Which blinds this World below:
Hark how the heav'nly Maſter now
His Scholars woo's; —Come all, ſays he,
Who would be learn'd, and *Learn of Me.*

IV.

Who would not learn of Him? and yet
How few Diſciples does He get!
All Oracles are dumb
But His; and yet how ſlow we come
To only Him! how fondly we
Fain would, yet would not learned be!

V.

For Knowledge ſtill doth tempt us all,
Nor fell we by our fatal Fall
From that Ambition, which
For the forbidden Fruit did itch:
But now true Knowledge on no Tree
Can grow, but that which once bare Thee.

The Leſſon. ibid.

I.

WHAT Leſſon reads Heav'n's Maſter now?
Is't not too high for Worms below?
Can moſt immeaſurable He
Shroud in our ſcant capacity?
Does not the very plaineſt Alphabet
Of Heav'nly Wiſdom poſe our quickeſt Wit?

II.

Know then, that tho' He Sovereign be
In Wiſdom's glorious Monarchy;
He's ſo in Mercy's too, and can
Stoop to the loweſt Form of Man.
He who himſelf unto the Croſs did bow,
Will not diſdain to teach true Wiſdom now.

III.

Witneſs his eaſy Leſſon, which
Tho' Heav'nly, doth no higher reach
Than *Lowlineſs:* and who is he
Who here can want Capacity?
Deſcent's Earth's natural Motion, and how
Can it be hard for Sons of Clay to bow?

IV.

Come learn of Me, for meek am I
And *lowly*, cryeth the Moſt High.
Ne'er didſt thou in *Lyceum*, ne'er
In the grave Porch this Leſſon hear;
The lofty Academy ne'er could reach
So high as this moſt lowly Leſſon's pitch.

V.

O ſtudy then with all thy Art
This Leſſon how to get by Heart:
By Heart, by Heart it muſt be got,
And not upon thy outſide float.
Meekneſs is then right built, when thou canſt find
Her Ground-work in the bottom of thy Mind.

Anger.

I.

MY Friend, run quickly to thy Glaſs,
And read thy Cure in thine own Face.
Why ſhould the Scorpion be
The readieſt Remedy
For his own Poiſon, and not thou?
Apply, apply; 'twill do, I know.

II.

See what black Clouds thy Brow deform
With grim Threats of th' approaching Storm!
Lo! how thy pallid Cheek
And trembling Lips do ſeek
To make thee underſtand, how thou
Art poſting to ſelf-torture now!

III.

Look how thy working troubled Eye
In its own Fire doth ſtrangely fry!
What Frowns plow up the grace
Of thy diſturbed Face,
Preventing Time, and making thee
In one hour old and wrinkled be!

IV.

On mine rely not, but receive
The Warning that thyſelf do'ſt give:
Did'ſt ever view a Sight
Fuller of ugly Fright?
Be calmer then, in mercy to
Thy tortur'd ſelf, tho' not thy Foe.

The Times.

I.

WHY ſlander we the Times?
What Crimes
Have Days and Years, that we
Thus charge on them Iniquity?
If we would rightly ſcan,
'Tis not the Times are bad, but Man.

II.

Conſtant Obedience they
Do pay
To their great Maker; and
Do we do ſo? Nay, never ſtand
To ſtudy Shifts; 'tis plain
'Tis our Blot which the Times doth ſtain.

III.

If thy Deſire it be
To ſee
The Times prove good, be thou
But ſuch thyſelf, and ſurely know
That all thy Days to thee
Shall, ſpite of Miſchief, happy be.

The Rich Scorner. S. Luke 16. 21.

I.

WHAT? ſhall thy Dogs more courteous
Be, than thyſelf, to *Lazarus?*
Shall their Tongues court his Sores, and thine mean while
His Miſery revile?
Strange Metamorphoſis! which thus doth make
The Maſter ſtrive to bark, the Dogs to ſpeak.

II.

Take heed: the Play may ſoon be done:
For in Life's Comedy not one
Of all the Acts but well may be the laſt.
O do but then forecaſt
What thy high Part will prove, when thou ſhalt be
Quite level'd by the juſt Cataſtrophe.

III.

May not thine Exit follow'd be
With helliſh Hiſſings? May not he
His Plaudit find clap'd by fair Angels' Wings?
Come, come, great Sir, theſe things
Are not vain Fancy's Froth; Life, tho' it be
A Play, will prove a real Hiſtory.

Home.

I.

HOME's Home, altho' it reached be
Thro' Wet and Dirt and Night; tho' heartily
I welcom'd was, yet ſomething ſtill,
Methinks, was wanting to fulfil
Content's odd Appetite: no cheer,
Say I, ſo good as that which meets me here,

II.

Here, here at Home: Not that my Board
I find with quainter, richer Dainties ſtor'd;
No, my high Welcome all in this
Cheap ſimple Word preſented is,
My *Home*; a Word ſo dearly ſweet,
That all Variety in it I meet.

III.

When I'm abroad, my Joys are ſo,
And therefore they to me ſeem Strangers too:
I may ſalute them lovingly,
But muſt not too familiar be;
Some ceremonious Points there are
Which me from Pleaſure's careleſs Freedom bar.

There

IV.

There muſt my Mirth's Tunes taken be
Not by mine own, but by my Convive's Key:
My Words and Smiles muſt temporize,
And I myſelf a Sacrifice
Muſt on that Humour's Altar yield,
Which there the Company ſhall pleaſe to build.

V.

If there on every Diſh I taſt,
'Tis not myſelf, but ſome Diſeaſe I feaſt;
My Friend ſuſpects if I forbear,
That I neglect him and his Cheer:
Nor is it eaſy to prevent
Or mine own Miſchief, or his Diſcontent.

VI.

But Home, ſweet Home, releaſeth me
From anxious Joys, into the Liberty
Of unſollicitous Delight;
Which howſoever mean and ſlight,
By being abſolutely free
Enthrones me in Contentment's Monarchy.

Idleneſs.

I.

O Tedious Idleneſs,
How irkſome is
Thy fooliſh Nothing! When all day
I ſtruggled thro' the craggieſt way
Of knottieſt Learning to get up
To the fair top
Of ſome clear Knowledge, I did never find
My Body half ſo tir'd, ſo damp'd my Mind,

II.

So tir'd and damp'd as now:
For monſtrous thou
Thwart'ſt ev'n mine Eſſence, and doſt choak
My ſprightful Flame in drowſy Smoke.
Surely a Soul which dwells among
A quick and ſtrong
Conſort of Organs, ne'er was ſeated there
To lend to Sloth's dull Pipe her active Ear.

III.

Were I to curſe my Foe,
I'd damn him to
No Hell but thee; in whoſe blind Grot
He, tho' in Health, might lie and rot,

And

And prove Death's wretched Sacrifice
Before he dies;
Whilſt he himſelf doth to himſelf become
Both the dead Carcaſe and the living Tomb.

IV.

May ſome Work ever keep
My Eyes from Sleep
Whilſt they are waking! tho' it be
But ſome poor Song to throw at Thee,
Miſchievous Sloth. Alas! I grutch
That I ſo much
Of this my little Time expend, whilſt I
All Night ſeal'd up in lazy Slumbers lye.

V.

The longeſt Summer Day
Strait poſts away:
An honeſtly employed Mind
Doth ſhrivel'd-up *December* find
In wide-ſpread *June*, and thinks black Night
Crowds out fair Light
As ſoon when *Sol* thro' lofty *Cancer* rides,
As when down to the *Fiſhes* Depth he ſlides.

Hope.

I.

YET ſtill bear up: No Bark did e'er
By ſtooping to the Storm of Fear
'Scape that Tempeſt's Wrath, which rent
Two into one Element;
Whilſt into one
Confuſion
The groaning Air, and weeping Water run.

II.

Bear up; and thoſe proud Waves which daſh thee
Shall but only fairer waſh thee.
Bear up; and thou at length ſhalt find
All theſe Bluſt'rings are but Wind.
Truſt Hope, and be
Aſſur'd that ſhe
Will find thee out an Haven 'midſt the Sea.

III.

Suſpect not any ſtony Shelf;
No Rock can ſplit Thee, but Thyſelf.
Hope caſts her Anchor upward, where
No Storm durſt ever domineer.
Her Hand kind ſhe
Holds out to thee,
To bid thee welcome to Security.

IV.

O then take her aboard, altho'
All other Wares thou out doſt throw;
Thy Bark will only lighter be
By Hope's chearly Company;
Tho' ſhe doth far
Outweigh whate'er
To ſtop the Waves' wide Mouths thou threw'ſt in there.

V.

Hope, tho' ſlow ſhe be, and late,
Yet outruns ſwift Time and Fate;
And aforehand loves to be
With moſt remote Futurity.
Hope, tho' ſhe dies,
Immortal is,
And in Fruition's Fruit doth fairer riſe.

VI.

Hope is Comfort in Diſtreſs;
Hope is in Misfortune Bliſs:
Hope in Sorrow is Delight;
Hope is Day in darkeſt Night.
Nor wonder at
This riddling Knot,
For Hope is ev'ry Thing which ſhe is not.

Con-

Content. Philip. 4. 11.

I.

DIVINE Content!
O could the World reſent
How much of Bliſs doth lye
Wrap'd up in thy
Delicious Name; and at
How low a Rate
Thou might'ſt be bought; no Trade would driven be
To purchaſe any Wealth, but only Thee!

II.

Thee, precious Thee,
Who can'ſt make Poverty
As rich as th' Eaſtern Shore,
Or Weſtern Ore;
And furniſh *Job* a Seat
More fair and ſweet
Upon the Dunghill, than the glitt'ring Throne
Of Glory's Darling, pompous *Solomon.*

III.

And why may I
Not valiantly defy
The Face of any Storm
Miſchance can arm

Againſt

Againſt my Bark? Why may
I not obey
His Will, which, tho' a Flood of Gall it ſeems,
Will by Submiſſion, turn to Honey Streams?

IV.

What will it coſt,
When I by Storms am toſs'd,
Not by repining to
Augment my Woe?
Let all the Wind's worſt Ire
Proudly conſpire;
Yet, if I durſt but ſay, *I am content*,
Thoſe Winds may whiſtle, for their Fury's ſpent.

V.

Content's the thing
Which makes the Slave a King,
Whilſt in all Fortunes, ſtill
He has his Will:
Nor do his Gives to him
More heavy ſeem
Becauſe of Braſs, than if they were of Gold;
For, his own Slav'ry, he in Chains doth hold.

VI.

Content can laugh
At all Mishaps, and ſcoff

Ev'n Scoffings and Diſgraces;
Content outfaces
All Impudence, ev'n by
Meek Modeſty:
And the Career of Oppoſition breaks,
Only becauſe ſhe no reſiſtance makes.

VII.

Content can be
Full, and good Company
In Solitude: Content's
Chriſtmas in *Lent*;
In Wracks and Loſſes, Gain;
Sun-ſhine in Rain;
A Crop of Sons and Daughters ſpringing from
A ſingle Bed, or Barrenneſs of Womb.

VIII.

Content, is Peace
Amidſt War's Miſeries:
Content is Reſt, altho'
Sleep flies the Brow.
Content, in Plunder's Wealth,
In Sickneſs Health,
Fruition in Hope, Plenty in Dearth,
In Night Day, Life in Death, and Heav'n on Earth.

O dear

IX.

O dear Content,
Thou only Firmament,
Where Stars can fixed ſhine;
May I in thine
Illuſtrious Orb, above
All Motions move!
So ſhall my panting Heart, with reſtleſs Reſt
Wherever I am whirl'd about, be bleſt.

A Dialogue. S. Luke 16. ver. 24.

DIVES.

O Let thy Pity, gracious Sire,
Drop down on my tormenting Fire!
Tho' in profoundeſt Death I fry,
Alas! I have not leave to dye.
Lo! how, with my Complaint, the Flame
Forth from my ſcorched Lips doth ſtream:
One Drop of Water will to me
An Ocean of Comfort be:
Send *Lazarus* then to me beneath,
To quench my Tongue and cool my Death.

ABRAHAM. ℣. 25.

When Thou and He on Earth did dwell,
Thou hadſt thy Heav'n, and He his Hell:
But changed both, you now do reign,
In Pleaſure He, and thou in Pain.

℣. 26.

Beſides, between our Realm and yours,
A mighty Gulph the way devours,
And frights all feet from vent'ring thro'
From you to us, and us to you.

DIVES. ℣. 27, 28.

Then let him warn my Brethren, how
To 'ſcape this Sink of Deaths below:
'Tis Loſs more than enough, that thus
Hell has gain'd One of Six of us.

ABRAHAM. ℣. 29.

What other Preachers need they, who
May to the Law and Prophets go?

DIVES. ℣. 30.

If one from Death to Life repent,
'Twill make them alſo penitent;
A dead Tongue moves the quickſieſt, and
No Pulpits can like Graves command.

ABRAHAM. ℣. 31.

When *Moſes* and the Prophets can
Not rouſe th' impenitent Heart of Man,
No Reſurrection from the Dead
Will raiſe him from his ſinful Bed.

A Dialogue. S. John 11. ver. 21.

MARTHA.

DEATH had not ventur'd to draw near,
Hadſt Thou, Great Lord of Life, been here.
But in thine abſence bold he grew,
And us in our dear Brother ſlew.

JESUS. ℣. 23

Thy Brother fell, when he was ſlain,
But to rebound to Life again.

MARTHA. ℣. 24.

I know that he ſhall raiſe his Head
Again, when Time is put to bed;
When thy great Trump ſhall ſummon forth
The World, and wake up Duſt from Earth.

JESUS. ℣. 25.

Already Faith's clear Eye in me
May Life and Reſurrection ſee.

Who

Who puts in me his faithful truſt,
Shall live ev'n in his bury'd Duſt;
Nor ever ſhall Death's proudeſt Darts
Feed on believing living Hearts.
Believ'ſt thou this?

MARTHA. ℣. 27.

Sweet Lord, no more;
My Faith doth Thee as God adore,
Who from thy Father's Boſom forth
Didſt come to bring down Heav'n to Earth.

MARY. ℣. 32.

Dear Lord, who once vouchſaf'ſt to let
My Ointment dew thy bleſſed Feet,
O give me leave, that I before
Theſe Altars now my Tears may pour:
That for thy Burial was; but this
Effuſion for my Brother's is.
For he, becauſe Thou wert not here,
Is flown to Heav'n to ſeek Thee there.

JESUS. ℣. 34.

Where is he laid?

MARY.

Sweet Lord, O come,
See our Grief's Monument, his Tomb.

JESUS.

JESUS. ℣. 39.

Remove the Stone.

MARTHA.

Corruption now
Has had four Days mature to grow:
Alas! what Comfort can we think
Such Graves' Mouths breathe, but deadly Stink?

JESUS. ℣. 40.

Told I not thee, thy faithful Eye
God's glorious Power ſhould deſcry?
Alas! thy Faith (as thou ſhalt ſee)
More dead and rotten is than he.
—*Lazarus, come forth!*

℣. 44.

He comes, he comes!
O mighty Word, which can from Tombs
Fright Death and Fate; and make him, who
Is ty'd and bound, have pow'r to go!

EASTER Dialogue. S. Joh. 20. 13.

1ſt ANGEL.

THOSE Fun'ral Tears why doſt thou ſhed
On *Life*'s and *Reſurrection*'s Bed?

2d ANGEL.

Why muſt thoſe low'ring Clouds of Sadneſs
Deflow'r this Virgin Morn of Gladneſs?

MAGDALENE.

What Morn of Gladneſs, now the Sun
Of all my faireſt Joys is gone;
He whom my Soul did hope to meet
Here in this Weſt in which he ſet?
But Oh! that more than deadly Spight,
Which rob'd him of his Life's ſweet Light,
Lives here, you ſee, in Death's own Cave,
And plunders him ev'n of his Grave.
Nor know I where our Foes have ſet
His Body and my Soul with it.

JESUS.

Woman, to what Loſs do thine Eyes
Such full Drink-Off'rings ſacrifice?

MAGDALENE.

Sweet Gard'ner, if thy Hand it were
Which did tranſplant him, tell me where

Thou

Thou ſet'ſt that precious Root on whom
Grow all my Hopes; and I will from
That Soil remove him to a Bed
With Balm, and Myrrh, and Spices ſpread,
Where by mine Eyes' two Fountains he
For evermore ſhall water'd be.

JESUS.
Mary.

MAGDALENE.
O Maſter!

ANGELS 1ſt & 2d.
With what ſweet
Fury ſhe flies at his dear Feet,
To weep and kiſs out, what ſhe by
Her Tongue could never ſignify!
O no! the Powers of ſweeteſt Tongues
Of String or Pipe-attended Songs,
Can raiſe no pitch of Joy ſo high
As *Eaſter*'s riſing Majeſty.
O glorious Reſurrection which does riſe
Above the Reach of loftieſt Ecſtacies!

POEMATA VARIA.

AUCTORE

JOSEPHO BEAUMONT, S.T.P.

Magi ad Chriſtum.

PRIMUS.

I.

O Tu, ſereni deliciæ Poli!
O Matre longè Gnate vetuſtior!
O arra Cælorum, O Catena
Quæ Superos Homineſque jungis!

II.

In ſe remigrent byſſina luminum
Plenaſque reddant pallia gemmulas.
Exceſſit huc Ganges, tuumque
Ipſe Oriens coliturus ortum.

III.

Nunc ſume flavas pocula filias
Summi Metalli; nunc cochlearia
Ceſſantis hæredes mamillæ,
Et teneri famulos palati.

IV.

Dum colla ſperant hæ tua bracteæ
Ludunt refractis lumina ſaltibus.
Sume has catenas, ſume amicas,
Non aliter tibi vincla vellem.

SECUNDUS.

SECUNDUS.

I.

Cæli propago; ſigniferi faber;
Lux prima Phœbi; maxime parvule;
Qui ſolus Atlas, quique ſolus
Omnipotens, tenerumque Numen,

II.

Permitte, (noſtro pectore ſtat focus)
Permitte parvam thuris adoream;
Fumumque per nares vagari,
Et tenebras ſimulare ſuaves.

TERTIUS.

I.

O Horte nuper conſite, ſemina
Cujus dederunt ſydera; ſydera
Jam victa demiſſo decore,
Jam ſtabuli radiis minora.

II.

Frontis venuſtis jungito liliis
Myrrham; genarum conſere florido
Myrrham roſeto. Veſtris odore
Myrrha cupit redolere vultûs.

In

In Chriſti Paſſionem, Threnodia.

SUSPIRIUM I. Mat. 27. 2.

Δήσαντες αὐτὸν, ἀπήγαγον, καὶ παρέδωκαν αὐτὸν Ποντίῳ Πιλάτῳ τῷ ἡγεμόνι.

I.

PORTARE parvum eſt pondera criminum,
Ni detur ultra, crimine cum novo
Pondus catenæ? has plùs peritè
Vota manus ſociare norûnt.

II.

Sic oſculantèr cur digitos procus
Ferratus ambit? pulchrior annulus
Debetur illis, et refuſo
Gemma ſuo radiaret auro.

III.

En O! ſatelles ruminat horrido
In dente bilem, marmora complicans
Calloſa vultûs, ut minaci
Latius expatientur irâ.

IV.

Cætus protervis æthera fuſtibus
Stuprant querentem; luſitat enſium
Fatale fulgur, dum catervæ
Fulmina vociferantis, iſtis

Condigna

V.

Condigna factis præmia perſonant,
Quaſſoque narrant flagitium polo.
Ecce! ecce porrecti furoris
Dextra ſacrum violenta corpus

VI.

Contemptuoſo promovet impetu,
Donec fatetur proxima Curiæ
Horrenda majeſtas tribunal
Quo timide ſedet aura judex.

VII.

Sic terrefactæ vulnera carbaſo
Sufflatus Eurus denſat, et aſſerum
Fædus procelloſo reſolvit
Diſſidio, minuitque mali

VIII.

Illâ innocentem ſorte Superbiam.
Hujus furores diſcipulus ſtudet
Primo, Euroauſter murmuranter
Mox tumidis recitare buccis.

IX.

Accitus iſto cominus irruit
Fragore Caurus, nec minus impetu
Dives tremendo, vel ruinæ
Mitior ambitione fertur.

Incerta

X.

Incerta fati, certaque vellitur
Hinc inde Navis; factaque frivolè
Vicina Cælo, proniore
Prora petit Phlegetonta roſtro.

XI.

Illamque tandem ſpumea naufragi
Index doloris ſuſcipit, aurium
Indocta ſemper, viſcerumque
Scylla, necem minitante ſaxo.

SUSPIRIUM II. ℣. 11.

Ὁ δὲ Ἰησοῦς ἔστη ἔμπροσθεν τοῦ ἡγεμόνος. καὶ ἐπηρώτησεν αὐτὸν ὁ ἡγεμὼν, λέγων· Σὺ εἶ ὁ βασιλεὺς τῶν Ἰουδαίων; ὁ δὲ Ἰησοῦς ἔφη αὐτῷ·

Σὺ λέγεις.

I.

SIC ſtare certo eſt corruere impetu:
Scandas tribunal, juſtior arbiter,
Arramque ſupremi protervos
Judicii doceas, JESU.

II.

Heu! neſcienti crimina (ni pati)
Objectat atro gutture Concio,
Mendax ſed et verax aruſpex
Horribilis ſubitique fati.

III.

Caſtigat intus languidulè pio
Seſe Pilatus judicio, manu
Deludit ignarum fluentum
Sanguine protinus imbuendâ.

IV.

O en! potentes omnigeni mali,
Latronis ultra diſcupiunt ſcelus.
En ſtragis audacem Barabbam
Turba petit ſitibunda cædis,

V.

Illumque tandem non ducis indiga
Exemplar iræ ſanguineæ capit,
Vincitque tam docto furore, ut
Vivere jam mereat Barabbas.

VI.

Chriſti apparatum, nubila ut impudens
De Sole ventus, diſſipat impetu
Vulgus rapaci; puritatis
Sola ſuæ toga copioſa

VII.

Manſit fideli tegmine Numini,
Dum ſurda multo verbera milite
Nimbum coarctant pertinacem
In lacerum, tacitumque corpus.

Heus

VIII.

Heus O; flagellum jam ſua crimina
Et veſtra luget planctibus aſperis.
Fraudatis ipſi vos futuri
Præpropera feritate lùsûs,

IX.

Quem falſa cudat gloria purpuræ.
Heu! vanus oro. Non patiens ſuæ
Ripæ tumeſcit provocatus
In latices cruor ampliores,

X.

Ut liberato corporis hortulos
Torrente mergat; lymphula lymphulam
Suadens vagari, dat dolori
Mille oculos, lachrymaſque mille.

SUSPIRIUM III.

Ἐκδύσαντες αὐτὸν, περιέθηκαν αὐτῷ χλαμύδα κοκκίνην.

I.

VAH purpurantis dedecoris decus!
Inglorioſæ tollite gloriæ
Fraudes ſuperbas, nec modeſtè
Improbus inſidioſa rubro

II.

Commenta pannus tegmine contegat.
Quîd tu lacertis, heu! male fortibus
Cogis corollam, quid ſodales
Implicitas vegetantis iræ

III.

Unire diro conjugio ſtudes,
Certans tyrannos cudere ſpineos?
Averte crudeles honores,
Non opus eſt cumulare ſpinas

IV.

Huic quem dolorum pectore turbido
Spineta vexant. Fertilium nemus
Non ſic capillorum vigeret.
Atque polo caput implicandum

V.

Guttantis odit tegmina coccini;
Et crinioſi fraude voluminis
Undare mallet, tutiuſque
Aereis fluitare viris.

VI.

Cur ſceptra dextræ tradere mimica
Teſtes caduci ſic juvat imperî?
Heu! ipſe ſtridentis procellæ
Stat Dominus patiens arundo.

En!

VII.

En! mentienti poplite militum
Curvatur aſtus, ſollicitus dare
Submiſſiones arrogantes,
Atque humiles ſimulare faſtus.

VIII.

Salve tremendum filia criminis
Iſcariotæ ſubdola perſtrepit.
Magniſque veſtitum rotatur
Nominibus titulare virus.

IX.

Mox ora ſputum triſtia fætidum
Non hanc merentis Canitiem tegit:
Sputum ſalivæ ſuſcitantis
Immemor è tenebris ocellos.

X.

Nunc pervicacem degener induit
Sceptrum bacillum, verberibus genas
Chriſti frequentantem ſilentes
Plurima dum parit ora vultus

XI.

Et vulnerantur vulnera. Malleo
Victorioſo ſic domat artifex
Non obſtinatam ſubjugari
Egregii faciem metalli.

XII.

En pompa tandem progreditur; ſua
Vivo feretro non modo funera
Portat, ſed et Chriſtus dolendo
Officio parilem meretur

XIII.

Ligni laborem. Currito, Muſula,
(Guttæ ſequaci prodere tramitem
Nôrunt cruentæ) ſed memento
Cum tragico ſimul ire plectro.

SUSPIRIUM IV. ℣. 33.

Ἐλθόντες εἰς τόπον λεγόμενον Γολγοθᾶ ἔδωκαν αὐτῷ πιεῖν ὄξος μετὰ χολῆς μεμιγμένον.

I.

EN O, ſilentis municipes Stygis!
Ut Terra veſtram Tiſiphonen novi
Excuſat invento furoris
Difficilem ſuperantis Orcum!

II.

Affixus hæret certior ut ruat,
Tardoque leto crebrior occidat.
Plantas inexpertas cruoris,
Atque manus cruor oſculatur.

En!

III.

En! en, aceti conſcia ſpongia
Felliſque fratris ſtulta ſuperfluos
Propinat angores labellis
Felle alio nimiùm lavatis.

IV.

Tandem intricati flumina ſanguinis
Scrutatur enſis cuſpide ſplendidâ,
Heu! quam potentèr curioſus
In lateris penetrare cellas!

V.

Phæbus pudicis ſe tenebris tegit,
Atque immerenti lumina ſeculo
Infenſus aufert, et relicta
Attonito ſinit aſtra mundo.

VI.

Nocturnus omni climate ſtat dies;
Sub Sole ſummo ſerpere maximas
Miratur umbras, inquieta
Terra die latitante falli.

VII.

Expergefacto marmora pulveri
Jam pænitentes diſcutiunt fores;
Vermiſque reddit mutuatas
Fænore cum vegeto placentas.

Poſtlimi-

VIII.

Poſtliminares non trepide choros
Jam corda tentant; et cineres ſuâ
Jam ſponte in ævi audaciora
Bis validi cicurantur oſſa.

IX.

Sanguis relicti jam laticis memor
Audet reverti. Durities ſoli
In carneam byſſum labaſcit,
Inque viros reſipiſcit ultro

X.

Commota tellus. Decrepitus ſibi
Velum ſenectam proditor advocat,
Rumpique contentus, fatetur
Commoriens retegenda ſancti

XI.

Secreta Templi (forſan et obviam
Tecti ruinam) dum facilis Dei
Flecti, oſcitantem in victimarum
Fatum aliud manifeſtat aram.

Ad Chriſti Sepulchrum.

I.

FINGE Tu, ſaltem lachrymante vultu
Præficas Marmor, (cadit Ille dignus
Saxa quem plangant) liquidis cadaver
Imbue gemmis.

II.

O lapis, tandem pretioſe, lectum
Diſce mentiri; triduana mortis
Bruma pulvinar roget et profundi
Gaudia ſomni.

III.

Tertio en! tandem juga ditat auro
Sol, et detexit tacito ſepulchro,
Saxeo longum manet haud IESUS
Incola ſulco.

IV.

Surge tu, Saxum, domitantis audi
Mallei juſſum, pete chaſma Templi,
Sic novis notum poteris lacertis
Cingere Chriſtum.

Ad venerabilem SS. Euchariſtæ inſtitutionem Plauſus Hymnicus.

I.

ABITE, vilis quos reprimit Tepor,
Senſuque Cælum judice penſitat.
Abite, quos vanus benignum
Fervor agit cohibere Numen.

II.

Jam fæta magno ſemine Charitas
Immenſa geſtit promere gaudia,
Majorque feſtinat renaſci
Degeneri Paradiſus Orbi.

III.

Reſolvit omnem fortis Amor Deum,
Totumque miras dividit in dapes:
Docetque Sacratis liquentem
In pateris fluitare JESUM.

IV.

Non Angelorum nobilior cibus
Menſas coronat; non generoſius
Ridet Nepenthes, crediturque
Cherubicas animare Cænas.

Venite

V.

Venite Myſtæ, ſiqua monet ſitis
Æternitatis: jam liquidam licet
Haurire Vitam, jam Supremæ
Mente piâ accubuiſſe Menſæ.

VI.

Non invidemus Cælitibus ſuum
Numen reverti: ſufficis integer
Utrique Mundo, Teque Terra
Servat adhuc tua, Magne JESU.

Ad ſuam Animam.

I.

REGINA vitæ maxima, parvula,
Quæ ſola ſenſus et regis et fugis,
Conſtare quam delectat oſſe,
Et liquidis trepidare venis;

II.

Ne te catenis Plutus in aureis
Ducat. Metallo non animam cupit
Natura; ſic nec fulva terra,
Credito, par queat eſſe rubræ.

En!

III.

En! omne pallor conſcius occupat
Languoris aurum. Mittito, mittito,
En! ſponte nativas remigrans
Terruit in Phlegetontis oras.

IV.

Pulchrâ ſuperbos temne ſuperbiâ.
Non unde lapſus celſior, expete.
His aſtra ſublimi negantur
Vertice qui cupiunt ferire.

V.

Fallax honoris bractea luſitat
Furtim, viciſſim, fulgura ſurripit,
Accerſet et fronti nigellam
Ebria vel levitate larvam.

VI.

Sublime vitrum tu fuge, lubrico
Calcare paſſu; tu loca fulmini
Vicina, permittas ruinæ
Enceladi minitantis aſtra.

VII.

Ne tu venuſtum capta puellulæ
Sugas venenum; nec ſine flammulæ
Dulces dolores, nec ſagittam
Te tacito violare ſulco.

Ah!

VIII.

Ah! non roſetum fæmineis genis
Natura pinxit, ſed muliebria
Peccata veraci colore
Inſinuat rubicunda teſtis.

IX.

Nix quæ vagatur tramite lacteo
Diſperſa terſas per manuum vias,
Non ſuadet ignes, ſed pudicam
Caſta docet tolerare brumam.

X.

Nodi capillis qui faciles meant
Non corda quærunt; ſed bene perfidi
Nunc colla produnt, nunc procantis
Blanda fugant Aquilonis arma.

XI.

Sis tu pudico corporis unici
Contenta tecto; te tua brachia
Cingant, et oſc'lum dent viciſſim
Labra ſibi, rapiantque dando.

Recum-

Recumbens Dormitum.

I.

NUNC, O, ſopori vos quoque cedite
Curæ diurnæ, nec vigiles meum
Turbate ſomnum; quin jacete;
Namque graves ſatis eſſe novi.

II.

Et tu quietis, mens mea, pulſibus
Mulceto pectus, dum calidum gelu
Deludit artus, dumque plumbum
Pondere me levat innocenti.

III.

Sic, O, ſecundam ſentio veſperam
Tardis ocellis; fimbria fimbriam
Prendit ſororem, et lenta paſſu
Invalido ſemiverba languent.

Ad D. M. SKIPPON.

I.

I Charta, ne ſis tramitis anxia,
Spiſſis politur ſemita gratiis,
Muſæque divino protervas
Tripudio domuere cautes.

Illuc

II.

Illuc videbis tendere gloriæ
Juſtæ curulem, quâ ſedet impudens
Riſura marmor, temporumque
Canitiem, fluidoſque dentes,

III.

Et non ſuperbis proxima Numini
Sparſura lauris Fama ſedilia.
Adverſus occurret fugati
Grex vitii, et pudibunda curtans

IV.

Mortale vulgus nomina. Prodigo
Laxata riſu, et congenito levis
Moria plumbo, terreoque
Aufugit hinc glaciata plauſtro.

V.

Hinc ambulantes paſſibus ebriis
Montes videbis; credito, Pelios
Et Taurus humanam figuram
Jam referunt ſimulante faſtu.

VI.

Hinc iſte crebris divitiis inops
Fulvi ſacerdos Numinis, et ſimul
Lictor recedit, glorioſas
Sollicitus retinere ſordes.

VII.

I charta, dextram, quærito candidam
Skipponianam, nam calami ſinat
Fortaſſe nævos ; heus, magiſtri
Grata etiam memorato pectus.

Ad C. B. in illud ſuum cum Voto: Ad magna pergo Sydera Cælitûm.

I.

SIC vota cudas, ſic rutilantia
Præoccupari Sydera geſtiunt,
Scintillulanti dum feruntur
Tripudio, latebriſque curtis

II.

Mallent prehendi. More puellulæ
Quæ fraude primum vitat amaſium
Ut capta vincat, conſcioque
Strata ſiet, ſed amata lecto.

III.

Imuſne! colles ut minuunt ſuos
Pinus! ut omni ſordida Libano
Arbuſta ſerpunt, et ſuperbæ
Decubuit genus omne Cedri!

Amiſit

IV.

Amiſit altam Cambria montium
Diſtinctionem; Pendulus in tuo
Macreſcit arvo, nec modeſtæ
Deſpicit inferiora vallis

V.

Et faſtuoſo paſcua vertice
Obſcurat: Ipſus Gogmagog impudens
Sacras ſacelli Henriciani
Deſinit exuperare criſtas.

VI.

Vix Ætna flammis conſpicitur ſuis,
Soloque reſtat nomine Caucaſus;
Neutramque Parnaſſus levare
Jam meminit ſuper arva frontem.

VII.

Naſcuntur omni Cyclades in Globo,
Nec magna durant regna; per æquora
Paſſim ſupergreſſus refuſa
Navigat irrequietus Orbis.

VIII.

Jam, jam liqueſcit, jamque ſuum nihil
Ultro fatetur Terra; ſupernato
Utres Deorum, ſpongiaſque
Ætherias, liquidumque cælum.

IX.

Nunc abſtinentis janua flammulæ
Puro remigrat cardine ; panditur
Immixtus ardor, congenerque
Syderibus generoſus ignis.

X.

Saltem hoc probati ſimus, ut ætheris
Juſtum metallum. Eheu ! urimur, urimur,
O Tu Supernorum Monarcha
Salvifica approperato dextrâ.

XI.

Io ! prehenſo cornua frigidæ
Jucunda Phæbes. Splendida, ſplendida
Quæcunque cerno ; nec metallum
Jam niteat, neque margarita.

XII.

En ! ipſa cæli bruta micantibus
Veſtita ſtellis ; cedite beſtiæ,
Humanus advento. Quid hoc eſt ?
Deficit, hei mihi, pes.

Ad T. S. qui ruri agentem, Incuſavit languentis amoris.

I.

VOS O maritis quæ datis ulmeis
Complexa vites gaudia ruſticæ,
Narrate quam veſtris amores
Sæpe meos recolens notavi.

II.

Tu, Brette, pratis qui recreas ſitim,
Tortiſque furtim laberis atriis
Qui fallis Hadleiam fluentis
Quæ fugiunt remanentque ſemper,

III.

Dic O! propinquis quot tua murmura
Vici querelis, dum latices lego
Dextris amicis conjugatos,
Haſque manus vacuas amici.

IV.

Dic, ut reprendi creber adulteram
Lympham lutoſo quæ recubat toro;
Dixique cæleſti nitore
Stanbrigii radiare pectus.

V.

Dic ſylva, noſtræ conſcia ſemitæ
(Quid quid ſuſurris flamina circinas?)
O dic aperte, dic ſacrata
Quot corylos docui fateri

VI.

Cultro magiſtro nomina Stanbrigi.
Heus! certa vocis, ſera licet comes
Echo, ſupremum tu ſtudebas
Dic, quoties ſimulare Thomam.

Ad C. B. poſt Cupidini vale dictum.

VICINO de ſole tuæ rediere Carinæ,
Et victa in miti climate flamma perit.
Quàm meminiſſe juvat grato confecta labore
Tædia, et incertæ gaudia dura moræ!
Pons tibi, quem toties tranſiſti nocte minutus,
Anguſtum et dubium dixit Amoris iter:
Per mare pectoreus Paridem ſic tranſtulit ignis,
Ut per torrentem te tua flamma trahit;
Conſcia te quoties tacitum poſtica recepit;
Erudit in fraudes oſtia doctus amor.
Scintillam ſeræ quoties texere favillæ
Quâ ſolet in radios tæda redire ſuos!

Tæda

Tæda facûm monitrix, et luminis arra cupiti.
Fallitur augurio quam bene tæda ſuo!
Te quoties paſſa eſt ſemitenſi incuria veli
Ad tacitas oculis approperare dapes!
Tum quoque tu duplices umbras, nocteſque fateris,
Dum neutro fulgent æthera ſole tua.
Nam tua ſpes dixit. Sed ſpes bene neſcia veri,
Fæmineo cælo quam cecidiſſe, juvat!
Tu tamen hoc plaudis, tuto quod lumine fixus
Jam radii vacuas intueare genas.
Omnia membra ſuis ad cælos laudibus effers.
Quæ tamen haud velles arripienda polo.
Elogium oblongum, repetitum effundis; at illam
Ad laudes nolles evigilare ſuas.
Hæc frons quæ Niobes planiſſima marmora vincit.
Illud et Heſperidum germina flava nemus.
Sic Veneris micuere comæ, ſic Daphnidis ora;
Laurum, at non laurum commeruere ſuam.
Pervaga ſic potuit Stygio Proſerpina Regi,
Sic potuit Danae plus placuiſſe Jovi.
Nec ſatis hoc. Pergis: Quam ſunt hæc cerea labra,
Digna quibus preſſi ſurgat imago Dei!
His obſignatum quoties conaris amorem!
Heu dubius, fragilis, cereus omnis amor.
Ah quoties placuit non conſtans forma genarum?
Attamen his melius picta tabella rubet:

Mox credis biforì conſurgere lilia naſo.
Tutius at tellus lilia vera dabit.
Miraris mollis ſudantia marmora colli.
Marmore ſed molli crede ſubeſſe dolum.
Tunc humeros pariter laudas, Divumque labores,
Sic Pelopem gemino monte fatetur ebur.
His ſubter colles pendentes ubera tollunt;
Filioliſque patent menſa toruſque tuis.
Ubera contingis, ſed protinus ubera cedunt.
O ſi tam facilè cor mihi cedat, ais.
Falleris ah! fugiunt non cernis ut ubera tactum?
Non cernis. Quivis quàm male cæcus amor!
Cætera non audes, ne ſomno mota reſciſcat.
At forſan quicquid jam facis illa videt.
Ah fuge ſubtectè; ſic ſomnia ſomnia cernas,
Et dormitantem dicere poſſe: Mane.

Ad eundum, reſponſorie.

DESIPUISSE juvat; ſi ſic mihi præmia reddas;
Sim ſtolidus, ſtolido dum tua Muſa favet;
Muſa relucenti quæ ſic variatur honore,
Ut credam Muſas, et ſine fraude, Deas.
Ad titulum ſpectans gemebundo murmure frendis;
At murmur, fuerit dum titulare, placet.

Fronti

Fronti nulla fides; at ſum de fronte Poeta,
Perfidiæ nævum ſic meruiſſe dolet;
Si meruiſſe tamen; quid peccat garrula Muſa?
Innocuâ non ſum ſimplicitate reus.
Frontis erat, cerebrum quia nullum Muſa fatetur?
Sed cerebro ſedes proxima frontis adeſt.
Victe Cupido, vale; num ſic te dicere vellem?
Ah, mallem dicas, Elizabetha vale.
Sim vates, modo ſic dederis prædicere certum:
Te ſolum noſcet Turba novena procum.
Forte nec ille tuus Deus eſt puer, ille Cupido;
Prima puellorum ſit niſi cauſa puer.
Quid mihi cum barba, mento quid et illa virili?
Non illam mento geſtat Apollo ſuo:
Quam levis hæc gravitas, levibus quæ crinibus orta eſt?
Sunt magis ex illo nomine bruta viri.
Quid virgulta genis, aut quid vepreta labellis?
Arbùſtum nollem, ſit mihi vultus ager.
Quid tua ſic ſetis ſtant verruncantia labra?
Num naſi ſcopas larga cloaca vocat?
Ora, tuæ, caveas, ne pronus in oſcula Divæ
Detergas ſetis proditor ipſe roſas.
Languentem flammam tibi Cynthia ſuſcitat? eheu,
Quam malè non meminit frigoris illa ſui!
At ne ſubſidant, in me convertito flammas.
Conveniat melius maſcula flamma viris.

Mentiris;

Mentiris; ſic fallit amor. Quin, ſubdole, pergas;
Namque amor ut mendax ſit tuus ille velim.
Oro, tuam conſtanter ames, ſed fallere. Tutus
Sic tandem, et fixus te redamare queas.
Dum me perlectas citius jurabis amare?
Plumbeus haud telum verſus amoris habet.
Quid Satyrum narras? Hanc vel mordere recuſem.
(Audi ultra) morſu ne male læſa ſiet.
Mitte tamen Satyri, vel tu tibi ſuſcipe Nomen.
Tu Satyrus Nymphæ plùs videare tuæ.
Membra quidem laudo, ſed ſic laudabit Equiſo
Ægrum quem tectè vendere vellet equum.
Tu potius laudes, expertaque commoda cantes.
Maxima laus uſu dicitur orſa rei.
Quid maneas, cedas? poterit num tanta Cupido?
Sic eſt; ſic Numen, qui putat, ille facit.
At bivio torqueris amans? mihi porrige dextram,
Ducam ego; ſed tendas ne ſine corde manum.
Ah maneas, video duplicis mendacia cordis.
De te fæminei dejice cordis onus.
Non mihi pandochium communi pectore proſtat.
Te poſſum, haud Venerem poſſem adamare tuam.

Ad

Ad T. S.

ACCIPE; nec ſperes tumidæ magnalia vocis;
Prodeat è parvo gutture magnus amor.
Accipe; ſi pæti procus es, mea pagina præſto eſt,
Hæc erit in flammas officioſa tuas.
Adjice, ſi deſint cinamomo pallia, chartam,
Dulcia ſic ſaltem carmina noſtra ſient.
Me cantare ſtupes? prius haud ceciniſſe ſtupendum.
Figitur in cantu deſipientis opus.
Heu, male deliqui, mea non ſunt carmina cantus.
Mugitu nullum crede latere melos.
At quid narro? malum! quam ſunt mea verbula muta!
Multa loquor, multo carmine, nulla loquor.
Garrio. Non ſenſûs mea quærit nomina Lingua.
Fecit amor ſtolidum; ſed tamen ille tui.
Verbula mitto tibi; quam me quoque verbula vellem!
(Mitte precor, ſtolidus ſi maleſana precor.)
Tu tamen hæc ridenda putas; ſed et ipſe putavi;
Unanimes quovis non dolet eſſe modo.
Hæc forſan lacerare juvat; ſed mitte laborem;
Tam male compoſitos vix lacerare queas.
At laceres, tutum maneat modo fædus amoris.
Me laceres; lacerum ſi modo poſcat Amor.

Ad D. G. excuſatoriè poſt longum ſilentium.

HÆC mea quàm timeo ne perlectare recuſes!
Eſt tamen ut timeam ſi malè ſarta legas.
Qui canit arma virûm, qui delabentia mundi
Secula, mellifluo carmine tornet opus.
Verba reum nobis, miſerumque fatentia ſunto;
Sum tuba longævi criminis ipſa mei.
Ah quoties avidâ luſtravi mente Camænas,
Immemor in medio te recubâſſe choro!
Hiſtoricis legi miracula docta columnis,
Neſcius antitypum te tenuiſſe ſuum.
Naturæ vepres, et torta ſophiſmata vidi,
Nec dixi, dubiis Oedipus ipſe clues.
Non mihi ſic Samus dictare ſilentia Vates,
Nec potuit gratis mens dominata fibris.
Ipſa manus trepidat, quod non trepidaverit ante.
Ille pudor fuerat; jam quoque culpa, tremor.
Vix teſtes potero maculas non ſpargere chartæ,
Ut ſimilis mentis ſordeat illa meæ.
Ah! ſparſi ignarus; ſunt noſtra hæc carmina ſordes;
Quam culpam culpâ ſic minuiſſe piget!
Ergo (precor) fædam chartam depone; repurget
Hanc focus, atque manum lympha ſerena tuam.

Ad Reverendum D. G. excuſatoria quod Carmen funebre promiſſum non obtulerim.

ACCIPE, non iſto deformem carmine chartam
Quod petis: Ah! maculas fert nova charta novas.
Flebile carmen erat quod craſſo è pectore fudit
Muſa, nimis lachrymis heu ſibi digna ſuis.
O utinam expletis alieno in funere juſtis,
Senſiſſet proprii funeris illa rogos!
Jam mihi non ſoli ſordet, jam nuda videtur
Ipſa ſibi, et turpis turpior eſſe velit.
Jam ſtat plena ſui, perfectis ſordibus, ungues
Jam timet, et terret commaculata meos.
O precor, O veſtri cedat reverentia juſſi,
O liceat tutò non placuiſſe Tibi.
O liceat maleſana cadant promiſſa; pudori
Des veniam, quamvis perfidus iſte pudor.
O liceat puros ſquallenti carmine ocellos,
O liceat doctas non violare manus!
Ipſe tibi parcas et nobis. Quæſo, fatentis
Ne cupias ſcripto crimina teſte legi.
Sic meminiſſe juvat tam digni funus Amici,
Ut niſi per nævum non meminiſſe, juvet?
Hunc melius revocare diem tibi pulpita poſſunt;
Pulpita quæ modulis intonuere tuis;

Plena Tui et Cæli, cùm non caruiſſe Magiſtro
Quanquam defuncto viſa fuere ſuo.
Obſtupuit Cætus tantæ ad miracula linguæ,
Et nimis alatum tempus abire gemit.
Jam placet et funus; tua jam cæleſtia tanto
Tam charo pretio quærere mella juvat.

Dies Judicii. Luc. 21. 27.

UT tellus, ſiccis quando vox faucibus hæret,
Invocat expanſo clarius ore Jovem;
Sic Te, nos pulvis, pulvis tuus, expectamus;
Hoccine (proh Superos!) Illico, Chriſte, tuum eſt?
Phoſphore, perde diem, nam gaudia noſtra moraris,
Si reddas iterum; Phoſphore, perde diem.
Phæbe, tuos tonde radios, nec lumina differ
Noſtra tuo. Ah! longùm te nova ſigna manent.
Noſtra dies geſtit majorem cernere Phæbum;
Siſte parum; totus ſol ſibi mundus erit.
Effecto nimium defectu, Cynthia, ludis,
Et nimium tuto ſanguinolenta volas.
O tibi cum placeat noctu per prata vagari
Cælorum, æternæ tegmina noctis habe!
Ah! aliis tandem maculis nigreſcere diſcas,
Nec fluido illuſas lumine tinge genas.

Voſque

Voſque diu dubio trepidâſtis lumine, ſtellæ:
O vos, O quando vera ruina feret!
Si tua non moveant rigidum te fulmina, Cælum,
At moveant noſtræ, fulmina noſtra, preces.
Io ſat eſt. Latum lituus taratantara dixit:
Judicis emicuit nuntius ille ſonus.
Ecce facit nubes currum, ſuperambulat alas
Ventorum, et miro Jupiter imbre cadit.

Fortitudo Ed. Stanleii Angli ad Zutfaniam.

Zutfaniæ captæ decus unius Edvardi Stanleii virtuti debetur. Is enim apprehenſam hoſtis, a quo præcipue repellebatur, haſtam tanta vi tenuit, ut, ab ipſo hoſte arma ſua ſibi eripi renitente attractus, in propugnaculum tranſilierit: eoque tam inſperato aſcenſu animos ſuis pone ſequentibus fecit, ac tantum terrorem hoſtibus injecit, ut protinus locum deſeruerint. Thuan. Lib. 85. Cap. 5.

BUCCIS plus ſolitis tume,
Et narra dubiis, Fama, nepotibus
Audacis facinus viri
Ignotum decori ſternere tramitem.
Toto Marte furentia
Stanleii docuit gloria pectora
Arram Zutfaniæ ſuâ
Turrim magnificâ prendere dexterâ.

Mens

Mens inſueta timoribus
Ferratæ rabidum fulgur Iberiæ,
Et nimbos jaculis graves
Ridet, non timidæ docta ſuperbiæ.
Denſo pulvere pulchrior
Heros Elyſii vel decoris procus
Primi ſorte periculi
Exultans, gladio millia fulgurat
Raptim fata cohortibus;
Dum tergo pharetræ diſſilientibus
Plaudunt verberibus virum.
Et plumis Zephyrus mixtus euntibus
Alas addit inutiles
Scuto, quod rutilæ nomen adoreæ
Prono provocat impetu.
At tandem pavidis proxima turribus
Virtus impatiens moræ,
Et major lapidûm robore, mænia
Ponit vulneribus jocos,
Dum multo laceri lumine chaſmatis
Fatum proſpiciunt ſuum.
Torquens interea longa pericula
Altæ cuſpide lanceæ
Hiſpanus, variâ ſtrage notabilis
Angli ſubmonuit latus.
At magnis gravidus mente curulibus,

Et caræ rabide memor
Laurûs; intrepidæ carcere dexteræ
Anguſtat jaculum reum
Stanleius ſpolii ſanguinei rapax;
Donec viribus hoſtium
Hoſtes comminuit; nam malè ſtrenuo
Attractus brachio, ſuum
Captivus ſpolium geſtat, et undique
Totis meta periculis
Ad muros rapitur celſior in necem.
At mox horribili pavor
Hiſpanis domuit corda tyrannide;
Et muris equitans, velut
Spectandus ſolio, rubra diplomata
Mortis diſtribuit, vago
Quæ ſignat gladio, nec doluit capi,
Dum ſic ſerviat hoſtibus
Stanleius, validæ fraudis anhelitu
Qui turris dominus ſimul
Et Famæ meritis audiit impigris.

Ad increbeſcentem famam de Hiſpanicâ in Angliam expeditione.

ADSIS ſollicito, Lyra,
Et magnos levibus pelle tremoribus.
Cædis non teneros avus
Enſes progenerans Bilbilicus Faber,
Vaginæ male neſcios
Aut ſaltem ancipites efferat incolas.
Nigri ſemina fulminis
Haud longâ dolii nocte latentia,
Intus concipiunt Styga,
Et quicquid Furiæ non ſtolidæ mali
Nôrunt ferre periculi.
Intrat flammigeras præproperus minas
Ferri, et promptus in impudens
Miles flagitium, terribilis ſibi
Vultus induit æreos.
Mox raptim patrio terga recolligens
Altùm ſtridula balteo
Appendit pharetram fructiferam necis;
Et dextram cupidam aſpici
Vibrat Bilbilico aut fulgure Norico.
Longe littora mugiunt
Dum Doris creperas ingeminat tubas;

Atque

Atque anceps numeri ſui
Denſis militibus cedit arenula.
Audin' ut ſceleris vorax
Et major modico nauta celeuſmate,
Nil pleni cupidus Noti
Accerſit proprium gutturis Æolum.
En ut veligerum nemus
Addiſcit Thetidos per viridaria,
Et campis liquidis vehi.
Quaſſat non veteris ponderis immemor
Canos ipſe Tridentifer,
Et non vincibilis robora nominis
Horret Claſſe loquacia;
Et ſpes haud teneras magnificæ fugæ.
Audivit Thameſis ſuo
Non fruſtra tremulo murmura littore, et
Vultu fluctibus eminens,
Per læti properat paſcua Cantii,
Secum filiolos trahens
In ulnis fluvios; perruit oſtium
Rapto curriculo fremens,
Et complens querulis fluminibus Patris
Aulam; deprecor anchoræ
Morſûs Heſperiæ, dixit, et impudens
Gades ne ſatient ſuam
Extremæ nimium turbine carbaſum

Quem noſter Boreas rotat.
Audivit liquidus Rex querimonias,
Et riſu tumuit ſenex;
Arriſit Thameſis: claſſis abierat.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

APPEND. N°. 1.

De Legendis Sanctorum Hiſtoriis Diſſertatio.

HUMANÆ vitæ meta, Dei gloria; ad metam via, Pietas; ad Pietatem humilitas; quo tramite quiſquis conſtantèr incedit, ſuam quoque abſoluto itinere beatitudinem invenit. Et ut tantum præmium dignos athletas coronet, difficilis et impedita via generoſum ardorem requirit, et non niſi emeritos milites tranſmittit. Inde fit ut primævis fidei Candidatis majori pietatis audaciâ ad viam quaſi aperiendam opus fuerit; nobis autem quibus illorum paſſus ſemitam ſignatam tritamque præmonſtrant, facilior perinde tranſitus ſit, et expeditior. Nulla in Tyrannis injuſtitia, nulla in Tortoribus immanitas, nulla in Diabolo ſive invidia ſive aſtutia, noſtro ſæculo erumpere poſſunt, quas Majores noſtri (ejuſdem cum nobis conditionis, niſi quòd hoc noſtro exemplorum irritamento deſtituti) non ſenſerunt, tempſerunt, ſuperaverunt. Nos igitur Vincentium ſucceſſores, longâ conſuetudine quaſi in quoddam victoriæ jus nati ſumus: nec periculum eſt glorioſo fine excidendi, ſi illorum veſtigiis fideliter inhæſerimus.

Quod ut feliciter fiat, monumenta Sanctorum, vitas intelligo literis mandatas, revolvenda et reverentèr expendenda ſunt, in quibus tanquam in ſincero ſpeculo, fidelem Pietatis figuram relucentem videas: nec enim ullos perfectionis numeros vel cogitando aſſequaris, ſive morum auſteritatem, ſive abſtinentiæ rigorem, ſive precum intenſionem, ſive charitatis ardorem; ſive in laboribus ſubeundis alacritatem, in ſuperandis conſtantiam ſpectes, quas aliqui ex illorum exercitu ad amuſſim non implêrunt; et Nepotes proinde ſuos ad parilem animi magnitudinem provocârunt.

Senſit hæc non incautus Diabolus, et altâ mente reponens, nullos non nervos intendit, et fraudes conſuit, ut vel deceptos vel deterritos a legendis Sanctorum hiſtoriis avocet: hinc illecebras obtrudere, alias hiſtorias partim profanas partim inutiles ſupponere, mentes ineptiis Sæculi occupatas tenere: unde miſeri Mortales dies et annos prodigunt, nec ſentiunt ſe captos vanitatis laqueis, dum molliter clauduntur: Ex alterâ parte ſcrupulos injicere, dubitationem de hiſtoriarum fide ingenerare, et, quod acumen fraudis eſt, figmenta quædam ſinceris narrationibus immiſcere; ut cum ſingulis lectoribus non ſit in proclivi vera a falſis diſcernere, impoſturæ ſuſpicio totam hiſtoriarum telam invadat, et neglectui exponat.

Primis illis alio modo proſpiciendum, quibus remedium non difficulter excogites, dum illos ſolum vitiat otium. His vero accuratiùs ſuccurrendum eſt, quia non ſine ratione inſanire videntur. Grande, fateor, malum eſt, quod inimicus

Zizania

Zizania inter triticum ſemivavit; nec tamen ideo probanda illorum temeritas, qui dum figmentorum Zizania evellere ſatagunt, omne triticum unà eradicant: quanto ſatiùs eſt verum a falſo ritè diſcernere, quàm propter hujus impudentem vicinitatem, illud quoque relegare! Dignum opus, inquis, ſed arduum narras: nec diffiteor quidem, modo difficultatem dignitate compenſari conceſſeris.

Palmaria de vitis Sanctorum querela eſt, quaeque ora omnium formidoloſorum ſeu potius ſuſpicacium Chriſtianorum perſonat: congeſta in illis miracula legi, quæ fidem apud ſanos non inveniant: hæc ineptis, nonnunquam ridiculis de cauſis patrari; denique more quodam magico, et nuſquam in ſacrâ paginâ probato, puta interventu crucis, aquæ, olei, veſtium, calceorum, oſſium, capillorum, quarumlibet denique reliquiarum confici; talia invitâ, vel cæcâ ratione, credere, inſaniæ argumentum eſſe, et extremæ ſuperſtitionis delirium. Hic verè Pan ille eſt qui terrores excitat ornatque; quem non multi operis erit cum ſpectris ſuis contemnendum exponere, ſi primo de ipſis miraculis, poſteà, de patrandi modo diſſerens larvas fucoſque detraxero. At miracula, inquis, inſtituta erant in cunis Eccleſiæ, ut divino fulgore Hoſtes percellerent, et ad fidem cogerent. Ideoque poſtquam Religio radices egerit et decurſu temporum adultas vires acquiſiverit, officio ſuo functa videntur, nec deinceps expectanda. Mirum eſt, quàm avidè hoc argumentum accipitur, quàm obſtinatè intorquetur; præcipuè cum nec tale ſit, ut vires in ſe, nec tantos habeat

beat patronos, ut autoritatem per illos teneat. Nemo, quod ſciam, inficias ibit miracula naſcenti eccleſiæ convenientiſſima fuiſſe ſubſidia: ſed nullum idcirco uſum ſequentibus ſæculis habitura, gratîs quidem dici, nullo autem argumento confirmari poteſt. Hanc vero objectionem imprimis manifeſtè retorqueo: ſiquidem ad hodiernum uſque diem multæ gentes, ad quarum aures ſalutare Nomen JESU nunquam pervenit, magnum Apoſtolicis, ſi qui ſunt, Meſſoribus ſegetem præbent. In quarum converſione non minus uſui erunt, et ſunt, Miracula, quam SS. Petri et Pauli temporibus fuerunt.

Hæc forte cum penſitaveris non negabis; id potius cauſaris, cui demum uſui miracula in Eccleſiâ pridem inſtitutâ, cujus filios non decet iſta a Deo teſtimonia exigere, ſed ordinariis auxiliis argumentiſque contentos Matri ſuæ humiliter ſe ſubjicere. Nunquid ergo liquet ipſos Apoſtolos nulla edidiſſe miracula niſi ad convertendos infideles; nunquam aliquos è fratribus ſanâſſe, nunquam divinâ virtute fidelibus ſubveniſſe? Quis tam vecors ut hoc adfirmet! Sed ut diſſertationem propiùs committam; nonne adhuc Dæmon corpora obſidet, nonne hæreſis, ne plura addam, animos inficit? Et quis Deo manus vincit, ne miraculoſâ virtute expellatur illi, hæc convincatur? Monens olim Salvator quoddam Dæmoniorum genus non niſi jejunio et precibus ejici poſſe, et hoc grandius eſſe miraculum innuit, et iſtis etiam artibus patrabile, quas noſtrum ſæculum vel callet, vel callere debet.

Si

Si vero inter nos nova Hydræ Capita repullulant, quæ virus in Cælum jaculantur, et in divinam Chriſti naturam ſeſe erigunt, unde conſtat, læſum Illum nolle etiamnum cæleſtem per Pugiles ſuos virtutem deſtringere, et hoſtem conſuetis telis proſternere? quod ipſum cùm multi teſtes reapſe factum eſſe adſeverant; frigidum eſt et puerile, (ne dicam quoque invidum, et malignum) ſolam negationem obtendere, ipſumque miraculorum finem obſoleviſſe pertinaciter clamare. A re non erit legalis Adminiſtrationis hic meminiſſe: Deus, dum Legem publice ferret, non ſolum Moyſem virum miraculis potentem exhibuit; ſed Joſuam quoque eâdem gratiâ ornatum, Succeſſorem dedit; et multis labentibus ſæculis Elijam cælo pariter potentem; et Eliſham tanti Domini non imparem Diſcipulum Judæis conceſſit. Moyſes, inquis, tantâ virtute indutus ad autoritatem recenti legi conciliandam. Eſto. Quid ergo reliquis poſtquam Lex invaluerat opus erat? Expediebat Joſuam tali poteſtate eminere ad ſubigendos Judaicæ Eccleſiæ hoſtes, impiaſque gentes ſedibus ſuis eradicandas. Cur igitur idem privilegium Eccleſiæ Chriſtianæ negas, quæ Ethnicos hoſtes habet, eoſque non ex ipſorum terris, ſed ex ſuiipſius ditionibus pellendos? Quo fine Elijæ tanta vis commiſſa? ad compeſcendam Idololatriam tunc temporis graſſantem: non litigo an eâ ſolummodo de cauſa. Satis eſt quod religioni Judaicæ tantum pugilem non invides: nec enim poteris vilius agere cum Veritate Chriſtianâ, quæ, cum non minoribus prematur hoſtibus, æquale ſubſidium

merito

merito expectet. Sed perpendenti Sacram hiſtoriam non pauca occurrunt miracula, non tam ad cultum Judaicum aſſerendum, quam ad privatos fines imprimis ſpectantia.

Ita Elias Sereptanæ Viduæ lacythum et Hydriam auxit, filiumque vitæ reſtituit, de dato hoſpitio præclarè gratus. Ita quoque Jordanem pallio diviſit, et viam ſibi per aquas ad igneum currum aperuit. Ita Eliſeus fontem Jerichuntinum ſale ſincerum fecit, petentibus civibus. Ita aucto viduæ oleo alieni æris ſolvendi copiam fecit. Ita Naamanis lepram Gehezi poſteriſque ſuis tranſmittens, avaritiam hæreditario ſtigmate damnavit. Ita ferro ad ſummitatem aquæ vocato, reddendi quod mutuò acceptum erat facultatem dedit. Ita militibus Syris nunc cæcitatem obtendens, nunc viſum reſtituens ſaluti ſuæ proſpexit. Sed quid iſtis immoror? cum videas ipſa Eliſei oſſa contactu ſuo vitam mortuo reſtituentia, ne quid de Chriſtianarum reliquiarum humiliùs ſentias, quæ vel majus, vel certè æquale privilegium ſortiuntur. Cum igitur in veteri inſtrumenta miracula privatis de cauſis ad Dei gloriam et Servorum ejus levamen patrata invenias: quare in novi fœderis politiâ idem uſuvenire dubitas?

Jam vero miraculorum tractum ad ipſum fontem retrò ducentes, eundem deinceps ad noſtra Sæcula derivatum inſequemur. Poteſtatem ſupra Naturam ipſe Naturæ Dominus Apoſtolis Diſcipuliſque ſuis conceſſit; illam vero tam illuſtrem, ut ad majora ſufficeret quam ipſe patrare voluit. Quàm præclarè Apoſtoli hoc privilegio functi ſunt, ipſorum monumenta

à

à S. Lucâ conſignata teſtantur: ubi nemo ſine ſtupore S. Petri umbram, ſolidam ſanitatem ſpirare; Sudaria et ſemicinctia a tactu S. Pauli ſalutarem virtutem deferre videt. Peto, quando hoc privilegium, quod cum ipſis Apoſtolis expirâſſe ne impudentiſſimus dixerit, antiquatum fuerit? An ad mortem omnium Diſcipulorum? at hæc Virtus, te judice, non aliâ ratione ipſis conceſſa, quàm ut autoritatem Evangelio inter Ethnicos conciliaret: quæ certè cauſa cum multis deorſum ſæculis duraverit, ipſam quoque Virtutem neceſſariò adjunges. Quamvis enim Apoſtoli per omnes mundi cardines et ultra utrumque Solem ſalutare Verbum effuderint, ſingulas tamen omnium regnorum terrarumque plagas neutiquam perſonuerunt: hoc opus illorum Poſteris, nec paucis ſæculis abſolvendum, ſuperfuit. Eſto tamen Evangelium per omnes terras dudum percrebuiſſe: ſi ingruente graſſanteque ſuperſtitione pura religio loco ceſſerit, habes de novo quod miracula poſtulet, habes etiam ad hodiernum diem plurimas Gentes ad fidem convertendas.

Cæterùm quamvis ex hâc parte Miraculorum Virtutem redivivam eſſe concedas, aliis tamen de cauſis fieri pernegas. Id igitur deinceps agimus. Monui ſuperiùs ad pellendos Dæmones, et hæreſes confutandas etiamnum non indignum eſſe miraculorum ſubſidium: aliâ viâ jam progredior, et ad omnia temporum Monumenta provoco. Nihil recipere præter Scripturas, neſcio an petulantis vel inſani dicam, præſertim cùm per Scripturas ſolas de illis ipſis non ſatis conſtat. Quiſ-

quis autem alias hiſtorias in fidem (divinam non dico, ſed divinæ proximam) recipit, diſerta Miraculorum, de quibus jam contendo, teſtimonia ſubter-fugere non poteſt. Atque hic grande Chriſtianorum omnium infortunium, a barbaro Diocletiano illatum, deflendum occurrit: ſiquidem juratiſſimus ille Chriſti Hoſtis, commentarios de Martyribus aliiſque Sanctis ſive in dypticis ſive alibi non ſine religiosâ cura congeſtis et convaſatis, undecunque corraſit, et flammis injiciens, homines quoque ipſos quantùm in illo erat ſecundò interfecit. Quædam tamen adhuc in antiquorum Patrum ſcriptis relucentia effugerunt: Euſebius quoque multa collegit et poſteris tranſmiſit. Sed poſtquam ſudum Eccleſiæ factum eſt, teſtes locupletes emerſerunt, nec quiſquam ferè vel Græcorum vel Latinorum Patrum hanc, quam molior, veritatem tacuit. At inquis, tam mira et ſuperioribus ſæculis inſueta, ſive Sanctis ipſis, ſive eorundem reliquiis, inferiora Sæcula affinxerunt, ut fidem apud prudentem Virum non inveniant. Scio iſtud a multis dici, ſed certis argumentis probari non video. (De illis loquor hiſtoriis quas Eccleſia vel doctorum virorum conſenſus recipit:) in quibus nihil eſt, utrum Miraculorum frequentiam, an ordinem, an varietatem, an menſuram, an occaſiones, an inſtrumenta, per quæ facta, an modum, an finem, an effectum, ſpectes, quod in vetuſtiſſimis Sanctorum hiſtoriis pariter contigiſſe non invenias. Cætera taceo, Greg. Thaumaturgum, et Memoriam S. Stephani, illum apud S. Greg. Nyſſenum, hanc apud S. Auguſtinum, tantùm

tantùm nomino. Quæ omnibus poſterorum miraculis viam, quidni et fidem? aperuerunt. Cui animus eſt cæteros è veteribus, Tertullianum puta, et S. Hyeronimum tum in hiſtoriis Sanctorum, tum in libro contra Vigilantium, conſulere; teſtimoniorum copiâ ſe obrui ſentiet. Hæc ergo, quæ diſſeruimus, obicem iſtum amovent, ne ideo Sanctorum Hiſtoriæ fide minus dignæ videantur, quia miraculis refertæ, iiſque modo ut aliqui ſentiunt novo patratis: cum Apoſtolorum Sæculo et primitivæ Eccleſiæ decurſu, hæc ipſa, ſeu Sanctos, ſeu Sanctorum reliquias ſpectes, facta videas, quæ poſtea dignis teſtibus confirmata recentibus Sæculis refloruiſſe legis.

Id nunc penſitandum ſupereſt, quali judicio aut delectu accipiendæ ſunt Sanctorum Hiſtoriæ; cum aliquas figmentis corruptas eſſe non negemus. De ſacris Canone firmatis nefas eſt, niſi Hæretico, dubitare; In Patrum ſcriptis nihil deſideratur, quod ad humanam fidem faciendam requiras. Acumen, judicium, integritas, pietas, quicquid denique optimum commendat hiſtoricum, vel in illis reperies, vel minus neceſſarium fuiſſe judicabis: unde factum vides, ut viri prudentiſſimi, doctiſſimique illorum libros non ſolum libenter permittant, verum etiam ſingulari cum reverentiâ et veneratione deoſculentur.

De aliis hiſtoricis, comparatione ad hos factâ, ferendum eſt judicium; (eos intelligo quos nondum Eccleſia vel plurima pars doctorum virorum fide dignos judicârunt; de iſtis enim non temerè dubitandum eſt, ne arrogantiæ notæ Te

 objicias.)

objicias.) Si ſuperioribus hiſtoriis conſentanea ſcribunt; ſi pietatem et Gloriam Dei ſpirant; ſi ſibi minime repugnant; ſi certa vel probabilia teſtimonia proferunt; ſi viris bonis doctiſque probati fuerint; ſi denique ſola contra illos ſuſpicio, nullum vero diſertum argumentum militet; quid porro poſtulas ad ingenerandam fidem? Tales enim temnere non prudentis viri eſt, ſed temnere volentis.

Si quæ occurrunt Sanctorum hiſtoriæ in quibus aliqua ex iſtis indiciis relucent, cætera vero deſunt, factâ proportione ferenda eſt ſententia: nec omnia ſtatim repudianda ſunt, ſed in Veriſimilium, vel non manifeſtè falſorum claſſem rejicienda. Hujuſmodi non pauca ſub Simeonis Metaphraſti nomine feruntur, alia aliorum. De quibus prudens Lector quid credendum fuerit facilè diſcernet: Indoctus autem non ſine periculo legat; vel enim omnia recipiet, vel una cum his ſaniora quoque contemnet.

Dolendum quidem eſt, monumenta quorundam Sanctorum, tam confusè et imperitè memoriæ prodita fuiſſe: quod tamen Deus fieri patitur, ut nobis, dum autentica probamus, et imitatione profitemur, laus major emergat. Et quemadmodum neceſſariò eveniunt hæreſes ad probationem fidelium veritatem mordicùs tenentium; ita ſuum quoque uſum habet hiſtoriarum corruptio, quæ vera diſcernentibus ſolidam laudis materiam exhibet.

His ita expoſitis, quid ſupereſt niſi ut hiſtorias Sanctorum pro ſuo quaſque modulo amplectamur, divinis divinam, humanis

manis humanam fidem tribuendo; dubias ſuſcipiendo potius quam damnando, manifeſtè falſas penitùs abjiciendo. Quod vero ingens ſolatium eſt, hiſtoriæ melioris generis, quibus fidem non niſi iniquè negaveris, abunde ſuppetunt. In his verſari poſſumus, et omnium virtutum exempla ſpectare.

Quod ad præſens hoc Calendarium attinet; tumultuario opere, ut ipſe ſtylus et forma indicant, ſemel conſcriptum; hiſtorias ex quibuſlibet autoribus deſumpſi, ne ſingulis diebus aliqua ſui Sancti memoria deeſſet. Autorum Nomina utplurimum ſubjunxi, quæ deſiderantur, feſtinatio præcluſit, dum quæ longo tempore legeram, illico recolere, et quaſi carptim in ſcrinia reponere geſtiebam: ratus hæc qualia qualia ſpicilegia, ſatis mihi fore ad privatum memoriæ meæ Indicem. Quocirca dum hæc lego, præmiſſæ normæ non immemor, aliâ atque aliâ fide amplector, pauciſſima tamen in univerſum damnare auſim.

Hæc autem omnia fruſtrà feci, facioque, niſi propitius Dominus mei miſertus fuerit. Quod enim aureum Sanctorum circulum plurimâ lectione pervolverim, magnum peccatis meis momentum addit, ſi in mediis ignibus frigeſcam, ſi inter tot pietatis incentiva impietati inhæream. Tu, qui Sanctorum Rex es, famulorum tuorum exemplis cor meum flecte, et ad parilem virtutem accende, ut Laudem Nomini tuo dicam in æternum. *Amen.*

APPEND. N°. 2.

Difficultas intelligendi partim provenit a re, partim ab intellectu.

Forma eſt principium individuationis.

Viſio fit per receptionem ſpecierum.

EN! in fronte difficultatem. Quo ruo neſcius? Egone ut Alexandrum huic nodo me præbeam? Nihil minus. Sed quod faciunt pueruli, nempe irritis magis, an ridiculis, dicam, conatibus, tortilem Virgam in obturantem ferunt molem, vel in quicquid eſt duriuſculi, quod pedes turbat: paris incogitantiæ et ego imbellis ſatago, ſcilicet pro virili iſtud molior, quod ſuper noſtras fruſtratas Vires triumphum excercebit. Scotus ſic circa quæſtionem delirat: dicit totam difficultatem ſitam eſſe in intellectu, ex hoc quod res in ſuâ naturâ ſunt cognoſcibiles. Cum tamen, pace Scoti, improportio reperiatur in excellentiâ rei intelligendæ, quemadmodum fit in Senſuum objectis; radius ſeu ſplendor ſolaris non percipitur a Senſu, non modo, quia ſenſus non eſt illius capax, ſed quia ſuperat naturalem vim ſenſus, quæ ordinatur ad hunc gradum, et nil ultra. i. e. non ad tam excellens ſeu vehemens objectum. Par ratio eſt intellectûs. Nec minus hellebori indiga opinio Heracliti, ponens totam in rebus difficultatem; hâc ratione niſa; quia intellectus nullas de proprio

habet

habet ſpecies, ſed omnes a rebus accipit. At verò exhinc potiùs difficultas in intellectu arguitur, quia non poteſt verè percipere objectas ſpecies. Reſtat igitur ut ex utroque fonte ſcaturiat ſiquid ſit difficilis; difficultas enim pullulat ex improportione, quæ eſt inter intellectum noſtrum et objecta intelligibilia; eſtque proportio hæc in utroque extremo fundata, nempe in intellectu et objecto ſed reſpectu diverſo; diſtinguendum enim eſt inter res, quæ ſupra nos ſunt, (et hìc difficultas fundatur in exceſſu perfectionis, quam imperfectio intellectûs ſatis capere nequit,) et etiam inter res quæ infra nos ſunt; et hìc difficultas fundatur in earum imperfectione, junctâ imperfectione intellectus non habentis vim ad attingendam minimam intelligibilitatem talium rerum. Proſapiâ Batti, tautologici Batti, prognatus viderer, ſi quid de ſecundâ quæſtione dixero, de quâ nudiuſtertius plus juſto effutivi. Potius frater meus tale aggrediatur opus, eſt enim de illorum numero qui ſolent iſtud ruminare, quod dudum abſumpſerant. Ad tertiam me accingo. Cujus veritas ut pro indubitatâ habeatur, hanc morum perpendite rationem; eadem ratio videtur unius ſenſûs quæ eſt alterius, ſed auditus ſit per receptionem ſpecierum, ergo et viſus; probatur minor experientiâ; inter Cauſidicos datur auditus, ſi ſit receptio ſpecierum, nempe regalium auro inſculptarum. Sed objiciat quiſpiam, dicatque, Viſiones noctu fieri, at tunc non fit receptio ſpecierum; reſpondeo per negationem; noctu enim ſæpiuſculè datur receptio ſpecierum, ſive ſpecioſarum. Viſionis inſtrumentum

ſtrumentum eſt oculus; incongruum igitur duco, jocularia de oculo proferre, cum ne unicus ſit in oculo jocus, quamvis plures ſint humores: poſſum oculum generoſis, nempe ſphæriſterii intelligentiis commendare, in oculo enim video reticulam, quin et foramina quæ pilos recipiant. At non eſt quod ego, cum ſim Sophiſta, ut aliis dicam verbis, Bacchi procus, diutius tempus teram in oculo, cum hic aqueus non vinoſus fluat humor; deinde nolo oculum ſcrutari amplius, ne videar effæminatus; nam ſi in oculum penitiùs penetravero, nimium verſabor inter tunicas.

APPEND. N°. 3.

Angeli cognoſcunt ſingularia:
Ignorato motu tollitur cognitio naturæ:
Intellectus eſt nobilior voluntate.

CUM jam peracta ſit dimicatio, reſtat, ut unius partis meritis accedat laurus. Laurus eſto Veritas patefacta, quam quidem coronæ more non imponam Victoris capiti, ſed (ſi poſſim) cerebro. Angeli cognoſcunt ſingularia; quod ſi quis huic refragatur, indigniſſimus habebitur cui bonus Genius, ſive Angelus ancilletur. Neſcio an verum, vel decantatum magis ſit, unicuique ſingulari homini unum aliquem Angelum miniſterium præbere, pene dixeram deſpoticum; at

at quis cogitando aſſequi poteſt, quemvis Angelum, alicui ſingulari homini obſequi, et tamen illum quid ſingulare non cognoſcere? Ad hæc, Sole clarius eſt Angelos in gyros rotare cæleſtes orbes, nunquid igitur agunt in illos orbes (qui quidem ſunt ſingulares) et illorum interim ignari reſtant? reclamat totus Philoſophorum grex, dicens, nihil agere in incognitum. Reſtat igitur, ut modum cognoſcendi animadvertamus. Cognoſcunt quidem tam materialia quam immaterialia; ad quam quidem cognitionem non opus eſt ſenſuum miniſterio, poſſumus enim dicere cum nonnullis, Angelum per ſuam præſentiam res quaſvis percipere. Sed hoc nobis non arridet adeo, nam Angelus in eodem inſtanti poteſt eſſe præſens multis objectis, tamen in eodem inſtanti multa non cognoſcit. Dicimus autem cum Suaretzio, Angelum habere impreſſas ſpecies rerum materialium, et has per illas intelligere.

Secunda quæſtio dicit, Ignorato motu tolli cognitionem naturæ. Et verè dicit; hoc ſcilicet fundamento niſa; nulla datur perfecta cognitio cauſæ, niſi quis etiam effecta cognoſcat correlata. Unde noſtra de Creatore exurgeret cognitio, niſi per creationem, mutuò in corporibus reſpondentem? Deinde ad perfectam cognitionem naturæ, neceſſe eſt, ut accedat cognitio affectionum primò materiæ infixarum, motus autem eſt intima corporis Phyſici affectio, et illius naturæ neceſſitatis vinculis alligatus, non poteſt igitur vera naturæ cognitio tam curtam præ ſe ferre extenſionem, ut etiam ad mo-

tum ſeſe non extendat. Deſino plura in re tam apertâ, et controverſiæ neſciâ. In tertiâ quæſtione aſſeritur Intellectum eſſe nobiliorem voluntate. Si nobilitas ſedem obtinet in Intellectu, deſinat generoſorum turba nobilitatem oſtentare, cum vix micam habent intellectûs; ſed ad rem. Cautè hic dicendum eſt; nec enim intellectus eſt nobilior aliquâ nobilitate eſſentiali, ſive effecta in actu primo, ſed tantum in ſecundo, deinde nec ſecundum univerſam nobilitatem in actu ſecundo; nam quamvis ſit nobilior reſpectu prioritatis naturæ ſui objecti, (fatendum enim eſt Verum eſſe priùs naturâ quam Bonum) ipſum tamen Bonum dignitate non cedet Vero; Deinde ſi nobilitatem et fælicitatem civilem ſpectemus, proculdubiò voluntas primas obtinet.

APPEND. N°. 4.

Coloſſ. cap. 1. ver. 27.

Οις ἐθέλησεν ὁ Θεὸς γνωρίσαι, τίς ὁ πλοῦτος τῆς δόξης.

LEGIT Alexandrinus Manuſcriptus [τί τὸ πλοῦτος] Grammaticæ ingratiis: Mirabar quid ſibi vellet hæc mutatio, aut unde Librarii cogitationi ſubiit. Multum diuque meditatus, hanc tandem feci conjecturam: " Ferunt Biblio-
" rum Polyglottorum Editores, celeberrimum illum Codicem
" Alexandrinum [cujus videndi copia nunquam mihi con-
" tigit]

" tigit] magnis ſeu uncialibus literis deſcriptum eſſe, ſine
" ullâ verſuum, capitum aut verborum diſtinctione, ſive ul-
" lis Accentibus vel Aſpirationis Notis, quæ a Grammaticis
" forte tunc nondum inventa erant, adeo ut unum quaſi ver-
" bum continuatum videri poſſet; quale de antiquis Biblio-
" rum Codicibus Hebraicis, longe ante Maſorethas teſtantur
" quidam ex Rabinis. Et de Pindari aliorumque Poetarum
" Græcorum poematis affirmant alii. Sectiones tamen quaſ-
" dam habet." Hactenus Illi.

Jam vero in utrâque lectione [nempe, τίς ὁ et τί τὸ] par litterarum numerus eſt, nimirum quaternarius: Sola ergo lis erit de tertiâ, quæ apud Alexandrinum eſt, Tau, apud nos Sigma: Non neſciunt autem Grammatici, Atticis nonnunquam in more eſſe, mutare Sigma in Tau. Nam pro σεῦτλον beta, ſcribunt τεῦτλον. Pro σύρβη tumultus, τύρβη. Unde verbum τυρβάζη, *Luc.* 10. 41. Pro συρβάζη. Pro ἐλάσσων, ἐλάττων. Pro κρείσσων, κρείττων. Pro ἧσσον, ἧττον. Pro ἀλλάσσω, αλλάττω. Pro θαλάσσα, θαλάττα. Pone ergo librario hìc viſum eſſe atticiſſare. Nulluſque reſtabit Scrupulus; Siquidem lectio planiſſimè erit conſona noſtræ. Nam quaternæ illæ litteræ in Alexandrino Exemplari ſine ullo intervallo aut accentu pictæ, ſcilicet [τίο] Attice repreſentant noſtras [τισο] quas quidem ſi dividis, et accentu ſuo, ſpirituque donas, emergit [τίς ὁ.] Cæterum hanc conjecturam veſtro, Academici, Judicio totus permitto.

APPEND. N°. 5.

Coloſſ. cap. 2. ver. 13.

Καὶ ὑμᾶς νεκροὺς ὄντας ἐν τοῖς παραπτώμασι καὶ τῇ ἀκροβυστίᾳ τῆς σαρκὸς ὑμῶν, συνεζωοποίησε σὺν αὐτῷ.

PERGIT Apoſtolus, in egregio quod per Baptiſma conſecuti ſunt beneficio depingendo: idque coloribus magis adhuc vivis: ut gratam ejus memoriam altiùs imprimerit Coloſſenſium animis.

Cohærentiam orationis ſilentio prætereunt quibus utor Explanatores. Mirabar. Nec enim cuivis lectori contingit perſpicere, quomodo hoc comma cum præmiſſo congruit. Præfigitur quidem copula καὶ, ſed verbum cui viam inchoat, eſt, συνεζωοποίησε. Quodnam autem ſeu nomen ſeu prænomen, caſu recto, exhibet antegreſſum Comma, quocum verbum iſtud jungatur? certe nullum. Vulgo (nec malè,) dictum intelligunt de Deo Chriſtum excitante: Cur ergo Paulus non ait [καὶ συζωοποιήσαντος] cum præiverat [τοῦ Θεοῦ τοῦ ἐγείραντος?] ut expediatur hic nodus, et Grammaticæ non ingratiis; Cuneus eſto ellipſis, per quam non ineleganter ſubaudias Nominativum articulum [ὁς] ut integra oratio ſit [ὁς καὶ ὑμᾶς &c.] Qui etiam vos.] Nam articulum Subjunctivum quandoque ſubaudiri monui ad Cap. 1. ver. 24. Quod et Exemplis firmavi, petitis E. 1. *Jo.* 3. 12. [ὐ καθὼς Κάϊν ἐκ τοῦ πονηροῦ

πηρὸς ἦν. Pro ὃς ἐκ πονηροῦ ἦν.] 2 *Theſſ.* 1. 5. [ἔνδειγμα τῆς δικαίας κρίσεως. Pro ὃ ἔνδειγμα, quod indicio eſt.] *Jac.* 1. 18. [βληθεὶς ἀπεκύησεν ἡμας. Pro ὃς βληθεὶς] *Jac.* 5. 6. [occidiſtis juſtum, ὐκ ἀντιτάσσεται ὑμῖν. Pro, ὃς ὐκ, qui non reſiſtit vobis.] Ibidem quoque huc ſpectantia adjeci. Ait itaque Apoſtolus, Deum qui excitaverat Chriſtum, etiam Coloſſenſes vivificâſſe.

APPEND. N°. 6.

Coloſſ. cap. 2. ver. 21.

Μὴ ἅψῃ, μηδὲ γεύσῃ, μηδὲ θίγῃς.

VULGATUS hæc pluraliter vertit, [ne tetigeritis, neque guſtaveritis, neque contrectaveritis.] Sed is quem ſciam ſolus. Miremini. Nam nec ipſe Eſtius, qui ſudare ſolet in vulgato ſuo vel propugnando, vel ſaltem excuſando, ullam hic texit Apologiam. Non deero igitur laboranti cauſæ: inter variantes enim lectiones hanc in Veleſianis reperio: [μὴ ἅψησθε, μηδὲ γεύσησθε, μηδὲ θίγητε.] Quam ſi ob oculos vulgatus; a Corruptoris culpâ abfuit; licet judicium in eo deſideres receptâ paſſim lectione non contento. Sed et ideo excuſatiorem habeas, ſi ob antegreſſum plurale [δογματίζεσθε] conſultiorem eſſe duxerit hanc lectionem. [μὴ ἅψησθε, μὴδὲ γεύσησθε, μηδὲ θίγητε.] Quanquam meminiſſe oportuit, Præ-

cepta,

cepta, ad plures ſpectantia, Singularibus verbis non raro concipi: uti videre eſt, (ne alia laudem) in omnibus ipſius decalogi Mandatis.

Dogmata vero hic memorata ſcrupulum Lectori injiciunt. Duo priora [μηδὲ ἅψῃ, μηδὲ γεύσῃ] facile intelligas. Quorſum autem adponitur [μηδὲ θίγῃς] Nonne enim qui vetat *tangere* ſatis vetat *contrectare?* Grotius hoc modo conatur rem expedire [mihi videtur, Paulus verbis uſus communibus, quæ et Judæos et Philoſophos, præſertim Pythagoriſtas, comprehenderent.—Priora illa μὴ ἅψῃ, μὴ γεύσῃ, ad Cibos pertinent. i. e. *Ne tangas aut guſtes*, Gen. 33. 22. Poſterius vero illud, μὴ θίγῃς, pertinet ad vitandas fæminas; quod Judæi Sacerdotes certis temporibus faciebant, Pythagoriſtæ verò ſemper.] Sed pace doctiſſimi Viri [μὴ ἅψῃ] potius ad vitandas fæminas pertineret, quàm [μὴ θίγῃς,] cum Apoſtolus dicat, 1 *Corinth.* 1. 7. [καλὸν ἀνθρώπῳ γυναικὸς μὴ ἅπτεσθαι] verum iſtud mitto; et rogo potiùs, quomodo ad hoc interpretamentum quadrare poſſunt verba continuo adjecta, [ἅ ἐστι πάντα εἰς φθορὰν τῇ ἀποχρήσει,] quorum ſenſum ipſe Grotius ſic exponit [Hoc *vult Apoſtolus*] *Quid magni eſt multa præcipere de iis quæ egeſta pereunt?*] vertit autem Beza, quæ omnia ipſo uſu pereunt.] Vere hoc dicitur de Cibis: Num itidem de fæminis? illæne egeſtæ pereunt; aut ipſo Uſu abolentur? Senſit hoc ἄτοπον Grotius: ſubjungit ergo; verba iſta, *pertinere ad illa duo priora de quibus egerat.* Sed non perſuadet; Opinor enim [ἅ ἐστι πάντα] non ſunt verba deſignantis

ſignantis duo ex tribus præmiſſis, ſed ea omnia complectentis. Cum hâc itaque non ſucceſſit, alia tentanda eſt via. Neminem autem cum habeam qui viam inchoet, Vos, Academici, tentanti favete.

Accepiſtis quamobrem de cibis (niſi forte Potus quoque addatur) hæc intelligenda cenſeam: quod præterea firmant ultima hujus Capitis verba [ἐκ ἐν τιμῇ τινι πρὸς πλησμονὴν τῆς σαρκὸς] de quibus tandem ſuo loco. Sic igitur, ni fallor, res habet: Verbum [ἅπτομαι] quandoque non eſt, ſimpliciter *tango*, ſed prehendo, *capeſco*, ut monent Lexicographi. Et quidem Suidas diſerte exponit ἅπτεσθαι per λαμβάνεσθαι. Quinetiam, ni fallor, ita ſignificat. *Luc.* 22. 51. [ἀψάμενος τοῦ ὠτίου αὐτοῦ ἰάσατο αὐτὸν] abſciſſa enim fuerat Malchi auricula, hanc Chriſtus non tetigit ſolùm, ſed prehendit, et ad caput hominis applicans, truncatum ſanavit. Μὴ ἅψῃ igitur, idem ſonet quod, ne capias, ne aſſumas; (eſculenta ſcilicet apud Moſen interdicta) animo comedendi. Licuit enim ea tangere, quibus veſci nefas erat. Camelus ſiquidem inter immunda animalia primus nominatur, *Lev.* 11. 4. At quis credat, Judæis religionem fuiſſe Camelos tangere? Μηδὲ γεύσῃ, Exponit mentem prioris præcepti, et quo conſilio τὸ ἅπτεσθαι vetitum erat. Et hactenus quidem obtendere poterant Legem Moſaïcam. Verum pro ſingulari, ſi placet, Zebuſuo, Cum abundans cautela non noceat, viſum eſt Impoſtoribus Mantiſſæ loco addere Μηδὲ θίγῃς. Ad hunc itaque modum decernunt: Vetitis illis cibis ne admoliaris manum, nec, ut mundas,

mundas ſoles eſcas, prehendas: Cave deguſtes. Nam depaſcere, Omnem exuperat audaciam: Imò ut ab omni abſis ſuſpicione, ab illis tangendis prorſus tempera. Tertio ſanè huic præcepto nihil ſtolidius, aut a Lege veteri alienius: verum quid iſtis hominibus facias, in quibus indoles eſt Phariſaicæ ſeveritatis? Ne non præter cæteros ſapere religionis negotia videantur, Divinæ Legi tanquam haud ſatis cautæ, provida ſua commenta non erubeſcunt aſſuere.

Cæterùm ſi minùs aptus iſti Nodo videtur hic Cuneus, hem alium: In Confeſſo eſt, Apoſtolum hæc loqui μιμητικῶς: ſi verba inficeta ſunt, ſi inſcita, ſi incongrua; Non ille culpâ tenetur, ſed ipſi impoſtores tam inconditis modis dogmata ſua effutientes. Quos quidem Paulus majori habet deſpicatui, dum ipſam infrunitorum Dictatorum vaniloquentiam profert. Unaque Coloſſenſes docet tam ridiculos Magiſtros, ut par erat, faſtidire. Hæc habui, Academici, de moleſtis hiſce verbis: veſtro autem judicio permittenda.

APPEND. N°. 7.

Coloſſ. cap. 3. ver. 5.

Καὶ τὴν πλεονεξίαν ἥτις ἐστιν εἰδωλολατρεία.

Et Avaritiam quæ eſt Idololatria.

THEODORETUS ad locum [Avaritiam autem vocavit cultum Simulachrorum, quoniam Servator Mammonam, Dominum appellavit; docens, quod qui ſervit vitio Avaritiæ, tanquam Deum colit divitias] et Theophylactus [τὴν πλεονεξίαν εἰδωλολατρείαν ὠνόμασεν, ὡς χρυσίῳ καὶ ἀργυρίῳ λατρεύουσαν. Καὶ τὰ εἴδωλα γὰρ τῶν ἐθνῶν, ἀργύριον καὶ χρυσίον. Avaritiam nominavit Idololatriam, ceu auro et argento ſervientem. Etenim Idola gentium argentum et aurum] *Pſal.* 115. 4.] et hoc fere modo Complures interpretantur: Eandemque ob cauſam, πλεονέκτης, inquiunt, εἰδωλολάτρης vocatur *Eph.* 5. 5. Nec ulla ſanè mira ſunt, Apoſtolum ſtigma hoc Avaritiæ inurere, utpote ſummopere mortificandæ, cum ipſo teſte, ἡ φιλαργυρία ſit ῥίζα πάντων τῶν κακῶν. 1 *Tim.* 6. 10.

Verum enimvero, pia licèt ſit hæc Interpretatio, an tamen habenda pro germanâ, eſt cur dubites. Primo enim, tametſi Avarus Mammone colendo ſe dat Idololatram: idem tamen facere cenſendi ſunt, qui aliis vitiis quibus Ethnica præſunt Numina, ſe nobilitare ſolent. Nam [quiſquis committit pec-

catum ſervus eſt peccati *Joh.* 8. 34.] An neſcitis quod cui ſiſtitis vos ipſos ſervos ad obediendum, ejus ſervi eſtis cui obeditis, vel peccati ad mortem, vel obedientiæ ad Juſtitiam? *Rom.* 6. 26.] et 2 *Pet.* 2. 19. [A quo quis ſuperatur, huic etiamin ſervitutem eſt addictus.] Quocirca, ſocordiæ et deſidiæ ſe dedentes, Murciam colunt; ebrietati, Bacchum; impudicitiæ, Venerem: Cur igitur Avaritia, tanquam proprio et peculiari vocabulo, nuncupatur Idololatria? Secundo, cùm præmiſſa vitiorum Series [πορνεία ſcilicet, ἀκαθαρσία, ἐπιθυμία κακὴ] ad impudicitiam attineat; facile credas τὴν πλεονεξίαν quoque ejuſdem furfuris eſſe. Præſertim, cum Apoſtolus *Eph.* 5. 3. in una ſeorſum claſſe collocet πορνείαν, ἀκαθαρσίαν et πλεονεξίαν, quas ne nominari quidem inter eos vult: dein vero *ver.* 5. πόρνον, ἀκάθαρ]ον, πλεονέκ]ην: cognata ſcilicet peccantes peccata. Tertio, Apoſtolus ita depingit impudicos, *Eph.* 4. 19. [οἵτινες ἀπηλγηκότες, qui poſtquam doluerunt, (i. e. conſuetudine peccandi obduxerunt callum, ita ut nullum conſcientiæ morſum ſentiant) ἑαυ]οὺς παρέδωκαν τῇ ἀσελγείᾳ, ſemetipſos dediderunt laſciviæ, εἰς ἐργασίαν ἀκαθαρσίας πάσης, ad patrandam omnem impuritatem, ἐν πλεονεξίᾳ.] Num, in, vel, cum *avaritiâ*, ſeu *auri argentive cupiditate?* Haud dixeris. Significat autem libidinem effrænatam, enormem, projectiſſimam, modi neſciam et inſatiabilem. Quartò, probe gnarus, πλεονεξίαν vulgo denotare avaritiam, addit, [ἥτις ἐστὶν εἰδωλολα]ρεία] ne quis fortè erret,

vocemque

vocemque ſenſu in vulgus obtinente intelligendam putet. Quo quidem conſilio, ait, *Eph.* 5. 5. [πᾶς πόρνος ἢ ἀκάθαρτος, ἢ πλεονέκτης, ὅς ἐστιν εἰδωλολάτρης.] Quintò, S. Hieronymus, in ad Eph. huc facit: ait enim [operationem immunditiæ omnis in avaritiâ (hoc eſt, ἐργασίαν ἀκαθαρσίας πάσης ἐν πλεονεξίᾳ.) non ad avaritiam ut ſonat ſimpliciter pertinere, ſed ad libidinem atque luxuriam.

Reſtat videamus, quo nomine πλεονεξία, ſive impotens et belluina libido, nuncupatur εἰδωλολατρεία. Cameroni, πλεονεξία eſt avaritia, nihilominus tamen huc facit, quod ille adnotat. Sic enim habet [Apoſtolus vocat avaritiam, Idololatriam; non quod velit, (ut vulgo accipitur) avaritiam eſſe Idololatriam, ſed quia nihil execrabilius erat omnium Judæorum judicio quàm Idololatria. Nam hoc ſolenne eſt Hebræis, magna peccata notare nominibus quæ ſignificant peccata vulgô deteſtanda; ut cum Rebellio adverſus Deum dicitur in ſcriptura, *Divinatio*, *Incantatio*, et *Idololatria*, 1 Sam. 15. 23. Non quòd Rebellio ſit Divinatio, ſed ſic loquitur Spiritus, ut notet quàm ſit execrabilis præfracta apud Deum animi obſtinatio. Sic hodieque Germani Judæi quoties aliquid deteſtantur (etiam dum Germanicè loquuntur) vocant illud פְּסִיל a פָּסַל quod *ſculptile Idolum ſignificat.* Et in ſcriptis Rabbinorum nihil eſt frequentiùs quàm res abominandas appellare פְּסִילִים] Hæc ſi placent, juſta paret ratio ob quam Apoſtolus effrænatam libidinem deteſtatus, Eam *Idololatriæ* vocabulo indigitat.

APPEND. N°. 8.

Coloſſ. cap. 3. ver. 16.

Ὁ Λόγος τοῦ Χριστοῦ ἐνοικείτω ἐν ὑμῖν.

QUOSNAM alloquitur? nonne Coloſſenſes omnes? etiam Laicos? hine ergo arcendi S. Scripturis, ne forte detorqueant eas ad ſuam ipſorum ἀπώλειαν? longe alia mens Apoſtolo. Clamat igitur hic Chryſoſtomus [ἀκούσατε ὅσοι ἐστὲ, κοσμικοὶ, καὶ γυναικὸς καὶ παίδων προϊσασθε, πῶς καὶ ὑμῖν ἁρμόττει μάλιστα τὰς γραφὰς ἀναγινώσκειν. Audite quicunquæ eſtis mundani, et uxori præeſtis ac liberis, quomodo vobis quoque maximè mandet legere Scripturas.] Datâ vero hâc anſâ, in quæſtionem ipſam pauliſper nos penetremus.

Negant Pontificii permittendas eſſe vulgo Scripturas; an meritò, juſtâque de cauſâ, facilis erit cernendi copia. Principio enim in confeſſo eſt, Inſtrumentum vetus, ipſis Judæis authoribus, in linguam Græcam verſum fuiſſe. Quo autem conſilio, niſi ut Hebraicarum literarum rudibus, legendi eſſet ac expendendi facultas? Quod verò fas erat in Græcam vertere, longè tunc temporis lateque notam, erat et in aliam quamvis linguam, ubi uſus veniret: nam quid Græca, hâc in parte, reliquis intereſt? Siquid hoc incepto peccatum eſt a LXX Senibus, verſionis iſtius concinnatoribus, qûi fit ut iſtud auferrent, ſine notâ a Chriſto aut Apoſtolis inuſtâ? At ubi, obſecro,

obſecro, inurebant vel hi vel ille? Imò è contrario, nonnunquam apud eos legere eſt verba ex iſtâ verſione laudata. Minime autem ſilentio tranſmittendum, verſionem Senum omnibus quidem numeris abſolutam non fuiſſe; à quâ proinde Apoſtoli quandoque abeunt. Nec hæc tamen viſa eſt ſatis juſta ſuccenſendi cauſa. Humanitùs id Senibus accidit; cautio tamen interea erat, ne quid a fide aut bonis moribus alienum obtruderent. Et cùm verſio eorum hoc modo comparata, nec Chriſto, nec Apoſtolis, ſtomachum fecerit: quare noſtras, licet id genus nævorum non immunes, delicati Pontificii indignantur? Num propterèa quòd ipſorum Latina, quam authenticam eſſe jubent, ſemper rem acu tangit? Si ſapiunt, deſinant maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſua: *Nam Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.*

Ut tranſeamus itaque ad Inſtrumentum novum; quod Græcâ linguâ exaratum fuiſſe quis neſcit? Quid ita vero? nempe quia per bene multas orbis regiones jam tum percrebeſcente: quod facile colligas tum ex Epiſtolis Græcis ad Romanas et Hebræos datis; tum ex ipſis Catholicis eâdem linguâ, tanquam Catholicâ ſcriptis. Sole igitur clariùs patet, Apoſtolos a Pontificiiorum conſilio de arcendis Laïcis lectione Scripturæ quàm longiſſimè abfuiſſe. Si enim arcere ſteterat; præoptaſſent linguam aliquam ſoli quam callebant eruditi, quorum eſſet popellum inſtruere; minimè autem omnium potiſſimis terrarum orbis regionibus tritam. Cæterùm memores meminerant Moſem, Scriptorum ſacrorum Principem,

Principem, linguâ apud Suos vulgari et vernaculâ ſcripſiſſe: ſimiliter et Prophetas reliquoſque Sancti Spiritûs amanuenſes. Hos quâ poterant Duces ſecuti, ut commodo Eccleſiæ ex pluribus gentibus conflatæ inſervirent, illam præter cæteras delegerunt linguam quæ maxime tum innotuerat. Vos appello, Academici: Ecquid conſultius excogitari poterat in univerſorum Chriſtianorum, adeoque et laicorum gratiam? Fac autem, quod nonnullis videtur Evangelium S. Matthæi, et Epiſtolam ad Hebræos, Sermone Hebraïco; Evangelium vero S. Marci Latino, edita fuiſſe: vehementer hoc facit ad cauſam noſtram; nam non multò poſt, vel ad ipſis authoribus, vel ab aliis viris Apoſtolicis Græca facta eſſe, in confeſſo eſt. Quorſum autem, niſi ut linguâ pervolgatiſſimâ, omnium lectioni commendarentur?

Apoſtolis officio ſuo hactenus functis; curæ eſſe cœpit viris piis doctiſque, ne quà fraudi eſſet Chriſtianorum poſtea vulgo Græcæ linguæ inſcitia; Hinc in rem Eccleſiæ Latinæ, Latina verſio orta. Ingenue enim dicite Pontificii; Quam ob cauſam hæc verſio inventa, incœpta, perfecta fuit? Num ut proſpiceretur eruditis et Græcas literas callentibus? Gerræ! Quibus ergo, niſi indoctis? Quare autem iis, ſi lectione Scripturæ prohibendis? Vel igitur majoribus veſtris editionem Latinam vitio vertite, vel Italis Italicam adornate. Nam Græca lingua non magis fugerat avos, quàm nepotes Latina; Donec hoc in animum induxeritis, malæ fraudis vos tenemus manifeſtos, qui majorum facta, quæ laudibus effertis, contrario

trario plane facinore damnare ſuſtinetis. Nos intereà riſum vix tenemus dum editionem illam *Vulgatæ* vocabulo venditare non ceſſatis: Nam fuerit quidem φερώνυμος olim apud Seclum prius, ubi a vulgo capi potuit; at nunc dierum, quando non poteſt, minimè audiat vulgata, ſed recondita potius, et, quantum in vobis eſt, clero reſervata.

Ut pergam autem: Quod apud Latinos illos priſcos ſanoſque factitatum videmus, aliis in gentibus pridem in uſu venit. Quid memorem verſionem Armenam, Chryſoſtomo, ut fertur, Authore; Slavonicam, Hyeronimo; Gothicam, Wulphilâ; Arabicam, Joanni Hiſpalenſi? Teſte Chryſoſtomo, *Homil.* I. in Joannem, tranſtulerant hunc Apoſtolum in linguas ſuas, καὶ Σύρους, καὶ Αἰγυπτίους, καὶ Ἰνδοὺς, καὶ Πέρσας, καὶ Αἰθίοπας, καὶ μύρια ἕτερα ἔθνη, Syrii, Ægyptii, Indi, et Perſæ, Æthiopes et innumeræ aliæ Gentes. Quâ igitur nos in culpâ ſumus qui antiquorum ubivis gentium Chriſtianorum veſtigiis inſiſtimus?

Ne tamen ſine ratione inſanire videantur adverſarii, ut cauſam eorum agit Bellarminus, audite: [Convenit omnino ad Eccleſiæ unitatem conſervandam, ut publicus uſus Scripturarum ſit in aliquâ linguâ communiſſimâ; Nam aliter tolletur communicatio Eccleſiarum: Nemo enim neque doctus, neque indoctus frequentabit Eccleſias, niſi in ſuâ patriâ; Et præterea non poterunt fieri ulla generalia Concilia; Nec enim Patres omnes qui ad Concilium veniunt, habent donum linguarum.] Ita Ille. Et, ut benigne nos agamus,

largimur

largimur ei propoſitionem ſuam: E re eſt Eccleſiæ lingua communiſſima: At non illa vulgaris eſt et vernacula? Imò, inquit, non unius, ſed omnium Eccleſiarum habenda eſt ratio; nec communicationi membrorum topicæ alicujus, ſed Catholicæ Eccleſiæ proſpiciendum. Qûi autem id fiet? Num ope linguæ ſolis doctis cognitæ? quæ hinc Communicatio cum cætu populi, parte ſcilicet Eccleſiarum longe maximâ? verum, quod angit Cardinalem, abſque hujuſmodi communiſſimâ linguâ, *nemo neque doctus neque indoctus frequentabit Eccleſias niſi in ſuâ patriâ.* Scilicet magnæ curæ habet peregrinantes, paucos licet, numeroſorum interea indigenarum indignè immemor. At neſcire non poterat, moris eſſe peregrinis, gentium, in quibus verſantur, linguas ſummopere addiſcere. Nihil eis hoc ſtudio prius; qui ſi ſuccedit ex ſententia, facultas eſt frequentandi Eccleſias: ſin minùs, patriam ferè repetunt. Quod ad Patres in generale concilium coactos; linguarum chariſmate haud locupletatos, facilè largior. In tanto autem conventu quis credat deſiderari interpretes? quibus quoties uſus erat ſuppetias ferentibus, negotia non incommodè tranſigi poterant, ſine auxilio unius, in Sacris, linguæ paſſim receptæ. Denique plurimæ extiterant verſiones vernaculæ ante *Concilium* Tridentinum, illudque, ut contendunt adverſarii, generale: in quo quidem nemo, quem ſciam, Patrum, linguarum dono pollebat. Ecqua ex verſionibus illis remora, Ecquod *Concilio* obſtaculum? annon potius irritamentum? Quid multis? non capio, quo pacto, vulgatæ

gatæ in quâvis gente verſiones obſint Communicationi Eccleſiarum, cum interea Textus Hebraïcus atque Græcus ab omnibus pro authenticis habeantur. — Sed pergit Cardinalis.

[Si ulla ratio eſſet cur Scripturæ in Linguâ vulgari in cætu fidelium legi deberent, ea certè eſſet potiſſima, ut omnes intelligerent. At certè populus non intelligeret Prophetas et Pſalmos, et alia quæ in Eccleſiâ leguntur, Etiamſi maternâ linguâ legerentur. Nos enim qui Latinè ſcimus, non propterea continuò intelligimus Scripturas, niſi Expoſitores legamus vel audiamus. Quomodo ergo intelligerent homines imperiti?] Quam craſſum verò hoc Sophiſma! Pone enim, *rationem eſſe ut omnes intelligant.* Ideone incaſſum fit ſi omnes non intellexerint omnia? Intelligat quiſque quantum queat, quantumque dederit Deus: Cætera piè admiretur. Nemo tam hebes quin nonnulla capiat quæ ad Chriſtianam virtutem ſunt: Et, quod male urit adverſarios, ruſticorum infimus, audito Decalogo, facilè percipiet, Imagines non eſſe colendas: Auditâ Inſtitutione Euchariſtiæ; Calicem non eſſe negandum Populo: Audito 7 Capite prioris ad Corinthios; licere quibusvis inire conjugium. Ubi autem obſcurum quid aut perplexum occurret, faciant Laïci, quod nec Clerici quidem detrectant: ad eruditorum opem confugiant.

Ardentiùs poſt pugnat: [Populus (inquit) non ſolùm non caperet fructum ex Scripturis, ſed etiam caperet detrimentum: Acciperet enim facillimè occaſionem errandi, tum indoctrinâ fidei, tum in præceptis vitæ et morum: Nam ex

Scripturâ non intellectâ natæ ſunt omnes hæreſes.] Quid ſi natæ? Idone Scripturâ prohibendi laïci? At primùm noris, hâc de cauſâ, juſta modo ſit, prohibendos etiam Clericos: Nonne enim immaniſſimæ hæreſes ad Clericos authores referuntur? Arium neſcis, et Macedonium, Neſtorium, et Eutychen; Clericos omnes? Quales alii; Valentinus, Marcion, Photinus, Novatianus; Et, ut innumeros alios mittam, Socinus? Hine è rudi et imperito Vulgo? Secundò, ſi ideo laïcos Scripturam celas, quia abuti illâ ad ſuam ipſorum perniciem poſſunt; tolle vinum ne crapula; tolle cibos, ne gula ſequatur. Imò Solem, Lunamque Cælo detrahe: Ignem, terram, flumina, animalia multa, multas herbas, abole; ne ab indocto vulgo, quod ſæpe fiebat, pro numinibus habeantur. Saltem templis veſtris imagines exturba, faciles quippe Laïcis Idololatriæ illecebras. Quid multis? Ingratiſſimæ dementiæ eſt, Dei beneficio indiſcriminatim indulto, Laïcis interdicere, non aliam ob cauſam, quàm quòd nonnulli dextrâ oblatum ſiniſtrâ accipiant. Tertiò, monet S. *Petrus* 2 Epiſt. 3. 16. eſſe in Paulinis epiſtolis quædam δυσνόητα *intellectu difficilia*; quæ indocti et inſtabiles contorquent, ut et reliquas Scripturas πρὸς τὴν ἰδίαν αὐτῶν ἀπώλειαν.] Atque hanc ſummam habet Pontificiorum querela. Quid ergo Petrus? iniitne rationem celandi populum periculoſas iſtas unà cum cæteris Scripturis Epiſtolas; vel ſaltem ab iis legendis laïcos deterret? Hæc certè ab illo facta oportebant, judicibus Pontificiis; præſertim ſi Chriſti vice ſummum Eccleſiæ

cleſiæ Paſtorem ageret. Verum longè alia Petro mens: quem ſi negligentem inſimulant, nos illius æmulari exoptamus negligentiam, potiùs quam iſtorum diligentiam. Nam quod nonnulli argutantur, gladios minimè tradendos eſſe in manus inſanientium; nihil eſt. Primò enim, Ideone inſaniunt Laïci, quia minus imbuuntur literis. Secundò, Ecquis contendit Scripturas in vernaculum vertendas eſſe, in gratiam lymphaticorum: Tertiò, num ſanis laïcis negabis gladiorum uſum, quia mente captis periculoſum? Quartò, Litem Pontificiis non intendemus, ſi furentes laïcos arcuerint Scripturis, modò ſanis omnibus earundem copiam fecerint. Æquiſſima certè conditio; quam qui repudiant, ipſi non modicum furorem furunt.

FINIS.