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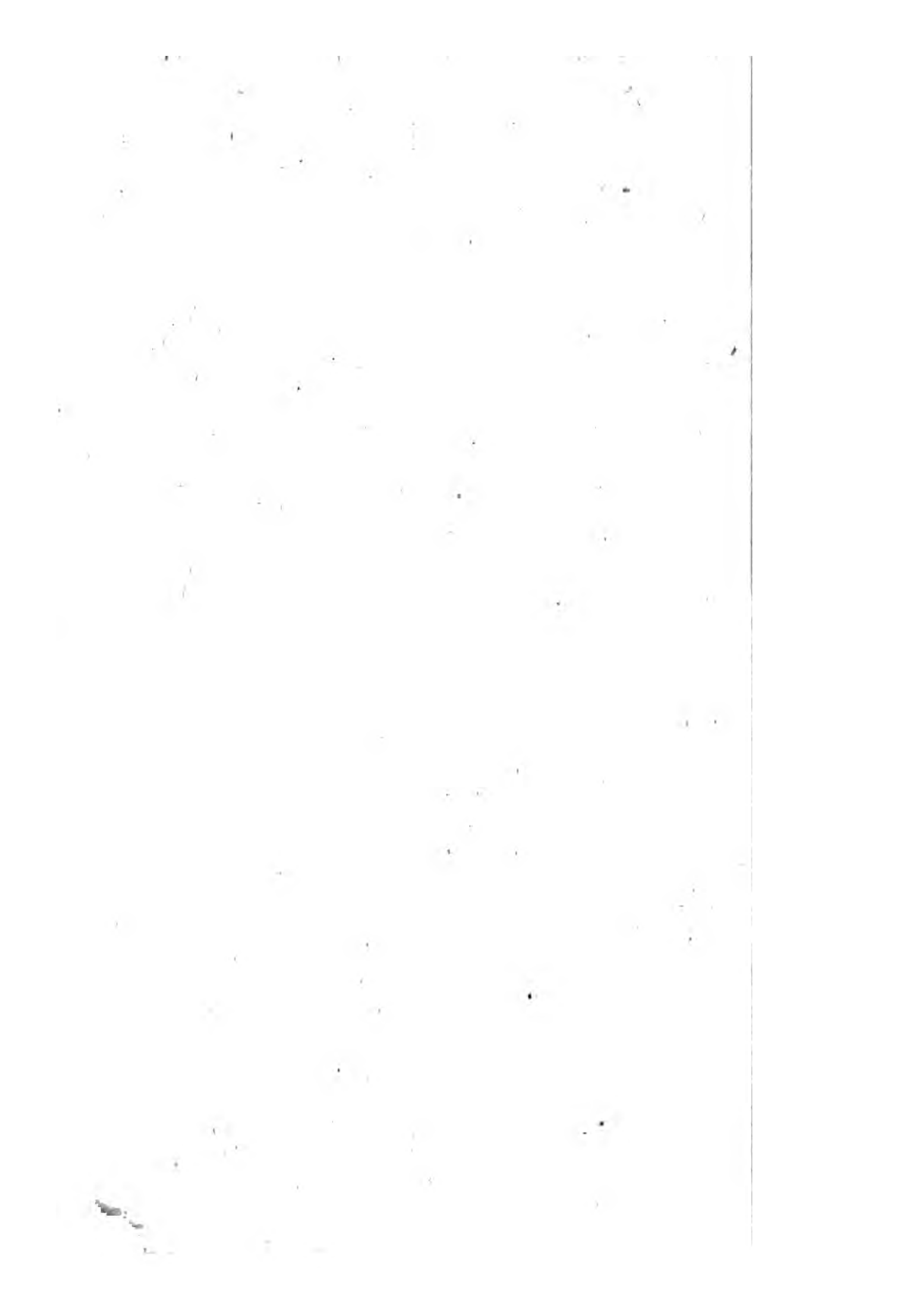


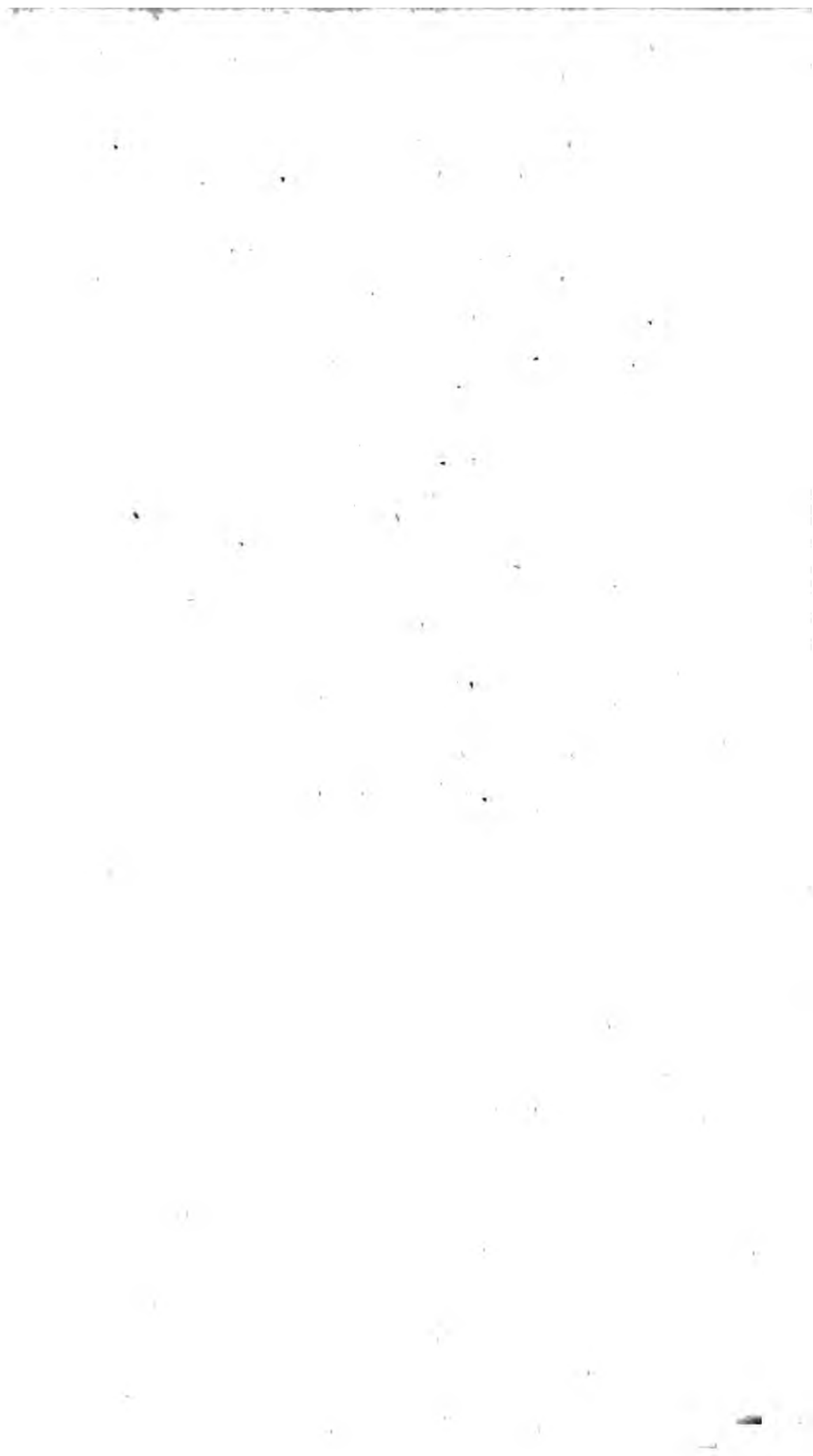
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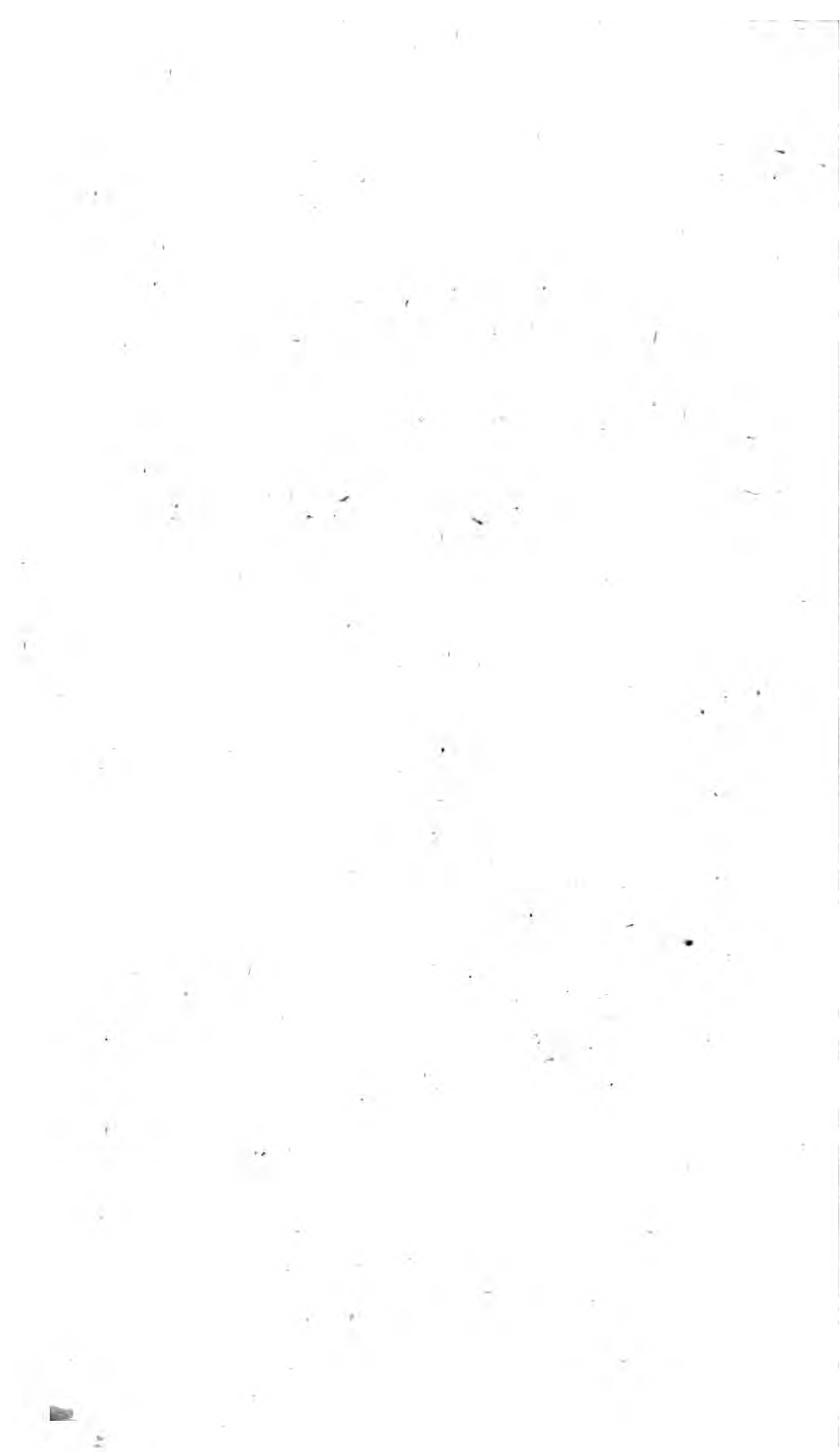


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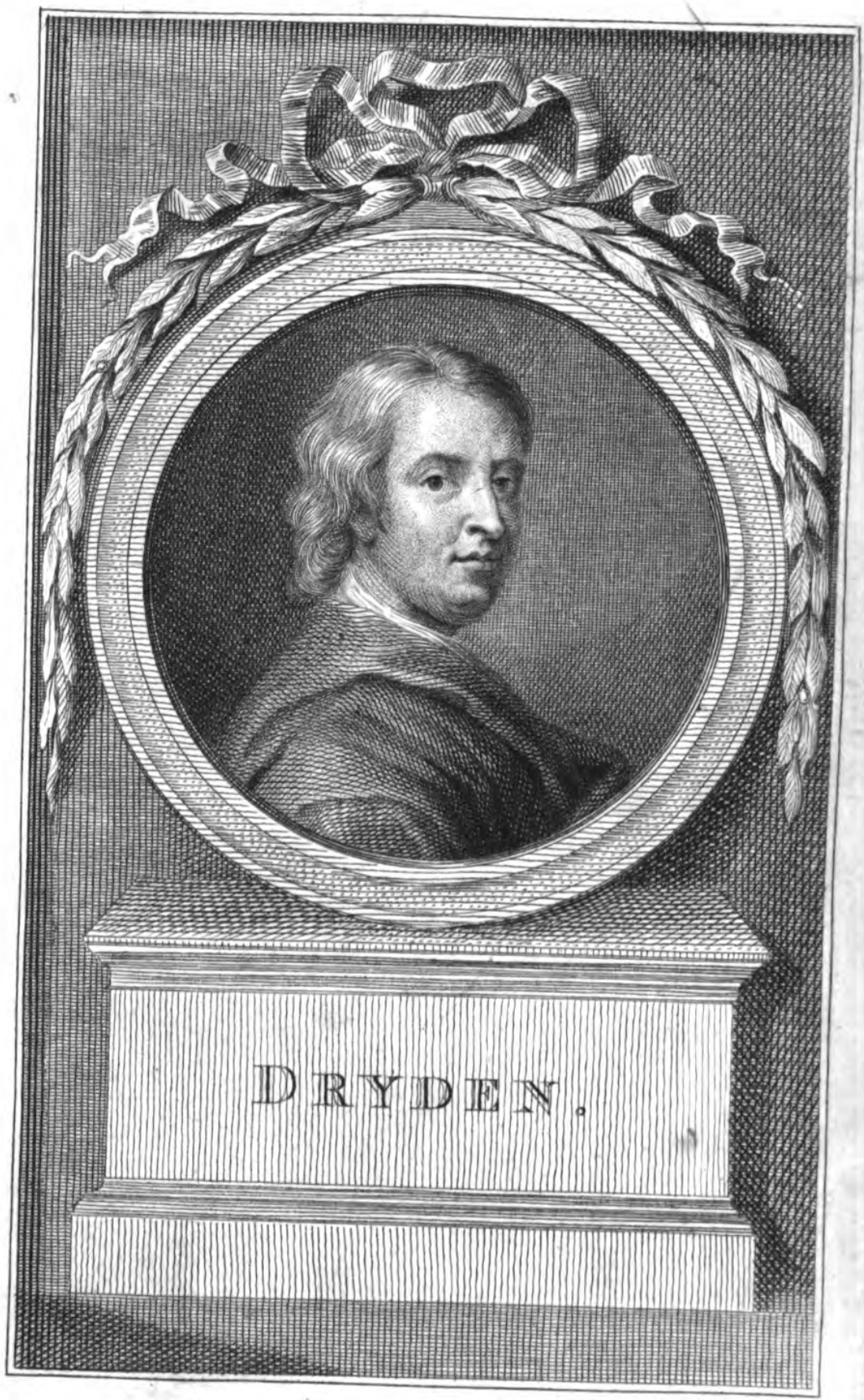












DRYDEN.

J. Sherwin Sculp.

THE
W O R K S
OF THE
E N G L I S H P O E T S.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

L O N D O N:

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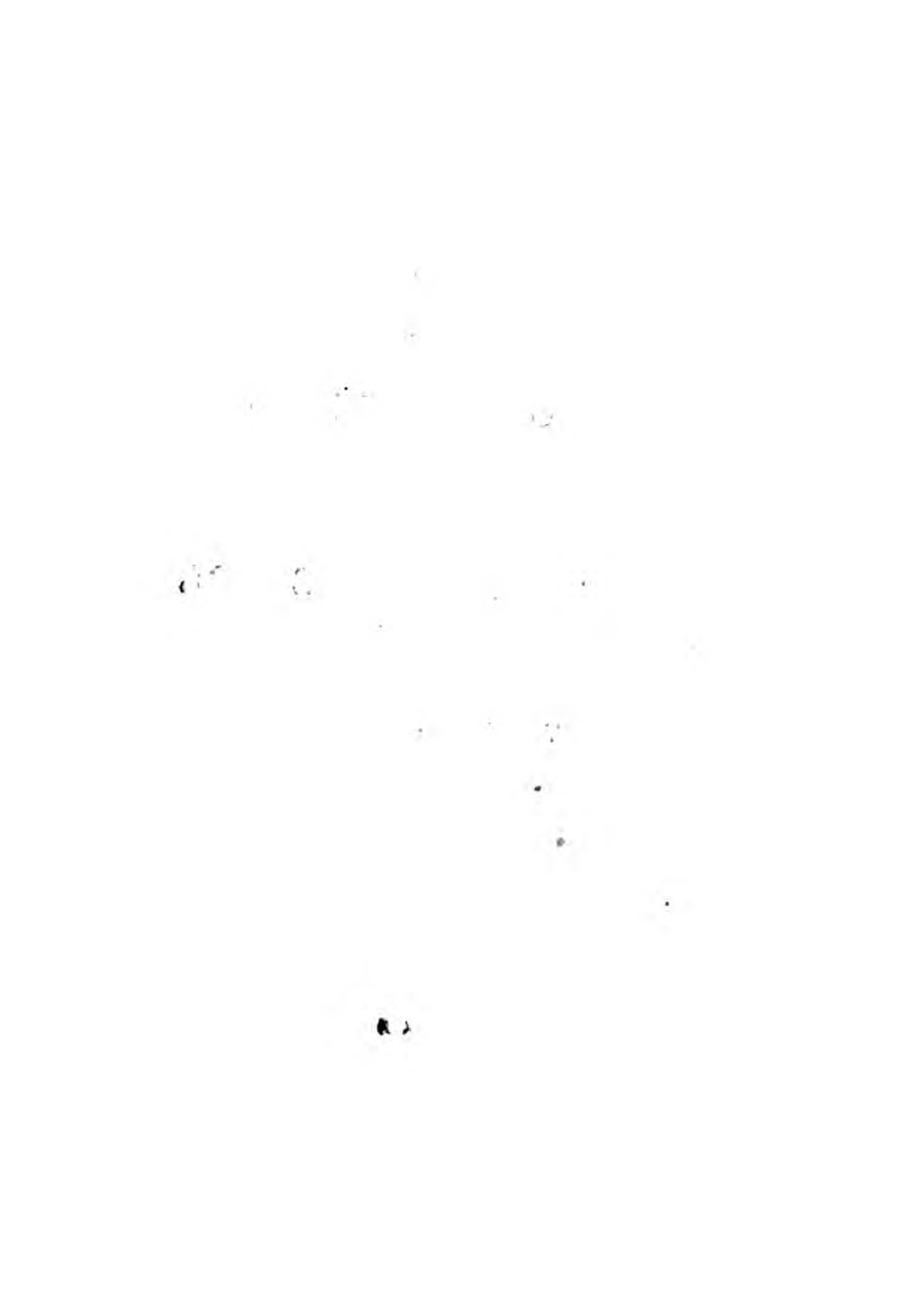
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THE
P O E M S
OF
D R Y D E N.

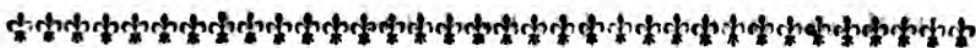
VOLUME I.



V E R S E S

IN PRAISE OF

MR. D R Y D E N.



On Mr. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

BE gone, you slaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
Let free, impartial, men from Dryden learn
Myfterious secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.

What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
Our sects a more tyrannic power assume,
And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics cast the pearls of heaven to swine:
What then have thinking honest men to do,
But chuse a mean between th' usurping two?

2 V E R S E S O N M R . D R Y D E N .

Nor can th' Ægyptian patriarch blame thy muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse ;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface sure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll say :
'Tis true : but so she will th' Apocrypha ;
And such as can believe them, freely may. }

But did that God (so little understood)
Whose darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest insects are ?

O ! how much happier and more safe are they ?
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do !
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And so do all their followers that rebel :
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian stray,
Shall the great gulph be shew'd him for the way ?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fallen angels room will be but ill supply'd.

That Christ, who at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he resolves to say)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath

VERSES ON MR. DRYDEN. 3

Hath too much mercy to send men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity, profusely shown }
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own. }
I'll err at least on the securer side,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

To my Friend, Mr. JOHN DRYDEN, on his several
excellent Translations of the ancient Poets.

By G. GRANVILLE, Lord LANSDOWNE.

AS flow'rs, transplanted from a southern sky,
But hardly bear, or in the railing die ;
Missing their native sun, at best retain
But a faint odour, and survive with pain :
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught, }
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote, }
Is a dead image, and a senseless draught. }
While we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit desire,
Must imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of style and phrase the same,
And in the sparkling genius, and the flame.
Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,
Cœlestial poet ! soul of harmony !
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.

4 V E R S E S O N M R. D R Y D E N.

Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight ;
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,
All glorified, immortal, and divine.

As Britain in rich soil abounding wide,
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more ;
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins,
And to her plenteous harvests India's mines ;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote sends forth his learned muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose :
Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise ?
That, by comparing others, all might see,
Who most excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

To Mr. DRYDEN, by JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

HOW long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise !
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage ?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote ;
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought ;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast.

VERSES ON MR. DRYDEN. 5

Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
 And England boasts of riches not her own :
 Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
 And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
 Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
 In smoother numbers, and a clearer style :
 And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
 Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
 Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
 And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
 And tells his story in the British tongue ;
 Thy charming verse, and fair translations show
 How thy own laurel first began to grow ;
 How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,
 And frighted at himself, ran howling thro' the woods.

O may'st thou still the noble tale prolong,
 Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song :
 Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
 Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams,
 Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
 Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold :
 How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
 Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
 Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
 A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon.
 June 2, 1693.

6 VERSES ON MR. DRYDEN.

From Mr. ADDISON'S Account of the
ENGLISH POETS.

BUT see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles and tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh, unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all:
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee;
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

VERSES ON MR. DRYDEN. 7

ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST: Or, The
POWER of MUSICK. AN ODE.

From Mr POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM, l. 376.

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.
The power of Musick all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER of DRYDEN,

From an ODE of GRAY'S.

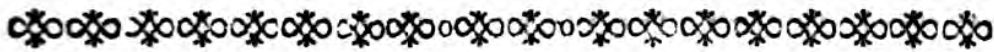
BEhold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear:
Two courfers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—

8 V E R S E S O N M R . D R Y D E N .

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? though he inhefit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air ;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

MR.

MR. DRYDEN'S
ORIGINAL POEMS.



Upon the DEATH of Lord HASTINGS.

MUST noble Hastings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
Must virtue prove death's harbinger? must she,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease; if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himself to discipline? who'd not esteem
Labour a crime? study self-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguist whose worth speaks itself, whose praise,
Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise:
Than whom great Alexander may seem less;
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.

His

His native soil was the four parts o'th' earth ;
 All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
 A young apostle ; and with reverence may
 I speak it, inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
 Nature gave him a child, what men in vain
 Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
 His body was an orb, his sublime soul
 Did move on virtue's, and on learning's pole :
 Whose regular motions better to our view,
 Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.
 Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
 Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
 Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
 Scatter'd in others ; all, as in their sphere,
 Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul ; and thence
 Shone through his body, with sweet influence ;
 Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
 The whole frame render'd was celestial.
 Come, learned Ptolemy, and tryal make,
 If thou this hero's altitude canst take :
 But that transcends thy skill ; thrice happy all,
 Could we but prove thus astronomical.
 Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone
 More bright i'th' morn', than others beam at noon,
 He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
 What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
 Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
 Where was room left for such a foul disease ?
 The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which shrouds
 Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds,

Heaven

Heaven would no longer trust its pledge ; but thus
 Recall'd it ; rapt its Ganymede from us.
 Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
 The very filthiness of Pandora's box ?
 So many spots, like næves on Venus' foil,
 One jewel set off with so many a foil ;
 Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh did sprout
 Like rose-buds, stuck i'th' lily-skin about.
 Each little pimple had a tear in it,
 To wail the fault its rising did commit :
 Which, rebel-like, with it's own lord at strife,
 Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
 Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
 The cabinet of a richer soul within ?
 No comet need foretel his change drew on,
 Whose corps might seem a constellation.
 O ! had he dy'd of old, how great a strife
 Had been, who from his death should draw their life ?
 Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er
 Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were ?
 Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great ; and have by this
 An universal metempsychosis.
 Must all these aged fires in one funeral
 Expire ? all die in one so young, so small ?
 Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
 Had swol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
 But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
 The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to nought.
 Thus fades the oak i'th' sprig, i'th' blade the corn ;
 Thus without young, this Phoenix dies, new-born.

Must

Must then old three-legg'd grey-beards with their gout,
 Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out ?
 Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital !
 Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal !
 Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live
 With such helps as broths, possets, physic give ?
 None live, but such as should die ? shall we meet
 With none but ghostly fathers in the street ?
 Grief makes me rail ; sorrow will force its way ;
 And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
 The tongue may fail ; but overflowing eyes
 Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
 Now thy beloved, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone,
 Whose skilful fire in vain strove to apply
 Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
 With greater than platonic love, O wed
 His soul, though not his body, to thy bed :
 Let that make thee a mother ; bring thou forth
 Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth ;
 Transcribe th' original in new copies ; give
 Hastings o'th' better part : so shall he live
 In's nobler half ; and the great grandfire be
 Of an heroic divine progeny :
 An issue, which t'eternity shall last,
 Yet but th'irradiations which he cast.
 Erect no mausoleums : for his best
 Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

HEROIC

HEROIC STANZAS on the Death of OLIVER
CROMWELL, written after his Funeral.

I.

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

II.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular;
For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone ;
 For he was great ere fortune made him so :
 And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
 Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
 But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring ;
 Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
 With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade :
 We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain ;
 He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
 To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

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

XIV.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame :
 Still by new maps the island might be shewn,
 Of conquests, which he strew'd where-e'er he came,
 Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes ;
 And treacherous Scotland to no interest true,
 Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
 Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
 When to pale mariners they storms portend :
 He had his calmer influence, and his mien
 Did love and majesty together blend.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

When

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

He made us free-men of the continent,
 Whom nature did like captives treat before ;
 To nobler preys the English lion sent,
 And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
 And bravely fought where southern stars arise ;
 We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
 And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less,
 But when fresh laurels courted him to live :
 He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
 As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His latest victories still thickest came,
 As, near the center, motion doth increase ;
 Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
 Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease.

XXXV.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
 The giant prince of all her watery herd ;
 And th' isle, when her protecting genius went,
 Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of
 his sacred Majesty CHARLES II, 1660.

“ Jam redit & virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.” VIRG.

*The last great age foretold by sacred rhimes
 Renews it's finish'd course: Saturnian times
 Roll round again.*

NOW with a general peace the world was blest,
 While our's, a world divided from the rest,
 A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
 Than arms, a fullen interval of war:
 Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring skies,
 Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
 An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
 And in that silence we the tempest fear.
 Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,
 On this hand gaining what on that he lost,

Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
 To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd.
 And heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
 For France and Spain did miracles create ;
 Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace
 As nature bred, and interest did increase.
 We figh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
 Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
 While our cross stars deny'd us Charles's bed,
 Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
 For his long absence church and state did groan ;
 Madness the pulpit, faction seiz'd the throne :
 Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost,
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross :
 Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
 Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had seen :
 We thought our fires, not with their own content,
 Had ere we came to age our portion spent.
 Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
 Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt :
 For when by their designing leaders taught
 To strike at power which for themselves they sought,
 The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd ;
 Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
 The sacred purple then and scarlet gown,
 Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shewn.
 Thus when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,
 And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
 (What king, what crown, from treason's reach is free,
 If Jove and heaven can violated be ?)

The

The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state,
 All suffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
 The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
 Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
 They own'd a lawless savage liberty,
 Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
 Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
 How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
 Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!
 He, toss'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,
 Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,
 Could taste no sweets of youth's desir'd age;
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
 His manly courage overcame his fate.
 His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
 Which by his virtue were with laurels dress'd.
 As souls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
 So did he live above his banishment.
 That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
 Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
 How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
 But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
 He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd fortune to repent.
 These virtues Galba in a stranger fought,
 And Piso to adopted empire brought.

How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
 That must his sufferings both regret and bless?
 For when his early valour Heaven had cross'd;
 And all at Worc'ster but the honour lost;
 Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
 He made all countries where he came his own;
 And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
 A royal factor for his kingdoms lay,
 Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
 When to be God's anointed was his crime;
 And when restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
 Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
 Nor is he only by afflictions shown
 To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
 Recovering hardly what he lost before,
 His right endears it much; his purchase more.
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
 No rash procedure will his actions stain:
 To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
 His future rule is into method brought:
 As they, who first proportion understand,
 With easy practice reach a master's hand.
 Well might the ancient poets then confer
 On night the honour'd name of Counseller,
 Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.
 In such adversities to scepters train'd,
 The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd:
 Who yet a king alone in name and right,
 With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd

Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast powers,
 As holy and as catholic as our's :
 'Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
 Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
 No action leave to busy chronicles :
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes
 In story chasms, in epocha mistakes ;
 O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
 'Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
 Such is not Charles's too too active age,
 Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
 Of some black star infecting all the skies,
 Made him at his own cost like Adam wife.
 Tremble ye nations, which secure before,
 Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore ;
 Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
 Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
 With alga who the sacred altar strews ?
 To all the sea gods Charles an offering owes :
 A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
 A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main :
 For those loud storms that did against him roar,
 Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
 Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
 That by degrees they from each other go ;
 Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
 Without offending the well-cozen'd sight :
 So on us stole our blessed change ; while we
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.

Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
 To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
 Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
 Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
 But what we could not pay for, freely give.
 The Prince of peace would like himself confer
 A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:
 Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care,
 That we should know it by repeated prayer;
 Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
 As heaven itself is took by violence.
 Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show,
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
 Th' attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour
 Not come: so, like the watchful traveller
 That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
 'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
 The blessed faints, that watch'd this turning scene,
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
 To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
 With ease such fond chimaeras we pursue:
 As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:

But when ourselves to action we betake,
 It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.
 How hard was then his task! at once to be
 What in the body naturally we see?
 Man's architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
 Would let him play a while upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
 Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
 While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
 Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
 Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
 To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd:
 Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
 They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
 While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
 And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
 To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
 So these, when their black crimes they went about,
 First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.

Re-

Religion's name against itself was made ;
 The shadow serv'd the substance to invade ;
 Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
 Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
 Th' incens'd powers beheld with scorn from high
 An heaven so far distant from the sky,
 Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the ground,
 And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.
 'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit
 To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
 Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
 Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
 Henceforth their *fougue* must spend at lesser rate,
 Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
 Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
 A virtuous shame within us to beget.
 For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
 We by our sufferings learn to prize our blis :
 Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
 Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their jealousies were vain,
 With double heat renew their fires again.
 'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
 Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
 To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
 Oh had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)

Afflicted

Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
 True sorrow, Holland to regret a king !
 While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
 And willing winds to their lower'd sails deny'd.
 The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
 The merry seamen's rude but chearful shout ;
 And last the cannons voice that shook the skies,
 And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
 At once bereft us both of ears and eyes. }
 The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
 But better to be lost in Charles's name,
 (Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
 Receives her lord : the joyful London meets
 The princely York, himself alone a freight ;
 The Swift-fure groans beneath great Gloster's weight :
 Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these,
 He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
 Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
 The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
 The same indulgence Charles's voyage bless'd,
 Which in his right had miracles confess'd.
 The winds that never moderation knew,
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew ;
 Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
 Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.
 The British Amphytrite, smooth and clear,
 In richer azure never did appear ;
 Proud her returning prince to entertain
 With the submitted fasces of the main.

AND

AND welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion :
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too ;
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live ;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws ;
Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
And as those lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated soul of generous wine :
So tears of joy, for your returning, spilt ;
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their still-growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore :

While,

While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
 Those, who had seen you, court a second fight ;
 Preventing still your steps, and making haste
 To meet you often wherefoe'er you past.

How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
 When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May !
 (A month that owns an interest in your name :
 You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
 That star, that at your birth shone out so bright,
 It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
 Did once again its potent fires renew,
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now Time's whiter series is begun,
 Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run :
 Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
 Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.
 Our nation with united interest blest,
 Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
 Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
 But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
 Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,
 Besiege the petty monarchs of the land :
 And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
 Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
 Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
 Our merchants shall no more adventurers be :
 Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear,
 Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
 Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes ;
 For what the powerful takes not he bestows ;

And

And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
 May justly apprehend you still too near.
 At home the hateful names of parties cease,
 And factious souls are wearied into peace.
 The discontented now are only they,
 Whose crimes before did your just cause betray :
 Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
 But most your life and blest example win.
 Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
 By paying vows to have more vows to pay !
 Oh happy age ! Oh times like those alone,
 By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne !
 When the joint growth of arms and arts foresaw
 The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
 When life and sin one common tomb had found,
 The first small prospect of a rising hill
 With various notes of joy the ark did fill :
 Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
 It left behind it false and slippery ground ;
 And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
 Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
 Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
 Was cause enough of triumph for a year :
 Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
 Till they at once might be secure and great :

Till

Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
 Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
 Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
 Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
 Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,
 Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd :
 But this untainted year is all your own ;
 Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
 We had not yet exhausted all our store,
 When you refresh'd our joys by adding more :
 As heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
 You gave us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
 The season too comes fraught with new delight :
 Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
 Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop :
 Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring,
 And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring,
 To grace this happy day, while you appear,
 Not king of us alone, but of the year.
 All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart :
 Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part :
 Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
 And heaven this day is feasted with your name.
 Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,
 From their high standings, yet look up to you.
 From your brave train each singles out a prey,
 And longs to date a conquest from your day.
 Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose,
 Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close ;

And

And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head :
How justly from the church that crown is due,
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you !
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly :
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings :
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone,
His name is music of itself alone.
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large dome ; the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground ;
Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you ;
As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store,
Full of yourself you can admit no more :
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition :
We know those blessings which we must possess,
And judge of future by past happiness.

No promise can oblige a prince so much
 Still to be good, as long to have been such.
 A noble emulation heats your breast,
 And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
 Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
 As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
 You have already quench'd sedition's brand;
 And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
 The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause
 So far from their own will as to the laws,
 You for their umpire and their synod take,
 And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
 Kind heaven so rare a temper did provide,
 That guilt repenting might in it confide.
 Among our crimes oblivion may be set:
 But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
 Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
 From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.
 Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
 Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
 When empire first from families did spring,
 Then every father govern'd as a king:
 But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
 Imperial power with your paternal sway.
 From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
 Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends?
 Born to command the mistress of the seas,
 Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.
 Hither in summer evenings you repair
 To taste the *fraicheur* of the purer air:

Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
 With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.
 More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays ;
 No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
 In stately frigates most delight you find,
 Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
 What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
 When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence.
 Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
 Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide :
 Here in a royal bed the waters sleep ;
 When, tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
 Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
 So safe are all things which our king protects.
 From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
 Second alone to that it brought in you ;
 A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by fate,
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
 It was your love before made discord cease :
 Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
 Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
 With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
 This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
 While that with incense does a god implore.
 Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
 This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
 Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
 Are answers sought, and destinies foretold :
 Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.

Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate :
 Chuse only, sir, that so they may possess
 With their own peace their children's happiness.

TO the LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

Presented on New-Year's Day, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crouds officiously appear
 To give themselves, not you, an happy year ;
 And by the greatness of their presents prove
 How much they hope, but not how well they love ;
 The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
 Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
 Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
 They were your mistresses, the world may not :
 Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
 Their former beauty by your former love ;
 And now present, as ancient ladies do,
 That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
 For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
 As those that see the church's sovereign rise ;
 From their own order chose, in whose high state,
 They think themselves the second choice of fate.
 When our great monarch into exile went,
 Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
 Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and smoke,
 The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook ;

They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
 And leave their temples empty to the foe.
 At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
 To that great charge which nature did ordain;
 And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate,
 While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
 The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
 Through you, to us, his vital influence;
 You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
 And work them higher, as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
 Untill the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
 So in this hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our king and you:
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
 And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
 So well your virtues do with his agree,
 That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
 Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.
 Nor could another in your room have been,
 Except an emptiness had come between.
 Well may he then to you his cares impart,
 And share his burden where he shares his heart.
 In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
 Their share of business in your laboring mind.
 So when the weary sun his place resigns,
 He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
 Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,

In your tribunal most herself does please ;
 There only smiles because she lives at ease ;
 And, like young David, finds her strength the more,
 When disincumber'd from those arms she wore.
 Heaven would our royal master should exceed
 Most in that virtue, which we most did need ;
 And his mild father (who too late did find
 All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
 His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
 Not to increase, but to absolve, our crimes :
 But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
 How large a legacy was left to you
 (Too great for any subject to retain),
 He wisely ty'd it to the crown again :
 Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
 As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.
 While empiric politicians use deceit,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat ;
 You boldly shew that skill which they pretend,
 And work by means as noble as your end :
 Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
 As men do nature, till we came to you.
 And as the Indies were not found, before
 Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd ;
 So by your counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
 By you our monarch does that fame assure,
 Which kings must have, or cannot live secure :

For prosperous princes gain their subjects heart,
 Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
 By you he fits those subjects to obey,
 As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
 His power unseen, and man to his designs,
 By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.

Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
 Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat :
 And, when his love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true,
 Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
 That is a sufferer in his subjects crimes :
 Thus those first favours you receiv'd, were sent,
 Like heaven's rewards in earthly punishment.
 Yet fortune, conscious of your destiny,
 Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by ;
 And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.
 Shewn all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
 As new-born Pallas did the gods surprize :
 When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
 She struck the warlike spear into the ground ;
 Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
 And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
 Whose restless motions less than wars do cease !
 Peace is not freed from labour but from noise ;
 And war more force, but not more pains employs :
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
 That, like the earth, it leaves our sense behind,

While

While you so smoothly turn and rowl our sphere,
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.
 For, as in nature's swiftness, with the throng
 Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
 Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,
 So, carried on by your unwearied care,
 We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.
 Let envy then those crimes within you see,
 From which the happy never must be free;
 Envy, that does with misery reside,
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
 Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
 You can secure the constancy of fate,
 Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,
 By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
 Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,
 But drops of heat, that in the sun-shine fall.
 You have already wearied fortune so,
 She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
 But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
 A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.
 In all things else above our humble fate,
 Your equal mind yet swells not into state,
 But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
 Where in perpetual spring young nature smiles,
 Your greatness shews: no horror to affright,
 But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight:
 Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
 In small descents, which do its height beguile;

And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
 Whose rise not hinders, but makes short our way.
 Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
 Sees rowling tempests vainly beat below ;
 And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears
 Of love and friendship writ in former years.
 Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
 Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
 And measure change, but share no part of it.
 And still it shall without a weight increase,
 Like this new-year, whose motions never cease.
 For since the glorious course you have begun
 Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
 It must both weightless and immortal prove,
 Because the centre of it is above.

SATIRE on the DUTCH.

Written in the Year 1662.

AS needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
 Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd
 lands ;
 The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
 And keeper takes no fee in compliment ;
 The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
 To fawn on those, who ruin them, the Dutch.
 They shall have all, rather than make a war
 With those, who of the same religion are.
 The Straits, the Guiney-trade, the herrings too ;
 Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.

Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
 But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
 What injuries so'er upon us fall,
 Yet still the same religion answers all.
 Religion wheedled us to civil war,
 Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would spare.
 Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
 They have no more religion, faith! than you.
 Interest's the god they worship in their state,
 And we, I take it, have not much of that.
 Well monarchies may own religion's name,
 But states are atheists in their very frame.
 They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
 That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
 Think on their rapine, falshood, cruelty,
 And that what once they were, they still would be.
 To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,
 When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
 With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
 They 've both ill nature and ill manners too.
 Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;
 For they were bred ere manners were in fashion:
 And their new commonwealth has set them free
 Only from honour and civility.
 Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
 Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.
 Their sway became them with as ill a mien,
 As their own paunches swell above their chin.
 Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
 And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.

As Cato, fruits of Afric did display ;
 Let us before our eyes their Indies lay :
 All loyal English will like him conclude ;
 Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued.

To her Royal Highness the DUTCHESS of YORK,
 on the memorable Victory gained by the DUKE
 over the HOLLANDERS, June the 3d, 1665.
 and on her Journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
 To swelling seas, and every faithless wind ;
 When you releas'd his courage, and set free
 A valour fatal to the enemy ;
 You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast
 (The mansion where soft love should only rest :
 And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
 The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
 Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide !
 Your honour gave us what your love denied :
 And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
 Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
 That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
 As each unmatched might to the world give law.
 Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
 Held to them both the trident of the sea :
 The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,
 As awfully as when God's people past :

Those,

Those, yet uncertain on whose fails to blow,
 These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
 Then with the duke your highness rul'd the day :
 While all the brave did his command obey,
 The fair and pious under you did pray. }
 How powerful are chaste vows ! the wind and tide
 You brib'd to combat on the English side.
 Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
 An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.
 New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
 (So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)
 While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
 Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
 For absent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
 When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
 Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore ;
 But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
 With generous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
 Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
 Fortune and victory he did purſue,
 To bring them as his ſlaves to wait on you.
 Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
 And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
 Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
 By land your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
 Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
 The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
 Like commons the nobility reſort,
 In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court :

To

To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wondering at the show.
So when the new-born Phoenix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the East,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd :
Each Poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE

YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

To the METROPOLIS of GREAT-BRITAIN, the most renowned and late flourishing CITY of LONDON, in its REPRESENTATIVES, the LORD-MAYOR and COURT of ALDERMEN, the SHERIFFS, and COMMON-COUNCIL of it.

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

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

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

JOHN DRYDEN.

An

An ACCOUNT of the ensuing POEM,

In a LETTER to the

Hon. Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

S I R,

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

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E

gined;

gined : the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not having served my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it : and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects ; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city ; both which were so conspicuous, that I wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem Historical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan, rather among historians in verse, than Epic poets : in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my
 poem



poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us ; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme ; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion : for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet ; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those, who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes ; all which our fathers practised : and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations ; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately ; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the

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

“*Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,*

“*Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?*”

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now

sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—"Omnia sponte sua reddidit justissima tellus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of

my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. It is not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to

the subject ; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words : the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets ; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care ; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought ; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own : he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid ; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of

their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

“——Totamque infusa per artus

“Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.”

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

“———— lumenque juventæ

“Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:

“Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo

“Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.”

See his *Tempest*, his *Funeral Sports*, his *Combat of Turnus and Æneas*: and in his *Georgics*, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the *Plague*, the *Country*, the *Battle of the Bulls*, the *Labour of the Bees*, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid,

“Ma-

“*Materiem superabat opus:*” the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Piso’s:

“*Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum*

“*Reddiderit junctura novum——*”

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

“*Et*

“ Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
 “ Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——”

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers! In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shews nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deformed, as in that of a leper, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, “ Stantes in curribus Æmi-
 “ liani,”

“liani,” heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, “*Spirantia mollius æra:*” there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Dutchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did “*humi serpere;*” that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, “*Nunc non erat his locus;*” I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader’s. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the publick to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; “*Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant:*” I am rather

too secure of you on that side. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them ; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation ; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots ; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

S I R,

The most obedient, and most

Faithful of your servants,

From Charlton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

The sun but seem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon supply'd her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

V. Thus,

V.

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

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend ?
 (But they more diligent, and we more strong)
 Or if a peace, it soon must have an end ;
 For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

This saw our king ; and long within his breast
 His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro :
 He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,
 And he less for it than usurpers do.

XI. His

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

At length resolv'd t' assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole Armadoes bring :
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And chuse for general, were he not their king.

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII. Whe-

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Victorious York did first with fam'd success,
 To his known valour make the Dutch give place :
 Thus heaven our monarch's fortune did confess,
 Beginning conquest from his royal race.

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
 To which his pride presum'd to give the law :
 The Dutch confess'd heaven present, and retir'd,
 And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

XXIII. To

XXIII.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
 Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd :
 So reverently men quit the open air,
 When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
 With all the riches of the rising sun :
 And precious sand from southern climates brought,
 The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey ;
 For storms repenting part of it restor'd :
 Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
 The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go mortals now and vex yourselves in vain
 For wealth, which so uncertainly must come :
 When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
 Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,
 And so we suffer shipwreck every where !
 Alas, what port can such a pilot find,
 Who in the night of fate must blindly steer !

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
 Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy ;
 Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
 And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
 Which without rashness he began before :
 As honour made him first the danger chuse,
 So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
 But once possess'd did absolutely reign :
 Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
 And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

F 3

LIII. Dif-

LIII.

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

LIV.

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

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack ;
 Both strive to intercept and guide the wind :
 And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
 To finish all the deaths they left behind.

LIX. On

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
 Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go :
 Such port the elephant bears, and so defy'd
 By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

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

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
 Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives :
 All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
 He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

LXII.

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

LXIII.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
 The foremost of his foes a while withdraw :
 With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
 Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

LXIV.

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

LXV.

Mean-time his busy mariners he hastes,
 His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore ;
 And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
 Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI. In

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread :
 Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore ;
 Or in dark churches walk among the dead ;
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far
 : This mighty succour, which made glad the foe :
 He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,
 His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII. He

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
 But bold in others, not themselves, they stood :
 So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
 But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
 And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
 To see this fleet among unequal foes,
 By which fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII. Si-

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
 Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
 Two grapling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
 And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

Have you not seen, when whistled from the fist,
 Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
 And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
 Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind ?

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX. Yet

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
 Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd :
 But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
 Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

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

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

The foe approach'd ; and one for his bold sin
 Was sunk ; as he that touch'd the ark was slain :
 The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,
 And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCIV. This

XCV.

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

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
 He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round ;
 With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
 And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night ;
 Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore ;
 And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
 Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

XCIX.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
 Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,
 Upon the deck our careful general stood,
 And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

C.

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

CI. Yet

CI.

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

CII.

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
 Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh :
 And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
 With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

CIII.

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

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, he forc'd to stay,
 Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife :
 This as a ransom Albemarle did pay,
 For all the glories of so great a life.

CV.

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

CVI.

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

CVII. Then,

CVII.

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

CVIII.

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

CIX.

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

CX.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
 And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain ;
 And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
 And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train :

CXI.

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

CXII.

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

CXIII. Full

CXIII.

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

CXIV.

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

CXV.

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

CXVI.

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

CXVII.

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

CXVIII.

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

CXIX. Thus

CXIX.

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

CXX.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
 And his loud guns speak thick like angry men :
 It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
 And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
 And matchless courage, since the former fight :
 Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
 Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

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

CXXIII.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
 And sullenly to his revenge he fails :
 So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
 And long behind his wounded volume trails.

CXXIV.

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

CXXV.

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

CXXVI.

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

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had fever'd from the rest
 Two giant ships, the pride of all the main ;
 Which with his one so vigorously he prefs'd,
 And flew so home they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
 In vain upon the passing winds they call :
 The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
 And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
 Dreadful as day let into shades below :
 Without grim death rides barefac'd in their fight,
 And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

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

CXXXI. So

CXXXI.

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

CXXXII.

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

CXXXIII.

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

CXXXIV.

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

CXXXV.

The general's force as kept alive by fight,
 Now not oppos'd no longer can pursue :
 Lasting till heaven had done his courage right ;
 When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

CXXXVI.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
 And sighs to see him quit the watery field :
 His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
 For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though as when fiends did miracles avow,
 He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch :
 He only does his conquest disavow,
 And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

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

CXXXIX.

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

CXL.

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

CXLI.

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

CXLII.

In burden'd vessels first with speedy care,
 His plenteous stores do season'd timber send :
 Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
 And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

CXLIII.

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

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm :
 Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
 Some found the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
 And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
 Of virgin-combs which from the roof are hung :
 Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
 Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

CXLVI.

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

CXLVII.

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

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
 Or fear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats :
 To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
 And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
 His new-cast cannons firmness to explore :
 The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
 And ball and cartridge forts for every bore.

CL.

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

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
 The Phœnix, daughter of the vanish'd old,
 Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
 And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
 And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire :
 The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
 Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

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

CLIV.

This martial present, piously design'd,
 The loyal city give their best-lov'd king :
 And with a bounty ample as the wind,
 Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV. By

- CLV.

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

CLVI.

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

CLVII.

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

CLVIII.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
 When from lost empire he to exile went,
 And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
 Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

CLIX.

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

CLX.

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

CLXI.

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

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,
 We, as art's elements, shall understand,
 And as by line upon the ocean go,
 Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
 By which remotest regions are ally'd;
 Which makes one city of the universe;
 Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

CLXIV.

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

CLXV.

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

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
 And rule of beings in your maker's mind:
 And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
 To fit the level'd use of human-kind.

CLXVII. But

CLXVII.

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

CLXVIII.

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

CLXIX.

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

CLXX.

Nor staid the English long ; but well supply'd,
 Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe :
 The combat now by courage must be try'd,
 And the success the braver nation show.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
 Which in the Straights last winter was abroad ;
 Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
 And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

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

CLXXIII. Holmes

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
 Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
 As once old Cato in the Roman fight
 The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
 Whom his high courage to command had brought:
 Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
 And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
 Born, Cæsar like, to write and act great deeds:
 Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
 His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

CLXXVI.

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

CLXXVII.

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

CLXXVIII.

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

CLXXIX.

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

CLXXX.

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

CLXXXI.

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

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
 Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run :
 Or if with caution leisurely were past,
 Their numerous gros might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

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

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
 With all his hosts of waters at command,
 Beneath them to submit th' officious flood ;
 And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

CLXXXV. T.

CLXXXV.

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

CLXXXVI.

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

CLXXXVII.

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

CLXXXVIII.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
 The linstocs touch, the ponderous ball expires :
 The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
 And adds his heart to every gun he fires !

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians side,
 For honour, which they seldom fought before :
 But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,
 And forc'd at least in shew to prize it more.

CXC.

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

CXCI. Nor

CXCI.

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

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
 Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight :
 But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
 Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

CXCIII.

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

CXCIV.

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

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
 Provok'd the tardy English close to fight ;
 Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
 As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

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

CXCVII. Or

CXCVII.

Or if too busily they will enquire
 Into a victory, which we disdain ;
 Then let them know the Belgians did retire
 Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
 To Philip's manes did an offering bring :
 England, which first, by leading them astray,
 Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

CXCIX.

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

CC.

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

CCI.

But whate'er English to the blest'd shall go,
 And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet ;
 Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
 And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

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

CCIII. So

CCIII.

So close behind some promontory lie
 The huge leviathans t' attend their prey ;
 And give no chace, but swallow in the frie,
 Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

CCIV.

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

CCV.

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

CCVI.

Some bound for Guiney golden sand to find,
 Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear :
 Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
 For folded turbants finest Holland bear.

CCVII.

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

CCVIII.

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

CCIX: But

CCIX.

But ah! how insincere are all our joys!

Which, sent from heaven, like lightning make no stay:
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,

Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,

Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,

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

CCXIII.

As when some dire usurper heaven provides,

To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,

And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince, surpriz'd at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV. Such

CCXV.

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

CCXVI.

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

CCXVII.

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

CCXVIII.

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

CCXIX.

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

CCXX.

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

CCXXI.

The winds like crafty courtezans with-held
 His flames from burning, but to blow them more :
 And every fresh attempt he is repell'd
 With faint denials weaker than before.

CCXXII.

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

CCXXIII.

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

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel saw them where they fate
 Above the palace of our slumbering king :
 He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
 And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

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

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
 Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire :
 And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,
 For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

CCXXVII. Their

CCXXVII.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
 Now murmuring noises rise in every street:
 The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
 And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

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

CCXXIX.

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

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the East a Belgian wind
 His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
 The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,
 And forward with a wanton fury went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
 And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
 The waken'd tides began again to roar,
 And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
 But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
 Deep in his ooze he sought his seldgy bed,
 And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader grofs ;
 To either hand his wings he opens wide :
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
 And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

CCXXXIV.

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

CCXXXV.

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

CCXXXVI.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
 Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
 By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
 The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the wind :
 But the main body of the marching foe
 Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

CCXXXVIII.

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

CCXXXIX. Near



CCXXXIX.

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

CCXL.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,
 And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower :
 The wretched in his grief forgot their own ;
 So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLI.

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

CCXLII.

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

CCXLIII.

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

CCXLIV.

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

CCXLV.

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

CCXLVI.

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

CCXLVII.

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

CCXLVIII.

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

CCXLIX.

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

CCL.

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

CCLI.

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

CCLII.

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

CCLIII.

The days were all in this lost labour spent ;
 And when the weary king gave place to night,
 His beams he to his royal brother lent,
 And so shone still in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

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

CCLV.

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

CCLVI.

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

CCLVII.

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

CCLVIII.

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

CCLIX.

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

CCLX.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's care,
 Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing :
 Ev'n those, whom want might drive to just despair,
 Think life a blessing under such a king.

CCLXI.

Mean-time he sadly suffers in their grief,
 Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a faint :
 All the long night he studies their relief,
 How they may be supply'd, and he may want.

CCLXII.

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

CCLXIII. Be

CCLXIII.

Be thou my judge, with what unweari'd care
 I since have labour'd for my people's good ;
 To bind the bruises of a civil war,
 And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

CCLXIV.

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

CCLXV.

Or if my heedless youth has step'd astray,
 Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand ;
 On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
 But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
 As humble earth from whence at first we came :
 Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
 And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou hast done ;
 When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every street,
 With poison'd darts which not the good could shun,
 The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
 Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place :
 And now those few who are return'd again,
 Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXIX. O

CCLXIX.

O pass not, Lord; an absolute decree,
 Or bind thy sentence unconditional:
 But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
 And in that foresight this thy doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'st revoke:
 But if immutable and fix'd they stand,
 Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
 And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
 Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;
 And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
 From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

CCLXXII.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
 And like a shooting star he cleft the night:
 He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
 He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames chastis'd went forth to prey
 On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;
 By which to heaven they did affect the way,
 Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

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

CCLXXV. Nor

CCLXXV.

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

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
 The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
 But, since it was prophan'd by civil war,
 Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

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

CCLXXVIII.

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

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heaven, the blest'd abode,
 The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
 Not daring to behold their angry God;
 And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
 And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:
 He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,
 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

CCLXXXI. An

CCLXXXI.

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

CCLXXXII.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
 Or full with feeding sink into a sleep:
 Each household genius shews again his face,
 And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

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

CCLXXXIV.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
 A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
 And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
 And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

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

CCLXXXVI.

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

CCLXXXVII. This

CCLXXXVII.

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

CCLXXXVIII.

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

CCLXXXIX.

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

CCXC.

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

CCXCI.

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

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
 And high-rais'd Jove, from his dark prison freed,
 Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
 Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

CCXCIII. Me-

CCXCIII.

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
 I see a city of more precious mold :
 Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
 With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

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

CCXCV.

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

CCXCVI.

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

CCXCVII.

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

CCXCVIII.

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

CCXCIX. The

CCXCIX.

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

CCC.

The venturous merchant who design'd more far,
 And touches on our hospitable shore,
 Charm'd with the splendor of this northern star,
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

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

CCCII.

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

CCCIII.

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

CCCIV.

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

A N

ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

By Mr DRYDEN, and the Earl of MULGRAVE.

HOW dull, and how insensible a beast
 Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove
 In every age the lumpish mass to move:
 But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
 Who know not only to instruct but please.
 Poets alone found the delightful way,
 Mysterious morals gently to convey
 In charming numbers; so that as men grew
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
 Satire has always shone among the rest,
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,
 To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
 To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
 In satire too the wise took different ways,
 To each deserving its peculiar praise.
 Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
 Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
 But of these two, the last succeeded best,
 As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
 Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
 And censure those who censure all besides;

In

In other things they justly are preferr'd :
 In this alone methinks the ancients err'd ;
 Against the grossest follies they declaim ;
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit :
 Besides 'tis labour lost ; for who would preach
 Morals to *Armstrong*, or dull *Aston* teach ?
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
 Or bringing wit and friendship to *Whitehall*.
 But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind ;
 That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
 To wash off that would be a noble toil ;
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage ;
 Above all censure too, each little wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit ;
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
 Of such correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a satire all would seek a share,
 And every fool will fancy he is there.
 Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
 To see their antiquated wit laid by ;
 Like her, who mis'd her name in a lampoon,
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here :
 Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear ;
 Nor fluttering officers who never fight ;
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write ?

Much less half wits : that's more against our rules ;
 For they are fops, the other are but fools.
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar ?
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr ?
 The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull knavery makes so much ado ;
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last.
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd ;
 With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other :
 Yet sauntering Charles, between his beastly brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected humour, or a painted face. }
 In loyal libels we have often told him,
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him :
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ;
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?
 Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place ;
 At council set as foils on Dorset's score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more ;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men ;
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen :

'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive ;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day :
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit ;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cat transform'd fat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure ;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good ;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood ;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes ;
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes. }
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled ? Jowler lugs him still
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.

'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
 To use a body so, though 'tis one's own :
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
 That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can soar :
 Alas ! that soaring, to those few that know,
 Is but a busy groveling here below.
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th' intranced wretches lie :
 So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly. }
 As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways ;
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune flights ;
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine notion of a busy man.
 And what is that at best, but one, whose mind
 Is made to tire himself and all mankind ?
 For Ireland he would go ; faith, let him reign ;
 For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
 Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
 But is there any other beast that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittingly contrives ?
 Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
 Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
 To turn a wheel ? and bark to be employ'd,
 While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd ?
 Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though satire nicely writ no humour stings
 But those who merit praise in other things ;
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rules for folly Tropos sake ;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd ;
 Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
 For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
 As boys on holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way ;
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
 Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress :
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground :
 To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it :
 For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker :
 But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
 Should be acquired by such little sense ;
 For words and wit did anciently agree,
 And Tully was no fool, though this man be :
 At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
 Knave on the woofack, fop at council-table.
 These are the grievances of such fools as would
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
 Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone ;
 Excess of luxury they think can please,
 And laziness call loving of their ease :

To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
 Though their whole life's but intermitting pain :
 So much of surfeits, head-aches, claps are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between :
 Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
 And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake ;
 Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
 Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
 Marry'd, but wiser puffs ne'er thought of that :
 And first he worry'd her with railing rhyme,
 Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time ;
 Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
 A teeming widow, but a barren wife ;
 Swell'd by contact of such a fulsom toad,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load ;
 Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his liberty ;
 Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
 Drinking all night, and dozing all the day ;
 Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to scape the snare,
 Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair :
 For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
 With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks ;
 Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
 To see him catch his tartar for his prize :
 Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
 And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge ;

Fill

Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
 As his estate, his person too was free :
 Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move ;
 To gold he fled from beauty and from love ;
 Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his will :
 'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power
 Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,
 Pleasure has always sought but never found :
 Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
 The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
 But sure we all mistake this pious man,
 Who mortifies his person all he can :
 What we uncharitably take for sin,
 Are only rules of this odd capuchin ;
 For never hermit under grave pretence,
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense ;
 And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
 No nastiness offends his skilful nose ;
 Which from all stink can with peculiar art
 Extract perfume and essence from a f—t :
 Expecting supper is his great delight ;
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night :
 Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
 Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,
 Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet ;

For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find :
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit ;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit ;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks :
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him :
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killigrew without good-nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd ?
For, there's the folly that's still mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear ;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away :
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still :
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose ;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry ;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade ;

Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
 So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
 The wretched texts deserve no comments here ;
 Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
 For a whole page of dulness must atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise ;
 Ev'n he, who would himself the most despise !
 I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
 Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
 While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
 We pull down others but to raise our own ;
 That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
 And are but satires to set up ourselves.
 I, who have all this while been finding fault,
 Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught ;
 And did by that describe the task so hard,
 It seems stupendous and above reward ;
 Now labour with unequal force to climb
 That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time :
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

“ Si propiùs ftes,
 “ Te capiet magis——”

P A R T I.

T O T H E R E A D E R .

IT is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design I am sure is honest: but he who draws his pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the Fanatic church, as well as in the Popish; and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never
 comes

comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges: for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire, where justice would allow it, from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced at their own cost that I can write severely, with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices: and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am: but if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth'smen for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing; though it is hard for an author to judge against himself. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge;

indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to shew Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

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

The

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

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

IN pious times ere priestcraft did begin,
 Before polygamy was made a sin ;
 When man on many multiply'd his kind,
 Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd ;
 When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride ;
 Then Israel's monarch after heaven's own heart
 His vigorous warmth did variously impart
 To wives and slaves ; and wide as his command,
 Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
 Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear ;
 A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care :
 Not so the rest ; for several mothers bore
 To god-like David several sons before.
 But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
 No true succession could their seed attend.

Of

Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Abfalom :
Whether inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust :
Or that his conscions destiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states ally'd to Israel's crown :
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please :
His motions all accompany'd with grace ;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd :
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd ;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, for who from faults is free ?
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er ;
And Amnon's murder by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be sincerely blest :
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace ;

God's

God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with ease,
 No king could govern, nor no God could please;
 Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
 That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:
 These Adam-wits too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty;
 And when no rule, no precedent was found,
 Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
 They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
 And thought that all but savages were slaves.
 They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
 Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
 And with a general shout proclaim'd him king:
 Those very Jews, who at their very best
 Their humour more than loyalty express'd,
 Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
 An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
 Thought they might ruin him they could create,
 Or melt him to that golden calf a state.
 But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
 Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
 And, looking backward with a wise affright,
 Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
 They curst the memory of civil wars.
 The moderate sort of men thus qualify'd,
 Inclined the balance to the better side;

And

And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means ;
And providently pimps for ill desires :
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites ; the town so call'd from them ;
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong ;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government :
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land ;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame ;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise :
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause, by whom they eat and drink.

From

From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
 Bad in itself, but represented worse;
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
 Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
 But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
 To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all.
 Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
 Where gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such favourable deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
 By force they could not introduce these gods;
 For ten to one in former days was odds.
 So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
 And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
 Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
 By guns, invented since full many a day:
 Our author swears it not; but who can know
 How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
 This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
 For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,

And every hostile humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er ;
 So several factions from this first ferment,
 Work up to foam and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
 Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were rais'd in power and public office high ;
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first ;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?

Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son ;
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try ;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
 Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the state.
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke ;
 The pillars of the public safety shook ;
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :
 Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own ?
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge ;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown ;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed ;

David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince ;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes ;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments ! which yet he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews ;
And once in twenty years their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate :
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd :

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL. 133

That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky ;
Thy longing country's darling and desire ;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire :
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land :
Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage :
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream !
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless :
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign ;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise ;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight ?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate :
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
For human good depends on human will,

Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 And from the first impression takes the bent :
 But if unseiz'd she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
 Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,
 And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage ;
 But shun th' example of declining age :
 Behold him setting in his western skies,
 The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
 Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand ;
 But like the prince of angels, from his height
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light :
 Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn :
 Our only blessing since his curst return :
 Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,
 Naked of friends and round beset with foes ?
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews :
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring ;
 Foment the war, but not support the king :

Nor would the royal party e'er unite
 With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite ;
 Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
 And with such odious aid make David weak.
 All sorts of men by my successful arts,
 Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
 From David's rule : and 'tis their general cry,
 Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
 If you, as champion of the public good,
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause
 Might such a general gain by such a cause ?
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
 Fair only to the sight, but solid power :
 And nobler is a limited command,
 Given by the love of all your native land,
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
 When flattery sooths, and when ambition blinds ?
 Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
 Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed :
 In God 'tis glory ; and when men aspire,
 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
 Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
 Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
 Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
 Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.
 Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,
 For royal blood within him struggled still,

He thus reply'd.—And what pretence have I
 To take up arms for public liberty ?
 My father governs with unquestion'd right ;
 The faith's defender, and mankind's delight ;
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws ;
 And heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign ?
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain ?
 What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose !
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good ;
 Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
 His crime is God's beloved attribute.
 What could he gain his people to betray,
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway ?
 Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
 If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
 The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
 Turn rebel, and run popularly mad ?
 Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
 Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
 Well might I mourn ; but nature's holy bands
 Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands :
 The people might assert their liberty ;
 But what was right in them were crime in me.
 His favour leaves me nothing to require,
 Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire ;

What

What more can I expect while David lives ?

All but his kingly diadem he gives :

And that—But here he paus'd ; then, sighing, said—
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.

For when my father from his toils shall rest,

And late augment the number of the blest,

His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,

Or the collateral line, where that shall end.

His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,

Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,

Of every royal virtue stands possess'd ;

Still dear to all the bravest and the best.

His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim ;

His loyalty the king, the world his fame.

His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find ;

For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.

Why should I then repine at heaven's decree,

Which gives me no pretence to royalty ?

Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,

Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind ;

To my large soul not all her treasure lent,

And then betray'd it to a mean descent !

I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,

And David's part disdains my mother's mould.

Why am I scanted by a niggard birth ?

My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth ;

And made for empire whispers me within,

Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,

While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,

He

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies :
Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain :
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign !
Against your will your arguments have shown,
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn ;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave ;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have :
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak ?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor ;
And every shekel, which he can receive,
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care ;
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war ;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners ;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state ;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.

His

His right, for fums of necessary gold,
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold ;
 Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
 To pass your doubtful title into law ;
 If not, the people have a right supreme
 To make their kings ; for kings are made for them.
 All empire is no more than power in trust,
 Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just. -
 Succession, for the general good design'd,
 In its own wrong a nation cannot bind :
 If altering that the people can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
 The Jews well know their power : ere Saul they chose,
 God was their king, and God they durst depose.
 Urge now your piety, your filial name,
 A father's right, and fear of future fame ;
 The public good, that universal call,
 To which ev'n heaven submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his love enchant your generous mind ;
 'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
 Our fond begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their posterity.
 Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
 God said, he lov'd your father ; could he bring
 A better proof, than to anoint him king ?
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel,
 Would David have you thought his darling son,
 What means he then to alienate the crown ?

The

The name of godly he may blush to bear :
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir ?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land ;
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes ;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts ;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains :
He meditates revenge who least complains :
And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws ;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground ;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford :
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw ;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time :
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives :
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence ;

Whose

Whose sacred life each minute would expose
 To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.
 And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
 Perhaps his fear his kindness may controul.
 He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
 For plighted vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd :
 Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
 Doubt not : but, when he most affects the frown,
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
 Secure his person to secure your cause :
 They who possess the prince possess the laws.
 He said ; and this advice above the rest,
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best ;
 Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
 Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
 How happy had he been, if destiny
 Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high !
 His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
 And blest all other countries but his own.
 But charming greatness since so few refuse,
 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
 Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
 With blandishments to gain the public love :
 To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
 And popularly prosecute the plot.
 To further this, Achitophel unites
 The malcontents of all the Israelites :
 Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
 For several ends, to serve the same design.

The

The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much ;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts ;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for interest fought to embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate ;
And make their Jewish markets of the throne ;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an uselefs heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king ;
The Solymæan rout ; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold ;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd ;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these ; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Pursued their old belov'd theocracy :
Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justify'd their spoils by inspiration :

For

For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
 If once dominion they could found in grace ?
 These led the pack ; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest-mouth'd against the government.
 A numerous host of dreaming faints succeed,
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed :
 'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
 Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
 But far more numerous was the herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much,
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their fathers God and property ;
 And by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The devil and the Jebusite did hate :
 Born to be fav'd ev'n in their own despite,
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the tools : but a whole Hydra more
 Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand :
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !

Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
 And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes :
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art :
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For spite of him the weight of business fell
 On Absalom, and wise Achitophel :
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
 Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best :
 Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free :
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure ;
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
 Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace :
 Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse ;

Shimei,

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king ;
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the sabbath but for gain :
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse unless against the government.
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray ;
 The city, to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vase of justice did uphold ;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime ;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time :
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of self,
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
 When two or three were gathered to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them :
 And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews ;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
 For laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from power,
 Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour :

}
}

His business was, by writing to persuade,
 That kings were useless and a clog to trade :
 And that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shun'd the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd :
 His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot ;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse ;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews :
 For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel :
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
 From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
 This arch-attestor for the public good
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
 Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace ?

Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud :
 His long chin prov'd his wit ; his saint-like grace
 A church vermillion, and a Moses' face.
 His memory, miraculously great,
 Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat ;
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For human wit could never such devise.
 Some future truths are mingled in his book ;
 But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke :
 Some things like visionary flight appear ;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where ;
 And gave him his rabbinical degree,
 Unknown to foreign university.
 His judgment yet his memory did excel ;
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
 And suited to the temper of the times,
 Then groaning under jebusitic crimes.
 Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
 And rashly judge his writ apocryphal ;
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made :
 He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
 Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an appendix of my plot.
 His zeal to heaven made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities.

But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words :
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
 What others in his evidence did join,
 The best that could be had for love or coin,
 In Corah's own predicament will fall :
 For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the court :
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprize,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
 His joy conceal'd he sets himself to show ;
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.
 Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
 Few words he said ; but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate ;
 Though far unable to prevent your fate :
 Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws !
 Yet oh ! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son !

}

Now all your liberties a spoil are made ;
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
 My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame ;
 And, brib'd with petty fums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old ;
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys ;
 And all his power against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give, my right away :
 But why should he his own and yours betray ?
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
 'Tis all the aid my present power supplies :
 No court-informer can these arms accuse ;
 These arms may sons against their fathers use :
 And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
 May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail ;
 But common interest always will prevail :
 And pity never ceases to be shown
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
 The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless :
 Who now begins his progress to ordain
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train :
 From east to west his glories he displays,
 And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.

Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar :
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wife Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise ;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes ;
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd ; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made ;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel ! never warn'd by ill !
Still the same bait, and circumvented still !
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease ;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree ?
What shall we think ? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway ?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord :

And

And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
 If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
 Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
 And kings are only officers in trust,
 Then this refusing covenant was declar'd
 When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
 If those who gave the scepter could not tie
 By their own deed their own posterity,
 How then could Adam bind his future race?
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
 Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
 Add, that the power for property allow'd
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
 For who can be secure of private right,
 If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
 Nor is the people's judgment always true:
 The most may err as grossly as the few?
 And faultless kings run down by common cry,
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
 What standard is there in a fickle rout,
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only crowds but sanhedrims may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,

But government itself at length must fall
 To nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
 For whatso'er their sufferings were before,
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.
 All other errors but disturb a state;
 But innovation is the blow of fate.
 If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
 Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
 For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
 Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
 At once divine and human laws controul,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
 The tampering world is subject to this curse,
 To physic their disease into a worse.

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

In this short file Barzillai first appears;
 Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
 In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
 But sinking underneath his master's fate:

In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd ;
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
 The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art :
 Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
 Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
 The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast ;
 Now more than half a father's name is lost.
 His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
 By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime
 B' unequal fates, and providence's crime :
 Yet not before the goal of honour won,
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son :
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
 Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line !
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own :
 Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd :
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd.
 Oh ancient honour ! Oh unconquer'd hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand !
 But Israel was unworthy of his name :
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
 It looks as heaven our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole :

From

From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight :
No pinions can pursue immortal height :
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before :
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse ?
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he :
Another he would be too hard to find ;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem ;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred :
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws ;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend ;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a Muse : in sanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state ;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.

Jotham

Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
 Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
 To move assemblies, who but only try'd
 The worse a-while, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
 In public storms of manly steadfastness:
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
 And join'd experience to his native truth.
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
 But hard the task to manage well the low:
 For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without title great:
 The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
 So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rather charioteers the seat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
 They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;

While

While he withdrawn at their mad labours sines,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent,
To batter down the lawful government.

A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights ;
The true successor from the court remov'd ;
The plot, by hireling witnesss, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They shew'd the king the danger of the wound ;
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease :
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down :
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state :
The council violent, the rabble worse :
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
The god-like David spoke ; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd :

So willing to forgive th' offending age ;
 So much the father did the king assuage.
 But now so far my clemency they slight,
 Th' offenders question my forgiving right,
 That one was made for many, they contend ;
 But 'tis to rule ; for that 's a monarch's end.
 They call my tenderness of blood, my fear ;
 Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
 Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
 Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
 Kings are the public pillars of the state,
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight :
 If my young Samson will pretend a call
 To shake the column, let him share the fall :
 But oh, that yet he would repent and live !
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive !
 With how few tears a pardon might be won
 From nature, pleading for a darling son !
 Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear !
 Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
 He would have given his soul another turn :
 Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
 Is one that would by law supplant his prince ;
 The people's brave, the politician's tool ;
 Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
 Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause ?

His

His old instructor ere he lost his place,
 Was never thought indued with so much grace.
 Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint !
 My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
 Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
 Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
 A king's at least a part of government :
 And mine as requisite as their consent :
 Without my leave a future king to chuse,
 Infers a right the present to depose.
 True, they petition me t' approve their choice :
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
 My pious subjects for my safety pray ;
 Which to secure, they take my power away.
 From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
 But save me most from my petitioners.
 Unfatiated as the barren womb or grave ;
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left, but with a jealous eye
 To guard the small remains of royalty ?
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey :
 Votes shall no more establish'd power controul,
 Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
 No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
 Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove ;
 For Gods and god-like kings their care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress.
 Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd !
 Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
 To make examples of another kind ?

}

Must

Must I at length the sword of justice draw ?
 Oh curst effects of necessary law !
 How ill my fear they by my mercy scan !
 Beware the fury of a patient man.
 Law they require, let law then shew her face ;
 They could not be content to look on grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front and die.
 By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
 Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear ;
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
 Which was their principle of life before.
 Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight :
 Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
 Nor doubt th' event : for factious crowds engage,
 In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
 Then let them take an unresisted course :
 Retire, and traverse, and delude their force :
 But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
 And rise upon them with redoubled might :
 For lawful power is still superior found ;
 When long driven back, at length it stands the ground.
 He said : Th' Almighty nodding gave consent ;
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
 Henceforth a series of new time began,
 The mighty years in long procession ran :
 Once more the god-like David was restor'd,
 And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

P A R T II.

“ — Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 “ Captus amore leget — ”

T O T H E R E A D E R .

IN the year 1680 Mr Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of king Charles the second. The performance was applauded by every one ; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it ; and that part beginning with

“ Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,”

and ending with

“ To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.”

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed compleat.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beasts each other's prey were made,
 Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
 Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
 That madly their own happiness oppose ;
 There heaven itself, and god-like kings, in vain
 Shower down the manna of a gentle reign ;
 While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
 And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
 Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
 While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
 For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
 Was held the charter of Jerusalem,
 His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
 A privilege peculiar to the Jews ;
 As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
 And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel !

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
 Thus suited to the madness of the times ;
 And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
 Of flattering charms no longer stands in need ;
 While, fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
 Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought ;
 His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
 And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
 Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
 He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
 The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
 But what can our besotted Israel plead ?

Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land.
Whose only grievance is excess of ease ;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease !
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they 'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load :
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed !
Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain,
But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence ;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life !
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angels care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.

Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
 Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
 She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
 Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below.
 Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
 Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
 Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height,
 Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
 The piety of Michal then remain
 In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!

Less desolation did the pest pursue,
 That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew,
 Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
 And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.
 With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
 Than since our evidencing days began!
 On every cheek a pale confusion sat,
 Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
 Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
 All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
 Mean while a guard on modest Corah wait,
 If not for safety, needful yet for state.
 Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
 And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
 Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
 But for his honesty had seiz'd our state!
 And with what tyranny had we been curst,
 Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!
 T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gross,
 Had been, alas, to our deponent's loss:

The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
 To husband well, and make the best of 's plot;
 And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
 With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
 Not quite of future power himself bereft,
 But limbos large for unbelievers left.
 And now his writ such reverence had got,
 'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
 Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
 Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
 Some had their sense impos'd-on by their fear,
 But more for interest sake believe and swear:
 Ev'n to that height with some the frenzy grew,
 They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
 Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
 Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided sense,
 Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
 But for the good old cause that did excite
 Th' original rebels wiles, revenge, and spight.
 These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
 Upon the bright successor of the crown,
 Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
 As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
 Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
 The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
 Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
 The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
 Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,

Ev'n Absalom amidst the dazzling beams
 Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
 Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
 To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.
 And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
 Thus to Achitophel his doubts express.

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
 Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
 Not so when virtue did my arms require,
 And to my father's wars I flew intire.
 My regal power how will my foes resent,
 When I myself have scarce my own consent!
 Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
 Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
 How slight to force a throne that legions guard
 The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
 And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
 What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
 Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
 The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;
 And when the civil furies are on wing
 That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
 Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
 Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
 Than have my crown the price of David's life!
 Or, if the tempest of the war he stand,
 In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
 His soul's anointed temple may invade,
 Or, prest by clamorous crowds, myself be made

His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
 Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
 Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
 Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
 Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
 A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
 The same pretence of public good will hold,
 And new Achitophels be found as bold
 To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.

He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
 A smile that did his rising spleen disguise,
 My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
 And are we still with conscience to contend?
 Whose want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
 As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
 Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
 And only can be safe by pressing on.
 The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
 Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
 And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
 Whose patience is th' effect of stinted power,
 But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour,
 And if remote the peril he can bring,
 Your present danger's greater from the king.
 Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
 Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
 Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
 To doom you little less than banishment,

What

What rage must your presumption since inspire !
 Against his orders you return from Tyre.
 Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
 And open court of popularity,
 The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee ?
 The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill !
 They first condemn, that first advis'd the ill !
 Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
 Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
 The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
 But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
 A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
 Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
 Did you for this expose yourself to show,
 And to the crowd bow popularly low !
 For this your glorious progress next ordain,
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train.
 With fame before you like the morning star,
 And shouts of joy saluting from afar ?
 Oh from the heights you 've reach'd but take a view,
 Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you !
 And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan ?
 Have I for this so oft made Israel groan ?
 Your single interest with the nation weigh'd,
 And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid !
 Ev'n when at helm a course so dangerous mov'd
 To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.

I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
 The known perfection of your policies,
 Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,
 The privilege that statesmen ever claim ;

Who private interest never yet pursued,
 But still pretended 'twas for others' good :
 What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
 Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state ?
 From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
 With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
 What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
 That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you ?
 Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
 That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe ;
 And who suspends fixt laws, may abrogate,
 That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
 Ev'n property, whose champion now you stand,
 And seem for this the idol of the land,
 Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
 As when your counsel shut the royal store ;
 Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
 But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
 Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
 And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke ;
 Nor here your counsels fatal progress staid,
 But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
 Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid,
 And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made.
 Ev'n yet of such a season can we dream,
 When royal rights you made your darling theme.
 For power unlimited could reasons draw,
 And place prerogative above the law ;
 Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
 The laws made king, the king a slave in trust :

Whom

Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let interest be the star by which you steer,
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose interest most in your advancement lies.
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion, fail;
On our's the safety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength, as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence,
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king:
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince t' oppose his arms;
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our design.

At

At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
 Till peace itself is war in masquerade.
 Associations of mysterious sense,
 Against, but seeming for, the king's defence:
 Ev'n on their courts of justice fetters draw,
 And from our agents muzzle up their law.
 By which a conquest if we fail to make,
 'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake.

He said, and for the dire success depends
 On various sects, by common guilt made friends.
 Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
 I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
 'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
 Pursued by' a meager troop of bankrupt heirs.
 Blest times when Ishban, he whose occupation
 So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
 Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
 As good a saint as usurer ever made.
 Yet Mammon has not so engrossed him quite,
 But Belial lays as large a claim of spight;
 Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
 Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
 That year in which the city he did sway,
 He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
 Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
 To offer talents of extorted gold;
 Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
 And scandalize our peerage with his name;
 For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
 And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.

Next

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL. 171

Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
 So full of zeal he has no need of grace ;
 A faint that can both flesh and spirit use,
 Alike haunt conventicles and the stews :
 Of whom the question difficult appears,
 If most i' th' preachers or the bawds arrears.
 What caution could appear too much in him
 That keeps the treasure of Jerufalem !
 Let David's brother but approach the town,
 Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
 Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed
 Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

“ Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
 Of little fortunes, and of conscience less ;
 With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
 Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd ;
 Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
 And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
 Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
 To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
 Such stipends those vile hirelings best besit,
 Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
 Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
 Judas that keeps the rebels pension-purse ;
 Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee,
 Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree ;
 Who at Jerufalem's own gates erects
 His college for a nursery of sects.
 Young prophets with an early care secures,
 And with the dung of his own arts manures.

What

What have the men of Hebron here to do ?
 What part in Israel's promis'd land have you !
 Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
 'Cause like the rest he could not live at home ;
 Who from his own possessions could not drain
 An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
 Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
 Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property :
 An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
 That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
 Can dry bones live ? or skeletons produce
 The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice ?
 Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
 Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
 A waiting-man to traveling nobles chose,
 He his own laws would saucily impose,
 'Till baffinadoed back again he went,
 To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
 Chastiz'd he ought to have retreated home,
 But he reads politicks to Absalom.
 For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
 To his own country willingly return'd.
 —But, leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
 And to talk treason for his daily bread,
 Let Hebron, nay let hell produce a man
 So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan,
 A Jew of humble parentage was he,
 By trade a Levite, though of low degree :
 His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
 But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd

To

To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
 And pick up single shekels from the grave.
 Marry'd at last, but finding charge come faster,
 He could not live by God, but chang'd his master :
 Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,
 But most against the party he forsook.
 For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
 So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,
 To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
 But, as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
 He chose th' apostate for his proper theme ;
 With little pains he made the picture true,
 And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
 A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
 In every age a murmuring generation ;
 To trace them from their infancy of finning,
 And shew them factious from their first beginning.
 To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
 Much to the credit of the chosen flock ;
 A strong authority, which must convince,
 That saints own no allegiance to their prince.
 As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
 To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
 But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
 The son that shew'd his father's nakedness ?
 Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
 Which proves rebellion was so primitive.

Must

Must ancient failings be examples made ?
 Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
 As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
 Methinks th' apostate was the better man :
 And thy hot father, waving my respect,
 Not of a mother-church, but of a sect.
 And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
 This comes of drinking asses milk and writing,
 If Balack should be call'd to leave his place,
 As profit is the loudest call of grace,
 His temple, dispossefs'd of one, would be
 Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
 And shew rebellion bare, without a gown ;
 Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
 Who rhyme below ev'n David's Psalms translated,
 Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
 As lame Mephibosheth the wisard's son :
 To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox ;
 And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse ;
 Who by my Muse to all succeeding times,
 Shall live in spight of their own doggrel rhymes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody ;
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, heroically mad :

He

He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But fagotted his notions as they fell,
 And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well,
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a fatyr,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature :
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.

}
}

If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot :
 The words for friend and foe alike were made,
 To fetter them in verse is all his trade.
 For almonds he 'll cry whore to his own mother :
 And call young Absalom king David's brother.

Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant ;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal 's below committing treason :
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel ?
 That 's a preferment for Achitophel.

The woman that committed buggery,
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die ;
 But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
 The dog that never heard the statute read.
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him :
 Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to transprose.

'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
 Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key :

Let

Let him rail on, let his inveſtive Muſe
Have four and twenty letters to abuſe,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of ſenſe,
Indict him of a capital offence.

In fire-works give him leave to vent his ſpight,
Thoſe are the only ſerpents he can write ;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be maſter of a puppet-ſhow,
On that one ſtage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harveſt keeps him all the year.

Now ſtop your noſes, readers, all and ſome, }
For here 's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treaſon-tavern rowling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he fails behind his link ;
With all this bulk there 's nothing loſt in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue :
A monſtrous maſs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had ſpew'd to make the batter,
When wine has given him courage to blaſpheme,
He curſes God, but God before curſt him ;
And, if man could have reaſon, none has more,
That made his paunch ſo rich, and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not muſted, for heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew ;
To what would he on quail and pheafant ſwell,
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel ?
But tho' heaven made him poor, with reverence ſpeaking,
He never was a poet of God's making ;

The

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull ;
 Drink, swear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write :
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen !
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink,
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason botcht in rhyme will be thy bane,
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck :
 Why should thy metre good king David blast ?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose ?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'er-tops thy talent in thy very trade ;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he 's the poet's horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
 For writing treason, and for writing dull ;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil :
 Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
 Thy praises had been satyr at the best ;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed :
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes ?

But of king David's foes be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom !
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee !”

Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
 For various ends neglects not to engage ;
 The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,
 The fools and beggars for their number sought :
 Who yet not only on the town depends,
 For ev'n in court the faction had its friends ;
 These thought the places they possess too small,
 And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall :
 Whose names the Muse disdain, holds i'th' dark,
 Thrust in the villain herd without a mark ;
 With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
 Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
 Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
 Their set cabals are yet a viler crew ;
 See where involv'd in common smoak they sit ;
 Some for our mirth, some for our satyr fit :
 These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
 While those for mere good fellowship frequent
 Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
 Sense, nonsense, any thing t' employ the glass ;
 And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
 The rest talk treason but to shew their parts ;
 Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
 But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
 Industrious Arod never be forgot :

The labours of this midnight-magistrate,
 May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.
 In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
 On war's most powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
 And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
 Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods ;
 Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpriz'd,
 'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd.
 Which to his house with richer reliques came,
 While lumber idols only fed the flame :
 For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t'enquire,
 What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.
 With which our elder was enrich no more
 Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store ;
 So poor, that when our chusing-tribes were met,
 Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt ;
 For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
 The faints he chous'd for his electing drink ;
 Thus every shift and subtle method past,
 And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
 Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and wide ;
 As when a battering storm engender'd high,
 By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
 Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,
 This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain ;
 For blooming plants, and flowers new opening, these,
 For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees :
 To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
 Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall :

Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
 With terror each expecting his alarms.
 Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar ?
 Thou only couldst the captive lands restore :
 But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
 From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
 Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
 Too much the representers of the crowd,
 Who for their own defence give no supply,
 But what the crown's prerogatives must buy :
 As if their monarch's rights to violate
 More needful were, than to preserve the state !
 From present dangers they divert their care,
 And all their fears are of the royal heir ;
 Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
 Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown depose.
 Religion the pretence, but their decree
 To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be !
 By sanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus prest,
 What passions rent the righteous David's breast !
 Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,
 Unjust to grant and dangerous to deny !
 How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
 Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
 Which yet th' extreamest virtue did require,
 Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire !
 His absence David does with tears advise
 T' appease their rage. Undaunted he complies ;
 Thus he who prodigal of blood and ease,
 A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,

At once contending with the waves and fire,
 And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
 Inglorious now forfakes his native fand,
 And like an exile quits the promis'd land !
 Our monarch scarce from preſſing tears refrains,
 And painfully his royal ſtate maintains,
 Who now embracing on th' extreameſt ſhore
 Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before :
 Concludes at laſt more truſt to be allow'd
 To ſtorms and ſeas than to the raging crowd !
 Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting ſcene to draw,
 With ſilence charm'd as deep as their's that ſaw !
 Not only our attending nobles weep,
 But hardy failors ſwell with tears the deep !
 The tide refrain'd her courſe, and more amaz'd,
 The twin-ſtars on the royal brothers gaz'd :
 While this ſole fear—
 Does trouble to our ſuffering hero bring,
 Left next the popular rage oppreſs the king !
 Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
 The ſhore the king, and ſeas the prince receiv'd.
 Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
 Soft as thy conſort's breath, inſpire thy fails ;
 Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
 Where thy triumphant fleets ſo oft have rode !
 Safe on thy breſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
 Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves aſleep ;
 While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
 And to Elyſian fields convert the main !

Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
 At thy approach so silent shall admire,
 Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
 And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
 Admir'd by every nation but their own ;
 Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
 Their aking conscience gives their tongue the lie.
 Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
 Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
 Whom to his king the best respects commend
 Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend ;
 All sacred names of most divine esteem,
 And to perfection all sustain'd by him,
 Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
 Swift to discern and to reward desert ;
 No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
 But on the noblest subjects still employ'd :
 Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
 Between his monarch's interest and the state,
 But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
 Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
 Against his worth and native rights engage ?
 Religious fears their argument are made,
 Religious fears his sacred rights invade !
 Of future superstition they complain,
 And jebusitic worship in his reign :
 With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
 With dangers fright which not themselves believe.

Since

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,
 Whate'er the faith of the successor prove :
 Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
 At least while their religion is their gain,
 Who know by old experience Baal's commands
 Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands ;
 They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall they yield
 An idol full possession of the field ?

Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
 The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
 Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
 And for his quiet with the crowd compound ;
 Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
 Where are the means to compass the design ?
 Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
 And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
 Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
 Nor ever with such measures can comply,
 As shock the common rules of policy ;
 None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
 And he alone sufficient aids can bring ;
 Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
 That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
 At such profound expence he has not stood,
 Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood ;
 Would ne'er through wrong and right his progress take,
 Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
 To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
 First to invade our rights, and then his own ;

His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
 And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
 We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
 And curse its fatal influence on our land,
 Which our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,
 That ev'n an host his pensioners would make ;
 From these deceivers our divisions spring,
 Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king ;
 These with pretended friendship to the state,
 Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
 Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
 To guard their sacred rights and property ;
 To ruin, thus the chosen flock are fold,
 While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold ;
 Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
 And loath the manna of a gentle reign :
 Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod,
 We trust our prince no more than they their God.
 But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach,
 To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
 Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
 And fresh remembrance of intestine wars ;
 When the same household mortal foes did yield,
 And brothers stain'd with brothers blood the field ;
 When sons curst steel the fathers gore did stain,
 And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain !
 When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
 Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the promis'd land,
 Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
 To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign :

Which

Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
 And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue;
 While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
 And safely crowds his tents with nations spoils.
 Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage,
 Against our absent hero still engage,
 And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
 The only suit their prince forbids to move,
 Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
 And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
 Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
 With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
 Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
 But found the raging billows still increase.
 The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
 While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
 At last his deep resentments silence broke,
 Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke,
 Then Justice wake, and Rigor take her time,
 For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
 While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
 Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
 For whose support ev'n subjects interest calls,
 Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
 That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
 So far his people's freedom does betray.
 Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
 Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
 Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
 Which heaven itself in vain has try'd with grace!

When

When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclofe,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes ?
When shall we see expir'd deceivers sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say ?
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold ;
Those patriots falshood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree ;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim ;
Our senates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread ;
But first ere yet they propt the sinking state,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate ;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest !
O ! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive ?
When their injustice we are prest'd to share,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir ;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood ?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they prest,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less ;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field :
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppression which they fear make way ;
Succession fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war ;

Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin,
 And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
 Since then their good they will not understand,
 'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand ;
 Authority and force to join with skill,
 And save the lunatics against their will.
 The same rough means that swage the crowd, appease
 Our senates raging with the crowd's disease.
 Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw
 From no false gloss, but genuine text of law ;
 Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
 Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
 Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
 Nor pharisees by pharisees be freed.
 Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
 All shall have right, and we our sovereign power.
 He said, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
 And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ ;
 From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
 A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd ;
 Till his approach, like some arriving God,
 Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode ;
 The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
 And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
 Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
 And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
 The field confess'd his power in arms before,
 And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore ;
 As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
 How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.

Through

Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
 And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head ;
 His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
 The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
 Success charms all, but zeal for worth distress
 A virtue proper to the brave and best ;
 'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
 To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,
 Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
 Deserv'd at once two royal masters trust ;
 Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
 On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood ;
 Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
 Friend to the Muses and the Muses' pride.
 Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
 Of steady soul when public storms were high ;
 Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
 Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
 Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
 And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd ;
 While those that sought his absence to betray,
 Press first their nauseous false respects to pay ;
 Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
 And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
 And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
 His triumphs so resounded far and near,
 Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear ;
 And as when joyful hunters clamourous train
 Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,

Who

Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
 And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
 Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
 His eyes enflaming all the desert round,
 With roar of seas directs his chafers way,
 Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray ;
 Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
 Such indignation his fix'd eyes confess ;
 Where now was the instructor of his pride ?
 Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide ?
 Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
 And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd ;
 In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
 Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
 At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
 To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
 In which his dextrous wit had oft been shown,
 And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own ;
 But now with more than common danger press'd,
 Of various resolutions stands possess'd,
 Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
 Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
 Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
 And for his pardon with their heads compound.
 Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
 The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime
 Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
 Or threat with open arms the royal head,
 Or other daring method, and unjust,
 That may confirm him in the people's trust.

But

But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
 How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
 Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
 And try some new pretender's luckier fate ;
 Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
 Nor cares what claimer 's crown'd, except the true.
 Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
 And see, O see, for whom thou art undone !
 How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
 The property of desperate villains made ?
 Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,
 And guilt in them was little less than fate ;
 But why shouldst thou, from every grievance free,
 Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea ?
 For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
 Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy brow,
 Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vassals were,
 And of a monarch all things but the care.
 Oh should our crimes again that curse draw down,
 And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
 Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
 Alike by conquest or defeat undone ;
 Who could relentless see such youth and charms,
 Expire with wretched fate in impious arms ?
 A prince so form'd with earth's and heaven's applause,
 To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause :
 Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
 Who conquering would not for himself prevail ;
 The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
 Him and the public would alike betray ; .

Amongst

Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
 And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
 Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
 The pity'd youth, with scepters in his fight,
 So have their cruel politics decreed,
 Must, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
 For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
 Whom but mild David would they chuse t' obey?
 Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
 The fall of monarchy itself design;
 From hate to that their reformations spring,
 And David not their grievance, but the king.
 Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
 Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,
 Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
 What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
 But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
 Fair carriage still became Achitophel.
 Who now an envious festival entails,
 And to survey their strength the faction calls,
 Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
 But oh how weakly does sedition build?
 For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
 Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
 So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
 Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
 Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
 Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
 Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
 And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;

The

The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
 And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow;
 Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
 With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all jostling in the street;
 Dejecting all, and ruefully disinay'd,
 For shekel without treat or treason paid.

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
 More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
 Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
 In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
 Here, labouring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
 That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
 The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
 Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
 Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal,
 View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
 Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame.
 The Kenites rocky province his command,
 A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
 Which for its generous natives yet could be
 Held worthy such a president as he!
 Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
 Serene his looks; serene his life and thought;
 On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
 There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
 To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
 His second care that service to conceal;
 Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
 And to the needy always more than just.

Who truth from specious falshood can divide,
 Has all the gownsmens skill without their pride ;
 Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
 Sees all his glories copy'd in his son,
 Whose forward fame should every Muse engage :
 Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to others' age.
 Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
 Already are the conquest of his mind.
 Whose loyalty before its date was prime ;
 Nor waited the dull course of rolling time :
 The monster faction early he dismay'd,
 And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.

Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was plac'd ;
 Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd ;
 A hero, who, while stars look'd wondering down,
 Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
 That praise was his ; what therefore did remain
 For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
 That crown restor'd ; and in this rank of fame,
 Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
 Proceed, illustrious, happy chief ! proceed,
 Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
 While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
 To register the glories thou shalt gain :
 For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
 And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake ;
 Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
 And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
 Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
 Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.

Eliab our next labour does invite,
 And hard the task to do Eliab right :
 Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
 And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd !
 Such ancient service and desert so large,
 Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
 His age with only one mild heiress blest,
 In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
 And blest again to see his flower ally'd
 To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride !
 The bright restorer of his father's youth,
 Devoted to a son's and subject's truth :
 Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
 So bravely fought, while fought by Absalom.
 Ah prince ! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
 And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth ;
 That no Achitophel thy ruin boast ;
 Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

Ev'n envy must consent to Helon's worth,
 Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
 Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
 And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain :
 To slight his gods was small ; with nobler pride,
 He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.
 Whom profit nor example could betray,
 But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
 What acts of favour in his province fall,
 On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
 Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place ;

Who

Who with a loyalty that did excel,
 Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
 Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
 But Israel's fancies into practice drew ;
 Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
 Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
 No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
 So just, and with such charms of eloquence :
 To whom the double blessing does belong,
 With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
 Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
 Who for that cause still combats in his age,
 For which his youth with danger did engage.
 In vain our factious priests the cant revive ;
 In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
 T' enflame the crowd ; while he with watchful eye
 Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly :
 Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect ;
 He undeceives more fast than they infect.
 So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
 Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.

Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
 And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
 What tribute, Afaph, shall we render thee ?
 We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree !
 Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast ;
 The song of Afaph shall for ever last.

With wonder late posterity shall dwell
 On Absalom and false Achitophel :

Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets dream,
 And when our Sion virgins sing their theme;
 Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd,
 The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

How fierce his satyr loos'd; restrain'd, how tame;
 How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
 How well his worth, and brave adventures stil'd;
 Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
 No page of thine, that fears the strictest view,
 But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;
 Not Edèn could a fairer prospect yield,
 All paradise without one barren field:
 Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
 The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
 What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
 While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
 While stars and fountains to their course are true;
 While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
 The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
 Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
 Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
 To bring his sufferings' bright companion back.
 But ere such transport can our sense employ,
 A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
 Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
 Without a bribe to envious destiny!
 Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
 Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!

Give

Give not insulting Askalon to know,
 Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
 No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
 By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
 Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
 While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
 The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
 Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
 And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
 Then death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
 To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!
 Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchsaf'd to yield,
 Instead of faithless shelves, a lifted field:
 A lifted field of Heaven's and David's foes,
 Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
 Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
 Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
 But destiny is now their only foe,
 And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
 With loud last breaths their master's scape applaud,
 Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud;
 Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
 At his own safety now almost repin'd!
 Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
 Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms;
 If all your sufferings past so nearly prest,
 Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast?
 Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
 Not sooth'd with soft delights, but tost in storms.

Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
 Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love,
 But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
 His slumbers short, his bed the herbleſs ground :
 In tasks of danger always ſeen the firſt,
 Feeds from the hedge, and flakes with ice his thirſt.
 Long muſt his patience ſtrive with fortune's rage,
 And long oppoſing gods themſelves engage,
 Muſt ſee his country flame, his friends deſtroy'd,
 Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd :
 Such toil of fate muſt build a man of fame,
 And ſuch, to Iſrael's crown, the god-like David came.

What ſudden beams diſpel the clouds ſo faſt,
 Whoſe drenching rains laid all our vineyards waſte !
 The ſpring ſo far behind her courſe delay'd,
 On th' inſtant is in all her bloom array'd ;
 The winds breathe low, the element ſerene ;
 Yet mark what motion in the waves is ſeen !
 Thronging and buſy as Hyblæan ſwarms,
 Or ſtraggl'd ſoldiers ſummon'd to their arms.
 See where the princely bark in looſeſt pride,
 With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide !
 High on her deck the royal lovers ſtand,
 Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
 Welcome to Iſrael and to David's breaſt !
 Here all your toils, here all your ſufferings reſt.

This year did Ziloah rule Jeruſalem,
 And boldly all ſedition's Syrtes ſtem,
 Howe'er incumbent'd with a viler pair
 Than Ziph or Shimei to aſſiſt the chair ;

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL. 199

Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd
 That faction at the next election fail'd,
 When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
 And merit by the multitude was crown'd :
 With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,
 Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY to ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

<i>Abdael,</i>	—	General Monk, Duke of Albe- marle.
<i>Abethdin,</i>	—	{ The name given, thro' this poem, to a Lord-Chancellor in general.
<i>Abfalom,</i>	—	Duke of Monmouth.
<i>Achitophel,</i>	—	The Earl of Shaftesbury.
<i>Adriel,</i>	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
<i>Agag,</i>	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
<i>Aniel,</i>	—	{ Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
<i>Anri,</i>	—	{ Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Win- chelsea, and Lord-Chancellor.
<i>Annabel,</i>	—	Duchess of Monmouth.
<i>Arod,</i>	—	Sir William Waller.
<i>Asaph,</i>	—	{ A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the second Part of this Poem.
<i>Balaam,</i>	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
<i>Balaak,</i>	—	Barnet.
<i>Barzillai,</i>	—	Duke of Ormond.
<i>Bathsbeba,</i>	—	Duchess of Portsmouth.

<i>Benaiab,</i>	—	General Sackville.
<i>Ben Jochanan,</i>		Rev. Mr Samuel Johnson.
<i>Bezaliel,</i>	—	Duke of Beaufort.
<i>Caleb,</i>	—	Lord Grey.
<i>Corah,</i>	—	Dr. Oates.
<i>David,</i>	—	Charles II.
<i>Doeg,</i>	—	Elkanah Settle.
<i>Egypt,</i>	—	France.
<i>Eliab,</i>	—	Sir Hen. Bennet, E. of Arlington.
<i>Ethnic-Plot,</i>	—	The Popish-Plot.
<i>Gath,</i>	—	} The Land of Exile, more particularly Bruffels, where King Charles II. long resided.
<i>Hebron,</i>	—	
<i>Hebrew Priests,</i>		The Church of England Clergy.
<i>Helon,</i>	—	Earl of Feversham.
<i>Hushai,</i>	—	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
<i>Jebusites,</i>	—	Papists.
<i>Jerusalem,</i>	—	London.
<i>Jews,</i>	—	English.
<i>Jonas,</i>	—	Sir William Jones.
<i>Jordan,</i>	—	Dover.
<i>Jotham,</i>	—	Marquis of Halifax.
<i>Jothran,</i>	—	Lord Dartmouth.
<i>Isbosheth,</i>	—	Richard Cromwell.
<i>Israel,</i>	—	England.
<i>Issachar,</i>	—	Thomas Thynne, Esq.
<i>Judas,</i>	—	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
<i>Ishban,</i>	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
<i>Mephibosheth,</i>	—	Pordage.



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<i>Michal,</i>	—	Queen Catharine.
<i>Nadab,</i>	—	Lord Howard of Escrick.
<i>Og,</i>	—	Shadwell.
<i>Pbaleg,</i>	—	Forbes.
<i>Pharaoh,</i>	—	King of France.
<i>Rabshaka,</i>	—	Sir Thomas Player.
<i>Sagan of Jerusalem,</i>		Dr. Compton, Bishop of London.
<i>Sanhedrim,</i>	—	Parliament.
<i>Saul,</i>	—	Oliver Cromwell.
<i>Shimei,</i>	—	Sheriff Bethel.
<i>Sheva,</i>	—	Sir Roger Lestrange.
<i>Solymean Rout,</i>		London Rebels.
<i>Tyre,</i>	—	Holland.
<i>Uzza,</i>	—	Jack Hall.
<i>Zadoc,</i>	—	{ Sancroft, Archbishop of Canter- bury.
<i>Zaken,</i>	—	{ A Member of the House of Com- mons.
<i>Zimri,</i>	—	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
<i>Ziloah,</i>	—	Sir John Moor.

T H E M E D A L.

A S A T I R E A G A I N S T S E D I T I O N.

E P I S T L E T O T H E W H I G S.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? It is the representation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of your Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Poland, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him: but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true: and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they

they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun; which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any association of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal for the
pub-

public welfare, to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition or his practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his majesty, when it is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to shew you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet,

let, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan *De jure regni apud Scotos*: or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot murdered Francis duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian, for our church abhors so devilish a tenet, who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the house of commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the *No-protestant Plot*; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship; but in times of war,

when

when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the Council of Trent: so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword: it is the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association, and that in the time of queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent or knowledge of the king, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which
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is wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own satyr, make me satyrize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the non-conformist parson, who writ the *Whip and Key*. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his *Gazette*, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste-paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English bibles. If *Achitophel* signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of *Achitophel* out of service.

Now footmen you know have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery

livery pulled over his ears : and even protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a protestant rhymmer, as a dissenter from the church of England a protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane, and sawcy Jack, and atheistic scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him : by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man ? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations : and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter ; and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please ; for the short of it is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

T H E M E D A L.

OF all our antic fights and pageantry,
 Which English ideots run in crowds to see,
 The Polish Medal bears the prize alone :
 A monster, more the favourite of the town
 Than either fairs or theatres have shown.
 Never did art so well with nature strive ;
 Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive :
 So like the man ; so golden to the sight,
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.
 One side is fill'd with title and with face ;
 And, lest the king should want a regal place,
 On the reverse, a tower the town furveys ;
 O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
 The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Letamur, which, in Polish, is rejoice.
 The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd :
 And a new canting holiday design'd.
 Five days he sat, for every cast and look ;
 Four more than God to finish Adam took.
 But who can tell what essence angels are,
 Or how long heaven was making Lucifer ?
 Oh, could the stile that copy'd every grace,
 And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
 Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
 The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill !
 A martial hero first, with early care,
 Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.

A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man :
 So young his hatred to his prince began.
 Next this, how wildly will ambition steer !
 A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear.
 Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
 He cast himself into the faint-like mould ;
 Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
 The lowliest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
 His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
 There split the faint ; for hypocritic zeal
 Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
 Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope :
 Saints must not trade ; but they may interlope.
 Th' ungodly principle was all the same ;
 But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack ;
 His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
 Yet still he found his fortune at a stay ;
 Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way ;
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice ;
 Villain and wit exact a double price.
 Power was his aim : but, thrown from that pretence,
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence ;
 And malice reconcil'd him to his prince. }
 Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd ;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust ;
 His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.

Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
 At best as little honest as he could,
 And like white witches mischievously good.
 To his first bias longingly he leans ;
 And rather would be great by wicked means.
 Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold ;
 Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
 From hence those tears ! that Ilium of our woe !
 Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
 What wonder if the waves prevail so far
 When he cut down the banks that made the bar ?
 Seas follow but their nature to invade ;
 But he by art our native strength betray'd.
 So Samson to his foe his force confest ;
 And to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast.
 But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its author to the public hate ;
 When his just sovereign, by no impious way
 Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway ;
 Forsaken of that hope he shifts his sail,
 Drives down the current with a popular gale ;
 And shews the fiend confess'd without a veil.
 He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
 But not convey'd to kingly government ;
 That claims successive bear no binding force,
 That coronation oaths are things of course ;

Maintains the multitude can never err ;
 And sets the people in the papal chair.
 The reason's obvious ; interest never lies ;
 The most have still their interest in their eyes ;
 The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise. }
 Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute,
 Power is thy essence ; wit thy attribute !
 Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way !
 Athens no doubt did righteously decide,
 When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd :
 As righteously they did those dooms repent ;
 Still they were wise whatever way they went,
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run ;
 To kill the father, and recal the son.
 Some think the fools were most as times went then,
 But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
 The common cry is ev'n religion's test,
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best ;
 Idols in India ; popery at Rome ;
 And our own worship only true at home.
 And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns ;
 So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
 A tempting doctrine, plausible, and new ;
 What fools our fathers were, if this be true !
 Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
 Inherent right in monarchs did declare :

And that a lawful power might never cease,
Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway at last
In equal balances were justly cast :
But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse ;
Instructs the beast to know his native force ;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue !
The lavish government can give no more ;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once ; our rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they fought :
Till, master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails ;
Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails !
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill !
Proud of his power, and boundless in his will !
That kings can do no wrong, we must believe ;
None can they do, and must they all receive ?
Help, heaven ! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power !
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws which they dispense.
No justice to their righteous cause allow'd ;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
And medals grav'd their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass ;
 Might laugh again to see a jury chew
 The prickles of unpalatable law.
 The witnesses, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
 Sucking for them was med'cinally good ;
 But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
 Then justice and religion they forswore ;
 Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
 Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd ;
 And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.
 They rack ev'n scripture to confess their cause,
 And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
 It has been us'd as ill in every age ;
 And is constrain'd with patience all to take,
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make ?
 Happy who can this talking-trumpet seize ;
 They make it speak whatever sense they please !
 'Twas fram'd at first our oracle t' enquire ;
 But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
 The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire. }

London, thou great emporium of our isle,
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile !
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert ?
 Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part ?
 I call'd thee Nile ; the parallel will stand :
 Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land ;
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
 Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribe thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true ;
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two such gouty hands ?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave ;
None are so busy as the fool and knave.
Those let me curse ; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge ?
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king !
In gospel-phraze their chapmen they betray ;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the spoil ;
They boast ev'n when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring sect ;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.
Whether the plotting jesuit lay'd the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.

What means their traiterous combination less,
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.
 But treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd ;
 Successful crimes alone are justify'd.
 The men who no conspiracy would find
 Who doubts ? but had it taken, they had join'd,
 Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence ;
 At first without, at last against, their prince.
 If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
 The same bold maxim holds in God and man :
 God were not safe, his thunder could they shun ;
 He should be forc'd to crown another son.
 Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
 The rich possession was the murderer's own.
 In vain to sophistry they have recourse :
 By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worse ;
 Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force :
 Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
 'Tis working in th' immediate power to be ;
 For from pretended grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise.
 Then cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
 Chop up a minister at every meal :
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king ;
 But clip his regal rights within the ring.
 From thence t' assume the power of peace and war ;
 And ease him by degrees of public care.
 Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
 He should have leave to exercise the name ;
 And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.

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 For

For what can power give more than food and drink,
 To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
 These are the cooler methods of their crime,
 But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
 On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
 And grin and whet like a Croatian band;
 That waits impatient for the last command.
 Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain:
 And if their power the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
 For in some soils republics will not grow:
 Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain,
 Of popular sway or arbitrary reign:
 But slides between them both into the best,
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest,
 And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
 Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
 O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts,
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
 What curses on thy blasted name will fall!
 Which age to age their legacy shall call;
 For all must curse the woes that must descend on all.
 Religion thou hast none: thy Mercury
 Has pass'd through every sect, or theirs through thee.

But

But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains ;
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
 What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
 Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,
 That preach up thee for God ; dispense thy laws ;
 And with the stum ferment their fainting cause ?
 Fresh fumes of madness raise ; and toil and sweat
 To make the formidable cripple great.
 Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless power
 Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
 Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
 Thy God and theirs will never long agree ;
 For thine, if thou hast any, must be one
 That lets the world and human-kind alone :
 A jolly god, that passes hours too well
 To promise heaven, or threaten us with hell.
 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
 And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
 A tyrant theirs ; the heaven their priesthood paints
 A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints ;
 A heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad ;
 Fore-doom'd for souls, with false religion, mad.
 Without a vision poets can foreshow
 What all but fools by common sense may know :
 If true succession from our isle should fail,
 And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
 Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
 Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
 With which thou flatterest thy decrepit age.

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The swelling poison of the several sects,
 Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
 Shall burst its bag; and fighting out their way
 The various venoms on each other prey.
 The presbyter puff'd up with spiritual pride,
 Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
 His brethren damn, the civil power defy;
 And parcel out republic prelacy.
 But short shall be his reign: his rigid yoke
 And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
 And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
 Will croak to heaven for help, from this devouring crane.
 The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall jar,
 In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war:
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
 Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
 About their impious merit shall contend,
 The surly commons shall respect deny,
 And juggle peerage out with property.
 Their general either shall his trust betray,
 And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
 In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame;
 And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.
 Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
 Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
 Till halting vengeance overtook our age:
 And our wild labours wearied into rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

“ — Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis

“ Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.”

T A R.

TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

IN times when princes cancel'd nature's law,
 And declarations which themselves did draw;
 When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
 And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
 Tarquin, a savage, proud, ambitious prince,
 Prompt to expel, yet thoughtless of defence,
 The envied scepter did from Tullius snatch,
 The Roman king, and father by the match.
 To form his party, histories report,
 A sanctuary was open'd in his court,
 Where glad offenders safely might resort. }
 Great was the crowd, and wondrous the success,
 For those were fruitful times of wickedness;
 And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,
 Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cause.
 'Mongst these a pagan priest for refuge fled;
 A prophet deep in godly faction read;
 A sycophant, that knew the modish way
 To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
 To whine and sin, to scribble and recant,
 A shameless author, and a lustful saint.
 To serve all times he could distinctions coin,
 And with great ease flat contradictions join:
 A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
 And then obedience was his only theme:
 He sung in temples the most passive lays,
 And wearied monarchs with repeated praise;

But

But manag'd aukwardly that lawful part ;
 To vent foul lies and treason was his art,
 And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.
 This priest, and others learned to defame,
 First murder injur'd Tullius in his name ;
 With blackest calumnies their soveraign load,
 A poison'd brother, and dark league abroad ;
 A son unjustly top'd upon the throne,
 Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own ;
 Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
 Who dispossefs'd the heir, to bring the proof.
 'This hellish charge they back'd with dismal frights,
 The los of property and sacred rights,
 And freedom, words which all false patriots use,
 As surest names the Romans to abuse.
 Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,
 Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
 Whilst thus the plotters needful fears create,
 Tarquin with open force invades the state.
 Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
 And atheist fools for dear religion fight.
 The priests their boasted principles disown,
 And level their harangues against the throne.
 Vain promises the people's minds allure,
 Slight were their ills, but desperate the cure.
 'Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,
 And they who banish one, oft gain a worse.
 Those heavenly bodies we admire above,
 Do every day irregularly move ;

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Yet

Yet Tullius, tis decreed, must lose the crown,
 For faults, that were his council's, not his own.
 He now in vain commands ev'n those he pay'd,
 By darling troops deserted and betray'd,
 By creatures which his generous warmth had made.
 Of these a captain of the guards was worst,
 Whose memory to this day stands accurst.
 This rogue, advanc'd to military trust
 By his own whoredom, and his sister's lust,
 Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,
 And plotted to betray him to his foes ;
 The kindest master to the vilest slave,
 As free to give, as he was sure to crave.
 His haughty female, who, as books declare,
 Did always toss wide nostrils in the air,
 Was to the younger Tullia governess,
 And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dress,
 She fled by night from Tullius in distress.
 This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
 And us'd all arts her father to depose ;
 A father, always generously bent,
 So kind, that ev'n her wishes he'd prevent.
 'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,
 When ev'n his daughter hasten'd his defeat ;
 When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more
 The name of father and of king he bore :
 A king, whose right his foes could ne'er dispute ;
 So mild, that mercy was his attribute ;
 Affable, kind, and easy of access ;
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress ;

Rich without taxes, yet in payment just ;
 So honest, that he hardly could distrust ;
 His active soul from labours ne'er did cease,
 Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace ;
 Studious with traffick to enrich the land ;
 Strong to protect, and skilful to command ;
 Liberal and splendid, yet without excess ;
 Prone to relieve, unwilling to distress ;
 In sum, how godlike must his nature be,
 Whose only fault was too much piety !
 This king remov'd, th' assembled states thought fit
 That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit ;
 Voted him regent in their senate-house,
 And with an empty name endow'd his spouse,
 The elder Tullia, who, some authors feign,
 Drove o'er her father's corpse a rumbling wain :
 But she more guilty numerous wains did drive
 To crush her father and her king alive ;
 And in remembrance of his hasten'd fall,
 Resolv'd to institute a weekly ball.
 The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
 Feasted on rapine, and enjoy'd her sin ;
 With luxury she did weak reason force,
 Debauch'd good-nature, and cram'd down remorse ;
 Yet when she drank cold tea in liberal sups,
 The sobbing dame was maudling in her cups.
 But brutal Tarquin never did relent,
 Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent ;
 Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,
 And blest with natural delight in ill.

From

From a wise guardian he receiv'd his doom
 To walk the Change, and not to govern Rome.
 He swore his native honours to difown,
 And did by perjury ascend the throne.
 Oh! had that oath his swelling pride repress'd,
 Rome had been then with peace and plenty blest.
 But Tarquin, guided by destructive fate,
 The country wasted, and embroil'd the state,
 Transported to their foes the Roman self,
 And by their ruin hop'd to save himself.
 Innumerable woes oppress'd the land,
 When it submitted to his curs'd command.
 So just was heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
 Whether its guilt or losses did excell.
 Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
 Were then the guardians of religion made.
 Rebels were sainted, foreigners did reign,
 Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
 With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking train. }
 No native knew their features nor their birth,
 They seem'd the greasy offspring of the earth.
 The trade was sunk, the fleet and army spent;
 Devouring taxes swallow'd lesser rent;
 Taxes impos'd by no authority;
 Each lewd collection was a robbery.
 Bold self-creating men did statutes draw,
 Skill'd to establish villainy by law;
 Fanatic drivers, whose unjust careers
 Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.

Yet

Yet authors here except a faithful band,
 Which the prevailing faction did withstand;
 And some, who bravely stood in the defence
 Of baffled justice and their exil'd prince.
 These shine to after-times, each sacred name
 Stands still recorded in the rolls of fame.

S U U M C U I Q U E.

WHEN lawless men their neighbours dispossess,
 The tenants they extirpate or oppress;
 And make rude havock in the fruitful soil,
 Which the right owners plough'd with careful toil.
 The same proportion does in kingdoms hold,
 A new prince breaks the fences of the old!
 And will o'er carcases and deserts reign,
 Unless the land its rightful lord regain.
 He gripes the faithless owners of the place,
 And buys a foreign army to deface
 The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
 He starves their forces, and obstructs their trade;
 Vast sums are given, and yet no native paid.
 The church itself he labours to assail,
 And keeps fit tools to break the sacred pale.
 Of those let him the guilty roll commence,
 Who has betray'd a master and a prince;
 A man, seditious, lewd, and impudent;
 An engine always mischievously bent;
 One who from all the bands of duty swerves;
 No tye can hold but that which he deserves;

An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
 Skilful to forge, and always insincere;
 Careless exploded practices to mend;
 Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
 Fate's blindfold reign the atheist loudly owns,
 And Providence blasphemously dethrones.
 In vain the leering actor strains his tongue
 To cheat, with tears and empty noise, the throng,
 Since all men know, whate'er he says or writes,
 Revenge or stronger interest indites,
 And that the wretch employs his venal wit
 How to confute what formerly he writ.

Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
 Endow'd with reason, though bereft of grace;
 A preaching pagan of surpassing fame:
 No register records his horrow'd name.
 Oh, had the child more happily been bred,
 A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:
 But now unfit, the most he should expect,
 Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s sect.

To him succeeds, with looks demurely sad,
 A gloomy soul, with revelation mad;
 False to his friend, and careless of his word;
 A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
 He sells the livings which he can't possess,
 And farms that fine-cure his diocese.
 Unthinking man! to quit thy barren see,
 And vain endeavours in chronology,
 For the more fruitless care of royal charity.

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 Thy

Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
 The treason of old age in Wales to mourn ;
 Nor think the city-poor will loss sustain,
 Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.

I should admit the booted prelate now
 But he is even for lampoon too low :
 The scum and outcast of a royal race ;
 The nation's grievance, and the gown's disgrace.
 None so unlearn'd did ere at London sit ;
 This driveler does the sacred chair besh—t.
 I need not brand the spiritual parricide,
 Nor draw the weapon dangling by his side :
 Th' astonish'd world remembers that offence,
 And knows he stole the daughter of his prince.
 'Tis time enough, in some succeeding age,
 To bring this mitred captain on the stage.

These are the leaders in apostacy,
 The wild reformers of the liturgy,
 And the blind guides of poor elective majesty ;
 A thing which commonwealth's-men did devise,
 Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.

Their king 's a monster, in a quagmire born,
 Of all the native brutes the grief and scorn ;
 With a big snout, cast in a crooked mould,
 Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
 His substance is of clammy snot and phlegm ;
 Sleep is his essence, and his life a dream.
 To Capreæ this Tiberius does retire,
 To quench with catamite his feeble fire.

Dear catamite ! who rules alone the state,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtless, and secure of fate.
Could you but see the fulsome hero led
By loathing vassals to his noble bed !
In flannen robes the coughing ghost does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk.
Corruption, springing from his canker'd breast,
Furs up the channel, and disturbs his rest.
With head propt up the bolster'd engine lies ;
If pillow slip aside, the monarch dies.

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RELIGIO LAICI:
OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH.
AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A Poem with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence, both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but, in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down

as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of shewing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the church and state; and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance: it is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily
5 into

into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet (of whose progeny we are), it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven, and that the devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others: in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in

dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that supreme nature, which we cannot
other-

otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many several texts of scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation.

Every

Every man who is read in church history, knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the father; and that thus compiled it was sent abroad among the christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for it's business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, 'whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from caviling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recom-

recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spite of exposition; and for my own part, the plain apostles creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit: and have detorted those texts of scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least

least in appearance, to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of jesuited papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation,
Cam-

Campion, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, “*si vel paulumde flexeret,*” if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, “*ex hominum Christianorum dominatu,*” from exercising dominion over christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the jesuits is not “*de fide;*” and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the pope, “*ratione directi Domini,*” and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a thesis of the jesuits maintained, amongst others, "ex cathedra," as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the govern-

vernment, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics, or schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth,

wealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account; that, their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most faintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased

pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy: and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to shew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint and patroness; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech. "There
 " is in every one of these considerations most just cause
 " to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so pe-
 " rilous consequence, meaning the presbyterian disci-
 " pline, should cause posterity to feel those evils, which
 " as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they
 " would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience : the seeds were sown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr : and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow ; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth : and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his History of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise ? Reformation of church and state has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the scriptures to depose princes ; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons ; and out of the same magazine, the Bible : so that the scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction ; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of

nonconformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose: if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true Protestants when they conform to the church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his translation of the critical history of the old testament, composed by the learned father Simon: the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the

smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem ; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic : for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver ; and those three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions ; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by shewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less : but instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

A N E P I S T L E.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is reason to the soul : and as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here ; so reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight ;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

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Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head ;
 And found that one first principle must be :
 But what, or who, that universal He ;
 Whether some soul incompassing this ball
 Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making, moving all ;
 Or various atoms, interfering dance,
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance ;
 Or this great all was from eternity ;
 Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see ;
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he ;
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state ;
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate :
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind :
 For happiness was never to be found ;
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd :
 This every little accident destroy'd :
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil :
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep ;
 But found their line too short, the well too deep ;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
 Cries *εὐρηκα*, the mighty secret 's found :
 God is that spring of good ; supreme, and best ;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by heaven :
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
 The means his justice should for all provide.
 This general worship is to praise and pray :
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind ;
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear ;
 Our reason prompts us to a future state :
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate :
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd ;
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar:
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
 Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled
 To think thy wit these god-like notions bred !
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy natural worship takes the source :
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.

Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear ?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found :
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
 Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?
 Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
 Knew no such system : no such piles could raise
 Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
 To one sole God.
 Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe :
 But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe :
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence ;
 And cruelty and blood was penitence.
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
 Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin !
 And great oppressors might heaven's wrath beguile,
 By offering his own creatures for a spoil !
 Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?
 And must the terms of peace be given by thee ?
 Then thou art Justice in the last appeal ;
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel :
 And, like a king remote and weak, must take
 What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
 But if there be a power too just and strong,
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong ;

Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose :
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not eternal wisdom found the way :
 And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store :
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
 See God descending in thy human frame ;
 Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name :
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
 And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
 Of man is made against Omnipotence,
 Some price that bears proportion must be paid ;
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
 See then the Deist lost : remorse for vice,
 Not paid ; or, paid, inadequate in price :
 What farther means can reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect ?
 That shews us sick ; and sadly are we sure
 Still to be sick, till heaven reveal the cure :
 If then heaven's will must needs be understood,
 Which must, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shown ;
 With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here ; for whether we compare
 That impious, idle, superstitious ware
 Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
 In various ages, various countries bore,

With

With christian faith and virtues, we shall find
 None answering the great ends of human kind
 But this one rule of life, that shews us best
 How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
 Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
 The word is scarce more ancient than the law :
 Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age ;
 First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
 Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
 Or on the writers, or the written book,
 Whence, but from heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
 In several ages born, in several parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye ?
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true :
 The doctrine, miracles ; which must convince,
 For heaven in them appeals to human sense :
 And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
 When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Then for the stile, majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in every line :
 Commanding words ; whose force is still the same
 As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
 All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend ;
 Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend :
 This only doctrine does our lusts oppose :
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows ;

Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin ;
 Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
 It thrives through pain ; it's own tormentors tires ;
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.

To what can reason such effects assign
 Transcending nature, but to laws divine ;
 Which in that sacred volume are contain'd ;
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd ?

But stay : the deist here will urge anew,
 No supernatural worship can be true :
 Because a general law is that alone
 Which must to all, and every where, be known :
 A stile so large as not this book can claim,
 Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
 'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
 Is gone through all the habitable earth :
 But still that text must be confin'd alone
 To what was then inhabited and known :
 And what provision could from thence accrue
 To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new ?
 In other parts it helps, that ages past,
 The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
 Till sin spread once again the shades of night :
 What 's that to these, who never saw the light ?

Of all objections this indeed is chief
 To startle reason, stagger frail belief :
 We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human sense
 Has hid the secret paths of providence :
 But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
 Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way :

If

If from his nature foes may pity claim,
 Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
 And though no name be for salvation known,
 But that of his eternal Son's alone ;
 Who knows how far transcending goodness can
 Extend the merits of that Son to man ?
 Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead ;
 Or ignorance invincible may plead ?
 Not only charity bids hope the best,
 But more the great apostle has express'd :
 " That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd ;
 By nature did what was by law requir'd ;
 They, who the written rule had never known,
 Were to themselves both rule and law alone :
 To nature's plain indictment they shall plead ;
 And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
 Most righteous doom ! because a rule reveal'd
 Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
 Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right ;
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light ;
 With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
 While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
 Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind :
 For though his creed eternal truth contains,
 'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
 All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd ;
 Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
 Then let us either think he meant to say
 This faith, where publish'd, was the only way ;

Or

Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
 The good old man, too eager in dispute,
 Flew high; and as his christian fury rose
 Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
 A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
 Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred
 By reading that which better thou hast read.
 Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
 By well translating better dost commend:
 Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
 In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
 Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
 And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
 Witness this weighty book, in which appears
 The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
 Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
 Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
 From gold divine; which he who well can sort
 May afterwards make algebra a sport.
 A treasure, which if country-curates buy,
 They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
 Save pains in various readings, and translations;
 And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
 A work so full with various learning fraught,
 So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
 As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd:
 As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
 Where we may see what errors have been made
 Both in the copyers and translators trade:

How

How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest :
For fashion-fake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and traditions force :
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new :
If scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth ;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplext,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease :
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these ?
If written-words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd ?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are intail'd :
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain ;
If we consider interest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide ?
For since th' original scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,

Or

Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed ;
'Twere worth both Testaments ; cast in the creed :
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell ;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains :
Which yet no council dare pretend to do ;
Unless like Esdras they could write it new :
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.

More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way :
And that the scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glafs better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me :
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others but what I believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside ?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure ?
Which every sect will wrest a several way,
For what one sect interprets, all sects may :

We

We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
 That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
 From the same scripture urges he's but man.
 Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
 Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

}

Shall I speak plain. and in a nation free
 Assume an honest layman's liberty?
 I think, according to my little skill,
 To my own mother-church submitting still,
 That many have been fav'd, and many may,
 Who never heard this question brought in play.
 Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
 Plods on to heaven; and ne'er is at a loss:
 For the streight-gate would be made streighter yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.
 The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page; and see
 Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
 With the whole tenor of the work divine:
 And plainliest points to heaven's reveal'd design:
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense:
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here:
 When general, old, disinterested, and clear:
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
 Gives truth the reverend majesty of age:
 Confirms its force by bideing every test;
 For best authorities next rules, are best.

And

And still the nearer to the spring we go
 More limpid, more unfoil'd, the waters flow.
 Thus first traditions were a proof alone ;
 Could we be certain such they were, so known :
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke.
 Such difference is there in an oft-told tale :
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
 Tradition written therefore more commends
 Authority, than what from voice descends :
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history :
 Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
 Is try'd, and after, for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence
 Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
 But first they would assume with wonderous art,
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
 Of that vast frame the church ; yet grant they were
 The handers-down, can they from thence infer
 A right t'interpret ? or would they alone,
 Who brought the present, claim it for their own ?
 The book's a common largess to mankind ;
 Not more for them than every man design'd :
 The welcome news is in the letter found ;
 The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
 It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
 In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance :
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know :
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell ;
And he a God who could but read and spell ;
Then mother church did mightily prevail :
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail :
But still expounded what she sold or gave ;
To keep it in her power to damn and save :
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content ;
As needy men take money good or bad :
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible :
At last a knowing age began t' enquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire :
And making narrower search they found, though late,
That what they thought the priest's, was their estate :
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share :
Consulted soberly his private good ;
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence :

The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
 Which each presum'd he best could understand,
 The common rule was made the common prey;
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
 And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd:
 The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
 And every member of a company
 Was of his trade, and of the Bible free. }
 Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
 But men would still be itching to expound:
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
 No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
 Study and pains were now no more their care;
 Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:
 This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
 Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
 While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
 About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
 So all we make of heaven's discover'd will,
 Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
 The danger's much the same; on several shelves
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
 What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?

Neither so rich a treasure to forego ;
 Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know :
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;
 The things we must believe are few and plain :
 But, since men will believe more than they need,
 And every man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say :
 For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of heaven, than all the church before :
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 The scripture and the fathers disagree.
 If after all they stand suspected still,
 For no man's faith depends upon his will ;
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
 Without much hazard may be let alone :
 And, after hearing what our church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb,
 For points obscure are of small use to learn :
 But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear :
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear :
 And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose ;
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose :
 For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
 Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS translation of monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his revival of it. I saw the manuscript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above six months, who made very considerable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers, than keep to the French names, as it was first translated, Sir William desired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was first published in the year 1683; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. TONSON.

C A N T O I.

RA SH author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence;

In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.

You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry ;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme :
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.

Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find :
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram :
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral :
But authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme ;
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Describ'd the Israelites triumphant flight,
And following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
Perish'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme :
Falsely they seem each other to oppose ;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close :
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course ;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine :

But if neglected will as easily stray,
 And master reason which she should obey.
 Love reason then ; and let whate'er you write
 Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
 Most writers mounted on a resty Muse,
 Extravagant and senseless objects chuse ;
 They think they err, if in their verse they fall
 On any thought that 's plain or natural :
 Fly this excess ; and let Italians be
 Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
 All ought to aim at sense ; but most in vain
 Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain :
 You drown, if to the right or left you stray ;
 Reason to go has often but one way.
 Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
 Pursues its object till it 's over-wrought :
 If he describes a house, he shews the face,
 And after walks you round from place to place ;
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
 Balconies here are ballustred with gold ;
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
 " The festoons, freezes, and the astragals :"
 Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
 Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
 And shun their barren superfluity.
 All that is needless carefully avoid ;
 The mind once satisfy'd is quickly cloy'd :
 He cannot write who knows not to give o'er ;
 To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more :

A verse was weak, you turn it, much too strong,
 And grow obscure for fear you should be long.
 Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry ;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.
 Would you of every one deserve the praise ?
 In writing, vary your discourse and phrase ;
 A frozen style that neither ebbs nor flows,
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
 Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
 From grave to light ; from pleasant to severe ;
 His works will be admir'd where-ever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
 In all you write, be neither low nor vile :
 The meanest theme may have a proper style.

The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
 And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date ;
 Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate :
 Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen :
 Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
 This plague, which first in country towns began,
 Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran ;
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
 And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd :
 But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
 And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd ;
 Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
 And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.

Let not so mean a style your Muse debase ;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace :
And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd ;
Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
“ Millions of mourning mountains of the slain : ”
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Chuse a just style ; be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint :
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear ;
And for the measure have a careful ear.
On easy numbers fix your happy choice :
Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise :
The fullest verse and the most labour'd sense,
Displease us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeasur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes ;
Number and cadence that have since been shown,
To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage ;
Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
And taught the nobler art of writing well :
To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came ; who, with a new-found art,
Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart ;
His haughty Muse all others did despise,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,

Till

'Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times
 In their Mock-Gondibert expos'd his rhymes ;
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,
 And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring Muse.
 This headstrong writer falling from on high,
 Made following authors take less liberty.
 Waller came last, but was the first whose art,
 Just weight and measure did to verse impart ;
 That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
 And shew'd for poetry a nobler course :
 His happy genius did our tongue refine,
 And easy words with pleasing numbers join :
 His verses to good method did apply,
 And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.
 All own'd his laws ; which, long approv'd and try'd,
 To present authors now may be a guide.
 Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
 And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
 If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
 My patience tires, my fancy goes astray ;
 And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
 Nor search an author troublesome to find.
 There is a kind of writer pleas'd with sound,
 Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd round,
 No reason can disperse them with its light :
 Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
 As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
 Th' expression follows perfect or impure :
 What we conceive with ease we can express ;
 Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
 And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
 The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
 Displease us, if ill English give offence :
 A barbarous phrase no reader can approve ;
 Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
 In short, without pure language, what you write
 Can never yield us profit or delight.
 Take time for thinking ; never work in haste ;
 And value not yourself for writing fast.
 A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
 Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
 More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
 His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
 Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
 With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
 Gently make haste, of labour not afraid :
 A hundred times consider what you've said :
 Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
 And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
 'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,
 That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit ;
 Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
 And differing parts have corresponding grace :
 Till, by a curious art dispos'd, we find
 One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
 Keep to your subject close in all you say ;
 Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
 The public censure for your writings fear,
 And to yourself be critic most severe.

Fantastic wits their darling follies love ;
 But find you faithful friends that will approve,
 That on your works may look with careful eyes,
 And of your faults be zealous enemies :
 Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
 And from a friend a flatterer descry,
 Who seems to like, but means not what he says :
 Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
 A sycophant will every thing admire :
 Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire :
 All is divine ! there's not a word amiss !
 He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,
 He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
 Truth never moves in those impetuous ways :
 A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
 And freely will your heedless errors blame ;
 He cannot pardon a neglected line,
 But verse to rule and order will confine.
 Reprove of words the too-affected sound ;
 Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
 Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
 Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
 Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use ;
 But authors, partial to their darling Muse,
 Think to protect it they have just pretence,
 And at your friendly counsel take offence.
 Said you of this, that the expression's flat ?
 Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,
 He answers you. This word has here no grace,
 Pray leave it out : That, sir, 's the properest place.

This

This turn I like not : 'Tis approv'd by all.
 Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
 If there's a syllable of which you doubt,
 'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.
 Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
 And over him your power is absolute :
 But of his feign'd humility take heed ;
 'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read,
 And when he leaves you happy in his Muse,
 Restless he runs some other to abuse,
 And often finds ; for in our scribbling times
 No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes :
 The flattest work has ever in the court
 Met with some zealous ass for its support :
 And in all times a forward scribbling fop
 Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

C A N T O II.

P A S T O R A L.

AS a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
 With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
 But, without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
 Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments :
 Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
 Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral :
 Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
 But, hates the rattling of a lofty verse :
 There native beauty pleases, and excites,
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.

But

But in this style a poet often spent,
 In rage throws by his rural instrument,
 And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,
 Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet found :
 Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
 And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
 Oppos'd to this another, low in style,
 Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile :
 His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
 Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground ;
 You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
 Again was quavering to the country swains,
 And changing, without care of sound or dress,
 Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.
 'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right ;
 For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite :
 Be their just writing, by the Gods inspir'd,
 Your constant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
 By them alone you'll easily comprehend
 How poets, without shame, may condescend
 To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
 To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute ;
 Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
 Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
 And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
 To make the woods worthy a conqueror :
 This of their writings is the grace and flight ;
 Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

E L E G Y.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,
 With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile ;
 It paints the lover's torments and delights,
 A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites :
 But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
 You must know love as well as poetry.
 I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forc'd fire
 In a cold style describes a hot desire,
 That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
 Their sluggish Muse whip to an amorous mood :
 Their transports feign'd appear but flat and vain ;
 They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
 Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
 Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
 'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
 That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan ;
 Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
 By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
 The heart in Elegies forms the discourse.

O D E.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
 Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
 Amongst the Gods and heroes takes delight ;
 Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
 And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course :
 To Simois streams does fierce Achilles bring,
 And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.

Sometimes

Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
 And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
 Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and blifs,
 And boasts from Phyllis to surprize a kifs,
 When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,
 That what she grants may seem to be by force :
 Her generous style at random oft will part,
 And by a brave disorder shows her art.
 Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
 In all their raptures keeps exactest time,
 That sing th' illustrious hero's mighty praise
 (Lean writers !) by the terms of weeks and days ;
 And dare not from least circumstances part,
 But take all towns by strictest rules of art :
 Apollo drives those fops from his abode ;
 And some have said that once the humorous god
 Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
 For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound :
 Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
 The easy running and alternate rhyme ;
 But, above all, those licences deny'd
 Which in these writings the lame sense supply'd ;
 Forbad an useless line should find a place,
 Or a repeated word appear with grace.
 A faultless Sonnet, finish'd thus, would be
 Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
 A hundred scribbling authors without ground,
 Believe they have this only phœnix found :
 When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three,
 Among whole tomes from faults and censure free.

The

The rest but little read, regarded less,
 Are shovel'd to the pastry from the press.
 Closing the sense within the measur'd time,
 'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

E P I G R A M.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
 Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd.
 These points, that by Italians first were priz'd,
 Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd :
 The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
 To their false pleasures quickly they invite ;
 But public favour so increas'd their pride,
 They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
 The Madrigal at first was overcome,
 And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom ;
 With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
 And mournful Elegy her funeral rites :
 A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
 Without his point a lover durst not rage ;
 The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
 True to his point, than faithful to their love.
 Each word like Janus had a double face :
 And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place :
 The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
 The parson without quibbling could not preach.
 At last affronted reason look'd about,
 And from all serious matters shut them out :
 Declar'd that none should use them without shame,
 Except a scattering in the Epigram ;

Provided

Provided that by art, and in due time,
 They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
 Thus in all parts disorders did abate :
 Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate :
 Insipid jesters, and unpleasent fools,
 A corporation of dull punning drolls.
 'Tis not, but that sometimes a dextrous Muse
 May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,
 And on a word may trifle with address ;
 But above all avoid the fond excess ;
 And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
 With a dull point to tag your Epigram.

Each poem his perfection has apart ;
 The British round in plainness shows his art.
 The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
 Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme ;
 The Madrigal may softer passions move,
 And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.
 Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,
 Arm'd Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

S A T I R E.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
 To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
 Protected humble goodness from reproach,
 Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.
 Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
 And none uncensur'd could be fool or mad :
 Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
 Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry.

Perſius obſcure, but full of ſenſe and wit,
 Affected brevity in all he writ :
 And Juvenal, learned as thoſe times could be,
 Too far did ſtretch his ſharp hyperbole ;
 Though horrid truths through all his labours ſhine,
 In what he writes there's ſomething of divine,
 Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
 Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
 Or that he makes the trembling ſenate come
 To the ſtern tyrant to receive their doom ;
 Or Roman vice in coarſeſt habits ſhews,
 And paints an empreſs reeking from the ſtews :
 In all he writes appears a noble fire ;
 To follow ſuch a maſter then deſire.
 Chaucer alone, fix'd on this ſolid baſe,
 In his old ſtyle conſerves a modern grace :
 Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
 Offended not the method of our times.
 The Latin writers decency neglect ;
 But modern authors challenge our reſpect,
 And at immodeſt writings take offence,
 If clean expreſſion cover not the ſenſe.
 I love ſharp Satire, from obſceneneſs free ;
 Not impudence that preaches modeſty :
 Our Engliſh, who in malice never fail,
 Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail ;
 Pleaſant detraction, that by ſinging goes
 From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows :
 Our freedom in our poetry we ſee,
 That child of joy begot by liberty.

But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you chuse
 God for the subject of your impious Muse :
 At last, those jests which libertines invent,
 Bring the lewd author to just punishment.
 Ev'n in a song there must be art and sense ;
 Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance,
 Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
 And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.
 But for one lucky hit, that made thee please,
 Let not thy folly grow to a disease,
 Nor think thyself a wit ; for in our age
 If a warm fancy does some fop engage,
 He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,
 But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
 Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
 He prints not his dull follies for the stage ;
 And in the front of all his senseless plays,
 Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

C A N T O III.

T R A G E D Y.

TH E R E's not a monster bred beneath the sky
 But, well-dispos'd by art, may please the eye :
 A curious workman, by his skill divine,
 From an ill object makes a good design.
 Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
 For Oedipus, provokes our hopes and fears :
 For parricide Orestes asks relief ;
 And to encrease our pleasure causes grief.

You then that in this noble art would rise,
 Come ; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
 Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
 And for your judges summon all the town ?
 Would you your works for ever should remain,
 And after ages past be fought again ?
 In all you write, observe with care and art
 To move the passions, and incline the heart.
 If in a labor'd act, the pleasing rage
 Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
 Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise ;
 In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays :
 Your cold discourse can never move the mind
 Of a stern critic, naturally unkind ;
 Who, justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
 Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
 The secret is, attention first to gain ;
 To move our minds, and then to entertain :
 That, from the very opening of the scenes,
 The first may show us what the author means.
 I'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage,
 That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage ;
 Who, an intrigue unraveling in vain,
 Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
 I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
 Downright, My name is Hector in the play ;
 Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd,
 Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
 The subject 's never soon enough express'd ;
 Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.

A Spanish poet may with good event,
 In one's day's space whole ages represent ;
 There oft the hero of a wandering stage
 Begins a child, and ends the play of age :
 But we that are by reason's rules confin'd,
 Will, that with art the poem be design'd,
 That unity of action, time, and place,
 Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
 Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd ;
 Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
 A foolish wonder cannot entertain :
 My mind 's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.
 You may relate what would offend the eye :
 Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy ;
 But there are objects that a curious art
 Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
 The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
 When a well-woven subject, long disguis'd,
 You on a sudden artfully unfold,
 And give the whole another face and mould.
 At first the Tragedy was void of art ;
 A song ; where each man danc'd and sung his part.
 And of God Bacchus roaring out the praise,
 Sought a good vintage for their jolly days :
 Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
 And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
 Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
 Began this pleasure for posterity :
 And with his carted actors, and a song,
 'Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.

Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
 And with a better mask his players grac'd :
 Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
 And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
 Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
 Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
 Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
 And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art :
 He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
 Which the weak Latin never could attain,
 Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
 As impious and prophane, abhor'd the stage :
 A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
 Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd,
 Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
 The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
 At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
 And show'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
 Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,
 And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage :
 Only th' Athenian mask was laid aside,
 And chorus by the music was supply'd.
 Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
 Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts :
 This passion never could resistance find,
 But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
 Paint then, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love ;
 But let him not like a tame shepherd move ;
 Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
 Or for a Cyrus show an Art^a en ;

That struggling oft his passions we may find,
 The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
 Of romance heroes shun the low design;
 Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
 Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
 For an affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.
 Those little failings in your hero's heart
 Show that of man and nature he has part:
 To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
 Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
 Æneas in religious rites austere,
 Keep to each man his proper character.
 Of countries and of times the humours know;
 From different climates different customs grow:
 And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
 An antique hero like some modern ass;
 Who make old Romans like our English move,
 Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
 In a romance those errors are excus'd:
 There 'tis enough that, reading, we're amus'd:
 Rules too severe would there be useless found;
 But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
 Exact decorum we must always find.
 If then you form some hero in your mind,
 Be sure your image with itself agree;
 For what he first appears, he still must be.
 Affected wits will naturally incline
 To paint their figures by their own design:
 Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
 Chapman in Bully d'Ambois took delight,
 And thought perfection was to huff and fight.

Wise nature by variety does please ;
 Cloath differing passions in a differing drefs :
 Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears ;
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
 Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
 And show a ranting grief upon the stage ;
 Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
 His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore :
 These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
 Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
 In sorrow you must softer methods keep ;
 And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
 Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
 Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.

The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
 Is a bold venture in our knowing times :
 An author cannot easily purchase fame ;
 Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame :
 You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
 The privilege is bought for half a crown.
 To please, you must a hundred changes try ;
 Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high :
 In noble thoughts must every where abound,
 Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound :
 To these you must surprising touches join,
 And show us a new wonder in each line :
 That all, in a just method well-design'd,
 May leave a strong impression in the mind.
 These are the arts that tragedy maintain :

THE E P I C.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
 In the narration of some great design,
 Invention, art, and fable, all must join :
 Here fiction must employ its utmost grace ;
 All must assume a body, mind, and face :
 Each virtue a divinity is seen ;
 Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
 'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly ;
 But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky :
 Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain ;
 But angry Neptune plowing up the main :
 Echo's no more an empty airy sound ;
 But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
 Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,
 The poet does a thousand figures find,
 Around the work his ornaments he pours,
 And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers,
 'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
 The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore ;
 From faithless fortune this is no surprize,
 For every day 'tis common to our eyes ;
 But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
 And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy :
 That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,
 Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind ;
 Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
 Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
 Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers ;
 These are the springs that move our hopes and fears ;

With-

Without these ornaments before our eyes,
 Th' unfinew'd poem languishes and dies :
 Your poet in his art will always fail,
 And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
 In vain have our mistaken authors try'd
 To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
 Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
 Might act like those the poets did invent,
 To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
 And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel ;
 The mysteries which Christians must believe,
 Disdain such shifting pageants to receive :
 The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
 But penitence, or punishment for faults ;
 And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
 Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
 Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
 The howlings of repining Lucifer,
 Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
 And oft with God himself disputes the prize ?
 Tasso you'll say has done it with applause ?
 It is not here I mean to judge his cause :
 Yet though our age has so extoll'd his name,
 His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
 If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
 Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees ;
 If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
 Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
 'Tis not, that christian poems ought to be
 Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry ;

But

But in a common subject to reject
 The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect ;
 To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
 To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
 To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
 To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
 Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
 And search perfection you can never find :
 As well they may forbid us to present
 Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
 To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
 And take from Time his scythe, his wings and glass.
 And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
 Banish descriptions from our poetry.
 Leave them their pious follies to pursue ;
 But let our reason such vain fears subdue :
 And let us not, amongst our vanities,
 Of the true God create a God of lies.
 In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
 And the smooth names seem made for poetry ;
 As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles :
 In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
 To chuse king Chilperic for his hero's name.
 Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
 Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
 Would you your reader never should be tir'd ?
 Chuse some great hero, fit to be admir'd ;
 In courage signal, and in virtue bright,
 Let e'en his very failings give delight ;

Let

Let his great actions our attention bind,
 Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
 And not like Oedipus his perjur'd race ;
 A common conqueror is a theme too base.
 Chuse not your tale of accidents too full ;
 Too much variety may make it dull :
 Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
 Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
 Be your narrations lively, short, and smart ;
 In your descriptions show your noblest art :
 There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd :
 Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
 Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
 The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
 Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass,
 The fishes staring through the liquid glass ;
 Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,
 Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
 Such objects are too mean to stay our sight ;
 Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
 Be your beginning plain ; and take good heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy steed ;
 Nor tell your reader in a thundering verse,
 " I sing the conqueror of the universe."
 What can an author after this produce ?
 The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
 Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
 Who, without making such vast promises,
 Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
 " I sing the combats of that pious prince

" Who

“ Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,

“ And landed first on the Lavinian shore.”

His opening Muse sets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require :

Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name ;
Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
And Cæsar's wandering in th' Elysian woods :

With figures numberless his story grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace.

At once you may be pleasing and sublime :

I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme :

I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,

Than a dull author always stiff and stale,

Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style,

If on his works the Graces do but smile.

'Tis said, that Homer, matchless in his art,

Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart :

His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,

And whatsoever he touches turns to gold :

All in his hands new beauty does acquire ;

He always pleases, and can never tire.

A happy warmth he every where may boast ;

Nor is he in too long digressions lost :

His verses without rule a method find,

And of themselves appear in order join'd :

All without trouble answers his intent ;

Each syllable is tending to th' event.

Let his example your endeavours raise :

To love his writings is a kind of praise.

A poem,

A poem, where we all perfections find,
 Is not the work of a fantastic mind :
 There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains ;
 Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.
 Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage
 Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
 Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
 And boldly take the trumpet in their hand ;
 Their fustian Muse each accident confounds ;
 Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
 Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
 Their poem dies for want of nourishment.
 In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
 No branding censures can unveil his eyes ;
 With impudence the laurel they invade,
 Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.
 Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry ;
 And Homer understood not poetry :
 Against their merit if this age rebel,
 To future times for justice they appeal.
 But waiting till mankind shall do them right,
 And bring their works triumphantly to light ;
 Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
 Where they become to worms and moths a prey ;
 Forgot, in dust and cobwebs let them rest,
 Whilst we return from whence we first digrest.
 The great success which tragic writers found,
 In Athens first the comedy renown'd,
 Th' abusive Grecian there by pleasing ways,
 Dispers'd his natural malice in his plays :

Wisdom

Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,
 Were subject to buffooning insolence :
 Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,
 That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought !
 A Socrates himself, in that loose age,
 Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.
 At last the public took in hand the cause,
 And cur'd this madness by the power of laws ;
 Forbad at any time, or any place,
 To name the person, or describe the face.
 The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
 And comedy diverted without gall :
 By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,
 And sparing persons innocently pleas'd.
 Each one was nicely shewn in this new glass,
 And sinil'd to think he was not meant the ass :
 A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
 A faithful draught of his own sordid mind ;
 And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
 They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.
 You then that would the comic laurels wear,
 To study nature be your only care :
 Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
 Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart ;
 He who observes, and naturally can paint
 The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
 A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
 A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras ;
 May safely in those noble lists engage,
 And make them act and speak upon the stage.

Strive

Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the sight,
Nature in various figures does abound ;
And in each mind are different humours found :
A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise ;
But every man has not discerning eyes.
All-changing time does also change the mind ;
And different ages different pleasures find :
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is easily led away ;
Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
In censure, rash ; in pleasures, all on fire.
The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy ;
Power and ambition do his soul employ :
Against the turns of fate he sets his mind ;
And by the past the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age still adding to his stores,
For others heaps the treasure he adores,
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace ;
Past times extols, the present to debase :
Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
In others blames what age does him refuse.
Your actors must by reason be control'd ;
Let young men speak like young, old men like old :
Observe the town, and study well the court :
For thither various characters resort :
Thus 'twas great Jonson purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had born away the crown ;
If, less desirous of the people's praise,
He had not with low farce debas'd his plays ;

Mixing

Mixing dull buffoonry with wit refin'd,
 And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
 When in the Fox I see the tortoise hist,
 I lose the author of the Alchemist.
 The comic wit, born with a smiling air,
 Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear ;
 Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
 With bawdy jests amuse the populace :
 With well-bred conversation you must please,
 And your intrigue unravel'd be with ease :
 Your action still should reason's rules obey,
 Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
 Your humble style must sometimes gently rise ;
 And your discourse sententious be, and wise :
 The passions must to nature be confin'd ;
 And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
 Your wit must not unseasonably play ;
 But follow bus'ness, never lead the way.
 Observe how Terence does this error shun ;
 A careful father chides his amorous son :
 Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
 Forget those orders, and pursue his love :
 'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover :
 'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.
 I like an author that reforms the age ;
 And keeps the right decorum of the stage ;
 That always pleases by just reason's rule :
 But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
 Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays ;
 Let him be gone, and on two treffels raise

Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

C A N T O IV.

IN Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The scourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of physic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public mischief was his private gain;
Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain:
A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
Some bloodless dy'd, and some by opium slept.
Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
In his new country-house affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building afs:
Here first the doctor's talent came in play,
He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Designs the stair-case at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his mason send.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous science does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.

In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason, 'tis a useful art!

Than a dull poet; for that trade accurst,
 Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst.
 In other sciences, without disgrace,
 A candidate may fill a second place;
 But poetry no medium can admit,
 No reader suffers an indifferent wit:
 The ruin'd stationers against him baul,
 And Herringham degrades him from his stall.
 Burlesque, at least, our laughter may excite:
 But a cold writer never can delight.
 The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
 Than the stiff formal style of Gondibert.
 Be not affected with that empty praise
 Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
 And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
 "The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
 Which, when expos'd to censure and to light,
 Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.
 A hundred authors fates have been foretold,
 And Shadwell's works are printed, but not fold.
 Hear all the world; consider every thought;
 A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:
 Yet, when Apollo does your Muse inspire,
 Be not impatient to expose your fire;
 Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
 Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
 Who seize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
 And stop the passengers that walk the street:
 There is no sanctuary you can chuse
 For a defence from their pursuing Muse.

I've said before, be patient when they blame ;
 To alter for the better, is no shame.
 Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence ;
 Sometimes conceited sceptics, void of sense,
 By their false taste condemn some finish'd part,
 And blame the noblest flights of wit and art,
 In vain their fond opinions you deride,
 With their lov'd follies they are satisfy'd ;
 And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,
 Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight :
 Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound ;
 To shun the storm, they run your verse aground,
 And, thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd.
 Chuse a sure judge to censure what you write,
 Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light,
 Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
 And touch the darling follies you would hide :
 He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
 And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
 'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
 A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight ;
 When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
 May from her stricter bounds and limits part :
 But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
 And every rhymers knows not poetry ;
 Nay some there are, for writing verse extoll'd,
 Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.
 Would you in this great art acquire renown ?
 Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.

In

In prudent lessons every where abound ;
 With pleasant join the useful and the sound ;
 A sober reader a vain tale will flight ;
 He seeks as well instruction as delight.
 Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
 Still offering nobler figures to our mind :
 I like not those loose writers, who employ
 Their guilty Muse, good manners to destroy ;
 Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
 And show us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
 Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,
 Who from all modest writings banish love ;
 That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue,
 And make a murderer of Roderigue :
 The lightest love, if decently exprest,
 Will raise no vicious motions in our breast,
 Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief ;
 I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief.
 A virtuous author, in his charming art,
 To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart ;
 His heat will never cause a guilty fire :
 To follow virtue then be your desire.
 In vain your art and vigour are exprest ;
 Th' obscene expression shows th' infected breast.
 But above all base jealousies avoid,
 In which detraçting poets are employ'd.
 A noble wit dares liberally commend ;
 And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.
 Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
 Caballing still against it with the great,

Maliciously aspirè to gain renown,
 By standing up, and pulling others down.
 Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,
 Nor by such abject methods seek for praise :
 Let not your only business be to write ;
 Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
 'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd ;
 But strive your conversation be desir'd :
 Write for immortal fame ; nor ever chuse
 Gold for the object of a generous Muse.
 I know a noble wit may, without crime,
 Receive a lawful tribute for his time :
 Yet I abhor those writers, who despise
 Their honour ; and alone their profits prize ;
 Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
 And of a noble science make a trade.
 Before kind reason did her light display,
 And government taught mortals to obey,
 Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue,
 They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew ;
 Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
 Committed murder without punishment :
 Reason at last, by her all-conquering arts,
 Reduc'd these savages, and tun'd their hearts ;
 Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
 And towns and cities fortifies with walls :
 Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
 And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace.

These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
 From whence are rais'd those fictions since believ'd.

That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
 Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains ;
 Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
 Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers :
 These miracles from numbers did arise :
 Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
 And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
 Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
 Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
 And noble minds by great examples rais'd ;
 Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
 To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
 Thus useful rules were by the poets aid,
 In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
 And pleasingly their precepts did impart ;
 First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart :
 The Muses thus their reputation rais'd,
 And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
 With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
 And sacrific'd to their divinity ;
 But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
 And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd :
 Desire of gain dazzling the poets eyes,
 Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
 Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
 And verse became a mercenary trade.
 Debase not with so mean a vice thy art :
 If gold must be the idol of thy heart,
 Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian strand,
 Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand :

Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
 Laurels and honours for their toil and pain :
 But what ? an author cannot live on fame,
 Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name :
 A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
 Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd ;
 Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
 Or relishes the Heliconian streams.
 Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
 And, free from cares for money or for meat,
 Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
 'Tis true ; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
 And now none famish who deserve to eat :
 What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
 Receive the stars propitious influence ;
 When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants,
 Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants ?
 Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame ;
 Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
 Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
 Cowley and Denham start up from the dead ;
 Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
 Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing ;
 Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,
 And his great models form by this design :
 But where 's a second Virgil, to rehearse
 Our hero's glories in his epic verse ?
 What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
 And make the hills and forests move again ;
 Shew his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
 And Holland trembling as his cannons roar ;

}

Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
 Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand
 Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
 But as I speak new glories strike my eyes,
 Glories, which heaven itself does give, and prize,
 Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays
 Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
 Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
 That have in patriots forms debauch'd our age,
 Vanish with all the ministers of hell:
 His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:
 'Tis he alone our safety did create,
 His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate,
 Oppos'd to all the Bout'feu's of the state,
 Authors, for him your great endeavours raise;
 The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
 For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,
 And never durst heroic measures tread;
 Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
 With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield:
 Offer your lessons, that my infant Muse
 Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did chuse:
 Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
 And afar off hold up the glorious prize.
 But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
 A strict observer of each noble flight,
 From the fine gold I separate the allay,
 And show how hasty writers sometimes stray:
 Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
 A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:
 A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM, sacred to the
 happy Memory of King CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb :
 Sure there 's a lethargy in mighty woe,
 Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow ;
 And the sad soul retires into her inmost room :
 Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief ;
 But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
 Like Niobé we marble grow ;
 And petrify with grief.
 Our British heaven was all serene,
 No threatening cloud was nigh,
 Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky ;
 We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
 As the first age in nature's golden scene ;
 Supine amidst our flowing store,
 We slept securely, and we dreamt of more :
 When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
 It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
 Already lost before we fear'd.
 Th' amazing news of Charles at once were spread,
 At once the general voice declar'd,
 " Our gracious prince was dead."
 No sickness known before, no slow disease,
 To soften grief by just degrees :
 But like an hurricane on Indian seas,

The tempest rose ;
 An unexpected burſt of woes :
 With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
 This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.
 As if great Atlas from his height
 Should ſink beneath his heavenly weight,
 And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
 As once it ſhall,
 Should gape immense, and ruſhing down, o'erwhelm
 this nether ball ;
 So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear :
 Our Atlas fell indeed ; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
 Who ever bore that name,
 Was newly riſen from his reſt,
 And, with a fervent flame,
 His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſs
 For his dear ſovereign's health ;
 And hop'd to have them heard,
 In long increaſe of years,
 In honour, fame, and wealth :
 Guiltleſs of greatneſs thus he always pray'd,
 Nor knew nor wiſh'd thoſe vows he made,
 On his own head ſhould be repay'd.
 Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
 Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
 Who can deſcribe th' amazement of his face !
 Horror in all his pomp was there,
 Mute and magnificent without a tear :
 And then the hero firſt was ſeen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
 So hasty and so artless was his grief :
 Approaching greatness met him with her charms
 Of power and future state ;
 But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
 He shook her from his arms.

Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
 A wild distraction, void of awe,
 And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
 God's image, God's anointed, lay
 Without motion, pulse, or breath,
 A senseless lump of sacred clay,
 An image now of death.

Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries,
 The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
 Distorted from their native grace ;
 An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
 The pious duke—Forbear, audacious Muse !
 No terms thy feeble art can use
 Are able to adorn so vast a woe :
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,
 His like a sovereign did transcend ;
 No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
 Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
 Still varying to the last !
 Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again :
 And death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.

Heaven



Heaven half repented of the doom,
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen,
 What by foresight it will'd eternally to come.
 Mercy above did hourly plead
 For her resemblance here below ;
 And mild forgiveness intercede
 To stop the coming blow.
 New miracles approach'd th' etherial throne,
 Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
 And urg'd that still they might be shown.
 On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
 Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
 Himself defending what he could,
 From all the glories of his future fate.
 With him th' innumerable crowd,
 Of armed prayers
 Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud ;
 The first well-meaning rude petitioners.
 All for his life assail'd the throne,
 All would have brib'd the skies by offering up their own.
 So great a throng not heaven itself could bar ;
 'Twas almost borne by force as in the giants' war.
 The prayers at least for his reprieve were heard ;
 His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd :
 Against the sun the shadow went ;
 Five days, those five degrees, were lent
 To form our patience and prepare th' event.
 The second causes took the swift command,
 The medicinal head, the ready hand,

All eager to perform their part ;
 All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art :
 Once more the fleeting soul came back
 T' inspire the mortal frame ;
 And in the body took a doubtful stand,
 Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the
 brand.

IV.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
 Took the same train, the same impetuous bound :
 The drooping town in smiles again was drest,
 Gladness in every face express'd,
 Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.
 Men met each other with erected look,
 The steps were higher that they took,
 Friends to congratulate their friends made haste ;
 And long-inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd :
 Above the rest heroic James appear'd
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd :
 His manly heart, whose noble pride
 Was still above
 Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
 Its more than common transport could not hide ;
 But like an eagle rode in triumph o'er the tide.
 Thus, in alternate course,
 The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
 Did in extremes appear,
 And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.

Thus,

Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
 Returns and wins upon the shore ;
 The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
 Rest on their fins a while, and stay,
 Then backward take their wondering way :
 The prophet wonders more than they,
 At prodigies but rarely seen before,
 And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms change their
 sway.

Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
 Presaging of the fatal blow,
 In their prodigious ebb and flow.
 The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,
 By charms of art was hurried down,
 Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
 Came but a while on liking here :
 Soon weary of the painful strife,
 And made but faint essays of life :
 And evening light
 Soon shut in night ;
 A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
 Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The sons of art all medicines try'd,
 And every noble remedy apply'd ;
 With emulation each essay'd
 His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd :
 Never was losing game with better conduct play'd.
 Death never won a stake with greater toil,
 Nor ere was fate so near a foil :

But

But like a fortress on a rock,
Th' impregnable disease their vain attempts did mock;
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be essay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the siege was laid:
Th' extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Against the worst of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess.
The vain insurers of life,
And he who most perform'd and promis'd less,
Ev'n Short himself forsook th' unequal strife.
Death and despair were in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or books;
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar;
So stood they with their arms across;
Not to assist, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loss.

VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound
 Which ev'n the best can hardly bear,
 He took the summons void of fear;
 And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around;
 As if to find and dare the grieved challenger.
 What death could do he lately try'd,
 When in four days he more than dy'd.
 The same assurance all his words did grace:
 The same majestic mildness held its place:
 Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
 He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some angel had been sent
 To lengthen out his government,
 And to foretel as many years again,
 As he had number'd in his happy reign,
 So cheerfully he took the doom
 Of his departing breath;
 Nor shrunk nor stept aside for death:
 But with unalter'd pace kept on;
 Providing for events to come,
 When he resign'd the throne.
 Still he maintain'd his kingly state;
 And grew familiar with his fate.
 Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
 On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast:
 Oh truly good, and truly great,
 For glorious as he rose benignly so he set!

All that on earth he held most dear,
 He recommended to his care,
 To whom both heaven,
 The right had given
 And his own love bequeath'd supreme command :
 He took and prest that ever-loyal hand,
 Which could in peace secure his reign,
 Which could in wars his power maintain,
 That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
 Well, for so great a trust he chose
 A prince who never disobey'd :
 Not when the most severe commands were laid ;
 Nor want, nor exile, with his duty weigh'd :
 A prince on whom, if heaven its eyes could close,
 The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
 Yet less serenely died than he :
 Charles left behind no harsh decree
 For schoolmen with laborious art
 To save from cruelty :
 Those, for whom love could no excuses frame,
 He graciously forgot to name.
 Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd
 Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind :
 But neither pen nor pencil can express
 The parting brothers' tenderness :
 Though that 's a term too mean and low ;
 The blest above a kinder word may know :

But what they did, and what they said,
 The monarch who triumphant went,
 The militant who staid,
 Like painters, when their heightening arts are spent,
 I cast into a shade.
 That all-forgiving king,
 The type of him above,
 That unexhausted spring
 Of clemency and love ;
 Himself to his next self accus'd,
 And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd :
 For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
 Of godless men, and of rebellious times :
 For an hard exile, kindly meant,
 When his ungrateful country sent
 Their best Camillus into banishment :
 And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his
 consent.

Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
 Repeated all his sufferings past !
 Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
 Which given could give the dying no relief :
 He bent, he sunk beneath his grief :
 His dauntless heart would fain have held
 From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
 Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
 Disdain'd, or was ashamed to show
 So weak, so womanish a woe,
 Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously
 confess.

IX.

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
 An easy passage found,
 And left its sacred earth behind :
 Nor murmuring groan express'd, nor labouring found,
 Nor any least tumultuous breath ;
 Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
 Soft as those gentle whispers were,
 In which th' Almighty did appear ;
 By the still voice the prophet knew him there.
 That peace which made thy prosperous reign to shine,
 That peace thou leav'st to thy imperial line,
 That peace, oh happy shade, be ever thine !

X.

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
 For all the miracles it wrought,
 For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
 Into the nation's bleeding wound,
 And care that after kept it sound,
 For numerous blessings yearly shower'd,
 And property with plenty crown'd ;
 For freedom, still maintain'd alive,
 Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
 Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
 Without whose charms even peace would be
 But a dull quiet slavery :
 For these and more, accept our pious praise ;
 'Tis all the subsidy
 The present age can raise,
 The rest is charg'd on late posterity.

Posterity

Posterity is charg'd the more,
Because the large abounding store
To them and to their heirs, is still entail'd by thee.
Succession of a long descent
Which chafely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almost to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberless and great,
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
And fixt the fairest gem that decks th' imperial crown :
Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not senates, insolently loud,
Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd,
Not foreign or domestic treachery,
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look :
Like a well-temper'd sword it bent at will ;
But kept the native toughness of the steel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him strictly so,
That all who view, the piece may know ;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame :
The load 's too weighty : thou may'st chuse
Some parts of praise, and some refuse :
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish than
 the Muse.
In scanty truth thou hast confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind :

His conversation, wit, and parts,
 His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
 Were such, dead authors could not give ;
 But habitudes of those who live ;
 Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive :
 He drain'd from all, and all they knew ;
 His apprehension quick, his judgment true :
 That the most learn'd, with shame, confess
 His knowledge more, his reading only less.

XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
 What wonder if the kindly beams he shed ?
 Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
 If science rais'd her head,
 And soft humanity that from rebellion fled ?
 Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before ;
 But all uncultivated lay
 Out of the solar walk and heaven's high way ;
 With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
 And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore :
 The royal husbandman appear'd,
 And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd,
 The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
 And blest th' obedient field.
 When strait a double harvest rose ;
 Such as the swarthy Indian mows ;
 Or happier climates near the line,
 Or paradise manur'd and dress'd by hands divine.

XIII. A₃

XIII.

As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,
 His rich paternal regions to furvey,
 Of airy choristers a numerous train
 Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain;
 So, rising from his father's urn,
 So glorious did our Charles return;
 Th' officious Muses came along,
 A gay harmonious quire like angels ever young:
 The Muse that mourns him now his happy triumph sung,
 Ev'n they could thrive in his auspicious reign;
 And such a plenteous crop they bore
 Of purest and well-winow'd grain,
 As Britain never knew before.
 Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
 Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
 Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
 Like birds of paradise that liv'd on morning dew.
 Oh never let their lays his name forget!
 The pension of a prince's praise is great.
 Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
 Live ever in our thankful hearts;
 Live blest above, almost invok'd below;
 Live and receive this pious vow,
 Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
 Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
 Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
 When faction like a tempest rose,
 In death's most hideous form,
 Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
 To weather out the storm:

Not quitting thy supreme command,
 Thou held'st the rudder with a steady hand,
 Till safely on the shore the bark did land :
 The bark that all our blessings brought,
 Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal fraught.

XIV.

Oh frail estate of human things,
 And slippery hopes below !
 Now to our cost your emptiness we know :
 For 'tis a lesson dearly bought,
 Assurance here is never to be fought.
 The best, and best-belov'd of kings,
 And best deserving to be so,
 When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
 Of faction and conspiracy,
 Death did his promis'd hopes destroy :
 He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
 What mists of Providence are these
 Through which we cannot see !
 So faints, by supernatural power fet free,
 Are left at last in martyrdom to die ;
 Such is the end* of oft-repeated miracles.
 Forgive me, heaven, that impious thought,
 'Twas grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
 That question'd thy supreme decree !
 Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
 Ev'n in thy faints and angels wrong,
 His fellow-citizens of immortality :
 For twelve long years of exile borne,
 Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return :

So strictly wert thou just to pay,
 Ev'n to the driblet of a day.
 Yet still we murmur and complain,
 The quails and manna should no longer rain ;
 Those miracles 'twas needless to renew ;
 The chosen flock has now the promis'd land in view.

XV.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
 A prince long exercis'd by fate :
 Long may he keep, though he obtains it late !
 Heroes in heaven's peculiar mold are cast,
 They and their poets are not form'd in haste ;
 Man was the first in God's design, and man was made
 the last.

False heroes, made by flattery so,
 Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow ;
 But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
 He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
 With toil and sweat,
 With hardening cold, and forming heat,
 The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
 Before th' impenetrable shield was wrought.
 It looks as if the Maker would not own
 The noble work for his,
 Before 'twas try'd and found a master-piece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
 Alcides thus his race began,
 O'er infancy he swiftly ran ;
 The future God at first was more than man :
 Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate

Ev'n

Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait ;
 And there he grappled first with fate :
 In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest,
 So early was the Deity confest ;
 Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat ;
 Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
 Like his, our hero's infancy was try'd ;
 Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide ;
 And to his infant arms oppose
 His father's rebels, and his brother's foes ;
 The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose :
 Those were the preludes of his fate,
 That form'd his manhood, to subdue
 The hydra of the many-headed hissing crew.

XVII.

As, after Numa's peaceful reign,
 The martial Ancus did the scepter wield,
 Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
 Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
 And led the Latins to the dusty field ;
 So James the drowsy genius wakes
 Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
 Restiff and slumbering on its arms :
 'Tis rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve, the spear
 already shakes.
 No neighing of the warrior steeds,
 No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
 T' inspire the coward, warm the cold,
 His voice, his sole appearance makes them bold.

Gaul

Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow ;
 Too well the vigour of that arm they know ;
 They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe,
 Long may they fear this awful prince,
 And not provoke his lingering sword ;
 Peace is their only sure defence,
 Their best security his word :
 In all the changes of his doubtful state,
 His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
 For him to promise is to make it fate.
 His valour can triumph o'er land and main ;
 With broken oaths his fame he will not stain ;
 With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamant book ;
 And let his wondering senate see,
 If not thy firm immutable decree,
 At least the second page of strong contingency ;
 Such as consists with wills originally free :
 Let them with glad amazement look
 On what their happiness may be :
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
 Or with malignant penury,
 To starve the royal virtues of his mind.
 Faith is a christian's and a subject's test,
 Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest.
 They do ; and with a distant view I see
 Th' amended vows of English loyalty.

And

And all beyond that object, there appears
 The long retinue of a prosperous reign,
 A series of successful years,
 In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
 Behold ev'n the remoter shores,
 A conquering navy proudly spread;
 The British cannon formidably roars,
 While, starting from his oozy bed,
 Th' asserted ocean rears his reverend head;
 To view and recognize his ancient lord again:
 And, with a willing hand, restores
 The fœces of the main.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy!

Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command.
 Proceeding spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

}
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Refine and purge our earthly parts;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
 Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe:
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE SOLILOQUY

OF

A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordain'd to bear
God's justice sword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd!—'gainst me my children rise,
My life must be their only sacrifice:
Highly they me accuse, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderness and love!
They seek to spill my blood; 'tis that alone
Must for the nation's crying sins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And shew'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly vision spoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me:
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere necessity was made my crime!

CON-

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F I R S T V O L U M E.

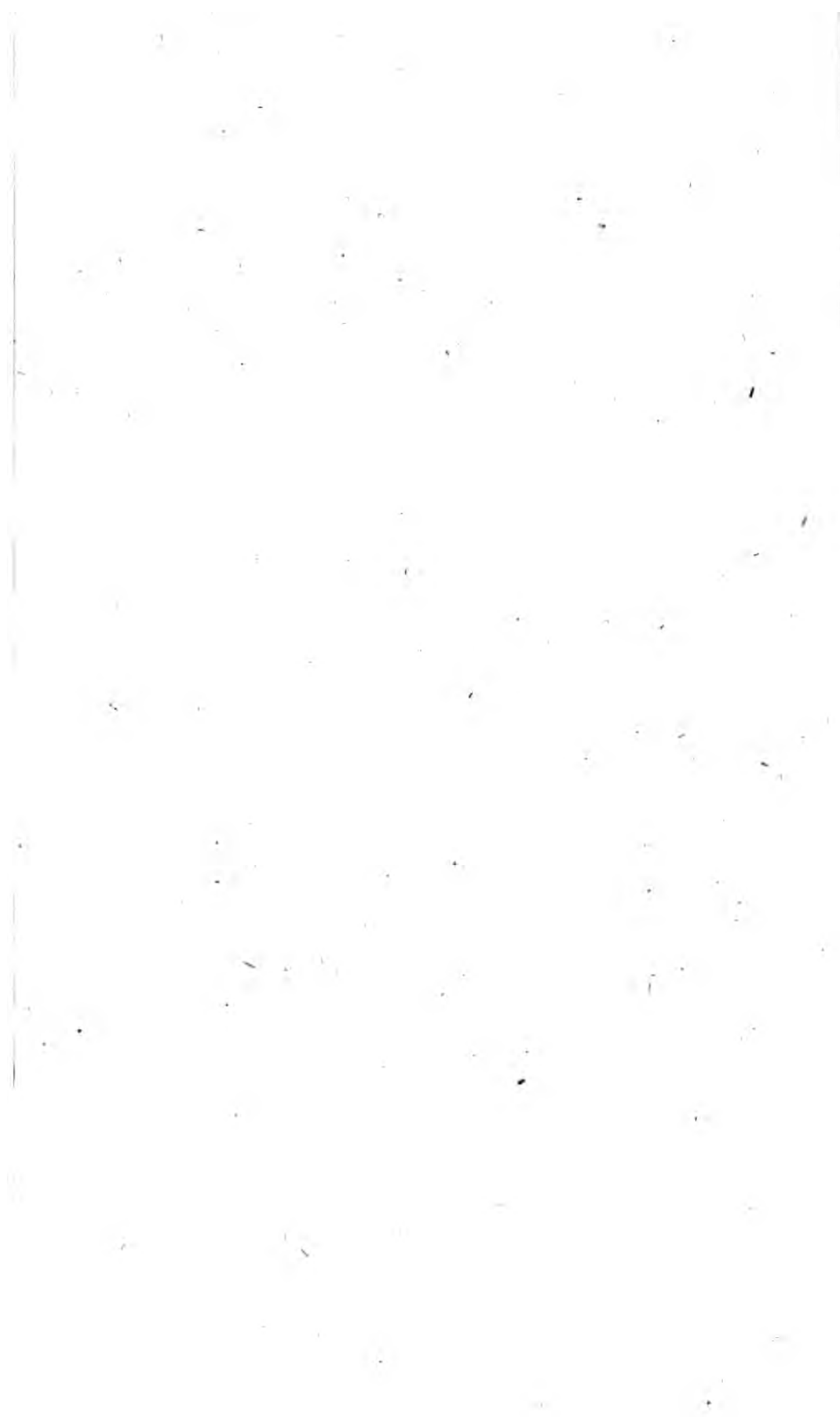
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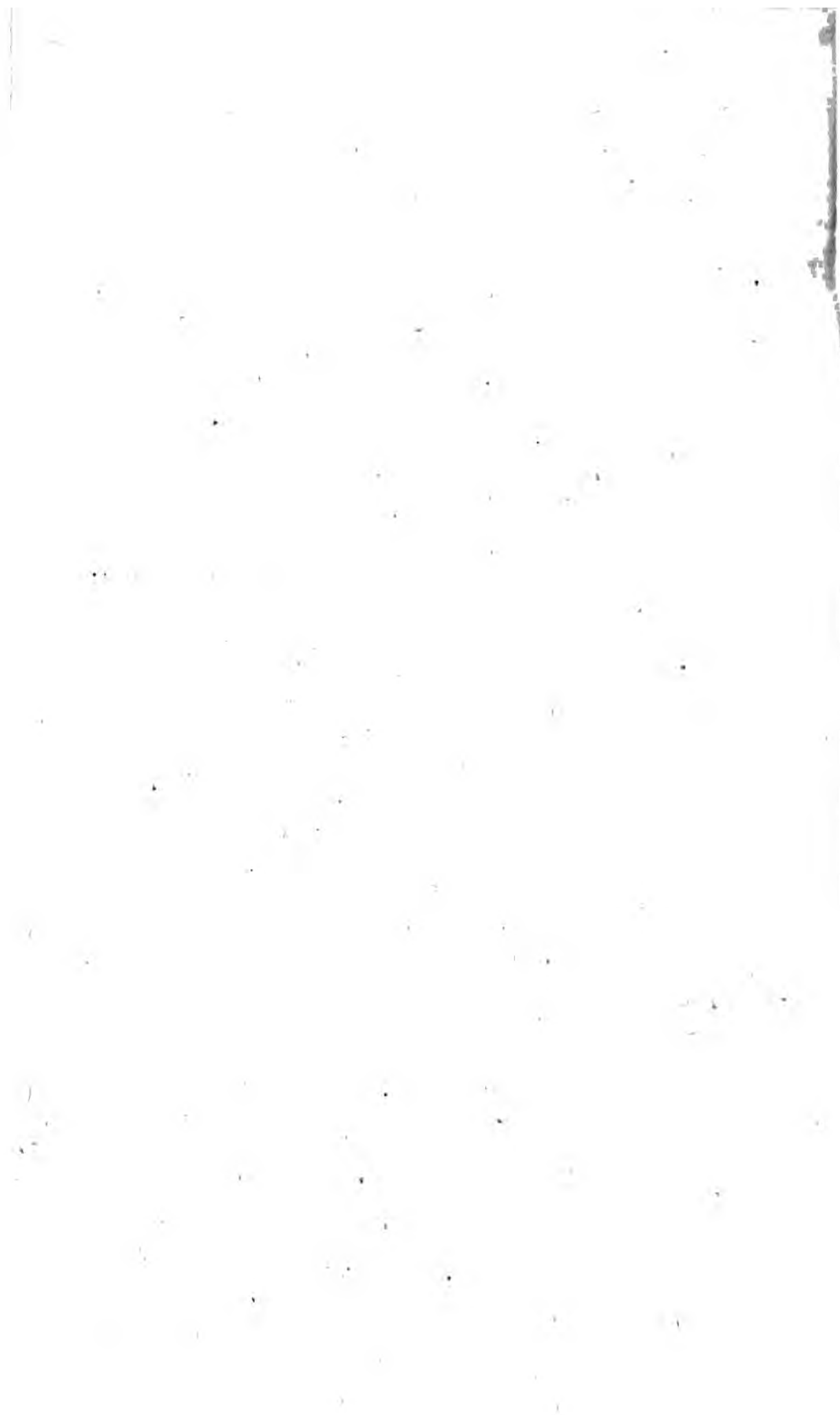
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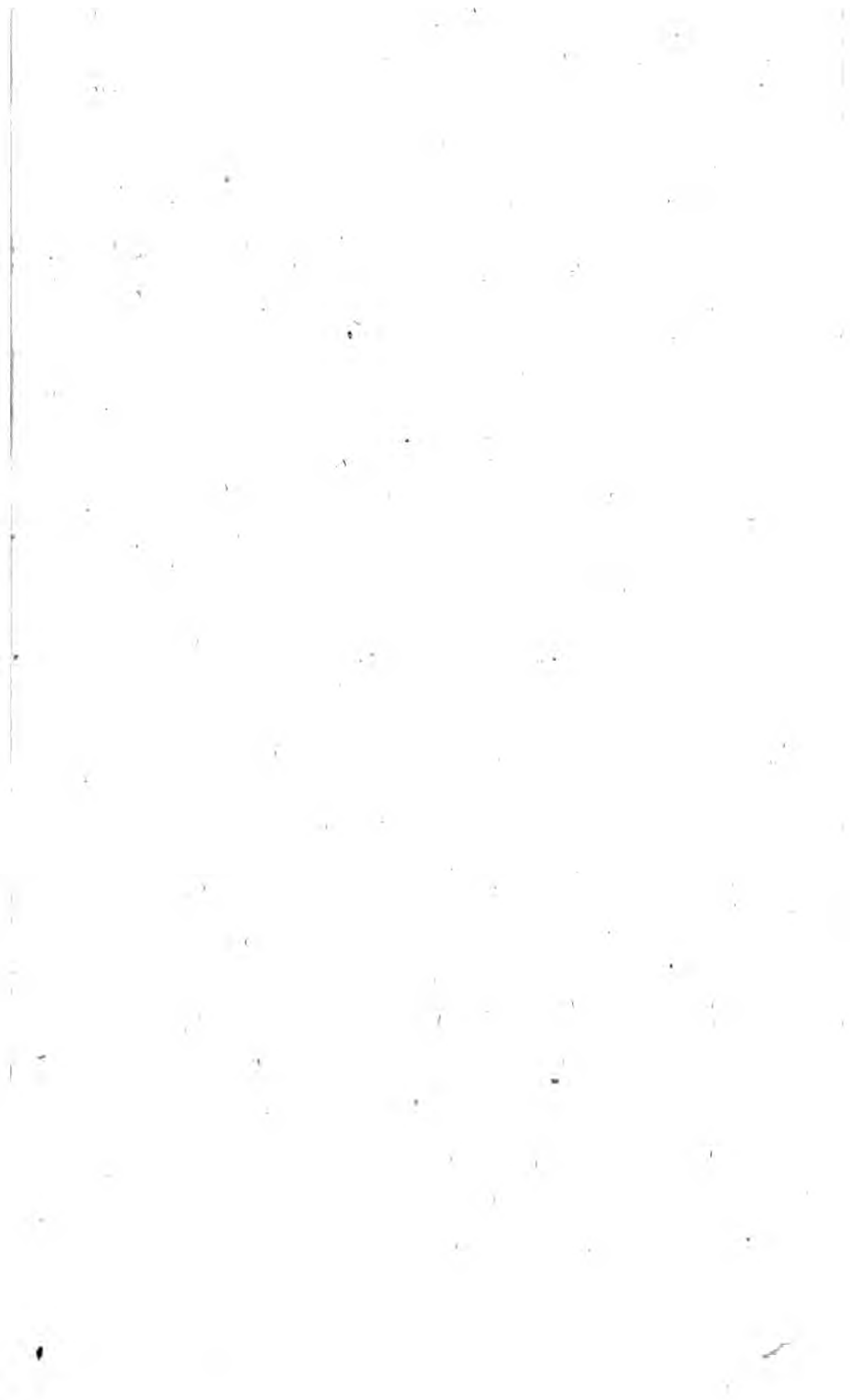
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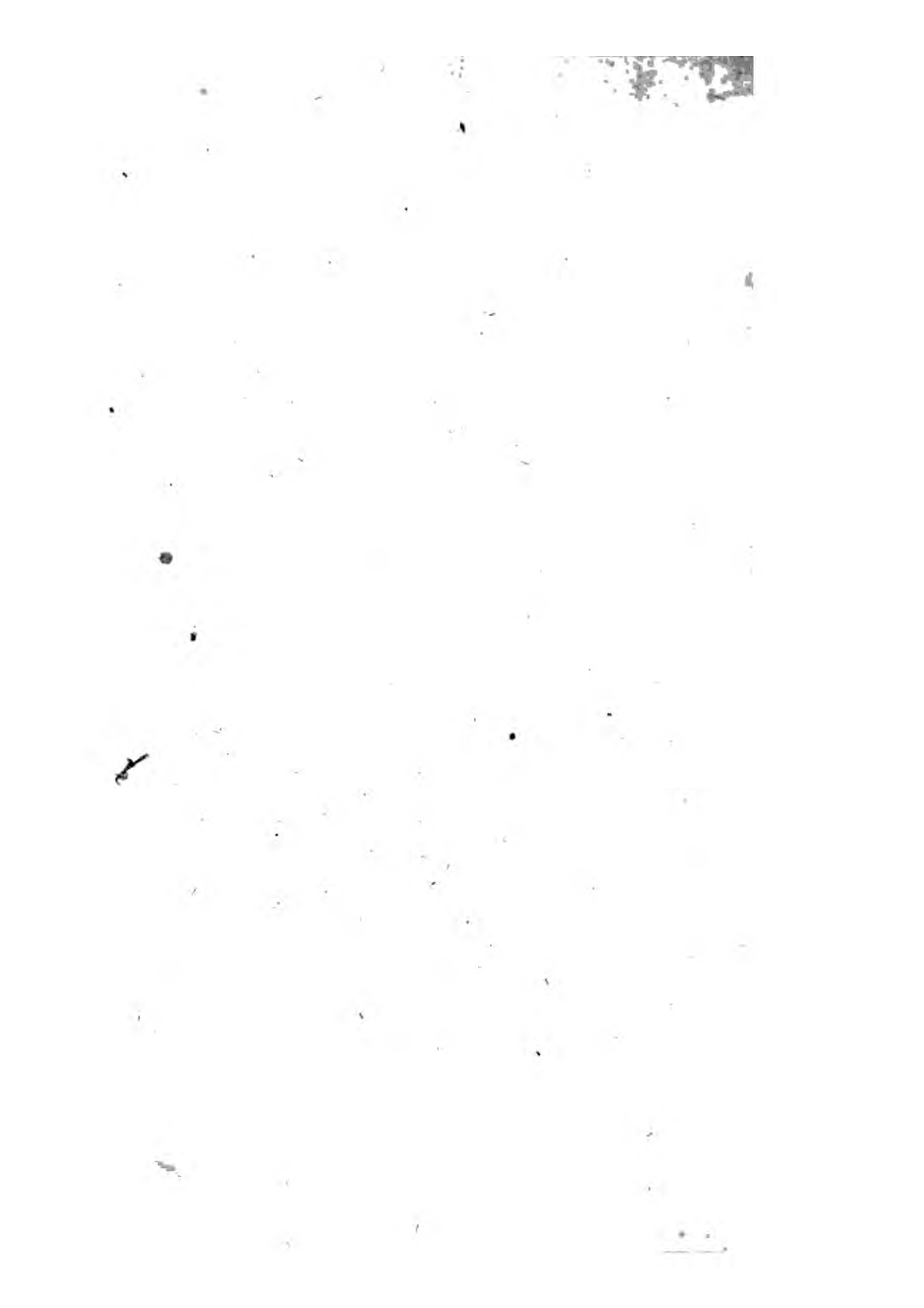
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