



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

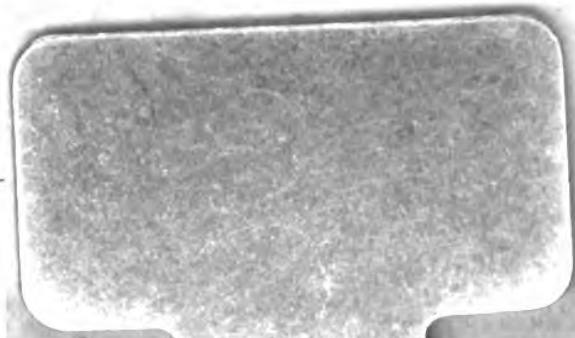
<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

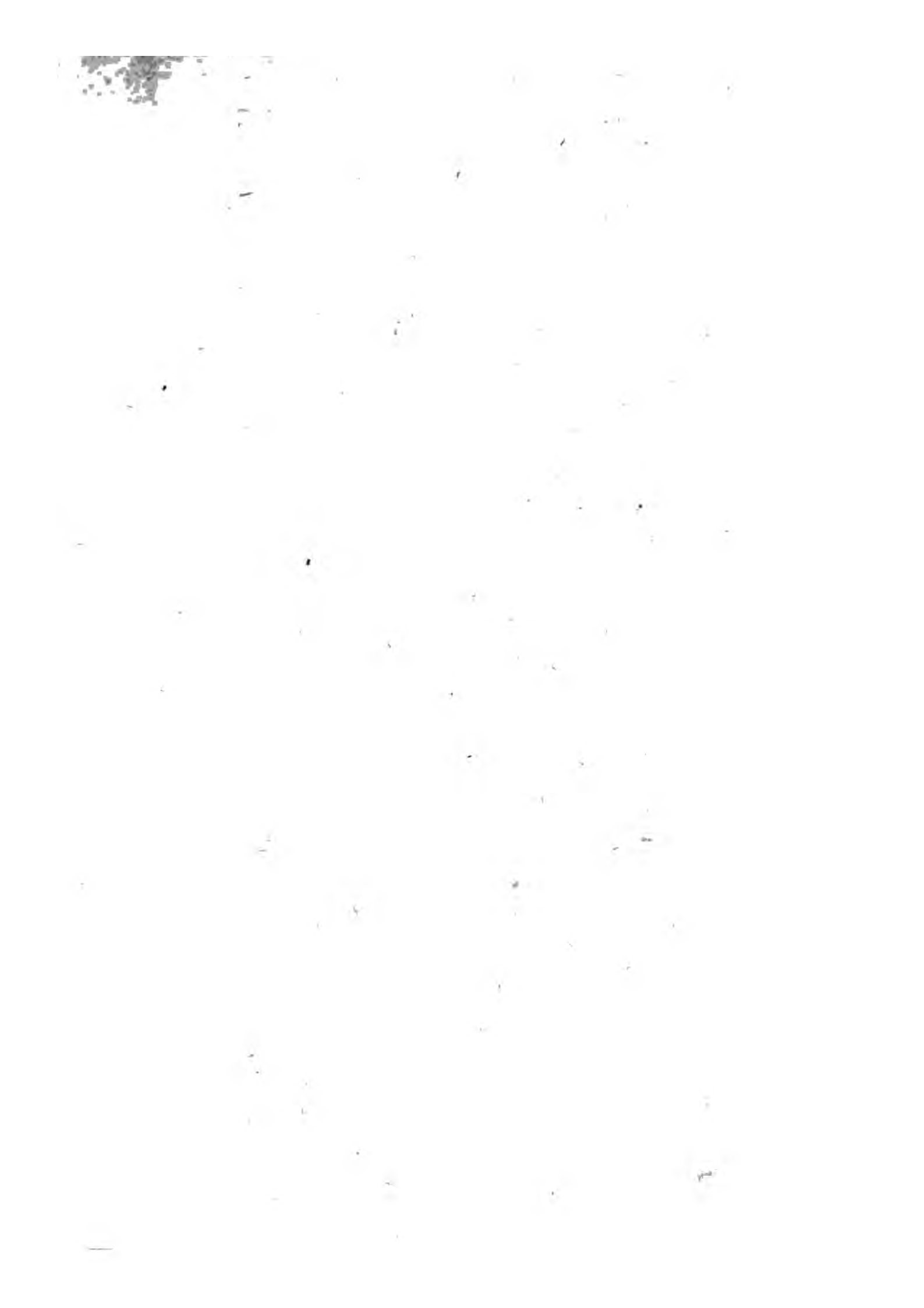


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



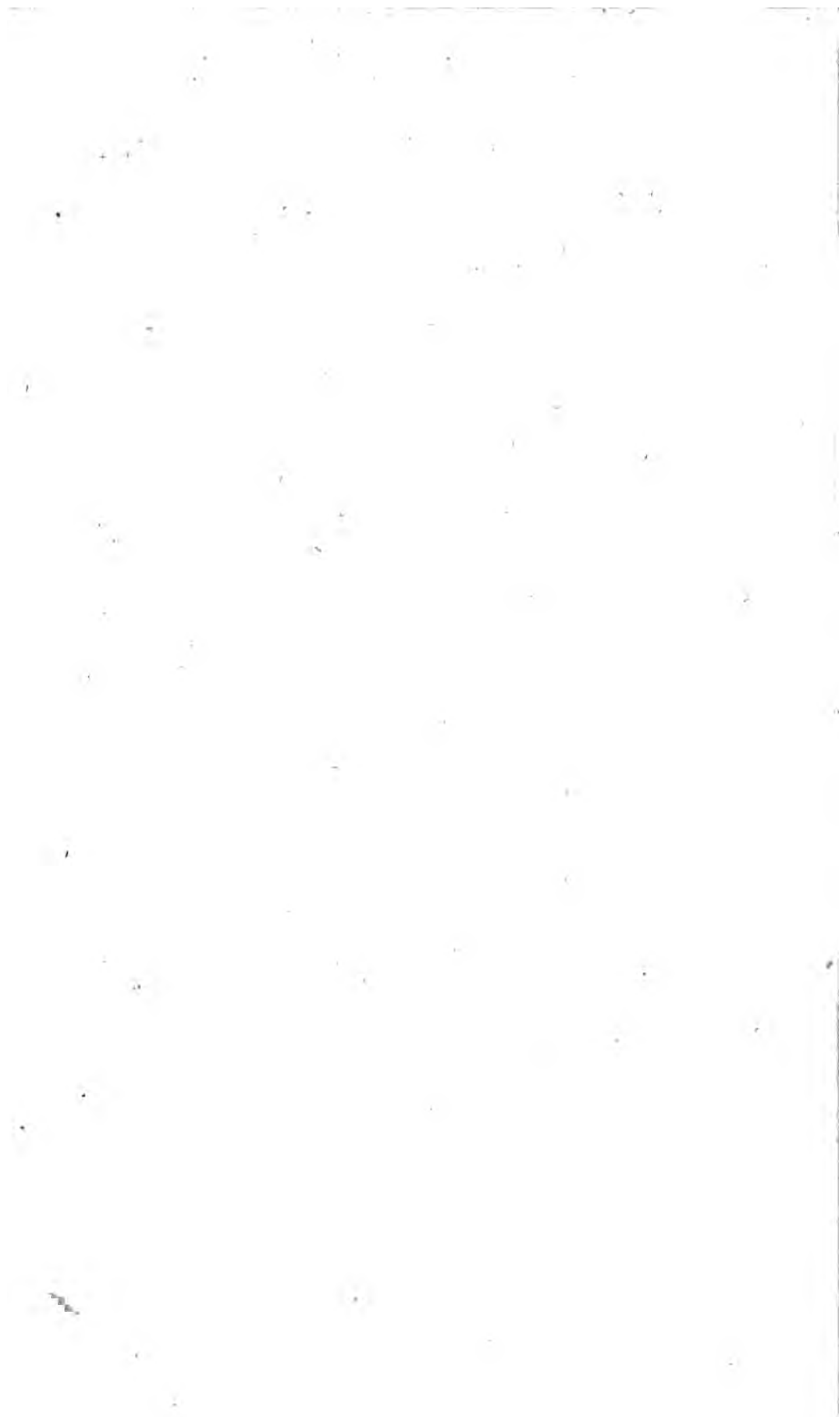
2804 f 97











THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

---

VOLUME THE SECOND.

---

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY H. HUGHS;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M D C C L X X I X .





THE  
P O E M S  
O F  
C O W L E Y.

VOLUME II.

1

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

The following table shows the results of the experiment. The data is presented in a grid format with columns for different conditions and rows for different measurements. The values are as follows:

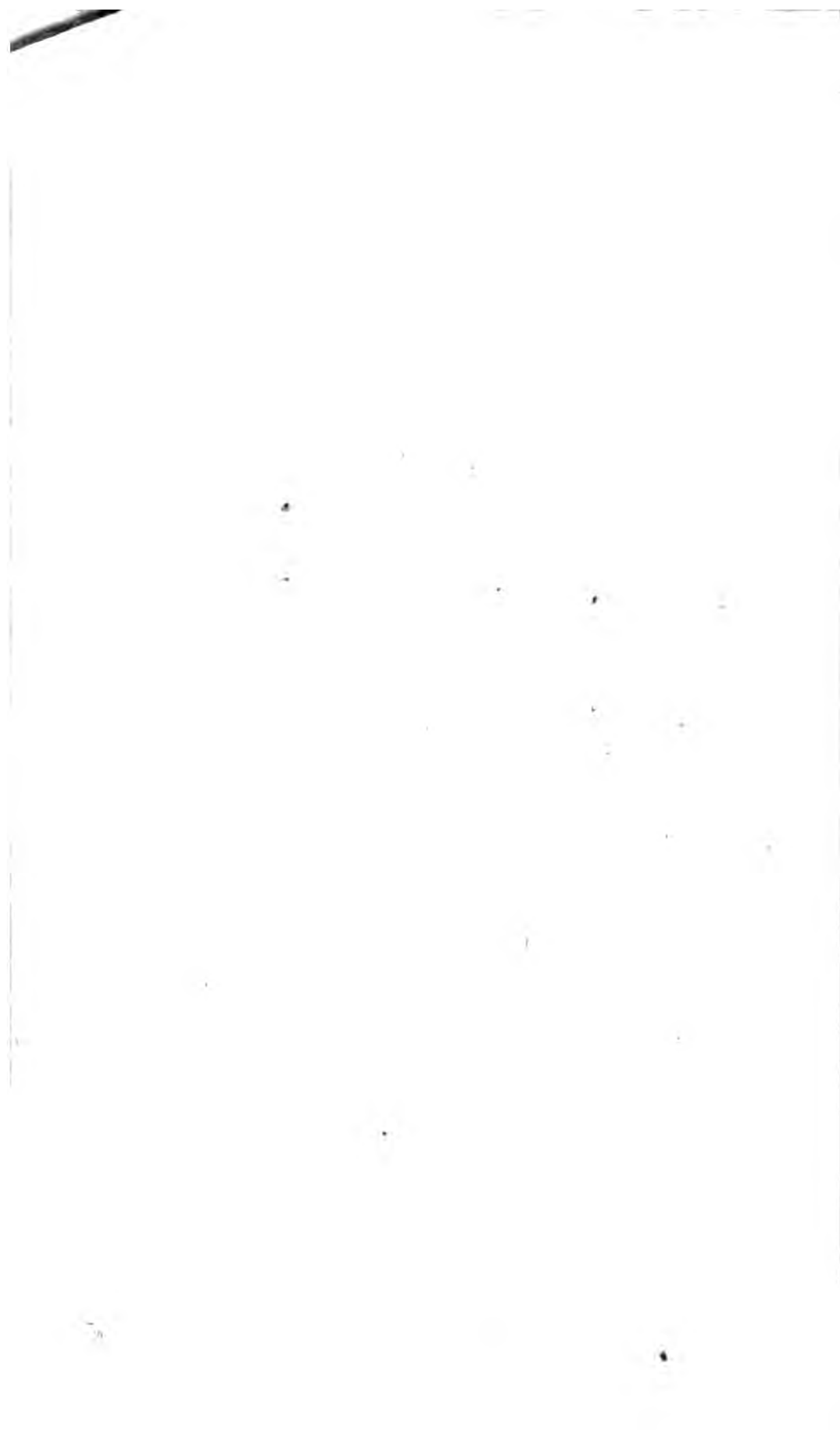
Condition	Measurement 1	Measurement 2	Measurement 3	Measurement 4
Condition A	0.1	0.2	0.3	0.4
Condition B	0.2	0.3	0.4	0.5
Condition C	0.3	0.4	0.5	0.6
Condition D	0.4	0.5	0.6	0.7
Condition E	0.5	0.6	0.7	0.8
Condition F	0.6	0.7	0.8	0.9
Condition G	0.7	0.8	0.9	1.0
Condition H	0.8	0.9	1.0	1.1
Condition I	0.9	1.0	1.1	1.2
Condition J	1.0	1.1	1.2	1.3

The data shows a clear upward trend in all measurements across the different conditions. The values range from 0.1 to 1.3, indicating a significant increase in the measured quantities.

THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. II.

B



## PINDARIC ODES,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE  
 STYLE AND MANNER  
 OF THE  
 ODES OF PINDAR.

“Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.”

HOR. Ep. L. I. 3.

## P R E F A C E.

**I**F a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one mad-man had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry (*quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider in Pindar the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours

of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries; and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the musick of his numbers, which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet; for though the grammarians and criticks have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet in effect they are little better than prose to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in some measure to be applied to all translations; and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects;

jects ; but I never saw a copy better than the original : which indeed cannot be otherwise ; for, men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation ; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of translating, or imitating (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar ; for that would not deserve half these words ; as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said ; all the translators of which (even Mr. Sands himself ; for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion no less short of David, than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please ; nor make it



so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking ; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse ; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of antiquity. This essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit : for which experiment, I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemean Odes ; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE  
OF PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron, prince of Agrigentum (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympic, won the chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race (whose story is often toucht on); from his great riches (an ordinary common-place in Pindar); from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in digressions, than in the main subject: and the Reader must not be choqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

**Q**UEEN of all harmonious things,  
Dancing words, and speaking strings!  
What God, what Hero, wilt thou sing?  
What happy man to equal glories bring?  
Begin, begin thy noble choice,  
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.  
Pisa does to Jove belong;  
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.  
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,  
Alcides offer'd-up to Jove;  
Alcides too thy strings may move;  
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy prove!

Join Theron boldly to their sacred names ;  
 Theron the next honour claims ;  
 Theron to no man gives place,  
 Is first in Pifa's and in Virtue's race ;  
 Theron there, and he alone,  
 Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone.

They through rough ways, o'er many stops they past,  
 Till on the fatal bank at last  
 They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye  
 Of fair-fac'd Sicily ;  
 Which does itself i' th' river by  
 With pride and joy espy.  
 Then chearful notes their painted years did sing,  
 And Wealth was one, and Honour th' other, wing ;  
 Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear,  
 In Fortune's graceful drefs, appear.  
 To which, great son of Rhea ! say  
 The firm word which forbids things to decay !  
 If in Olympus' top, where thou  
 Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show ;  
 If in Alpheus' silver flight ;  
 If in my verse, thou dost delight,  
 My verse, O Rhea's son ! which is  
 Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

For the past sufferings of this noble race  
 (Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand,  
 Hearken no more to thy command)  
 Let present joys fill up their place,

And

SECOND OLYMPIC ODE. 9

And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface  
Of foregone ills the very trace.  
In no illustrious line  
Do these happy changes shine  
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.  
So, in the crystal palaces  
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,  
Ino her endless youth does please,  
And thanks her fall into the seas.  
Beauteous Semele does no less  
Her cruel midwife, Thunder, bless;  
Whilst, sporting with the Gods on high,  
She' enjoys secure their company;  
Plays with lightnings as they fly,  
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.

But death did them from future dangers free;  
What God, alas! will caution be  
For living man's security,  
Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?  
Never did the sun as yet  
So healthful a fair-day beget,  
That travelling mortals might rely on it.  
But Fortune's favour and her spite  
Roll with alternate waves like day and night:  
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,  
E'er since the fatal son his father slew,  
And did old oracles fulfil  
Of Gods that cannot lye, for they foretell but their own  
will.

Erynnis

Erynnis saw 't, and made in her own seed  
 The innocent Parricide to bleed;  
 She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows:  
 But better things did then succeed,  
 And brave Therfander, in amends for what was past,  
 arose.

Brave Therfander was by none,  
 In war, or warlike sports, out-done.  
 Thou, Theron, his great virtues dost revive;  
 He in my verse and thee again does live.

Loud Olympus happy thee,  
 Isthmus and Nemæa does twice happy see;  
 For the well-natur'd honour there,  
 Which with thy brother thou didst share,  
 Was to thee double grown  
 By not being all thine own;  
 And those kind pious glories do deface  
 The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

Greatness of mind and fortune too  
 Th' Olympic trophies shew:  
 Both their several parts must do  
 In the noble chace of fame;  
 This without that is blind, that without this is lame.  
 Nor is fair Virtue's picture seen aright  
 But in Fortune's golden light.  
 Riches alone are of uncertain date,  
 And on short man long cannot wait;  
 The virtuous make of them the best,  
 And put them out to Fame for interest;

With.

SECOND OLYMPIC ODE. 11

With a frail good they wisely buy  
The solid purchase of eternity :  
They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well, and  
know

Th' account they must hereafter give below ;  
Whereas th' unjust and covetous above,  
In deep unlovely vaults,  
By the just decrees of Jove,  
Unrelenting torments prove,  
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light,  
O'er which the god-like sun's unwearied sight  
Ne'er winks in clouds, or sleeps in night,  
An endless spring of age the good enjoy,  
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy :  
There neither earth nor sea they plow,  
Nor aught to labour owe  
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,  
And in the lamp of life consumes away.  
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies past,  
Did thrice the trial undergo,  
Till all their little dross was purg'd at last,  
The furnace had no more to do.  
Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state  
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,  
The Muse-discovered world of Islands Fortunate.

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there  
Dance through the perfum'd air :

There

There silver rivers through enamel'd meadows glide,  
 And golden trees enrich their side;  
 Th' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,  
 And jewels for their fruit they bear,  
 Which by the blest are gathered  
 For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.  
 Here all the Heroes, and their Poets, live;  
 Wise Rhadamanthus did the sentence give,  
 Who for his justice was thought fit  
 With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.  
 Peleus here, and Cadmus, reign;  
 Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,  
 Since his blest mother (who before  
 Had try'd it on his body' in vain)  
 Dipt now his soul in Stygian lake,  
 Which did from thence a divine hardness take,  
 That does from passion and from vice invulnerable  
 make.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wandering song,  
 Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;  
 And may they do so long!  
 How, noble archer! do thy wanton arrows fly  
 At all the game that does but cross thine eye;  
 Shoot, and spare not, for I see  
 Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be:  
 Let Art use method and good-husbandry,  
 Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;  
 Nature herself has unexhausted store,

SECOND OLYMPIC ODE. 13

Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,  
 That no vulgar eye can trace.  
 Art, instead of mounting high,  
 About her humble food does hovering fly ;  
 Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love ;  
 Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,  
 Now bears loud thunder ; and anon with silent joy  
 The beauteous Phrygian boy  
 Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,  
 And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day ;  
 And sometimes too he throwds  
 His soaring wings among the clouds.

Leave, wanton Musè ! thy roving flight ;  
 To thy loud string the well-flecht arrow put ;  
 Let Agrigentum be the Butt,  
 And Theron be the White.  
 And, lest the name of verse should give  
 Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,  
 By the Castalian waters swear  
 (A sacred oath no poets dare  
 To take in vain,  
 No more than Gods do that of Styx prophane),  
 Swear, in no city e'er before,  
 A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born ;  
 Swear, that Theron sure has sworn  
 No man near him should be poor ;  
 Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art  
 Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,  
 With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

But



But in this thankless world the givers  
Are envied ev'n by the receivers :

'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion,  
Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation :

Nay, 'tis much worse than so ;

It now an artifice does grow,

Wrongs and outrages to do,

Left men should think we owe.

Such monsters, Theron ! has thy virtue found :

But all the malice they profess,

Thy secure honour cannot wound ;

For thy vast bounties are so numberless,

That them or to conceal, or else to tell,

Is equally impossible !

THE FIRST NEMÆAN ODE OF  
PINDAR.

Chromius, the son of Agefidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius's person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

**B**Eauteous Ortygia! the first breathing-place  
Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race!  
Fair Delos' sister, the child-bed  
Of bright Latona, where she bred

Th' original new-moon !  
 Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns were  
     grown !  
 Who, like a gentle scion newly started out,  
     From Syracusa's side dost sprout !  
     Thee first my song does greet,  
     With numbers smooth and fleet  
     As thine own horses' airy feet,  
 When they young Chromius' chariot drew,  
 And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.  
 Jove will approve my song and me ;  
 Jove is concern'd in Nemea, and in thee.

With Jove my song ; this happy man,  
 Young Chromius, too, with Jove began ;  
 From hence came his success,  
 Nor ought he therefore like it less,  
 Since the best fame is that of happiness ;  
 For whom should we esteem above  
 The men whom Gods do love ?  
 'Tis them alone the Muse too does approve.  
 Lo ! how it makes this victory shine  
 O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine !  
 The torches which the mother brought :  
 When the ravish'd maid she sought,  
 Appear'd not half so bright,  
 But cast a weaker light,  
 Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to th' heavenly  
     vault.

"To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,"  
 Said Jove, and, as he said,  
 Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.  
 "And thou, O isle!" said he, "for ever thrive,  
 "And keep the value of our gift alive!  
 "As Heaven with stars, so let  
 "The country thick with towns be set,  
 "And numberless as stars!  
 "Let all the towns be then  
 "Replenish'd thick with men,  
 "Wise in peace, and bold in wars!  
 "Of thousand glorious towns the nation,  
 "Of thousand glorious men each town a constellation!  
 "Nor let their warlike laurel scorn,  
 "With the Olympic olive to be worn,  
 "Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of peace  
 "adorn!"

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse, and wait  
 At Chromius' hospitable gate;  
 'Twill open wide to let thee in,  
 When thy lyre's voice shall but begin;  
 Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.  
 The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready drest,  
 The ivory table crowded with a feast:  
 The table which is free for every guest,  
 No doubt will thee admit,  
 And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.  
 Chromius and thou art met aright,  
 For, as by nature thou dost write,  
 So he by nature loves, and does by nature fight.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,  
 Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming mass;  
 They mov'd the vital lump in every part,  
 And carv'd the members out with wondrous art.  
 She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,  
 And a vast bounty, apt and fit

For the great dower which Fortune made to it.

'Tis madness sure treasures to hoard,  
 And make them uselefs, as in mines, remain,  
 To lose th' occasion Fortune does afford

Fame and public love to gain :

Ev'n for self-concerning ends,

'Tis wiser much to hoard-up friends.

Though happy men the present goods possess,  
 Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

How early has young Chromius begun  
 The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,  
 And borne the noble prize away,

Whilst other youths yet at the barriers stay !

None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he :

The God, his father's, blood nought could restrain,

'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain

The slow advance of dull humanity.

The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,

Too weighty to be rock'd by nurse's hands,

Wrapt in purple swadling-bands ;

When, lo ! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,

Two dreadful serpents come,

Rolling and hissing loud, into the room ;

To the bold babe they trace their bidden way ;

**Forth**

FIRST NEMÆAN ODE. 19

Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went,  
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues, like thunder-  
bolts, present.

Some of th' amazed women dropt down dead  
With fear, some wildly fled  
About the room, some into corners crept,  
Where silently they shook and wept:  
All naked from her bed the passionate mother leap'd,  
To save or perish with her child;  
She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant smil'd:  
The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd  
At his gay gilded foes;  
And, as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,  
With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd;  
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,  
In vain their armed tails they twist,  
And angry circles cast about;  
Black blood, and fiery breath, and poisonous soul, he  
squeezes out!

With their drawn swords  
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords;  
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,  
They saw the conquering boy  
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,  
Where, in death's pangs and their own gore, they fold-  
ing lay.

When wise Tiresias this beginning knew,  
He told with ease the things t' ensue;

20 COWLEY'S POEMS.

From what monsters he should free  
The earth, the air, and sea ;  
What mighty tyrants he should slay,  
Greater monsters far than they ;  
How much at Phlægra's field the distressed Gods should owe  
To their great offspring here below ;  
And how his club should there outdo  
Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder too.  
And that the grateful Gods, at last,  
The race of his laborious virtue past,  
Heaven, which he sav'd, should to him give ;  
Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he should for ever  
live ;  
Drink nectar with the Gods, and all his senses please  
In their harmonious, golden palaces ;  
Walk with ineffable delight  
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,  
And, as he walks, affright  
The lion and the bear,  
Bull, centaur, scorpion, all the radiant monsters there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

In imitation of HORACE's second Ode, B. IV.

“ Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.”

PINDAR is imitable by none ;  
The Phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.  
Who e'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,  
And neither sink too low nor soar too high ?

What

P R A I S E O F P I N D A R. 25

What could he who follow'd claim,  
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,  
And by his fall a sea to name?  
Pindar's unnavigable song  
Like a swollen flood from some steep mountain pours along;  
The ocean meets with such a voice,  
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll  
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,  
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,  
Which neither banks nor dykes control:  
Whether th' immortal Gods he sings,  
In a no less immortal strain,  
Or the great acts of God-descended kings,  
Who in his numbers still survive and reign;  
Each rich-embroider'd line,  
Which their triumphant brows around,  
By his sacred hand is bound,  
Does all their starry diadems outshine,

Whether at Pisa's race he please  
To carve in polish'd verse the conqueror's images;  
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,  
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song;  
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,  
In words worth dying for, he celebrate—  
Such mournful, and such pleasing words,  
As joy to' his mother's and his mistress' grief affords—



22 COWLEY'S POEMS.

He bids him live and grow in fame ;  
Among the stars he sticks his name :  
The grave can but the dross of him devour,  
So small is Death's, so great the Poet's, power !

Lo, how th' obsequious wind, and swelling air,  
The Theban swan does upwards bear  
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,  
And with extended wings opens his liquid way !  
Whilst, alas ! my timorous Muse  
Unambitious tracks pursues ;  
Does with weak, unballast wings,  
About the mossy brooks and springs,  
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,  
About the gardens' painted beds,  
About the fields and flowery meads,  
And all inferior beauteous things,  
Like the laborious bee,  
For little drops of honey flee,  
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

NOT winds to voyagers at sea,  
Nor showers to earth, more necessary be  
(Heaven's vital seed cast on the womb of earth  
To give the fruitful year a birth)  
Than Verse to Virtue ; which can do  
The midwife's office and the nurse's too ;

## THE RESURRECTION.

23

It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,  
And, when it dies, with comely pride  
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid  
That never will decay  
Till heaven itself shall melt away,  
And nought behind it stay.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre ;  
Lo ! how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted  
    quire,  
All hand in hand do decently advance,  
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance !  
Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,  
My music's voice shall bear it company ;  
    Till all gentle notes be drown'd  
    In the last trumpet's dreadful sound :  
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,  
    Untune the universal string :  
    Then all the wide-extended sky,  
    And all th' harmonious worlds on high,  
    And Virgil's sacred work, shall die ;  
And he himself shall see in one fire shine  
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands  
    divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,  
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,  
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,  
    Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,  
This mightier sound shall make

When dead t' arise;  
 And open tombs, and open eyes,  
 To the long sluggards of five thousand years!  
 This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.  
 Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come  
     Back to their ancient home;  
     Some from birds, from fishes some;  
     Some from earth, and some from seas;  
     Some from beasts, and some from trees;  
     Some descend from clouds on high,  
     Some from metals upwards fly,  
 And, where th' attending soul naked and shivering  
     stands,  
     Meet, salute, and join their hands;  
 As dispers'd soldiers, at the trumpet's call,  
     Haste to their colours all.  
 Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,  
 Their joints new set, to be new-rack'd again,  
     To mountains they for shelter pray,  
 The mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd  
     than they.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vigorous heat,  
     Kindled at a hint so great;  
 Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,  
     Which does to rage begin,  
 And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course;  
 'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,

**Fierce**

THE RESURRECTION.

25

Fierce and unbroken yet,  
 Impatient of the spur or bit;  
 Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;  
 Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,  
 Conscious and proud of his own natural force.  
 'Twill no unskilful touch endure,  
 But flings writer and reader too, that fits not sure.


T H E M U S E .

**G**O, the rich chariot instantly prepare;  
 The Queen, my Muse, will take the air:  
 Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace;  
 Put in nimble-footed Wit,  
 Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it;  
 Sound Memory with young Invention place;  
 Harness all the winged race.  
 Let the postillion Nature mount, and let  
 The coachman Art be set;  
 And let the airy footmen, running all beside,  
 Make a long row of goodly pride,  
 Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,  
 In a well-worded dress; [Lyes,  
 And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and useful  
 In all their gaudy liveries.  
 Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne,  
 And bid it to put on;  
 For long, though chearful, is the way,  
 And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.  
 Where

Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,  
     The passage prefs'd ;  
     Where never fish did fly,  
 And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky ;  
     Where bird with painted oars did ne'er  
 Row through the trackless ocean of the air ;  
     Where never yet did pry  
     The busy morning's curious eye ;  
 The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,  
     And all 's an open road to thee !  
     Whatever God did Say,  
 Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way !  
 Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known,  
     Thou 'hast thousand worlds too of thine own.  
 Thou speak'st, great Queen ! in the same style as He ;  
 And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st, " Let  
     " it be."

Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,  
     And canst pluck up with ease  
 The years which thou dost please ;  
 Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests cast  
     Long since into the sea,  
 Brought up again to light and public use by thee.  
     Nor dost thou only dive so low,  
         But fly  
 With an unwearied wing the other way on high,  
     Where Fates among the stars do grow ;

There



There into the close nests of Time dost peep,  
 And there, with piercing eye,  
 Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost spy,  
 Years to come a-forming lie,  
 Close in their sacred fecundine asleep,  
 Till, hatch'd by the sun's vital heat,  
 Which o'er them yet does brooding set,  
 They life and motion get,  
 And, ripe at last, with vigorous might  
 Break through the shell, and take their everlasting flight!

And sure we may  
 The same too of the present say,  
 If past and future times do thee obey:  
 Thou stop'st this current, and dost make  
 This running river settle like a lake;  
 Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake!  
 The fruit which does so quickly waste,  
 Men scarce can see it, much less taste,  
 Thou comfitest in sweets to make it last.  
 This shining piece of ice,  
 Which melts so soon away  
 With the sun's ray,  
 Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,  
 Till it a lasting mirror be!  
 Nay, thy immortal rhyme  
 Makes this one short point of time  
 To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

T O M R. H O B B E S.

**V**AST bodies of philosophy  
 I oft have seen and read ;  
 But all are bodies dead,  
 Or bodies by art fashioned ;  
 I never yet the living soul could see,  
 But in thy books and thee !  
 'Tis only God can know  
 Whether the fair idea thou dost show  
 Agree intirely with his own or no.  
 This I dare boldly tell,  
 'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.  
 Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,  
 As full of concord their variety,  
 As firm the parts upon their centre rest,  
 And all so solid are, that they, at least  
 As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagyrite retain  
 The universal intellectual reign,  
 Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain ;  
 The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,  
 Oftener renew'd his age, and saw that die.  
 Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet, possess'd,  
 And, chac'd by a wild deluge from the East,  
 His monarchy new planted in the West.  
 But, as in time each great imperial race  
 Degenerates, and gives some new one place :

So did this noble empire waste,  
 Sunk by degrees from glories past,  
 And in the school-men's hands it perish'd quite at last :  
 Then nought but words it grew,  
 And those all barbarous too :  
 It perish'd, and it vanish'd there,  
 The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty air !

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients' plough,  
 Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now ;  
 In barren age wild and unglorious lie,  
 And boast of past fertility,  
 The poor relief of present poverty.  
 Food and fruit we now must want,  
 Unless new lands we plant.  
 We break-up tombs with sacrilegious hands ;  
 Old rubbish we remove ;  
 To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,  
 And with fond divining wands  
 We search among the dead  
 For treasures buried ;  
 Whilst still the liberal earth does hold  
 So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,  
 And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,  
 Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit  
 For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit :  
 Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,  
 And nothing sees but seas and skies,

Till



Till unknown regions it descries,  
 Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new phi-  
 losophies!

Thy task was harder much than his;  
 For thy learn'd America is  
 Not only found-out first by thee,  
 And rudely left to future industry;  
 But thy eloquence and thy wit,  
 Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd, it.

I little thought before  
 (Nor, being my own self so poor,  
 Could comprehend so vast a store)  
 That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence  
 Could have afforded half enough,  
 Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,  
 To cloathe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.  
 Thy solid reason, like the shield from heaven  
 To the Trojan hero given,  
 Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,  
 Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,  
 And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art!  
 A shield that gives delight  
 Ev'n to the enemies' sight,  
 Then, when they 're sure to lose the combat by 't.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed  
 Upon thy reverend head,  
 Quench or allay the noble fires within;  
 But all which thou hast been,

And

And all that Youth can be, thou 'rt yet!  
 So fully still dost thou  
 Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,  
 And all the natural heat, but not the fever too!  
 So contraries on Ætna's top conspire;  
 Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks-out fire!  
 A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep;  
 Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep!  
 And, if we weigh, like thee,  
 Nature and Causes, we shall see  
 That thus it needs must be—  
 To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,  
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

D E S T I N Y.

“Hoc quoque Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum.”  
 MANIL.

Strange and unnatural! let 's stay and see  
 This pageant of a prodigy.  
 Lo, of themselves th' enliven'd Chers-men move!  
 Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd pieces prove  
 As full of art and industry,  
 Of courage and of policy,  
 As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise but we!  
 Here a proud Pawn I admire,  
 That, still advancing higher,

At

At top of all became  
 Another thing and name ;  
 Here I 'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,  
 That does bold wonders in the fight ;  
 Here I the losing party blame,  
 For those false Moves that break the Game,  
 That to their Grave, the Bag, the conquer'd Pieces bring,  
 And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated King.

“ Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy

“ And sense or reason tell,” said I,

“ These things have life, election, liberty ;

“ 'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,

“ Their faults and virtues make their fate.

“ They do, they do,” said I ; but strait

Lo! from my enlighten'd eyes the mists and shadows fell,

That hinder spirits from being visible ;

And lo ! I saw two angels play'd the Mate.

With man, alas ! no otherwise it proves ;

An unseen hand makes all their Moves ;

And some are great, and some are small,

Some climb to good, some from good-fortune fall ;

Some wise-men, and some fools, we call ;

Figures, alas ! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take :

She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head

With her own hands she fashioned ;

She did a covenant with me make,

And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake :

“ Thou

"Thou of my church shalt be ;  
 "Hate and renounce" said she,  
 "Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me.  
 "Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,  
 "Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling  
 "Content thyself with the small barren praise, [bar ;  
 "That neglected verse does raise."

She spake, and all my years to come  
 Took their unlucky doom.  
 Their several ways of life let others chuse,  
 Their several pleasures let them use,  
 But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend ?  
 Such I began, such am, and so must end.  
 The star that did my being frame,  
 Was but a lambent flame,  
 And some small light it did dispense,  
 But neither heat nor influence.  
 No matter, Cowley ! let proud Fortune see,  
 That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.  
 Let all her gifts the portion be  
 Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,  
 Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,  
 Murder, Infidelity,  
 Rebellion and Hypocrisy ;  
 Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,  
 As all th' inspired tuneful men,  
 And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down  
 to Ben.

## B R U T U S.

**E**Xcellent Brutus! of all human race  
 The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;  
 Till men above themselves Faith rais'd more  
 Than Reason above beasts before.  
 Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence  
 Did silently and constantly dispense  
 The gentle, vigorous influence  
 To all the wide and fair circumference;  
 And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,  
 Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,  
 That none could discord or disorder see  
 In all their contrariety:  
 Each had his motion natural and free,  
 And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world  
 could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve  
 (Mistaken, honest men!) in Cæsar's blood;  
 What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve,  
 From him who kill'd himself, rather than serve?  
 Th' heroic exaltations of Good  
 Are so far from understood,  
 We count them Vice; alas! our sight 's so ill,  
 That things which swiftest move seem to stand still:  
 We look not upon Virtue in her height,  
 On her supreme idea, brave and bright,  
 In the original light;

But

But as her beams reflected pass  
 Through our own Nature or Ill-custom's glass :  
 And 'tis no wonder, so,  
 If with dejected eye  
 In standing pools we seek the sky,  
 That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see  
 Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,  
 Yet not to her assistance stir,  
 Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher ?  
 Or shall we fear to kill him, if before

The cancel'd name of friend he bore ?

Ingrateful Brutus do they call ?

Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome enthrall !  
 An act more barbarous and unnatural  
 (In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)  
 Than his successor Nero's parricide !

There 's none but Brutus could deserve

That all men else should wish to serve,  
 And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer ;  
 None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,  
 And wrap'd itself i' th' terrors of the night :  
 " I 'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sprite ;

" I 'll meet thee there," saidst thou,

With such a voice, and such a brow,  
 As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight ;  
 It vanish'd, as a taper's light  
 Goes out when spirits appear in fight.

One would have thought 't heard the morning crow,  
 Or seen her well-appointed star  
 Come marching up the Eastern hill afar.  
 Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,  
 But unseen attack'd thee there :  
 Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,  
 Thou would'st have forc'd it back upon thy foes :  
 Or slain 't, like Cæsar, though it be  
 A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,  
 When we see perish thus, by odd events,  
 Ill men, and wretched accidents,  
 The best cause and best man that ever drew a sword ?

When we see

The false Octavius and wild Antony,  
 God-like Brutus ! conquer thee ?  
 What can we say, but thine own tragic word—  
 That Virtue, which had worship'd been by thee  
 As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,  
 By this fatal proof became  
 An idol only, and a name.

Hold, noble Brutus ! and restrain  
 The bold voice of thy generous disdain :  
 These mighty gulphs are yet  
 Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.  
 The time 's set forth already which shall quell  
 Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel ;  
 Which these great secrets shall unseal,  
 And new philosophies reveal ;

A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,  
 Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,  
 And shew'd thee a God crucify'd.

## TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

**H**OW long, alas ! has our mad nation been  
 Of epidemic war the tragic scene,  
 When Slaughter all the while  
 Seem'd like its sea, embracing round the isle,  
 With tempests, and red waves, noise, and affright !  
 Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white !  
 What province or what city did it spare ?  
 It, like a plague, infected all the air.

Sure the unpeopled land  
 Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,  
 Had God's all-mighty hand  
 At the same time let loose Diseases' rage  
 Their civil wars in man to wage,  
 But thou by Heaven wert sent  
 This desolation to prevent,  
 A medicine, and a counter-poison, to the age.  
 Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave  
 Than thou didst save ;  
 By wondrous art, and by successful care,  
 The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair !  
 The inundations of all liquid Pain,  
 And deluge Dropsy, thou dost drain.



Fevers, so hot that one would say  
 Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay  
 (The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)  
 Thou dost so temper, that we find,  
 Like gold, the body but refin'd,  
 No unhealthful dross behind.

The subtle Ague, that for sureness' sake  
 Takes its own times th' assault to make,  
 And at each battery the whole fort does shake,  
 When thy strong guards, and works, it spies,  
 Trembles for itself, and flies.

The cruel Stone, that restless pain,  
 That 's sometimes roll'd away in vain,  
 But still, like Syfiphus's stone, returns again,  
 Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd juices' force  
 (A greater work, though short the way appear,  
 Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)  
 Oppressed Nature's necessary course  
 It stops in vain; like Moses, thou  
 Strik'st but the rock, and strait the waters freely flow.

The Indian son of Lust (that foul disease  
 Which did on this his new-found world but lately  
 seize,  
 Yet since a tyranny has planted here,  
 As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)  
 Is so quite rooted-out by thee,  
 That thy patients seem to be  
 Restor'd not to health only, but virginity.

The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill,  
 Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,  
 If thou but succour the besieged heart,  
 Calls all its poisons forth, and does depart,  
 As if it fear'd no less thy art,  
 Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.  
 What need there here repeated be by me  
 The vast and barbarous lexicon  
 Of man's infirmity?  
 At thy strong charms it must be gone  
 Though a disease, as well as devil, were called Legion.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou  
 Dost all the powers and several portions know,  
 Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,  
 On their green infants here bestow:  
 Canst all those magic virtues from them draw,  
 That keep Disease and Death in awe;  
 Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,  
 Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by thee.  
 And thy well-travel'd knowledge, too, does give  
 No less account of th' empire sensitive;  
 Chiefly of man, whose body is  
 That active soul's metropolis.  
 As the great artist in his sphere of glass  
 Saw the whole scene of heavenly motions pass;  
 So thou know'st all so well that 's done within,  
 As if some living crystal man thou 'dst seen.

Nor does this science make thy crown alone,

But whole Apollo is thine own ;

His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,

Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.

Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free  
From the physicians' frequent malady,  
Fantastic incivility :

There are who all their patients' chagrin have,

As if they took each morn worse potions than they gave.

And this great race of learning thou hast run,

Ere that of life be half yet done ;

Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,

And like t' enjoy thy conquests long.

The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,

Did he live now he would revoke,

And better things of man report ;

For thou dost make Life long, and Art but short.

Ah, learned friend ! it grieves me, when I think

That thou with all thy art must die,

As certainly as I ;

And all thy noble reparations sink

Into the sure-wrought mine of treacherous mortality.

Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,

Thou hold'st out towns that must at last be ta'en,

And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.

Let 's e'en compound, and for the present live,

'Tis all the ready-money Fate can give ;

Unbend

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

41

Unbend sometimes thy restless care,  
And let thy friends so happy be  
T' enjoy at once their health and thee :  
Some hours, at least, to thine own pleasures spare ;  
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,  
Bestow 't not all in charity.  
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,  
When all 's done, Life is an incurable disease.

L I F E   A N D   F A M E .

**O**H, Life ! thou Nothing's younger brother !  
So like, that one might take one for the other !  
What 's somebody, or nobody ?  
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,  
We no such nice distinction woven see,  
As 'tis " to be," or " not to be."  
Dream of a shadow ! a reflection made  
From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,  
Is a more solid thing than thou.  
Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise  
Up betwixt two eternities !  
Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain,  
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans meet  
again.

And with what rare inventions do we strive  
Ourselves then to survive ?

Wife,

Wife, subtle arts, and such as well besit

That Nothing Man's no wit!—

Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,  
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.

“Here lies the great”—false marble! where?  
Nothing but small and fordid dust lies there.—

Some build enormous mountain-palaces,

The fools and architects to please;

A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:

So he, who on th' Egyptian shore

Was slain so many hundred years before,

Lives still (oh Life! most happy and most dear!

Oh Life! that epicures envy to hear!)

Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim

In the seraphic entity of fame;

He, since that toy his death,

Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.

'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain;

But oh, ye learned men! explain

What essence, what existence, this,

What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,

In six poor letters is!

In those alone does the great Cæsar live,

'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.

We Poets, madder yet than all,

With a refin'd fantastic vanity,

Think we not only have, but give, eternity.

Fain would I see that prodigal,

Who

Who his to-morrow would bestow,  
For all old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd, till now!

## THE EXTASY.

I Leave mortality, and things below;  
I have no time in compliments to waste;  
Farewell to' ye all in haste,  
For I am call'd to go.

A whirlwind bears-up my dull feet,  
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;  
And lo! I mount, and lo!  
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?  
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,  
Which in the sea does lie,  
And seems a grain o' th' sand!  
For this will any sin, or bleed?  
Of civil wars is this the meed?  
And is it this, alas! which we  
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold  
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;  
Dry and secure I go,  
Nor shake with fear or cold:  
Without affright or wonder  
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,  
And lightnings, in my way,  
Like harmless lambent fires about my temples play.

Now

Now into' a gentle sea of rolling flame  
 I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,  
     As flames mount up through air :  
     So perfect, yet so tame,  
 So great, so pure, so bright a fire, ○  
 Was that unfortunate desire,  
     My faithful breast did cover,  
 Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,  
 Where I behold distinctly as I pass  
     The hints of Galileo's glass,  
     I touch at last the spangled sphere :  
 Here all th' extended sky  
 Is but one galaxy,  
     'Tis all so bright and gay,  
 And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now ? Angels, and God is here ;  
 An unexhausted ocean of delight  
     Swallows my senses quite,  
     And drowns all What, or How, or Where ?  
 Not Paul, who first did thither pass,  
 And this great world's Columbus was,  
     The tyrannous pleasure could express.  
 Oh, 'tis too much for man ! but let it ne'er be less !

The mighty' Elijah mounted so on high,  
 That second man who leap'd the ditch where all  
     The rest of mankind fall,  
 And went not downwards to the sky !

With

THE EXTASY.

45

With much of pomp and show  
(As conquering kings in triumph go)

Did he to heaven approach, [coach.  
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his

'Twas gaudy all ; and rich in every part  
Of essences, of gems ; and spirit of gold  
Was its substantial mould,  
Drawn forth by chemic angels' art.  
Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,  
There double-gilt with the sun's light ;  
And mystic shapes cut round in it,  
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,  
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous pastures feed  
The noblest, sprightful'st breed ;  
And flaming manes their necks array'd :  
They all were shod with diamond,  
Not such as here are found,  
But such light solid ones as shine  
On the transparent rocks o' th' Heaven-crystalline.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the skies ;  
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,  
Or that which so they call,  
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.  
The soft clouds melted him a way ;  
The snow and frosts which in it lay  
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore ;  
The wheels and horses' hoofs hizz'd as they past them o'er ?  
He



He past by th' moon and planets, and did fright  
 All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,  
 And their astrologers amaz'd  
 With th' unexampled sight.  
 But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,  
 Till Phoenix Nature, aged grown,  
 To' a better being do aspire,  
 And mount herself, like him, to' eternity in fire.

## TO THE NEW YEAR.

**G**REAT Janus! (who dost sure my mistress view  
 With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few)  
 If thy fore-face do see  
 No better things prepar'd for me,  
 Than did thy face behind;  
 If still her breast must shut against me be  
 (For 'tis not Peace that temple's gate does bind);  
 Oh, let my life, if thou so many deaths a coming find,  
 With thine old year its voyage take,  
 Borne down that stream of Time which no return can  
 make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?  
 Th' old avaricious year,  
 Whether I would or no, will bear  
 At least a part of me away:

His

TO THE NEW YEAR. 47

His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and hours,  
Though never any-where they stay,  
Make in their passage all their prey ;  
The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear can find  
Nought of value left behind.  
All the good wine of life our drunken youth devours ;  
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink,  
Remain for latter years to drink ;  
Until, some one offended with the taste,  
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run at last.

If then, young Year! thou needst must come  
(For in Time's fruitful womb  
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,  
Nor ever can miscarry) ;  
Chuse thy attendants well ; for 'tis not thee  
We fear, but 'tis thy company :  
Let neither Loss of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,  
Nor pining Sickness, nor tormenting Pain,  
Nor Sadness, nor uncleanly Poverty,  
Be seen among thy train :  
Nor let thy livery be  
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity :  
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!  
Let not so much as Love be there ;  
Vain fruitless Love, I mean ; for, gentle Year !  
Although I fear,  
There 's of this caution little need,  
Yet, gentle Year! take heed

How

How thou dost make  
Such a mistake :

Such Love I mean, alone,  
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown ;  
For, though I have too much cause to doubt it,  
I fain would try for once if Life can live without it.

Into the future times why do we pry,  
And seek to antedate our misery ?  
Like jealous men, why are we longing still  
To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill ?  
'Tis well the face is veil'd ; for 'twere a sight  
That would ev'n happiest men affright ;  
And something still they 'd spy that would destroy  
The past and present joy.  
In whatsoever character  
The book of Fate is writ,  
'Tis well we understand not it ;  
We should grow mad with little learning there :  
Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,  
Undecently and foolishly  
We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture  
The fatal flood to enter.  
Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it,  
They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once into it.

## L I F E.

“ Nascentes Morimur.”

MANIL.

**W**E 're ill by these grammarians us'd;  
 We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd:  
 From the maternal tomb,  
 To the grave's fruitful womb,  
 We call here Life; but Life 's a name  
 That nothing here can truly claim:  
 This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,  
 We call our dwelling-place;  
 We call one step a race:  
 But angels, in their full enlighten'd state,  
 Angels, who Live, and know what 'tis to Be;  
 Who all the nonsense of our language see;  
 Who speak Things, and our words, their ill-drawn pic-  
 tures, scorn;  
 When we, by' a foolish figure, say,  
 “ Behold an old man dead!” then they  
 Speak properly, and cry, “ Behold a man-child born!”  
 My eyes are open'd, and I see  
 Through the transparent fallacy:  
 Because we seem wisely to talk  
 Like men of business; and for business walk  
 From place to place,  
 And mighty voyages we take,  
 And mighty journeys seem to make,  
 O'er sea and land, the little point that has no space:  
 VOL. II.                      E                      Because

Because we fight, and battles gain ;  
 Some captives call, and say " the rest are slain :"  
 Because we heap up yellow earth, and so  
 Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow :  
 Because we draw a long nobility  
 From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,  
 And impudently talk of a posterity,  
     And, like Egyptian chroniclers,  
     Who write of twenty thousand years,  
     With maravedies make th' account,  
 That single time might to a sum amount :  
 We grow at last by custom to believe,  
     That really we Live :  
 Whilst all these Shadows, that for Things we take,  
 Are but the empty dreams which in Death's sleep we  
     make.

But these fantastic errors of our dream  
     Lead us to solid wrong ;  
 We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,  
     And wish uncharitably for them  
 To be as long a dying as Methusalem.  
 The ripen'd soul longs from his prison to come ;  
 But we would seal, and sow up, if we could, the womb :  
 We seek to close and plaister up by art  
 The cracks and breaches of th' extended shell,  
     And in that narrow cell  
     Would rudely force to dwell  
 The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

THE



THE XXXIV<sup>th</sup> CHAPTER OF THE  
PROPHET ISAIAH.

**A** Wake, and with attention hear,  
Thou drowsy World ! for it concerns thee near ;  
Awake, I say, and listen well,  
To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.  
Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,  
And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.  
Be still, thou sea ; be still, thou air and earth,  
Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth :  
A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,  
In strength and number more  
Then e'er was rais'd by God before,  
To scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

**I** see the sword of God brandish'd above,  
And from it streams a dismal ray ;  
I see the scabbard cast away ;  
How red anon with slaughter will it prove !  
How will it sweat and reek in blood !  
How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his  
And devour all the mighty feast ! [food,  
Nothing soon but bones will rest.  
God does a solemn sacrifice prepare ;

But not of oxen, nor of rams,  
 Not of kids, nor of their dams,  
 Not of heifers, nor of lambs :

The altar all the land, and all men in 't the victims are.  
 Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,  
 The beasts so long have sacrificed been ;  
 Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin ;  
 'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,  
 And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,  
 Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,  
 When, at the final doom,  
 Nature and Time shall both be slain,  
 Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,  
 And the whole world their funeral pile become.  
 The wide-stretch'd scroll of heaven, which we  
 Immortal as the Deity think,

With all the beauteous characters that in it  
 With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ  
 (Whose eloquence, though we understand not, we ad-  
 Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink [mire])  
 Like parchment in a fire :

Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend ;  
 But truly then headlong into the sea descend :  
 The glittering host, now in such fair array,  
 So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,  
 Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,  
 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,  
 Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn fall,  
 With such a violent storm as blows down tree and all.

And

ISAIAH CHAPTER XXXIV. 53

And thou, O cursed land!

Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost stand.

(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)

Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt drink.

Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so

With human blood o'erflow,

That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,

Which in the fields around unburied lay,

And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their prey :

The rotting corpse shall so infect the air,

Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,

That by thine own dead shall be slain

All thy few living that remain.

As one who buys, surveys, a ground,

So the destroying-angel measures it around ;

So careful and so strict he is,

Left any nook or corner he should miss :

He walks about the perishing nation,

Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place

Be choak'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass :

The serpents through thy streets shall roll,

And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,

And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,

And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,

Though no new ills can be foreboded there :

The lion then shall to the leopard say,

“ Brother leopard, come away ;

“ Behold a land which God has given us in prey !



" Behold a land from whence we see  
 " Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy !"  
 The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.  
 The glutt'd vultures shall expect in vain  
     New armies to be slain ;  
     Shall find at last the business done,  
 Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone :  
     Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,  
     The satyrs laugh to hear them groan :  
     The evil spirits, that delight  
 To dance and revel in the mask of night,  
 The moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall affright :  
     And, if of lost mankind  
     Aught happen to be left behind ;  
     If any relics but remain ;  
 They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces shall  
     reign.

### THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

**I**S this thy bravery, Man, is this thy pride ?  
 Rebel to God, and slave to all beside !  
 Captiv'd by every thing ! and only free  
     To fly from thine own liberty !  
 All creatures, the Creator said, were thine ;  
 No creature but might since say, " Man is mine."  
 In black Egyptian slavery we lie ;  
 And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery

Of tyrant Sin ;  
**To** which we trophies raise, and wear out all our breath  
**In** building up the monuments of Death ;  
**We**, the choice race, to God and angels kin !  
**In** vain the prophets and apostles come  
    **To** call us home,  
**Home** to the promis'd Canaan above,  
**Which** does with nourishing milk and pleasant honey  
    flow ;  
**And** even i' th' way to which we should be fed  
    **With** angels' tasteful bread :  
    **But** we, alas ! the flesh-pots love,  
**We** love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

**In** vain we judgments feel, and wonders see !  
**In** vain did God to descend hither deign ;  
**He** was his own ambassador in vain,  
**Our** Moses and our guide himself to be !  
    **We** will not let ourselves to go,  
**And** with worse harden'd hearts do our own Pharaohs  
    Ah ! left at last we perish so, [grow.  
**Think**, stubborn Man, think of th' Egyptian Prince  
**(**Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou) ;  
**Think** with what dreadful proofs God did convince  
**The** feeble arguments that human power could show ;  
    **Think** what plagues attend on thee,  
**Who** Moses' God dost now refuse, more oft than  
    Moses he.

“ If from some god you come” (said the proud king  
 With half a smile and half a frown ;  
 “ But what god can to Egypt be unknown ? )  
 “ What sign, what powers, what credence, do you bring ?”  
 “ Behold his seal ! behold his hand !”

Cries Moses, and casts down th' all-mighty wand.  
 Th' all-mighty wand scarce touch'd the earth,  
 When, with an undiscerned birth,  
 Th' all-mighty wand a serpent grew,  
 And his long half in painted folds behind him drew :  
 Upwards his threatening tail he threw ;  
 Upwards he cast his threatening head :  
 He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,  
 With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,  
 And, like a basilisk, almost look'd th' assembly dead ;  
 Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight,  
 And with proud words allay'd th' affright.  
 “ The God of slaves,” said they, “ how can he be  
 “ More powerful than their masters' deity ?”  
 And down they cast their rods,  
 And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile gods.  
 The evil spirits their charms obey,  
 And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,  
 And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.  
 Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land  
 Were ready still at hand,  
 And all at the Old Serpent's first command.

And

And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,  
 And they their threatening tails did twist;  
 But strait on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,  
 Broke both their active backs, and both it flew,  
 And both almost at once devour'd ;  
 So much was over-power'd,  
 By God's miraculous creation,  
 His servant's, Nature's, slightly-wrought and feeble ge-  
 neration !

On the fam'd bank the prophets stood,  
 Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the flood ;  
 Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.  
 The helpless fish were found  
 In their strange current drown'd :  
 The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide  
 About it blush'd and dy'd :  
 Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground ;  
 From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,  
 Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried.  
 Nor all thy priests, nor thou  
 Oh king ! could'st ever show  
 From whence thy wandering Nile begins his course—  
 Of this new Nile thou see'st the sacred source ;  
 And, as thy land that does o'erflow,  
 Take heed lest this do so !

What plague more just could on thy waters fall ?  
 The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all :  
 The kind, instructing punishment enjoy ;        {stroy.  
 Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-sea shall de-  
 The

The river yet gave one instruction more ;  
 And, from the rotting fish and unconcocted gore  
 (Which was but water just before),  
 A loathsome host was quickly made,  
 That scal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all the  
 country' invade.

As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed  
 (But like a friend he visits all the land  
 With welcome presents in his hand)  
 So did this Living Tide the fields o'erspread :  
 In vain th' alarmed country tries  
 To kill their noisome enemies ;  
 From th' unexhausted source still new recruits arise.  
 Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice,  
 The towns and houses they possess,  
 The temples and the palaces,  
 Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear ;  
 Both their importune croakings hear.  
 Unsatiate yet, they mount up higher,  
 Where never sun-born Frog durst to aspire,  
 And in the silken beds their slimy members place ;  
 A luxury unknown before to all the watery race !

The water thus her wonders did produce ;  
 But both were to no use ;  
 As yet the sorcerers' mimic power serv'd for excuse.  
 " Try what the earth will do," said God, and lo !  
 They strook the earth a fertile blow,

And

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT. 59

And all the dust did strait to stir begin ;  
One would have thought some sudden wind 't had been ;  
But lo ! 'twas nimble life was got within !

And all the little springs did move,  
And every dust did an arm'd vermin prove,  
Of an unknown and new-created kind,  
Such as the magic-gods could neither make nor find.  
The wretched shameful Foe allow'd no rest  
Either to man or beast.

Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,  
With all his change of raiments, free ;  
The devils themselves confess'd  
This was God's hand ; and 'twas but just,  
To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with dust.

Lo ! the third element does his plagues prepare,  
And swarming clouds of insects fill the air ;  
With fullen noise they take their flight,  
And march in bodies infinite ;  
In vain 'tis day above, 'tis still beneath them night.  
Of harmful Flies the nations numberless  
Compos'd this mighty army's spacious host ;  
Of different manners, different languages ;  
And different habits, too, they wore,  
And different arms they bore ;  
And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,  
And some on green, and some on flowery food ;  
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various host.  
Houses secure not men, the populous ill  
Did all the houses fill :

The country all around  
 Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound ;  
 About the fields enrag'd they flew,  
 And wish'd the plague that was t' ensue.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came  
 (The mingled malice of their flame) ;  
 A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,  
 And with just hands the sad composure make,  
 And over all the land did the full vial shake.  
 Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid heats,  
 And pining pains, and shivering sweats,  
 On all the cattle, all the beasts, did fall ;  
 With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.  
 The labouring ox drops down before the plow ;  
 The crowned victims to the altar led  
 Sink, and prevent the lifted blow :  
 The generous horse from the full manger turns his head,  
 Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,  
 Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,  
 Nor can his lifeless nostril please  
 With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mistresses :  
 The starving sheep refuse to feed,  
 They bleat their innocent souls out into air ;  
 The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there ; [reed.  
 Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die ;  
 God did on man a gentler medicine try,  
 And a Disease, for Physic, did apply.

Warm

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT. 61

Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took ;  
The forcerers did with wonder on him look,  
And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd spell,  
Which no Egyptian rituals tell :  
He flings the pregnant ashes through the air,  
And speaks a mighty prayer ;  
Both which the ministering winds around all Egypt bear.  
As gentle western blasts with downy wings,  
Hatching the tender springs,  
To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,  
" Ye living buds, why do ye stay ?"  
The passionate buds break through the bark their way :  
So, wherefoe'er this tainted wind but blew,  
Swelling pains and ulcers grew ;  
It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,  
And to them added new ;  
A noisome spring of sores, as thick as leaves, did sprout.

Heaven itself is angry next ;  
(Woe to man, when Heaven is vext !)  
With fullen brow it frown'd,  
And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound :  
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,  
Waves the expected signal of his wand ;  
And all the full-charg'd clouds, in ranged squadrons  
move,  
And fill the spacious plains above ;  
Through which the rolling thunder first does play,  
And opens wide the tempest's noisy way.

And



And strait a stony shower  
 Of monstrous Hail does downwards pour,  
 Such as ne'er winter yet brought forth,  
 From all her stormy magazines of the north.  
 It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,  
 O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay ;  
 The houses and strong-body'd trees it broke,  
 Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke ;  
 The thunder but for terror through it flew,  
 The hail alone the work could do.  
 The dismal lightnings all around,  
 Some flying through the air, some running on the ground,  
 Some swimming o'er the water's face,  
 Fill'd with bright horror every place :  
 One would have thought, their dreadful day to have seen,  
 The very hail, and rain itself, had kindled been.

The infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,  
 Escap'd this general massacre  
 Of every thing that grew,  
 And the well-stor'd Egyptian year  
 Began to cloathe her fields and trees anew. [blew,  
 When lo! a scorching wind from the burnt countries  
 And endless legions with it drew  
 Of greedy Locusts ; who, where'er  
 With sounding wings they flew,  
 Left all the earth depopulate and bare,  
 As if Winter itself had march'd by there.  
 Whate'er the Sun and Nile  
 Gaye with large bounty to the thankful soil,

The

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT. 63

The wretched pillagers bore away,  
And the whole Summer was their prey ;  
Till Moses with a prayer  
Breath'd forth a violent western wind,  
Which all these living clouds did headlong bear  
(No stragglers left behind)  
Into the purple sea, and there bestow  
On the luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.  
With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,  
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his so  
near.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er  
Like this undocile king's appear !  
What, e'er, but that which now does represent  
And paint the crime out in the punishment ?  
From the deep baleful caves of hell below,  
Where the old mother Night does grow—  
Substantial Night, that does disclaim  
Privation's empty name—  
Through secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,  
Such as the sun's whole force could not oppose :  
They with a solid cloud  
All heaven's eclipsed face did shroud ;  
Seem'd, with large wings spread o'er the sea and earth,  
To brood up a new Chaos's deformed birth.  
And every lamp, and every fire,  
Did at the dreadful sight wink and expire,  
To th' Empyrean source all streams of light seem'd to  
retire,

The

The living men were in their standing-houses buried;  
 But the long Night no slumber knows,  
 But the short Death finds no repose!  
 Ten thousand terrors through the darkness fled,  
 And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured,  
 And Fancy's multiplying fight  
 View'd all the scenes invisible of Night.

Of God's dreadful anger these  
 Were but the first light skirmishes;  
 The shock and bloody battle now begins,  
 The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.  
 It was the time when the still moon  
 Was mounted softly to her noon,  
 And dewy Sleep, which from Night's secret springs arose,  
 Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.  
 When lo! from the high countries of refined day,  
 The golden heaven without alloy—  
 Whose dross, in the creation purg'd away,  
 Made up the sun's adulterate ray—  
 Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,  
 Swift as the journies of the fight,  
 Swift as the race of light,  
 And with his winged will cuts through the yielding  
 sky.  
 He pass'd through many a star, and, as he pass'd,  
 Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there  
 Than they did in their sphere.  
 On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,  
 And a mild look of sacred pity cast

Down

Down on the sinful land where he was sent,  
 T' inflict the tardy punishment.  
 " Ah! yet," said he, " yet, stubborn king! repent,  
 " Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,  
 " Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded hand ;  
 " Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live :  
 " Who would, alas ! believe  
 " That it for man," said he,  
 " So hard to be forgiven should be,  
 " And yet for God so easy to forgive !"

He spoke, and downwards flew,  
 And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,  
 Made of the blackest fleece of Night,  
 And close-wrought to keep in the powerful light,  
 Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight ;  
 But through the key-holes and the chinks of doors,  
 And through the narrow't walks of crooked pores,  
 He pass more swift and free,  
 Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.  
 He took a pointed Pestilence in his hand ;  
 The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made  
 The strongly-temper'd blade,  
 The sharpest sword that e'er was laid  
 Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked land.  
 Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,  
 And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook  
 Of every womb ; none did he spare,  
 None, from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple heir.

The swift approach of endless night  
 Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes ;  
 They' awake the rest with dying cries,  
 And darkness doubles the affright ;  
 The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,  
 And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.  
 Louder than all the shrieking women's voice  
 Pierces this chaos of confused noise ;  
 As brighter lightning cuts a way  
 Clear and distinguish'd through the day.  
 With less complaints the Zoan temples found,  
 When the adored heifer 's drown'd,  
 And no true-mark'd successor to be found.  
 Whilst health and strength, and gladness, does possess  
 The festal Hebrew cottages ;  
 The blest Destroyer comes not there,  
 To interrupt the sacred cheer  
 That new begins their well-reformed year :  
 Upon their doors he read and understood,  
 God's protection, writ in blood ;  
 Well was he skill'd i' th' character Divine ;  
 And, though he pass'd by it in haste,  
 He bow'd and worship'd, as he pass'd,  
 The mighty mystery through its humble sign.

The sword strikes now too deep and near,  
 Longer with its edge to play ;  
 No diligence or cost they spare  
 To haste the Hebrews now away,

Pharaoh

## THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

67

Pharaoh himself chides their delay ;  
So kind and bountiful is Fear !  
But, oh ! the bounty which to fear we owe,  
Is but like fire struck out of stone ;  
So hardly got, and quickly gone,  
That it scarce out-lives the blow.  
Sorrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast ;  
Rage and revenge their place possess'd ;  
With a vast host of chariots and of horse,  
And all his powerful kingdom's ready force,  
The travelling nation he pursues ;  
Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war renews.  
Fill'd with proud hopes, " At least," said he,  
" Th' Egyptian Gods, from Syrian magic free,  
" Will now revenge themselves and me ;  
" Behold what passless rocks on either hand,  
" Like prison-walls, about them stand,  
" Whilst the sea bounds their flight before !  
" And in our injur'd justice they must find  
" A far worse stop than rocks and seas behind ;  
" Which shall with crimson gore  
" New paint the water's name, and double dye the shore."

He spoke ; and all his host  
Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast ;  
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,  
And drown'd them in the neighbouring sea.  
No means t' escape the faithless travellers-spy,  
And, with degenerate fear to die,  
Curse their new-gotten liberty.

But the great Guide well knew he led them right,  
 And saw a path hid yet from human sight :  
 He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side  
 Unloose their close embraces, and divide ;  
 And backwards press, as in some solemn show  
     The crowding people do  
     (Though just before no space was seen)  
 To let the admired triumph pass between.  
 The wondering army saw on either hand  
 The no-less-wondering waves like rocks of crystal  
     stand :

    They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod  
     The secret paths of God.  
 And here and there all scatter'd in their way  
 The sea's old spoils, and gaping fishes, lay  
     Deserted on the sandy plain :  
 The sun did with astonishment behold  
 The inmost chambers of the open'd main ;  
     For, whatsoe'er of old  
 By his own priests the poets has been said,  
 He never sunk till then into the ocean's bed.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,  
 To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,  
     And saw behind th' unguided foe  
     March disorderly and slow.  
 'The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand  
     Shakes his imperious wand :  
 The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,  
     The beckoning wand espy ;

Strait

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT. 69

Strait their first right-hand files begin to move,  
And, with a murmuring wind,  
Give the word " March " to all behind.  
The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove,  
But, with a joyful, louder noise,  
Answer their distant fellows' voice,  
And haste to meet them make,  
As several troops do all at once a common signal take.  
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell  
Which on the Chamian army fell,  
When on both sides they saw the roaring main  
Broke loose from his invisible chain !  
They saw the monstrous death and watery war  
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar !  
In vain some backward and some forwards fly  
With helpless haste ; in vain they cry  
To their celestial Beasts for aid ;  
In vain their guilty king they' upbraid ;  
In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,  
With a repentance true too late ;  
They 're compass'd round with a devouring fate,  
That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon  
them all.



DAVIDEIS,  
 A SACRED POEM  
 OF THE TROUBLES OF DAVID.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

“ Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,  
 “ Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
 “ Accipiant, Cœlique vias ac Sidera monstrent.”

VIRG. Georg. II.

---

B O O K I.  
 C O N T E N T S.

The Proposition. The Invocation. The entrance into the history from a new agreement betwixt Saul and David. A description of hell. The Devil's speech. Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the shape of Benjamin. Her speech, and Saul's to himself after she was vanished. A description of heaven. God's speech: he sends an Angel to David: the Angel's message to him. David sent for, to play before Saul. A digression concerning music. David's psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His escape to his own house, from whence being pursued by

by the king's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michal he escapes and flies to Naioth, the Prophets' college at Ramah. Saul's speech, and rage at his escape. A long digression describing the Prophets' college, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary subjects of their Poetry. Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophesy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose song concludes the book.

**I** Sing the man who Judah's sceptre bore  
 In that right-hand which held the crook before ;  
 Who from best poet, best of kings did grow ;  
 The two chief gifts Heaven could on man bestow.  
 Much danger first, much toil, did he sustain, **5**  
 Whilst Saul and Hell cross'd his strong fate in vain.  
 Nor did his crown less painful work afford,  
 Less exercise his patience, or his sword ;  
 So long her conqueror, Fortune's spite pursued ;  
 Till with unwearied virtue he subdued **10**  
 All home-bred malice, and all foreign boasts ;  
 Their strength was Armies, his the Lord of Hosts.  
 Thou, who didst David's royal stem adorn,  
 And gav'st him birth from whom thyself wast born ;  
 Who didst in triumph at Death's court appear, **15**  
 And slew'st him with thy nails, thy cross, and spear,  
 Whilst Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold  
 The glorious light he forfeited of old ;  
 Who, heaven's glad burden now, and justest pride,  
 Sitt'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's side **20**

(Where hallow'd flames help to adorn that head  
 Which once the blushing thorns environed,  
 Till crimson drops of precious blood hung down  
 Like rubies to enrich thine humble crown)  
 Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,     25  
 As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre;  
 Guide my bold steps with thine own travelling flame,  
 In these untrodden paths to sacred fame!  
 Lo, with pure hands thy heavenly fire to take,  
 My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste Vestal make!     30  
 From Earth's vain joys, and Love's soft witchcraft, free,  
 I consecrate my Magdalene to thee!  
 Lo, this great work, a temple to thy praise,  
 On polish'd pillars of strong verse I raise!  
 A temple, where, if thou vouchsafe to dwell,     35  
 It Solomon's and Herod's shall excel.  
 Too long the Muses' land hath heathen been;  
 Their gods too long were Devils, and virtues Sin;  
 But thou, Eternal Word! has call'd forth me,  
 Th' apostle to convert that world to thee;     40  
 T' unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,  
 And teach, that Truth is truest poesy.  
 The malice now of jealous Saul grew less,  
 O'ercome by constant virtue and success;  
 He grew at last more weary to command     45  
 New dangers, than young David to withstand  
 Or conquer them; he fear'd his mastering fate,  
 And envy'd him a king's unpowerful hate.  
 Well did he know how palms by' oppression speed,  
 Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed!     50

The

The burden lifts them higher. Well did he know  
 How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow  
 By unjust force ; he now with wanton play  
 Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away ;  
 But, his known channel stopp'd, begins to roar, 55  
 And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore ;  
 His mutinous waters hurry to the war,  
 And troops of waves come rolling from afar :  
 Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,  
 And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent course.

This knew the tyrant, and this useful thought  
 His wounded mind to health and temper brought.  
 He old kind vows to David did renew,  
 Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true.  
 A general joy at this glad news appear'd, 65  
 For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.  
 Angels and men did peace and David love,  
 But Hell did neither him nor that approve ;  
 From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,  
 And quiet here, does there new business make. 70

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,  
 Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth—  
 Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,  
 Gold, which above more influence has than he;—  
 Beneath the dens where unfleht tempests lie, 75  
 And infant winds their tender voices try ;  
 Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves ;  
 Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,  
 Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,  
 And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep ; 80

There

There is a place deep, wondrous deep, below,  
 Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow ;  
 No bound controls th' unwearied space, but hell  
 Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.  
 Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face           85  
 Strikes through the solid darkness of the place ;  
 No dawning morn does her kind reds display ;  
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the day :  
 No gentle stars with their fair gems of light  
 Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd night.           90  
 Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns ;  
 Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains ;  
 Once general of a gilded host of sprites,  
 Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights ;  
 But down like lightning, which him struck, he came ;  
 And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame :  
 Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there ;  
 With dropping lights thick shone the singed air ;  
 Since when, the dismal solace of their woe  
 Has only been weak mankind to undo ;           100  
 Themselves at first against themselves they' excite,  
 (Their dearest conquest and most proud delight)  
 And, if those mines of secret treason fail,  
 With open force man's virtue they assail ;  
 Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy,           105  
 And, where their poisons miss, the sword employ.  
 Thus fought the tyrant-fiend young David's fall,  
 And 'gainst him arm'd the powerful rage of Saul :  
 He saw the beauties of his shape and face,  
 His female sweetness, and his manly grace :           110

He saw the nobler wonders of his mind,  
 Great gifts ! which for great works he knew design'd :  
 He saw (t' ashame the strength of man and hell)  
 How by 's young hands their Gathite champion fell :  
 He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed            115  
 The royal drops round his enlarged head ;  
 And well he knew what legacy did place  
 The sacred sceptre in blest Judah's race,  
 From which th' eternal Shilo was to spring ;  
 A knowledge which new hells to hell did bring !    120  
 And, though no less he knew himself too weak  
 The smallest link of strong-wrought Fate to break,  
 Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain ;  
 Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 'twas in vain.  
 And, now it broke his form'd design, to find            125  
 The gentle change of Saul's recovering mind ;  
 He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd, and griev'd  
 (The great Deceiver !) to be himself deceiv'd.  
 Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,  
 And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll ;            130  
 His eyes dart forth red flames, which scare the night,  
 And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright ;  
 A troop of gastly fiends compass him round,  
 And greedily catch at his lips' fear'd sound.

" Are we such Nothings then ! " said he, " our will  
 " Crost by a shepherd's boy ! and you yet still  
 " Play with your idle serpents here ? dares none  
 " Attempt what becomes Furies ? are ye grown  
 " Benumb'd with fear, or Virtue's spiritless cold,  
 " You, who were once (I 'm sure) so brave and bold ?  
 " Oh !

“ Oh ! my ill-chang'd condition ! oh, my fate !  
 “ Did I lose heaven for this ? ”

With that, with his long tail he lash'd his breast,  
 And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.

The quaking powers of night stood in amaze, 145

And at each other first could only gaze ;

A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,

Doubling the native terror of hell's face ;

Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before

So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore ; 150

No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known,

The souls, amidst their tortures, durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,

Of all the direfull'st ; her black locks hung long,

Attir'd with curling serpents ; her pale skin 155

Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within ;

And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey

Upon her panting heart both night and day,

Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair

Both night and day they left fresh poisons there. 160

Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,

And torn by her own hands, in which she bore

A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim

Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim ;

With which, when she was drunk, she furious grew,

And lash'd herself : thus from th' accursed crew

Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,

Envy, good only when she 'herself torments.

“ Spend not, great king ! thy precious rage,” said she,

“ Upon so poor a cause ; shall mighty we 170

“ The

" The glory of our wrath to him afford ?  
 " Are we not Furies still, and you our lord ?  
 " At thy dread anger the fix'd world shall shake,  
 " And frighted Nature her own laws forsake :  
 " Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply, 175  
 " And thunder echo 't to the trembling sky ;  
 " Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,  
 " As shall the fire's proud element affright :  
 " Th' old drudging sun from his long-beaten way  
 " Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day ; 180  
 " The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,  
 " And stubborn poles change their allotted place ;  
 " Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,  
 " Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere ;  
 " Nay, their God too—for fear he did, when we 185  
 " Took noble arms against his tyranny,  
 " So noble arms, and in a cause so great,  
 " That triumphs they deserve for their defeat.  
 " There was a day ! oh might I see 't again,  
 " Though he had fiercer flames to thrust us in ! 190  
 " And can such powers be by a child withstood ?  
 " Will flings, alas ! or pebbles, do him good ?  
 " What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,  
 " And giants, could not, that my word shall do :  
 " I 'll soon dissolve this peace ; were Saul's new love  
 " (But Saul we know) great as my hate shall prove,  
 " Before their sun twice more be gone about,  
 " I and my faithful snakes would drive it out.  
 " By me, Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,  
 " A sacrifice far worse than that before ;

200

" I saw



" I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant  
 " At once his murder and his monument,  
 " And laugh'd to see (for 'twas a goodly show)  
 " The earth by her first tiller fatten'd so:  
 " I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea;           205  
 " He and his host drank up cold death by me:  
 " By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,  
 " And Moses (curse upon that name!) forsook;  
 " Hither (ye know) almost alive he came  
 " Through the cleft earth; ours was his funeral flame:  
 " By me—but I lose time, methinks, and should  
 " Perform new acts whilst I relate the old.  
 " David 's the next our fury must enjoy:  
 " 'Tis not thy God himself shall save thee, boy!  
 " No, if he do, may the whole world have peace;   215  
 " May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease,  
 " And, banish'd from this potent court below,  
 " May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow!"

She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a pause;  
 But strait the general murmur of applause           220  
 Ran through Death's courts; she frown'd still, and begun  
 To envy at the praise herself had won.

Great Beelzebub starts from his burning throne  
 To 'embrace the Fiend, but she, now furious grown  
 To act her part; thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;  
 The snakes all hiss'd, the fiends all murmured.

It was the time when silent night began  
 T' enchain with sleep the busy spirits of man;  
 And Saul himself, though in his troubled breast  
 The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest:           230

So did not Envy ; but with haste arose ;  
 And, as through Israel's stately towns she goes,  
 She frowns, and shakes her head ; " Shine on " says she,  
 " Ruins ere long shall your sole monuments be."

The silver moon with terror paler grew,                    235

And neighbouring Hermon sweated flowery dew ;

Swift Jordan started, and strait backward fled,

Hiding among thick reeds his aged head :

Lo, at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook ;

And nimbly there the reverend shape she took            240

Of Father Benjamin ; so long her beard,

So large her limbs, so grave her looks, appear'd,

Just like his statue, which beset Saul's gate,

And seem'd to guard the race it did create.

In this known form she' approach'd the tyrant's side ;

And thus her words the sacred form bely'd :

    " Arise, lost king of Israel ! canst thou lie

    " Dead in this sleep, and yet thy last so nigh ?

    " If king thou be'st, if Jesse's race as yet

    " Sit not on Israel's throne ! and shall he sit ?            250

    " Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly ?

    " From the mild brickhill's nobler slavery ?

    " For this, did seas your powerful rod obey ?

    " Did wonders guide, and feed, you on your way ?

    " Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage bear, 255

    " You who can serve a boy, and minstrel, here ?

    " Forbid it, God ! if thou be'st just ; this shame

    " Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's, name !

    " Why was I else from Canaan's famine led ?

    " Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead,            260

    " Ere

" Ere my full loins discharg'd this numerous race,  
 " This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their disgrace !  
 " Ah, Saul ! thy servant's vassal must thou live ?  
 " Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give ?  
 " What wants he now but that ? canst thou forget 265  
 " (If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they met  
 " The youth with songs ? alas ! poor monarch ! you  
 " Your thousand only, he ten thousand, slew !  
 " Him Israel loves, him neighbouring countries fear ;  
 " You but the name and empty title bear. 270  
 " And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court ;  
 " The court that must be his ; where he shall sport  
 " Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold,  
 " Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told  
 " This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he 275  
 " With bold false threats from God affronted thee ?  
 " The dotard ly'd ; God said it not, I know ;  
 " Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee so . .  
 " Was not the choice his own ? did not thy worth  
 " Exact the royal lot, and call it forth ? 280  
 " Hast thou not since (my best and greatest son !)  
 " To him, and to his perishing nation, done  
 " Such lasting benefits as may justly claim  
 " A sceptre as eternal as thy fame ?  
 " Poor prince ! whom madmen, priests, and boys, invade ;  
 " By thine own flesh, thy ungrateful son, betray'd !  
 " Unnatural fool ! who can thus cheated be  
 " By friendship's name, against a crown and thee !  
 " Betray not too thyself ; take courage, call  
 " Thy' enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul. 290

" Lo ! this great cause makes thy dead fathers rise,  
 " Breaks the firm seals of their clos'd tombs and eyes.  
 " Nor can their jealous ashes, whilst this boy  
 " Survives, the privilege of their graves enjoy.  
 " Rise quickly, Saul ! and take that rebel's breath, 295  
 " Which troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death :  
 " Kill him, and thou 'rt secure ; 'tis only he  
 " That 's boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee,  
 " As earth's low globe robs the high moon of light ;  
 " When this eclipse is past, thy fate 's all bright. 300  
 " Trust me, dear son ! and credit what I tell ;  
 " I 've seen thy royal stars, and know them well.  
 " Hence, fears and dull delays ! is not thy breast  
 " (Yes, Saul, it is) with noble thoughts possess'd ?  
 " May they beget like acts !" With that she takes 305  
 One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes :  
 " Softly, dear worm ! soft and unseen," said she,  
 " Into his bosom steal, and in it be  
 " My viceroy." At that word she took her flight,  
 And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night. 310

Th' infected king leapt from his bed amaz'd,  
 Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd ;  
 And started back at piec'd-up shapes, which fear  
 And his distracted fancy painted there :  
 Terror froze up his hair, and on his face 315  
 Showers of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace.  
 Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,  
 Earth with his feet, he cries, " Oh ! 'tis confess'd ;  
 " I 've been a pious fool, a woman-king ;  
 " Wrong'd by a seer, a boy, every thing. 320

“ Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,  
 “ So unconcern'd, as my lethargic sleep.  
 “ My patience even a sacrilege becomes,  
 “ Disturbs the dead, and opes their sacred tombs.  
 “ Ah! Benjamin, kind father! who for me 325  
 “ This curst world endur'd again to see!  
 “ All thou hast said, great vision! is so true,  
 “ That all which thou command'st, and more, I'll do:  
 “ Kill him! yes, mighty ghost! the wretch shall die,  
 “ Though every star in heaven should it deny; 330  
 “ Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,  
 “ Had he ten times his fam'd ten thousand slain.  
 “ Should that bold popular madman, whose design  
 “ Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,  
 “ Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent, 335  
 “ Should mine own heart grow scrupulous and relent,  
 “ Curse me, just Heaven! (by which this truth I swear)  
 “ If I that see, my son, or self, do spare.  
 “ No, gentle ghost! return to thy still home;  
 “ Thither, this day, mine and thy foe shall come. 340  
 “ If that curst object longer vex my sight,  
 “ It must have learnt t' appear as thou to-night.”

Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,  
 The threaten'd youth slept fearless on his bed;  
 Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take, 345  
 For, though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.  
 Above the subtle foldings of the sky;  
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;  
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night;  
 There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light; 350  
 Where

Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,  
 Is stretch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find :  
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,  
 Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space ;  
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray . 355  
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day ;  
 No pale-fac'd moon does in stol'n beams appear,  
 Or with dim taper scatters darkness there ;  
 On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,  
 No circling motion doth swift time divide ; 360  
 Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
 But an eternal Now does always last.  
 There sits th' Almighty, First of all, and End ;  
 Whom nothing but himself can comprehend ;  
 Who with his word commanded all to be, 365  
 And all obey'd him, for that word was He :  
 Only he spoke, and every thing that is  
 From out the womb of fertile nothing ris'.  
 Oh, who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,  
 Thou great Three-One ! 370  
 There thou thyself dost in full presence show,  
 Not absent from these meaner worlds below ;  
 No, if thou wert, the elements' league would cease,  
 And all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace ;  
 The sun would stop his course, or gallop back, 375  
 The stars drop out, the poles themselves would crack ;  
 Earth's strong foundations would be torn in twain,  
 And this vast work all ravel out again  
 To its first nothing : for his spirit contains  
 The well-knit mass ; from him each creature gains 380

Being and motion, which he still bestows ;  
 From him th' effect of our weak action flows :  
 Round him vast armies of swift angels stand,  
 Which seven triumphant generals command ;  
 They sing loud anthems of his endless praise, 385  
 And with fix'd eyes drink-in immortal rays :  
 Of these he call'd-out one ; all heaven did shake,  
 And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.

“ Are we forgotten then so soon ? can he  
 “ Look on his crown, and not remember me 390  
 “ That gave it ? can he think we did not hear  
 “ (Fond man ! ) his threats ? and have we made the ear,  
 “ To be accounted deaf ? No, Saul ! we heard ;  
 “ And it will cost thee dear : the ills thou'lt fear'd,  
 “ Practis'd, or thought on, I 'll all double send ; 395  
 “ Have we not spoke it, and dares man contend ?  
 “ Alas, poor dust ! didst thou but know the day  
 “ When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa,  
 “ Thou, and thy sons, thou would'lt not threaten still ;  
 “ Thy trembling tongue would stop against thy will. 400  
 “ Then shall thine head fix'd in curst temples be,  
 “ And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.  
 “ That hand which now on David's life would prey,  
 “ Shall then turn just, and its own master slay ;  
 “ He whom thou hat'lt, on thy lov'd throne shall sit, 405  
 “ And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.  
 “ Haste then ; tell David what his king has sworn,  
 “ Tell him whose blood must paint this rising morn ;  
 “ Yet bid him go securely, when he sends ;  
 “ 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and We his friends : 410.  
 “ The

“ The man who has his God, 'no aid can lack,  
 “ And We, who bid him go, will bring him back.”

He spoke; the heavens seem'd decently to bow,  
 With all their bright inhabitants; and now  
 The jocund spheres began again to play, 415  
 Again each Spirit sung Halleluia;

Only that Angel was strait gone; even so  
 (But not so swift) the morning-glories flow.  
 At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground;  
 So winged lightning the soft air does wound. 420  
 Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call  
 The motion, having no account so small.

So flew this Angel, till to David's bed  
 He came, and thus his sacred message said:

“ Awake, young man, hear what thy king has sworn;  
 “ He swore thy blood should paint this rising morn:  
 “ Yet to him go securely, when he sends;  
 “ 'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends:  
 “ The man who has his God, no aid can lack;  
 “ And he who bids thee go, will bring thee back.” 430

Up leap'd Jessides, and did round him stare,  
 But could see nought; for nought was left but air:  
 Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,  
 Lo! the short prophecy t' effect is brought:  
 In treacherous haste he 's sent for to the king, 435  
 And with him bid his charming lyre to bring.

The king, they say, lies raging in a fit,  
 Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit;  
 And true it was, soft music did appease  
 Th' obscure fantastic rage of Saul's disease. 440



Tell me, oh Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell,  
 The mystic powers that in blest numbers dwell;  
 Thou their great nature know'st, nor is it fit  
 This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit)  
 Tell me from whence these heavenly charms arise; 445  
 Teach the dull world t' admire what they despise!

As first a various uniform'd hint we find  
 Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,  
 Till all the parts and words their places take,  
 And with just marches verse and music make; 450  
 Such was God's poem, this world's new essay;  
 So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;  
 Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,  
 An artless war from thwarting motions grew;  
 Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought 455  
 By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought.

Water and Air he for the tenor chose,  
 Earth made the bass, the treble Flame arose:  
 To th' active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave,  
 To Saturn's string, a touch more soft and grave. 460  
 The motions strait, and round, and swift, and slow,  
 And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so—  
 Did in such artful figures smoothly fall—  
 As made this decent-measur'd Dance of All.  
 And this is music: sounds that charms our ears, 465  
 Are but one dressing that rich science wears.

Though no man hear 't, though no man it rehearse,  
 Yet will there still be music in my verse;  
 In this great world so much of it we see,  
 The lesser, Man, is all o'er harmony;

470

Storehouse

Storehouse of all proportions ! single quire !  
 Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire !  
 From hence blest music's heavenly charms arise,  
 From sympathy, which them and man allies.  
 Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies, win, 475  
 Not by their force, but party that 's within :  
 Thus the strange cure, on our spilt blood apply'd,  
 Sympathy to the distant wound does guide :  
 Thus, when two brethren-strings are set alike,  
 To move them both, but one of them we strike : 30  
 Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,  
 And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

W H E N Israel was from bondage led,  
 Led by th' Almighty's hand  
 From out a foreign land, 485  
 The great sea beheld, and fled.  
 As men pursued, when that fear past they find,  
 Stop on some higher ground to look behind ;  
 So, whilst through wondrous ways  
 The sacred army went, 490  
 The waves afar stood up to gaze,  
 And their own rocks did represent,  
 Solid as waters are above the firmament.

Old Jordan's waters to their spring  
 Start back with sudden fright ; 495  
 The spring, amaz'd at sight,  
 Asks what news from sea they bring.  
 The mountains shook ; and to the mountains' side  
 The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide ;

As young affrighted lambs, 500  
 When they aught dreadful spy,  
 Run trembling to their helpless dams :  
 The mighty sea and river, by,  
 Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too fly.

What ail'd the mighty sea to flee ? 505  
 Or why did Jordan's tide  
 Back to his fountain glide ?  
 Jordan's tide, what ailed thee ?  
 Why leap'd the hills ? why did the mountains shake ?  
 What ail'd them, their fix'd natures to forsake ? 510  
 Fly where thou wilt, O sea !  
 And Jordan's current cease !  
 Jordan, there is no need of thee ;  
 For at God's word, whene'er he please,  
 The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead of these.

THUS sung the great Musician to his lyre ;  
 And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire ;  
 But Envy's serpent still with him remain'd,  
 And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd.  
 Th' unthankful king, cur'd truly of his fit, 520  
 Seems to lie drown'd and buried still in it ;  
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,  
 To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse :  
 For, whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,  
 And the soft medicine with kind art renews, 525  
 The barbarous patient casts at him his spear  
 (The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)

Casts

Casts it with violent strength; but into th' room  
 An arm more strong and sure than his was come;  
 An Angel, whose unseen and easy might      530  
 Put-by the weapon, and mislead it right.  
 How vain man's power is! unless God command,  
 The weapon disobey's his master's hand;  
 Happy was now the error of the blow;  
 At Gilboa it will not serve him so.      535  
 One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage t' have  
   seen,  
 He had himself by David wounded been:  
 He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,  
 And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin;  
 A bloody troop of his own guards he sends      540  
 (Slaves to his will, and falsely call'd his friends)  
 To mend his error by a surer blow;  
 So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.  
 Home flies the Prince, and to his trembling wife  
 Relates the new-past hazard of his life;      545  
 Which she with decent passion hears him tell;  
 For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.  
 Upon their palace'-top, beneath a row  
 Of lemon-trees—which there did proudly grow,  
 And with bright stores of golden fruit repay      550  
 The light they drank from the sun's neighbouring ray,—  
 (A small, but artful Paradise) they walk'd,  
 And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.  
 Here Michal first an armed troop espies  
 (So faithful and so quick are loving eyes!)      555  
                               Which

Which march'd, and often glister'd, through a wood,  
 That on right-hand of her fair palace stood ;  
 She saw them ; and cry'd out, " They 're come to kill  
 " My dearest lord ; Saul's spear pursues thee still.  
 " Behold his wicked guards ! haste quickly, fly ! 560  
 " For Heaven's sake, haste ! my dear lord, do not die !  
 " Ah, cruel father ! whose ill-natur'd rage  
 " Neither thy worth, nor marriage, can assuage !  
 " Will he part those he join'd so late before ?  
 " Were the two-hundred foreskins worth no more ? 565  
 " He shall not part us ;" (then she wept between).  
 " At yonder window thou may'st 'scape unseen ;  
 " This hand shall let thee down ! stay not, but haste ;  
 " 'Tis not my use to send thee hence so fast."  
 " Best of all women !" he replies—and this 570  
 Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss ;  
 " Throw not away," said she, " thy precious breath ;  
 " Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death."  
 Timely he' obeys her wise advice ; and strait  
 To unjust force she' opposes just deceit : 575  
 She meets the murderers with a virtuous lye,  
 And good dissembling tears ; " May he not die  
 " In quiet then ?" said she, " will they not give  
 " That freedom, who so fear lest he should live ?  
 " Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conspire, 580  
 " And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.  
 " Must he not live ? for that ye need not sin ;  
 " My much-wrong'd husband speechless lies within,  
 " And has too little left of vital breath  
 " To know his murderers, or to feel his death. 585  
 " One

“ One hour will do your work ——— ”

Here her well-govern'd tears dropp'd down apace :

Beauty and sorrow mingled in one face

Has such resistless charms, that they believe,

And an unwilling aptness find to grieve 590

At what they came for. A pale statue's head,

In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed ;

Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,

And on the table medicinal relics lie ;

In the close room a well-plac'd taper's light 595

Adds a becoming horror to the sight :

And for th' impresson God prepar'd their sense ;

They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.

How vain attempts Saul's unblest anger tries,

By his own hands deceiv'd, and servants' eyes ! 600

“ It cannot be,” said he, “ no, can it ? shall

“ Our great ten-thousand-slayer idly fall ?

“ The silly rout thinks God protects him still ;

“ But God, alas ! guards not the bad from ill.

“ Oh may he guard him ! may his members be 605

“ In as full strength and well-set harmony

“ As the fresh body of the first-made man

“ Ere sin, or sin's just meed, Disease, began !

“ He will be else too small for our vast hate ;

“ And we must share in our revenge with Fate. 610

“ No ; let us have him whole ; we else may seem

“ To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from him,

“ And cut that thread which would have dropp'd in

“ two ;

“ Will our great anger learn to stoop so low ?

“ I know

" I know it cannot, will not ; him we prize 615  
 " Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,  
 " That must not blemish'd be ; let him remain  
 " Secure, and grow up to our stroke again.  
 " 'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,  
 " When he shall strive and wrestle with his death ; 620  
 " Go, let him live — And yet — shall I then stay  
 " So long ? good and great actions hate delay.  
 " Some foolish piety perhaps, or he  
 " That has been still mine honour's enemy,  
 " Samuel, may change or cross my just intent, 625  
 " And I this formal pity soon repent :  
 " Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,  
 " That he can fly no more, if we should miss ;  
 " Miss ! can we miss again ? Go bring him strait,  
 " Though gasping out his soul ; if the wish'd date 630  
 " Of his accursed life be almost past,  
 " Some joy 'twill be to see him breathe his last."  
 The troop return'd, of their short virtue' asham'd,  
 Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness blam'd ;  
 But when the pious fraud they understood, 635  
 Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,  
 Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,  
 From Michal's murder their wild rage restrain'd.  
 She 'alleg'd the holiest chains that bind a wife,  
 Duty and love ; she alleg'd that her own life, 640  
 Had she refus'd that safety to her lord,  
 Would have incurr'd just danger from his sword.  
 Now was Saul's wrath full-grown ; he takes no rest ;  
 A violent flame rolls in his troubled breast,

And

And in fierce lightning from his eye does break ; 645  
 Not his own favourites and best friends dare speak,  
 Or look on him ; but, mute and trembling all,  
 Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.

So, when the pride and terror of the wood,  
 A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,      650

E spies out from afar some well-fed beast,  
 And bristles up, preparing for his feast ;  
 If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,  
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws  
 Tear up the ground ; then runs he wild about,      655

Lashing his angry tail, and roaring-out ;  
 Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there ;  
 Trees, though no wind stirring, shake with fear ;  
 Silence and horror fill the place around ;  
 Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.      660

Midst a large wood, that joins fair Rama's town  
 (The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)  
 A college stands, where at great Prophets' feet  
 The Prophets' Sons with silent diligence meet ;  
 By Samuel built, and moderately endow'd,      665  
 Yet more to' his liberal tongue than hands they ow'd ;  
 There himself taught, and, his blest'd voice to hear,  
 Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.

The house was a large square, but plain and low ;  
 Wise Nature's use Art strove not to outgo :      670

An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made ;  
 And, midst the friendly cover of their shade,  
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose ;  
 Which no vain cost of marble did enclose ;



Nor through carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass,  
 Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' liquid glafs ;  
 Yet the chaste stream, that 'mong loose pebbles fell,  
 For cleanness, thirst, religion, serv'd as well.  
 The scholars, doctors, and companions, here,  
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were,      680  
 Well-furnish'd chambers ; for in each there stood  
 A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood ;  
 More is but clog, where use does bound delight ;  
 And those are rich whose wealth 's proportion'd right  
 To their life's form : more goods would but become  
 A burden to them, and contract their room.  
 A second court, more sacred, stood behind,  
 Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd :  
 The hall and schools one side of it possess ;  
 The library and synagogue the rest.      690  
 Tables of plain-cut fir, adorn'd the hall ;  
 And with beasts' skins the beds were cover'd all.  
 The reverend doctors take their seats on high,  
 Th' elect companions in their bosoms lie ;  
 The scholars far below, upon the ground,      695  
 On fresh-strew'd rushes, place themselves around.  
 With more respect the wise and ancient lay ;  
 But eat not choicer herbs or bread than they,  
 Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast ;  
 But by great days, and sacrifice increas'd.      700  
 The schools, built round and higher, at the end  
 With their fair circle did this side extend ;  
 To which their synagogue, on th' other side,  
 And to the hall their library reply'd.

The midst towards their large gardens open lay, 705

To' admit the joys of spring and early day.

I' th' library a few choice authors stood ;

Yet 'twas well-stor'd, for that small store was good ;

Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then

Itself, as now, grown a disease of men. 710

Learning, young Virgin ! but few suitors knew ;

The Common Prostitute she lately grew,

And with her spurious brood loads now the press ;

Laborious effects of idleness !

Here all the various forms one might behold 715

How letters sav'd themselves from death of old ;

Some painfully engrav'd in thin-wrought plates ;

Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd on slates ;

Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with short-liv'd toil,

Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil : 720

Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks ;

Some the sharp style in waxen tables marks ;

Some in beasts' skins, and some in Biblos' reed ;

Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.

The schools were painted well with useful skill ; 725

Stars, maps, and stories, the learn'd wall did fill.

Wise wholesome proverbs mix'd around the room,

Some writ, and in Egyptian figures some.

Here all the noblest Wits of men inspir'd,

From earth's slight joys, and worthless toils, retir'd 730

( Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead )

Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.

The course and power of stars great Nathan taught,

And home to man those distant wonders brought ;

How

How tow'rd both Poles the sun's fix'd journey bends,  
 And how the year his crooked walk attends ;  
 By what just steps the wandering lights advance,  
 And what eternal measures guide their dance :  
 Himself a prophet ; but his lectures show'd  
 How little of that art to them he ow'd. 740

Mahol, th' inferior world's fantastic face,  
 Through all the turns of Matter's maze, did trace ;  
 Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took ;  
 On all the springs and smallest wheels did look  
 Of life and motion ; and with equal art 745  
 Made up again the whole of every part.

The prophet Gad in learned dust designs  
 Th' immortal solid rules of fancy'd Lines :  
 Of Numbers too th' unnumber'd wealth he shows,  
 And with them far their endless journey goes ; 750  
 Numbers, which still increase more high and wide  
 From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.

Of Men and Ages past Seraiah read ;  
 Embalm'd in long-liv'd history the dead ;  
 Show'd the steep falls and slow ascent of states ; 755  
 What wisdom and what follies make their fates.

Samuel himself did God's rich Law display ;  
 Taught doubting men with judgment to obey ;  
 And oft his ravish'd soul, with sudden flight,  
 Soar'd above present times and human fight. 760

Those Arts but welcome strangers might appear,  
 Music and Verse seem'd born and bred-up here ;  
 Scarce the blest heaven, that rings with Angels' voice,  
 Does with more constant Harmony rejoice :

The sacred Muse does here each breast inspire ; 765  
 Heman, and sweet-mouth'd Afaph, rule their quire ;  
 Both charming poets ; and all strains they play'd,  
 By artful breath or nimble fingers made.  
 The synagogue was dress'd with care and cost  
 (The only place where that they esteem'd not lost) ;  
 The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,  
 The sides refresh'd with silks of sacred blue.  
 Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,  
 Thrice prayers from willing Heaven a blessing draw ;  
 Thrice in glad hymns, swell'd with the Great One's praise,  
 The pliant voice on her seven steps they raise,  
 Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around  
 To the just feet with various concord sound ;  
 Such things were Muses then, contemn'd low earth ;  
 Decently proud, and mindful of their birth. 780  
 'Twas God himself that here tun'd every tongue ;  
 And gratefully of him alone they sung :  
 They sung how God spoke-out the world's vast ball ;  
 From nothing, and from no-where, call'd forth all.  
 No Nature yet, or place for 't to possess, 785  
 But an unbottom'd gulph of emptiness :  
 Full of Himself, th' Almighty fate, his own  
 Palace, and without solitude alone.  
 But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd ;  
 Which, ere they were, his active word fulfill'd ; 790  
 And their astonish'd heads o' th' sudden rear'd ;  
 An unshap'd kind of something first appear'd,  
 Confessing its new being, and undrest,  
 As if it stepp'd in haste before the rest.

Yet, buried in this Matter's darksome womb,      795  
 Lay the rich seeds of every thing to come :  
 From hence the chearful Flame leap'd up so high ;  
 Close at its heels the nimble Air did fly ;  
 Dull Earth with his own weight did downwards pierce  
 To the fix'd navel of the universe,      800  
 And was quite lost in waters ; till God said  
 To the proud Sea, " Shrink-in your insolent head,  
 " See how the gaping Earth has made you place !"  
 That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace :  
 Since when, his bounds are set ; at which in vain      805  
 He foams, and rages, and turns back again.  
 With richer stuff he bade Heaven's fabric shine,  
 And from him a quick spring of light divine  
 Swell'd up the Sun, from whence his cherishing flame  
 Fills the whole world, like Him from whom it came.  
 He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect mould,  
 And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold ;  
 " Be thou," said he, " queen of the mournful night,"  
 And as he spoke, she 'arose clad o'er in light,  
 With thousand stars attending on her train ;      815  
 With her they rise, with her they set again.  
 Then Herbs peep'd forth, new Trees admiring stood,  
 And smelling Flowers painted the infant wood.  
 Then flocks of Birds through the glad air did flee,  
 Joyful, and safe before man's luxury,      820  
 Singing their maker in their untaught lays :  
 Nay, the mute Fish witness no less his praise ;  
 For those he made, and cloath'd with silver scales,  
 From minnows, to those living islands, whales.

Beasts

Beasts too were his command : what could he more ?  
 Yes, Man he could, the bond of all before ;  
 In him he all things with strange order hurl'd ;  
 In him, that full abridgment of the world.

This, and much more of God's great works they told ;  
 His mercies, and some judgments too, of old : 830  
 How, when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin,  
 With an impetuous noise the waves came rushing in :  
 Where birds erewhile dwelt and securely fung,  
 There fish (an unknown net) entangled hung :  
 The face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay ; 835  
 The sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.  
 This men forgot, and burnt in lust again ;  
 Till showers, strange as their sin, of fiery rain  
 And scalding brimstone, dropp'd on Sodom's head ;  
 Alive, they felt those flames they fry-in dead. 840  
 No better end rash Pharaoh's pride befel,  
 When wind and sea wag'd war for Israel :  
 In his gilt chariots amaz'd fishes sat,  
 And grew with corpse of wretched princes fat ;  
 The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain ; 845  
 Nor was it since call'd the Red-sea in vain.  
 Much too they told of faithful Abram's fame,  
 To whose blest passage they owe still their name :  
 Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun,  
 What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won ;  
 How many kings they slew, or captive brought ;  
 They held the swords, but God and angels fought.  
 Thus gain'd they the wise-spending of their days ;  
 And their whole life was their dear Maker's praise.

No minute's rest, no swiftest thought, they fold 855  
 To that beloved plague of mankind, gold ;  
 Gold, for which all mankind with greater pains  
 Labour tow'rds hell, then those who dig its veins.  
 Their wealth was the contempt of it ; which more  
 They valued than rich fools the shining ore. 860  
 The silk-worms' precious death they scorn'd to wear,  
 And Tyrian dye appear'd but sordid there.  
 Honour, which since the price of souls became,  
 Seem'd to these great-ones a low idle name.  
 Instead of down, hard beds they chose to have, 865  
 Such as might bid them not forget their grave.  
 Their board dispeopled no full element,  
 Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,  
 And spar'd the stock ; nor could their bodies say  
 We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday. 870  
 Thus souls live cleanly, and no foiling fear,  
 But entertain their welcome Maker there ;  
 The senses perform nimbly what they 're bid,  
 And honestly, nor are by Reason chid ;  
 And, when the down of sleep does softly fall, 875  
 'Their dreams are heavenly then, and mystical ;  
 With hasty wings time present they outfly,  
 And tread the doubtful maze of destiny ;  
 There walk, and sport among the years to come,  
 And with quick eye pierce every cause's womb. 880  
 Thus these wise saints enjoy'd their little all,  
 Free from the spite of much-mistaken Saul :  
 For, if man's life we in just balance weigh,  
 David deserv'd his envy less than they.

Of



Of this retreat the hunted Prince makes choice, 885  
 Adds to their choir his nobler lyre and voice.  
 But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie;  
 So bright his lustre, so quick Envy's eye!  
 Th' offended troop, whom he escap'd before,  
 Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more: 895  
 Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords;  
 Some part of him all promise to their swords.

They came, but a new spirit their hearts possess,  
 Scattering a sacred calm through every breast:  
 The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile, 895  
 Sink down into the dimples of a smile;  
 Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,  
 And the chaste streams with even current glide;  
 A sudden day breaks gently through their eyes,  
 And morning-blushes in their cheeks arise: 900  
 The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder, cease;  
 In peaceful tunes they' adore the God of peace!  
 New messengers twice more the tyrant sent,  
 And was twice more mock'd with the same event:  
 His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay; 905  
 It sends him there himself: but on the way  
 His foolish anger a wise fury grew,  
 And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew:  
 His kingly robes he laid at Naioth down,  
 Began to understand, and scorn, his crown; 910  
 Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,  
 And felt more solid joys than empire brings;  
 Embrac'd his wondering son, and on his head,  
 The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.



So covetous Balaam, with a fond intent  
 Of cursing the blest seed, to Moab went :  
 But as he went, his fatal tongue to fell,  
 His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well.

915

“ How comely are thy tents, oh Israel !”  
 (Thus he began) “ what conquests they foretel ! 920  
 “ Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride,  
 “ Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side ;  
 “ Less fair are vallies, their green mantles spread !  
 “ Or mountains with tall cedars on their head !  
 “ 'Twas God himself (thy God who must not fear ?)  
 “ Brought thee from bondage to be master here.  
 “ Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons get,  
 “ And death in triumph on thy darts shall fit.  
 “ When Judah's lion starts up to his prey,  
 “ The beasts shall hang their ears, and creep away ;  
 “ When he lies down, the woods shall silence keep,  
 “ And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.  
 “ Thy cursers, Jacob ! shall twice curst be ;  
 “ And he shall bless himself that blesses thee !”

## D A V I D E I S.

## B O O K II.

## C O N T E N T S.

The friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon that occasion a digression concerning the nature of Love. A discourse between Jonathan and David; upon which the latter absents himself from court, and the former goes thither, to inform himself of Saul's resolution. The feast of the New-Moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression of the history of Abraham. Saul's speech upon David's absence from the feast, and his anger against Jonathan. David's resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a tree. A description of Phansy; an angel makes up a vision in David's head; the vision itself, which is, a prophecy of all the succession of his race till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking, Gabriel assumes an human shape, and confirms to him the truth of his vision.

**B**UT now the early birds began to call  
 The morning forth; up rose the sun and Saul;  
 Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;  
 But both, alas! from restless labours rose;

For in Saul's breast, envy, the toilsome sin, 5  
 Had all that night active and tyrannous been :  
 She expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace ;  
 Of the past day no footstep left or trace ;  
 The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,  
 Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear. 10  
 So near a storm wise David would not stay,  
 Nor trust the glittering of a faithless day ;  
 He saw the sun call in his beams apace,  
 And angry clouds march up into their place ;  
 The sea itself smooths his rough brow awhile, 15  
 Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile ;  
 But he, whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,  
 Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.  
 Such is the sea, and such was Saul.  
 But Jonathan, his son, and only good, 20  
 Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood ;  
 Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,  
 Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,  
 On both his banks, to every flower and tree ;  
 The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see. 25  
 But more than all, more than himself, he lov'd  
 The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd ;  
 For, when the noble youth at Dammin stood,  
 Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,  
 Jonathan pierc'd him through with greedy eye, 30  
 And understood the future majesty  
 Then destin'd in the glories of his look ;  
 He saw, and strait was with amazement strook,

To

To see the strength, the feature, and the grace  
 Of his young limbs : he saw his comely face, 35  
 Where love and reverence so well mingled were ;  
 And head, already crown'd with golden hair :  
 He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,  
 Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame :  
 He saw his valour, by their safety prov'd ; 40  
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he lov'd.

What art thou, Love ! thou great mysterious thing !  
 From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring ?  
 'Tis thou that mov'st the world through every part,  
 And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start 45  
 From the due place and office first ordain'd ;  
 By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.  
 Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say  
 From hence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st that way ;  
 But oftener the short beams of Reason's eye 50  
 See only There thou art, not How, nor Why.  
 How is the loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,  
 By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride ?  
 How was the weapon wounded ? what hid flame  
 The strong and conquering metal overcame ? 55  
 Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state ;  
 He feels thee, Love ! and feels no more his weight.  
 Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,  
 Why does that twining plant the oak embrace ?  
 The oak, for courtship most of all unfit, 60  
 And rough as are the winds that fight with it ?  
 How does the absent pole the needle move ?  
 How does his cold and ice beget hot love ?

Which

Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?  
 Or why does weight to th' centre downwards bend? 65  
 Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,  
 And seldom we, they never, know the cause.  
 In thy large state, Life gives the next degree,  
 Where Sense, and Good Apparent, places thee;  
 But thy chief palace is man's heart alone, 70  
 Here are thy triumphs and full glories shown;  
 Handsome Desires, and Rest, about thee flee,  
 Union, Inherence, Zeal, and Extasy.  
 Thousand with joys cluster around thine head,  
 O'er which a gall-less dove her wings does spread; 75  
 A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far  
 Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,  
 Lies at thy feet; and thy right-hand does hold  
 The mystic sceptre of a cross of gold.  
 Thus dost thou sit (like men ere sin had fram'd 80  
 A guilty blush) naked, but not asham'd.  
 What cause then did the fabulous ancients find,  
 When first their superstition made thee blind?  
 'Twas they, alas! 'twas they who could not see,  
 When they mistook that monster Lust for thee. 85  
 Thou art a bright, but not consuming flame;  
 Such in th' amazed bush to Moses came;  
 When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,  
 And chid the trembling branches' needless fear.  
 Thy darts of healthful gold, and downwards fall, 90  
 Soft as the feathers that they 're fletch'd withal.  
 Such, and no other, were those secret darts,  
 Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts;

Still

Still to one end they both so justly drew,  
 As courteous doves together yok'd would do :                    95  
 No weight of birth did on one side prevail,  
 Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale ;  
 They mingled fates, and both in each did share,  
 They both were servants, they both princes were.  
 If any joy to one of them was sent,                                100  
 It was most his, to whom it least was meant ;  
 And Fortune's malice betwixt both was crost,  
 For, striking one, it wounded th' other most.  
 Never did marriage such true union find,  
 Or men's desires with so glad violence bind ;                    105  
 For, there is still some tincture left of sin,  
 And still the sex will needs be stealing-in.  
 Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far ;  
 These, without matter, clear and liquid are.  
 Such sacred love does heaven's bright Spirits fill,                110  
 Where love is but to understand and will  
 With swift and unseen motions ; such as we  
 Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.  
 O ye blest One ! whose love on earth became  
 So pure that still in heaven 'tis but the same !                115  
 There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,  
 Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face ;  
 And pity this base world, where friendship 's made  
 A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.  
 Ah, wondrous Prince ! who a true friend could'st be,                120  
 When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee !  
 Who held'st him dear, whose stars thy birth did cross !  
 And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss !

Israel's

Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings;  
There have been fewer friends on earth than kings. 125

To this strange pitch their high affections flew,  
Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.

Hither flies David for advice and aid,

As swift as love and danger could persuade :

As safe in Jonathan's trust his thoughts remain. 130

As when himself but dreams them o'er again.

“ My dearest lord, farewell !” said he, “ farewell !

“ Heaven bless the king ! may no misfortune tell

“ Th' injustice of his hate when I am dead !

“ They 're coming now, perhaps ; my guiltless head

“ Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding lie,

“ And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.

“ Think me not scar'd with death, howe'er 't appear ;

“ I know thou canst not think so ; 'tis a fear

“ From which thy love and Dammin speaks me free ;

“ I 've met him face to face, and ne'er could see

“ One terror in his looks to make me fly

“ When Virtue bids me stand ; but I would die

“ So as becomes my life, so as may prove

“ Saul's malice, and at least excuse your love.” 145

He stopt, and spoke some passion with his eyes ;

“ Excellent friend !” the gallant Prince replies,

“ Thou hast so prov'd thy virtues, that they 're known

“ To all good men, more than to each his own.

“ Who lives in Israel, that can doubtful be 150

“ Of thy great actions ? for he lives by thee.

“ Such is thy valour, and thy vast success,

“ That all things but thy loyalty are less.

“ And,

“ And, should my father at thy ruin aim,  
 “ ’Twould wound as much his safety as his fame: 155  
 “ Think them not coming, then, to slay thee here,  
 “ But doubt mishaps, as little as you fear ;  
 “ For, by thy loving God, whoe’er design  
 “ Against thy life, must strike at it through mine.  
 “ But I my royal father must acquit 160  
 “ From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.  
 “ Think on his softness when from death he freed  
 “ The faithless king of Amalek’s curst seed ;  
 “ Can he to’ a friend, to’ a son, so bloody grow,  
 “ He who ev’n sinn’d but now to spare a foe? 165  
 “ Admit he could ; but with what strength or art  
 “ Could he so long close and seal up his heart?  
 “ Such counsels jealous of themselves become,  
 “ And dare not fix without consent of some ;  
 “ Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do, 170  
 “ Till licens’d and approv’d by others too.  
 “ No more (believe ’t) could he hide this from me,  
 “ Than I, had he discover’d it, from thee.”

Here they embraces join, and almost tears ;  
 Till gentle David thus new prov’d his fears : 175  
 “ The praise you pleas’d (great Prince!) on me to spend,  
 “ Was all out-spoken when you stil’d me Friend ;  
 “ That name alone does dangerous glories bring,  
 “ And gives excuse to th’ envy of a king.  
 “ What did his spear, force, and dark plots, impart,  
 “ But some eternal rancour in his heart ?  
 “ Still does he glance the fortune of that day  
 “ When drown’d in his own blood Goliath lay,

“ And



" And cover'd half the plain; still hears the found  
 " How that vast monster fell, and struck the ground :  
 " The dance, and ' David his ten thousands slew,'  
 " Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.  
 " Great acts, t' ambitious princes, treasons grow,  
 " So much they hate that safety which they owe.  
 " Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place, 190  
 " From the Good, danger; from the Bad, disgrace :  
 " They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's hate,  
 " Till blood become a principle of state :  
 " Secur'd nor by their guards, nor by their right,  
 " But still they fear ev'n more than they affright. 195  
 " Pardon me, Sir! your father's rough and stern;  
 " His will too strong to bend, too proud to learn :  
 " Remember, Sir! the honey's deadly sting;  
 " Think on that savage justice of the king;  
 " When the same day that saw you do before 200  
 " Things above man, should see you man no more.  
 " 'Tis true th' accursed Agag mov'd his ruth,  
 " He pitied his tall limbs and comely youth :  
 " Had seen, alas! the proof of heaven's fierce hate,  
 " And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate: 205  
 " Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,  
 " And taught him boldly to suspect his crown;  
 " Since then, his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,  
 " Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.  
 " Hence his deep rage and trembling envy springs 210  
 " (Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings!)  
 " Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,  
 " Who Reason and God's counsel does despise?

" Whose :

“ Whose headstrong will no law or conscience daunt,  
 “ Dares he not sin, do’ you think, without your grant?  
 “ Yes, if the truth of our fix’d love he knew,  
 “ He would not doubt, believ’ t, to kill ev’n you.”

    The Prince is mov’d, and strait prepares to find  
 The deep resolves of his griev’d father’s mind :  
 The danger now appears, Love can soon show ’t,    220  
 And force his stubborn piety to know ’t.

They’ agree that David should conceal’d abide,  
 Till his great friend had the Court’s temper try’d ;  
 Till he had Saul’s most secret purpose found,  
 And search’d the depth and rancour of his wound.    225

’Twas the year’s seventh-born moon, the solemn feast  
 That with most noise its sacred mirth express’d.  
 From opening morn till night shuts in the day,  
 On trumpets and shrill horns the Levites play.

Whether by this in mystic type we see                    230  
 The New-year’s-day of great eternity,  
 When the chang’d moon shall no more changes make,  
 And scatter’d deaths by trumpets’ sound awake ;

Or that the Law be kept in memory still,  
 Given with like noise on Sinai’s shining hill;                    235  
 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise  
 From faithful Abram’s righteous sacrifice,  
 Who, whilst the Ram on Isaac’s fire did fry,  
 His horn with joyful tunes stood founding by.

Obscure the cause ; but God his will declar’d,                    240  
 And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar’d.

At the third hour Saul to the hallow’d tent,  
 ’Midst a large train of priests and courtiers, went ;

The sacred herd march'd proud and softly by ;  
 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh. 245  
 Hard fate of beasts, more innocent than we !  
 Prey to our luxury, and our piety !  
 Whose guiltless blood, on boards and altars spilt,  
 Serves both to make, and expiate too, our guilt !  
 Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams, 250  
 Two well-wash'd goats, and fourteen spotless lambs,  
 With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,  
 (Small fees to Heaven of all by which we 're fed !)  
 Are offer'd up ; the hallow'd flames arise,  
 And faithful prayers mount with them to the skies. 255  
 From thence the king to th' outmost court is brought,  
 Where heavenly things an inspir'd prophet taught ;  
 And from the sacred tent to' his palace gates,  
 With glad kind shouts th' assembly on him waits ;  
 The chearful horns before him loudly play, 260  
 And fresh-strew'd flowers paint his triumphant way.  
 Thus in slow state to th' palace-hall they go,  
 Rich dress'd for solemn luxury and show :  
 Ten pieces of bright tapestry hung the room,  
 The noblest work e'er stretch'd on Syrian loom, 265  
 For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,  
 And given to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,  
 The bright-ey'd Merab ; for that mindful day  
 No ornament so proper seem'd as they.  
 There all old Abram's story you might see ; 270  
 And still some angel bore him company.  
 His painful, but well-guided, travels show  
 The fate of all his sons, the Church below.

Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came,  
 He blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame; 275  
 Troubled she seem'd, and labouring in the strife  
 'Twixt her own honour and her husband's life.  
 Here on a conquering host, that careless lay,  
 Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,  
 The Patriarch falls; well-mingled might you see 280  
 The confus'd marks of death and luxury.  
 In the next piece, blest Salem's mystic king  
 Does sacred presents to the victor bring;  
 Like him whose type he bears, his rights receives;  
 Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives; 285  
 Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,  
 The mild and great, the priest and prince, had place.  
 Here all their starry host the heavens display;  
 And lo! an heavenly youth, more fair than they,  
 Leads Abram forth; points upwards; "Such," said he,  
 "So bright and numberless, thy seed shall be."  
 Here he with God a new alliance makes,  
 And in his flesh the marks of homage takes:  
 And here he three mysterious persons feasts,  
 Well paid with joyful tidings by his guests: 295  
 Here for the wicked town he prays, and near  
 Scarce did the wicked town through flames appear;  
 And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,  
 Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.  
 But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes 300  
 Like faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice:  
 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,  
 With Nature's power triumphant in his face

O'er the Mind's courage ; for, in spite of all,  
From his swoln eyes resistless waters fall. 305

The innocent boy his cruel burthen bore  
With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,  
And sometimes turn'd to talk : above was made  
The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid

The Hope of mankind ; patiently he lay, 310  
And did his fire, as he his God, obey.

The mournful fire lifts up at last the knife,  
And on one moment's string depends his life,

In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.

A thousand Spirits peep'd from th' affrighted sky, 315

Amaz'd at this strange scene ; and almost fear'd

For all those joyful prophecies they 'd heard ;

Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,

Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.

The gentle Spirit smil'd kindly as he spoke, 320

New beams of joy through Abram's wonder broke ;

The Angel points t' a tuft of bushes near,

Where an entangled ram does half appear,

And struggles vainly with that fatal net,

Which, though but slightly wrought, was firmly set.

For, lo ! anon, to this sad glory doom'd,

The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd ;

Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd,

And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.

Near this hall's end a shittim-table stood ; 330

Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood ;

For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,

And cast his fruitful riches all about.

Well

Well might that beauteous ore the grape express;  
 Which does weak man intoxicate no less. 335  
 Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,  
 And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,  
 From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought ;  
 But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.  
 Behold seven comely blooming youths appear, 340  
 And in their hands seven silver wash-pots bear,  
 Curl'd, and gay clad ; the choicest sons that be  
 Of Gibeon's race, and slaves of high degree !  
 Seven beauteous maids march'd softly in behind ;  
 Bright scarfs their cloaths, their hair fresh garlands, bind ;  
 And, whilst the princes wash, they on them shed  
 Rich ointments, which their costly odours spread  
 O'er the whole room ; from their small prisons free,  
 With such glad haste through the wide air they flee.  
 The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head 350  
 A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread,  
 Azure the ground, the sun in gold shone bright,  
 But pierc'd the wandering clouds with silver light.  
 The right-hand bed the king's three sons did grace,  
 The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's, place ; 355  
 And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,  
 With the prime men Saul's court and camp could show ;  
 The palace did with mirth and music sound,  
 And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around ;  
 But, though bright joy in every guest did shine, 360  
 The plenty, state, music, and spriteful wine,  
 Were lost on Saul ; an angry care did dwell  
 In his dark breast, and all gay forms expel.

David's unusual absence from the feast  
 To his sick spirit did jealous thoughts suggest : 365  
 Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,  
 And thus at last his troubled silence broke :

“ Where can he be ? ” said he : “ it must be so : ”  
 With that he paus'd a while. “ Too well we know  
 “ His boundless pride : he grieves, and hates to see 370  
 “ The solemn triumphs of my court and me.  
 “ Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show  
 “ From thousand proofs ; th' ambitious David now  
 “ Does those vast things in his proud soul design  
 “ That too much business give for mirth or wine. 375  
 “ He 's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire  
 “ Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conspire  
 “ Against my crown, and all our lives ; whilst we  
 “ Are loth ev'n to suspect, what we might see.  
 “ By the Great Name, 'tis true.” 380

With that he strook the board ; and no man there  
 But Jonathan durst undertake to clear  
 The blameless Prince ; and scarce ten words he spoke,  
 When thus his speech th' enraged tyrant broke :

“ Disloyal wretch ! thy gentle mother's shame ! 385  
 “ Whose cold pale ghost ev'n blushes at thy name !  
 “ Who fears, lest her chaste bed should doubted be,  
 “ And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of thee !  
 “ Canst thou be mine ? a crown sometimes does hire  
 “ Ev'n sons against their parents to conspire ; 390  
 “ But ne'er did story yet, or fable, tell  
 “ Of one so wild, who, merely to rebel,

“ Quitted

“ Quitted th’ unquestion’d birthright of a throne,  
 “ And bought his father’s ruin with his own.  
 “ Thou need’st not plead th’ ambitious youth’s defence;  
 “ Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:  
 “ Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,  
 “ Whilst thy unnatural guilt is plac’d so near.  
 “ Is this that noble friendship you pretend?  
 “ Mine, thine own, foe—and thy worst enemy’s friend?  
 “ If thy low spirit can thy great birthright quit,  
 “ The thing ’s but just, so ill deserv’st thou it.  
 “ I, and thy brethren here, have no such mind;  
 “ Nor such prodigious worth in David find,  
 “ That we to him should our just rights resign, 405  
 “ Or think God’s choice not made so well as thine.  
 “ Shame of thy house and tribe! hence, from mine eye,  
 “ To thy false friend, and servile master, fly;  
 “ He ’s ere this time in arms expecting thee;  
 “ Haste, for those arms are rais’d to ruin me! 410  
 “ Thy sin that way will nobler much appear,  
 “ Than to remain his spy and agent here.  
 “ When I think this, Nature, by thee forsook,  
 “ Forfakes me too.” With that his spear he took  
 To strike at him; the mirth and music cease; 415  
 The guests all rise this sudden storm t’ appease:  
 The Prince his danger, and his duty, knew;  
 And low he bow’d, and silently withdrew.

To David strait, who in a forest nigh  
 Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly. 420  
 The sole advice now, like the danger, clear,  
 Was, in some foreign land this storm t’ outwear.



All marks of comely grief in both are seen ;  
 And mournful kind discourses pass'd between.  
 Now generous tears their hafty tongues restrain, 425  
 Now they begin, and talk all o'er again :  
 A reverent oath of constant love they take,  
 And God's high name their dreaded witness make ;  
 Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove ;  
 But 'twas the tedious zeal of endless love. 430  
 Thus, ere they part, they the short time bestow  
 In all the pomp friendship and grief could show:  
 And David now, with doubtful cares oppress'd,  
 Beneath a shade borrows some little rest ;  
 When, by command divine, thick mists arise, 435  
 And stop the sense, and close the conquer'd eyes.  
 There is a place which man most high doth rear,  
 The Small World's heaven, where Reason moves the  
     sphere :  
 Here, in a robe which does all colours show  
 (Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow) 440  
 Phanfy, wild dame, with much lascivious pride,  
 By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride ;  
 Her coach there follows, and throngs round about  
 Of shapes and airy forms an endless rout :  
 A sea rolls on with harmless fury here ; 445  
 Strait 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear :  
 Here in a moment are vast armies made,  
 And a quick scene of war and blood display'd :  
 Here sparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,  
 The bawds for Sense and lying baits of Sin : 450  
                                     Some

Some things arise of strange and quarreling kind,  
 The forepart lion, and a snake behind :  
 Here golden mountains swell the covetous place,  
 And centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.  
 Of these slight wonders Nature sees the store,            455  
 And only then accounts herself but poor.

Hither an Angel comes, in David's trance,  
 And finds them mingled in an antique dance ;  
 Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,  
 And joins them wisely, and this vision makes :—    460

First David there appears in kingly state,  
 Whilst the twelve tribes his dread commands await ;  
 Strait to the wars with his join'd strength he goes,  
 Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.

To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came            465  
 (Since high in note, then not unknown to fame) ;  
 The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend,  
 And no new wounds or dangers apprehend :

The busy image of great Joab there  
 Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear :            470

He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,  
 New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town :  
 They curse the guards their mirth and bravery chose ;  
 All of them now are slain, or made like those.

Far through an inward scene an army lay,            475  
 Which with full banners a fair Fish display :

From Siden plains to happy Egypt's coast  
 They seem all met ; a vast and warlike host !

Thither hastes David, to his destin'd prey,  
 Honour and noble danger lead the way ;            480

The conscious trees shook with a reverent fear  
 Their unblown tops ; God walk'd before him there.  
 Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' bosom fills ;  
 Dead corpse emboss the vale with little hills.  
 On th' other side, Sopheues' mighty king 485  
 Numberless troops of the blest East does bring :  
 Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en ;  
 Damascus and rich Adad help in vain.  
 Here Nabathæan troops in battle stand,  
 With all the lusty youth of Syrian land ; 490  
 Undaunted Joab rushes on with speed,  
 Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed ;  
 He hews down all, and deals his deaths around ;  
 The Syrians leave, or possess dead, the ground.  
 On th' other wing does brave Abishai ride, 495  
 Reeking in blood and dust ; on every side  
 The perjurd sons of Ammon quit the field ;  
 Some basely die, and some more basely yield.  
 Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,  
 And far more justly then fears Hebrew spies. 500  
 Moloch, their bloody God, thrusts out his head,  
 Grinning through a black cloud : him they 'd long fed  
 In his seven chambers ; and he still did eat  
 New-roasted babes, his dear, delicious meat.  
 Again they 'arise, more anger'd than dismay'd ; 505  
 Euphrates and swift Tygris sends them aid :  
 In vain they send it, for again they 're slain,  
 And feast the greedy birds on Helay plain.  
 Here Rabba with proud towers affronts the sky,  
 And round about great Joab's trenches lie : 510  
They

They force the walls, and sack the helpless town ;  
 On David's head shines Ammon's massy crown.  
 Midst various torments the curs'd race expires ;  
 David himself his severe wrath admires.

Next upon Israel's throne does bravely sit 515

A comely youth endow'd with wondrous wit.  
 Far from the parched Line a royal dame,  
 To hear his tongue and boundless wisdom, came :  
 She carried back in her triumphant womb  
 The glorious stock of thousand kings to come. 520

Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,  
 Here they a temple's vast foundations lay ;  
 A mighty work ! and with fit glories fill'd  
 For God t' inhabit, and that king to build.

Some from the quarries hew out massy stone, 525  
 Some draw it up with cranes ; some breathe and groan

In order o'er the anvil ; some cut down  
 Tall cedars, the proud mountains' ancient crown ;  
 Some carve the trunks, and breathing shapes bestow,  
 Giving the trees more life than when they grow : 530

But, oh, alas ! what sudden cloud is spread  
 About this glorious king's eclipsed head ?  
 It all his fame benights, and all his store,  
 Wrapping him round ; and now he 's seen no more !

When strait his son appears, at Sichem crown'd, 535

With young and heedless council circled round ;  
 Unseemly object ! but a falling state  
 Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.

Ten tribes at once forsake the Jessian throne,  
 And bold Adoram at his message stone ; 540

“ Brethren

"Brethren of Israel!"—more he fain would say,  
 But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech, i' th' way.  
 Here this fond king's disasters but begin,  
 He 's destin'd to more shame by' his father's sin :  
 Sufack comes up, and under his command 545  
 A dreadful army from scorch'd Afric's sand,  
 As numberless as that : all is his prey,  
 The temple's sacred wealth they bear away :  
 Adrazar's shields and golden lofs they take :  
 Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake. 550  
 Thus fails this wretched prince ; his loins appear  
 Of less weight now than Solomon's fingers were.

Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,  
 And wash in seas of blood his father's stain :  
 Ne'er saw the aged sun so cruel fight ; 555  
 Scarce saw he this, but hid his bashful light.  
 Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men ;  
 Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then ?  
 Yet could not this the fatal strife decide ;  
 God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other side. 560

Afsan, a just and virtuous prince, succeeds,  
 High-rais'd by fame for great and godly deeds :  
 He cut the solemn groves where idols stood,  
 And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood :  
 He vanquish'd thus the proud weak powers of hell ; 565  
 Before him next their doating servants fell :  
 So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,  
 As made ev'n that Arabia Desert too.  
 Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baasha's fight ?  
 Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrians' might ? 570

Conquest, Heaven's gift, cannot by man be sold ;  
 Alas ! what weakness trusts he ? Man and gold.

Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state  
 (An happy prince, well worthy of his fate) ;  
 His oft oblations, on God's altar made, 575

With thousand flocks and thousand herds are paid,  
 Arabian tribute ! What mad troops are those,  
 Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes !  
 He prays them dead : with mutual wounds they fall ;  
 One fury brought, one fury slays, them all. 580

Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win ;  
 Never o'ercome but by 's friend Ahab's sin ;  
 On whose disguise Fates then did only look ;  
 And had almost their God's command mistook :  
 Him from whose danger Heaven securely brings, 585  
 And for his sake two ripely wicked kings.

Their armies languish, burnt with thirst at Seir ;  
 Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture, there ;  
 They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,  
 And fancy clouds, and so become more dry : 590

Elisha calls for waters from afar  
 To come ; Elisha calls, and here they are :  
 In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood ;  
 And the decrease repair with Moab's blood.

Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng 595  
 For Judah's sceptre ; both short-liv'd too long.

A Woman too from murder title claims ;  
 Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames :  
 Proud, cursed woman ! but her fall, at last,  
 To doubting men clears Heaven for what was past. 600

Joas at first does bright and glorious show ;  
 In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow ;  
 Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,  
 But Prophets' angry blood o'ercaft his day ;  
 From thence his clouds, from thence his storms, begin ;  
 It cries aloud, and twice lets Aram in.

So Amaziah lives, so ends his reign ;  
 Both by their traiterous servants justly slain.  
 Edom at first dreads his victorious hand,  
 Before him thousand captives trembling stand ; 610  
 Down a deep precipice, down he casts them all,  
 The mimic shapes in several postures fall :  
 But then (mad fool !) he does those Gods adore  
 Which, when pluck'd down, had worship'd him before!  
 Thus all his life to come is loss and shame ; 615  
 No help from gods, who themselves help'd not, came.

All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,  
 Leaving a well-built greatness to his heirs ;  
 Till leprous scurf, o'er his whole body cast,  
 Takes him at first from men, from earth at last. 620  
 As virtuous was his son, and happier far ;  
 Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war.  
 But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant  
 To make his worst forefathers innocent :  
 He burns his son at Hinnom, whilst around 625  
 The roaring child drums and loud trumpets sound :  
 This to the boy a barbarous mercy grew,  
 And snatch'd him from all his miseries to ensue.  
 Here Peca comes, and hundred thousands fall ;  
 Here Rezin marches up, and sweeps up all ; 630  
 Till,

Till, like a sea, the great Belochus' son  
 Breaks upon both, and both does over-run ;  
 The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,  
 Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en :  
 All this wild rage to revenge Judah's wrong ; 635  
 But woe to kingdoms that have friends too strong !

Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,  
 And Assur's king, with his worse gods, forsook ;  
 Who to poor Judah worlds of nations brings,  
 There rages, utters vain and mighty things ; 640  
 Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,  
 Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames ;  
 Whilst, in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,  
 An angel scatters death through all the host.

Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies, 645  
 There meets an end far worse than that he flies.  
 Here Hezekiah's life is almost done !

So good, and yet, alas ! so short, 'tis spun :  
 Th' end of the line was ravel'd, weak, and old ;  
 Time must go back, and afford better hold 650  
 To tie a new thread to' it, of fifteen years :

'Tis done ; th' all-mighty power of prayer and tears !  
 Backward the sun, an unknown motion, went ;  
 The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.

Manasses next (forgetful man !) begins ; 655  
 Enslav'd and sold to Ashur by his sins ;  
 Till, by the rod of learned misery taught,  
 Home to his God and country both he 's brought :  
 It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake ;  
 He 's made th' example he refus'd to take. 660

Yet



Yet from this root a goodly cyon springs ;  
 Josiah, best of men, as well as kings.  
 Down went the calves, with all their gold and cost ;  
 The priests then truly griev'd Osiris lost ;  
 These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd ;       665  
 Fools ! they their worser thraldom still retain'd !  
 In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell,  
 And no more flames must have besides his hell ;  
 Like end Astarte's horned image found,  
 And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground :       670  
 No more were men in female habit seen,  
 Nor they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen :  
 No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,  
 And, with their bodies' shame, their marriage get :  
 The double Dagon neither nature saves,       675  
 Nor flies she back to th' Erythræan waves.  
 The traveling sun sees gladly from on high  
 His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie ;  
 The king's impartial anger lights on all,  
 From fly-blown Accaron to the thundering Baâl. 680  
 Here David's joy unruly grows, and bold,  
 Nor could sleep's silken chain its violence hold,  
 Had not the Angel, to seal fast his eyes,  
 The humours stirr'd, and bade more mists arise :  
 When strait a chariot hurries swift away,       685  
 And in it good Josiah bleeding lay ;  
 One hand 's held up, one stops the wound ; in vain  
 They both are us'd : alas ! he 's slain, he 's slain.  
 Jehoias and Jehoi'chim next appear ;  
 Both urge that vengeance which before was near : 690  
 He

He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,  
 Thus by more courteous anger murder'd lies.  
 His son and brother next do bonds sustain,  
 Israel's now solemn and imperial chain.  
 Here 's the last scene of this proud city's state ; 695  
 All ills are met ty'd in one knot of Fate.  
 Their endless slavery in this trial lay ;  
 Great God had heap'd-up ages in one day :  
 Strong works around the wall the Chaldees build,  
 The town with grief and dreadful business fill'd ; 700  
 To their carv'd gods the frantic women pray,  
 Gods, which as near their ruin were as they.  
 At last in rushes the prevailing foe,  
 Does all the mischief of proud conquest show :  
 The wondring babes from mothers' breasts are rent,  
 And suffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant ;  
 No silver reverence guards the stooping age,  
 No rule or method ties their boundless rage :  
 The glorious temple shines in flame all o'er,  
 Yet not so bright as in its gold before : 710  
 Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes ;  
 Nothing the ear but groans and dismal cries.  
 The walls and towers are level'd with the ground,  
 And scarce aught now of that vast city 's found,  
 But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might keep  
 Of forepast glory, and bid travellers weep.  
 Thus did triumphant Assur homewards pass,  
 And thus Jerusalem left, Jerusalem that was !  
 This Zedechiah saw, and this not all ;  
 Before his face his friends and children fall, 720

The sport of insolent victors ; this he views,  
 A king and father once ! ill Fate could use  
 His eyes no more to do their master spite ;  
 All to be seen she took, and next his sight.  
 Thus a long death in prison he outwears ; 725  
 Bereft of grief's last solace, ev'n his tears.

Then Jeconiah's son did foremost come,  
 And he who brought the captiv'd nation home :  
 A row of worthies in long order pass'd  
 O'er the short stage ; of all old Joseph last. 730  
 Fair angels pass'd by next in seemly bands,  
 All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands :  
 Some, as they went, the blue-ey'd violets strew,  
 Some, spotless lilies in loose order threw ;  
 Some, did the way with full-blown roses spread ; 735  
 Their smell divine, and colour strangely red ;  
 Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,  
 Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kisses tear :  
 Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,  
 Which at God's word in beauteous Eden grew ; 740  
 Queen of the flowers which made that orchard gay !  
 The morning blushes of the spring's new day.

With sober pace an heavenly maid walks in,  
 Her looks all fair ; no sign of native sin  
 Through her whole body writ ; immoderate grace 745  
 Spoke things far more than human in her face :  
 It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers ;  
 And with full beams their mingled light devours !  
 An Angel strait broke from a shining cloud,  
 And press'd his wings, and with much reverence bow'd ;

Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,  
And thus his sacred message sweetly said:

- “ Hail, full of Grace! thee the whole world shall call  
“ Above all blest; Thee, who shalt bless them all.  
“ Thy virgin womb in wondrous sort shall shroud 755  
“ Jesus the God (and then again he bow'd);  
“ Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on thee;  
“ Hail thou! who must God's wife, God's mother, be!  
“ With that, his seeming form to heaven he rear'd;  
“ She low obeisance made, and disappear'd.        760  
“ Lo! a new star three eastern sages see  
“ (For why should only earth a gainer be?)  
“ They saw this Phosphor's infant-light, and knew  
“ It bravely usher'd in a Sun as new:  
“ They hasted all this Rising Sun t' adore;        765  
“ With them rich myrrh and early spices bore:  
“ Wise men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;  
“ You 'll in a noisome stable find your King.  
“ Anon a thousand devils run roaring in;  
“ Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin;        770  
“ Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown, and tear  
“ The gaping snakes from their black-knotted hair;  
“ As if all grief, and all the rage of hell,  
“ Were doubled now, or that just now they fell:  
“ But, when the dreaded maid they entering saw, 775  
“ All fled with trembling fear and silent awe.  
“ In her chaste arms th' eternal infant lies,  
“ Th' Almighty voice chang'd into feeble cries.  
“ Heaven contain'd virgins oft, and will do more;  
“ Never did virgin contain Heaven before.        780

“ Angels peep round to view this myftic thing,  
 “ And Halleluiah round, all Halleluiah fing.”

No longer could good David quiet bear  
 Th' unwieldy pleasure which o'erflow'd him here :  
 It broke the fetters, and burft ope his eye ; 785  
 Away the timorous forms together fly :  
 Fix'd with amaze he flood ; and time muft take,  
 To learn if yet he were at laft awake.  
 Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vifion fent,  
 And order'd all the pageants as they went ; 790  
 Sometimes, that only 'twas wild Phanfy's play,  
 The loofe and fcatcer'd relics of the day.

When Gabriel (no bleft fpirit more kind or fair)  
 Bodies and cloaths himfelf with thicken'd air ;  
 All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom ; 795  
 Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly loom!  
 He took for fkin a cloud moft foft and bright,  
 That ere the mid-day fun pierc'd through with light ;  
 Upon his cheeks a lively blufh he fpread,  
 Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepeft red ; 800  
 An harmlefs flaming meteor fhone for hair,  
 And fell adown his foulders with loofe care ;  
 He cuts out a filk mantle from the fkies,  
 Where the moft fpritley azure pleas'd the eyes ;  
 This he with ftarry vapours fpangles all, 805  
 Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall :  
 Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,  
 The choicelt piece took out, a fcarf is made :  
 Small ftreaming clouds he does for wings difplay,  
 Not virtuous lovers' fighs more foft than they ; 810

There

These he gilds o'er with the sun's richest rays,  
Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he plays.

Thus drest, the joyful Gabriel posts away,  
And carries with him his own glorious day,  
Through the thick woods : the gloomy shades awhile  
Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile ;

The trembling serpents close and silent lie ;  
The birds obscene far from his passage fly ;  
A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,  
Sudden as that which by creation rose :                   §20

Thus he appears to David ; at first sight  
All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.

In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest ;  
A sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.

“ Hail, man belov'd ! from highest heaven,” said he ;

“ My mighty master sends thee health by me.

“ The things thou saw'st are full of truth and light,

“ Shap'd in the glass of the divine foresight :

“ Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the years

“ To go in order thus. Hence, empty fears !                   §30

“ Thy fate 's all white ; from thy blest seed shall spring

“ The promis'd Shilo, the great mystic King :

“ Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,

“ And reach to worlds that must not yet be found :

“ The Southern clime him her sole lord shall style, §35

“ Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn isle.

“ My fellow-servant, credit what I tell.

“ Strait into shapeless air unseen he fell.”

## D A V I D E I S.

## B O O K III.

## C O N T E N T S.

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis: he counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Adullam. A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies; his entertainment at Moab's court: a digression of the history of Lot, father of the Moabites, represented in picture. Melchor's song at the feast. Moab desires Joab to relate the story of David; which he does: his extraction; his excellency in poesy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philistines' army encamped at Dammin; the description of Goliath and his arms; his challenge to the Israelites: David's coming to the camp; his speech to Saul, to desire leave to fight with Goliath: several speeches upon that occasion. The combat and slaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philistines' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Merab and Michal. The love between David and Michal: his

his song at her window ; his expedition against the Philistines, and the dowry of two hundred foreskins for Michal, with whom he is married. The solemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapse, and the causes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

**R**AIS'd with the news he from high Heaven receives,  
 Strait to his diligent God just thanks he gives ;  
 To divine Nobe directs then his flight,  
 A small town, great in fame, by Levi's right ;  
 Is there, with spritely wines and hallow'd bread,    5  
 (But what 's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed.  
 The good old priest welcomes his fatal guest,  
 And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast :  
 He lends him vain Goliah's sacred sword  
 (The fittest help just Fortune could afford) ;    10  
 A sword whose weight without a blow might flay,  
 Able unblunted to cut hosts away ;  
 A sword so great, that it was only fit  
 To take-off his great head who came with it.  
 Thus he arms David : " I your own restore,    15  
 " Take it," said he, " and use it as before ;  
 " I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest fight  
 " That ere these eyes ow'd the discovering light:  
 " When you step'd forth, how did the monster rage,  
 " In scorn of your soft looks and tender age!    20  
 " Some your high spirit did mad presumption call,  
 " Some pitied that such youth should idly fall ;  
 " Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain ;  
 " I knew the day was yours : I saw it plain."



Much more the reverend fire prepar'd to say                   25  
 (Rapt with his joy); how the two armies lay;  
 Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee,  
 All that his hearer better knew than he:  
 But David's haste denies all needless stay;  
 To Gath, an enemy's land, he hastes away:                   30  
 Not there secure; but, where one danger 's near,  
 The more remote, though greater, disappear:—  
 So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;  
 So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea.—  
 There in disguise he hopes unknown t' abide;                   35  
 Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?  
 Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,  
 But night itself does the rich gem betray.  
 Tagal first spy'd him, a Philistian knight,  
 Who erst from David's wrath by shameful flight                   40  
 Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age;  
 Hence the deep fore of envy mix'd with rage.  
 Strait, with a band of soldiers tall and rough,  
 Trembling—for scarce he thought that band enough—  
 On him he seizes; whom they all had fear'd,                   45  
 Had the bold youth in his own shape appear'd.  
 And now this wish'd-for, but yet dreadful, prey  
 To Achis' court they led in haste away,  
 With all unmanly rudeness which does wait  
 Upon th' immoderate vulgar's joy and hate.                   50  
 His valour now and strength must useless lie,  
 And he himself must arts unusual try:  
 Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare  
 The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair;

Sometimes

Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face,    55  
 And sometimes ready tears drop'd down apace ;  
 Sometimes he fix'd his staring eyes on ground,  
 And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.

More full revenge Philistians could not wish :  
 But call 't the justice of their mighty Fish.    60

They now in height of anger let him live ;  
 And freedom too, t' encrease his scorn, they give ;  
 He, by wise madness freed, does homeward flee,  
 And rage makes them all that he seem'd to be.

Near to Adullam, in an aged wood,    65  
 An hill, part earth, part rocky stone, there stood,  
 Hollow and vast within, which Nature wrought,  
 As if by' her scholar Art she had been taught.

Hither young David with his kindred came,  
 Servants and friends ; many his spreading fame,    70  
 Many their wants or discontents, did call :

Great men in war, and almost armies, all !  
 Hither came wise and valiant Joab down  
 (One to whom David's self must owe his crown) ;

A mighty man, had not some cunning sin,    75  
 Amidst so many virtues crowded in.

With him Abishai came, by whom there fell  
 At once three hundred : with him Afahel ;  
 Afahel, swifter than the northern wind ;  
 Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind    80

Outgo his feet ; so strangely would he run,  
 That time itself perceiv'd not what was done :  
 Oft o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,  
 His weight unknown, and harmless to the grass ;

Oft o'er the sands and hollow dust would trace, 85  
 Yet no one atom trouble or displace.

Unhappy youth ! whose end so near I see !  
 There 's nought but thy ill fate so swift as thee.

Hither Jessides' wrongs Benaiah drew,  
 He who the vast exceeding monster slew ; 90  
 Th' Egyptian like an hill himself did rear,  
 Like some tall tree upon it seem'd his spear ;  
 But by Benaiah's staff he fell, o'erthrown ;  
 The earth, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.

Such was Benaiah : in a narrow pit 95  
 He saw a lion, and leapt down to it ;  
 As easily there the royal beast he tore,  
 As that itself did kids or lambs before.

Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,  
 But full of spirit, and arms was all his joy ; 100  
 Oft, when a child, he in his dream would fight  
 With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright ;  
 Oft would he shoot young birds, and, as they fall,  
 Would laugh, and fancy them Philistians all :

And now at home no longer would he stay, 105  
 Though yet the face did scarce his sex betray.

Dodos' great son came next, whose dreadful hand  
 Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conquering band ;  
 Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,  
 Which did a strange and bloody harvest yield ? 110

Many besides did this new troop encrease ; —  
 Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace ;  
 Eliel, whose full quiver did always bear  
 As many deaths as in it arrows were ;

None

D A V I D E I S. BOOK III. 137

None from his hand did vain or innocent flee, 115

Scarce Love or Fate could aim so well as he.

Many of Judah took wrong'd David's side,

And many of old Jacob's youngest tribe;

But his chief strength the Gathite soldiers are,

Each single man able t' o'ercome a war! 120

Swift as the darts they fling through yielding air,

And hardy all as the strong steel they bear:

A lion's noble rage fits in their face,

Terrible comely, arm'd with dreadful grace!

Th' undaunted Prince, though thus well-guarded here,

Yet his stout soul durst for his parents fear;

He seeks for them a safe and quiet seat,

Nor trusts his fortune with a pledge so great.

So, when in hostile fire rich Asia's pride

For ten years' siege had fully satisfy'd, 130

Æneas stole an act of higher fame,

And bore Anchises through the wondering flame;

A nobler burden, and a richer prey,

Than all the Grecian forces bore away!

Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph go; 135

Enjoy the conquest of thine overthrow;

To have sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;

By this thou overcom'st their victory.

Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies;

Jordan their touch, and his curs'd sea denies: 140

They see North-stars from o'er Amoreus' ground,

Edom and Petra their South part does bound:

Eastwards the lands of Cush and Ammon lie,

The morning's happy beams they first espy;

The

The region with fat soil and plenty 's blest, 145  
 A soil too good to be of old posselt  
 By monstrous Emins; but Lot's offspring came,  
 And conquer'd both the people and the name;  
 Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood,  
 And their sad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood,  
 In Hesbon, his triumphant court he plac'd,  
 Hesbon, by Men and Nature strangely grac'd;  
 A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight  
 Which peace could yield, though well prepar'd for  
 fight.

But this proud city, and her prouder lord, 155  
 Felt the keen rage of Israel's sacred sword;  
 Whilst Moab triumph'd in her torn estate,  
 To see her own become her conqueror's fate:  
 Yet that small remnant of Lot's parted crown  
 Did, arm'd with Israel's sins, pluck Israel down: 160  
 Full thrice six years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke,  
 Till Ehud's sword God's vengeful message spoke;  
 Since then their kings in quiet held their own,  
 Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne!  
 And now a wise old prince the sceptre sway'd, 165  
 Well by his subjects and himself obey'd;  
 Only before his father's gods he fell;  
 Poor wretched man! almost too good for hell!  
 Hither does David his blest parents bring;  
 With humble greatness begs of Moab's king 170  
 A safe and fair abode, where they might live,  
 Free from those storms with which himself must strive.

The king with chearful grace his suit approv'd,  
By hate to Saul, and love to Virtue, mov'd.

“ Welcome great Knight, and your fair Troop,” said  
he, 175

“ Your name found welcome long before with me ;

“ That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,

“ And stretch'd-out far to the burnt swarthy zone :

“ Swift Fame, when her round journey she does make,

“ Scorns not sometimes us in her way to take. 180

“ Are you the man did that huge giant kill,

“ Great Baâl of Phegor ? and how young he 's still !

“ From Ruth we heard you came ; Ruth was born here,

“ In Judah sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd there

“ To one of Bethlem ; which I hope is true : 185

“ Howe'er, your virtues here entitle you :

“ Those have the best alliance always been ;

“ To gods as well as men they make us kin.”

He spoke, and strait led in his thankful guests,

T' a stately room prepar'd for shows and feasts : 190

The room with golden tapestry glister'd bright,

At once to please, and to confound, the sight,

Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands !

In midst a table of rich ivory stands,

By three fierce tigers, and three lions borne, 195

Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn ;

Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,

As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.

About it beds of Libyan citron stood,

With coverings dy'd in Tyrian fishes' blood 200

(They

(They say, th' Herculean art) : but most delight  
 Some Pictures gave to David's learned fight.  
 Here several ways Lot and great Abram go,  
 Their too-much wealth vast and unkind does grow ;  
 Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,                    205  
 Plenty, as well as Want, can separate friends.  
 Here Sodom's towers raise their proud tops on high  
 (The towers, as well as men, outbrave the sky);  
 By it the waves of reverend Jordan run,  
 Here green with trees, there gilded with the sun;    210  
 Hither Lot's household comes, a numerous train,  
 And all with various business fill the plain :  
 Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks;  
 They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks :  
 Some drive the herds ; here a fierce bullock scorns    215  
 Th' appointed way, and runs with threatening horns ;  
 In vain the herdman calls him back again ;  
 The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain :  
 Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high  
 With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie :            220  
 Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,  
 And Lot talks with them both on either side.  
 Another picture to curst Sodom brings  
 Elam's proud lord, with his three servant-kings :  
 They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away ;    225  
 Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay,  
 Buried almost alive, for fear of death ;  
 But Heaven's just vengeance fav'd as yet his breath :  
 Abraham pursues, and slays the victor's host,  
 Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast.            230

Next

Next this was drawn the reckless city's flame,  
 When a strange hell pour'd down from heaven there  
 came.

Here the two angels from Lot's window look  
 With smiling anger; the lewd wretches, strook  
 With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door; 235  
 Their eyes, first cause of lust, first vengeance bore.

Through liquid air Heaven's busy soldiers fly,  
 And drive-on clouds where seeds of thunder lie:  
 Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks,  
 Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks;  
 Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall,  
 Involving swiftly in one ruin all:

The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,  
 And meets half-way new fires that shower from sky.  
 Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away; 245  
 At once drop down the fathers' arms and they:

Some into waters leap with kindled hair,  
 And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.  
 Men thought (so much a flame by art was shown)  
 The picture's self would fall in ashes down. 250

Afar old Lot toward little Zoar hies,  
 And dares not move (good man!) his weeping eyes:  
 Behind his wife stood, ever fix'd alone;  
 No more a woman, not yet quite a stone:

A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head; 255  
 One cheek was rough and white, the other red,  
 And yet a cheek: in vain to speak she strove;  
 Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move:

One



One eye was clos'd, surpriz'd by sudden night,  
The other trembled still with parting light : 260

The wind admir'd, which her hair loofely bore,  
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more :

To heaven she lifted up her freezing hands,

And to this day a suppliant pillar stands :

She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear, 265

And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there :

Ah, foolish woman ! who must always be

A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see !

Whilst David fed with these his curious eye,

The feast is now serv'd-in, and down they lie. 270

Moab a goblet takes of massy gold,

Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old

Quaff'd to their gods and friends : an health goes round

In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground.

Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill 275

(For such were poets then, and should be still)

His noble verse through Nature's secrets led :

He sung what spirit through the whole mass is spread,

Every-where All ; how heavens God's law approve,

And think it rest eternally to move ; 280

How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,

Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose ;

How his round journey does for ever last,

And how he baits at every sea in haste :

He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane, 285

Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain ;

Why the great waters her slight horns obey,

Her changing horns, not constanter than they :

He fung how grisly comets hang in air ;  
 Why sword and plagues attend their fatal hair' ; 290  
 God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,  
 To publish ill, and raise all earth to war :  
 Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud ;  
 What motions vex it, till it roar so loud :  
 How lambent fires become so wondrous tame, 295  
 And bear such shining winter in their flame :  
 What radiant pencil draws the watery bow :  
 What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow :  
 What palsy of the earth here shakes fix'd hills  
 From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills. 300  
 Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,  
 And sometimes mis'd the Cause, but fought it well.

Such was the sauce of Moab's noble feast,  
 Till night far spent invites them to their rest ;  
 Only the good old Prince stays Joab there, 305  
 And much he tells, and much desires to hear :  
 He tells deeds antique, and the new desires ;  
 Of David much, and much of Saul, enquires.

" Nay, gentle guest !" said he " since now you 're in,  
 " The story of your gallant friend begin ; 310  
 " His birth, his rising, tell, and various fate,  
 " And how he slew that man of Gath of late,  
 " What was he call'd ? that huge and monstrous man !"  
 With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began :—

" His birth, great Sir ! so much to mine is ty'd, 315  
 " That praise of that might look from me like pride :  
 " Yet, without boast, his veins contain a flood  
 " Of th' old Judæan lion's richest blood.

“ From

" From Judah Pharez, from him Efrom, came,  
 " Ram, Nashon, Salmon, names spoke loud by fame :  
 " A name no less ought Boaz to appear,  
 " By whose blest match we come no strangers here :  
 " From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung,  
 " From Obed Jesse, Jesse, whom Fame's kindest tongue,  
 " Counting his birth, and high nobility, shall 325  
 " Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,  
 " David, born to him seventh; the sixth births past  
 " Brave trials of a work more great at last.  
 " Bless me ! how swift and growing was his wit !  
 " The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it. 330  
 " Scarce past a child, all wonders would he sing  
 " Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's king.  
 " His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,  
 " And savage beasts stand by as tame as they ;  
 " The fighting winds would stop there, and admire,  
 " Learning consent and concord from his lyre ;  
 " Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,  
 " Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.  
 " 'Twas now the time when first Saul God forsook,  
 " God Saul ; the room in 's heart wild passions took :  
 " Sometimes a tyrant-Frensy revel'd there,  
 " Sometimes black Sadness, and deep, deep Despair.  
 " No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,  
 " They cure but sometime bodies, never minds :  
 " Music alone those storms of soul could lay ; 345  
 " Not more Saul them, than music they, obey.  
 " David 's now sent for, and his harp must bring ;  
 " His harp, that magic bore on every string :

“ When Saul’s rude passions did most tumult keep ;  
 “ With his soft notes they all dropp’d down asleep : 350  
 “ When his dull spirits lay drown’d in death and night,  
 “ He with quick strains rais’d them to life and light.  
 “ Thus cheer’d he Saul, thus did his fury ’swage,  
 “ Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.  
 “ To Helah plain Philistian troops are come, 355  
 “ And war’s loud noise strikes peaceful music dumb.  
 “ Back to his rural care young David goes ;  
 “ For this rough work Saul his stout brethren chose :  
 “ He knew not what his hand in war could do,  
 “ Nor thought his sword could cure men’s madness too.  
 “ Now Dammin ’s destin’d for this scene of blood ;  
 “ On two near hills the two proud armies stood,  
 “ Between, a fatal valley stretch’d-out wide,  
 “ And death seem’d ready now on either side ;  
 “ When lo ! their host rais’d all a joyful shout, 365  
 “ And from the midst an huge and monstrous man stepp’d  
 “ Aloud they shouted at each step he took ; [out,  
 “ We, and the earth itself beneath him, shook  
 “ Vast as the hill, down which he march’d, he’ appear’d ;  
 “ Amaz’d all eyes, nor was their army fear’d. 370  
 “ A young tall ’squire (though then he seem’d not so)  
 “ Did from the camp at first before him go ;  
 “ At first he did, but scarce could follow strait,  
 “ Sweating beneath a shield’s unruly weight,  
 “ On which was wrought the gods’ and giants’ fight,  
 “ Rare work ! all fill’d with terror and delight.  
 “ Here a vast hill ’gainst thundering Baal was thrown,  
 “ Trees and beasts on ’t fell burnt with lightning down ;

" One flings a mountain, and its river too,  
 " Torn up with 't; that rains back on him that threw;  
 " Some from the main to pluck whole islands try;  
 " The sea boils round with flames shot thick from sky;  
 " This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,  
 " And prais'd their strength, but thought his own was  
     " more.

" The valley now this monster seem'd to fill;      385  
 " And we, methoughts, look'd up t' him from our hill.  
 " All arm'd in brafs, the richest drefs of war  
 " (A dismal glorious fight!) he fhone afar;  
 " The fun himfelf started with fudden fright,  
 " To fee his beams return fo dismal bright:      390  
 " Brafs was his helmet, his boots brafs; and o'er  
 " His breast a thick plate of ftrong brafs he wore;  
 " His fpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,  
 " Which Nature meant fome tall fhip's maff fhould be;  
 " Th' huge iron head fix hundred fhekels weigh'd, 395  
 " And of whole bodies but one wound it made;  
 " Able Death's worft command to overdo,  
 " Destroying life at once and carcafe too.  
 " Thus arm'd he flood; all direful, and all gay,  
 " And round him flung a fcornful look away:      400  
 " So, when a Scythian tiger, gazing round,  
 " An herd of kine in fome fair plain has found,  
 " Lowing fecure, he fwells with angry pride,  
 " And calls forth all his fpoils on every fide;  
 " Then ftops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all, 405  
 " In choice of fome ftrong neck on which to fall;

" Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a prey,  
 " And grieves to see them trembling haste away.  
 " Ye men of Jury, 'he cries, if men you be,  
 " And such dare prove yourselves to fame and me, 410  
 " Chuse out 'mongst all your troops the boldest knight,  
 " To try his strength and fate with me in fight :  
 " The chance of war let us two bear for all,  
 " And they the conqueror serve whose knight shall fall."  
 " At this he paus'd awhile: Strait, I defy 415  
 " Your gods and you ; dares none come down and die ?  
 " Go back for shame, and Egypt's slavery bear,  
 " Or yield to us, and serve more nobly here.  
 " Alas ! ye 'ave no more wonders to be done,  
 " Your forcerer Moses now, and Joshua, 's gone ; 420  
 " Your magic trumpets then could cities take,  
 " And sounds of triumph did your battles make.  
 " Spears in your hands and manly swords are vain ;  
 " Get you your spells and conjuring rods again.  
 " Is there no Sampson here ? Oh that there were ! 425  
 " In his full strength, and long, enchanted hair ;  
 " This sword should be in the weak razor's stead ;  
 " It should not cut his hair off, but his head.  
 " Thus he blasphem'd aloud ; the vallies round  
 " Flattering his voice, restor'd the dreadful sound : 430  
 " We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd  
 " We had behind some new Goliath heard.  
 " 'Twas Heaven, Heaven sure (which David's glory  
 " meant  
 " Through this whole act) such sacred terror sent

- " To all our host ; for there was Saul in place, 435  
 " Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemy's face ;  
 " His god-like son there in bright armour shone,  
 " Who scorn'd to conquer armies not alone :  
 " Fate her own book mistrusted at the fight ;  
 " On that side war, on this a single fight. 440  
 " There stood Benaiah, and there trembled too,  
 " He who th' Egyptian proud Goliath slew ;  
 " In his pale fright, rage through his eyes shot flame,  
 " He saw his staff, and blush'd with generous shame ;  
 " Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there, 445  
 " Men valiant all ; nor was I us'd to fear.  
 " Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fight,  
 " Once every morn he march'd, and once at night.  
 " Slow rose the sun, but gallop'd down apace,  
 " With more than evening blushes in his face : 450  
 " When Jesse to the camp young David sent ;  
 " His purpose low, but high was Fate's intent ;  
 " For, when the monster's pride he saw and heard,  
 " Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they fear'd.  
 " Anger and brave disdain his heart possess'd, 455  
 " Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youthful breast :  
 " Much the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame,  
 " Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of Fame.  
 " These to their just intentions strongly move,  
 " But chiefly God, and his dear country's love. 460  
 " Resolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he 's brought,  
 " Where thus he spoke, as boldly as he fought :

" Henceforth

“ Henceforth no more, great Prince, your sacred  
“ breast

“ With that huge talking wretch of Gath, molest;

“ This hand alone shall end his curst breath; 465

“ Fear not, the wretch blasphemes himself to death,

“ And, cheated with false weight of his own might,

“ Has challeng’d Heaven, not us, to single fight.

“ Forbid it, God! that, where thy right is try’d,

“ The strength of man should find just cause for pride!

“ Firm like some rock, and vast, he seems to stand,

“ But rocks we know were op’d at thy command :

“ That soul, which now does such large members sway,

“ Through one small wound will creep in haste away ;

“ And he who now dares boldly Heaven defy, 475

“ To every bird of heaven a prey shall lie :

“ For ’tis not human force we ought to fear ;

“ Did that, alas ! plant our forefathers here ?

“ Twice fifteen kings did they by that subdue ?

“ By that whole nations of Goliahs slew ? 480

“ The wonders they perform’d may still be done ;

“ Moses and Joshua is, but God ’s not, gone.

“ We ’ave lost their rod and trumpets, not their skill ;

“ Prayers and belief are as strong witchcraft still :

“ These are more tall, more giants far, than he, 485

“ Can reach to heaven, and thence pluck victory.

“ Count this, and then, Sir, mine th’ advantage is ;

“ He ’s stronger far than I, my God than his.

“ Amazement seiz’d on all, and shame, to see

“ Their own fears scorn’d by one so young as he. 490



" Brave youth, replies the king, whose daring mind,  
 " Ere come to manhood, leaves it quite behind ;  
 " Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,  
 " And let thy body grow up to thy sprite.  
 " Thou 'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,           495  
 " Whose touch would wound thee more than him thy  
 " Nature his limbs only for war made fit,           [blow :  
 " In thine as yet nought beside love she 'has writ.  
 " With some less foe thy unlesh'd valour try ;  
 " This monster can be no first victory.                 500  
 " The lion's royal whelp does not at first  
 " For blood of Bafan bulls or tigers thirst ;  
 " In timorous deer he hanfels his young paws,  
 " And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.  
 " So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd, be,           505  
 " Fortune would be asham'd to second thee.  
 " He said, and we all murmur'd an assent ;  
 " But nought moves David from his high intent.  
 " It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,  
 " To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here ;           510  
 " Which he resolves. Scorn not, said he, mine age ;  
 " For victory comes not, like an heritage,  
 " At set-years :—when my father's flock I fed,  
 " A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led,  
 " Broke from the wood, and snatch'd my lambs away ;  
 " From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting prey :  
 " Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill ;  
 " On our great oak the bones and jaws hang still.  
 " My God 's the same, which then he was, to-day,  
 " And this wild wretch almost the same as they ;   520  
 " Who

“ Who from such danger sav’d my flock, will he  
 “ Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be?”  
 “ Be ’t so then, Saul bursts forth; and Thou on high,  
 “ Who oft in weakness dost most strength descry—  
 “ At whose dread beck conquest expecting stands, 525  
 “ And casts no look down on the fighters’ hands—  
 “ Assist what Thou inspir’st; and let all see,  
 “ As boys to giants, giants are to Thee.  
 “ Thus: and with trembling hopes of strange success,  
 “ In his own arms he the bold youth does dress. 530  
 “ On ’s head an helm of well-wrought brass is plac’d,  
 “ The top with warlike plume severely grac’d;  
 “ His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,  
 “ A sword much practis’d in death’s art he wore.  
 “ Yet David, us’d so long to no defence, 535  
 “ But those light arms of Spirit and Innocence,  
 “ No good in fight of that gay burden knows,  
 “ But fears his own arms’ weight more than his foes.  
 “ He lost himself in that disguise of war,  
 “ And guarded seems as men by prisons are; 540  
 “ He therefore, to exalt the wondrous fight,  
 “ Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight,  
 “ ’Gainst shield, helm, breast-plate; and, instead of those,  
 “ Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he chose,  
 “ And fits them to his sling; then marches down; 545  
 “ For sword, his enemy’s he esteem’d his own.  
 “ We all with various passions strangely gaz’d,  
 “ Some sad, some sham’d, some angry; all amaz’d.  
 “ Now in the valley ’he stands; through ’s youthful face  
 “ Wrath checks the beauty, and sheds manly grace.

" Both in his locks so join'd, that they might move  
 " Fear ev'n in friends, and from an enemy love.  
 " Hot as ripe noon, sweet as the blooming day,  
 " Like July furious, but more fair than May.  
 " Th' accurs'd Philistian stands on th' other side, 555  
 " Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and pride.  
 " The plagues of Dagon! a smooth boy, said he,  
 " A cursed beardless foe, oppos'd to me!  
 " Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond child!) he's  
     " come!  
 " Some friend his mother call, to drive him home. 560  
 " Not gone yet! if one minute more thou stay,  
 " The birds of heaven shall bear thee dead away.  
 " Gods! a curs'd boy!—the rest then murmuring out,  
 " He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.  
 " David, with chearful anger in his eyes, 565  
 " Advances boldly on, and thus replies:  
 " Thou com'st, vain man! all arm'd into the field,  
 " And trustest those war toys, thy sword and shield:  
 " Thy pride 's my spear, thy blasphemies my sword;  
 " My shield, thy Maker, fool! the mighty Lord 570  
 " Of thee and battles; who hath sent forth me  
 " Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer, thee.  
 " In vain shall Dagon, thy false hope, withstand;  
 " In vain thy other god, thine own right hand:  
 " Thy fall to man shall Heaven's strong justice shew;  
 " Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou canst do."  
 " He said; our host stood dully silent by;  
 " And durst not trust their ears against the eye;

“ As much their champion’s threats to him they fear’d,  
 “ As when the monster’s threats to them they heard.  
 “ His flaming sword th’ enrag’d Philistian shakes,  
 “ And haste t’ his ruin with loud curses makes ;  
 “ Backward the winds his active curses blew,  
 “ And fatally round his own head they flew :  
 “ For now from David’s sling the stone is fled,    585  
 “ And strikes with joyful noise the monster’s head ;  
 “ It strook his forehead, and pierc’d deeply there,  
 “ As swiftly as it pierc’d before the air :  
 “ Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground ;  
 “ Blood, brain, and soul, croud mingled through the  
     “ wound !

“ So a strong oak, which many years had stood  
 “ With fair and flourishing boughs, itself a wood—  
 “ Though it might long the axe’s violence bear,  
 “ And play’d with winds which other trees did tear—  
 “ Yet by the thunder’s stroke from th’ root ’tis rent  
 “ (So sure the blows that from high Heaven are sent !)  
 “ What tongue the joy and wonder can express,  
 “ Which did that moment our whole host possess !  
 “ Their jocund shouts th’ air like a storm did tear,  
 “ Th’ amazed clouds fled swift away with fear :    600  
 “ But far more swift th’ accurs’d Philistines fly,  
 “ And, their ill fate to perfect, basely die.  
 “ With thousand corpse the ways around are strown,  
 “ Till they by the day’s flight secure their own.  
 “ Now through the camp sounds nought but David’s name ;  
 “ All joys, of several stamp and colours, came  
 “ From several passions : some his valour praise,  
 “ Some his free speech, some the fair popular rays

“ Of

" Of youth, and beauty, and his modest guise ;  
 " Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.  
 " Some wonder, some they thought 'twould be so, swear ;  
 " And some saw angels flying through the air :  
 " The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance  
 " On this great act, and fain would give 't to Chance.  
 " Women our host with songs and dances meet, 615  
 " With much joy Saul, David with more, they greet.  
 " Hence the king's politic rage and envy flows,  
 " Which first he hides, and seeks his life t' expose  
 " To generous dangers, that his hate might clear,  
 " And Fate or Chance the blame, nay David, bear. 620  
 " So vain are man's designs ! for Fate and Chance,  
 " And Earth and Heaven, conspir'd to his advance :  
 " His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,  
 " In all mankind but Saul did love beget.  
 " Not Saul's own house, not his own nearest blood,  
 " The noble cause's sacred force withstood.  
 " You 've met no doubt, and kindly us'd, the fame,  
 " Of God-like Jonathan's illustrious name ;  
 " A name which every wind to heaven would bear,  
 " Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear. 630  
 " No angel e'er bore to his brother Mind  
 " A kindness more exalted and refin'd,  
 " Than his to David ; which look'd nobly down,  
 " And scorn'd the false alarms of a crown.  
 " At Dammin field he stood, and from his place 635  
 " Leap'd forth, the wondrous conqueror to embrace ;  
 " On him his mantle, girdle, sword, and bow,  
 " On him his heart and soul, he did bestow :

" Not.

“ Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade,  
 “ In this close knot the smallest looseness made.    640  
 “ Oft his wife care did the king’s rage suspend ;  
 “ His own life’s danger shelter’d oft his friend ;  
 “ Which he expos’d a sacrifice to fall  
 “ By th’ undiscerning rage of furious Saul.  
 “ Nor was young David’s active virtue grown    645  
 “ Strong and triumphant in one sex alone ;  
 “ Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,  
 “ And deeper prints in the soft breast it made :  
 “ For there, t’ Esteem and Friendship’s graver name,  
 “ Passion was pour’d, like oil into the flame.    650  
 “ Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac’d,  
 “ Saul’s royal house two beauteous daughters grac’d ;  
 “ Merab the first, Michal the younger, nam’d ;  
 “ Both equally for different glories fam’d.  
 “ Merab with spacious beauty fill’d the sight,    655  
 “ But too much awe chastis’d the bold delight :  
 “ Like a calm sea, which to th’ enlarged view  
 “ Gives pleasure, but gives fear and reverence too.  
 “ Michal’s sweet looks clear and free joys did move,  
 “ And no less strong, though much more gentle, love :  
 “ Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t’ obey  
 “ (Tyrants themselves less absolute than they).  
 “ Merab appear’d like some fair princely tower ;  
 “ Michal, some virgin-queen’s delicious bower.  
 “ All Beauty’s stores in little and in great ;    665  
 “ But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.  
 “ A clean and lively brown was Merab’s dye,  
 “ Such as the prouder colours might envy :  
 “ Michal’s

- " Michal's pure skin shone with such taintless white,  
 " As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight ; 670  
 " Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,  
 " Than e'er on fruits or flowers heaven's pencil drew :  
 " From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings came,  
 " From Michal's, the sun's mild, yet active, flame :  
 " Merab's long hair was glossy chesnut brown ; 675  
 " Tresses of palest gold did Michal crown.  
 " Such was their outward form ; and one might find  
 " A difference not unlike it in the mind.  
 " Merab with comely majesty and state  
 " Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate ; 680  
 " Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show,  
 " That none who reach so high e'er stoop'd so low.  
 " Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd lovers' pain,  
 " And fortify'd her virtue with disdain :  
 " The griefs she caus'd, gave gentle Michal grief 685  
 " (She wish'd her beauties less, for their relief) ;  
 " Ev'n to her captives civil ; yet th' excess  
 " Of naked virtue guarded her no less.  
 " Business and power Merab's large thoughts did vex ;  
 " Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex : 690  
 " Michal no less disdain'd affairs and noise,  
 " Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.  
 " In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn ;  
 " Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan.  
 " The day that David great Goliah slew, 695  
 " Not great Goliah's sword was more his due  
 " Than Merab ; by Saul's public promise she  
 " Was sold then, and betroth'd to Victory ;  
 " But

“ But haughty she did this just match despise  
 “ (Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes).  
 “ An unknown youth, ne'er seen at court before,  
 “ Who shepherd's staff, and shepherd's habit, bore,  
 “ The seventh-born son of no rich house—were still  
 “ Th' unpleasant forms which her high thoughts did fill :  
 “ And much aversion in her stubborn mind 705  
 “ Was bred by being promis'd and design'd.  
 “ Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne  
 “ The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn :  
 “ Adriel the rich ; but riches were in vain,  
 “ And could not set him free, nor her enchain. 710  
 “ Long liv'd they thus ;—but, as the hunted deer,  
 “ Closely pursued, quits all her wonted fear,  
 “ And takes the nearest waves ; which from the shore  
 “ She oft with horror had beheld before :  
 “ So, whilst the violent maid from David fled, 715  
 “ She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed ;  
 “ The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd, strait ;  
 “ (So soon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate !)  
 “ But Michal, in whose breast all virtues move,  
 “ That hatch the pregnant seeds of sacred love, 720  
 “ With juster eyes the noble object meets,  
 “ And turns all Merab's poison into sweets :  
 “ She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown  
 “ Should make all fame to come so soon his own :  
 “ She saw, and wonder'd how a shepherd's crook 725  
 “ Despis'd that sword at which the sceptre shook ;  
 “ Though he seventh-born, and though his house but poor,  
 “ She knew it noble was, and would be more.

“ Oft



- " Oft had she heard, and fancy'd oft the fight,  
 " With what a generous calm he march'd to fight; 730  
 " In the great danger how exempt from fear,  
 " And after it from pride, he did appear.  
 " Greatness and goodness, and an air divine,  
 " She saw through all his words and actions shine;  
 " She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming lyre,  
 " Whose artful sounds did violent love inspire,  
 " Though us'd all other passions to relieve:  
 " She weigh'd all this; and well we may conceive,  
 " When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubtful  
     " breast,  
 " His beauty no less active than the rest. 740  
 " The fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,  
 " When David's breast reflected back its heat.  
 " Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can Love hidden lie  
 " From any sight, much less the loving eye)  
 " She conqueror was, as well as overcome, 745  
 " And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.  
 " Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,  
 " Who in all mankind else so matchless were,  
 " Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)  
 " A mutual warmth through both their bosoms spread:  
 " Fate gave the signal; both at once began  
 " The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.  
 " Ev'n so, methinks, when two fair tapers come  
 " From several doors, entering at once the room,  
 " With a swift flight, that leaves the eye behind, 755  
 " Their amorous lights into one light are join'd.  
     " Nature

“ Nature herself, were she to judge the case,  
 “ Knew not which first began the kind embrace.  
 “ Michal her modest flames fought to conceal,  
 “ But love even th’ art to hide it does reveal : 760  
 “ Her soft unpractis’d eyes betray’d the theft,  
 “ Love pass’d through them, and there such footsteps left!  
 “ She blush’d when he approach’d, and when he spoke ;  
 “ And suddenly her wandering answers broke  
 “ At his name’s sound ; and, when she heard him prais’d,  
 “ With concern’d haste her thoughtful looks she rais’d.  
 “ Uncall’d-for sighs oft from her bosom flew,  
 “ And Adriel’s active friend she’ abruptly grew.  
 “ Oft, when the Court’s gay youth stood waiting by,  
 “ She strove to act a cold indifferency ; 770  
 “ In vain she acted so constrain’d a part,  
 “ For thousand nameless things disclos’d her heart.  
 “ On th’ other side, David with silent pain  
 “ Did in respectful bounds his fires contain :  
 “ His humble fear t’ offend, and trembling awe, 775  
 “ Impos’d on him a no-less rigorous law  
 “ Than modesty on her ; and, though he strove  
 “ To make her see ’t, he durst not tell his love.  
 “ To tell it first, the timorous youth made choice  
 “ Of music’s bolder and more active voice ; 780  
 “ And thus, beneath her window, did he touch  
 “ His faithful lyre ; the words and numbers such  
 “ As did well worth my memory appear,  
 “ And may perhaps deserve your princely ear :

“ AWAKE,

- " AWAKE, awake, my Lyre ! 785  
 " And tell thy silent master's humble tale,  
 " In sounds that may prevail ;  
 " Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :  
 " Though so exalted she,  
 " And I so lowly be, 790  
 " Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.  
  
 " Hark ! how the strings awake ;  
 " And, though the moving hand approach not near,  
 " Themselves with awful fear,  
 " A kind of numerous trembling make. 795  
 " Now all thy forces try,  
 " Now all thy charms apply,  
 " Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.  
  
 " Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure  
 " Is useless here, since thou art only found 800  
 " To cure, but not to wound,  
 " And she to wound, but not to cure.  
 " Too weak too wilt thou prove  
 " My passion to remove,  
 " Physic to other ills, thou 'rt Nourishment to Love.  
  
 " Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !  
 " For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
 " In sounds that will prevail ;  
 " Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire :  
 " All thy vain mirth lay by, 810  
 " Bid thy strings silent lie,  
 " Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre ! and let thy master die.  
 " She

“ She heard all this, and the prevailing sound  
 “ Touch’d with delightful pain her tender wound.  
 “ Yet, though she joy’d th’ authentic news to hear, 815  
 “ Of what she guess’d before with jealous fear,  
 “ She check’d her forward joy, and blush’d for shame,  
 “ And did his boldness with forc’d anger blame.  
 “ The senseless rules which first false honour taught,  
 “ And into laws the tyrant custom brought— 820  
 “ Which women’s pride and folly did invent,  
 “ Their lovers and themselves too to torment,—  
 “ Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,  
 “ And all her words, and all her looks, constrain  
 “ Before the trembling youth; who, when he saw 825  
 “ His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,  
 “ He curs’d his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,  
 “ He curs’d his too-bold tongue, and bold desire;  
 “ In vain he curs’d the last, for that still grew;  
 “ From all things food its strong complexion drew:  
 “ His joy and hope their chearful motions ceas’d,  
 “ His life decay’d, but still his love encreas’d;  
 “ Whilst she, whose heart approv’d not her disdain,  
 “ Saw and endur’d his pains with greater pain.  
 “ But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known, 835  
 “ With a concernment equal to their own  
 “ (Joyful that Heaven with his sworn love comply’d  
 “ To draw that knot more fast which he had ty’d)  
 “ With well-tim’d zeal, and with an artful care,  
 “ Restor’d, and better’d soon, the nice affair. 840  
 “ With ease a brother’s lawful power o’ercame  
 “ The formal decencies of virgin-shame,

- " She first with all her heart forgave the past,  
 " Heard David tell his flames, and told her own at last.  
 " Lo here the happy point of prosperous love! 845  
 " Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve.  
 " Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone;  
 " All Israel's wish concurrent with their own;  
 " A brother's powerful aid firm to the side;  
 " By solemn vow the king and father ty'd: 850  
 " All jealous fears, all nice disguises, past,  
 " All that in less-ripe love offends the taste;  
 " In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,  
 " Their heart the nuptial-temple and the bed.  
 " And, though the grosser cates were yet not dress'd, 855  
 " By which the bodies must supply this feast,  
 " Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's lingering birth,  
 " As saints, assur'd of heaven, enjoy 't on earth.  
 " All this the king observ'd; and well he saw  
 " What scandal, and what danger, it might draw 860  
 " T' oppose this just and popular match; but meant  
 " T' out-malice all refusals by consent.  
 " He meant the poisonous grant should mortal prove;  
 " He meant t' ensnare his virtue by his love:  
 " And thus he to him spoke, with more of art 865  
 " And fraud, than well became the kingly part:—  
 " Your valour, David, and high worth, said he,  
 " To praise is all men's duty, mine to see  
 " Rewarded; and we shall t' our utmost powers  
 " Do with like care that part, as you did yours. 870  
 " Forbid it, God! we like those kings should prove,  
 " Who fear the virtues which they're bound to love.  
 " Your

" Your piety does that tender point secure,  
 " Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure:  
 " Your nearness to 't rather supports the crown, 875  
 " And th' honours given to you encrease our own.  
 " All that we can we 'll give; 'tis our intent,  
 " Both as a guard and as an ornament,  
 " To place thee next ourselves; Heaven does approve,  
 " And my son's friendship, and my daughter's love,  
 " Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;  
 " I see, methinks, Heaven in 't, and I rejoice.  
 " Blush not, my son! that Michal's love I name,  
 " Nor need she blush to hear it; 'tis no shame  
 " Nor secret now; fame does it loudly tell, 885  
 " And all men but thy rivals like it well.  
 " If Merab's choice could have comply'd with mine,  
 " Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine:  
 " And her's, at last, should have with mine comply'd,  
 " Had I not thine and Michal's heart descry'd. 890  
 " Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee; the last  
 " And dearest present made me by the chaste  
 " Ahinoam; and, unless she me deceive,  
 " When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,  
 " 'Twill be a smaller gift. 895  
 " If I thy generous thoughts may undertake  
 " To guess, they are what jointure thou shalt make  
 " Fitting her birth and fortune: and, since so  
 " Custom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.  
 " The jointure we exact is, that shall be 900  
 " No less advantage to thy fame than she.



“ All that was done, or said; the grief, hope, fears;  
 “ His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.  
 “ In all the pomp of passion’s reign they part;  
 “ And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart:  
 “ Victory and fame, and that more quick delight  
 “ Of the rich prize for which he was to fight. 935  
 “ Tow’rds Gath he went, and in one month (so soon  
 “ A fatal and a willing work is done!)  
 “ A double dower, two hundred foreskins, brought  
 “ Of choice Philistian knights with whom he fought,  
 “ Men that in birth and valour did excel, 940  
 “ Fit for the cause and hand by which they fell.  
 “ Now was Saul caught; nor longer could delay  
 “ The two resistless lovers’ happy day.  
 “ Though this day’s coming long had seem’d and slow,  
 “ Yet seem’d its stay as long and tedious now; 945  
 “ For, now the violent weight of eager love  
 “ Did with more haste so near its centre move,  
 “ He curs’d the stops of form and state, which lay  
 “ In this last stage, like scandals, in his way.  
 “ On a large gentle hill crown’d with tall wood,  
 “ Near where the regal Gabaah proudly stood,  
 “ A tent was pitch’d, of green wrought damask made,  
 “ And seem’d but the fresh forest’s natural shade;  
 “ Various and vast within, on pillars borne  
 “ Of Shittim-wood, that usefully adorn. 955  
 “ Hither, to grace the nuptial-feast, does Saul  
 “ Of the twelve tribes th’ elders and captains call:  
 “ And all around the idle; busy crowd  
 “ With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud.



" Lo! the press breaks, and from their several homes  
 " In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.  
 " Before the bride, in a long double row  
 " With solemn pace thirty choice virgins go,  
 " And make a moving galaxy on earth ;  
 " All heavenly beauties, all of highest birth ;      965  
 " All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair  
 " As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter hair ;  
 " All in that new-blown age which does inspire  
 " Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.  
 " But all this, and all else the sun did e'er,      970  
 " Or fancy see, in her less-bounded sphere,  
 " The bride herself outshone ; and one would say  
 " They made but the faint dawn to her full day.  
 " Behind a numerous train of ladies went,  
 " Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent :  
 " Vain gems, and unregarded cost, they bore,  
 " For all men's eyes were ty'd to those before.  
 " The bridegroom's flourishing troop fill'd next the  
     " place,  
 " With thirty comely youths of noblest race,  
 " That march'd before ; and Heaven around his head  
 " The graceful beams of joy and beauty spread.  
 " So the glad star, which men and angels love,  
 " Prince of the glorious host that shines above  
 " (No light of heaven so chearful or so gay )  
 " Lifts up his sacred lamp, and opens day.      985  
 " The king himself, at the tent's crowned gate,  
 " In all his robes of ceremony' and state,

" Sate

" Sate to receive the train ; on either hand  
 " Did the high-priest and the great prophet stand :  
 " Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jesse, 990  
 " And all the chiefs in their due order press.  
 " First Saul declar'd his choice, and the just cause  
 " Avow'd by' a general murmur of applause ;  
 " Then sign'd her dower ; and in few words he pray'd,  
 " And blest, and gave the joyful, trembling maid 995  
 " T' her lover's hands ; who, with a chearful look  
 " And humble gesture, the vast present took.  
 " The nuptial-hymn strait sounds, and musics play,  
 " And feasts and balls shorten the thoughtless day  
 " To all but to the wedded ; till at last 1000  
 " The long-wish'd night did her kind shadow cast ;  
 " At last th' inestimable hour was come  
 " To lead his conquering prey in triumph home.  
 " T' a palace near, drest for the nuptial-bed,  
 " (Part of her dower) he his fair princess led ; 1005  
 " Saul, the high-priest, and Samuel, here they leave,  
 " Who, as they part, their weighty blessings give.  
 " Her vail is now put on ; and at the gate  
 " The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait  
 " With golden lamps, bright as the flames they bore,  
 " To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before ;  
 " The rest bring home in state the happy pair,  
 " To that last scene of blifs, and leave them there  
 " All those free joys insatiably to prove,  
 " With which rich Beauty feasts the glutton Love. 1015  
 " But scarce, alas ! the first seven days were past,  
 " In which the public nuptial triumphs last,

“ When Saul this new alliance did repent  
“ (Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment !)  
“ He envy'd the good work himself had done ; 1019  
“ Fear'd David less, his servant than his son.  
“ No longer his wild wrath could he command ;  
“ He seeks to stain his own imperial hand  
“ In his son's blood ; and, that twice cheated too,  
“ With troops and armies does one life pursue. 1025  
“ Said I but one ! his thirsty rage extends  
“ To th' lives of all his kindred and his friends ;  
“ Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being so,  
“ Had not just God put-by th' unnatural blow.  
“ You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us here :  
“ No fullen discontent, or groundless fear ;  
“ No guilty act or end calls us from home ;  
“ Only to breathe in peace awhile we come ;  
“ Ready to serve, and in mean space to pray  
“ For, you who us receive, and him who drives away.”

## D A V I D E I S.

## B O O K IV.

## C O N T E N T S.

Moab carries his guests to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls into discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the change of government in Israel; how Saul came to the crown, and the story of him and Jonathan. David's speech, containing, the state of the commonwealth under the Judges; the motives for which the people desired a king; their Deputies' speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the people at the tabernacle, to enquire God's pleasure. God's speech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel, and election by lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nahash king of Ammon against Jabesh-Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his single fight with Nahash, whom he slays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philistines at Macmas; their strength, and the  
weakness

weakness of Saul's forces; his exercising of the priestly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel against him. Jonathan's discourse with his Esquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's outguards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the people.

**T**Hough state and kind discourse thus robb'd the  
 night  
 Of half her natural and more just delight,  
 Moab (whom temperance did still vigorous keep,  
 And regal cares had us'd to moderate sleep)  
 Up with the sun arose; and, having thrice  
 With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise, 5  
 And thrice tow'rd Phegor, his Baal's holiest hill  
 (With good and pious prayers, directed ill)  
 Call'd to the chace his friends, who for him stay'd;  
 The glad dogs bark'd, the chearful horses neigh'd. 10  
 Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four steeds,  
 The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,  
 All white as snow, and spriteful as the light,  
 With scarlet trapt, and foaming gold they bite.  
 He into it young David with him took, 15  
 Did with respect and wonder on him look  
 Since last night's story, and with greedier ear  
 The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.  
 The well-born youth of all his flourishing court  
 March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport; 20  
 Some

Some arm'd with bows, some with straight javelins, ride;  
 Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side.

'Midst the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,  
 And Joab, comely as a fancied God;

They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords 25

With loose and various talk that chance affords,  
 Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise king  
 Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.

"Much," said the king, "much I to Joab owe,

"For the fair picture drawn by him of you; 30

"'Twas drawn in little, but did acts express

"So great, that largest histories are less.

"I see, methinks, the Gathian monster still;

"His shape last night my mindful dreams did fill.

"Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to pursue 35

"The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!

"I've heard (but who can think it?) that his son

"Has his life's hazard for your friendship run;

"His matchless son, whose worth (if fame be true)

"Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you, 40

"With whom it makes him one." Low David bows,

But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows.

"And pray, kind guest! whilst we ride thus," says he

"(To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be)

"The story of your royal friend relate, 45

"And his ungovern'd fire's imperious fate;

"Why your great State that nameless family chose,

"And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."

He said: and David thus: "From Egypt's land

"You've heard, Sir, by what strong unarmed hand 50

"Our

" Our fathers came, Moses their sacred guide ;  
 " But he in sight of the given country dy'd :  
 " His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,  
 " And Joshua's sword must th' active rod supply :  
 " It did so, and did wonders. 55  
 " From sacred Jordan to the Western main,  
 " From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain  
 " Of naked sands, his winged conquests went ;  
 " And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he sent.  
 " Almost four hundred years, from him to Saul, 60  
 " In too much freedom past, or foreign thrall.  
 " Oft strangers' iron sceptres bruis'd the land  
 " (Such still are those borne by a conquering hand) ;  
 " Oft pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,  
 " Fit for the toilsome business of their days, 65  
 " To free the groaning nation, and to give  
 " Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.  
 " But they whose stamp of power did chiefly lie  
 " In characters too fine for most men's eye,  
 " Graces and gifts divine ;—not painted bright 70  
 " With state to awe dull minds, and force t' affright ;—  
 " Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death  
 " Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their breath.  
 " The hungry rich all near them did devour ;  
 " Their judge was Appetite, and their law was Power.  
 " Not Want itself could luxury restrain ;  
 " For what that emptied, Rapine fill'd again.  
 " Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town ;  
 " What the Sword's reaping spar'd, was glean'd by th'  
 " Gown.

" At

" At courts, and seats of justice, to complain, 80  
 " Was to be robb'd more vexingly again.  
 " Nor was their Lust less active or less bold,  
 " Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold ;  
 " Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong ;  
 " The pride of old men that, and this of young. 85  
 " You 'ave heard perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's shame,  
 " Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they name :  
 " Alarmed all by one fair stranger's eyes,  
 " As to a sudden war, the town does rise,  
 " Shaking and pale, half-dead ere they begin 90  
 " The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin :  
 " All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,  
 " Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,  
 " She midst their loath'd and cruel kindness dies ;  
 " Of monstrous lust the innocent sacrifice. 95  
 " This did, 'tis true, a civil war create  
 " (The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd state) ;  
 " All Gibeah's, and all Jabesh' blood it cost ;  
 " Near a whole tribe, and future kings, we lost.  
 " Firm, in this general earthquake of the land, 100  
 " How could religion, its main pillar, stand ?  
 " Proud and fond man his Father's worship hates,  
 " Himself, God's creature, his own god creates !  
 " Hence in each household several deities grew,  
 " And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a new : 105  
 " The only land which serv'd but One before,  
 " Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.  
 " They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their kings  
 " ( Their choice of that this latter slavery brings ) ;  
 " Till



" Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke  
 " By justest force th' unjustly-forced yoke ;  
 " All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they  
 " Of power more great, or lands more apt t' obey.  
 " At last the priesthood join'd, in Ithamar's son,  
 " More weight and lustre to the sceptre won ;      115  
 " But, whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were  
 " Busied with age, and th' altar's sacred care,  
 " To their wild sons they their high charge commit,  
 " Who' expose to scorn and hate both them and it.  
 " Eli's curs'd house th' exemplar vengeance bears 120  
 " Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears ;  
 " His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain ;  
 " Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.  
 " Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd,  
 " They suffer By them first, and For them next.      125  
 " Samuel succeeds ;—since Moses, none before  
 " So much of God in his bright bosom bore.  
 " In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd ;  
 " Heaven's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd :  
 " He rains and wind for auxiliaries brought ;      130  
 " He muster'd flames and thunders when he fought.  
 " Thus thirty years with strong and steady hand  
 " He held th' unshaken balance of the land ;  
 " At last his sons th' indulgent father chose  
 " To share that state which they were born to lose :  
 " Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,  
 " Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages past.  
 " To this (for still were some great periods set,  
 " There 's a strong knot of several causes met)

“ The threats concurr’d of a rough neighbouring war ;  
 “ A mighty storm long gathering from afar :  
 “ For Ammon, heighten’d with mix’d nations’ aid,  
 “ Like torrents swoln with rain, prepar’d the land t’ in-  
 “ Samuel was old, and, by his sons’ ill choice, [vade.  
 “ Turn’d dotard in th’ unskilful vulgar’s voice ; 145  
 “ His sons so scorn’d and hated, that the land  
 “ Nor hop’d, nor wish’d, a victory from their hand.  
 “ These were the just and faultless causes why  
 “ The general voice did for a Monarch cry ;  
 “ But God ill grains did in this incense smell ; 150  
 “ Wrapp’d in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell :  
 “ A mutinous itch of change ; a dull despair  
 “ Of helps divine, oft prov’d ; a faithless care  
 “ Of common means ; the pride of heart and scorn  
 “ Of th’ humble yoke under low Judges borne. 155  
 “ They saw the state and glittering pomp which blest  
 “ In vulgar sense the sceptres of the East ;  
 “ They saw not power’s true source, and scorn’d t’ obey  
 “ Persons that look’d no dreadfuller than they ;  
 “ They mis’d courts, guards, a gay and numerous  
     “ train— 160  
 “ Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and plain :—  
 “ On an old bench of wood, her seat of state  
 “ Beneath the well-known palm, wise Deborah fate ;  
 “ Her maids with comely diligence round her spun,  
 “ And she too, when the pleadings there were done :  
 “ With the same goad Shamgar his oxen drives  
 “ Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives

From

“ From his sham'd foes : he midst his work dealt laws ;

“ And oft was his plough stopp'd to hear a cause :

“ Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain,      170

“ After won fields, sack'd towns, and princes slain ;

“ His sceptre that, and Ophra's threshing-floor

“ The feat and emblem of his justice bore.

“ What should I Jair, the happiest father, name ?

“ Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to fame      175

“ For the most wretched ? Both at once did keep

“ The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep.

“ Oft from the field in haste they summon'd were

“ Some weighty foreign embassy to hear ;

“ They call'd their slaves, their sons, and friends, around,

“ Who all at several cares were scatter'd found ;

“ They wash'd their feet, their only gown put on,

“ And this chief work of ceremony was done.

“ These reasons, and all else that could be said,

“ In a ripe hour by factious eloquence spread      185

“ Through all the tribes, make all desire a king ;

“ And to their Judge selected deputies bring

“ This harsh demand ; which Nacol for the rest

“ (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace

“ express'd :—

“ We 're come, most sacred Judge ! to pay th' arrears

“ Of much-ow'd thanks, for the bright thirty years

“ Of your just reign ; and at your feet to lay

“ All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay

“ In unproportion'd words ; for you alone

“ The not unfit reward, who seek for none.      195

“ But

“ But, when our forepast ills we call to mind,  
 “ And sadly think how little ’s left behind  
 “ Of your important life, whose sudden date  
 “ Would disinherit th’ unprovided state ;  
 “ When we consider how unjust ’tis, you, 200  
 “ Who ne’er of power more than the burden knew,  
 “ At once the weight of that and age should have  
 “ (Your stooping days press’d doubly towards the grave) ;  
 “ When we behold by Ammon’s youthful rage,  
 “ Proud in th’ advantage of your peaceful age, 205  
 “ And all th’ united East, our fall conspir’d ;  
 “ And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir’d  
 “ As stamps of you, in your lov’d room to place,  
 “ By unlike acts that noble stamp deface ;  
 “ Midst these new fears and ills we ’re forc’d to fly  
 “ T’ a new, and yet unpractis’d, remedy ;  
 “ A new one, but long promis’d, and foretold  
 “ By Moses, and to Abraham shown of old ;  
 “ A prophecy long forming in the womb  
 “ Of teeming years, and now to ripeness come. 215  
 “ This remedy ’s a King ; for this we all  
 “ With an inspir’d and zealous union call :  
 “ And, in one sound when all men’s voices join,  
 “ The music ’s tun’d, no doubt, by hand divine :  
 “ ’Tis God alone speaks a whole nation’s voice ; 220  
 “ That is his public language ; but the choice  
 “ Of what Peculiar head that crown must bear,  
 “ From you, who his Peculiar organ are,  
 “ We’ expect to hear : the people shall to you  
 “ Their king, the king his crown and people, owe.

- " To your great name what lustre will it bring  
 " T' have been our Judge, and to have made our King!  
 " He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel strait,  
 " Pausing awhile at this great question's weight,  
 " With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye, 230  
 " That more of care than passion did descry,  
 " Calmly replies—You 're sure the first, said he,  
 " Of freeborn men that begg'd for slavery.  
 " I fear, my friends, with heavenly manna fed,  
 " (Our old forefathers' crime) we lust for bread. 235  
 " Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear,  
 " We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.  
 " Cheat not yourselves with words; for, though a King  
 " Be the mild name, a Tyrant is the thing.  
 " Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see 240  
 " How mild a thing unbounded man will be,  
 " He 'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood to spill,  
 " Where'er his guideless passion leads his will:  
 " Ambition, lust, or spleen, his wars will raise;  
 " Your lives' best price his thirst of wealth or praise:  
 " Your ablest sons for his proud guards he 'll take,  
 " And by such hands your yoke more grievous make:  
 " Your daughters and dear wives he 'll force away;  
 " His luxury some, and some his lust, t' obey:  
 " His idle friends your hungry toils shall eat, 250  
 " Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood and  
 " sweat.  
 " Then you 'll all sigh, but sighs will treasons be;  
 " And not your griefs themselves, or looks, be free:

“ Robb'd

- “ Robb’d ev’n of hopes, when you these ills sustain,  
 “ Your watery eyes you ’ll then turn back in vain 255  
 “ On your old Judges, and perhaps on me,  
 “ Nay, ev’n my sons, howe’er they’ unhappy be  
 “ In your displeasure now; not that I’d clear  
 “ Their guilt, or mine own innocence in dear :  
 “ Witnesses th’ unutterable Name, there ’s nought 260  
 “ Of private ends into this question brought.  
 “ But why this yoke on your own necks to draw ?  
 “ Why man your God, and passion made your Law ?  
 “ Methinks (thus Moab interrupts him here)  
 “ The good old fear ’gainst Kings was too severe. 265  
 “ ’Tis jest to tell a people that they ’re free ;  
 “ Who, or How many, shall their masters be  
 “ Is the sole doubt; laws guide, but cannot reign;  
 “ And, though they bind not kings, yet they restrain.  
 “ I dare affirm (so much I trust their love) 270  
 “ That no one Moabite would his speech approve.  
 “ But, pray go on.—’Tis true, Sir, he replies;  
 “ Yet men whom age and action render wise  
 “ So much great changes fear, that they believe  
 “ All evils will, which may, from them arrive. 275  
 “ On men resolv’d these threats were spent in vain ;  
 “ All that his power or eloquence could obtain  
 “ Was, to enquire God’s will ere they proceed  
 “ T’ a work that would so much his blessing need.  
 “ A solemn day for this great work is set, 280  
 “ And at th’ anointed tent all Israel met  
 “ Expect th’ event; below, fair bullocks fry  
 “ In hallow’d flames; above, there mount on high

" The precious clouds of incense; and, at last,  
 " The sprinkling, prayers, and all due honours, past,  
 " Lo! we the sacred bells o' th' sudden hear,  
 " And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear.  
 " His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on;  
 " Th' oraculous stones on his rich breast-plate shone.  
 " Tow'rds the blue curtains of God's holiest place 290  
 " (The temple's bright third heaven) he turn'd his face;  
 " Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn music play'd,  
 " And at third rest thus the great prophet pray'd:—  
 " Almighty God, to whom all men that be  
 " Owe all they have, yet none so much as we; 295  
 " Who, though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,  
 " Thy too-small court, hast made this place thy throne;  
 " With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo! here,  
 " Blest Abraham's seed implores thy gracious ear:  
 " Hear them, great God! and thy just will inspire;  
 " From Thee, their long-known King, they' a King  
 " desire.  
 " Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send;  
 " Which, lo! with souls resign'd, we humbly here at-  
 " tend.  
 " He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about  
 " Silence and reverend horror seiz'd the rout; 305  
 " The whole tent shakes, the flames on th' altar by  
 " In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily;  
 " The seven lamps wink; and, what does most dismay,  
 " Th' oraculous gems shut-in their natural day:  
 " The ruby's cheek grew pale; the emerald by 310  
 " Faded; a cloud o'ercaft the sapphir's sky;

" The

“ The diamond’s eye look’d sleepy ; and swift night,  
 “ Of all those little suns eclips’d the light :  
 “ Sad signs of God’s dread anger for our sin :—  
 “ But strait a wondrous brightness from within 315  
 “ Strook through the curtains ; for no earthly cloud  
 “ Could those strong beams of heavenly glory shroud ;  
 “ The altar’s fire burn’d pure, and every stone  
 “ Their radiant parent the gay sun out-shone ;  
 “ Beauty th’ illustrious vision did impart 320  
 “ To every face, and joy to every heart ;  
 “ In glad effects God’s presence thus appear’d,  
 “ And thus in wondrous sounds his voice was heard :—  
 “ This stubborn land sins still, nor is it Thee, but Us  
 “ (Who ’ave been so long their King) they seek to cast  
 “ off thus ; 325  
 “ Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff nation strove  
 “ T’ exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom’d  
 “ love.  
 “ Be ’t so then ; yet once more are we resolv’d to try  
 “ T’ outweary them through all their sins’ variety :  
 “ Assemble, ten days hence, the numerous people here,  
 “ To draw the royal lot which our hid mark shall bear.  
 “ Dismiss them now in peace ; but their next crime  
 “ shall bring  
 “ Ruin without redress on them, and on their king.  
 “ Th’ Almighty spake ; th’ astonish’d people part  
 “ With various stamps impress’d on every heart : 335  
 “ Some their demand repented, others prais’d ;  
 “ Some had no thoughts at all, but star’d and gaz’d.



" There dwelt a man, nam'd Kis, in Gibeah town,  
 " For wisdom much, and much for courage, known ;  
 " More for his son ; his mighty son was Saul, 340  
 " Whom nature, ere the lots, t' a throne did call.  
 " He was much prince, and when, or wherefoe'er,  
 " His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and there.  
 " Such beauty, as great strength thinks no disgrace,  
 " Smil'd in the manly features of his face ; 345  
 " His large, black eyes, fill'd with a spritful light,  
 " Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,  
 " As the sun-beams, on jet reflecting, show ;  
 " His hair, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow ;  
 " His tall straight body amidst thousands stood, 350  
 " Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler wood.  
 " Of all our rural sports he was the pride ;  
 " So swift, so strong, so dextrous, none beside.  
 " Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game ;  
 " No natural wants could his fierce diligence tame,  
 " Not thirst nor hunger ; he would journeys go  
 " Through raging heats, and take repose in snow.  
 " His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care ;  
 " But active as some mind that turns a sphere.  
 " His way once chose, he forward thrust outright, 360  
 " Nor step'd aside for dangers or delight.  
 " Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee ;  
 " But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he.  
 " His wit was strong, not fine ; and on his tongue  
 " An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung. 365  
 " These virtues too the rich unusual dress  
 " Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness ;

" Like

" Like a rich varnish o'er fair pictures laid,  
 " More fresh and lasting they the colours made.  
 " Till power and violent fortune, which did find 370  
 " No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his mind,  
 " Did, deluge-like, the natural forms deface,  
 " And brought forth unknown monsters in their place.  
 " Forbid it, God! my master's spots should be,  
 " Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me! 375  
 " But such he was; and now to Ramah went  
 " (So God dispos'd) with a strange, low intent.  
 " Great God! he went lost asses to enquire,  
 " And a small present, his small question's hire,  
 " Brought simply with him, to that man to give, 380  
 " From whom high Heaven's chief gifts he must receive:  
 " Strange play of Fate! when mightiest human things  
 " Hang on such small, imperceptible strings!  
 " 'Twas Samuel's birth-day; a glad annual feast  
 " All Rama kept; Samuel his wondering guest 385  
 " With such respect leads to it, and does grace  
 " With the choice meats o' th' feast, and highest place;  
 " Which done, him forth alone the prophet brings,  
 " And feasts his ravish'd ears with nobler things:  
 " He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd, 390  
 " And with great rules fill'd his capacious mind;  
 " Then takes the sacred vial, and does shed  
 " A crown of mystic drops around his head;  
 " Drops of that royal moisture which does know  
 " No mixture, and disdains the place below. 395  
 " Soon comes the kingly day, and with it brings  
 " A new account of time upon his wings.

" The people met, the rites and prayers all past,  
 " Behold ! the heaven-instructed lot is cast ;  
 " 'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot miss ; 400  
 " Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the house of Cis :  
 " As glimmering stars, just at th' approach of day,  
 " Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away ;  
 " By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,  
 " And, like the sun, Saul's lot shines all alone. 405  
 " Ev'n here perhaps the people's shout was heard,  
 " The loud long shout, when God's fair choice appear'd :  
 " Above the whole vast throng he' appear'd so tall,  
 " As if by Nature made for th' head of all ;  
 " So full of grace and state, that one might know 410  
 " 'Twas some wise eye the blind lot guided so :  
 " But blind unguided lots have more of choice  
 " And constancy than the slight vulgar's voice.  
 " Ere yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,  
 " Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry, 415  
 " Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,  
 " Some envy Saul, some scorn the house of Cis :  
 " Some their first mutinous wish, ' a King ! ' repent,  
 " As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent :  
 " Few to this prince their first just duties pay ; 420  
 " All leave the old, but few the new obey.  
 " Thus changes man, but God is constant still  
 " To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will ;  
 " And, though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit  
 " That stubborn men at last to him submit. 425  
 " As midst the main a low small island lies,  
 " Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,  
 " Whilst

“ Whilst the poor heartless natives, every hour,  
 “ Darkness and noise seem ready to devour ;  
 “ Such Israel’s state appear’d, whilst o’er the west 430  
 “ Philistian clouds hung threatening, and from th’ east  
 “ All nations’ wrath into one tempest joins,  
 “ Through which proud Nahash like fierce lightning  
     “ shines ;  
 “ Tygris and Nile to his assistance send,  
 “ And waters to swollen Jaboc’s torrent lend ; 435  
 “ Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalek, add their force ;  
 “ Up with them march the three Arabias’ horse ;  
 “ And, ’mongst all these, none more their hope or pride,  
 “ Than those few troops your warlike land supply’d.  
 “ Around weak Jabesh this vast host does lie, 440  
 “ Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.  
 “ The hopeless town for slavery does intreat ;  
 “ But barbarous Nahash thinks that grace too great ;  
 “ He (his first tribute) their right eyes, demands,  
 “ And with their faces’ shame disarms their hands. 445  
 “ If unreliev’d seven days by Israel’s aid,  
 “ This bargain for o’er-rated life is made.  
 “ Ah, mighty God ! let thine own Israel be  
 “ Quite blind itself, ere this reproach it see !  
     “ By’ his wanton people the new king forsook, 450  
 “ To homely, rural cares himself betook ;  
 “ In private plenty liv’d, without the state,  
 “ Lustre, and noise, due to a public fate.  
 “ Whilst he his slaves and cattle follows home,  
 “ Lo ! the sad messengers, from Jabesh come, 455  
                                     “ Implore

- " Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant  
 " That way at least proud Nahash to prevent.  
 " Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his strict command  
 " He issues forth t' assemble all the land;  
 " He threatens high, and disobedient they, 460  
 " Wak'd by such princely terrors, learnt t' obey.  
 " A mighty host is rais'd; th' important cause  
 " Age from their rest, youth from their pleasure, draws;  
 " Arm'd as unfurnish'd haste could them provide;  
 " But conduct, courage, anger, that supply'd. 465  
 " All night they march, and are at th' early dawn  
 " On Jabesh' heath in three fair bodies drawn:  
 " Saul did himself the first and strongest band,  
 " His son the next, Abner the third, command.—  
 " But pardon, Sir, if, naming Saul's great son, 470  
 " I stop with him awhile ere I go on.—  
 " This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,  
 " The beautifull'st and best, of human race;  
 " That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain.  
 " All that kind mothers' wishes can contain! 475  
 " His courage such as it no stop can know,  
 " And victory gains by' astonishing the foe;  
 " With lightning's force his enemies it confounds,  
 " And melts their hearts ere it the bosom wounds;  
 " Yet he the conquer'd with such sweetness gains, 480  
 " As captive lovers find in beauty's chains:  
 " In war, the adverse troops he does assail  
 " Like an impetuous storm of wind and hail;  
 " In peace, like gentlest dew that does assuage  
 " The burning months, and temper Sirius' rage; 485  
 " Kind.

" Kind as the sun's blest influence ; and, where'er  
 " He comes, plenty and joy attend him there :  
 " To help seems all his power ; his wealth to give,  
 " To do much good, his sole prerogative :  
 " And yet this general bounty of his mind, 490  
 " That with wide arms embraces all mankind,  
 " Such artful prudence does to each divide ;  
 " With different measures all are satisfy'd ;  
 " Just as wise God his plenteous manna dealt ;  
 " Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt. 495  
 " To all relations their just rights he pays,  
 " And worth's reward above its claim does raise :  
 " The tenderest husband, master, father, son,  
 " And all those parts by' his friendship far outdone ;  
 " His love to friends no bound or rule does know, 500  
 " What he to Heaven, all that to him they owe.  
 " Keen as his sword, and pointed, is his wit ;  
 " His judgment, like best armour, strong and fit ;  
 " And such an eloquence to both these does join,  
 " As makes in both beauty and use combine ; 505  
 " Through which a noble tincture does appear  
 " By learning and choice books imprinted there :  
 " As well he knows all times and persons gone,  
 " As he himself to th' future shall be known :  
 " But his chief study is God's sacred law, 510  
 " And all his life does comments on it draw ;—  
 " As never more by Heaven to man was given,  
 " So never more was paid by man to Heaven.—  
 " And all these virtues were to ripeness grown,  
 " Ere yet his flower of youth was fully blown ; 515  
 " All

" All autumn's store did his rich spring adorn ;  
 " Like trees in paradise, he with fruit was born.  
 " Such is his soul ; and if, as some men tell,  
 " Souls form and build those mansions where they  
     " dwell,  
 " Whoe'er but sees his body must confess,           520  
 " The architect, no doubt, could be no less.  
 " From Saul his growth and manly strength he took,  
 " Chastis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look ;  
 " Not bright Ahinoam, beauty's loudest name  
 " (Till she t' her children lost with joy her fame)   525  
 " Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and fair,  
 " More darting eyes, or lovelier auburn hair.  
 " Forgive me, that I thus your patience wrong,  
 " And on this boundless subject stay so long,  
 " Where too much haste ever to end 'twould be,   530  
 " Did not his acts speak what 's untold by me.  
 " Though, from the time his hands a sword could wield,  
 " He ne'er mis'd fame and danger in the field,  
 " Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,  
 " Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his worth ;  
 " 'Twas the last morning whose uncheerful rise  
 " Sad Jabesh was to view with both their eyes.  
 " Secure proud Nahash slept as in his court,  
 " And dreamt, vain man ! of that day's barbarous sport,  
 " Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke ;   540  
 " Till into 'his camp our violent army broke.  
 " The careless guards with small resistance kill'd  
 " Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion, fill'd ;

" Nahash

“ Nahash his fatal duty does perform,  
 “ And marches boldly up t’ outface the storm ; 545  
 “ Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he pursues  
 “ Th’ Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews :  
 “ ’Twas here your troops behav’d themselves so well,  
 “ Till Uz and Jathan, their stout colonels, fell.  
 “ ’Twas here our victory stopp’d, and gave us cause 550  
 “ Much to suspect th’ intention of her pause ;  
 “ But, when our thundering Prince Nahash espy’d  
 “ (Who, with a courage equal to his pride,  
 “ Broke through our troops, and tow’rds him boldly  
     “ press’d)  
 “ A generous joy leap’d in his youthful breast : 555  
 “ As when a wrathful dragon’s dismal light  
 “ Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle’s sight,  
 “ The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,  
 “ He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.  
 “ With vain though violent force their darts they flung ;  
 “ In Ammon’s plated belt Jonathan’s hung,  
 “ And stopp’d there ; Ammon did his helmet hit,  
 “ And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it ;  
 “ Strait with their swords to the fierce shock they came,  
 “ Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot flame ;  
 “ Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain, they dealt,  
 “ Which more than they th’ engag’d spectators felt ;  
 “ In Ammon force, in Jonathan address  
 “ (Though both were great in both to an excess)  
 “ To the well-judging eye did most appear ; 570  
 “ Honour and anger in both equal were.



" Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon three;  
 " Which he, enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,  
 " Did his whole strength into one blow collect;—  
 " And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct 575  
 " To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by  
 " Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,  
 " Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey;  
 " So waited Death itself to bear away  
 " The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy stand 580  
 " At sight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.—  
 " Our watchful Prince by bending sav'd the wound:  
 " But Death in other coin his reckoning found;  
 " For, whilst th' immoderate stroke's miscarrying force  
 " Had almost borne the striker from his horse, 585  
 " A nimble thrust his active enemy made;  
 " 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,  
 " And opened wide those secret vessels, where  
 " Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.  
 " He falls! his armour clanks against the ground,  
 " From his faint tongue imperfect curses sound.  
 " His amaz'd troops strait cast their arms away;  
 " Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift than they.  
 " As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom rage  
 " And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage, 595  
 " Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,  
 " And seeks t' usurp the bordering flowers alone)  
 " Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to fight,  
 " In th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful right;  
 " If by sad chance of battle either king 600  
 " Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,

- " His army's hopes and courage with him die ;  
 " They sheathe up their faint swords, and routed fly.  
 " On th' other sides at once, with like success,  
 " Into the camp great Saul and Abner press ; 605  
 " From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they hear,  
 " And, whatsoe'er it mean, long to be there ;  
 " At the same instant from glad Jabesh' town  
 " The hasty troops march loud and chearful down ;  
 " Some few at first with vain resistance fall, 610  
 " The rest is slaughter and vast conquest all.  
 " The fate by which our host thus far had gone,  
 " Our host with noble heat drove farther on ;  
 " Victorious arms through Ammon's land it bore ;  
 " Ruin behind, and terror march'd before : 615  
 " Where'er from Rabba's towers they cast their sight,  
 " Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the night.  
 " This bright success did Saul's first action bring ;  
 " The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him king :  
 " The Happy, all men judge for empire fit, 620  
 " And none withstands where Fortune does submit.  
 " Those who before did God's fair choice withstand,  
 " Th' excessive vulgar now to death demand ;  
 " But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom ;  
 " Conquest abroad, with mercy crown'd at home ; 625  
 " Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's pride,  
 " Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.  
 " Again the crown th' assembled people give,  
 " With greater joy than Saul could it receive ;  
 " Again th' old Judge resigns his sacred place 630  
 " (God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace) ;  
 " With

" With decent pride, such as did well besit  
 " The name he kept, and that which he did quit :  
 " The long-past row of happy years he show'd  
 " Which to his heavenly government they ow'd ; 635  
 " How the torn State his just and prudent reign  
 " Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again ;  
 " In war what conquering miracles he wrought ;—  
 " God, then their King, was General when they fought ;  
 " Whom they depos'd with him—And that, said he,  
 " You may see God concern'd in 't more than me,  
 " Behold how storms his angry presence shroud !  
 " Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud !  
 " 'Twas now the ripen'd summer's highest rage ;  
 " Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage ; 645  
 " Th' earth hot with thirst, and hot with lust for rain,  
 " Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,  
 " Which strait were scatter'd, or devour'd by th' sun ;  
 " When, lo ! ere scarce the active speech was done,  
 " A violent wind rose from his secret cave, 650  
 " And troops of frighted clouds before it drave :  
 " Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest crouds,  
 " Swift, dreadful flames shot through th' encountering  
     " clouds,  
 " From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder broke,  
 " And in dire sounds the prophet's sense it spoke ; 655  
 " Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,  
 " As if the waters 'bove the firmament  
 " Were all let loose ; horror and fearful noise  
 " Fill'd the black scene ; till the great prophet's voice

" Swift

“ Swift as the wings of morn, reduc’d the day; 660  
 “ Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once away.  
 “ Fear not, said he; God his fierce wrath removes,  
 “ And, though this State my service disapproves,  
 “ My prayers shall serve it constantly: No more,  
 “ I hope, a pardon for past sins t’ implore; 665  
 “ But just rewards from gracious Heaven to bring  
 “ On the good deeds of you, and of our king.  
 “ Behold him there! and as you see, rejoice  
 “ In the kind care of God’s impartial choice.  
 “ Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit! 670  
 “ The honour Heaven has cloath’d him with, fits fit  
 “ And comely on him; since you needs must be  
 “ Rul’d by a King, you’re happy that ’tis he.  
 “ Obey him gladly; and let him too know  
 “ You were not made for him, but he for you, 675  
 “ And both for God;  
 “ Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,  
 “ In vain shall he command, and you obey;  
 “ To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,  
 “ Instead of king and subjects here at home. 680  
 “ The crown thus several ways confirm’d to Saul,  
 “ One way was wanting yet to crown them all;  
 “ And that was force, which only can maintain  
 “ The power that fortune gives, or worth does gain.  
 “ Three thousand guards of big bold men he took;  
 “ Tall, terrible, and guards ev’n with their look;  
 “ His sacred person two, and throne, defend;  
 “ The third, on matchless Jonathan attend;

" O'er whose full thoughts, Honour, and Youthful Heat,  
 " Sate brooding, to hatch actions good and great. 690  
 " On Geba first, where a Philistian band  
 " Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land,  
 " He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage  
 " Mix'd with design his nation to engage  
 " In that just war, which from them long in vain, 695  
 " Honour and freedom's voice had strove t' obtain.  
 " Th' accurs'd Philistian, rous'd with this bold blow,  
 " All the proud marks of enrag'd power does show;  
 " Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering host:  
 " If human strength might authorize a boast, 700  
 " Their threats had reason here; for ne'er did we  
 " Ourselves so weak, or foe so potent, see.  
 " Here we vast bodies of their foot espy,  
 " The rear out-reaches far th' extended eye;  
 " Like fields of corn their armed squadrons stand; 705  
 " As thick and numberless they hide the land.  
 " Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses found,  
 " And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground;  
 " Here with worse noise three thousand chariots pass,  
 " With plates of iron bound, or louder brags; 710  
 " About it forks, axes, and scythes, and spears,  
 " Whole magazines of death each chariot bears;  
 " Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,  
 " And with lop'd panting limbs the field bestrows:  
 " Alike, the valiant and the cowards die; 715  
 " Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.  
 " In this proud equipage, at Macmas they,  
 " Saul in much different state at Gilgal, lay;

" His

" His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd,  
 " Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud. 720  
 " The quick contagion, Fear, ran swift through all,  
 " And into trembling fits th' infected fall.  
 " Saul and his son (for no such faint disease  
 " Could on their strong-complexion'd valour seize)  
 " In vain all parts of virtuous conduct show'd, 725  
 " And on deaf terror generous words bestow'd :  
 " Thousands from thence fly scatter'd every day,  
 " Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,  
 " When they th' approach of stormy winter find ;  
 " The noble tree all bare expos'd to th' wind. 730  
 " Some to sad Jordan fly, and swim 't for haste,  
 " And from his farther bank look back at last :  
 " Some into woods and caves their cattle drive ;  
 " There with their beasts on equal terms they live,  
 " Nor deserve better : some in rocks on high, 735  
 " The old retreats of storks and ravens, lie ;  
 " And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would they  
 " dare  
 " To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.  
 " As th' host with fear, so Saul disturb'd with care,  
 " T' avert these ills by sacrifice and prayer, 740  
 " And God's blest will t' enquire, for Samuel sends ;  
 " Whom he six days with troubled haste attends ;  
 " But, ere the seventh unlucky day (the last  
 " By Samuel set for this great work) was past,  
 " Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighbouring foe ; 745  
 " Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know ;

" 'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay ;  
 " Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay ;  
 " Scorning that any 's presence should appear  
 " Needful besides, when he himself was there ;     750  
 " And, with a pride too natural, thinking Heaven  
 " Had given him all, because much power 't had given)  
 " Himself the sacrifice and offerings made ;  
 " Himself did th' high selected charge invade ;  
 " Himself enquir'd of God ; who then spake nought ;  
 " But Samuel strait his dreadful answer brought :  
 " For strait he came, and, with a virtue bold  
 " As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told ;  
 " His foul ingratitude to Heaven he chid,  
 " To pluck that fruit, which was alone forbid     760  
 " To kingly power, in all that plenteous land,  
 " Where all things else submit to his command.  
 " And, as fair Eden's violated tree  
 " 'T' immortal man brought in mortality :  
 " So shall that crown, which God eternal meant,     765  
 " From thee, said he, and thy great house, be rent ;  
 " Thy crime shall death to all thine honours send,  
 " And give thy' immortal royalty an end.  
 " Thus spoke the prophet ; but kind Heaven, we hope  
 " (Whose threats and anger know no other scope     770  
 " But man's amendment) does long since relent,  
 " And, with repentant Saul, itself repent.  
 " Howe'er (though none more pray for this than we,  
 " Whose wrongs and sufferings might some colour be  
 " To do it less) this speech we sadly find     775  
 " Still extant, and still active in his mind ;

" But

“ But then a worse effect of it appear’d—  
 “ Our army, which before modestly fear’d ;  
 “ Which did by stealth and by degrees decay ;  
 “ Disbanded now, and fled in troops away. 780  
 “ Base fear so bold and impudent does grow,  
 “ When an excuse and colour it can show !  
 “ Six hundred only (scarce a princely train)  
 “ Of all his host with distress’d Saul remain ;  
 “ Of his whole host six hundred ; and ev’n those 785  
 “ (So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose !  
 “ Nor would that uselesse multitudes should share  
 “ In that great gift it did for one prepare)  
 “ Arm’d not like soldiers marching in a war,  
 “ But country-hinds alarmed from afar 790  
 “ By wolves’ loud hunger, when the well-known sound  
 “ Raises th’ affrighted villages around.  
 “ Some goads, flails, plow-shares, forks, or axes, bore,  
 “ Made for life’s use and better ends before ;  
 “ Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry’d 795  
 “ I’ th’ fire, the first rude arts that malice try’d,  
 “ Ere man the sins of too much knowledge knew,  
 “ And death by long experience witty grew.  
 “ Such were the numbers, such the arms, which we  
 “ Had by fate left us for a victory 800  
 “ O’er well-arm’d millions ; nor will this appear  
 “ Useful itself, when Jonathan was there.  
 “ ’Twas just the time when the new ebb of night  
 “ Did the moist world unvail to human fight ;  
 “ The Prince, who all that night the field had beat 805  
 “ With a small party, and no enemy met



" (So proud and so secure the enemy lay,  
 " And drench'd in sleep th' excesses of the day !)  
 " With joy this good occasion did embrace,  
 " With better leisure, and at nearer space, 810  
 " The strength and order of their camp to view :  
 " Abdon alone his generous purpose knew ;  
 " Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely youth,  
 " Well-born, well-bred, with honour fill'd, and truth ;  
 " Abdon, his faithful 'squire, whom much he lov'd, 815  
 " And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd ;  
 " Abdon, whose love t' his master did exceed  
 " What Nature's law, or Passion's power, could breed ;  
 " Abdon alone did on him now attend,  
 " His humblest servant, and his dearest friend. 820  
 " They went, but sacred fury, as they went,  
 " Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his intent.  
 " What may this be ! (the Prince breaks forth) ; I find  
 " God, or some powerful spirit, invades my mind.  
 " From aught but Heaven can never sure be brought  
 " So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought ;  
 " Nor would Ill-fate, that meant me to surprize,  
 " Come cloath'd in so unlikely a disguise.  
 " Yon host, which its proud fishes spreads so wide  
 " O'er the whole land, like some swoln river's tide ;  
 " Which terrible and numberless appears,  
 " As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears ;  
 " Which lies so strongly 'encamp'd, that one would say  
 " The hill might be remov'd as soon as they ;  
 " We two alone must fight with and defeat : 835  
 " Thou 'rt strook, and startest at a sound so great !  
 " Yet

“ Yet we must do ’t; God our weak hands has chose  
 “ T’ ashame the boasted numbers of our foes;  
 “ Which to his strength no more proportion be,  
 “ Than millions are of hours to his eternity. 840  
 “ If, when their careless guards espy us here,  
 “ With sportful scorn they call t’ us to come near,  
 “ We ’ll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;  
 “ Not they, but Israel’s Angel, gives the call.  
 “ He spoke, and as he spoke, a light divine 845  
 “ Did from his eyes, and round his temples, shine;  
 “ Louder his voice, larger his limbs, appear’d;  
 “ Less seem’d the numerous army to be fear’d.  
 “ This saw, and heard, with joy the brave Esquire,  
 “ As he with God’s, fill’d with his master’s, fire: 850  
 “ Forbid it, Heaven! said he, I should decline,  
 “ Or wish, Sir, not to make your danger mine;  
 “ The great example which I daily see  
 “ Of your high worth is not so lost on me;  
 “ If wonder-strook I at your words appear, 855  
 “ My wonder yet is innocent of fear:  
 “ Th’ honour which does your princely breast enflame,  
 “ Warms mine too, and joins there with duty’s name.  
 “ If in this act Ill-fate our tempter be,  
 “ May all the ill it means be aim’d at me! 860  
 “ But sure, I think, God leads; nor could you bring  
 “ So high thoughts from a less-exalted spring.  
 “ Bright signs through all your words and looks are  
     “ spread,  
 “ A rising victory dawns around your head.

" With such discourse blowing their sacred flame, 865  
 " Lo, to the fatal place and work they came.  
 " Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large head,  
 " Like some vast wood the mighty host was spread;  
 " Th' only' access on neighbouring Gabaa's side,  
 " An hard and narrow way, which did divide 870  
 " Two cliffy rocks, Boses and Senes nam'd,  
 " Much for themselves, and their big strangeness, fam'd;  
 " More for their fortune, and this stranger day.  
 " On both their points Philistian out-guards lay,  
 " From whence the two bold spies they first espy'd; 875  
 " And, lo! the Hebrews! proud Elcanor cry'd,  
 " From Senes' top; lo! from their hungry caves,  
 " A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.  
 " Come up (aloud he cries to them below)  
 " Ye' Egyptian slaves, and to our mercy owe 880  
 " The rebel-lives long since t' our justice due.  
 " Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,  
 " When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly understand  
 " God, and his God-like virtues' high command.  
 " It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent 885  
 " With pain and labour, haste and joy, they went.  
 " Eleanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought  
 " His mighty words th' affrighted suppliant brought;  
 " Did new affronts to the great Hebrew Name,  
 " (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame. 890  
 " Short was his sport; for, swift as thunder's stroke  
 " Rives the frail trunk of some heaven-threatening oak,  
 " The Prince's sword did his proud head divide;  
 " The parted scull hung down on either side.

" Just



“ Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew 895  
 “ Half-way (no more the trembling joints could do);  
 “ Which Abdon snatch’d, and dy’d it in the blood  
 “ Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.  
 “ Some close to earth, shaking and groveling, lie,  
 “ Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy; 900  
 “ Some, wonder-strook, stand fix’d; some fly; some arm  
 “ Wildly, at th’ unintelligible alarm.  
 “ Like the main channel of an high-swoln flood,  
 “ In vain by dikes and broken works withstood;  
 “ So Jonathan, once climb’d th’ opposing hill, 905  
 “ Does all around with noise and ruin fill:  
 “ Like some large arm of which, another way  
 “ Abdon o’erflows; him too no bank can stay.  
 “ With cries th’ affrighted country flies before,  
 “ Behind the following waters loudly roar. 910  
 “ Twenty, at least, slain on this out-guard lie,  
 “ To th’ adjoin’d camp the rest distracted fly;  
 “ And ill-mix’d wonders tell, and into ’t bear  
 “ Blind terror, deaf disorder, helpless fear.  
 “ The conquerors too press boldly in behind, 915  
 “ Doubling the wild confusions which they find.  
 “ Hamgar at first, the Prince of Ashdod town,  
 “ Chief ’mongst the five in riches and renown,  
 “ And General then by course, oppos’d their way,  
 “ Till drown’d in death at Jonathan’s feet he lay, 920  
 “ And curs’d the heavens for rage, and bit the ground;  
 “ His life, for ever spilt, stain’d all the grass around.  
 “ His brother too, who virtuous haste did make  
 “ His fortune to revenge, or to partake,

“ Falls

" Falls groveling o'er his trunk, on mother earth ; 925  
 " Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their birth.  
 " Meanwhile the well-pleas'd Abdon's restless sword  
 " Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their lord.  
 " On still, o'er panting corpse, great Jonathan led ;  
 " Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled. 930  
 " Prodigious Prince ! which does most wondrous show,  
 " Thy' attempt, or thy success? thy fate or thou ?  
 " Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,  
 " With purpose not to die, but to prevail !  
 " Infinite numbers thee no more affright, 935  
 " Than God, whose unity is infinite.  
 " If Heaven to men such mighty thoughts would give,  
 " What breast but thine capacious to receive  
 " The vast infusion ? or what soul but thine  
 " Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine ? 940  
 " Thou follow'd'st Heaven in the design, and we  
 " Find in the act 'twas Heaven that follow'd thee.  
 " Thou led'st on angels, and that sacred band  
 " (The Deity's great lieutenant ! ) didst command.  
 " 'Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I say 945  
 " Angels themselves fought under him that day.  
 " Clouds, with ripe thunder charg'd, some thither drew,  
 " And some the dire materials brought for new.  
 " Hot drops of southern showers (the sweats of death)  
 " The voice of storms, and winged whirlwinds' breath ;  
 " The flames shot forth from fighting dragons' eyes ;  
 " The smokes that from scorch'd fevers' ovens rise ;  
 " The reddest fires with which sad comets grow ;  
 " And Sodom's neighbouring lake, did spirits bestow

“ Of finest sulphur ; amongst which they put 955  
 “ Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut  
 “ Into a cold moist cloud, t’ enflame it more,  
 “ And make th’ enraged prisoner louder roar.  
 “ Th’ assembled clouds burst o’er their army’s head ;  
 “ Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them spread.  
 “ Another Spirit, with a more potent wand  
 “ Than that which Nature fear’d in Moses’ hand,  
 “ And went the way that pleas’d, the mountain strook ;  
 “ The mountain felt it ; the vast mountain shook.  
 “ Through the wide air another Angel flew 965  
 “ About their host, and thick amongst them threw  
 “ Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,  
 “ And all th’ ingredients that swift ruin make.  
 “ The fertile glebe requires no time to breed ;  
 “ It quickens, and receives at once the seed. 970  
 “ One would have thought, this dismal day t’ have seen,  
 “ That Nature’s self in her death-pangs had been.  
 “ Such will the face of that great hour appear ;  
 “ Such the distracted sinner’s conscious fear.  
 “ In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay ; 975  
 “ In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray :  
 “ Unheard, unheeded, trodden down, they lie,  
 “ Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.  
 “ O’er their own foot trampled the violent horse ;  
 “ The guideless chariots with impetuous course 980  
 “ Cut wide through both ; and, all their bloody way,  
 “ Horses and men, torn, bruis’d, and mangled, lay.  
 “ Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong ;  
 “ The faint, weak passion grows so bold and strong !  
 “ To

" To almost certain present death they fly, 985  
 " From a remote and causeless fear to die.  
 " Much different error did some troops possess ;  
 " And madness, that look'd better, though no less :  
 " Their fellow-troops for th' enter'd foe they take ;  
 " And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make. 990  
 " Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did view,  
 " And hear, the thickening tumult, as it grew  
 " Still great and loud ; and, though he knows not why  
 " They fled, no more than they themselves that fly,  
 " Yet, by the storms and terrors of the air, 995  
 " Guesses some vengeful spirit 's working there ;  
 " Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,  
 " And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.  
 " At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise ;  
 " Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice, 1000  
 " Without revenge ; the scatter'd arms they seize,  
 " And their proud vengeance with the memory please  
 " Of who so lately bore them. All about,  
 " From rocks and caves, the Hebrews issue out  
 " At the glad noise ; joy'd that their foes had shown  
 " A fear that drowns the scandal of their own.  
 " Still did the Prince 'midst all this storm appear,  
 " Still scatter'd death and terrors every where ;  
 " Still did he break, still blunt, his wearied swords ;  
 " Still slaughter new supplies t' his hand affords.  
 " Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,  
 " And, till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.  
 " All fled at last, but many in vain ; for still  
 " Th' insatiate Conqueror was more swift to kill

" Than

" Than they to save their lives. Till, lo ! at last, 1015  
 " Nature, whose power he had so long surpass'd,  
 " Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,  
 " Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did oppose.  
 " Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,  
 " Burnt with the sun's and violent action's heat, 1020  
 " 'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he staid,  
 " For some short ease ; Fate in th' old oak had laid  
 " Provisions up for his relief ; and lo !  
 " The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.  
 " With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit, 1025  
 " Strong he returns, and fresh, to the pursuit ;  
 " His strength and spirits the honey did restore ;  
 " But, oh ! the bitter-sweet strange poison bore !  
 " Behold, Sir, and mark well the treacherous fate,  
 " That does so close on human glories wait ! 1030  
 " Behold the strong, and yet fantastic net,  
 " T' ensnare triumphant virtue darkly set !  
 " Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,  
 " The Prince—who had alone that morning fought  
 " A duel with an host, had the host o'erthrown, 1035  
 " And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with one ;  
 " Wash'd-off his country's shame, and doubly dy'd  
 " In blood and blushes the Philistan pride ;  
 " Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tottering crown,  
 " And the bright gold new burnish'd with renown,—  
 " Should be ere night, by 's King and Father's breath,  
 " Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death ?  
 " Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be  
 " Of thanks, himself, for his own victory ?

" Alone,



- " Alone, with various fate, like to become, 1045  
 " Fighting, an host ; dying, an hecatomb ?  
 " Yet such, Sir, was his case ;  
 " For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might  
 " (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to fight)  
 " His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade, 1050  
 " A rash, but solemn vow to Heaven had made—  
 " Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curs'd let him be,  
 " Who shall touch food this busy day, said he,  
 " Whilst the blest sun does with his favouring light  
 " Assist our vengeful swords against their flight : 1055  
 " Be he thrice curs'd ! and, if his life we spare,  
 " On us those curses fall that he should bear !  
 " Such was the king's rash vow ; who little thought  
 " How near to him Fate th' application brought.  
 " The two-edg'd oath wounds deep, perform'd or broke ;  
 " Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke.  
 " 'Twas his own son, whom God and mankind lov'd,  
 " His own victorious son, that he devov'd ;  
 " On whose bright head the baleful curses light :  
 " But Providence, his helmet in the fight, 1065  
 " Forbids their entrance or their settling there ;  
 " They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.  
 " Him what religion, or what vow, could bind,  
 " Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find  
 " Entangled in 't ? whilst wonders he did do, 1070  
 " Must he die now for not being prophet too ?  
 " To all but him this oath was meant and said ;  
 " He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made

" Was

" Was acting then, till, faint and out of breath,  
 " He grew half-dead with toil of giving death. 1075  
 " What could his crime in this condition be,  
 " Excus'd by ignorance and necessity ?  
 " Yet the remorseless king—who did disdain  
 " That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,  
 " Though 'gainst himself ; or fate a way should see  
 " By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be ;  
 " Who thought compassion female weakness here,  
 " And equity injustice, would appear  
 " In his own cause ; who falsely fear'd, beside,  
 " The solemn curse on Jonathan did abide, 1085  
 " And, the infected limb not cut away,  
 " Would like a gangrene o'er all Israel stray ;—  
 " Prepar'd this god-like sacrifice to kill,  
 " And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil.  
 " What tongue can th' horror and amazement tell  
 " Which on all Israel that sad moment fell !  
 " Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,  
 " Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.  
 " Not Saul's proud heart could master his swoln eye ;  
 " The Prince alone stood mild and patient by ; 1095  
 " So bright his sufferings, so triumphant, show'd,  
 " Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.  
 " A victory now he o'er himself might boast ;  
 " He conquer'd now, that conqueror of an host.  
 " It charm'd through tears the sad spectator's sight,  
 " Did reverence, love, and gratitude, excite,  
 " And pious rage ; with which inspir'd, they now  
 " Oppose to Saul's a better public vow.

" They

" They all consent all Israel ought to be  
 " Accurs'd and kill'd themselves, rather than he. 1005  
 " Thus with kind force they the glad king withstood,  
 " And sav'd their wondrous saviour's sacred blood!"

Thus David spoke ; and much did yet remain  
 Behind, th' attentive prince to entertain ;  
 Edom and Zoba's war—for what befel 1110  
 In that of Moab, was known there too well :  
 The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalek's land ;  
 Where Heaven itself did cruelty command,  
 And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did ere  
 More punish innocent blood, than pity there. 1115  
 But lo ! they' arriv'd now at th' appointed place ;  
 Well-chosen and well-furnish'd for the chace.

END OF THE DAVIDEIS.

A DIS.

A D I S C O U R S E,  
 BY WAY OF VISION,  
 CONCERNING  
 THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

**I**T was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuofos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it

was made ; much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory ; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by ; and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the mourners ; where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man : and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success ; till, by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked as it were asleep, I fell at last into this vision ; or if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream ; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not) and found myself on the top of that famous hill in the island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not-long-since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked on them, the “not-long-since” struck upon my memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the sins, and all the miseries, that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours ; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more ; and, as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon England) into this complaint :

**Ah,**

OF OLIVER CROMWELL. 211

Ah, happy isle, how art thou chang'd and curs'd,  
Since I was born, and knew thee first !  
When peace, which had forsok the world around  
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)  
Thee for a private place of rest,  
And a secure retirement, chose  
Wherein to build her halcyon nest ;  
No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose ;  
When all the riches of the globe beside  
Flow'd in to thee with every tide ;  
When all, that nature did thy soil deny,  
The growth was of thy fruitful industry ;  
When all the proud and dreadful sea,  
And all his tributary streams,  
A constant tribute paid to thee ;  
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames ;  
When plenty in each village did appear,  
And bounty was its steward there ;  
When gold walk'd free about in open view,  
Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew ;  
When the religion of our state  
Had face and substance with her voice,  
Ere she, by her foolish loves of late,  
Like Echo (once a Nymph) turn'd only into noise ;  
When men to men, respect and friendship bore,  
And God with reverence did adore ;  
When upon earth no kingdom could have shown  
A happier monarch to us, than our own ;

And yet his subjects by him were  
 (Which is a truth will hardly be  
 Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,  
 A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.  
 Thou dost a Chaos, and Confusion, now,  
 A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,  
 And, like a frantic person, thou dost tear  
 The ornaments and cloaths which thou should'st wear,  
 And cut thy limbs; and, if we see  
 (Just as thy barbarous Britons did)  
 Thy body with hypocrisy  
 Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.  
 The nations, which envied thee erewhile,  
 Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile);  
 They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas!  
 But that thy faults all pity do surpass.  
 Art thou the country, which didst hate  
 And mock the French inconstancy?  
 And have we, have we seen of late  
 Less change of habits there, than governments in thee?  
 Unhappy isle! no ship of thine at sea,  
 Was ever tost and torn like thee.  
 Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,  
 The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;  
 What did thy foolish pilots ail,  
 To lay the compass quite aside?  
 Without a law or rule to fail,  
 And rather take the winds, than heavens, to be their  
 guide?

Yet,

Yet, mighty God ! yet, yet, we humbly crave,  
 This floating isle from shipwreck save ;  
 And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,  
 It well deserve to sink into the main ;  
 Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer  
 (The royal martyr prays, we know)  
 This guilty, perishing vessel spare ;  
 Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below !

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning bras; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right-hand a sword, that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, "Pax quæritur bello;" and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine; yet



so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, "What art thou?" And he said, "I am called the north-west principality, his highness, the protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said, "If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past, your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man, had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard the third to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself, and I would fain know, what the wolf, which he protects

fects him from, could do more. Such a protector—” and as I was proceeding, methoughts, his highness began to put on a displeas'd and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell among all his foreign correspondences had ever held any with angels. However I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then: and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him “that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know.”

At which he told me “that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman (said he, very kindly and very flattering) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue, “What can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to at-

tempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die  
with

with peace at home, and triumph abroad ; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity ; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world ; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched-out to the extent of his immortal designs \* ?”

By this speech, I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was ; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ), I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner : “ I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel ; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty : for sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by irony.

\* Mr. Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but altered, as he says, in some particulars from the original, in his history of Great-Britain. H.

There

There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but, to sum up a part of it briefly, What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as yourself, qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what? two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all, even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up counsels of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame, as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for the king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other?

other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously and supplant ingratefully his own general \* first, and afterwards most of those officers, who, with the loss of their honour, and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Molochship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?"

Though I had much more to say (for the life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a tyrant); yet, because I had a mind to hear how my strange adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the devil (as they say) his right and fair play in a disputation, I stopped here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he

\* Sir T. Fairfax.

should

should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite : but he on the contrary very calmly, and [with the dove-like innocency of a serpent that was not yet warmed enough to sting, thus replied to me ;

“ It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of an oratory), as for your own sake (honest countryman), whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And, in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal,

*Οὐχ' ὄσιαν καλαμένοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν εὐχέλαισθαι.*

'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread  
Upon the monuments of the dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this subject ; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived.”

“ Your highness may please (said I) to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject :

Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent  
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to be the rule in the case, that, when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and  
charity

charity to the living: that the curses, which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants (because they are tyrants) whilst they are so, may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else, in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other men's tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarned of the evil consequences; much less if he find not only the concurrence of the present, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue; it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign too; and if a Lambert must be invited to follow the steps of a Cromwell, as well by the voice of honour, as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely, done of the Syracusans, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn and destroy, even the statues of all their tyrants: if it were possible to cut them out of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but, since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy,



miny, than enticed by their momentary glories. And, that your highness may perceive, that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late protector, I assure you, upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of Marius or Sylla, who never did me, or any friend of mine, the least injury ;” and with that, transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture :

Curst be the man (what do I wish ? as though  
 The wretch already were not so ;  
 But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave  
 And great, his countrey \* to enslave ;  
 Who seeks to overpoise alone  
 The balance of a nation ;  
 Against the whole but naked state,  
 Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the  
 weight :

Who of his nation loves to be the first,  
 Though at the rate of being worst ;  
 Who would be rather a great monster, than  
 A well-proportion'd man.  
 The son of earth with hundred hands  
 Upon his three-pil'd mountain stands,

\* *Countrey*] This word, in the sense of *patria*, or as including in it the idea of a *civil constitution*, is always spelt by Mr. Cowley, I observe, with an *e* before *y*,—*countrey* ;—in the sense of *rus*, without an *e*,—*country* ; and this distinction, for the sake of perspicuity, may be worth preserving. H.

Till thunder strikes him from the sky;  
The son of earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain  
A short and miserable reign!

In what oblique and creeping wise  
Does the mischievous serpent rise!

But even his forked tongue strikes dead:  
When he has rear'd up his wicked head,  
He murders with his mortal frown;

A basilisk he grows, if once he get a crown.

But no guards can oppose assaulting fears,  
Or undermining tears,

No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep  
The swarming dreams out, when we sleep.

That bloody conscience, too, of his  
(For, oh, a rebel red-coat 'tis)  
Does here his early hell begin,

He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand  
Lift up this rod against our land!

A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,  
And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.

What rivers stain'd with blood have been!

What storm and hail-shot have we seen!

What sores deform'd the ulcerous state!

What darkness, to be felt, has buried us of late!

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away!

And made even of our sons a prey!

224 · ON THE GOVERNMENT

What croaking sects and vermin has it sent,  
The restless nation to torment !  
What greedy troops, what armed power  
Of flies and locusts, to devour  
The land, which every where they fill !  
Nor fly they, Lord ! away ; no, they devour it still.

Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be ;  
Come sink us rather in the sea.  
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down ;  
Come God's sword rather than our own.  
Let rather Roman come again,  
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane :  
In all the bonds we ever bore,  
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept ; we never blush'd,  
before.

If by our sins the divine justice be  
Call'd to this last extremity,  
Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,  
To try, if England can repent.  
Methinks, at least, some prodigy,  
Some dreadful comet from on high,  
Should terribly forewarn the earth,  
As of good princes death, so of a tyrant's birth."

Here, the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I  
stopt: and his highness, smiling, said, " I was glad to  
see you engaged in the enclosure of metre ; for, if you  
had staid in the open plain of declaiming against the  
word tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen  
hours,

hours, till you had tired<sup>d</sup> yourself as well as me. But pray, countryman, to avoid this sciomachy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the name of tyrant, for I remember that, among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your *juvans pater*) is so termed; and perhaps, as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it, upon better consideration, to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind; at least, it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person, who is now the subject of our discourse."

"I call him (said I) a tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow-citizens without any legal authority over them; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction or tormenting of them. So that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part, of that power which they assume to themselves; and no less are they to be accounted rebels, since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those laws which were his superiors: and in all these senses, no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleased to defend; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it: and, if lawful princes have

been esteemed tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have been left them, as the sphere of their authority, by their forefathers, what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious of our princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescribed and observed before) was pleased (out of great modesty) to set to himself; not abstaining from rebellion and usurpation even against his own laws, as well as those of the nation?"

"Hold, friend, (said his highness, pulling me by my arm) for I see your zeal is transporting you again; whether the protector were a tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see anon; it is requisite to examine, first, whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only he, but no man else, ever was, or can be so; and that for these reasons. First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as kings are of all honours in their dominions. Princes are but his vice-roys in the little provinces of this world; and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for

Oliver

Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the Lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority, by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained, either by the election and consent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion); or else by a conquest of them (and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant); so that either this title is right, and then there are no usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his highness) the government of England was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguished by the confusions of a civil war; so that his highness could not be accused to have possessed himself violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former; and he, who after a deplorable shipwreck, can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful art and felicity so rejoin them, as to make a

new vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his highness had) by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider, lastly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things, that might be spoken upon this noble argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage, must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man, who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before), and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland (which the whole force of the world, joined with the Roman virtue, could never attain to); and to crown all this with illustrious and heroical undertakings and successes upon all our foreign enemies: do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious merits were a better title to imperial dignity, than the blood of an hundred royal progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more nations, than envy him the conquest and dominion of these."

"Whoever you are, said I (my indignation making me somewhat bolder) your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel, as Cromwell's actions did that of a protector. It is upon these principles, that all the great crimes of the world

world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into woods, and equally there stand upon our guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts. For, if there can be no usurpation upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and, if the robbers of countries be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves and banditos, and murderers, are his under-officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power; and it is no less true, that he is the creator of serpents, as well as angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends, even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in England: but would you infer from thence, that the power of the devil is a just and lawful one; and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the rich hand (as it were) of his goodness, and others from the left hand of his justice; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes over-run and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till, either by



our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude. If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland, in the place of the late Lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have shewed me from our common sovereign that sent him; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England; but that he was so far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations, from God Almighty, not to admit him.

Your second argument is, that he had the same right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them), and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? Did we fight for liberty against our prince, that we might become slaves to our servant? This is such an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall,  
I
if

if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves.

The right, certainly, of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be said to be conquered, but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from stating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person, or party, which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our country that raises men in the quarrel, our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorizes the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; lastly, it is our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their general. So that to say, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say, the country conquers itself. And, if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army, by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that, if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent; and what that was, must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his

Q 4

people.

people. It was not then against the people. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their service, or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whose service (if there had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his majesty; and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed, with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by Savages and Canibals? Was it for king and parliament that we fought; and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title; but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another sometimes justly; and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them), and not as particular rebels to their country, which is, and ought always to be, their superior and their lord. If perhaps we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad (as no doubt there have been many usurpers before ours, though

though none in so impudent and execrable a manner), all I can say for them is, that their title was very weak, till, by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one.

Your third defence of his highness (as your highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest; for then a man may say any thing. The government was broken; who broke it? It was dissolved; who dissolved it? It was extinguished; who was it, but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house, because it is better that he, than that only rats, should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed; but the heirs (blessed be God!) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all heirs of their dispossessors, besides their infamy. "Rode, caper, vitem, &c." There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts, that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire, only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought  
then

then that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel (the sovereign of the seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe, and thought only, with some scattered planks of that great shipwreck, to make a better fisherboat for himself. But when he saw that, by the drowning of the master (whom he himself treacherously knocked on the head, as he was swimming for his life), by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure; with the old hulk, and new mis-shapen and disagreeable pieces of his own, he made up, with much ado, that piratical vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by its perpetual leaking.

First then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the fable, who cut their old father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again), this man endeavoured to destroy the building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what architect, it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamed himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant mountebank; and thirdly (which concerns us nearest), that very new thing, which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the original, either for beauty, use, or duration,

duration, than an artificial plant, raised by the fire of a chemist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making.

Your last argument is such (when reduced to syllogism), that the major proposition of it would make strange work in the world, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation, has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family: what would become of us, when every man in England should lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea, when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides, that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the public, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days); and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky æra of our own misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great, "*Nostrâ miseriâ magnus es.*" But, because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men who are effecters of extraordinary

dinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel ; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence), that when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination ; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that the hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it ; and none are so weak, but they may fall down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes :

— Omnia fluminis

Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo

Cum pace delabentis Etruscum

In mare, nunc lapides adefos,

Stirpésque

Stirpésque raptas, & pecus & domos

Volventis unâ, non sine montium

Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ ;

Cùm fera diluvies quietos

Irritat amnes.

HOR. 3 Carm. xxix.

And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so) ; but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman senate, nor the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their country, or themselves, against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman. The valour and prudent counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world, by a very dream ; and the other loses both at once, by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that, in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent men in nature, as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio and his contemporaries, for his chief instruments and actors in so admirable



admirable a work (the end of this being, not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons); yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him), or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm; but he makes the Massanellos, and the Johns of Leyden, the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Afric, to correct the pride of the Egyptians; but called for his armies of locusts out of Æthiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust; and because you see a whole country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of foxes, and the courage of lions?

It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England: and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that, which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of  
these

these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indisposed and long-tormented commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation (under what name or pretext soever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary mystery, that it is madness in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I say, will not always lie hid, even to the slowest capacities; and the next truth they will discover afterwards is, that a whole people can never have the will, without having at the same time the power, to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps  
(for

(for so many together, and so young) in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we add hereto this consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were past with safety, either by prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And lastly (to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digressed) because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature, and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, no not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by men's actions; or of the latter, than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief, where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm even amongst his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print, which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a satire against him would not have made him say,  
for

for fear of transgressing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries), I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last: neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player, by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, tho' his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me, why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage; I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the actors and the door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries even diabolical) he had at first the good-fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no

human reason could foresee them; which made them, who had to do with him, believe, that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty and malicious impostor: that these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry (as you term it), I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence, as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep. How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us, "Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood," *Isai. lix. 7.* "He travels with iniquity," *Psal. vii. 14.* "He deviseth mischief upon his bed," *Psal. xxxiv. 4.* "They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search," *Psal. lxiv. 6.* and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous, to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs too, are all asleep?

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell  
 To call him to the duties of his cell;  
 There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,  
 Th' adulterer and the thief his larum has within.

And,

And, if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure, Faux and his fellow gunpowder friends, will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour; neither can I doubt but, if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all human and divine laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity), so publicly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking, so many parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to usurp this tyranny to himself; and impudent above all impudences, to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue), that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. In both which last cases there use frequent examples to appear, of such extraordinary

force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done, to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his harp whilst he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person (for why should not he, too, be called so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

It would look (I must confess) like envy, or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not: and yet I may venture, I think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds and dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations.

What then shall we say? that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so, indeed, in a great measure, by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But, truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of  
his

his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his labyrinths) to the supreme usurped authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you, in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestic actions. The first of his foreign, was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home): who would not imagine at first glimpse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed, that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances, without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this country could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the vales of his protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or prodigality, as the two hundred



## 246 ON THE GOVERNMENT

pounds were, that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies both by sea and land, this great alligator. To satisfy our Anti-Solomon (who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones in his new Jerufalem) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical Ophir. And, because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate prince (the Faustus, as well as Sylla, of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings), I desire them to consider, how, since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Faustus; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their countrey (though a great army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling), should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the conquest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the victory, because, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly; and how much we have gotten by it, let the custom-house and exchange inform you; and, if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet (which indeed nobody else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do), at least, let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which

(which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships.

But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory, than St. Domingo for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master), to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sat still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that, for less money than he in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England, not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprizes abroad, let us examine, in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home.

And, first, he found the commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about 800,000 pounds; he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and an half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it: and yet not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to

raise monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frightened from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation \* ; which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people. Which, because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole book written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author, when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design, of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London ; from which he was rebuted by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill, that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod. And for this design, they say, he invented (oh Antichrist! Πονηρόν and ὁ Πονηρός!) to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached to the purchase. And this,

\* By *decimation*, is here meant, not the putting to death of every *tenth man* (which is the usual sense of this term), but the levying of the *tenth penny* on the estates of the Royalists. The word is so used by Sir J. Denham. H.

indeed,

indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation, which had given the first noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had some appearance of gratitude: but he did it only for love of their mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks for a *mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he desired he might be worshiped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-prayer book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money; when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was as much robbery, as if it had been taken by a thief upon the highways? Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and musk-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's, whom he had met and been too strong for upon a road? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney \*, to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed, the king's

\* Which the reader may see in Lord Clarendon, H. R. vol. iii. fol. p. 506. H.

regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst, erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it; and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason, which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made crimes, which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy him in all history), let any man shew me (I say) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours), where there have, in the space of four years, been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason, I think, partly was,

was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman, to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of justice have not been idle: and, to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions, than the short one of our blest reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets (as I marked to you at first) the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a sweet savour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtlest invention of his predecessors of Sicily) is more humane and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible) to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon, so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

These

These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill besit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta \*. To-day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls, with his servants. This month, he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month, he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, "Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them." The representative of whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness? rashness or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we

\* In the case of Coney, before mentioned.

must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore*, and *stans pede in uno*); and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune, that, when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himself one of the primest of her jests), found out the true *haut goût* of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London), “You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!”

These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them: which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good-fortune to him, than all the victories and prosperities



prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never passed of late before his palace (his, do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon), but I never passed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, "Mene Mene, Tekel Upharfin\*." But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here 's at last an end of him. And where 's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you will say) has the whole crop; I doubt, he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the gentleman †, or any living of his family; on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that

\* Dan. v. 25.

† A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell!

which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

Here I stopt; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a laughing; it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can shew me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a justice of peace in your own countrey. For this, I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing else but either the frowardness of a Cynic, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you, that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be misled out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant and Platonical statesman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the supreme place attained to by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's politics, and write, if you please, comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel: and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferment. If the desire of rule and superiority

ority be a virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals; and what is the virtue of any creature, but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it?) if that (I say) be virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing vice, which is the most proper, if not the only, means of attaining of it:

It is a truth so certain, and so clear,  
 That to the first-born man it did appear;  
 Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,  
 By the fresh laws of nature taught, disdain  
 That (though a brother) any one should be  
 A greater favourite to God than he?  
 He strook him down; and so (said he) so fell  
 The sheep, which thou didst sacrifice so well.  
 Since all the fullest sheaves, which I could bring,  
 Since all were blasted in the offering,  
 Lest God should my next victim too despise,  
 The acceptable priest I 'll sacrifice.  
 Hence coward fears; for the first blood so spilt,  
 As a reward, he the first city built.  
 'Twas a beginning generous and high,  
 Fit for a grand-child of the Deity.  
 So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he staid;  
 One step of glory more he should have made,  
 And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;  
 Had Adam too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.  
 One brother's death, what do I mean to name,  
 A small oblation to revenge and fame?

The

The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to shew  
 What for high place a higher spirit can do,  
 A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,  
 And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd  
 (To make it hold) his royal purple pride.  
 Why do I name the lordly creature man?  
 The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,  
 When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,  
 All that oppose with manlike courage slay.  
 So Athaliah, when she saw her son,  
 And with his life her dearer greatness, gone,  
 With a majestic fury slaughter'd all  
 Whom high-birth might to high pretences call:  
 Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,  
 Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.  
 In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,  
 In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;  
 A noble and a bold contention, she  
 (One woman) undertook with destiny.  
 She to pluck down, destiny to uphold  
 (Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)  
 The great Jessæan race on Judah's throne;  
 Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown,  
 Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.  
 Tell me not, she herself at last was slain;  
 Did she not first seven years (a life-time) reign?  
 Seven royal years t' a public spirit will seem  
 More than the private life of a Methusalem.  
 'Tis godlike to be great; and, as they say,  
 A thousand years to God are but a day,

So to a man, when once a crown he wears,  
The coronation-day 's more than a thousand years."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies, but that by God's grace I became so bold, as thus to interrupt him: "I understand now perfectly (which I guessed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are; and, though your style in verse be very much mended \* since you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish; whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party."

"My dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious look) is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and, that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next garrison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence

\* This compliment was intended, not so much to the foregoing, as to the following verses; of which the author had reason to be proud, but, as being delivered in his own person, could not so properly make the panegyric. H.

to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither." I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey :

When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,  
 From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,  
 A flash of light, rather than lightning, came,  
 So swift, and yet so gentle, was the flame.  
 Upon it rode (and, in his full career,  
 Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here)  
 The comeliest youth of all th' angelic-race ;  
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.  
 The frowns, with which he strook the trembling fiend,  
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend ;  
 His beams of locks fell part dishevel'd down,  
 Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natural crown,  
 Such as the British monarchs us'd to wear ;  
 If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair.  
 His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,  
 They seem'd both made of woven silver light :  
 Across his breast an azure ruban went,  
 At which a medal hung, that did present,  
 In wondrous living figures, to the sight,  
 The mystic champion's, and old dragon's, fight ;  
 And from his mantle's side there shone afar,  
 A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.  
 In his fair hand (what need was there of more ?)  
 No arms, but th' English bloody cross, he bore,  
 Which when he tow'rd's th' affrighted tyrant bent,  
 And some few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,

Or were, could not, alas ! by me be known,  
 Only, I well perceiv'd, Jesus was one)  
 He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away ;  
 Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.

Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes  
 (Robb'd, as he thinks unjustly, of his prize)  
 Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws  
 The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws ;  
 The shepherd fain himself would he assail,  
 But fear above his hunger does prevail,  
 He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone ;  
 He grins, as he looks back, and howls, as he goes on.

SEVERAL DISCOURSES,  
 BY WAY OF ESSAYS,  
 IN VERSE AND PROSE.

---

## I.

## OF LIBERTY.

**T**HE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions, is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the intire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be



paid to him, as a small quit-rent, in acknowledgement of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth: but the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery-up of themselves, as Thamar did with Judah; instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous; and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

Let us first consider the ambitious; and those, both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Sallust\* says, "Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant;" they are content to pay so great a price as their own servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst they are in the race of glory, no not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither in-

\* Fragm. ed. Maittaire, p. 116.

deed can a man stop himself if he would, when he is in this career :

*Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas\**.

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean, servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most of liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves, for the obtaining of a prætorship, or the consular dignity! They put on the habit of suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes, to beg voices; they flattered the poorest artificers; and carried a nomenclator with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand, and kissed the cheek, of every popular tradesman; they stood all day at every market in the public places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them; they kept open tables in every street; they distributed wine, and bread, and money, even to the vilest of the people. "En Romanus rerum dominos †!" Behold the masters of the world begging from door to door! This particular humble way of greatness is now out of fashion; but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe,

\* Virg. Georg. i. 514. † Virg. Æn. i. 282.

and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble, for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants; to be a public bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And, since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing), give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero \* gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions:

“ This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons; who more a favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes, appeared a braver cham-

\* Orat. pro M. Cælio.

pion; who, at other times, a bolder enemy to his country? who more dissolute in his pleasures; who more patient in his toils? who more rapacious in robbing; who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money, and his interest, and his industry; and, if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature and laveer with every wind; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature—as he had made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless of all nations; so, by the artificial simulation of some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity. Neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.”

I see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul, “who became all things to all men,” that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of fortune, to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was a little after

after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner of setting his countrey on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such-like gentlemen of his time, says \*, “that it is the nature of ambition, to make men lyars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and shew, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths; to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest; and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will.” And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? what is it but a kind of rack, that forces men to say what they have no mind to?

I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabises, who had freed before his countrey from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians), and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a suffer-

\* De Bell. Catil. c. x.

ance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falsehood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded; he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there, in all nations, who imitate him, in some degree, for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized! But you may say, though these be the most ordinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then, that industry must be such, as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent; but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we must be content that they should be our mistresses whilst

whilst we wooe them ; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness : we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony ; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniences. A great fortune (says Seneca) is a great servitude ; but many are of that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope, untruly\*) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero : “ We fear (says he to Atticus) death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils ; and, if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in so base and contumelious a condition.” This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium ; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that

\* This parenthesis does honour to the writer's sense, as well as candour. H.

lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinſical to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy livery. I do not ſay, that he who ſells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thouſand, is not a wiſer merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will ſwear, they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without ſelling that eſtate to which he was born. But this dependance upon ſuperiors is but one chain of the lovers of power :

*Amatorem trecentæ*

*Pirithoum cohibent catenæ \**

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that time he is beſieged by two or three hundred ſuitors; and the hall and antichambers (all the out-works) poſſeſſed by the enemy: as ſoon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is ſo eſſential a part of greatneſs, that whoſoever is without it, looks like a fallen favourite, like a perſon diſgraced, and condemned to do what he pleaſes all the morning. There are ſome who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and curſing creditors, and to charge bravely through a bo-

\* Hor. 3 Od. iv. 79.



dy of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all company.

Aliena negotia centum

Per caput, & circa saliunt latus \*—

a hundred businesses of other men (many unjust, and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like Dorres. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *table d'hôte*; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites and some spies, with the most burdensome sort of guests, the endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect; every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a public table for his profit, should be but of a mean pro-

\* Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 34.

cession; and he, who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, because one sells, and the other gives: nay, both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made "a snare" (as the Scripture\* speaks) "to his liberty," where can he hope for freedom? There is always, and every where, some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and, if the person be *pan huper sebastus*; there is a hyper-superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such rules set to these Leviathans, as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further †."

Perditur hæc inter misero lux †,

Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir, till the bearers were all ready. "My life (says Horace, speaking to one of these magnificos) is a great deal more easy and

\* Pf. lxix. 22.

† Job xxxviii. 11.

‡ Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 59.

commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I please, without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." It is an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation, and censure, of others; as there may be vanity in it, so methinks there should be vexation, too, of spirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestic servants; but even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of servitude; unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are), the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a school-master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a commonwealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness: I shake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret, but constant, tyrants and tortures of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease,

yet

yet they are common too in some degree to the epidemical disease of life itself.

But the ambitious man, though he be so many ways a slave (*o toties servus!*), yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his spectators: he is a slave *in saturnalibus*. The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers; *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them \*;" it is only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself cloaths and board-wages:

Unciatim vix de demenso suo,

Suum defraudans genium, comparfit miser †;

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a gen-

\* Ps. xxxix. 6.

† Phorm. Act I. Sc. i. ver. 43.

tleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman; not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet, in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were κατὰ Συσίαν *evil wild beasts*; these are γαστέρες, ἀργαί, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word ἀργαί (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, “that he had learnt ἀληθῶς γαστρί χαρίζεσθαι, to give his belly just thanks for all his pleasures.” This, by the calumniators of Epicurus’s philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation, in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumviri of the world; the covetous man, who is a

mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and débauched one, like Mark Antony :

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibique imperiosus\* :

Not Oenomaus †, who commits himself wholly to a charioteer, that may break his neck; but the man,

Who governs his own course with steady hand;  
 Who does himself with sovereign power command;  
 Whom neither death nor poverty does fright;  
 Who stands not awkwardly in his own light  
 Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock  
 Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;  
 Who can, though honour at his gate should stay  
 In all their masking cloaths, send her away,  
 And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play. }

This, I confess, is a freeman: but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection: all I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and, when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me, in what condition of life I think the most allowed; I should pitch upon that sort of people, whom King

\* Hor, 2 Sat. vii. 83.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

James was wont to call the happiest of our nation, the men placed in the country by their fortune above an high constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace; in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations; and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy (that is, of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without business; and never to be melancholy, though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part; and, (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other verses upon the same subject:

“ Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,  
 “ Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultrà  
 “ Sollicitas effundo preces: si quid datur ultrà,  
 “ Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo.”

For the few hours of life allotted me,  
 Give me (great God!) but bread and liberty,  
 I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,  
 I'll thankfully that overplus receive:  
 If beyond this no more be freely sent,  
 I'll thank for this, and go away content.

MARTIAL, Lib. I. Ep. lvi.

“Vota tui breviter,” &c.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend  
 The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend.  
 He does not palaces nor manors crave,  
 Would Be no lord, but less a lord would Have;  
 The ground he holds, if he his own can call,  
 He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:  
 Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,  
 He loves of homely littleness the ease.  
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,  
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend,  
 When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may  
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day?  
 If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,  
 Dependance and attendance be his fate;  
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,  
 And very much a slave, and very proud:  
 Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;  
 No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow:  
 But let him peace and freedom never see;  
 Let him not love this life, who loves not me!

---

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. liii.

“Vis fieri liber?” &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say;  
 Come on; I'll shew thee, friend, the certain way;



If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,  
 While bounteous God does bread at home bestow ;  
 If thou the goodness of thy cloaths dost prize  
 By thine own use, and not by others' eyes ;  
 If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell  
 In a small house, but a convenient shell ;  
 If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,  
 Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish ;  
 If in thy mind such power and greatness be,  
 The Persian king 's a slave compar'd with thee.

---

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. Ixviii.

“ Quod te nomine ? ” &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,  
 And danger of my naked head, adore ;  
 That I, who “ Lord and master,” cry'd erewhile,  
 Salute you, in a new and different style,  
 By your own name, a scandal to you now ;  
 Think not that I forget myself or you :  
 By loss of all things, by all others sought,  
 This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.  
 A lord and master no man wants, but he  
 Who o'er himself has no authority ;  
 Who does for honours and for riches strive,  
 And follies, without which lords cannot live.  
 If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,  
 Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

O D E.

O D E.  
U P O N L I B E R T Y.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat;  
Her proper place, her only scene,  
Is in the golden mean,  
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.  
The wings of those Necessity has clipt,  
And they 're in Fortune's bridewell whipt.  
To the laborious task of bread;  
These are by various tyrants captive led.  
Now wild Ambition with imperious force  
Rides, reins, and spurs, them, like th' unruly horse;  
And servile Avarice yokes them now,  
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;  
And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,  
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.  
If any few among the great there be  
From these insulting passions free,  
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see  
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency;  
And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,  
Impertinencies round them flow:  
These are the small uneasy things  
Which about greatness still are found,  
And rather it molest than wound:

Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings ;  
 But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings :  
 As, when the honey does too open lie,  
     A thousand wasps about it fly :  
 Nor will the master ev'n to share admit ;  
 The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

'Tis morning ; well ; I fain would yet sleep on ;  
     You cannot now ; you must be gone  
     To court, or to the noisy hall :  
 Besides, the rooms without are crowded all ;  
     The stream of business does begin,  
 And a spring-tide of clients is come in.  
 Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep !  
     Will they not suffer him to sleep ?  
 Make an escape ; out at the postern flee,  
 And get some blessed hours of liberty :  
 With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,  
     And much of mirth and moderate wine.  
 To thy bent mind some relaxation give,  
 And steal one day out of thy life to live.  
 Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven  
     Has such a freedom always given !  
 Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee  
     From being every day as free ?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,  
 Never did bird a spirit so mean and fordid bear,  
 As to exchange his native liberty  
 Of soaring boldly up into the sky,  
 His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,

When,

When, and wherever he thought good,  
 And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,  
 For a more plentiful or constant food.  
 Nor ever did ambitious rage  
 Make him into a painted cage,  
 Or the false forest of a well-hung room,  
 For honour and preferment, come.  
 Now, blessings on you all, ye heroic race,  
 Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,  
 Though men and angels fell.  
 Of all material lives the highest place  
 To you is justly given ;  
 And ways and walks the nearest heaven.  
 Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit  
 To boast, that we look up to it.  
 Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,  
 You homage pay but once a year :  
 None so degenerate and unbirdly prove,  
 As his perpetual yoke to bear ;  
 None, but a few unhappy household fowl,  
 Whom human lordship does control ;  
 Who from their birth corrupted were  
 By bondage, and by man's example here.  
  
 He's no small prince, who every day  
 Thus to himself can say ;  
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,  
 Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk ;  
 This I will do, here I will stay,  
 Or, if my fancy call me away,

My man and I will presently go ride  
 (For we, before, have nothing to provide,  
 Nor, after, are to render an account)  
 To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.

    If thou but a short journey take,  
     As if thy last thou wert to make,  
 Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,  
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be  
 A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,  
 And many a mule, and many a cart;  
 What an unwieldy man thou art!  
 The Rhodian Colossus so  
 A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience, does not bind,  
 No other law shall shackle me;  
 Slave to myself I will not be,  
 Nor shall my future actions be confin'd  
 By my own present mind.

Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand:  
 For days, that yet belong to Fate,  
 Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,  
 Before it falls into his hand:

    The bondman of the cloister so,  
 All that he does receive, does always owe;  
 And still, as time comes in, it goes away  
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.

Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,  
 Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!  
 Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.

If life should a well-order'd poem be  
 (In which he only hits the white  
 Who joins true profit with the best delight),  
 The more heroic strain let others take,  
 Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;  
 The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and  
 free.

It shall not keep one settled pace of time,  
 In the same tune it shall not always chime,  
 Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;  
 A thousand liberties it shall dispense,  
 And yet shall manage all without offence  
 Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of the  
 sense;

Nor shall it never from one subject start,  
 Nor seek transitions to depart,  
 Nor its set way o'er files and bridges make,  
 Nor thorough lanes a compass take,  
 As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,  
 When the wide air 's a road for it.

So the imperial eagle does not stay  
 Till the whole carcase he devour,  
 That's fallen into its power:

As if his generous hunger understood  
 That he can never want plenty of food,  
 He only sucks the tasteful blood;  
 And to fresh game flies chearfully away;  
 To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled  
 prey.

## II.

## OF SOLITUDE,

“**N**UNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus,” is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and, to shew that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house, in the middle of a wood, near Linternum \*, passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, “Poor Scipio understood not how to live.” What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest

\* Seneca Epist. lxxxvi.

prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montagne, "That ambition itself might teach us  
 " to love solitude; there is nothing does so much hate  
 " to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side; but it delights above all things in a train behind, I, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burthensome to them. "Tecum vivere  
 " amem, tecum obeam lubens," they would live and die with her alone.

" Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,

" Quà nulla humano fit via trita pede.

" Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ

" Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis\*."

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,  
 Where never human foot the ground has prest.  
 Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,  
 And from a desert banish solitude.

\* 4 Tibull. xiii. 9.



And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unfociable humour \* :

“ Odi, & amo : quare id faciam fortasse requiris.  
“ Nescio ; sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.”

I hate, and yet I love thee too ;  
How can that be ? I know not how ;  
Only that so it is I know ;  
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone ; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding ; so that solitude can be well fitted, and sit right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity ; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company ; but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us,

\* De amore suo, lxxxiii.

when

when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be fowed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

“ O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis \* ! ”

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one

\* “ O vita, misero longa, felici brevis ! ”

have

have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature, under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, "That a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill-spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundredth sixty-ninth year of his life; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is work only for the learned; others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned, as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time: either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and, if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to  
hide

hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

“ —O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
 “ Sifat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ \* ?”

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good !  
 Hail, ye plebeian under-wood !  
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,  
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food  
 Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat !  
 Ye country-houses and retreat,  
 Which all the happy gods so love,  
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great  
 Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,  
 Nature, the wisest architect,  
 Who those fond artists does despise  
 That can the fair and living trees neglect ;  
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
 Hear the soft winds, above me flying,  
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,  
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,  
 Nor be myself, too, mute.

\* Virg. Georg. ii. 489.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,  
 Gilt with the sun-beams here and there ;  
 On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,  
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear  
 How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,  
 Who loves not his own company !  
 He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,  
 Unless he call in sin or vanity  
 To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human-kind !  
 Which blest remain'd, till man did find  
 Ev'n his own helper's company.  
 As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,  
 The serpent made up three.

Tho' God himself, through countless ages, thee  
 His sole companion chose to be,  
 Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,  
 Before the branchy head of number's tree  
 Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)  
 Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,  
 Which else would know no settled pace,  
 Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,  
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light  
 Dost, like a burning-glass, unite;  
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,  
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright  
 And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see  
 The monster London laugh at me;  
 I should at thee too, foolish city!  
 If it were fit to laugh at misery;  
 But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,  
 And all the fools, that crowd thee so,  
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,  
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,  
 A solitude almost.

III.

OF OBSCURITY.

“**N**AM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;  
 “ Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefel-  
 “ lit \*.”

God made not pleasures only for the rich;  
 Nor have those men without their share too liv'd,  
 Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

\* Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 9.

This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the world?); whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world; and in another place uses the same phrase \*,

“ —Secretum iter & fallentis femita vitæ.”

The secret tracks of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense; and therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well—

Or from a life, led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived; and we may say well enough, out of the same author †,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive  
The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says ‡, “vitam fallere,” to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive, our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, “Bene qui latuit, bene vixit,” He has

\* Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.

† 2 Sat. vii. 114.

‡ Declam. de Apib.

lived well, who has lain well hidden; which, if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasanter condition of life is *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

A vail of thicken'd air around them cast,  
That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd\*.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good-fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is,

\* Virg. Æn. i. 415.



lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

I love

I love and commend a true good-fame, because it is the shadow of virtue : not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides ; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives ; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body ; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old-age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit) : this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this “ *muta persona*,” I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

SENECA, ex Thyeste, Act, II. Chor.

“ Stet, quicumque volet potens,” &c.

Upon the slippery tops of human state,  
 The gilded pinnacles of fate,  
 Let others proudly stand, and, for a while  
 The giddy danger to beguile,  
 With joy, and with disdain, look down on all,  
 Till their heads turn, and down they fall.  
 Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near  
 That I no fall to earth may fear,  
 And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat  
 From the long ruins of the great.  
 Here, wrapt in th' arms of quiet let me lie;  
 Quiet, companion of obscurity!  
 Here let my life with as much silence slide,  
 As time, that measures it, does glide.  
 Nor let the breath of infamy or fame,  
 From town to town echo about my name.  
 Nor let my homely death embroider'd be  
 With scutcheon or with elegy.  
 An old plebeian let me die,  
 Alas! all then are such as well as I.  
 To him, alas, to him, I fear,  
 The face of death will terrible appear;  
 Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride,  
 By being known to all the world beside,  
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,  
 Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

## IV.

## OF AGRICULTURE.

**T**HE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman: and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer—

“ O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit!”

To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.

But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make, are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella \* calls it, “ Res sine dubitatione

\* Lib. I. c. i.

“ proxima,

“proxima, & quasi confanguinea sapientiæ,” the nearest neighbour, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says, the principles of it are the same which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy, than any one profession, art, or science, in the world besides : and therefore Cicero says †, the pleasures of a husbandman, “mihi ad  
“sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere,” come very nigh to those of a philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist : The utility of it to a man’s self ; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind ; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The Utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great, now in our nation, as arises from merchandise and the trading of the city, from whence many of the best estates and chief honours of the kingdom are derived : we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators ; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred-up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that, when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground,

† De Senect.

the

the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant: whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters in it, by a moderate stock; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art and industry, or contemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

As for the Necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved; the others like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this: not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The

The Innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it ; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth ; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother ; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature ; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth : their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace : in our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done : but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chace so troublesome and dangerous.

We



We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature ; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy : we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty ; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice : our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects ; which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife ; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty ; there guilty and expenceful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman ; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence ; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding : to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry ; and to see, like God, that all his works are good :

“ —Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; ipsi

“ Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus \*.”

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world,

\* Virg. *Æn.* i. 504, &c.



were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier ; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus \* forbids us to hate husbandry ; “ because,” says he, “ the Most High has created it.” We are all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread-eagles, in fields *d'or* or *d'argent* ; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts or sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen) metaphysick, physick, morality, mathematicks, logick, rhetorick, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties (except only metaphysick, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities, should all have public schools and masters ; and yet

\* Chap. vii. 15.

that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mummery and madness; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part, now, of good-breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children, as soon as they are able to walk? But, did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law: there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted

constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it: First, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Pasturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Oeconomy; which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c. and all that which Varro calls “villaticas pastiones,” together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as pleasures, but as parts of house-keeping), and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other arts, only to read pompous and superficial lectures, out of Virgil’s *Georgics*, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of scholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the house and the professors, who should be men not chosen for the ostentation of critical literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; such men, so industrious and public-spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib \* to

\* A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Mede and Milton. The former of these great men addressed some letters to him, and the latter, his “*Treatise on Education.*” H.

be,

be, if the gentleman be yet alive : but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.

“ Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Musas  
 “ Ducit & immemores non finit esse fui \*.”

The Muses still love their own native place ;  
 'T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work ; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow ;  
 In vain the thankless glebe we plow and sow :  
 Against th' unnatural foil in vain we strive ;  
 'Tis not a ground, in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of fatigue, which grow most naturally in the worst earth ; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of

\* Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35.

them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world,

—— pariter vitiisque jocisque  
 Altius humanis exeruere caput \*,

into the innocent happiness of a retired life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first or second poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry: “he has contributed (says Columella) not a little to our profession;” I suppose, he means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is not very important; his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his stile. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle. Πλέον ἤμισυ πάντος, The half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is this; his brother Perseus had, by corrupting some great men, (βασιλέας δωροφάγους, great bribe-eaters he calls them), gotten from him the half of his estate. It is no matter (says he); they have not done me so much prejudice as they imagine:

Νήπιοι, ἐδ’ ἴσασι, κ. τ. λ.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal’d  
 By a strong light which must their sense controule  
 That half a great estate ’s more than the whole:

\* Ovid. Fast. i. 300.

Unhappy,

Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie  
Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars, and adventures of their ancestors; his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his good-will a little. For, though he could do us no honour in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles), because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, *δῖον ὑφ' ὄρεον*, the divine swineherd: he could have done no more for Menelaus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing but pastorals) gave the same epithet to an husbandman,

—ἀμείβετο δῖος ἀγρότης \*

\* Idyll. xxv. ver. 51.

The divine husbandman replied to Hercules, who was but *δῖος*, himself. These were civil Greeks, and who understood the dignity of our calling! Among the Romans we have, in the first place, our truly-divine Virgil, who, though by the favour of Mæcenas and Augustus he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions, of a rustic life; who, though he had written before whole books of pastorals and georgics, could not abstain in his great and imperial poem from describing Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's-skin; the kine and oxen ate lowing in his court-yard; the birds under the eaves of his window call him up in the morning; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard: at last, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say this memorable compliment, greater than ever yet was spoken at the Escurial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall:

— “ Hæc (inquit) limina victor  
 “ Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit:  
 “ Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: & te quoque dig-  
 “ num  
 “ Finge Deo rebúsq; veni non asper egenis \*.”

\* Virg. *Æn.* viii. 365.

This

This humble roof, this rustic court (said he)  
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory :  
Scorn not, great guest, the steps where he has trod ;  
But contemn wealth, and imitate a God.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace ; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenas to persuade him to come and live domestically and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, " ut nos in epistolis scribendis ad-juvet," could not be tempted to forsake his Sabin, or Tiburtin manor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and good-nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must be obliged to translate half his works ; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer ;



Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid  
 non,  
 Planius & melius Chryfippo & Crantore dicit\*.

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters; especially, that I should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind), and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

---

A Translation out of VIRGIL.

Georg. Lib. II. 458.

OH happy (if his happiness he knows)  
 The country swain, on whom kind Heaven bestows  
 At home all riches, that wise nature needs;  
 Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds.

\* 1 Ep. ii. 3.

'Tis true, no morning tide of clients comes,  
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,  
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,  
In tapestry wrought, or cut in living brass;  
Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd  
With the dear poison of Assyrian pride:  
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil  
The native use and sweetness of his oil.  
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,  
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,  
Does with substantial blessedness abound,  
And the soft wings of peace cover him round:  
Through artless grots the murmuring waters glide;  
Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,  
From whence the birds salute him; and his ground  
With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound;  
And all the rivers, and the forests nigh,  
Both food and game, and exercise, supply.  
Here a well-harden'd, active youth we see,  
Taught the great art of chearful poverty.  
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine  
Some streaks of love, both human and divine;  
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here  
Still her last footsteps upon earth appear.  
'Tis true, the first desire, which does control  
All the inferior wheels that move my soul,  
Is, that the Muse me her high-priest would make,  
Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,  
And open there, to my mind's purged eye,  
Those wonders, which to sense the gods deny:

How in the moon such change of shapes is found,  
 The moon, the changing world's eternal bound;  
 What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease  
 Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease;  
 What makes the sea retreat, and what advance  
 " (Varieties too regular for chance);"  
 What drives the chariot on of winter's light,  
 And stops the lazy waggon of the night.  
 But, if my dull and frozen blood deny  
 To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high,  
 In the next place, let woods and rivers be  
 My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.  
 In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid;  
 Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.  
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy, he,  
 Who can through gross effects their causes see:  
 Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,  
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things;  
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go  
 Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.  
 Happy! but, next such conquerors, happy they,  
 Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.  
 They unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,  
 Behold the rods and sceptres of the great;  
 The quarrels of the mighty without fear,  
 And the descent of foreign troops, they hear;  
 Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,  
 With all the lustre of her perishing pride.  
 Them never yet did strife or avarice draw  
 Into the noisy markets of the law,

The camps of gowned war; nor do they live  
 By rules or forms, that many madmen give.  
 Duty for nature's bounty they repay,  
 And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plow the faithless main,  
 Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain:  
 Some swell up their slight sails with popular fame,  
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name:  
 Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;  
 With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit:  
 Countrey and friends are by some wretches sold,  
 To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;  
 No price too high for profit can be shown;  
 Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own:  
 Around the world in search of it they roam,  
 It makes ev'n their antipodes their home;  
 Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,  
 In mutual duties striving with his ground,  
 And half the year he care of that does take,  
 That half the year grateful returns does make.  
 Each fertile month does some new gifts present,  
 And with new work his industry content.  
 This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth yield;  
 This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field;  
 All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride:  
 And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,  
 The powerful princely purple of the vine,  
 Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine.  
 In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,  
 With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play:

And

And loaded kine about his cottage stand,  
 Inviting with known sound the milker's hand ;  
 And when from wholesome labour he doth come,  
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd-for home,  
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,  
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.  
 When any rural holidays invite  
 His genius forth to innocent delight,  
 On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,  
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,  
 He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine;  
 The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,  
 Not to the loss of reason, or of strength :  
 To active games and manly sport, at length,  
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see  
 Who can the best at better trials be.  
 From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose ;  
 Such was the life the prudent Sabins chose :  
 Such, Remus, and the god, his brother, led ;  
 From such firm-footing Rome grew the world's head,  
 Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise  
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden days :  
 Before men, born of earth, and buried there,  
 Let-in the sea their mortal fate to share :  
 Before new ways of perishing were sought ;  
 Before unskilful death on anvils wrought ;  
 Before those beasts, which human life sustain,  
 By men, unless to the gods use, were slain.

## HOR. Epod. Ode II.

**HAPPY** the man, whom bounteous gods allow  
 With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !  
 Like the first golden mortals happy, he,  
 From business and the cares of money free !  
 No human storms break off at land his sleep ;  
 No loud alarms of nature, on the deep :  
 From all the cheats of law he lives secure,  
 Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.  
 Sometimes, the beauteous, marriageable vine  
 He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join ;  
 Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,  
 And grafts new life into the fruitful wound ;  
 Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he  
 Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.  
 He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,  
 Whilst neighbouring hills lowe back to them again ;  
 And, when the season, rich as well as gay,  
 All her autumnal bounty does display,  
 How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see  
 Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree !  
 Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,  
 He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.  
 With how much joy does he, beneath some shade  
 By aged trees' reverend embraces made,  
 His careless head on the fresh green recline,  
 His head uncharg'd with fear or with design.  
 By him a river constantly complains,  
 The birds above rejoice with various strains,

And

And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,  
 Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of sleep ;  
 Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,  
 And nought within against it shuts the gate.

Nor does the roughest season of the sky,  
 Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny.  
 He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,  
 His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air ;  
 Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,  
 He drives into a toil the foaming boar ;  
 Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net  
 To intercept, the travailing fowl, is set ;  
 And all his malice, all his craft, is shown  
 In innocent wars on beasts and birds alone.  
 This is the life from all misfortunes free,  
 From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee ;  
 And, if a chaste and clean, though homely, wife  
 Be added to the blessings of this life,—  
 Such as the ancient sun-burnt Sabins were,  
 Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,—  
 Who makes her children and the house her care,  
 And joyfully the work of life does share,  
 Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine  
 To pin the sheepfold or to milch the kine,  
 Who waits at door against her husband come  
 From rural duties, late and wearied, home,  
 Where she receives him with a kind embrace,  
 A chearful fire, and a more chearful face ;  
 And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,  
 And with domestic plenty loads the board ;

Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,  
 Dress'd by the wanton hand of luxury,  
 Nor ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest  
 Of costly names that glorify a feast,  
 Are at the princely tables better chear,  
 Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

---

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Paraphrase upon HORACE, Book II. Sat. vi.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,  
 Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,  
 His ancient and hereditary house,  
 There dwelt a good substantial country mouse;  
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,  
 Yet one who once did nobly entertain  
 A city mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,  
 A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,  
 Wantonly walking forth to take the air,  
 And arriv'd early, and belighted, there,  
 For a day's lodging: the good hearty host  
 (The antient plenty of his hall to boast)  
 Did all the stores produce, that might excite,  
 With various tastes, the courtier's appetite.

Fitches



Fitches and beans, peafon and oats, and wheat,  
 And a large chefnut, the delicious meat  
 Which Jove himself, were he a moufe, would eat. }  
 And, for a *baut gouft*, there was mixt with thefe  
 The fwerd of bacon, and the coat of cheefe:  
 The precious reliques which, at harveft, he  
 Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.  
 Freely (faid he) fall on, and never spare,  
 The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.  
 And thus at eafe, on beds of ftrow, they lay,  
 And to their genius facrific'd the day:  
 Yet the nice gueft's Epicurean mind,  
 (Though breeding made him civil feem and kind)  
 Despis'd this country feaft; and ftill his thought  
 Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.  
 Your bounty and civility (faid he),  
 Which I'm surpriz'd in thefe rude parts to fee,  
 Shews that the gods have given you a mind  
 Too noble for the fate which here you find.  
 Why fhould a foul, fo virtuous and fo great,  
 Lofe itfelf thus in an obfcure retreat?  
 Let favage beafts lodge in a country den;  
 You fhould fee towns, and manners know, and men;  
 And tafte the generous luxury of the court,  
 Wher eall the mice of quality refort;  
 Where thoufand beauteous fhes about you move,  
 And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.  
 We all, ere long, muft render up our breath;  
 No cave or hole can fhelter us from death.

Since

Since life is so uncertain, and so short,  
 Let 's spend it all in feasting and in sport.  
 Come, worthy sir, come with me and partake  
 All the great things that mortals happy make.

Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms  
 T' oppose bright honour, and soft pleasure's charms :  
 What wisdom can their magic force repel ?  
 It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.  
 It was the time, when witty poets tell,  
 " That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell :  
 " She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,  
 " And drew the modest curtains of the night."  
 Plainly the truth to tell, the sun was set,  
 When to the town our wearied travellers get :  
 To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,  
 Made for the use of pride and luxury,  
 They come ; the gentle courtier at the door  
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before ;  
 But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,  
 I'm sworn t' obedience ; and so in they go.  
 Behind a hanging, in a spacious room  
 (The richest work of Mortclake's noble loom)  
 They wait a while, their wearied limbs to rest,  
 Till silence should invite them to their feast.  
 " About the hour that Cynthia's silver light  
 " Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night ;"  
 At last, the various supper being done,  
 It happen'd that the company was gone  
 Into a room remote, servants and all,  
 To please their noble fancies with a ball.

Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find  
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.  
Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,  
And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.  
The courteous mouse presents him with the best,  
And both with fat varieties are blest.  
Th' industrious peasant every where does range,  
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.  
Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pye,  
They both at last glutted and wanton lie ;  
When, see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,  
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait !  
With hideous noise down the rude servants come,  
Six dogs before run barking into th' room ;  
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,  
And hate the fullness, which retards their flight.  
Our trembling peasant wishes now, in vain,  
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again ;  
Oh, how the change of his poor life he curst !  
This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst :  
Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood !  
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food !

A Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the First Book  
of HORACE.

HORACE to FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HEALTH, from the lover of the country, me,  
Health, to the lover of the city, thee;  
A difference in our souls, this only proves;  
In all things else, we agree like married doves.  
But the warm nest and crowded dove-house thou  
Dost like; I loofely fly from bough to bough,  
And rivers drink, and all the shining day  
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play;  
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire  
From all that you equal with heaven admire;  
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,  
Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.  
Would I a house for happiness erect,  
Nature alone should be the architect,  
She 'd build it more convenient than great,  
And doubtless in the country choose her seat;  
Is there a place doth better helps supply  
Against the wounds of winter's cruelty?  
Is there an air, that gentlier does assuage  
The mad celestial dog's, or lion's, rage?  
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)  
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear?  
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,  
Than that, which nature strains into a spring?

Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures, show  
 More beauties, than in herbs and flowers do grow?  
 Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,  
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces,  
 And in your towns, that prospect gives delight,  
 Which opens round the country to our sight.  
 Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,  
 Return at last; and their wild luxury  
 Does but in vain with those true joys contend,  
 Which nature did to mankind recommend.  
 The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,  
 Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,  
 Is not, at length, more certain to be made  
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,  
 Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy  
 The painted goods of pride and vanity.  
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,  
 Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose;  
 For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,  
 With trifles too, unwillingly we part.  
 An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,  
 More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,  
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings  
 To kings, or to the favourites of kings.  
 The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,  
 Did with the horse in common pasture dwell;  
 And, when they fought, the field it always wan,  
 Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,  
 And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign.  
 Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain:

But

But never after could the rider get  
 From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.  
 So they, who poverty too much do fear,  
 T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear ;  
 That they might power above their equals have,  
 To cruel masters they themselves enslave.  
 For gold, their liberty exchange'd we see,  
 That fairest flower, which crowns humanity \*.  
 And all this mischief does upon them light,  
 Only, because they know not how, aright,  
 That great, but secret, happiness to prize,  
 That 's laid up in a little, for the wise :  
 That is the best and easiest estate,  
 Which to a man sits close, but not too strait ;  
 'Tis like a shoe ; it pinches and it burns,  
 Too narrow ; and too large, it overturns.  
 My dearest friend ! stop thy desires at last,  
 And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast :  
 And, if me still seeking for more you see,  
 Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.  
 Money was made, not to command our will,  
 But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil :  
 Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey ;  
 The horse doth with the horseman run away.

\* The poet, as usual, expresses his own *feeling* :  
 but he does more, he expresses it very classically. The  
 allusion is to the ancient custom of wearing wreaths  
 or garlands of flowers, on any occasion of joy and  
 festivity. H.

## THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

BLEST be the man (and blest he is) whom e'er  
 (Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)  
 A little field, and little garden, feeds :  
 The field gives all that frugal nature needs ;  
 The wealthy garden liberally bestows  
 All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.  
 The specious inconveniences, that wait  
 Upon a life of business, and of state,  
 He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)  
 By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.  
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)  
 The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days ;  
 Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent :  
 Th' ambassadors, which the great emperor sent  
 To offer him a crown, with wonder found  
 The reverend gardener hoeing of his ground ;  
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,  
 From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went ;  
 And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way,  
 And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,  
 Not without sighs, Alas ! I there forsake  
 A happier kingdom than I go to take !  
 Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,  
 But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)  
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,  
 Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.

For

For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,  
 Presum'd, at wise Apollo's Delphic seat  
 Presum'd, to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,  
 See'st thou a man that happier is than I?  
 The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,  
 Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,  
 In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be!  
 We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.  
 And true it was, through the whole earth around  
 No king of such a name was to be found.  
 Is some old hero of that name alive,  
 Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
 Is it some mighty general, that has done  
 Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?  
 Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.  
 None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?  
 After long search, and vain enquiries past,  
 In an obscure Arcadian vale at last  
 (Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)  
 Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)  
 This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,  
 Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,  
 This mighty Aglaüs, was labouring found,  
 With his own hands, in his own little ground.

So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be,  
 Among those foolish gods to mention thee)  
 So let me act, on such a private stage,  
 The last dull scenes of my declining age;  
 After long toils and voyages in vain,  
 This quiet port let my tost vessel gain;



Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,  
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

---

## V.

## T H E      G A R D E N.

To J. EVELYN, Esquire.

**I** Never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole  
and intire to lie,  
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

“ Studiis florere ignobilis otî \* :”

(though I could wish that he had rather said, “ Nobilis otî,” when he spoke of his own.) But several acci-

\* Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

dents of my ill-fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. "O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and pindarical for prose) what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the bye; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind \*, and which is to last as long as months and years.

\* Mr. Evelyn's "Kalendarium hortense;" dedicated to Mr. Cowley—The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years. H.

Among many other arts and excellencies, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished, as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expences, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless  
 With the full choice of thine own happiness;  
 And happier yet, because thou 'rt blest  
 With prudence, how to choose the best:  
 In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright  
 (Things, which thou well dost understand;  
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)  
 Thy noble, innocent delight:

And

And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet  
 Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;  
 The fairest garden in her looks,  
 And in her mind the wisest books.  
 Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,  
 For empty shows and senseless noise;  
 And all which rank ambition breeds,  
 Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poi-  
 sonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make,  
 As much as clay, though of the purest kind,  
 By the great potter's art refin'd,  
 Could the divine impression take,  
 He thought it fit to place him, where  
 A kind of heaven too did appear,  
 As far as earth could such a likeness bear:  
 That man no happiness might want,  
 Which earth to her first matter could afford;  
 He did a garden for him plant  
 By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.  
 As the chief help and joy of human life,  
 He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.  
 For God, the universal architect,  
 'T had been as easy to erect  
 A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower  
 That might with heaven communication hold,  
 As Babel vainly thought to do of old:  
 He wanted not the skill or power;  
 In the world's fabric those were shown,  
 And the materials were all his own.

But

But well he knew, what place would best agree  
 With innocence, and with felicity :  
 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain ;  
 If any part of either yet remain,  
 If any part of either we expect,  
 This may our judgment in the search direct ;  
 God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

O blessed shades ! O gentle, cool retreat  
 From all th' immoderate heat,  
 In which the frantic world does burn and sweat !  
 This does the lion-star, ambition's rage ;  
 This avarice, the dog-star's thirst, assuage ;  
 Every where else their fatal power we see,  
 They make and rule man's wretched destiny :  
 They neither set, nor disappear,  
 But tyrannize o'er all the year ;  
 Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.  
 The birds that dance from bough to bough,  
 And sing above in every tree,  
 Are not from fears and cares more free  
 Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,  
 And should by right be singers too.  
 What prince's choir of music can excell  
 That, which within this shade does dwell ?  
 To which we nothing pay or give ;  
 They, like all other poets, live  
 Without reward, or thanks, for their obliging pains :  
 'Tis well if they become not prey :  
 The whistling winds add their less artful strains,  
 And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play ;

Nature

Nature does all this harmony bestow,  
 But to our plants, art's music too,  
 The pipe, theorbo, and guittar, we owe ;  
 The lute itself, which once was green and mute,  
 When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,  
 The trees danc'd round, and understood  
 By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,  
 And nothing does within resistance make,  
 Which yet we moderately take ;  
 Who would not choose to be awake,  
 While he 's encompass'd round with such delight,  
 To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight ?  
 When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep \*  
 A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,  
 She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,  
 As the most soft and sweetest bed ;  
 Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.  
 Who, that has reason, and his smell,  
 Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,  
 Rather than all his spirits choak  
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke,  
 And all th' uncleanness which does drown,  
 In pestilential clouds, a populous town ?  
 The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,  
 Than all the female men, or women, there,  
 Not without cause, about them bear,

\* Virg. Æn. i. 695.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,  
 That pleasure was the chiefest good  
 (And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood)  
 His life he to his doctrine brought,  
 And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure fought:  
 Whoever a true epicure would be,  
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.  
 Vitellius's table, which did hold  
 As many creatures as the ark of old;  
 That fiscal table, to which every day  
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,  
 Could nothing more delicious afford.

    Than nature's liberality,  
 Help'd with a little art and industry,  
 Allows the meanest gardener's board.  
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,  
 For which the grape or melon she would lose;  
 Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air  
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,  
 Yet still the fruits of earth we see  
 Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,  
 None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.  
 When the great Hebrew king did almost strain  
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,  
 His royal southern guest to entertain;  
 Though she on silver floors did tread,  
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,

To hide the metal's poverty ;  
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,  
 And nought around her could behold  
     But silk and rich embroidery,  
     And Babylonish tapestry,  
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye ;  
 Though Ophir's starr'y stones met every where her eye ;  
 Though she herself and her gay host were drest  
 With all the shining glories of the East ;  
 When slavish art her costly work had done,  
     The honour and the prize of bravery  
 Was by the garden from the palace won ;  
 And every rose and lily there did stand  
     Better attir'd by nature's hand \*.  
 The case thus judg'd against the king we see,  
 By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far  
     than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense  
     Such various pleasures to the sense ;  
     Here health itself does live,  
 That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,  
 Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,  
 The body's virtue, and the soul's good-fortune, health,  
 The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,  
 Did its immortal head to heaven rear ;  
 It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood ;  
 Now a small thorny shrub it does appear ;  
     Nor will it thrive too every where :

\* Matth. vi. 29.



It always here is freshest seen ;  
 'Tis only here an ever-green.  
 If, through the strong and beauteous fence  
 Of temperance and innocence,  
 And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,  
 Any diseases passage find,  
 They must not think here to assail  
 A land unarmed, or without a guard ;  
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,  
 Before they can prevail :  
 Scarce any plant is growing here.  
 Which against death some weapon does not bear,  
 Let cities boast, that they provide  
 For life the ornaments of pride ;  
 But 'tis the country and the field,  
 That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine  
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine ?  
 Where do we finer strokes and colours see  
 Of the Creator's real poetry,  
 Than when we with attention look  
 Upon the third day's volume of the book ?  
 If we could open and intend our eye,  
 We all, like Moses, should espy  
 Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.  
 But we despise these his inferior ways  
 (Though no less full of miracle and praise):  
 Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze ;  
 The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,

Though these perhaps do, more than they,  
The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty nature be  
More stor'd with beauty, power, and mystery ;  
Yet, to encourage human industry,  
God has so order'd, that no other part  
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

We no-where Art do so triumphant see,  
As when it grafts or buds the tree :  
In other things we count it to excell,  
If it a docile scholar can appear  
To Nature, and but imitate her well ;  
It over-rules, and is her master, here.  
It imitates her Maker's power divine,  
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does re-  
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore [fine :  
To its blest state of Paradise before :  
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand  
O'er all the vegetable world command ?  
And the wild giants of the wood receive  
What law he's pleas'd to give ?  
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce  
The gentler apple's winy juice ;  
The golden fruit, that worthy is  
Of Galatea's purple kifs :  
He does the savage hawthorn teach  
To bear the medlar and the pear :  
He bids the rustic plum to rear  
A noble trunk, and be a peach.

336.      **ESSAYS IN VERSE AND PROSE**

Ev'n Daphne's coynefs he does mock,  
 And weds the cherry to her ftock,  
 Though fhe refus'd Apollo's fuit;  
 Ev'n fhe, that chafte and virgin tree,  
 Now wonders at herfelf, to fee  
 That fhe's a mother made, and blufhes in her fruit,

Methinks, I fee great Dioclefian walk  
 In the Salonian garden's noble fhade,  
 Which by his own imperial hands was made;  
 I fee him fmile, methinks, as he does talk  
 With the ambaffadors, who come in vain  
 T' entice him to a throne again.

If I, my friends (faid he) fhould to you fhew  
 All the delights which in thefe gardens grow,  
 'Tis likelier much, that you fhould with me ftay,  
 Than 'tis, that you fhould carry me away:  
 And truff me not, my friends, if, every day,

I walk not here with more delight,  
 Than ever, after the moft happy fight,  
 In triumph to the capitol I rode,  
 To thank the gods, and to be thought, myfelf, almoft  
 a god.

## VI.

## OF GREATNESS.

“SINCE we cannot attain to greatness (says the  
 Sieur de Montagne) let us have our revenge by  
 railing at it:” this he spoke but in jest. I believe he  
 desired it no more than I do, and had less reason; for  
 he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a  
 most excellent country, as allowed him all the real  
 conveniences of it, separated and purged from the in-  
 commodities. If I were but in his condition, I should  
 think it hard measure, without being convinced of any  
 crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the  
 principal officers of state. But the reader may think  
 that what I now say is of small authority, because I  
 never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can  
 therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire  
 Than cleanliness and quiet do require:  
 If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,  
 With any wish, so mean as to be great;  
 Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove  
 The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity  
 me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I  
 am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque pufilli  
Finxerunt animi \*.

I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little chearful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but, as Lucretius says,

Parvola, pumilio, *χαρίτων μία*, tota merum sal †.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder † describes to this effect: Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without raillery, his extravagancy came

\* I Sat. iv. 17.

† Lucr. iv. 1155.

‡ Suasoriarum Liber. Suas. 11.

at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine, that was a very giantess, and made her walk too always in chiopins, till at last, he got the surname of Senecio Grandio, which Meffala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice."—We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. "Xerxes (says he) is all mine own. He, who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvas veils of so many ships"—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burly way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees, *Grandios*. Is any thing more common, than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in

the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes \* of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it: and yet one of them, who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub †. One of his predecessors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to

\* Louis XIII.—The Duke de Luynes, the Constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this *powerful and fortunate prince* by training up singing-birds for him. ANON.

† *Beelzebub* signifies the *Lord of flies*. COWLEY.

run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was, to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were, of their triumphs over nations: he did not at his death complain, that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end; but only cried out, “Alas, what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner \*!” His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madneses of Caligula’s delights, and the execrable fordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that Rome’s best blood he spilt,  
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?

\* —“Qualis artifex pereo!” Sueton. *Nero*.



Was it for this that his ambition strove  
 To equal Cæsar, first ; and after, Jove ?  
 Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys ;  
 Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys ;  
 She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,  
 To treat his universal majesty,  
 His new-created Deity,  
 With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager entertainment ; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year ? Not so many servants or horses ; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well : not so many choice dishes at every meal ; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant : not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes ; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the taylor or valet de chambre : not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry ; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain

or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other, liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you, before, but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

“ —sed quantum vertice ad auras

“ *Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit* \*.”

As far as up towards heaven the branches grow,  
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

*Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex* †.

\* *Virg. Georg. ii. 291.* † *Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 39.*

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine: “as riches increase” (says Solomon) “so do the mouths that devour them\*.” The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that

\* Eccl. v. 11.

point, it would obtain all its desires ; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroic attempt of scaling heaven in despite of the gods ; and they cast Offa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Offa : two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business : but the thunder spoilt all the work, when they were come up to the third story :

And what a noble plot was crost !

And what a brave design was lost !

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of  
this

this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that consists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man: and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing); and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides: and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

H O R A C E, Lib. III. Ode I.

“ Odi profanum vulgus, &c.”

HENCE, ye profane ; I hate you all ;  
 Both the great vulgar, and the small.  
 To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness  
 hold,  
 Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold  
 (That jaundice of the soul,  
 Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),  
 To you, ye very few, these truths I tell ;  
 The Muse inspires my song ; hark, and observe it  
 well.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds  
 'Twixt things that were the same by birth ;  
 We look on kings as giants of the earth,  
 These giants are but pigmies to the gods.  
 The humblest bush and proudest oak  
 Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.  
 Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,  
 Have their short flourishing hour :  
 And love to see themselves, and smile,  
 And joy in their pre-eminence awhile ;  
 Ev'n so in the same land,  
 Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand ;  
 Alas ! death mows down all with an impartial hand.

And

And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,  
 Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles :

    If ye your eyes could upwards move  
 (But ye, I fear, think nothing is above)  
 Ye would perceive by what a little thread

    The sword still hangs over your head :  
 No tide of wine would drown your cares ;  
 No mirth or music over-noise your fears :  
 The fear of death would you so watchful keep,  
 As not t' admit the image of it, sleep.

Sleep, is a god too proud to wait in palaces,  
 And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

    The meanest country cottages :

    " His poppy grows among the corn."

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest  
 In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find  
 Clouds and darkness in their mind ;  
 Darkness but half his work will do :

'Tis not enough ; he must find quiet too.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,

    Does only nature's counsel take,

That wise and happy man will never fear

    The evil aspects of the year ;

Nor tremble, though two comets should appear :

He does not look in almanacks, to see

    Whether he fortunate shall be ;

Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,

And what they please against the world design,

    So Jupiter within him shine.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,  
 God to your cares and fears will set no bound.

What would content you? who can tell?

Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,

As if ye lik'd it well:

Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.

Go, level hills, and fill up seas,

Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please;

But, trust me, when you have done all this,

Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

## VII.

## OF AVARICE.

**T**HERE are two sorts of avarice: the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury: the other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unfeatable desire of riches, not for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excrete it. The second

is



is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind; and a little good too, to some few: the second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions: the second can give no reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied too by some people; the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories, and fables, and allegories, and allusions; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it: among all which, I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovid:

“*Defunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.*”

Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and tender it thus,

**Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.**

Somebody says \* of a virtuous and wise man, “that having nothing, he has all:” this is just his

\* The author, well acquainted with the taste of his readers, would not disgust their delicacy by letting them know that this “somebody” was St. Paul, [2 Cor. vi. 10.]—though the sense and expression would have done honour to Plato. H.

antipode,

antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing.  
 He is a guardian eunuch to his beloved gold: "au-  
 " divi eos amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse."  
 They are the fondest lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what man's condition can be worse  
 Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings curse;  
 The beggars but a common fate deplore,  
 The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never  
 been any law made against him: against him do I say?  
 I mean, for him: as there are public provisions made  
 for all other madmen: it is very reasonable that the  
 king should appoint some persons (and I think the  
 courtiers would not be against this proposition) to  
 manage his estate during his life (for his heirs com-  
 monly need not that care): and out of it to make it  
 their business to see, that he should not want alimony  
 befitting his condition, which he could never get out  
 of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle vagrants,  
 and counterfeit beggars; but have no care at all of  
 these really poor men, who are, methinks, to be re-  
 spectfully treated, in regard of their quality. I might  
 be endless against them, but I am almost choaked  
 with the super-abundance of the matter; too much  
 plenty impoverishes me, as it does them. I will con-  
 clude this odious subject with part of Horace's first  
 satire, which take in his own familiar style:

I admire, Mæcenæ, how it comes to pass,  
 That no man ever yet contented was,

Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state  
 In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.  
 Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries :  
 The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,  
 Happy the soldier ! one half-hour to thee  
 Gives speedy death, or glorious victory :  
 The lawyer, knockt up early from his rest  
 By restless clients, calls the peasant blest :  
 The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,  
 Envies the mouth, which only talk does feed.  
 'Tis not (I think you 'll say) that I want store :  
 Of instances, if here I add no more ;  
 They are enough to reach, at least a mile,  
 Beyond long orator Fabius's style.  
 But hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,  
 Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,  
 Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,  
 Behold, Jove 's now resolv'd to please you all.  
 Thou soldier, be a merchant : merchant, thou  
 A soldier be : and, lawyer, to the plough.  
 Change all your stations strait : why do they stay ?  
 'The devil a man will change, now, when he may.  
 Were I in general Jove's abused case,  
 By Jove I 'd cudgel this rebellious race :  
 But he 's too good ; be all, then, as ye were ;  
 However, make the best of what ye are,  
 And in that state be chearful and rejoice,  
 Which either was your fate, or was your choice.  
 No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,  
 And very miserable be awhile ;

But

But 'tis with a design only to gain  
 What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.  
 The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,  
 And industry to lazy mankind preach:  
 The little drudge does trot about and sweat,  
 Nor does he strait devour all he can get ;  
 But in his temperate mouth carries it home  
 A stock for winter, which he knows must come.  
 And, when the rolling world to creatures here  
 Turns up the deform'd wrong-side of the year,  
 And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and wet,  
 He chearfully does his past labours eat :  
 O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant,  
 Does not, at all times, rest and plenty want.  
 But, weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,  
 Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.  
 Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,  
 From thy unnatural diligence can withhold :  
 To th' Indies thou would'st run, rather than see  
 Another, though a friend, richer than thee.  
 Fond man! what beauty can be found  
 In heaps of treasure, buried under ground?  
 Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,  
 Thou would'st thyself, too, buried with them be :  
 And what's the difference? is 't not quite as bad.  
 Never to use, as never to have had?  
 In thy vast barns millions of quarters store ;  
 Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more  
 Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread :  
 What then? He's with no more, than others, fed.

Do you within the bounds of nature live,  
 And to augment your own you need not strive ;  
 One hundred acres will no less for you  
 Your life's whole business, than ten thousand, do.  
 But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store,  
 What, man ! though you 're resolv'd to take no more  
 Than I do from a small one ? If your will  
 Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,  
 To some great river for it must you go,  
 When a clear spring just at your feet does flow ?  
 Give me the spring, which does to human use  
 Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce ;  
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,  
 Must run the danger of the crocodile,  
 And of the rapid stream itself, which may,  
 At unawares, bear him perhaps away.  
 In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin  
 Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within :  
 He catches at the stream with greedy lips,  
 From his toucht mouth the wanton torrent slips :  
 You laugh now, and expand your careful brow ;  
 'Tis finely said, but what 's all this to you ?  
 Change but the name, this fable is thy story,  
 Thou in a flood of usefess wealth dost glory,  
 Which thou canst only touch, but never taste ;  
 Th' abundance still, and still the want, does last.  
 The treasures of the gods thou would'st not spare :  
 But when they 're made thine own, they sacred are,  
 And must be kept with reverence ; as if thou  
 No other use of precious gold didst know,

But

But that of curious pictures, to delight,  
 With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.  
 The only true and genuine use is this,  
 To buy the things, which nature cannot miss  
 Without discomfort; oil and vital bread,  
 And wine, by which the life of life is fed,  
 And all those few things else by which we live:  
 All that remains, is giv'n for thee to give.  
 If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,  
 The bitter fruits be, which fair riches bear;  
 If a new poverty grow out of store;  
 The old plain way, ye gods! let me be poor.

---

Paraphrase on HORACE, B. III. Od. xvi.

A TOWER of brass, one would have said,  
 And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,  
 And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,  
 Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead.  
 The jealous father thought, he well might spare  
 All further jealous care;  
 And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,  
 To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;  
 And, when he slept, his rest was deep:  
 But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.  
 She taught the amorous Jove  
 A magical receipt in love,  
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,  
 Than all his thunder did, and his almighty-ship before.

She taught him love's elixir, by which art

His godhead into gold he did convert :

    No guards did then his passage stay,

    He pass'd with ease ; gold was the word ;

Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,

    Gold through doors and walls did pierce.

    The prudent Macedonian king,

To blow up towns, a golden mine did spring.

    He broke through gates with his petar ;

'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war ;

    And fleets and armies follow it afar :

The ensign 'tis at land, and 'tis the seaman's star.

Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,

Creature to this disguised deity,

    Yet it shall never conquer me.

A guard of virtues will not let it pass,

And wisdom is a tower of stronger brass.

The Muses' laurel, round my temples spread,

Does from this lightning's force secure my head :

    Nor will I lift it up so high,

As in the violent meteor's way to lie.

Wealth for its power do we honour and adore ?

The things we hate, ill-fate, and death, have more.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,

The vast Xerxean army, I retreat,

And to the small Laconic forces fly,

    Which holds the straits of poverty.

**Cellars**

Cellars and granaries in vain we fill,  
 With all the bounteous summer's store,  
 If the mind thirst and hunger still :  
 The poor rich man 's emphatically poor.  
 Slaves to the things we too much prize,  
 We masters grow of all that we despise.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,  
 Is all the wealth by nature understood.  
 The monarch, on whom fertile Nile bestows  
 All which that grateful earth can bear,  
 Deceives himself, if he suppose  
 That more than this falls to his share.  
 Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,  
 Is not a rent paid to the lord ;  
 But is a tax illegal and unjust,  
 Exacted from it by the tyrant lust.  
 Much will always wanting be,  
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy he  
 To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,  
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given.



## VIII.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN  
IN MUCH COMPANY.

**I**F twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap à pé*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand; neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilist, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: it is true, they have done so; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures; they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren: they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war: they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised first that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind: though there

were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praise philosophy from this topic, are much deceived; let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm: it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire; they said, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth\*." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities: their actual, increase daily with their age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion; which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor

\* Gen. xi. 4,

any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all points armed and provided, both against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms; though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them; and that it is impossible to escape both these inconveniencies, without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there?

*Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio\*.*

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand nor speak the language of

\* *Juv. Sat. iii. 41.*

the place ; a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there ; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian, when he met him newly arrived at Rome :

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought ;  
 What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought ?  
 Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,  
 Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray :  
 Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get  
 A living by thy industry and sweat ;  
 Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,  
 Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.  
 But you 're a man of learning, prudent, just ;  
 A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.  
 Why you may stay, and live unenvied here ;  
 But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly ; the sight of folly and impiety, vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius †, by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm : and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in

† *Lucr. lib. ii.*

that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madneses; which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; tho', to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them, more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, "ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum;" that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? into the deserts, like the ancient Hermits?

—Quà terra patet, fera regnat Erinnyis,  
In facinus jurâsse putes—\*

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can;

\* Ovid. *Metam.* i. 241.

that they had all (as the scripture speaks) “ sold themselves to sin :” the difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I first went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age ; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Phil. Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d’Urfé upon the banks of Lignon ; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsea : but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia, or La Forrest ; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do ? The world may so come in a man’s way, that he cannot choose but salute it ; he must take heed, though, not to go a whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul’s advice : “ Brethren, “ the time is short ; it remains, that they, that have “ wives, be as though they had none.—But I would “ that all men were even as I myself \*.”

In all cases, they must be sure, that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mun-do nubere*. They must retain the

\* 1 Cor. vii. 29. 7.

superiority and headship over it : happy are they, who can get out of the fight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation ; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town in their country.

---

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUN-  
QUAM EGRESSUS EST.

“ FELIX, qui patriis,” &c.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound:  
 Within th' inclosure of his little ground:  
 Happy the man, whom the same humble place:  
 (Th' hereditary cottage of his race)  
 From his first rising infancy has known,  
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,  
 With natural propension, to that earth  
 Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.  
 Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,  
 Could ever into foolish wanderings get.  
 He never dangers either saw, or fear'd :  
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.  
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,  
 Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.  
 No change of consuls marks to him the year,  
 The change of seasons is his calendar.

The



The cold and heat, winter and summer shows ;  
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.  
 He measures time by land-marks, and has found  
 For the whole day the dial of his ground.  
 A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,  
 And loves his old contemporary trees.  
 He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,  
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.  
 Does with a like concernment notice take  
 Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.  
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,  
 And sees a long posterity of boys.  
 About the spacious world let others roam,  
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

---

## IX.

**THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCER-  
 TAINTY OF RICHES.**

**I**F you should see a man, who were to cross from  
 Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous,  
 and trouble himself many weeks before in making pro-  
 visions for his voyage, would you commend him for a  
 cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a ti-  
 morous and impertinent coxcomb? A man, who is ex-  
 cessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the  
 greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder  
 with all conveniences and even superfluities, is to an-  
 gels

gels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all ἐφήμεροι (as Pindar calls us), creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger; but, as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; “tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa,” so far he shoots beyond his butt: one would think, he were of the opinion of the Millennaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man’s particular experience; for we begin not the cares of life, till it be half spent, and still increase them, as that decreases.

What is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do any thing, which seems to proceed from that which we call reason,

we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct : and are not we fools, too, by the same kind of instinct ? If we could but learn to “ number our days ” (as we are taught to pray that we might), we should adjust much better our other accounts ; but, whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end, too. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words,

—Spatio brevi.

Spem longum refecit—\*

from a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers, that choak the mother-plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the same sense,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam † ;

which Seneca does not mend, when he says, “ Oh ! quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium ! ” but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about of money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a sudden after having supped merrily, “ In ipso actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortunæ impetu,” in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and a stiff gale, and all her sails on ; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil ‡,

\* 1. Carm. xi. 6.      † Ibid. iv. 15.      ‡ Buc. i. 74.

“ Inscire

“ Inſere nunc, Melibæe, pyros ; pone ordine vites ! ”

———Go, Melibæus, now,  
Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant ;  
Behold the fruit !

For this Senecio I have no compaſſion, becauſe he was taken, as we ſay, *in ipſo facto*, ſtill labouring in the work of avarice ; but the poor rich man in St. Luke (whoſe caſe was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me ; for he ſeems to have been ſatiſfied at laſt, he confeſſes he had enough for many years, he bids his ſoul take its eaſe ; and yet for all that, God ſays to him, “ Thou fool, this night thy ſoul ſhall be required of thee ; and the things thou haſt lain up, who ſhall they belong to \* ? ” Where ſhall we find the cauſes of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment ? We may find, I think, two ; and God, perhaps, ſaw more. Firſt, that he did not intend true reſt to his ſoul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury ; his deſign is, to eat and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of reſting ; the fullneſs of his old barns had not ſufficed him, he would ſtay till he was forced to build new ones : and God meted out to him in the ſame meaſure ; ſince he would have more riches than his life could contain, God deſtroyed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away ſometimes the man from his

\* Luke xii. 20.

370    **ESSAYS IN VERSE AND PROSE**

riches, and no less frequently riches from the man :  
what hope can there be of such a marriage, where both  
parties are so fickle and uncertain ? by what bonds can  
such a couple be kept long together ?

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,  
Or, what is worse, be left by it ?

Why dost thou load thyself, when thou 'rt to fly,  
Oh man, ordain'd to die ?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,  
Thou who art under ground to lie ?

Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,  
For death, alas ! is sowing thee.

Suppose, thou fortune could'st to tameness bring,  
And clip or pinion her wing ;  
Suppose, thou could'st on fate so far prevail,  
As not to cut off thy entail ;

Yet death at all that subtilty will laugh ;  
Death will that foolish gardener mock,  
Who does a slight and annual plant engraft  
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem ;  
A mighty husband thou would'st seem ;  
Fond man ! like a bought slave, thou all the while  
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool ! that needs must meddling be  
In business, that concerns not thee !

For

For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,  
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were  
Children again, for age prepare ;  
Provisions for long travel they design,  
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards  
The stock, which summer's wealth affords :  
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,  
How vain were such an industry !

Of power and honour the deceitful light  
Might half excuse our cheated sight,  
If it of life the whole small time would stay,  
And be our sunshine all the day ;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud  
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud)  
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,  
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear  
Only to men that stand not near !  
Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears !  
And, like a rainbow, painted tears !

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep ;  
In a weak boat trust not the deep ;  
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise ;  
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,  
 Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark ;  
 Above the clouds let thy proud musick sound,  
 Thy humble nest build on the ground.

---

## X.

## THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I AM glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which *but* is “*æруго mеrа*,” a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) “*cum dignitate otium*.” This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune then, is but a desperate after-game ; it is a hundred to one, if a man  
 fling

fling two fixes, and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person) to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; “but I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires.”

The sum of this is, that, for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially, when the use of those things, which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied; but the loss of time, never recovered: nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet, when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, “*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*,” the play is not worth the expence of the candle: after having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants;



—utere velis,  
Totos pande sinus— \*

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think, your counsel of “*Festina lente*” is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate, well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer Horace’s advice before yours,

—sapere aude,  
Incipe—

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro † teaches us that Latin proverb, “*portam itineri longissimam esse;*” but to return to Horace,

“ —Sapere aude :  
“ *Incipe vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,*  
“ *Rusticus expectat, dum labitur annis: at ille*  
“ *Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum ‡.*”

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;  
He who defers this work from day to day,  
Does on a river’s bank expecting stay,

\* Juv. i. 150.    † Lib. i. Agric.    ‡ 1 Ep. ii. 40.

Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone,  
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that whensoever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over: and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay, till the waters are low; stay, till some boats come by to transport you; stay, till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good stay, till the river be quite past. Persius (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy:

“ Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras.

“ Egerit hos annos,”

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,

And still a new to-morrow does come on;

We by to-morrows draw up all our store,

Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your “ Otium cum dignitate,” and “ Festina lente,” and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this subject, I should overwhelm you; but I leave those, as *Triarii*, for your next

charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend; and so, *vale*.

---

MARTIAL, Lib. V. Epigr. lix.

“Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Posthume, semper;” &c.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;  
 In what far country does this morrow lie,  
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?  
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?  
 'Tis so far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear  
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.  
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:  
 To-day itself 's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

---

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Epigr. xc.

“Quintiliane, vagæ moderator summe juventæ,” &c.

WONDER not, Sir (you who instruct the town  
 In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)  
 That I make haste to live, and cannot hold  
 Patiently cut till I grow rich and old.  
 Life for delays and doubts no time does give,  
 None ever yet made haste enough to live.  
 Let him defer it, whose preposterous care  
 Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;

Who

Who does his father's bounded stores despise,  
And whom his own too never can suffice :  
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,  
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire.  
I well content the avarice of my sight  
With the fair gildings of reflected light :  
Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields  
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields ;  
And then at home, what pleasure is 't to see  
A little, cleanly, chearful, family !  
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her  
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.  
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,  
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.  
Thus let my life slide silently away,  
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

---

## XI.

## O F M Y S E L F.

**I**T is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself ; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind ; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials  
for

for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it, were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish;

but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;  
Th' unknown are better than ill known :

Rumour can ope the grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more  
Than palace ; and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield,  
Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;  
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;  
But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with  
the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace \*) ;

\* 3 Od. xxix, 41.

and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stampt first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe, I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into  
the

the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where; though I was in business of great and honourable trust; though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well



Well then \*; I now do plainly see  
 This bufy world and I fhall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propofed to myfelf any other advantage from his majefty's happy Reftoration, but the getting into fome moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that cafe I might eafily have compaffed, as well as fome others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a fhrewd prophecy againft myfelf; and I think Apollo infpired me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it:

“ Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,  
 “ Nor at th' exchange, fhalt be, nor at the wrangling  
 “ bar.

“ Content thyfelf with the fmall barren praife,  
 “ Which neglected verfe does raife.”

She fpake; and all my years to come  
 Took their unlucky doom.

Their feveral ways of life let others chufe,  
 Their feveral pleasures let them ufe;  
 But I was born for Love, and for a Mufe.

With Fate what boots it to contend?  
 Such I began, fuch am, and fo muft end.  
 The ftar, that did my being frame,  
 Was but a lambent flame,

\* We have thefe verfes, under the name of *The Wifh*, in the *MISTRESS*, Vol. I. p. 249.

And some small light it did dispense,  
 But neither heat nor influence.  
 No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,  
 That thou canst her despise, no less than she does thee.  
 Let all her gifts the portion be  
 Of folly, lust, and flattery,  
 Fraud, extortion, calumny,  
 Murder, infidelity,  
 Rebellion, and hypocrisy.  
 Do thou not grieve nor blush to be,  
 As all th' inspired tuneful men,  
 And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down  
 to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, "Take thy ease:" I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum:" nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

— "Nec

— “Nec vos, dulcissima mundi  
 “Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,  
 “Hortique Sylvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam.”

Nor by me e'er shall you,  
 You, of all names the sweetest and the best,  
 You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;  
 You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,  
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation; because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

---

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xlvii.

“Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,” &c.

SINCE, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see  
 A true receipt of happiness from me;  
 These are the chief ingredients, if not all:  
 Take an estate neither too great or small,  
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call:  
 Let this estate from parents' care descend;  
 The getting it too much of life does spend:  
 Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be  
 A fair encouragement for industry.  
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame;  
 And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.

Thee

Thee to the town let never suit at law,  
 And rarely, very rarely, business, draw.  
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,  
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.  
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,  
 Without which all the composition 's vain.  
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take,  
*Ana* of each does the just mixture make.  
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be  
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee.  
 Instead of art and luxury in food,  
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.  
 If any cares into thy day-time creep,  
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.  
 Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,  
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.  
 Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,  
 Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part ;  
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,  
 And neither fear, nor wish, th' approaches of the last.

---

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xcvi.

“ Sæpe loquar nimium gentes,” &c.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,  
 You wonder to hear talk of a retreat :  
 And a retreat so distant, as may show  
 No thoughts of a return, when once I go.

Give me a country, how remote soe'er,  
 Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,  
 Where poverty itself in plenty flows,  
 And all the solid use of riches knows.  
 The ground about the house maintains it, there ;  
 The house maintains the ground about it, here :  
 Here even hunger's dear ; and a full board  
 Devours the vital substance of the lord.  
 The land itself does there the feast bestow,  
 The land itself must here to market go.  
 Three or four suits one winter here does waste,  
 One suit does there three or four winters last.  
 Here every frugal man must oft be cold,  
 And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.  
 There fire 's an element, as cheap and free,  
 Almost, as any of the other three.  
 Stay you then here, and live among the great,  
 Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.  
 When all the bounties here of men you score,  
 The place's bounty there shall give me more.

## EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS\*.

- “ Hic, o viator, sub lare parvulo  
 “ Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet;  
 “ Defunctis humani laboris  
 “ Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.  
 “ Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,  
 “ Et non inertis nobilis otio,  
 “ Vanoque dilectis popello  
 “ Divitiis animosus hostis.  
 “ Possis ut illum dicere mortuum;  
 “ En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!  
 “ Exempta sit curis, viator,  
 “ Terra sit illa levis, precare.  
 “ Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas  
 “ Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus  
 “ Herbisque odoratis corona  
 “ Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.”

\* See a translation of this Epitaph among the poems of Mr. Addison.

A  
P R O P O S I T I O N  
F O R  
THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL  
PHILOSOPHY \*.

---

T H E C O L L E G E.

**T**HAT the philosophical college be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three miles of London; and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the river, or very near it.

That the revenue of this college amount to four thousand pounds a year.

\* Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation. — In comparing this *Proposition* of Cowley, with *that* of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that these great poets had amused themselves with some exalted, and, in the main, congenial fancies, on the subject of education: that, of the *two* plans proposed, this of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the *less* fanciful; if a preference, in this respect, can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian: and that our universities, in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all the reasonable ends of such institutions; provided we allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when drawn out into practice. H.

1. That

That the company received into it be as follows :

1. Twenty philosophers or professors. 2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors. 3. A chaplain. 4. A bailiff for the revenue. 5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house. 6. Two gardeners. 7. A master-cook. 8. An under-cook. 9. A butler. 10. An under-butler. 11. A surgeon. 12. Two lungs, or chemical servants. 13. A library-keeper, who is likewise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, &c. 14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, &c. kept by the college. 15. A groom of the stable. 16. A messenger, to send up and down for all uses of the college. 17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, keep the house clean, and such-like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows: 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen scholars, twenty pounds apiece; ten pounds for their diet, and ten pounds for their entertainment. 3. To the bailiff, thirty pounds, besides allowance for his journies. 4. To the purveyor, or manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners, twenty pounds. 6. To the master-cook, twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook, four pounds. 8. To the butler, ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler, four pounds. 10. To the surgeon, thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper, thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs, twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the beasts, six



pounds. 14. To the groom, five pounds. 15. To the messenger, twelve pounds. 16. To the four necessary women, ten pounds. For the manciples' table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, one hundred and sixty pounds. For three horses for the service of the college, thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments, and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the college will in a short time so enrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it it once begun: neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of nature, and by it the general good of the world; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection

tion and encouragement of the company, it is proposed :

That some person of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen chancellor or president of the college ; and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed visitors of the college, and receive an exact account of all expences, even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their public treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of professors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors ; but that the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice, by recommending two or three persons to them at every election : and that, if any learned person within his majesty's dominions discover, or eminently improve, any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the governors have power to turn out any professor ; who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the college be built after this, or some such manner : That it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, inclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a fair cloister ; and the professors' lodgings, or rather

little houses, four on each side, at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond sea. That the inside of the cloister be lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees; and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts: 1. A chapel. 2. A hall, with two long tables on each side, for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall, for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A public school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or statues of all the inventors of any thing useful to human life; as printing, guns, America, &c. and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and such-like discoveries in any art, with short elogies under the portraitures: as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures, and the stuffed skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy-chamber, adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for dissection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs, and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber, furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, surgeon, library-keeper, and purveyor,

purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy-chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use, and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry, stables, &c. and especially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing all sorts of plants that our soil will bear; and at the end a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second inclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art, either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built, in some place of the college where it may serve most for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials, and such-like curiosities;

### 394 THE ADVANCEMENT OF

curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's house in my Lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propose it within such bounds of expence as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

#### OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS.

THAT of the twenty professors four be always travelling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions; and every one so absent, leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four professors itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to reside three years at least; and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy, of those parts.

That the expence of all dispatches, and all books, simples, animals, stones, metals, minerals, &c. and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the college, shall be defrayed out of the treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120 l.)  
made

made to them as soon as the college's revenue shall be improved.

That, at their going abroad, they shall take a solemn oath, never to write any thing to the college but what, after very diligent examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an error.

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements, &c. ; agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening ; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them ; the facture of all merchandizes ; all natural magic or divination ; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural histories annexed to my Lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a day, from Easter till Michaelmas, and twice a week, from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London, according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy, as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the professors, by daily, weekly, or monthly turns, shall teach the public schools, according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and such-like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the college); and that all shall be masters and treasurers by annual turns; which two officers, for the time being, shall take place of all the rest, and shall be “*arbitri duarum mensarum.*”

That the master shall command all the officers of the college, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice; and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all monies by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary), after consent of the other professors.

That all the professors shall sup together in the parlour within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit, Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables, for the convenience of discourse; which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk, shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant-scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table: that it shall belong likewise to the said *arbitri mensarum* only, to invite strangers; which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That

## EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY. 397

That the professors resident shall allow the college twenty pounds a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an assembly, or conference, concerning the affairs of the college, and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That, if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the assembly, to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That, if any one be author of an invention that may bring-in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides, if the thing be very considerable, his statue or picture, with an elogy under it, shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denison of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies), of which they shall give an account to the assembly; so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chemistry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like; and that the college shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That



That the popular and received errors in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the public lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the college shall give an account in print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table; whom he shall be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his education and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the service; and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves.

That no professor shall be a married man, or a divine, or lawyer in practice; only physick he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

. That

## EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY. 399

That the professors shall, in the college, wear the habit of ordinary masters of art in the universities, or of doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another; and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the master's table (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do); and that he shall read prayers once a day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechize in the afternoon the scholars and the school-boys; that he shall every month administer the holy sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in his just commandments, and in his wonderful works.

## T H E S C H O O L.

THAT the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven; because we suppose that the children sent hither, to be initiated in things as well as words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already

already well advanced in the Latin grammar, and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that, if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficient in learning here, than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they please, (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society, in recompence of their trouble.

And, because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly :

That a method be here established, for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This, we conceive, may be done, by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some parts of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; such are, in Latin, Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celsus and of Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum, and several scattered

scattered pieces, Virgil's *Georgics*, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius : And, because the truth is, we want good poets (I mean we have but few), who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love, or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasaut volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the institutions of Quintilian ; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the language, are drawn, we conceive, the boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their recreation, and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus's ; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander, Oppianus (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil), Aristotle's history of animals, and other parts, Theophrastus and Dioscorides of plants, and a collection made out of several both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric, Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter. With the history of

animals they should be shewed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin; and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon festivals and play-times, they should exercise themselves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training, after the manner of soldiers, &c. And, to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the scholars with them, to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; in foul weather, it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays, and all days of devotion, they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That, for all these ends, the college so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars; that they have a constant eye over them, to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully,

fully, according to the proportion of the parents' expences.

And that the college, when it shall please God, either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall, at their own charges, erect and maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons, whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school; and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, fordid, and hospital-like education.

C O N C L U S I O N.

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that σοφιστη of the Greeks, which no other language has a proper word for), there was never any project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well-selected persons in such a condition of life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artisan? who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends;

first, to weigh, examine, and prove, all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through, all false monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long; and (as I may say) to set the mark of the college upon all true coins, that they may pass hereafter without any farther trial: secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients: thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have: and lastly, to discover others which we yet have not: and who shall, besides all this (as a benefit by the bye), give the best education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation? Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in a state or religion; but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this proposition shall encounter with no enemies: the only question is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and design to reality and effect; the necessary expences of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible, in order to so vast a work), that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relics of human charity and public generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

## C O N T E N T S

O F

## THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

 PINDARIC ODES, WRITTEN IN IMITATION  
 OF THE STILE AND MANNER OF THE  
 ODES OF PINDAR.

<b>P</b> REFACE	-	-	Page	3
The second Olympic Ode of Pindar	-	-	-	7
The first Nemæan Ode of Pindar	-	-	-	15
The Praise of Pindar. In Imitation of Horace's second Ode, B. IV.	-	-	-	20
The Resurrection	-	-	-	22
The Muse	-	-	-	25
To Mr. Hobbes	-	-	-	28
Destiny	-	-	-	31
Brutus	-	-	-	34
To Dr. Scarborough	-	-	-	37
Life and Fame	-	-	-	41
The Extasy	-	-	-	43
To the New Year	-	-	-	46
Life	-	-	-	49
The xxxiv <sup>th</sup> Chapter of the Prophet Isaiah	-	-	-	51
The Plagues of Egypt	-	-	-	54

DAVIDEIS,



**DAVIDEIS, A SACRED POEM OF THE  
TROUBLES OF DAVID. IN FOUR BOOKS.**

<b> Davideis.</b>	<b> Book I.</b>	-	-	<b> Page</b>	<b> 70</b>
	<b> Book II.</b>	-	-	-	<b> 103</b>
	<b> Book III.</b>	-	-	-	<b> 132</b>
	<b> Book IV.</b>	-	-	-	<b> 169</b>

<b>A Discourse, by Way of Vision, concerning the Go-</b>					
<b>vernment of Oliver Cromwell</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 209</b>

**SEVERAL DISCOURSES, BY WAY OF ES-**  
**SAYS, IN VERSE AND PROSE.**

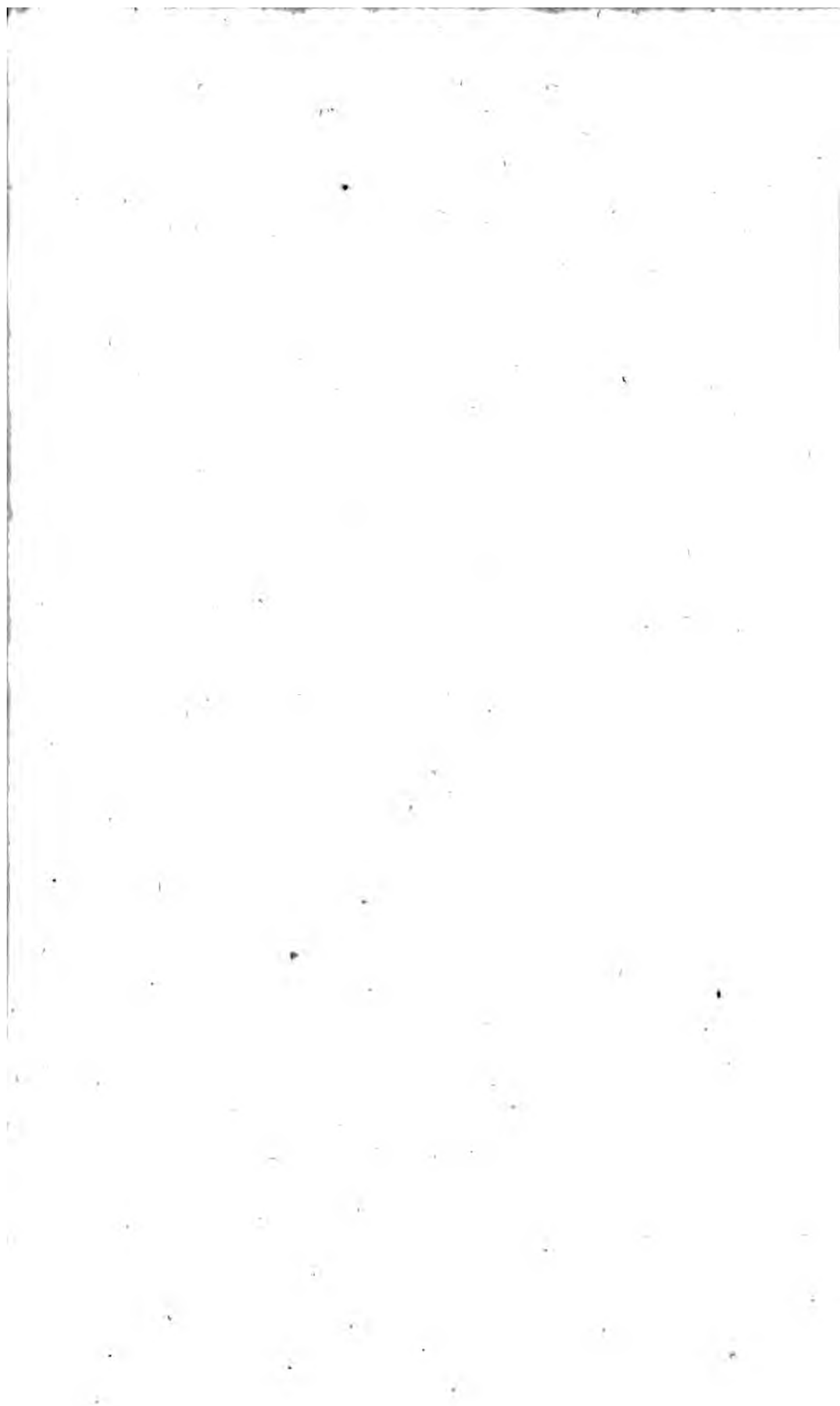
<b>I. Of Liberty</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 261</b>
<b>Martial, Lib. I. Ep. lvi.</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 277</b>
<b>Martial, Lib. II. Ep. liii.</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> ibid.</b>
<b>Martial, Lib. II. Ep. lxxviii.</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 278</b>
<b>Ode upon Liberty</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 279</b>
<b>II. Of Solitude</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 284</b>
<b>III. Of Obscurity</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 291</b>
<b>Seneca, ex Thyeste, Act. II. Chor.</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 296</b>
<b>IV. Of Agriculture</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 297</b>
<b>A Translation out of Virgil. Georg. Lib.</b>					
<b>II. 458.</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 310</b>
<b>Hor. Epod. Ode II.</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 315</b>
<b>The Country Mouse. A Paraphrase upon</b>					
<b>Horace, Book II. Sat. vi.</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 317</b>
<b>A Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the</b>					
<b>first Book of Horace</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 321</b>
<b>The Country Life. Lib. IV. Plantarum</b>					<b> 324</b>
<b>V. The Garden. To J. Evelyn, Esquire</b>	-	-	-	-	<b> 326</b>
					<b>VI. Of</b>

**C O N T E N T S. 407**

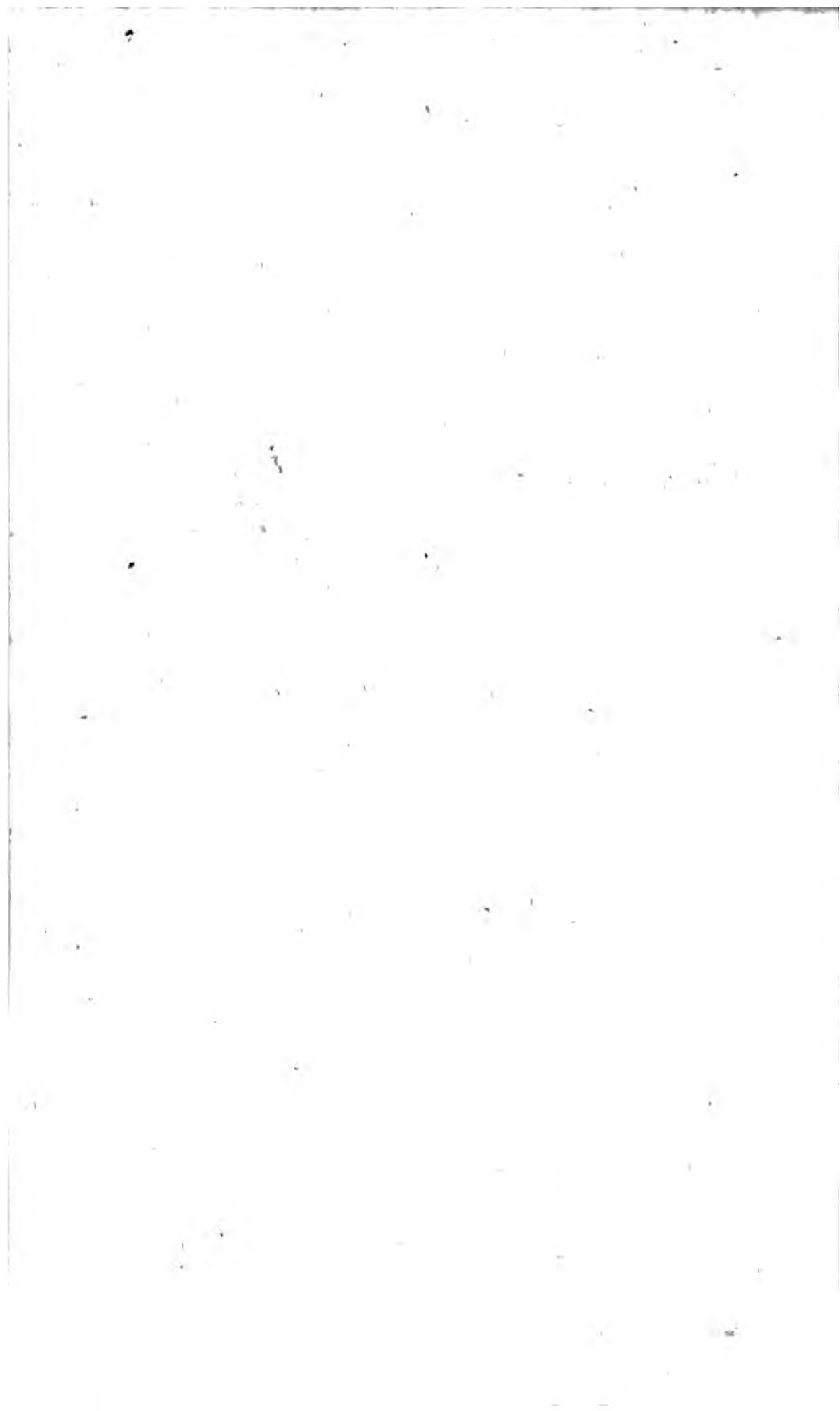
<b>VI.</b>	Of Greatness	-	-	Page 337
	Horace, Lib. III. Ode I.	-	-	347
<b>VII.</b>	Of Avarice	-	-	349
	A Paraphrase on Horace, B. III. Od. xvi.			355
<b>VIII.</b>	The Dangers of an honest Man in much Com-			
	pany	-	-	358
	Claudian's Old Man of Verona	-		365
<b>IX.</b>	The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty of			
	Riches	-	-	366
<b>X.</b>	The Danger of Procrastination. A Letter to			
	Mr. S. L.	-	-	372
	Martial, Lib. V. Epigr. lix.	-	-	376
	Martial, Lib. II. Epigr. xc.			- ibid.
<b>XI.</b>	Of Myself	-	-	377
	Martial, Lib. X. Epigr. xlvii.	-	-	384
	Martial, Lib. X. Epigr. xcvi.	-	-	385
	Epitaphium vivi Auctoris	-	-	386
<b>A</b>	Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental			
	Philosophy	-	-	388
	The College	-	-	- ibid.
	Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and			
	other Officers	-	-	394
	The School	-	-	399
	The Conclusion	-	-	403

**THE END OF COWLEY.**









100

100





